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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



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T. Tassie, sc.

*Percy B. Shelley.*

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London: Edward Moxon, 1840.







THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



*Shelley's Tomb*

LONDON.  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.  
1839.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

EDITED

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

Lui non trov' io, ma suoi santi vestigi  
Tutti rivolti alla superna strada  
Veggio, lunge da' laghi averni e stigi.—PETRARCA.

LONDON:  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

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TO

PERCY FLORENCE SHELLEY,

*The Poetical Works*

OF HIS ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER

ARE DEDICATED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE MOTHER,

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

LONDON,  
11th November, 1839.





## PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

---

OBSTACLES have long existed to my presenting the public with a perfect edition of Shelley's Poems. These being at last happily removed, I hasten to fulfil an important duty,—that of giving the productions of a sublime genius to the world, with all the correctness possible, and of, at the same time, detailing the history of those productions, as they sprung, living and warm, from his heart and brain. I abstain from any remark on the occurrences of his private life; except, inasmuch as the passions which they engendered, inspired his poetry. This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any colouring of the truth. No account of these events has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others; nor shall I further allude to them than to remark, that the errors of action, committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed, by those who loved him, in the firm conviction, that were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary. Whatever faults he had, ought to find extenuation among his fellows, since they proved him to be human; without them, the exalted nature of his soul would have raised him into something divine.

The qualities that struck any one newly introduced to Shelley, were, first, a gentle and cordial goodness that animated his intercourse with warm affection, and helpful sympathy. The other, the eagerness and ardour with which he was attached to the cause of human happiness and improvement; and the fervent eloquence with which he discussed such subjects. His conversation was marked by its happy abundance, and the beautiful language in which he clothed his poetic ideas and philosophical notions. To defecate life of its misery and its evil, was the ruling passion of his soul: he dedicated to it every power of his mind, every pulsation of his heart. He looked on political freedom as the direct agent to effect the happiness of mankind; and thus any new-sprung hope of liberty inspired a joy and an exultation more intense and wild than he could have felt for any personal advantage. Those who have never experienced the workings of passion on general and unselfish subjects,

cannot understand this; and it must be difficult of comprehension to the younger generation rising around, since they cannot remember the scorn and hatred with which the partisans of reform were regarded some few years ago, nor the persecutions to which they were exposed. He had been from youth the victim of the state of feeling inspired by the reaction of the French Revolution; and believing firmly in the justice and excellence of his views, it cannot be wondered that a nature as sensitive, as impetuous, and as generous as his, should put its whole force into the attempt to alleviate for others the evils of those systems from which he had himself suffered. Many advantages attended his birth; he spurned them all when balanced with what he considered his duties. He was generous to imprudence, devoted to heroism.

These characteristics breathe throughout his poetry. The struggle for human weal; the resolution firm to martyrdom; the impetuous pursuit; the glad triumph in good; the determination not to despair. Such were the features that marked those of his works which he regarded with most complacency, as sustained by a lofty subject and useful aim.

In addition to these, his poems may be divided into two classes,—the purely imaginative, and those which sprung from the emotions of his heart. Among the former may be classed "The Witch of Atlas," "Adonais," and his latest composition, left imperfect, "The Triumph of Life." In the first of these particularly, he gave the reins to his fancy, and luxuriated in every idea as it rose; in all, there is that sense of mystery which formed an essential portion of his perception of life—a clinging to the subtler inner spirit, rather than to the outward form—a curious and metaphysical anatomy of human passion and perception.

The second class is, of course, the more popular, as appealing at once to emotions common to us all; some of these rest on the passion of love; others on grief and despondency; others on the sentiments inspired by natural objects. Shelley's conception of love was exalted, absorbing, allied to all that is purest and noblest in our nature, and warmed by earnest passion; such it appears when he gave it a voice in verse. Yet he was usually averse to expressing these feelings, except when highly idealised; and many of his more beautiful effusions he had cast aside, unfinished, and they were never seen by me till after I had lost him. Others, as for instance, "Rosalind and Helen," and "Lines written among the Euganean Hills," I found among his papers by chance; and with some difficulty urged him to complete them. There are others, such as the "Ode to the Sky Lark," and "The Cloud," which, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird, aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames.

No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits; and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as to his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such, he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies, in the wildest regions of fancy. His imagination has been termed too brilliant, his thoughts too subtle. He loved to idealise reality; and this is a taste shared by few. We are willing to have our passing whims exalted into passions, for this gratifies our vanity; but few of us understand or sympathise with the endeavour to ally the love of abstract beauty, and adoration of abstract good, the *τὸ ἀγαθὸν καὶ τὸ καλὸν* of the Socratic philosophers, with our sympathies with our kind. In this Shelley resembled Plato; both taking more delight in the abstract and the ideal, than in the special and tangible. This did not result from imitation; for it was not till Shelley resided in Italy that he made Plato his study; he then translated his *Symposium* and his *Ion*; and the English language boasts of no more brilliant composition, than Plato's *Praise of Love*, translated by Shelley. To return to his own poetry. The luxury of imagination, which sought nothing beyond itself, as a child burthens itself with spring flowers, thinking of no use beyond the enjoyment of gathering them, often showed itself in his verses: they will be only appreciated by minds which have resemblance to his own; and the mystic subtlety of many of his thoughts will share the same fate. The metaphysical strain that characterises much of what he has written, was, indeed, the portion of his works to which, apart from those whose scope was to awaken mankind to aspirations for what he considered the true and good, he was himself particularly attached. There is much, however, that speaks to the many. When he would consent to dismiss these huntings after the obscure, which, entwined with his nature as they were, he did with difficulty, no poet ever expressed in sweeter, more heart-reaching, or more passionate verse, the gentler or more forcible emotions of the soul.

A wise friend once wrote to Shelley, "You are still very young, and in certain essential respects you do not yet sufficiently perceive that you are so." It is seldom that the young know what youth is, till they have got beyond its period; and time was not given him to attain this knowledge. It must be remembered that there is the stamp of such inexperience on all he wrote; he had not completed his nine-and-twentieth year when he died. The calm of middle life did not add the seal of the virtues which adorn maturity to those generated by the vehement spirit of youth. Through life also he was a martyr to ill health, and constant pain wound up his nerves to a pitch of susceptibility that rendered his views of life different from those of a man in the enjoyment of healthy sensations. Perfectly gentle and forbearing in manner, he suffered a good deal of internal irritability, or rather excitement, and his

fortitude to bear was almost always on the stretch ; and thus, during a short life, had gone through more experience of sensation, than many whose existence is protracted. " If I die to-morrow," he said, on the eve of his unanticipated death, " I have lived to be older than my father." The weight of thought and feeling burdened him heavily ; you read his sufferings in his attenuated frame, while you perceived the mastery he held over them in his animated countenance and brilliant eyes.

He died, and the world showed no outward sign ; but his influence over mankind, though slow in growth, is fast augmenting, and in the ameliorations that have taken place in the political state of his country, we may trace in part the operation of his arduous struggles. His spirit gathers peace in its new state from the sense that, though late, his exertions were not made in vain, and in the progress of the liberty he so fondly loved.

He died, and his place among those who knew him intimately, has never been filled up. He walked beside them like a spirit of good to comfort and benefit—to enlighten the darkness of life with irradiations of genius, to cheer it with his sympathy and love. Any one, once attached to Shelley, must feel all other affections, however true and fond, as wasted on barren soil in comparison. It is our best consolation to know that such a pure-minded and exalted being was once among us, and now exists where we hope one day to join him ;—although the intolerant, in their blindness, poured down anathemas, the Spirit of Good, who can judge the heart, never rejected him.

In the notes appended to the poems, I have endeavoured to narrate the origin and history of each. The loss of nearly all letters and papers which refer to his early life, renders the execution more imperfect than it would otherwise have been. I have, however, the liveliest recollection of all that was done and said during the period of my knowing him. Every impression is as clear as if stamped yesterday, and I have no apprehension of any mistake in my statements as far as they go. In other respects, I am, indeed, incompetent ; but I feel the importance of the task, and regard it as my most sacred duty. I endeavour to fulfil it in a manner he would himself approve ; and hope in this publication to lay the first stone of a monument due to Shelley's genius, his sufferings, and his virtues :

S' al seguir son tarda,  
Forse avverrà che 'l bel nome gentile  
Consacrerò con questa stanca penna,

## POSTSCRIPT.

IN revising this new edition, and carefully consulting Shelley's scattered and confused papers, I found a few fragments which had hitherto escaped me, and was enabled to complete a few poems hitherto left unfinished. What at one time escapes the searching eye, dimmed by its own earnestness, becomes clear at a future period. By the aid of a friend I also present some poems complete and correct, which hitherto have been defaced by various mistakes and omissions. It was suggested that the Poem "To the Queen of my Heart," was falsely attributed to Shelley. I certainly find no trace of it among his papers, and as those of his intimate friends whom I have consulted never heard of it, I omit it.

Two Poems are added of some length, "Swellfoot the Tyrant," and "Peter Bell the Third." I have mentioned the circumstances under which they were written in the notes; and need only add, that they are conceived in a very different spirit from Shelley's usual compositions. They are specimens of the burlesque and fanciful; but although they adopt a familiar style and homely imagery, there shine through the radiance of the poet's imagination the earnest views and opinions of the politician and the moralist.

At my request the publisher has restored the omitted passages of Queen Mab.—I now present this edition as a complete collection of my husband's poetical works, and I do not foresee that I can hereafter add to or take away a word or line.

*Putney, November 6th, 1839.*



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QUEEN MAB.



THE  
*Poetical Works*  
 OF  
 PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

---

TO HARRIET \*\*\*\*\*.

Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,  
 Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?  
 Whose is the warm and partial praise,  
 Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul  
 Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?  
 Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,  
 And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine:—thou wert my purer mind;  
 Thou wert the inspiration of my song;  
 Thine are these early wilding flowers,  
 Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,  
 And know, though time may change and years may  
 Each flow'ret gathered in my heart [roll,  
 It consecrates to thine.

---

QUEEN MAB.

I.

How wonderful is Death,  
 Death and his brother Sleep!  
 One, pale as yonder waning moon,  
 With lips of lurid blue;  
 The other, rosy as the morn  
 When throned on ocean's wave,  
 It blushes o'er the world:  
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power  
 Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres  
 Seized on her sinless soul?  
 Must then that peerless form  
 Which love and admiration cannot view  
 Without a beating heart, those azure veins  
 Which steal like streams along a field of snow,  
 That lovely outline, which is fair  
 As breathing marble, perish?  
 Must putrefaction's breath  
 Leave nothing of this heavenly sight  
 But loathsomeness and ruin?  
 Spare nothing but a gloomy theme,  
 On which the lightest heart might moralize?  
 Or is it only a sweet slumber  
 Stealing o'er sensation,  
 Which the breath of roseate morning  
 Chaseth into darkness?

Will Ianthe wake again,  
 And give that faithful bosom joy  
 Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life, and rapture, from her smile?

Yes! she will wake again,  
 Although her glowing limbs are motionless,  
 And silent those sweet lips,  
 Once breathing eloquence  
 That might have soothed a tiger's rage,  
 Or thawed the cold heart of a conqueror.  
 Her dewy eyes are closed,  
 And on their lids, whose texture fine  
 Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,  
 The baby Sleep is pillowed:  
 Her golden tresses shade  
 The bosom's stainless pride,  
 Curling like tendrils of the parasite  
 Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?  
 'Tis like the wondrous strain  
 That round a lonely ruin swells,  
 Which, wandering on the echoing shore,  
 The enthusiast hears at evening:  
 'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;  
 'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes  
 Of that strange lyre whose strings

The genii of the breezes sweep :  
 Those lines of rainbow light  
 Are like the moonbeams when they fall  
 Through some cathedral window, but the tints  
 Are such as may not find  
 Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the Fairy Queen !  
 Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air ;  
 Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,  
 And stop obedient to the reins of light :  
 These the Queen of Spells drew in,  
 She spread a charm around the spot,  
 And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,  
 Long did she gaze, and silently,  
 Upon the slumbering maid.

Oh ! not the visioned poet in his dreams,  
 When silvery clouds float through the wildered brain,  
 When every sight of lovely, wild and grand,  
 Astonishes, enraptures, elevates—  
 When fancy at a glance combines  
 The wondrous and the beautiful,—  
 So bright, so fair, so wild a shape  
 Hath ever yet beheld,  
 As that which reined the coursers of the air,  
 And poured the magic of her gaze  
 Upon the sleeping maid.

The broad and yellow moon  
 Shone dimly through her form—  
 That form of faultless symmetry ;  
 The pearly and pellucid car  
 Moved not the moonlight's line :  
 'Twas not an earthly pageant ;  
 Those who had look'd upon the sight,  
 Passing all human glory,  
 Saw not the yellow moon,  
 Saw not the mortal scene,  
 Heard not the night-wind's rush,  
 Heard not an earthly sound,  
 Saw but the fairy pageant,  
 Heard but the heavenly strains  
 That filled the lonely dwelling.

The Fairy's frame was slight ; yon fibrous cloud,  
 That catches but the palest tinge of even,  
 And which the straining eye can hardly seize  
 When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,  
 Were scarce so thin, so slight ; but the fair star  
 That gems the glittering coronet of morn,  
 Sheds not a light so mild, so powerful,  
 As that which, bursting from the Fairy's form,  
 Spread a purpureal halo round the scene,  
 Yet with an undulating motion,  
 Swayed to her outline gracefully.

From her celestial car  
 The Fairy Queen descended,  
 And thrice she waved her wand  
 Circled with wreaths of amaranth :  
 Her thin and misty form  
 Moved with the moving air,  
 And the clear silver tones,  
 As thus she spoke, were such  
 As are unheard by all but gifted ear.

FAIRY.  
 Stars ! your balmiest influence shed !  
 Elements ! your wrath suspend !  
 Sleep, Ocean, in the rocky bounds

That circle thy domain !  
 Let not a breath be seen to stir  
 Around yon grass-grown ruin's height,  
 Let even the restless gossamer  
 Sleep on the moveless air !  
 Soul of Ianthe ! thou,  
 Judged alone worthy of the envied boon  
 That waits the good and the sincere ; that waits  
 Those who have struggled, and with resolute will  
 Vanquished earth's pride and meanness, burst the  
 The icy chains of custom, and have shone [chains,  
 The day-stars of their age ;—Soul of Ianthe !  
 Awake ! arise !

Sudden arose  
 Ianthe's Soul ; it stood  
 All beautiful in naked purity,  
 The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.  
 Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,  
 Each stain of earthliness  
 Had passed away, it reassumed  
 Its native dignity, and stood  
 Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,  
 Wrapt in the depth of slumber :  
 Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
 Yet animal life was there,  
 And every organ yet performed  
 Its natural functions ; 'twas a sight  
 Of wonder to behold the body and soul.  
 The self-same lineaments, the same  
 Marks of identity were there ;  
 Yet, oh how different ! One aspires to heaven,  
 Pants for its sempiternal heritage,  
 And ever-changing, ever-rising still,  
 Wantons in endless being.  
 The other, for a time the unwilling sport  
 Of circumstance and passion, struggles on ;  
 Fleets through its sad duration rapidly ;  
 Then like a useless and worn-out machine,  
 Rots, perishes and passes.

FAIRY.

Spirit ! who hast dived so deep ;  
 Spirit ! who hast soar'd so high ;  
 Thou the fearless, thou the mild,  
 Accept the boon thy worth hath earned,  
 Ascend the car with me.

SPIRIT.

Do I dream ? Is this new feeling  
 But a visioned ghost of slumber ?  
 If indeed I am a soul,  
 A free, a disembodied soul,  
 Speak again to me.

FAIRY.

I am the Fairy MAB : to me 'tis given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep.  
 The secrets of the immeasurable past,  
 In the unfailling consciences of men,  
 Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find :  
 The future, from the causes which arise  
 In each event, I gather : not the sting  
 Which retributive memory implants  
 In the hard bosom of the selfish man ;  
 Nor that ecstatic and exulting thro'ub  
 Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up  
 The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day,



Are unforeseen, unregistered by me :  
 And it is yet permitted me, to rend  
 The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit,  
 Clothed in its changeless purity, may know  
 How soonest to accomplish the great end  
 For which it hath its being, and may taste  
 That peace, which in the end, all life will share.  
 This is the meed of virtue ; happy Soul,  
 Ascend the car with me !

The chains of earth's immurement  
 Fell from Lanthe's spirit ;  
 They shrank and brake like bandages of straw  
 Beneath a wakened giant's strength.  
 She knew her glorious change,  
 And felt in apprehension uncontrolled  
 New raptures opening round :  
 Each day-dream of her mortal life,  
 Each frenzied vision of the slumbers  
 That closed each well-spent day,  
 Seemed now to meet reality.

The Fairy and the Soul proceeded ;  
 The silver clouds departed ;  
 And as the car of magic they ascended,  
 Again the speechless music swelled,  
 Again the coursers of the air  
 Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen,  
 Shaking the beamy reins,  
 Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.  
 The night was fair, and countless stars  
 Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—  
 Just o'er the eastern wave  
 Peeped the first faint smile of morn :—  
 The magic car moved on—  
 From the celestial hoofs  
 The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,  
 And where the burning wheels  
 Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,  
 Was traced a line of lightning.  
 Now it flew far above a rock,  
 The utmost verge of earth,  
 The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow  
 Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,  
 Calm as a slumbering babe,  
 Tremendous Ocean lay.  
 The mirror of its stillness showed  
 The pale and waning stars,  
 The chariot's fiery track,  
 And the grey light of morn  
 Tinging those fleecy clouds  
 That canopied the dawn.  
 Seemed it, that the chariot's way  
 Lay through the midst of an immense concave,  
 Radiant with million constellations, tinged  
 With shades of infinite colour,  
 And semicircled with a belt  
 Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.  
 As they approached their goal,  
 The coursers seemed to gather speed ;  
 The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth  
 Appear'd a vast and shadowy sphere ;  
 The sun's unclouded orb  
 Rolled through the black concave ;

Its rays of rapid light  
 Parted around the chariot's swifter course,  
 And fell, like ocean's feathery spray  
 Dashed from the boiling surge  
 Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.  
 Earth's distant orb appeared  
 The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven ;  
 Whilst round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems rolled,  
 And countless spheres diffused  
 An ever-varying glory.  
 It was a sight of wonder : some  
 Were horned like the crescent moon ;  
 Some shed a mild and silver beam  
 Like Hesperus o'er the western sea ;  
 Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,  
 Like worlds to death and ruin driven ;  
 Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,  
 Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature ! here !  
 In this interminable wilderness  
 Of worlds, at whose immensity  
 Even soaring fancy staggers,  
 Here is thy fitting temple.  
 Yet not the lightest leaf  
 That quivers to the passing breeze  
 Is less instinct with thee :  
 Yet not the meanest worm  
 That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead  
 Less shares thy eternal breath.  
 Spirit of Nature ! thou !  
 Imperishable as this scene,  
 Here is thy fitting temple !

II.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
 To the wild ocean's echoing shore,  
 And thou hast lingered there,  
 Until the sun's broad orb  
 Seemed resting on the burnished wave,  
 Thou must have marked the lines  
 Of purple gold, that motionless  
 Hung o'er the sinking sphere :  
 Thou must have marked the billowy clouds  
 Edged with intolerable radiancy,  
 Towering like rocks of jet  
 Crowned with a diamond wreath.  
 And yet there is a moment,  
 When the sun's highest point  
 Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,  
 When those far clouds of feathery gold,  
 Shaded with deepest purple, gleam  
 Like islands on a dark blue sea ;  
 Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,  
 And furled its wearied wing  
 Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands  
 Gleaming in yon flood of light,  
 Nor the feathery curtains  
 Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,  
 Nor the burnished ocean-waves,  
 Paving that gorgeous dome,  
 So fair, so wonderful a sight  
 As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.

Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!  
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread  
Its floors of flashing light,  
Its vast and azure dome,  
Its fertile golden islands  
Floating on a silver sea ;

Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted  
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,  
And pearly battlements around  
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.

The Fairy and the Spirit  
Entered the Hall of Spells :  
Those golden clouds  
That rolled in glittering billows  
Beneath the azure canopy,  
With the ethereal footsteps trembled not :

The light and crimson mists,  
Floating to strains of thrilling melody  
Through that unearthly dwelling,  
Yielded to every movement of the will.  
Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,  
And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,  
Used not the glorious privilege  
Of virtue and of wisdom.

Spirit ! the Fairy said,  
And pointed to the gorgeous dome,  
This is a wondrous sight

And mocks all human grandeur ;  
But, were it virtue's only meed, to dwell  
In a celestial palace, all resigned  
To pleasurable impulses, immured  
Within the prison of itself, the will  
Of changeless nature would be unfulfilled.  
Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come !  
This is thine high reward :—the past shall rise ;  
Thou shalt behold the present ; I will teach  
The secrets of the future.

The Fairy and the Spirit  
Approached the overhanging battlement.—  
Below lay stretched the universe !  
There, far as the remotest line  
That bounds imagination's flight,  
Countless and unending orbs  
In mazy motion intermingled,  
Yet still fulfilled immutably  
Eternal Nature's law.  
Above, below, around  
The circling systems formed  
A wilderness of harmony ;  
Each with undeviating aim,  
In eloquent silence, through the depths of space  
Pursued its wondrous way.

There was a little light  
That twinkled in the misty distance :  
None but a spirit's eye  
Might ken that rolling orb ;  
None but a spirit's eye,  
And in no other place  
But that celestial dwelling, might behold  
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.

But matter, space and time,  
In those aerial mansions cease to act ;  
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps  
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds  
Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul  
Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.  
The Spirit's intellectual eye  
Its kindred beings recognized.  
The thronging thousands, to a passing view,  
Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens.  
How wonderful ! that even  
The passions, prejudices, interests,  
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch  
That moves the finest nerve,  
And in one human brain  
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link  
In the great chain of nature.

Behold, the Fairy cried,  
Palmyra's ruin'd palaces !—  
Behold ! where grandeur frowned ;  
Behold ! where pleasure smiled ;  
What now remains ?—the memory  
Of senselessness and shame—  
What is immortal there ?  
Nothing—it stands to tell  
A melancholy tale, to give  
An awful warning : soon  
Oblivion will steal silently  
The remnant of its fame.  
Monarchs and conquerors there  
Proud o'er prostrate millions trod—  
The earthquakes of the human race,—  
Like them, forgotten when the ruin  
That marks their shock is past.

Beside the eternal Nile  
The Pyramids have risen.  
Nile shall pursue his changeless way ;  
Those Pyramids shall fall ;  
Yea ! not a stone shall stand to tell  
The spot whereon they stood ;  
Their very site shall be forgotten,  
As is their builder's name !

Behold yon sterile spot ;  
Where now the wandering Arab's tent  
Flaps in the desert-blast.  
There once old Salem's haughty fane  
Reared high to heaven its thousand golden domes,  
And in the blushing face of day  
Exposed its shameful glory.  
Oh ! many a widow, many an orphan cursed  
The building of that fane ; and many a father,  
Worn out with toil and slavery, implored  
The poor man's God to sweep it from the earth,  
And spare his children the detested task  
Of piling stone on stone, and poisoning  
The choicest days of life,  
To soothe a dotard's vanity.  
There an inhuman and uncultured race  
Howled hideous praises to their Demon-God ;  
They rushed to war, tore from the mother's womb  
The unborn child,—old age and infancy  
Promiscuous perished ; their victorious arms  
Left not a soul to breathe. Oh ! they were  
fiends :  
But what was he who taught them that the God  
Of nature and benevolence had given  
A special sanction to the trade of blood ?  
His name and theirs are fading, and the tales  
Of this barbarian nation, which imposture  
Recites till terror credits, are pursuing  
Itself into forgetfulness.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,  
 There is a moral desert now :  
 The mean and miserable huts,  
 The yet more wretched palaces,  
 Contrasted with those ancient fanes,  
 Now crumbling to oblivion ;  
 The long and lonely colonnades,  
 Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,  
 Seem like a well-known tune,  
 Which, in some dear scene we have loved to hear,  
 Remembered now in sadness.  
 But, oh ! how much more changed,  
 How gloomier is the contrast  
 Of human nature there !  
 Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,  
 A coward and a fool, spreads death around—  
 Then, shuddering, meets his own.  
 Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,  
 A cowed and hypocritical monk  
 Prays, curses, and deceives.

Spirit ! ten thousand years  
 Have scarcely passed away,  
 Since, in the waste where now the savage drinks  
 His enemy's blood, and aping Europe's sons,  
 Wakes the unholy song of war,  
 Arose a stately city,  
 Metropolis of the western continent :  
 There, now, the mossy column-stone,  
 Indented by time's unrelaxing grasp,  
 Which once appeared to brave  
 All, save its country's ruin ;  
 There the wide forest scene,  
 Rude in the uncultivated loveliness  
 Of gardens long run wild,  
 Seems, to the unwilling sojourner, whose steps  
 Chance in that desert has delayed,  
 Thus to have stood since earth was what it is.  
 Yet once it was the busiest haunt,  
 Whither, as to a common centre, flocked  
 Strangers, and ships, and merchandize :  
 Once peace and freedom blest  
 The cultivated plain :  
 But wealth, that curse of man,  
 Blighted the bud of its prosperity :  
 Virtue and wisdom, truth and liberty,  
 Fled, to return not, until man shall know  
 That they alone can give the bliss  
 Worthy a soul that claims  
 Its kindred with eternity.

There's not one atom of yon earth  
 But once was living man ;  
 Nor the minutest drop of rain,  
 That hangeth in its thinnest cloud,  
 But flowed in human veins :  
 And from the burning plains  
 Where Lybian monsters yell,  
 From the most gloomy glens  
 Of Greenland's sunless clime,  
 To where the golden fields  
 Of fertile England spread  
 Their harvest to the day,  
 Thou canst not find one spot  
 Whereon no city stood.

How strange is human pride !  
 I tell thee that those living things,  
 To whom the fragile blade of grass,  
 That springeth in the morn

And perisheth ere noon,  
 Is an unbounded world ;  
 I tell thee that those viewless beings,  
 Whose mansion is the smallest particle  
 Of the impassive atmosphere,  
 Think, feel and live like man ;  
 That their affections and antipathies,  
 Like his, produce the laws  
 Ruling their moral state ;  
 And the minutest throb  
 That through their frame diffuses  
 The slightest, faintest motion,  
 Is fixed and indispensable  
 As the majestic laws  
 That rule yon rolling orbs.

The Fairy paused. The Spirit,  
 In ecstasy of admiration, felt  
 All knowledge of the past revived ; the events  
 Of old and wondrous times,  
 Which dim tradition interruptedly  
 Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded  
 In just perspective to the view ;  
 Yet dim from their infinitude.  
 The Spirit seemed to stand  
 High on an isolated pinnacle ;  
 The flood of ages combating below,  
 The depth of the unbounded universe  
 Above, and all around  
 Nature's unchanging harmony.

## III.

FAIRY ! the Spirit said,  
 And on the Queen of Spells  
 Fixed her ethereal eyes,  
 I thank thee. Thou hast given  
 A boon which I will not resign, and taught  
 A lesson not to be unlearned. I know  
 The past, and thence I will essay to glean  
 A warning for the future, so that man  
 May profit by his errors, and derive  
 Experience from his folly :  
 For, when the power of imparting joy  
 Is equal to the will, the human soul  
 Requires no other heaven.

## MAB.

Turn thee, surpassing Spirit !  
 Much yet remains unscanned.  
 Thou knowest how great is man,  
 Thou knowest his imbecility :  
 Yet learn thou what he is ;  
 Yet learn the lofty destiny  
 Which restless Time prepares  
 For every living soul.

Behold a gorgeous palace, that, amid  
 Yon populous city, rears its thousand towers  
 And seems itself a city. Gloomy troops  
 Of sentinels, in stern and silent ranks,  
 Encompass it around : the dweller there  
 Cannot be free and happy ; hearest thou not  
 The curses of the fatherless, the groans  
 Of those who have no friend ? He passes on :  
 The King, the wearer of a gilded chain  
 That binds his soul to abjectness, the fool  
 Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst a slave  
 Even to the basest appetites—that man

Heeds not the shriek of penury ; he smiles  
 At the deep curses which the destitute  
 Mutter in secret, and a sullen joy  
 Pervades his bloodless heart when thousands groan  
 But for those morsels which his wantonness  
 Wastes in unjoyous revelry, to save  
 All that they love from famine : when he hears  
 The tale of horror, to some ready-made face  
 Of hypocritical assent he turns,  
 Smothering the glow of shame, that, spite of him,  
 Flushes his bloated cheek.

Now to the meal

Of silence, grandeur, and excess, he drags  
 His palled unwilling appetite. If gold,  
 Gleaming around, and numerous viands culled  
 From every clime, could force the loathing sense  
 To overcome satiety,—if wealth  
 The spring it draws from poisons not,—or vice,  
 Unfeeling, stubborn vice, converteth not  
 Its food to deadliest venom ; then that king  
 Is happy ; and the peasant who fulfils  
 His unforced task, when he returns at even,  
 And by the blazing faggot meets again  
 Her welcome for whom all his toil is sped,  
 Tastes not a sweeter meal.

Behold him now

Stretched on the gorgeous couch ; his fevered brain  
 Reels dizzily awhile ; but ah ! too soon  
 The slumber of intemperance subsides,  
 And conscience, that undying serpent, calls  
 Her venomous brood to their nocturnal task.  
 Listen ! he speaks ! oh ! mark that frenzied eye—  
 Oh ! mark that deadly visage.

KING.

No cessation !

Oh ! must this last for ever ! Awful death,  
 I wish yet fear to clasp thee ! Not one moment  
 Of dreamless sleep ! O dear and blessed peace !  
 Why dost thou shroud thy vestal purity  
 In penury and dungeons ! wherefore lurkest  
 With danger, death, and solitude : yet shunn'st  
 The palace I have built thee ! Sacred peace !  
 Oh visit me but once, and pitying shed  
 One drop of balm upon my withered soul.

Vain man ! that palace is the virtuous heart,  
 And peace defileth not her snowy robes  
 In such a shed as thine. Hark ! yet he mutters ;  
 His slumbers are but varied agonies,  
 They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.  
 There needeth not the hell that bigots frame  
 To punish those who err : earth in itself  
 Contains at once the evil and the cure ;  
 And all-sufficing nature can chastise  
 Those who transgress her law,—she only knows  
 How justly to proportion to the fault  
 The punishment it merits.

Is it strange

That this poor wretch should pride him in his woe !  
 Take pleasure in his abjectness, and hug  
 The scorpion that consumes him ? Is it strange  
 That, placed on a conspicuous throne of thorns,  
 Grasping an iron sceptre, and immured  
 Within a splendid prison, whose stern bounds  
 Shut him from all that's good or dear on earth,  
 His soul asserts not its humanity ?  
 That man's mild nature rises not in war

Against a king's employ ? No—'tis not strange,  
 He, like the vulgar, thinks, feels, acts and lives  
 Just as his father did ; the unconquered powers  
 Of precedent and custom interpose  
 Between a king and virtue. Stranger yet,  
 To those who know not nature, nor deduce  
 The future from the present, it may seem,  
 That not one slave, who suffers from the crimes  
 Of this unnatural being ; not one wretch,  
 Whose children famish, and whose nuptial bed  
 Is earth's un pitying bosom, rears an arm  
 To dash him from his throne !

Those gilded flies

That basking in the sunshine of a court,  
 Fatten on its corruption !—what are they ?  
 —The drones of the community ; they feed  
 On the mechanic's labour ; the starved hind  
 For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield  
 Its unshared harvests ; and yon squalid form,  
 Leaner than fleshless misery, that wastes  
 A sunless life in the unwholesome mine,  
 Drags out in labour a protracted death,  
 To glut their grandeur ; many faint with toil,  
 That few may know the cares and woe of sloth.

Whence, thinkest thou, kings and parasites arose ?  
 Whence that unnatural line of drones, who heap  
 Toil and unvanquishable penury  
 On those who build their palaces, and bring [vice ;  
 Their daily bread ?—From vice, black loathsome  
 From rapine, madness, treachery, and wrong ;  
 From all that genders misery, and makes  
 Of earth this thorny wilderness ; from lust,  
 Revenge, and murder.—And when reason's voice,  
 Loud as the voice of nature, shall have waked  
 The nations ; and mankind perceive that vice  
 Is discord, war, and misery ; that virtue  
 Is peace, and happiness and harmony ;  
 When man's maturer nature shall disdain  
 The playthings of its childhood ;—kingly glare  
 Will lose its power to dazzle ; its authority  
 Will silently pass by ; the gorgeous throne  
 Shall stand unnoticed in the regal hall,  
 Fast falling to decay ; whilst falsehood's trade  
 Shall be as hateful and unprofitable  
 As that of truth is now.

Where is the fame

Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth  
 Seek to eternize ? Oh ! the faintest sound  
 From time's light foot-fall, the minutest wave  
 That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing  
 The unsubstantial bubble. Aye ! to-day  
 Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze  
 That flashes desolation, strong the arm  
 That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes !  
 That mandate is a thunder-peal that died  
 In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash  
 On which the midnight closed, and on that arm  
 The worm has made his meal.

The virtuous man

Who, great in his humility, as kings  
 Are little in their grandeur ; he who leads  
 Invincibly a life of resolute good,  
 And stands amid the silent dungeon-depths  
 More free and fearless than the trembling judge,  
 Who, clothed in venal power, vainly strove  
 To bind the impassive spirit ;—when he falls,  
 His mild eye beams benevolence no more :

Withered the hand outstretched but to relieve ;  
Sunk reason's simple eloquence, that rolled  
But to appal the guilty. Yes! the grave [frost  
Hath quenched that eye, and death's relentless  
Withered that arm : but the unfading fame  
Which virtue hangs upon its votary's tomb ;  
The deathless memory of that man, whom kings  
Call to their mind and tremble ; the remembrance  
With which the happy spirit contemplates  
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth,  
Shall never pass away.

Nature rejects the monarch, not the man ;  
The subject, not the citizen : for kings  
And subjects, mutual foes, for ever play  
A losing game into each other's hands,  
Whose stakes are vice and misery. The man  
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys.  
Power, like a desolating pestilence,  
Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,  
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,  
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame  
A mechanized automaton.

When Nero,  
High over flaming Rome, with savage joy  
Lowered like a fiend, drank with enraptured ear  
The shrieks of agonising death, beheld  
The frightful desolation spread, and felt  
A new-created sense within his soul  
Thrill to the sight, and vibrate to the sound ;  
Thinkest thou his grandeur had not overcome  
The force of human kindness? and, when Rome,  
With one stern blow, hurled not the tyrant down,  
Crushed not the arm, red with her dearest blood,  
Had not submissive abjectness destroyed  
Nature's suggestions?

Look on yonder earth :  
The golden harvests spring ; the unailing sun  
Sheds light and life ; the fruits, the flowers, the  
Arise in due succession ; all things speak [trees,  
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe,  
In nature's silent eloquence, declares  
That all fulfil the works of love and joy,—  
All but the outcast, Man. He fabricates  
The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherisheth  
The snakes that gnaw his heart ; he raiseth up  
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,  
Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun,  
Lights it the great alone? Yon silver beams,  
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch,  
Than on the dome of kings? Is mother earth  
A step-dame to her numerous sons, who earn  
Her unshared gifts with unremitting toil ;  
A mother only to those puling babes  
Who, nursed in ease and luxury, make men  
The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,  
In self-important childishness, that peace  
Which men alone appreciate?

Spirit of Nature! no!  
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs  
Alike in every human heart.  
Thou, aye, erectest there  
Thy throne of power unappealable :  
Thou art the judge beneath whose nod  
Man's brief and frail authority  
Is powerless as the wind  
That passeth idly by.

Thine the tribunal which surpasseth  
The show of human justice,  
As God surpasses man.

Spirit of Nature! thou  
Life of interminable multitudes ;  
Soul of those mighty spheres  
Whose changeless paths through Heaven's deep  
Soul of that smallest being, [silence lie ;  
The dwelling of whose life  
Is one faint April sun-gleam ;—  
Man, like these passive things,  
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :  
Like theirs, his age of endless peace,  
Which time is fast maturing,  
Will swiftly, surely, come ;  
And the unbounded frame, which thou pervadest,  
Will be without a flaw  
Marring its perfect symmetry.

## IV.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,  
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
Were discord to the speaking quietude  
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon  
Studded with stars unutterably bright, [vault,  
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur  
Seems like a canopy which love has spread [rolls,  
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,  
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;  
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,  
So stainless that their white and glittering spires  
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,  
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower  
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it  
A metaphor of peace ;—all form a scene  
Where musing solitude might love to lift  
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;  
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,  
So cold, so bright, so still.

The orb of day,  
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field  
Sinks sweetly smiling : not the faintest breath  
Steals o'er the unruffled deep ; the clouds of eve  
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day ;  
And vesper's image on the western main  
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes :  
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,  
Roll o'er the blackened waters ; the deep roar  
Of distant thunder mutters awfully ;  
Tempest unfolds its pinion o'er the gloom  
That shrouds the boiling surge ; the pitiless fiend,  
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey ;  
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave  
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence yon glare  
That fires the arch of heaven!—that dark red smoke  
Blotting the silver moon! The stars are quenched  
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow  
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round.  
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals  
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,  
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!  
Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar  
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb ;  
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,  
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men

Inebriate with rage :—loud, and more loud  
 The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,  
 And o'er the conqueror and the conquer'd draws  
 His cold and bloody shroud.—Of all the men  
 Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there  
 In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts  
 That beat with anxious life at sun-set there;  
 How few survive, how few are beating now!  
 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm  
 That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;  
 Save when the frantic wail of widowed love  
 Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan  
 With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay  
 Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The grey morn  
 Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous  
 Before the icy wind slow rolls away, [smoke  
 And the bright beams of frosty morning dance  
 Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood  
 Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,  
 And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments  
 Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful  
 Of the outsallying victors: far behind, [path  
 Black ashes note where their proud city stood.  
 Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—  
 Each tree which guards its darkness from the day,  
 Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

I see thee shrink,  
 Surpassing Spirit!—wert thou human else?  
 I see a shade of doubt and horror fleet  
 Across thy stainless features: yet fear not;  
 This is no unconnected misery,  
 Nor stands uncaused, and irretrievable.  
 Man's evil nature, that apology  
 Which kings who rule, and cowards who crouch,  
 set up  
 For their unnumbered crimes, sheds not the blood  
 Which desolates the discord-wasted land  
 From kings, and priests, and statesmen, war arose,  
 Whose safety is man's deep unbettered woe,  
 Whose grandeur his debasement. Let the axe  
 Strike at the root, the poison-tree will fall;  
 And where its venom'd exhalations spread  
 Ruin, and death, and woe, where millions lay  
 Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones  
 Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,  
 A garden shall arise, in loveliness  
 Surpassing fabled Eden.

Hath Nature's soul,  
 That formed this world so beautiful, that spread  
 Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord  
 Strung to unchanging unison, that gave  
 The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,  
 That yielded to the wanderers of the deep  
 The lovely silence of the unfathomed main,  
 And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust  
 With spirit, thought, and love; on Man alone  
 Partial in causeless malice, wantonly  
 Heaped ruin, vice, and slavery; his soul  
 Blasted with withering curses; placed afar  
 The meteor happiness, that shuns his grasp,  
 But serving on the frightful gulf to glare,  
 Rent wide beneath his footsteps?

Nature!—no!  
 Kings, priests, and statesmen blast the human flower,  
 Even in its tender bud; their influence darts  
 Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins  
 Of desolate society. The child,

Ere he can lisp his mother's sacred name,  
 Swells with the unnatural pride of crime, and lifts  
 His baby-sword even in a hero's mood.  
 This infant arm becomes the bloodiest scourge  
 Of devastated earth; whilst specious names  
 Learnt in soft childhood's unsuspecting hour,  
 Serve as the sophisms with which manhood dims  
 Bright reason's ray, and sanctifies the sword  
 Upraised to shed a brother's innocent blood.  
 Let priest-led slaves cease to proclaim that man  
 Inherits vice and misery, when force  
 And falsehood hang even o'er the cradled babe,  
 Stifling with rudest grasp all natural good.

Ah! to the stranger-soul, when first it peeps  
 From its new tenement, and looks abroad  
 For happiness and sympathy, how stern  
 And desolate a tract is this wide world!  
 How withered all the buds of natural good!  
 No shade, no shelter from the sweeping storms  
 Of pitiless power! On its wretched frame,  
 Poisoned, perchance, by the disease and woe  
 Heaped on the wretched parent, whence it sprung,  
 By morals, law, and custom, the pure winds  
 Of heaven, that renovate the insect tribes,  
 May breathe not. The untainting light of day  
 May visit not its longings. It is bound  
 Ere it has life: yea, all the chains are forged  
 Long ere its being: all liberty and love  
 And peace is torn from its defencelessness;  
 Cursed from its birth, even from its cradle doomed  
 To abjectness and bondage!

Throughout this varied and eternal world  
 Soul is the only element, the block  
 That for uncounted ages has remained.  
 The moveless pillar of a mountain's weight  
 Is active living spirit. Every grain  
 Is sentient both in unity and part,  
 And the minutest atom comprehends  
 A world of loves and hatreds; these beget  
 Evil and good: hence truth and falsehood spring;  
 Hence will, and thought, and action, all the germs  
 Of pain or pleasure, sympathy or hate,  
 That variegates the eternal universe.  
 Soul is not more polluted than the beams  
 Of heaven's pure orb, ere round their rapid lines  
 The taint of earth-born atmospheres arise.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds  
 Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing  
 To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn  
 The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste  
 The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.  
 Or he is formed for abjectness and woe,  
 To grovel on the dunghill of his fears,  
 To shrink at every sound, to quench the flame  
 Of natural love in sensualism, to know  
 That hour as blest when on his worthless days  
 The frozen hand of death shall set its seal,  
 Yet fear the cure, though hating the disease.  
 The one is man that shall hereafter be;  
 The other, man as vice has made him now.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,  
 The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,  
 And, to those royal murderers, whose mean thrones  
 Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,  
 The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.  
 Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround

Their palaces, participate the crimes  
 That force defends, and from a nation's rage  
 Secure the crown, which all the curses reach  
 That famine, frenzy, woe and penury breathe.  
 These are the hired bravoos who defend  
 The tyrant's throne—the bullies of his fear :  
 These are the sinks and channels of worst vice,  
 The refuge of society, the dregs  
 Of all that is most vile : their cold hearts blend  
 Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,  
 All that is mean and villanous, with rage  
 Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,  
 Alone might kindle ; they are decked in wealth,  
 Honour and power, then are sent abroad  
 To do their work. The pestilence that stalks  
 In gloomy triumph through some Eastern land  
 Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,  
 And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth  
 Already crushed with servitude : he knows  
 His wretchedness too late, and cherishes  
 Repentance for his ruin, when his doom  
 Is sealed in gold and blood !  
 Those too the tyrant serve, who skilled to snare  
 The feet of justice in the toils of law,  
 Stand, ready to oppress the weaker still ;  
 And, right or wrong, will vindicate for gold,  
 Sneering at public virtue, which beneath  
 Their pitiless tread lies torn and trampled, where  
 Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.

Then grave and hoary-headed hypocrites,  
 Without a hope, a passion, or a love,  
 Who, through a life of luxury and lies,  
 Have crept by flattery to the seats of power,  
 Support the system whence their honours flow—  
 They have three words ; well tyrants know their use,  
 Well pay them for the loan, with usury / Heaven.  
 Torn from a bleeding world!—God, Hell and  
 A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,  
 Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage  
 Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.  
 Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,  
 Where poisonous and undying worms prolong  
 Eternal misery to those hapless slaves  
 Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.  
 And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie  
 Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe  
 Before the mockeries of earthly power.

These tools the tyrant tempers to his work,  
 Wields in his wrath, and as he wills, destroys,  
 Omnipotent in wickedness : the while  
 Youth springs, age moulders, manhood tamely does  
 His bidding, bribed by short-lived joys to lend  
 Force to the weakness of his trembling arm.

They rise, they fall ; one generation comes  
 Yielding its harvest to destruction's scythe.  
 It fades, another blossoms : yet behold !  
 Red glows the tyrant's stamp-mark on its bloom,  
 Withering and cankering deep its passive prime.  
 He has invented lying words and modes,  
 Empty and vain as his own coreless heart ;  
 Evasive meanings, nothings of much sound,  
 To lure the heedless victim to the toils  
 Spread round the valley of its paradise.

Look to thyself, priest, conqueror, or prince !  
 Whether thy trade is falsehood, and thy lusts  
 Deep wallow in the earnings of the poor,

With whom thy master was :—or thou delight'st  
 In numbering o'er the myriads of thy slain,  
 All misery weighing nothing in the scale  
 Against thy short-lived fame : or thou dost load  
 With cowardice and crime the groaning land,  
 A pomp-fed king. Look to thy wretched self !  
 Aye, art thou not the veriest slave that e'er  
 Crawled on the loathing earth ? Are not thy days  
 Days of unsatisfying listlessness ?  
 Dost thou not cry, ere night's long rack is o'er,  
 When will the morning come ? Is not thy youth  
 A vain and feverish dream of sensualism ?  
 Thy manhood blighted with unripe disease ?  
 Are not thy views of unregretted death  
 Drear, comfortless, and horrible ? Thy mind,  
 Is it not morbid as thy nerveless frame,  
 Incapable of judgment, hope, or love ?  
 And dost thou wish the errors to survive  
 That bar thee from all sympathies of good,  
 After the miserable interest  
 Thou hold'st in their protraction ? When the grave  
 Has swallowed up thy memory and thyself,  
 Dost thou desire the bane that poisons earth  
 To twine its roots around thy coffined clay,  
 Spring from thy bones, and blossom on thy tomb,  
 That of its fruit thy babes may eat and die ?

## V.

Thus do the generations of the earth  
 Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,  
 Surviving still the imperishable change  
 That renovates the world ; even as the leaves  
 Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year  
 Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped  
 For many seasons there, though long they choke,  
 Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,  
 All germs of promise. Yet when the tall trees  
 From which they fell, shorn of their lovely shapes,  
 Lie level with the earth to moulder there,  
 They fertilize the land they long deformed,  
 Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs  
 Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,  
 Like that which gave it life, to spring and die.  
 Thus suicidal selfishness, that blights  
 The fairest feelings of the opening heart,  
 Is destined to decay, whilst from the soil  
 Shall spring all virtue, all delight, all love,  
 And judgment cease to wage unnatural war  
 With passion's unsubduable array.  
 Twin-sister of religion, selfishness !  
 Rival in crime and falsehood, aping all  
 The wanton horrors of her bloody play ;  
 Yet frozen, unimpassioned, spiritless,  
 Shunning the light, and owning not its name :  
 Compelled, by its deformity, to screen  
 With flimsy veil of justice and of right,  
 Its unattractive lineaments, that scare  
 All, save the brood of ignorance : at once  
 The cause and the effect of tyranny ;  
 Unblushing, hardened, sensual, and vile ;  
 Dead to all love but of its abjectness,  
 With heart impassive by more noble powers  
 Than unshared pleasure, sordid gain, or fame ;  
 Despising its own miserable being,  
 Which still it longs, yet fears, to disenthral.

Hence commerce springs, the venal interchange  
 Of all that human art or nature yield ;

Which wealth should purchase not, but want  
 And natural kindness hasten to supply [demand,  
 From the full fountain of its boundless love,  
 For ever stifled, drained, and tainted now.  
 Commerce! beneath whose poison-breathing shade  
 No solitary virtue dares to spring;  
 But poverty and wealth with equal hand  
 Scatter their withering curses, and unfold  
 The doors of premature and violent death,  
 To pining famine and full-fed disease,  
 To all that shares the lot of human life, [chain  
 Which poisoned body and soul, scarce drags the  
 That lengthens as it goes and clanks behind.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,  
 The signet of its all-enslaving power,  
 Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:  
 Before whose image bow the vulgar great,  
 The vainly rich, the miserable proud,  
 The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,  
 And with blind feelings reverence the power  
 That grinds them to the dust of misery.  
 But in the temple of their hireling hearts  
 Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn  
 All earthly things but virtue.

Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,  
 Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame  
 To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,  
 Success has sanctioned to a credulous world  
 The ruin, the disgrace, the woe of war.  
 His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes  
 The despot numbers; from his cabinet  
 These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,  
 Even as the slaves by force or famine driven  
 Beneath a vulgar master, to perform  
 A task of cold and brutal drudgery;—  
 Hardened to hope, insensible to fear,  
 Scarce living pulleys of a dead machine,  
 Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,  
 That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth!

The harmony and happiness of man  
 Yield to the wealth of nations; that which lifts  
 His nature to the heaven of its pride,  
 Is bartered for the poison of his soul;  
 The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,  
 Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,  
 Withering all passion but of slavish fear,  
 Extinguishing all free and generous love  
 Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse  
 That fancy kindles in the beating heart  
 To mingle with sensation, it destroys,—  
 Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of self,  
 The grovelling hope of interest and gold,  
 Unqualified, unmingled, unredeemed  
 Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast  
 Of wealth! The wordy eloquence that lives  
 After the ruin of their hearts, can gild  
 The bitter poison of a nation's woe,  
 Can turn the worship of the servile mob  
 To their corrupt and glaring idol, Fame,  
 From Virtue, trampled by its iron tread,  
 Although its dazzling pedestal be raised  
 Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,  
 With desolated dwellings smoking round.  
 The man of ease, who, by his warm fire-side,  
 To deeds of charitable intercourse

And bare fulfilment of the common laws  
 Of decency and prejudice, confines  
 The struggling nature of his human heart,  
 Is duped by their cold sophistry; he sheds  
 A passing tear perchance upon the wreck  
 Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door  
 The frightful waves are driven,—when his son  
 Is murdered by the tyrant, or religion  
 Drives his wife raving mad. But the poor man,  
 Whose life is misery, and fear, and care;  
 Whom the morn wakens but to fruitless toil;  
 Who ever hears his famished offspring's scream,  
 Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze  
 For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye  
 Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene  
 Of thousands like himself; he little heeds  
 The rhetoric of tyranny, his hate  
 Is quenchless as his wrongs, he laughs to scorn  
 The vain and bitter mockery of words,  
 Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,  
 And unrestrained but by the arm of power,  
 That knows and dreads his enmity.

The iron rod of penury still compels  
 Her wretched slave to bow the knee to wealth,  
 And poison, with unprofitable toil,  
 A life too void of solace to confirm  
 The very chains that bind him to his doom.  
 Nature, impartial in munificence,  
 Has gifted man with all-subduing will:  
 Matter, with all its transitory shapes,  
 Lies subjected and plastic at his feet,  
 That, weak from bondage, tremble as they tread.  
 How many a rustic Milton has passed by,  
 Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,  
 In unremitting drudgery and care!  
 How many a vulgar Cato has compelled  
 His energies, no longer tameless then,  
 To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!  
 How many a Newton, to whose passive ken  
 Those mighty spheres that gem infinity  
 Were only specks of tinsel, fixed in heaven  
 To light the midnights of his native town!

Yet every heart contains perfection's germ:  
 The wisest of the sages of the earth,  
 That ever from the stores of reason drew  
 Science and truth, and virtue's dreadless tone,  
 Were but a weak and inexperienced boy,  
 Proud, sensual, unimpassioned, unbued  
 With pure desire and universal love,  
 Compared to that high being, of cloudless brain,  
 Untainted passion, elevated will,  
 Which death (who even would linger long in awe  
 Within his noble presence, and beneath  
 His changeless eye-beam), might alone subdue.  
 Him, every slave now dragging through the filth  
 Of some corrupted city his sad life,  
 Pining with famine, swoln with luxury,  
 Blunting the keenness of his spiritual sense  
 With narrow schemings and unworthy cares,  
 Or madly rushing through all violent crime,  
 To move the deep stagnation of his soul,—  
 Might imitate and equal.

But mean lust  
 Has bound its chains so tight about the earth,  
 That all within it but the virtuous man  
 Is venal: gold or fame will surely reach  
 The price prefixed by selfishness, to all



But him of resolute and unchanging will ;  
Whom, nor the plaudits of a servile crowd,  
Nor the vile joys of tainting luxury,  
Can bribe to yield his elevated soul  
To tyranny or falsehood, though they wield  
With blood-red hand the sceptre of the world.

All things are sold : the very light of heaven  
Is venal ; earth's unsparing gifts of love,  
The smallest and most despicable things  
That lurk in the abysses of the deep,  
All objects of our life, even life itself,  
And the poor pittance which the laws allow  
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,  
Those duties which his heart of human love  
Should urge him to perform instinctively,  
Are bought and sold as in a public mart  
Of undisguising selfishness, that sets  
On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.  
Even love is sold ; the solace of all woe  
Is turned to deadliest agony, old age  
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,  
And youth's corrupted impulses prepare  
A life of horror from the blighting bane  
Of commerce : whilst the pestilence that springs  
From unenjoying sensualism, has filled  
All human life with hydra-headed woes.

Falsehood demands but gold to pay the pangs  
Of outraged conscience ; for the slavish priest  
Sets no great value on his hiring faith :  
A little passing pomp, some servile souls,  
Whom cowardice itself might safely chain,  
Or the spare mite of avarice could bribe  
To deck the triumph of their languid zeal,  
Can make him minister to tyranny.  
More daring crime requires a loftier meed :  
Without a shudder the slave-soldier lends  
His arm to murderous deeds, and steels his heart,  
When the dread eloquence of dying men,  
Low mingling on the lonely field of fame,  
Assails that nature whose applause he sells  
For the gross blessings of the patriot mob,  
For the vile gratitude of heartless kings,  
And for a cold world's good word,—viler still !

There is a nobler glory which survives  
Until our being fades, and, solacing  
All human care, accompanies its change ;  
Deserts not virtue in the dungeon's gloom,  
And, in the precincts of the palace, guides  
Its footsteps through that labyrinth of crime ;  
Imbues his lineaments with dauntlessness,  
Even when, from power's avenging hand, he takes  
Its sweetest, last and noblest title—death ;  
—The consciousness of good, which neither gold,  
Nor sordid fame, nor hope of heavenly bliss,  
Can purchase ; but a life of resolute good,  
Unalterable will, quenchless desire  
Of universal happiness, the heart  
That beats with it in unison, the brain,  
Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change  
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal.

This commerce of sincerest virtue needs  
No mediative signs of selfishness,  
No jealous intercourse of wretched gain,  
No balancings of prudence, cold and long ;  
In just and equal measure all is weighed,  
One scale contains the sum of human weal,  
And one, the good man's heart.

How vainly seek

The selfish for that happiness denied  
To aught but virtue ! Blind and hardened, they  
Who hope for peace amid the storms of care,  
Who covet power they know not how to use,  
And sigh for pleasure they refuse to give :—  
Madly they frustrate still their own designs ;  
And, where they hope that quiet to enjoy  
Which virtue pictures, bitterness of soul,  
Pining regrets, and vain repentances,  
Disease, disgust, and lassitude, pervade  
Their valueless and miserable lives.

But hoary-headed selfishness has felt  
Its death-blow, and is tottering to the grave :  
A brighter morn awaits the human day,  
When every transfer of earth's natural gifts  
Shall be a commerce of good words and works ;  
When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,  
The fear of infamy, disease and woe,  
War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,  
Shall live but in the memory of time,  
Who, like a penitent libertine shall start,  
Look back, and shudder at his younger years.

VI.

ALL touch, all eye, all ear,  
The Spirit felt the Fairy's burning speech.  
O'er the thin texture of its frame,  
The varying periods painted, changing glows ;  
As on a summer even,  
When soul-enfolding music floats around,  
The stainless mirror of the lake  
Re-images the eastern gloom,  
Mingling convulsively its purple hues  
With sunset's burnished gold.

Then thus the Spirit spoke :  
It is a wild and miserable world !  
Thorny, and full of care,  
Which every fiend can make his prey at will.  
O Fairy ! in the lapse of years,  
Is there no hope in store ?  
Will yon vast suns roll on  
Interminably, still illuming  
The night of so many wretched souls,  
And see no hope for them ?  
Will not the universal Spirit e'er  
Revivify this withered limb of Heaven !

The Fairy calmly smiled  
In comfort, and a kindling gleam of hope  
Sufused the Spirit's lineaments.  
Oh ! rest thee tranquil ; chase those fearful doubts,  
Which ne'er could rack an everlasting soul,  
That sees the chains which bind it to its doom.  
Yes ! crime and misery are in yonder earth,  
Falsehood, mistake, and lust ;  
But the eternal world  
Contains at once the evil and the cure.  
Some eminent in virtue shall start up,  
Even in perversest time :  
The truths of their pure lips, that never die,  
Shall bind the scorpion falsehood with a wreath  
Of ever-living flame,  
Until the monster sting itself to death.

How sweet a scene will earth become !  
Of purest spirits, a pure dwelling-place,

Symphonious with the planetary spheres ;  
 When man, with changeless nature coalescing,  
 Will undertake regeneration's work,  
 When its ungenial poles no longer point  
     To the red and baleful sun  
 That faintly twinkles there.

Spirit, on yonder earth,  
 Falsehood now triumphs ; deadly power  
 Has fixed its seal upon the lip of truth !  
 Madness and misery are there !

The happiest is most wretched ! Yet confide  
 Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy  
 Fall like a dew of balm upon the world.  
 Now, to the scene I show, in silence turn,  
 And read the blood-stained charter of all woe,  
 Which nature soon, with re-creating hand,  
 Will blot in mercy from the book of earth.  
 How bold the flight of passion's wandering wing,  
 How swift the step of reason's firmer tread,  
 How calm and sweet the victories of life,  
 How terrorless the triumph of the grave !  
 How powerless were the mightiest monarch's arm,  
 Vain his loud threat, and impotent his frown !  
 How ludicrous the priest's dogmatic roar !  
 The weight of his exterminating curse  
 How light ! and his affected charity,  
 To suit the pressure of the changing times,  
 What palpable deceit !—but for thy aid,  
 Religion ! but for thee, prolific fiend,  
 Who peopled earth with demons, hell with men,  
 And heaven with slaves !

Thou taintest all thou look'st upon !—the stars,  
 Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,  
 Were gods to the distempered playfulness  
 Of thy untutored infancy : the trees,  
 The grass, the clouds, the mountains, and the sea,  
 All living things that walk, swim, creep, or fly,  
 Were gods : the sun had homage, and the moon  
 Her worshipper. Then thou becamest a boy,  
 More daring in thy frenzies : every shape,  
 Monstrous or vast, or beautifully wild,  
 Which from sensation's relics, fancy culls ;  
 The spirits of the air, the shuddering ghost,  
 The genii of the elements, the powers  
 That give a shape to nature's varied works,  
 Had life and place in the corrupt belief  
 Of thy blind heart : yet still thy youthful hands  
 Were pure of human blood. Then manhood gave  
 Its strength and ardour to thy frenzied brain ;  
 Thine eager gaze scanned the stupendous scene,  
 Whose wonders mocked the knowledge of thy pride :  
 Their everlasting and unchanging laws  
 Reproached thine ignorance. Awhile thou stoodst  
 Baffled and gloomy ; then thou didst sum up  
 The elements of all that thou didst know ;  
 The changing seasons, winter's leafless reign,  
 The budding of the heaven-breathing trees,  
 The eternal orbs that beautify the night,  
 The sun-rise, and the setting of the moon,  
 Earthquakes and wars, and poisons and disease,  
 And all their causes, to an abstract point  
 Converging, thou didst bend, and call'd it God !  
 The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,  
 The merciful, and the avenging God !  
 Who, prototype of human misrule, sits  
 High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,  
 Even like an earthly king ; and whose dread work,  
 Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves

Of fate, whom he created in his sport,  
 To triumph in their torments when they fell !  
 Earth heard the name ; earth trembled, as the smoke  
 Of his revenge ascended up to heaven,  
 Blotting the constellations ; and the cries  
 Of millions butcher'd in sweet confidence  
 And unsuspecting peace, even when the bonds  
 Of safety were confirmed by wordy oaths  
 Sworn in his dreadful name, rung through the land ;  
 Whilst innocent babes writhed on thy stubborn  
     spear,  
 And thou didst laugh to hear the mother's shriek  
 Of maniac gladness as the sacred steel  
 Felt cold in her torn entrails !

Religion ! thou wert then in manhood's prime :  
 But age crept on : one God would not suffice  
 For senile puerility ; thou framedst  
 A tale to suit thy dotage, and to glut  
 Thy misery-thirsting soul, that the mad fiend  
 Thy wickedness had pictured, might afford  
 A plea for sating the unnatural thirst  
 For murder, rapine, violence, and crime,  
 That still consumed thy being, even when [light  
 Thou heardst the step of fate ;—that flames might  
 Thy funeral scene, and the shrill horrent shrieks  
 Of parents dying on the pile that burn'd  
 To light their children to thy paths, the roar  
 Of the encircling flames, the exulting cries  
 Of thine apostles, loud commingling there,  
     Might sate thy hungry ear  
 Even on the bed of death !

But now contempt is mocking thy grey hairs ;  
 Thou art descending to the darksome grave,  
 Unhonoured and unpitied, but by those  
 Whose pride is passing by like thine, and sheds,  
 Like thine, a glare that fades before the sun  
 Of truth, and shines but in the dreadful night  
 That long has lowered above the ruined world.

Throughout these infinite orbs of mingling light,  
 Of which you earth is one, is wide diffused  
 A spirit of activity and life,  
 That knows no term, cessation, or decay ;  
 That fades not when the lamp of earthly life,  
 Extinguished in the dampness of the grave,  
 Awhile there slumbers, more than when the babe  
 In the dim newness of its being feels  
 The impulses of sublunary things,  
 And all is wonder to unpractised sense :  
 But, active, steadfast, and eternal, still  
 Guides the fierce whirlwind, in the tempest roars,  
 Cheers in the day, breathes in the balmy groves,  
 Strengthens in health, and poisons in disease ;  
 And in the storm of change, that ceaselessly  
 Rolls round the eternal universe, and shakes  
 Its undecaying battlement, presides,  
 Apportioning with irresistible law  
 The place each spring of its machine shall fill ;  
 So that, when waves on waves tumultuous heap  
 Confusion to the clouds, and fiercely driven  
 Heaven's lightnings scorch the uprooted ocean  
 Whilst, to the eye of shipwrecked mariner, [fords,  
 Lone sitting on the bare and shuddering rock,  
 All seems unlinked contingency and chance :  
 No atom of this turbulence fulfils  
 A vague and unecessitated task,  
 Or acts but as it must and ought to act.  
 Even the minutest molecule of light,

That in an April sunbeam's fleeting glow  
 Fulfils its destined, though invisible work,  
 The universal Spirit guides; nor less  
 When merciless ambition, or mad zeal,  
 Has led two hosts of dupes to battle-field,  
 That, blind, they there may dig each other's graves  
 And call the sad work glory, does it rule  
 All passions: not a thought, a will, an act,  
 No working of the tyrant's moody mind,  
 Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast  
 Their servitude, to hide the shame they feel,  
 Nor the events enchainning every will,  
 That from the depths of unrecorded time  
 Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass  
 Unrecognised or unforeseen by thee,  
 Soul of the Universe! eternal spring  
 Of life and death, of happiness and woe,  
 Of all that chequers the phantasmal scene  
 That floats before our eyes in wavering light,  
 Which gleams but on the darkness of our prison,  
 Whose chains and massy walls  
 We feel but cannot see.

Spirit of Nature! all-sufficing Power.  
 Necessity! thou mother of the world!  
 Unlike the God of human error, thou  
 Requirest no prayers or praises; the caprice  
 Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee  
 Than do the changeful passions of his breast  
 To thy unvarying harmony: the slave,  
 Whose horrible lusts spread misery o'er the world,  
 And the good man, who lifts, with virtuous pride,  
 His being, in the sight of happiness,  
 That springs from his own works; the poison-tree,  
 Beneath whose shade all life is withered up,  
 And the fair oak, whose leafy dome affords  
 A temple where the vows of happy love  
 Are register'd, are equal in thy sight:  
 No love, no hate thou cherishest; revenge  
 And favouritism, and worst desire of fame,  
 Thou knowest not: all that the wide world contains  
 Are but thy passive instruments, and thou  
 Regard'st them all with an impartial eye  
 Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,  
 Because thou hast not human sense,  
 Because thou art not human mind.

Yes! when the sweeping storm of time  
 Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruined fanes  
 And broken altars of the almighty fiend  
 Whose name usurps thy honours, and the blood  
 Through centuries clotted there, has floated down  
 The tainted flood of ages, shalt thou live  
 Unchangeable! A shrine is raised to thee,  
 Which, nor the tempest breath of time,  
 Nor the interminable flood,  
 Over earth's slight pageant rolling,  
 Availeth to destroy,—  
 The sensitive extension of the world.  
 That wondrous and eternal fane,  
 Where pain and pleasure, good and evil join,  
 To do the will of strong necessity,  
 And life in multitudinous shapes,  
 Still pressing forward where no term can be,  
 Like hungry and unresting flame  
 Curls round the eternal columns of its strength.

## VII.

## SPIRIT.

I WAS an infant when my mother went  
 To see an atheist burned. She took me there:  
 The dark-robed priests were met around the pile;  
 The multitude was gazing silently;  
 And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,  
 Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
 Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth:  
 The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs;  
 His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;  
 His death-pang rent my heart! the insensate mob  
 Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept.  
 Weep not, child! cried my mother, for that man  
 Has said, There is no God.

## FAIRY.

There is no God!  
 Nature confirms the faith his death-groan seal'd:  
 Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race,  
 His ceaseless generations, tell their tale;  
 Let every part depending on the chain  
 That links it to the whole, point to the hand  
 That grasps its term! Let every seed that falls,  
 In silent eloquence unfold its store  
 Of argument: infinity within,  
 Infinity without, belie creation;  
 The exterminable spirit it contains  
 Is nature's only God; but human pride  
 Is skilful to invent most serious names  
 To hide its ignorance.

The name of God  
 Has fenced about all crime with holiness,  
 Himself the creature of his worshippers,  
 Whose names and attributes and passions change,  
 Seeva, Buddh, Foh, Jehovah, God, or Lord,  
 Even with the human dupes who build his shrines,  
 Still serving o'er the war-polluted world  
 For desolation's watch-word; whether hosts  
 Stain his death-blushing chariot wheels, as on  
 Triumphantlly they roll, whilst Brahmins raise  
 A sacred hymn to mingle with the groans;  
 Or countless partners of his power divide  
 His tyranny to weakness; or the smoke  
 Of burning towns, the cries of female helplessness,  
 Unarmed old age, and youth, and infancy,  
 Horribly massacred, ascend to heaven  
 In honour of his name; or, last and worst,  
 Earth groans beneath religion's iron age,  
 And priests dare babble of a God of peace,  
 Even whilst their hands are red with guiltless blood,  
 Murdering the while, uprooting every germ  
 Of truth, exterminating, spoiling all,  
 Making the earth a slaughter-house!

O Spirit! through the sense  
 By which thy inner nature was apprised  
 Of outward shows vague dreams have roll'd,  
 And varied reminiscences have waked  
 Tablets that never fade;  
 All things have been imprinted there,  
 The stars, the sea, the earth, the sky,  
 Even the unshapeliest lineaments  
 Of wild and fleeting visions  
 Have left a record there  
 To testify of earth.

These are my empire, for to me is given  
 The wonders of the human world to keep,

And fancy's thin creations to endow  
With manner, being, and reality ;  
Therefore a wondrous phantom, from the dreams  
Of human error's dense and purblind faith,  
I will evoke, to meet thy questioning.  
Ahasuerus, rise !

A strange and woe-worn wight  
Arose beside the battlement,  
And stood unmoving there.  
His inessential figure cast no shade  
Upon the golden floor ;  
His port and mien bore mark of many years,  
And chronicles of untold ancientness  
Were legible within his beamless eye :  
Yet his cheek bore the mark of youth ;  
Freshness and vigour knit his manly frame ;  
The wisdom of old age was mingled there  
With youth's primeval dauntlessness ;  
And inexpressible woe,  
Chasten'd by fearless resignation, gave  
An awful grace to his all-speaking brow.

SPIRIT.

Is there a God ?

AHASUERUS.

Is there a God !—ay, an almighty God,  
And vengeful as almighty ! Once his voice  
Was heard on earth : earth shudder'd at the sound ;  
The fiery-visaged firmament express'd  
Abhorrence, and the grave of nature yawn'd  
To swallow all the dauntless and the good  
That dared to hurl defiance at his throne,  
Girt as it was with power. None but slaves  
Survived,—cold-blooded slaves, who did the work  
Of tyrannous omnipotence ; whose souls  
No honest indignation ever urged  
To elevated daring, to one deed  
Which gross and sensual self did not pollute.  
These slaves built temples for the omnipotent fiend,  
Gorgeous and vast : the costly altars smoked  
With human blood, and hideous pæans rung  
Through all the long-drawn aisles. A murderer  
heard  
His voice in Egypt, one whose gifts and arts  
Had raised him to his eminence in power,  
Accomplice of omnipotence in crime,  
And confidant of the all-knowing one.  
These were Jehovah's words.

From an eternity of idleness  
I, God, awoke ; in seven days' toil made earth  
From nothing ; rested, and created man :  
I placed him in a paradise, and there  
Planted the tree of evil, so that he  
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure  
Wherewith to sate its malice, and to turn,  
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,  
All misery to my fame. The race of men  
Chosen to my honour, with impunity  
May sate the lusts I planted in their heart.  
Here I command thee hence to lead them on,  
Until, with harden'd feet, their conquering troops  
Wade on the promised soil through woman's blood,  
And make my name be dreaded through the land.  
Yet ever-burning flame and ceaseless woe  
Shall be the doom of their eternal souls,  
With every soul on this ungrateful earth,  
Virtuous or vicious, weak or strong,—even all

Shall perish, to fulfil the blind revenge  
(Which you, to men, call justice) of their God.

The murderer's brow  
Quiver'd with horror.

God omnipotent,  
Is there no mercy ? must our punishment  
Be endless ? will long ages roll away,  
And see no term ? Oh ! wherefore hast thou made  
In mockery and wrath this evil earth ?  
Mercy becomes the powerful—be but just :  
O God ! repent and save.

One way remains :

I will beget a son, and he shall bear  
The sins of all the world ; he shall arise  
In an unnoticed corner of the earth,  
And there shall die upon a cross, and purge  
The universal crime ; so that the few  
On whom my grace descends, those who are mark'd  
As vessels to the honour of their God,  
May credit this strange sacrifice, and save  
Their souls alive : millions shall live and die,  
Who ne'er shall call upon their Saviour's name,  
But, unredeemed, go to the gaping grave.  
Thousands shall deem it an old woman's tale,  
Such as the nurses frighten babes withal :  
These in a gulf of anguish and of flame  
Shall curse their reprobation endlessly,  
Yet tenfold pangs shall force them to avow,  
Even on their beds of torment, where they howl,  
My honour, and the justice of their doom.  
What then avail their virtuous deeds, their thoughts  
Of purity, with radiant genius bright,  
Or lit with human reason's earthly ray ?  
Many are called, but few will I elect.  
Do thou my bidding, Moses !

Even the murderer's cheek

Was blanched with horror, and his quivering lips  
Scarce faintly uttered—O almighty one,  
I tremble and obey !

O Spirit ! centuries have set their seal  
On this heart of many wounds, and loaded brain,  
Since the Incarnate came : humbly he came,  
Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape  
Of man, scorned by the world, his name unheard,  
Save by the rabble of his native town,  
Even as a parish demagogue. He led  
The crowd ; he taught them justice, truth, and  
peace,  
In semblance ; but he lit within their souls  
The quenchless flames of zeal, and blest the sword  
He brought on earth to satiate with the blood  
Of truth and freedom his malignant soul.  
At length his mortal frame was led to death.  
I stood beside him : on the torturing cross  
No pain assailed his uninterrestrial sense ;  
And yet he groaned. Indignantly I summed  
The massacres and miseries which his name  
Had sanctioned in my country, and I cried,  
Go ! go ! in mockery.  
A smile of godlike malice reillumed  
His fading lineaments.—I go, he cried,  
But thou shalt wander o'er the unquiet earth  
Eternally.—The dampness of the grave  
Bathed my imperishable front. I fell,  
And long lay tranced upon the charmed soil.  
When I awoke hell burned within my brain,

Which staggered on its seat ; for all around  
The mouldering relics of my kindred lay,  
Even as the Almighty's ire arrested them,  
And in their various attitudes of death  
My murdered children's mute and eyeless sculls  
Glared ghastly upon me.

But my soul,  
From sight and sense of the polluting woe  
Of tyranny, had long learned to prefer  
Hell's freedom to the servitude of heaven.  
Therefore I rose, and dauntlessly began  
My lonely and unending pilgrimage,  
Resolved to wage unweariable war  
With my almighty tyrant, and to hurl  
Defiance at his impotence to harm  
Beyond the curse I bore. The very hand  
That barred my passage to the peaceful grave  
Has crushed the earth to misery, and given  
Its empire to the chosen of his slaves.  
These have I seen, even from the earliest dawn  
Of weak, unstable, and precarious power ;  
Then preaching peace, as now they practise war,  
So, when they turned but from the massacre  
Of unoffending infidels, to quench  
Their thirst for ruin in the very blood  
That flowed in their own veins, and pitiless zeal  
Froze every human feeling, as the wife  
Sheathed in her husband's heart the sacred steel,  
Even whilst its hopes were dreaming of her love ;  
And friends to friends, brothers to brothers stood  
Opposed in bloodiest battle-field, and war,  
Scarce satiable by fate's last death-draught waged,  
Drunk from the wine-press of the Almighty's wrath ;  
Whilst the red cross, in mockery of peace,  
Pointed to victory ! When the fray was done,  
No remnant of the exterminated faith  
Survived to tell its ruin, but the flesh,  
With putrid smoke poisoning the atmosphere,  
That rotted on the half-extinguished pile.

Yes ! I have seen God's worshippers unsheath  
The word of his revenge, when grace descended,  
Confirming all unnatural impulses,  
To sanctify their desolating deeds ;  
And frantic priests waved the ill-omened cross  
O'er the unhappy earth : then shone the sun  
On showers of gore from the upflashing steel  
Of safe assassination, and all crime  
Made stingless by the spirits of the Lord,  
And blood-red rainbows canopied the land.

Spirit ! no year of my eventful being  
Has passed unstained by crime and misery,  
Which flows from God's own faith. I've marked  
his slaves,  
With tongues whose lies are venomous, beguile  
The insensate mob, and, whilst one hand was red  
With murder, feign to stretch the other out  
For brotherhood and peace ; and, that they now  
Babble of love and mercy, whilst their deeds  
Are marked with all the narrowness and crime  
That freedom's young arm dares not yet chastise,  
Reason may claim our gratitude, who now,  
Establishing the imperishable throne  
Of truth, and stubborn virtue, maketh vain  
The unprevailing malice of my foe,  
Whose bootless rage heaps torments for the brave,  
Adds impotent eternities to pain,  
Whilst keenest disappointment racks his breast

To see the smiles of peace around them play,  
To frustrate or to sanctify their doom.

Thus have I stood,—through a wild waste of years  
Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,  
Yet peaceful, and serene, and self-enshrined,  
Mocking my powerless tyrant's horrible curse  
With stubborn and unalterable will,  
Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame  
Had scathed in the wilderness, to stand  
A monument of fadeless ruin there ;  
Yet peacefully and movelessly it braves  
The midnight conflict of the wintry storm,  
As in the sun-light's calm it spreads  
Its worn and withered arms on high  
To meet the quiet of a summer's noon.

The Fairy waved her wand :  
Ahasuerus fled

Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,  
That lurk in the glens of a twilight grove,  
Flee from the morning beam :  
The matter of which dreams are made  
Not more endowed with actual life  
Than this phantasmal portraiture  
Of wandering human thought.

## VIII.

THE present and the past thou hast beheld :  
It was a desolate sight. Now Spirit, learn,  
The secrets of the future.—Time !  
Unfold the brooding pinion of thy gloom,  
Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,  
And from the cradles of eternity,  
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep  
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,  
Tear thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold  
Thy glorious destiny !

Joy to the Spirit came,  
Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil,  
Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear :  
Earth was no longer hell ;  
Love, freedom, health, had given  
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,  
And all its pulses beat  
Symphonious to the planetary spheres :  
Then dulcet music swelled  
Concordant with the life-strings of the soul ;  
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,  
Catching new life from transitory death.—  
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,  
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,  
And dies on the creation of its breath,  
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits :  
Was the pure stream of feeling  
That sprang from these sweet notes,  
And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies  
With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

Joy to the Spirit came,—  
Such joy as when a lover sees  
The chosen of his soul in happiness,  
And witnesses her peace  
Whose woe to him were bitterer than death ;  
Sees her unfaded cheek

Glow mantling in first luxury of health,  
Thrills with her lovely eyes,  
Which like two stars amid the heaving main  
Sparkle through liquid bliss.

Then in her triumph spoke the Fairy Queen :  
I will not call the ghost of ages gone  
To unfold the frightful secrets of its lore ;

The present now is past,  
And those events that desolate the earth  
Have faded from the memory of Time,  
Who dares not give reality to that  
Whose being I annul. To me is given  
The wonders of the human world to keep,  
Space, matter, time, and mind. Futurity  
Exposes now its treasure ; let the sight  
Renew and strengthen all thy falling hope.  
O human Spirit ! spur thee to the goal  
Where virtue fixes universal peace,  
And, 'midst the ebb and flow of human things,  
Show somewhat stable, somewhat certain still,  
A light-house o'er the wild of dreary waves.

The habitable earth is full of bliss ;  
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled  
By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,  
Where matter dared not vegetate nor live,  
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude  
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed ;  
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles  
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls  
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,  
Whose roar is wakened into echoes sweet  
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves,  
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

Those deserts of immeasurable sand,  
Whose age-collected fountains scarce allowed  
A bird to live, a blade of grass to spring,  
Where the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love  
Broke on the sultry silentness alone,  
Now teem with countless rills and shady woods,  
Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages ;  
And where the startled wilderness beheld  
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,  
A tigress sating with the flesh of lambs  
The unnatural famine of her toothless cubs,  
Whilesoutsand howlings through the desert rang ;  
Sloping and smooth the daisy-spangled lawn,  
Offering sweet incense to the sun-rise, smiles  
To see a babe before his mother's door,  
Sharing his morning's meal  
With the green and golden basilisk  
That comes to lick his feet.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail  
Has seen above the illimitable plain,  
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,  
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread  
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,  
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves  
So long have mingled with the gusty wind  
In melancholy loneliness, and swept  
The desert of those ocean solitudes,  
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,  
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm ;  
Now to the sweet and many mingling sounds  
Of kindest human impulses respond.  
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,  
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,

And fertile valleys, resonant with bliss,  
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,  
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,  
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there.

All things are recreated, and the flame  
Of consensaneous love inspires all life :  
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck  
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,  
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness :  
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale  
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad :  
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,  
Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream :  
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,  
Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride  
The foliage of the ever-verdant trees ;  
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,  
And autumn proudly bears her matron grace,  
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of spring,  
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit  
Reflects its tint, and blushes into love.

The lion now forgets to thirst for blood :  
There might you see him sporting in the sun  
Beside the dreadless kid ; his claws are sheathed,  
His teeth are harmless, custom's force has made  
His nature as the nature of a lamb.  
Like passion's fruit, the nightshade's tempting bane  
Poisons no more the pleasure it bestows :  
All bitterness is past ; the cup of joy  
Unmingled mantles to the goblet's brim,  
And courts the thirsty lips it fled before.

But chief, ambiguous man, he that can know  
More misery, and dream more joy than all ;  
Whose keen sensations thrill within his breast  
To mingle with a loftier instinct there,  
Lending their power to pleasure and to pain,  
Yet raising, sharpening, and refining each ;  
Who stands amid the ever-varying world,  
The burthen or the glory of the earth ;  
He chief perceives the change ; his being notes  
The gradual renovation, and defines  
Each movement of its progress on his mind.

Man, where the gloom of the long polar night  
Lowers o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,  
Where scarce the hardiest herb that braves the frost  
Basks in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,  
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night ;  
His chilled and narrow energies, his heart,  
Insensible to courage, truth, or love,  
His stunted stature and imbecile frame,  
Marked him for some abortion of the earth,  
Fit compeer of the bears that roamed around,  
Whose habits and enjoyments were his own :  
His life a feverish dream of stagnant woe,  
Whose meagre wants, but scantily fulfilled,  
Apprised him ever of the joyless length  
Which his short being's wretchedness had reached ;  
His death a pang which famine, cold, and toil,  
Long on the mind, whilst yet the vital spark  
Clung to the body stubbornly, had brought :  
All was inflicted here that earth's revenge  
Could wreak on the infringers of her law ;  
One curse alone was spared—the name of God.

Nor, where the tropics bound the realms of day  
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,

Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere  
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed  
Unnatural vegetation, where the land  
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest, and disease,  
Was man a nobler being; slavery  
Had crushed him to his country's blood-stained  
dust;

Or he was bartered for the fame of power,  
Which, all internal impulses destroying,  
Makes human will an article of trade;  
Or he was changed with Christians for their gold,  
And dragged to distant isles, where to the sound  
Of the flesh-mangling scourge, he does the work  
Of all-polluting luxury and wealth,  
Which doubly visits on the tyrants' heads  
The long-protracted fulness of their woe;  
Or he was led to legal butchery,  
To turn to worms beneath that burning sun  
Where kings first leagued against the rights of men,  
And priests first traded with the name of God.

Even where the milder zone afforded man  
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,  
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,  
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth till late  
Availed to arrest its progress, or create  
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved  
Her snowy standard o'er this favoured clime:  
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,  
The mimic of surrounding misery,  
The jackal of ambition's lion-range,  
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning  
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;  
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,  
Which gently in his noble bosom wake  
All kindly passions and all pure desires.  
Him (still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,  
Which from the exhaustless store of human weal  
Draws on the virtuous mind) the thoughts that rise  
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift  
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks  
The unprevailing hoariness of age,  
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene  
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands  
Immortal upon earth: no longer now  
He slays the lamb that looks him in the face,  
And horribly devours his mangled flesh,  
Which, still avenging nature's broken law,  
Kindled all putrid humours in his frame,  
All evil passions, and all vain belief,  
Hatred, despair, and loathing in his mind,  
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.  
No longer now the winged habitans,  
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,  
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,  
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands  
Which little children stretch in friendly sport  
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.  
All things are void of terror: man has lost  
His terrible prerogative, and stands  
An equal amidst equals: happiness  
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth;  
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame;  
Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,  
Reason and passion cease to combat there;  
Whilst each unfettered o'er the earth extends  
Its all-subduing energies, and wields  
The sceptre of a vast dominion there;

Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends  
Its force to the omnipotence of mind,  
Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth  
To decorate its paradise of peace.

## IX.

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!  
To which those restless souls that ceaselessly  
Throng through the human universe, aspire;  
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!  
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will!  
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,  
Verge to one point and blend for ever there:  
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!  
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,  
Languor, disease, and ignorance, dare not come:  
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams;  
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness,  
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined  
Those rooted hopes of some sweet place of bliss,  
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more.  
Thou art the end of all desire and will,  
The product of all action; and the souls  
That by the paths of an aspiring change  
Have reached thy haven of perpetual peace,  
There rest from the eternity of toil  
That framed the fabric of thy perfectness.

Even Time, the conqueror, fled thee in his fear;  
That hoary giant, who, in lonely pride,  
So long had ruled the world, that nations fell  
Beneath his silent footstep. Pyramids,  
That for millenniums had withstood the tide  
Of human things, his storm-breath drove in sand  
Across that desert where their stones survived  
The name of him whose pride had heaped them  
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp, [there.  
Was but the mushroom of a summer day,  
That his light-winged footstep pressed to dust:  
Time was the king of earth: all things gave way  
Before him, but the fixed and virtuous will,  
The sacred sympathies of soul and sense,  
That mocked his fury and prepared his fall.

Yet slow and gradual dawned the morn of love;  
Long lay the clouds of darkness o'er the scene,  
Till from its native heaven they rolled away:  
First, crime triumphant o'er all hope careered  
Unblushing, undisguising, bold and strong;  
Whilst falsehood, tricked in virtue's attributes,  
Long sanctified all deeds of vice and woe,  
Till, done by her own venomous sting to death,  
She left the moral world without a law,  
No longer fettering passion's fearless wing.  
Then steadily the happy ferment worked;  
Reason was free; and wild though passion went  
Through tangled glens and wood-embosomed meads,  
Gathering a garland of the strangest flowers,  
Yet, like the bee returning to her queen,  
She bound the sweetest on her sister's brow,  
Who meek and sober, kissed the sportive child,  
No longer trembling at the broken rod.

Mild was the slow necessity of death:  
The tranquil Spirit failed beneath its grasp.  
Without a groan, almost without a fear,

Calm as a voyager to some distant land,  
 And full of wonder, full of hope as he.  
 The deadly germs of languor and disease  
 Died in the human frame, and purity  
 Blest with all gifts her earthly worshippers.  
 How vigorous then the athletic form of age!  
 How clear its open and unwrinkled brow!  
 Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, nor care,  
 Had stamped the seal of grey deformity  
 On all the mingling lineaments of time.  
 How lovely the intrepid front of youth!  
 Which meek-eyed courage decked with freshest  
 Courage of soul, that dreaded not a name, [grace;  
 And elevated will, that journeyed on  
 Through life's phantasmal scene in fearlessness,  
 With virtue, love, and pleasure, hand in hand.  
 Then, that sweet bondage which is freedom's self,  
 And rivets with sensation's softest tie  
 The kindred sympathies of human souls,  
 Needed no fetters of tyrannic law.  
 Those delicate and timid impulses  
 In nature's primal modesty arose,  
 And with undoubting confidence disclosed  
 The growing longings of its dawning love,  
 Unchecked by dull and selfish chastity,  
 That virtue of the cheaply virtuous,  
 Who pride themselves in senselessness and frost.  
 No longer prostitution's venomed bane  
 Poisoned the springs of happiness and life;  
 Woman and man, in confidence and love,  
 Equal and free and pure, together trod  
 The mountain-paths of virtue, which no more  
 Were stained with blood from many a pilgrim's feet.

Then, where, through distant ages, long in pride  
 The palace of the monarch-slave had mocked  
 Famine's faint groan, and penury's silent tear,  
 A heap of crumbling ruins stood, and threw  
 Year after year their stones upon the field,  
 Wakening a lonely echo; and the leaves  
 Of the old thorn, that on the topmost tower  
 Usurped the royal ensign's grandeur, shook  
 In the stern storm that swayed the topmost tower,  
 And whispered strange tales in the whirlwind's ear.  
 Low through the lone cathedral's roofless aisles  
 The melancholy winds a death-dirge sung:  
 It were a sight of awfulness to see  
 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,  
 So sumptuous, yet so perishing withal!  
 Even as the corpse that rests beneath its wall.  
 A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death  
 To-day, the breathing marble glows above  
 To decorate its memory, and tongues  
 Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms  
 In silence and in darkness seize their prey.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,  
 Fearless and free the ruddy children played,  
 Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows  
 With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,  
 That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;  
 The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,  
 There rusted amid heaps of broken stone,  
 That mingled slowly with their native earth:  
 There the broad beam of day, which feebly once  
 Lighted the cheek of lean captivity  
 With a pale and sickly glare, then freely shone  
 On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:  
 No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair  
 Pealed through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes

Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds  
 And merriment were resonant around.  
 These ruins soon left not a wreck behind:  
 Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,  
 To happier shapes were moulded, and became  
 Ministrant to all blissful impulses:  
 Thus human things were perfected, and earth,  
 Even as a child beneath its mother's love,  
 Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew  
 Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene  
 Closes in steadfast darkness, and the past  
 Fades from our charmed sight. My task is done:  
 Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,  
 With all the fear and all the hope they bring.  
 My spells are past: the present now recurs.  
 Ah me! a pathless wilderness remains  
 Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit! bravely hold thy course,  
 Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue  
 The gradual paths of an aspiring change:  
 For birth and life and death, and that strange state  
 Before the naked soul has found its home,  
 All tend to perfect happiness, and urge  
 The restless wheels of being on their way,  
 Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,  
 Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal.  
 For birth but wakes the spirit to the sense  
 Of outward shows, whose unexperienced shape  
 New modes of passion to its frame may lend;  
 Life is its state of action, and the store  
 Of all events is aggregated there  
 That variegate the eternal universe;  
 Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,  
 That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,  
 And happy regions of eternal hope.  
 Therefore, O Spirit! fearlessly bear on:  
 Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,  
 Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,  
 Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,  
 To feed with kindest dews its favourite flower,  
 That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,  
 Lighting the greenwood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand;  
 So welcome when the tyrant is awake,  
 So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns;  
 'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,  
 The transient gulf-dream of a startling sleep.  
 Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen  
 Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,  
 Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,  
 And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.  
 Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene  
 Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?  
 Whose stings bade thy heart look further still,  
 When to the moonlight walk, by Henry led,  
 Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death?  
 And wilt thou rudely tear them from thy breast,  
 Listening supinely to a bigot's creed,  
 Or tamely crouching to the tyrant's rod,  
 Whose iron thongs are red with human gore?  
 Never: but bravely bearing on, thy will  
 Is destined an eternal war to wage  
 With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot  
 The germs of misery from the human heart.  
 Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe  
 The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,



Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,  
 Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease :  
 Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy  
 Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,  
 When fenced by power and master of the world.  
 Thou art sincere and good ; of resolute mind,  
 Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,  
 Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.  
 Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish  
 thee,

And therefore art thou worthy of the boon  
 Which thou hast now received : virtue shall keep  
 Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,  
 And many days of beaming hope shall bless  
 Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.  
 Go, happy one ! and give that bosom joy,

Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch  
 Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Fairy waves her wand of charm.  
 Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,  
 That rolled beside the battlement,  
 Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.  
 Again the enchanted steeds were yoked,  
 Again the burning wheels inflame

The steep descent of heaven's untrodden way.  
 Fast and far the chariot flew :  
 The vast and fiery globes that rolled  
 Around the Fairy's palace-gate  
 Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared  
 Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs  
 That there attendant on the solar power  
 With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.

Earth floated then below :  
 The chariot paused a moment there ;  
 The Spirit then descended :  
 The restless coursers pawed the ungenial soil,  
 Snuffed the gross air, and then, their errand done,  
 Unfurled their pinions to the winds of heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then ;  
 A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame :  
 Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed ;  
 Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained :  
 She looked around in wonder, and beheld  
 Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,  
 Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,  
 And the bright beaming stars  
 That through the casement shone.

## NOTES.

P. 3, col. 1, l. 64.

*The sun's unclouded orb  
 Rolled through the black concave.*

BEYOND our atmosphere the sun would appear a rayless orb of fire in the midst of a black concave. The equal diffusion of its light on earth is owing to the refraction of the rays by the atmosphere, and their reflection from other bodies. Light consists either of vibrations propagated through a subtle medium, or of numerous minute particles repelled in all directions from the luminous body. Its velocity greatly exceeds that of any substance with which we are acquainted : observations on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites have demonstrated that light takes up no more than  $\frac{8}{7}$  in passing from the sun to the earth, a distance of 95,000,000 miles.—Some idea may be gained of the immense distance of the fixed stars, when it is computed that many years would elapse before light could reach this earth from the nearest of them ; yet in one year light travels 5,422,400,000,000 miles, which is a distance 5,707,600 times greater than that of the sun from the earth.

P. 3, col. 2, l. 9.

*Whirl round the chariot's way  
 Innumerable systems rolled.*

The plurality of worlds,—the indefinite immensity of the universe,—is a most awful subject of contemplation. He who rightly feels its mystery and grandeur is in no danger of seduction from the falsehoods of religious systems, or of deifying the principle of the universe. It is impossible to believe that the Spirit that pervades this infinite machine begat a son upon the body of a Jewish woman, or is angered at the consequences of that necessity which is a synonyme of itself. All that miserable tale of the Devil, and Eve, and an Inter-

cessor, with the childish mummeries of the God of the Jews, is irreconcilable with the knowledge of the stars. The works of his fingers have borne witness against him.

The nearest of the fixed stars is inconceivably distant from the earth, and they are probably proportionally distant from each other. By a calculation of the velocity of light, Sirius is supposed to be at least 54,224,000,000,000 miles from the earth.\* That which appears only like a thin and silvery cloud, streaking the heaven, is in effect composed of innumerable clusters of suns, each shining with its own light, and illuminating numbers of planets that revolve around them. Millions and millions of suns are ranged around us, all attended by innumerable worlds, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, all keeping the paths of immutable necessity.

P. 9, col. 1, l. 5.

*These are the hired bravos who defend  
 The tyrant's throne.*

To employ murder as a means of justice, is an idea which a man of an enlightened mind will not dwell upon with pleasure. To march forth in rank and file, and all the pomp of streamers and trumpets, for the purpose of shooting at our fellow-men as a mark ; to inflict upon them all the variety of wound and anguish ; to leave them weltering in their blood ; to wander over the field of desolation, and count the number of the dying and the dead,—are employments which in thesis we may maintain to be necessary, but which no good man will contemplate with gratulation and delight. A battle we suppose is won :—thus truth is established, thus the cause of justice is confirmed ! It surely requires no common sagacity to discern the connexion

\* See Nicholson's Encyclopedia, art. Light.

between this immense heap of calamities and the assertion of truth or the maintenance of justice.

Kings, and ministers of state, the real authors of the calamity, sit unmolested in their cabinet, while those against whom the fury of the storm is directed are, for the most part, persons who have been trepanned into the service, or who are dragged unwillingly from their peaceful homes into the field of battle. A soldier is a man whose business it is to kill those who never offended him, and who are the innocent martyrs of other men's iniquities. Whatever may become of the abstract question of the justifiableness of war, it seems impossible that the soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.

To these more serious and momentous considerations it may be proper to add a recollection of the ridiculousness of the military character. Its first constituent is obedience; a soldier is, of all descriptions of men, the most completely a machine; yet his profession inevitably teaches him something of dogmatism, swaggering, and self-consequence: he is like the puppet of a show-man, who, at the very time he is made to strut and swell, and display the most farcical airs, we perfectly know cannot assume the most insignificant gesture, advance either to the right or the left, but as he is moved by his exhibitor.—*Godwin's Enquirer, Essay V.*

I will here subjoin a little poem, so strongly expressive of my abhorrence of despotism and falsehood, that I fear lest it never again may be depicted so vividly. This opportunity is perhaps the only one that ever will occur of rescuing it from oblivion.

#### FALSEHOOD AND VICE.

##### A DIALOGUE.

WHILST monarchs laughed upon their thrones  
To hear a famished nation's groans,  
And hugged the wealth wrung from the woe  
That makes its eyes and veins o'erflow,—  
Those thrones, high built upon the heaps  
Of bones where frozen famine sleeps,  
Where slavery yields her scourge of iron,  
Red with mankind's unheeded gore,  
And war's mad fiends the scene environ,  
Mingling with shrieks a drunken roar,  
There Vice and Falsehood took their stand,  
High raised above th' unhappy land.

##### FALSEHOOD.

Brother! arise from the dainty fare  
Which thousands have toiled and bled to bestow;  
A finer feast for thy hungry ear  
Is the news that I bring of human woe.

##### VICE.

And, secret one! what hast thou done,  
To compare, in thy tumid pride, with me?  
I, whose career, through the blasted year,  
Has been tracked by despair and agony.

##### FALSEHOOD.

What have I done?—I have torn the robe  
From baby Truth's unsheltered form,  
And round the desolated globe  
Borne safely the bewildering charm:  
My tyrant-slaves to a dungeon-floor  
Have bound the fearless innocent,  
And streams of fertilizing gore  
Flow from her bosom's hideous rent,

Which this unfailling dagger gave . . .  
I dread that blood!—no more—this day  
Is ours, though her eternal ray  
Must shine upon our grave.  
Yet know, proud Vice, had I not given  
To thee the robe I stole from heaven,  
Thy shape of ugliness and fear  
Had never gained admission here.

##### VICE.

And know that, had I disdained to toil,  
But sate in my loathsome cave the while,  
And ne'er to these hateful sons of heaven  
GOLD, MONARCHY, and MURDER, given;  
Hadst thou with all thine art essayed  
One of thy games then to have played,  
With all thine overweening boast,  
Falsehood, I tell thee thou hadst lost!—  
Yet wherefore this dispute?—we tend,  
Fraternal, to one common end;  
In this cold grave beneath my feet  
Will our hopes, our fears, and our labours, meet.

##### FALSEHOOD.

I brought my daughter, RELIGION, on earth;  
She smothered Reason's babes in their birth;  
But dreaded their mother's eye severe,—  
So the crocodile slunk off sily in fear,  
And loosed her bloodhounds from the den . . .  
They started from dreams of slaughtered men,  
And, by the light of her poison eye,  
Did her work o'er the wide earth frightfully;  
The dreadful stench of her torches' flare,  
Fed with human fat, polluted the air:  
The curses, the shrieks, the ceaseless cries  
Of the many mingling miseries,  
As she trod, ascended high  
And trumpeted my victory!—  
Brother, tell what thou hast done.

##### VICE.

I have extinguished the noon-day sun  
In the carnage-smoke of battles won:  
Famine, murder, hell, and power,  
Were glutted in that glorious hour,  
Which searchless fate had stamped for me  
With the seal of her security . . .  
For the bloated wretch on yonder throne  
Commanded the bloody fray to rise—  
Like me, he joyed at the stifled moan  
Wrung from a nation's miseries;  
While the snakes, whose slime even him defiled,  
In ecstasies of malice smiled:  
They thought 'twas theirs,—but mine the deed!  
Theirs is the toil, but mine the meed—  
Ten thousand victims madly bleed.  
They dream that tyrants god them there  
With poisonous war to taint the air:  
These tyrants, on their beds of thorn,  
Swell with the thoughts of murderous fame,  
And with their gains to lift my name,  
Restless they plan from night to morn:  
I—I do all; without my aid  
Thy daughter, that relentless maid,  
Could never o'er a death-bed urge  
The fury of her venom'd scourge.

##### FALSEHOOD.

Brother, well!—the world is ours;  
And whether thou or I have won,  
The pestilence expectant lowers  
On all beneath yon blasted sun.

Our joys, our toils, our honours, meet  
 In the milk-white and wormy winding-sheet;  
 A short-lived hope, unceasing care,  
 Some heartless scraps of godly prayer,  
 A moody curse, and a frenzied sleep  
 Ere gapes the grave's unclosing deep,  
 A tyrant's dream, a coward's start,  
 That ice that clings to a priestly heart,  
 A judge's frown, a courtien's smile,  
 Make the great whole for which we toil;  
 And, brother, whether thou or I  
 Have done the work of misery,  
 It little boots : thy toil and pain,  
 Without my aid, were more than vain;  
 And but for thee I ne'er had sate  
 The guardian of heaven's palace gate.

P. 9, col. 2, l. 27.

*Thus do the generations of the earth  
 Go to the grave and issue from the womb.*

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever. The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place whence the rivers come, thither shall they return again."—*Ecclesiastes*, chap. i.

P. 9, col. 2, l. 30.

*Even as the leaves  
 Which the keen Frost-wind of the waning year  
 Has scattered on the forest soil.*

Ὅλη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοῖσδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.  
 Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἄνεμος χαμάδις χέει, ἔλλα δὲ θ' ὕλην  
 Τηλεθώσασα φέει ἔσπερος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὄρη.  
 "Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἣ μὲν φέει, ἣ δ' ἀπολλήγει.

ΙΑΙΑΔ. Ζ'. l. 146.

P. 10, col. 1, l. 19.

*The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings.*

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,  
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem:  
 Non, quia vexari quemquam 'st jocunda voluptas,  
 Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave 'st.  
 Per campos instructa, tua sine parte pericli,  
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri:  
 Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere,  
 Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena:  
 Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre  
 Errare, atque viam palantes querere vite;  
 Certare ingenio; contendere nobilitate,  
 Nocteis atque dies nitenti prestante labore  
 Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.  
 O miseris hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

*Lucret. lib. ii.*

P. 10, col. 1, l. 55.

*And statesmen boast  
 Of wealth!*

There is no real wealth but the labour of man. Were the mountains of gold and the valleys of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer; no one comfort would be added to the human race. In consequence of our consideration for the precious metals, one man is enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expense of the necessaries of his neighbour; a system

admirably fitted to produce all the varieties of disease and crime, which never fail to characterise the two extremes of opulence and penury. A speculator takes pride to himself as the promoter of his country's prosperity, who employs a number of hands in the manufacture of articles avowedly destitute of use, or subservient only to the unhallowed cravings of luxury and ostentation. The nobleman who employs the peasants of his neighbourhood in building his palaces, until "*jam pauca aratro jugera, regia moles relinquent*," flatters himself that he has gained the title of a patriot by yielding to the impulses of vanity. The show and pomp of courts adduce the same apology for their continuance; and many a fête has been given, many a woman has eclipsed her beauty by her dress, to benefit the labouring poor and to encourage trade. Who does not see that this is a remedy which aggravates, whilst it palliates, the countless diseases of society? The poor are set to labour,—for what? Not the food for which they famish: not the blankets for want of which their babes are frozen by the cold of their miserable hovels: not those comforts of civilisation without which civilised man is far more miserable than the meanest savage; oppressed as he is by all its insidious evils, within the daily and taunting prospect of its innumerable benefits assiduously exhibited before him:—no; for the pride of power, for the miserable isolation of pride, for the false pleasures of the hundredth part of society. No greater evidence is afforded of the wide-extended and radical mistakes of civilised man than this fact: those arts which are essential to his very being are held in the greatest contempt; employments are lucrative in an inverse ratio to their usefulness\*: the jeweller, the toyman, the actor, gains fame and wealth by the exercise of his useless and ridiculous art; whilst the cultivator of the earth, he without whom society must cease to subsist, struggles through contempt and penury, and perishes by that famine which, but for his unceasing exertion, would annihilate the rest of mankind.

I will not insult common sense by insisting on the doctrine of the natural equality of man. The question is not concerning its desirableness, but its practicability; so far as it is practicable, it is desirable. That state of human society which approaches nearer to an equal partition of its benefits and evils should, *cæteris paribus*, be preferred; but so long as we conceive that a wanton expenditure of human labour, not for the necessities, not even for the luxuries, of the mass of society, but for the egotism and ostentation of a few of its members, is defensible on the ground of public justice, so long we neglect to approximate to the redemption of the human race.

Labour is required for physical, and leisure for moral improvement: from the former of these advantages the rich, and from the latter the poor, by the inevitable conditions of their respective situations, are precluded. A state which should combine the advantages of both would be subjected to the evils of neither. He that is deficient in firm health, or vigorous intellect, is but half a man; hence it follows, that, to subject the labouring classes to unnecessary labour, is wantonly to deprive them of any opportunities of intellectual improvement: and that the rich are heaping up for their own mischief the disease, lassitude, and ennui, by which their existence is rendered an intolerable burden.

English reformers exclaim against sinecures,—but the true pension list is the rent-roll of the landed pro-

\* See Rousseau, "De l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes," note 7.

prietors: wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the many to labour for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims: they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.

The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species form a very short catalogue: they demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labour necessarily required to produce them were equitably divided among the poor, and, still more, if it were equitably divided among all, each man's share of labour would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time when this leisure would have been of small comparative value: it is to be hoped that the time will come when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours, which are not required for the production of the necessities of life, may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlargement of our stock of knowledge, the refinement of our taste, and thus open to us new and more exquisite sources of enjoyment.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was perhaps necessary that a period of monopoly and oppression should subsist, before a period of cultivated equality could subsist. Savages perhaps would never have been excited to the discovery of truth and the invention of art, but by the narrow motives which such a period affords. But, surely, after the savage state has ceased, and men have set out in the glorious career of discovery and invention, monopoly and oppression cannot be necessary to prevent them from returning to a state of barbarism.—*Godwin's Enquirer, Essay II. See also Pol. Jus. book viii. chap. 11.*

It is a calculation of this admirable author, that all the conveniences of civilised life might be produced, if society would divide the labour equally among its members, by each individual being employed in labour two hours during the day.

P. 10, col. 2, l. 8.

*Or religion  
Drives his wife raving mad.*

I am acquainted with a lady of considerable accomplishments, and the mother of a numerous family, whom the Christian religion has goaded to incurable insanity. A parallel case is, I believe, within the experience of every physician.

Nam jam sæpe homines patriam, carosque parentes  
Prodidderunt, vitare Acherusia templa petentes.

*Lucretius.*

P. 11, col. 1, l. 19.

*Even love is sold.*

Not even the intercourse of the sexes is exempt from the despotism of positive institution. Law pretends even to govern the indisciplinable wanderings of passion, to put fetters on the clearest deductions of reason, and, by appeals to the will, to subdue the involuntary affections of our nature. Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint: its very essence is liberty: it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear: it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited,

where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve.

How long then ought the sexual connexion to last? what law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other: any law, which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How odious a usurpation of the right of private judgment should that law be considered which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility, and capacity for improvement of the human mind? And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

The state of society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilisation. The narrow and unenlightened morality of the Christian religion is an aggravation of these evils. It is not even until lately that mankind have admitted that happiness is the sole end of the science of ethics, as of all other sciences; and that the fanatical idea of mortifying the flesh for the love of God has been discarded. I have heard, indeed, an ignorant collegian adduce, in favour of Christianity, its hostility to every worldly feeling!\*

But if happiness be the object of morality, of all human unions and disunions; if the worthiness of every action is to be estimated by the quantity of pleasurable sensation it is calculated to produce, then the connexion of the sexes is so long sacred as it contributes to the comfort of the parties, and is naturally dissolved when its evils are greater than its benefits. There is nothing immoral in this separation. Constancy has nothing virtuous in itself, independently of the pleasure it confers, and partakes of the temporising spirit of vice in proportion as it endures tamely moral defects of magnitude in the object of its indiscreet choice. Love is free: to promise for ever to love the same woman, is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed: such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry. The language of the votarist is this: The woman I now love may be infinitely inferior to many others; the creed I now profess may be a mass of errors and absurdities; but I exclude myself from all future information as to the amiability of the one and the truth of the other, resolving blindly, and in spite of conviction, to adhere to them. Is this the language of delicacy and reason? Is the love of such a frigid heart of more worth than its belief?

The present system of constraint does no more, in the majority of instances, than make hypocrites or open enemies. Persons of delicacy and virtue, unhappily united to those whom they find it impossible to

\* The first Christian emperor made a law by which seduction was punished with death: if the female pleaded her own consent, she also was punished with death; if the parents endeavoured to screen the criminals, they were banished and their estates confiscated; the slaves who might be accessory were burned alive, or forced to swallow melted lead. The very offspring of an illegal love were involved in the consequences of the sentence.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall, &c., vol. ii. page 210.* See also, for the hatred of the primitive Christians to love, and even marriage, page 269.

love, spend the loveliest season of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the sake of the feelings of their partner, or the welfare of their mutual offspring: those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickering and hostility. The early education of the children takes its colour from the squabbles of the parents; they are nursed in a systematic school of ill humour, violence, and falsehood. Had they been suffered to part at the moment when indifference rendered their union irksome, they would have been spared many years of misery; they would have connected themselves more suitably, and would have found that happiness in the society of more congenial partners which is for ever denied them by the despotism of marriage. They would have been separately useful and happy members of society, who, whilst united, were miserable, and rendered misanthropical by misery. The conviction that wedlock is indissoluble, holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse: they indulge without restraint in acrimony, and all the little tyrannies of domestic life, when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connection were put on a rational basis, each would be assured that habitual ill temper would terminate in separation, and would check this vicious and dangerous propensity.

Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder: and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach, is lighter than the life of agony and disease to which the prostitute is irrecoverably doomed. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature?—society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war: she must be the tame slave, she must make no reprisals; theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy: the loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet *she* is in fault, *she* is the criminal, *she* the froward and untameable child,—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom! Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation; she is employed in anathematising the vice to-day, which yesterday she was the most zealous to teach. Thus is formed one-tenth of the population of London: meanwhile the evil is twofold. Young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate with these vicious and miserable beings,—destroying thereby all those exquisite and delicate sensibilities whose existence cold-hearted worldlings have denied; annihilating all genuine passion, and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and devotedness. Their body and mind alike crumble into a hideous wreck of humanity; idiocy and disease become perpetuated in their miserable offspring, and distant generations suffer for the bigoted morality of their forefathers. Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half the human race to misery, that some few may monopolise according to law. A system could not well have been

devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

I conceive that, from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connexion would result. I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous: on the contrary, it appears, from the relation of parent to child, that this union is generally of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and self-devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage, will be natural and right, because choice and change will be exempted from restraint.

In fact, religion and morality, as they now stand, compose a practical code of misery and servitude: the genius of human happiness must tear every leaf from the accursed book of God, ere man can read the inscription on his heart. How would morality, dressed up in stiff stays and finery, start from her own disgusting image, should she look in the mirror of nature!

P. 12, col. 1, l. 5.

*To the red and baleful sun  
That faintly twinkles there.*

The north polar star, to which the axis of the earth, in its present state of obliquity, points. It is exceedingly probable, from many considerations, that this obliquity will gradually diminish, until the equator coincides with the ecliptic: the nights and days will then become equal on the earth throughout the year, and probably the seasons also. There is no great extravagance in presuming that the progress of the perpendicularity of the poles may be as rapid as the progress of intellect; or that there should be a perfect identity between the moral and physical improvement of the human species. It is certain that wisdom is not compatible with disease, and that, in the present state of the climates of the earth, health, in the true and comprehensive sense of the word, is out of the reach of civilised man. Astronomy teaches us that the earth is now in its progress, and that the poles are every year becoming more and more perpendicular to the ecliptic. The strong evidence afforded by the history of mythology and geological researches, that some event of this nature has taken place already, affords a strong presumption that this progress is not merely an oscillation, as has been surmised by some late astronomers\*. Bones of animals peculiar to the torrid zone have been found in the north of Siberia, and on the banks of the river Ohio. Plants have been found in the fossil state in the interior of Germany, which demand the present climate of Hindostan for their production†. The researches of M. Bailly‡ establish the existence of a people who inhabited a tract in Tartary 49° north latitude, of greater antiquity than either the Indians, the Chinese, or the Chaldeans, from whom these nations derived their sciences and theology. We find, from the testimony of ancient writers, that Britain, Germany, and France, were much colder than at present, and that their great rivers were annually frozen over. Astronomy teaches us also, that since this period the obliquity of the earth's position has been considerably diminished.

\* Laplace, *Système du Monde*.

† Cabanis, *Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*, vol. ii. page 406.

‡ *Lettres sur les Sciences, à Voltaire*.—*Bailly*.

P. 12, col. 2. l. 63.

*No atom of this turbulence fulfils  
A vague and unnecessitated task,  
Or acts but as it must and ought to act.*

Deux exemples serviront à nous rendre plus sensible le principe qui vient d'être posé; nous emprunterons l'un du physique et l'autre du moral. Dans un tourbillon de poussière qu'éleve un vent impétueux, quelque confus qu'il paroisse à nos yeux; dans la plus affreuse tempête excitée par des vents opposés qui soulèvent les flots, il n'y a pas une seule molécule de poussière ou d'eau qui soit placée au *hasard*, qui n'ait sa cause suffisante pour occuper le lieu où elle se trouve, et qui n'agisse rigoureusement de la manière dont elle doit agir. Un géomètre qui connoitroit exactement les différentes forces qui agissent dans ces deux cas, et les propriétés des molécules qui sont mues, démontreroit que d'après des causes données, chaque molécule agit précisément comme elle doit agir, et ne peut agir autrement qu'elle ne fait.

Dans les convulsions terribles qui agitent quelquefois les sociétés politiques, et qui produisent souvent le renversement d'un empire, il n'y a pas une seule action, une seule parole, une seule pensée, une seule volonté, une seule passion dans les agens qui concourent à la révolution comme destructeurs ou comme victimes, qui ne soit nécessaire, qui n'agisse comme elle doit agir, qui n'opère infailliblement les effets qu'elle doit opérer suivant la place qu'occupent ces agens dans ce tourbillon moral. Cela paroîtroit évident pour une intelligence qui sera en état de saisir et d'apprécier toutes les actions et réactions des esprits et des corps de ceux qui contribuent à cette révolution.—*Système de la Nature*, vol. i. page 44.

P. 13, col. 1. l. 23.

*Necessity, thou mother of the world!*

He who asserts the doctrine of Necessity, means that, contemplating the events which compose the moral and material universe, he beholds only an immense and uninterrupted chain of causes and effects, no one of which could occupy any other place than it does occupy, or act in any other place than it does act. The idea of necessity is obtained by our experience of the connection between objects, the uniformity of the operations of nature, the constant conjunction of similar events, and the consequent inference of one from the other. Mankind are therefore agreed in the admission of necessity, if they admit that these two circumstances take place in voluntary action. Motive is, to voluntary action in the human mind, what cause is to effect in the material universe. The word liberty, as applied to mind, is analogous to the word chance as applied to matter: they spring from an ignorance of the certainty of the conjunction of antecedents and consequents.

Every human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act: in the eternity which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated, which, operating under the name of motives, make it impossible that any thought of his mind, or any action of his life, should be otherwise than it is. Were the doctrine of Necessity false, the human mind would no longer be a legitimate object of science; from like causes it would be in vain that we should expect like effects; the strongest motive would no longer be paramount over the conduct; all knowledge would be vague and undeterminate; we could not predict with

any certainty that we might not meet as an enemy to-morrow him from whom we have parted in friendship to-night; the most probable inducements and the clearest reasonings would lose the invariable influence they possess. The contrary of this is demonstrably the fact. Similar circumstances produce invariably similar effects. The precise character and motives of any man on any occasion being given, the moral philosopher could predict his actions with as much certainty, as the natural philosopher could predict the effects of the mixture of any particular chemical substances. Why is the aged husbandman more experienced than the young beginner? Because there is a uniform, undeniable necessity in the operations of the material universe. Why is the old statesman more skilful than the raw politician? Because, relying on the necessary conjunction of motive and action, he proceeds to produce moral effects, by the application of those moral causes which experience has shown to be effectual. Some actions may be found to which we can attach no motives, but these are the effects of causes with which we are unacquainted. Hence the relation which motive bears to voluntary action, is that of cause to effect; nor, placed in this point of view, is it, or ever has it been, the subject of popular or philosophical dispute. None but the few fanatics who are engaged in the herculean task of reconciling the justice of their God with the misery of man, will longer outrage common sense by the supposition of an event without a cause, a voluntary action without a motive. History, politics, morals, criticism, all grounds of reasoning, all principles of science, alike assume the truth of the doctrine of Necessity. No farmer carrying his corn to market doubts the sale of it at the market price. The master of a manufactory no more doubts that he can purchase the human labour necessary for his purposes, than that his machines will act as they have been accustomed to act.

But, whilst none have scrupled to admit necessity as influencing matter, many have disputed its dominion over mind. Independent of its militating with the received ideas of the justice of God, it is by no means obvious to a superficial inquiry. When the mind observes its own operations, it feels no connection of motive and action: but as we know "nothing more of causation than the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other, as we find that these two circumstances are universally allowed to have place in voluntary action, we may be easily led to own that they are subjected to the necessity common to all causes." The actions of the will have a regular conjunction with circumstances and characters; motive is, to voluntary action, what cause is to effect. But the only idea that we can form of causation is a constant conjunction of similar objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other: wherever this is the case, necessity is clearly established.

The idea of liberty, applied metaphorically to the will, has sprung from a misconception of the meaning of the word power. What is power?—*id quod potest*, that which can produce any given effect. To deny power, is to say that nothing can or has the power to be or act. In the only true sense of the word power, it applies with equal force to the loadstone as to the human will. Do you think these motives, which I shall present, are powerful enough to rouse him? is a question just as common as, Do you think this lever has the power of raising this weight? The advocates of free-will assert, that the will has the power of refusing to be determined by the strongest motive: but

the strongest motive is that which, overcoming all others, ultimately prevails; this assertion therefore amounts to a denial of the will being ultimately determined by that motive which does determine it, which is absurd. But it is equally certain that a man cannot resist the strongest motive, as that he cannot overcome a physical impossibility.

The doctrine of Necessity tends to introduce a great change into the established notions of morality, and utterly to destroy religion. Reward and punishment must be considered, by the Necessarian, merely as motives which he would employ in order to procure the adoption or abandonment of any given line of conduct. Desert, in the present sense of the word, would no longer have any meaning; and he, who should inflict pain upon another for no better reason than that he deserved it, would only gratify his revenge under pretence of satisfying justice. It is not enough, says the advocate of free-will, that a criminal should be prevented from a repetition of his crime; he should feel pain; and his torments, when justly inflicted, ought precisely to be proportioned to his fault. But utility is morality; that which is incapable of producing happiness is useless; and though the crime of Damians must be condemned, yet the frightful torments which revenge, under the name of justice, inflicted on this unhappy man, cannot be supposed to have augmented, even at the long-run, the stock of pleasurable sensation in the world. At the same time, the doctrine of Necessity does not in the least diminish our disapprobation of vice. The conviction which all feel, that a viper is a poisonous animal, and that a tiger is constrained, by the inevitable condition of his existence, to devour men, does not induce us to avoid them less sedulously, or, even more, to hesitate in destroying them: but he would surely be of a hard heart, who meeting with a serpent on a desert island, or in a situation where it was incapable of injury, should wantonly deprive it of existence. A Necessarian is inconsequent to his own principles, if he indulges in hatred or contempt; the compassion which he feels for the criminal is unmix'd with a desire of injuring him: he looks with an elevated and dreadless composure upon the links of the universal chain as they pass before his eyes; whilst cowardice, curiosity and inconsistency, only assail him in proportion to the feebleness and indistinctness with which he has perceived and rejected the delusions of free-will.

Religion is the perception of the relation in which we stand to the principle of the universe. But if the principle of the universe be not an organic being, the model and prototype of man, the relation between it and human beings is absolutely none. Without some insight into its will respecting our actions, religion is nugatory and vain. But will is only a mode of animal mind; moral qualities also are such as only a human being can possess; to attribute them to the principle of the universe, is to annex to it properties incompatible with any possible definition of its nature. It is probable that the word God was originally only an expression denoting the unknown cause of the known events which men perceived in the universe. By the vulgar mistake of a metaphor for a real being, of a word for a thing, it became a man, endowed with human qualities and governing the universe, as an earthly monarch governs his kingdom. Their addresses to this imaginary being, indeed, are much in the same style as those of subjects to a king. They acknowledge his benevolence, deprecate his anger and supplicate his favour.

But the doctrine of Necessity teaches us, that in no case could any event have happened otherwise than it did happen; and that, if God is the author of good, he is also the author of evil; that, if he is entitled to our gratitude for the one, he is entitled to our hatred for the other; that admitting the existence of this hypothetical being, he is also subjected to the dominion of an immutable necessity. It is plain that the same arguments which prove that God is the author of food, light, and life, prove him also to be the author of poison, darkness and death. The wide-wasting earthquake, the storm, the battle, and the tyranny, are attributable to this hypothetical being, in the same degree as the fairest forms of nature, sunshine, liberty, and peace.

But we are taught, by the doctrine of Necessity, that there is neither good nor evil in the universe, otherwise than as the events to which we apply these epithets have relation to our own peculiar mode of being. Still less than with the hypothesis of a God, will the doctrine of Necessity accord with the belief of a future state of punishment. God made man such as he is, and then damned him for being so: for to say that God was the author of all good, and man the author of all evil, is to say that one man made a straight line and a crooked one, and another man made the incongruity.

A Mahometan story, much to the present purpose, is recorded, wherein Adam and Moses are introduced disputing before God in the following manner. "Thou," says Moses, "art Adam, whom God created, and animated with the breath of life, and caused to be worshipped by the angels, and placed in Paradise, from whence mankind have been expelled for thy fault." Whereto Adam answered, "Thou art Moses, whom God chose for his apostle, and entrusted with his word, by giving thee the tables of the law, and whom he vouchsafed to admit to discourse with himself. How many years dost thou find the law was written before I was created?" Says Moses, "Forty." "And dost thou not find," replied Adam, "these words therein, 'and Adam rebelled against his Lord and transgressed?'" Which Moses confessing, "Dost thou therefore blame me," continued he, "for doing that which God wrote of me that I should do, forty years before I was created; nay, for what was decreed concerning me fifty thousand years before the creation of heaven and earth?"—*SALE'S Prelim. Disc. to the Koran*, page 164.

P. 13, col. 2, l. 14.

*There is no God!*

This negation must be understood solely to affect a creative Deity. The hypothesis of a pervading Spirit, coeternal with the universe, remains unshaken.

A close examination of the validity of the proofs adduced to support any proposition, is the only secure way of attaining truth, on the advantages of which it is unnecessary to descant: our knowledge of the existence of a Deity is a subject of such importance, that it cannot be too minutely investigated; in consequence of this conviction we proceed briefly and impartially to examine the proofs which have been adduced. It is necessary first to consider the nature of belief.

When a proposition is offered to the mind, it perceives the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it is composed. A perception of their agreement is termed *belief*. Many obstacles frequently prevent this perception from being immediate; these the mind attempts to remove, in order that the perception may be distinct. The mind is active in the inves-

tigation, in order to perfect the state of perception of the relation which the component ideas of the proposition bear to each, which is passive; the investigation, being confused with the perception, has induced many falsely to imagine that the mind is active in belief,—that belief is an act of volition,—in consequence of which it may be regulated by the mind. Pursuing, continuing this mistake, they have attached a degree of criminality to disbelief; of which, in its nature, it is incapable: it is equally incapable of merit.

Belief, then, is a passion, the strength of which, like every other passion, is in precise proportion to the degrees of excitement.

The degrees of excitement are three.

The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the mind; consequently their evidence claims the strongest assent.

The decision of the mind, founded upon our own experience, derived from these sources, claims the next degree.

The experience of others, which addresses itself to the former one, occupies the lowest degree.

(A graduated scale, on which should be marked the capabilities of propositions to approach the test of the senses, would be a just barometer of the belief which ought to be attached to them.)

Consequently, no testimony can be admitted which is contrary to reason; reason is founded on the evidence of our senses.

Every proof may be referred to one of these three divisions: it is to be considered what arguments we receive from each of them, which should convince us of the existence of a Deity.

1st. The evidence of the senses. If the Deity should appear to us, if he should convince our senses of his existence, this revelation would necessarily command belief. Those to whom the Deity has thus appeared have the strongest possible conviction of his existence. But the God of theologians is incapable of local visibility.

2d. Reason. It is urged that man knows that whatever is, must either have had a beginning, or have existed from all eternity: he also knows, that whatever is not eternal must have had a cause. When this reasoning is applied to the universe, it is necessary to prove that it was created: until that is clearly demonstrated, we may reasonably suppose that it has endured from all eternity. We must prove design before we can infer a designer. The only idea which we can form of causation is derivable from the constant conjunction of objects, and the consequent inference of one from the other. In a case where two propositions are diametrically opposite, the mind believes that which is least incomprehensible;—it is easier to suppose that the universe has existed from all eternity, than to conceive a being beyond its limits capable of creating it: if the mind sinks beneath the weight of one, is it an alleviation to increase the intolerability of the burthen?

The other argument, which is founded on a man's knowledge of his own existence, stands thus. A man knows not only that he now is, but that once he was not; consequently there must have been a cause. But our idea of causation is alone derivable from the constant conjunction of objects and the consequent inference of one from the other; and, reasoning experimentally, we can only infer from effects, causes exactly adequate to those effects. But there certainly is a generative power which is effected by certain instruments: we cannot prove that it is inherent in these instruments; nor is the contrary hypothesis capable of

demonstration; we admit that the generative power is incomprehensible; but to suppose that the same effect is produced by an eternal, omniscient, omnipotent, being, leaves the cause in the same obscurity, but renders it more incomprehensible.

3d. Testimony. It is required that testimony should not be contrary to reason. The testimony that the Deity convinces the senses of men of his existence can only be admitted by us, if our mind considers it less probable that these men should have been deceived, than that the Deity should have appeared to them. Our reason can never admit the testimony of men, who not only declare that they were eye-witnesses of miracles, but that the Deity was irrational; for he commanded that he should be believed, he proposed the highest rewards for faith, eternal punishments for disbelief. We can only command voluntary actions; belief is not an act of volition; the mind is even passive, or involuntarily active: from this it is evident that we have no sufficient testimony, or rather that testimony is insufficient, to prove the being of a God. It has been before shown that it cannot be deduced from reason. They alone, then, who have been convinced by the evidence of the senses, can believe it.

Hence it is evident that, having no proofs from any of the three sources of conviction, the mind *cannot* believe the existence of a creative God: it is also evident that, as belief is a passion of the mind, no degree of criminality is attachable to disbelief; and that they only are reprehensible who neglect to remove the false medium through which their mind views any subject of discussion. Every reflecting mind must acknowledge, that there is no proof of the existence of a Deity.

God is an hypothesis, and as such, stands in need of proof; the *onus probandi* rests on the theist. Sir Isaac Newton says: "Hypotheses non fingo, quicquid enim ex phenomenis non deducitur hypothesis vocanda est, et hypothesis vel meta physica, vel physica, vel qualitatum occultarum, seu mechanice, in philosophia locum non habent." To all proofs of the existence of a creative God apply this valuable rule. We see a variety of bodies possessing a variety of powers; we merely know their effects; we are in a state of ignorance with respect to their essences and causes. These Newton calls the phenomena of things; but the pride of philosophy is unwilling to admit its ignorance of their causes. From the phenomena, which are the objects of our senses, we attempt to infer a cause, which we call God, and gratuitously endow it with all negative and contradictory qualities. From this hypothesis we invent this general name, to conceal our ignorance of causes and essences. The being called God by no means answers with the conditions prescribed by Newton; it bears every mark of a veil woven by philosophical conceit, to hide the ignorance of philosophers even from themselves. They borrow the threads of its texture from the anthropomorphism of the vulgar. Words have been used by sophists for the same purposes, from the occult qualities of the Peripatetics to the *effluvium* of Boyle and the *crinities* or *nebulæ* of Herschel. God is represented as infinite, eternal, incomprehensible; he is contained under every *predicate in non* that the logic of ignorance could fabricate. Even his worshippers allow that it is impossible to form any idea of him; they exclaim with the French poet,

Pour dire ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.

Lord Bacon says, that "atheism leaves to man reason, philosophy, natural piety, laws, reputation, and every thing that can serve to conduct him to virtue; but



superstition destroys all these, and erects itself into a tyranny over the understandings of men : hence atheism never disturbs the government, but renders man more clear-sighted, since he sees nothing beyond the boundaries of the present life."—Bacon's *Moral Essays*.

La première théologie de l'homme lui fit d'abord craindre et adorer les éléments même, des objets matériels et grossiers ; il rendit ensuite ses hommages à des agents présidents aux éléments, à des génies inférieurs, à des héros, ou à des hommes doués de grandes qualités. A force de réfléchir, il crut simplifier les choses en soumettant la nature entière à un seul agent, à un esprit, à une ame universelle, qui mettoit cette nature et ses parties en mouvement. En remontant de causes en causes, les mortels ont fini par ne rien voir ; et c'est dans cette obscurité qu'ils ont placé leur Dieu ; c'est dans cet abîme ténébreux que leur imagination inquiète travaille toujours à se fabriquer des chimères, qui les affigeront jusqu'à ce que la connoissance de la nature les détrompe des fantômes qu'ils ont toujours si vainement adorés.

Si nous voulons nous rendre compte de nos idées sur la Divinité, nous serons obligés de convenir que, par le mot *Dieu*, les hommes n'ont jamais pu désigner que la cause la plus cachée, la plus éloignée, la plus inconnue des effets qu'ils voyoient : ils ne font usage de ce mot, que lorsque le jeu des causes naturelles et connues cesse d'être visible pour eux ; dès qu'ils perdent le fil de ces causes, ou dès que leur esprit ne peut plus en suivre la chaîne, ils tranchent leur difficulté, et terminent leurs recherches en appellant Dieu la dernière des causes, c'est-à-dire celle qui est au-delà de toutes les causes qu'ils connoissent ; ainsi ils ne font qu'assigner une dénomination vague à une cause ignorée, à laquelle leur paresse ou les bornes de leurs connoissances les forcent de s'arrêter. Toutes les fois qu'on nous dit que Dieu est l'auteur de quelque phénomène, cela signifie qu'on ignore comment un tel phénomène a pu s'opérer par le secours des forces ou des causes que nous connoissons dans la nature. C'est ainsi que le commun des hommes, dont l'ignorance est le partage, attribue à la Divinité non seulement les effets inusités qui les frappent, mais encore les événements les plus simples, dont les causes sont les plus faciles à connoître pour quiconque a pu les méditer. En un mot, l'homme a toujours respecté les causes inconnues des effets surprenans, que son ignorance l'empêchoit de démêler. Ce fut sur les débris de la nature que les hommes élevèrent le colosse imaginaire de la Divinité.

Si l'ignorance de la nature donna la naissance aux dieux, la connoissance de la nature est faite pour les détruire. A mesure que l'homme s'instruit, ses forces et ses ressources augmentent avec ses lumières ; les sciences, les arts conservateurs, l'industrie, lui fournissent des secours ; l'expérience le rassure ou lui procure des moyens de résister aux efforts de bien des causes qui cessent de l'alarmer dès qu'il les a connues. En un mot, ses terreurs se dissipent dans la même proportion que son esprit s'éclaire. L'homme instruit cesse d'être superstitieux.

Ce n'est jamais que sur parole que des peuples entiers adorent le Dieu de leurs pères et de leurs prêtres : l'autorité, la confiance, la soumission, et l'habitude, leur tiennent lieu de conviction et de preuves ; ils se prosternent et prient, parce que leurs pères leur ont appris à se prosterner et prier : mais pourquoi ceux-ci se sont-ils mis à genoux ? C'est que dans les temps éloignés leurs législateurs et leurs guides leur en ont fait un devoir. "Adorez et croyez," ont-

ils dit, "des dieux que vous ne pouvez comprendre ; rapportez-vous-en à notre sagesse profonde ; nous en savons plus que vous sur la Divinité." Mais pourquoi m'en rapporteroi-je à vous ? C'est que Dieu le veut ainsi, c'est que Dieu vous punira si vous osez résister. Mais ce Dieu n'est-il donc pas la chose en question ? Cependant les hommes se sont toujours payés de ce cercle vicieux ; la paresse de leur esprit leur fit trouver plus court de s'en rapporter au jugement des autres. Toutes les notions religieuses sont fondées uniquement sur l'autorité ; toutes les religions du monde défendent l'examen, et ne veulent pas que l'on raisonne ; c'est l'autorité qui veut qu'on croie en Dieu ; ce Dieu n'est lui-même fondé que sur l'autorité de quelques hommes qui prétendent le connoître, et venir de sa part pour l'annoncer à la terre. Un Dieu fait par les hommes, a sans doute besoin des hommes pour se faire connoître aux hommes.

Ne seroit-ce donc que pour des prêtres, des inspirés, des métaphysiciens, que seroit réservée la conviction de l'existence d'un Dieu, que l'on dit néanmoins si nécessaire à tout le genre humain ? Mais trouvons-nous de l'harmonie entre les opinions théologiques des différens inspirés, ou des penseurs répandus sur la terre ? Ceux même qui font profession d'adorer le même Dieu, sont-ils d'accord sur son compte ? Sont-ils contents des preuves que leurs collègues apportent de son existence ? Souscrivent-ils unanimement aux idées qu'ils présentent sur sa nature, sur sa conduite, sur la façon d'entendre ses prétendus oracles ? Est-il une contrée sur la terre, où la science de Dieu se soit réellement perfectionnée ? A-t-elle pris quelque part la consistance et l'uniformité que nous voyons prendre aux connoissances humaines, aux arts les plus futiles, aux métiers les plus méprisés ? Des mots d'*esprit*, d'*immatériabilité*, de *création*, de *prédestination*, de *grâce* ; cette foule de distinctions subtiles dont la théologie s'est partout remplie dans quelques pays, ces inventions si ingénieuses, imaginées par des penseurs qui se sont succédés depuis tant de siècles, n'ont fait, hélas ! qu'embrouiller les choses, et jamais la science la plus nécessaire aux hommes n'a jusqu'ici pu acquérir la moindre fixité. Depuis des milliers d'années, ces rêveurs oisifs se sont perpétuellement relayés pour méditer la Divinité, pour deviner ses voies cachées, pour inventer des hypothèses propres à développer cette énigme importante. Leur peu de succès n'a point découragé la vanité théologique ; toujours on a parlé de Dieu : on s'est égaré pour lui, et cet être sublime demeure toujours le plus ignoré et le plus discuté.

Les hommes auroient été trop heureux, si, se bornant aux objets visibles qui les intéressent, ils eussent employé, à perfectionner leurs sciences réelles, leurs loix, leur morale, leur éducation, la moitié des efforts qu'ils ont mis dans leurs recherches sur la Divinité. Ils auroient été bien plus sages encore, et plus fortunés, s'ils eussent pu consentir à laisser leurs guides désouverts se quereller entre eux, et sonder des profondeurs capables de les étourdir, sans se mêler de leurs disputes insensées. Mais il est de l'essence de l'ignorance d'attacher de l'importance à ce qu'elle ne comprend pas. La vanité humaine fait que l'esprit se roidit contre les difficultés. Plus un objet se dérobe à nos yeux, plus nous faisons d'efforts pour le saisir, parceque dès-lors il aiguillonne notre orgueil, il excite notre curiosité, il nous paroît intéressant. En combattant pour son Dieu chacun ne combattoit en effet que pour les intérêts de sa propre vanité, qui de toutes les passions produites par la mal-organisation de la société, est

la plus prompte à s'alarmer, et la plus propre à produire de très-grandes folies.

Si, écartant pour un moment les idées fâcheuses que la théologie nous donne d'un Dieu capricieux, dont les décrets partiels et despotiques décident du sort des humains, nous ne voulons fixer nos yeux que sur la bonté prétendue que tous les hommes, même en tremblant devant ce Dieu, s'accordent à lui donner; si nous lui supposons le projet qu'on lui prête, de n'avoir travaillé que pour sa propre gloire; d'exiger les hommages des êtres intelligens; de ne chercher dans ses œuvres que le bien-être du genre humain; comment concilier ses vues et ses dispositions avec l'ignorance vraiment invincible dans laquelle ce Dieu, si glorieux et si bon, laisse la plupart des hommes sur son compte? Si Dieu veut être connu, chéri, remercié, que ne se montre-t-il sous des traits favorables à tous ces êtres intelligens dont il veut être aimé et adoré? Pourquoi ne point se manifester à toute la terre d'une façon non équivoque, bien plus capable de nous convaincre, que ces révélations particulières qui semblent accuser la Divinité d'une partialité fâcheuse pour quelques-unes de ses créatures? Le Tout-Puissant n'aurait-il donc pas des moyens plus convainquans de se montrer aux hommes que ces métamorphoses ridicules, ces incarnations prétendues, qui nous sont attestées par des écrivains si peu d'accord entre eux dans les récits qu'ils en font? Au lieu de tant de miracles inventés pour prouver la mission divine de tant de législateurs révévés par les différens peuples du monde, le souverain des esprits ne pouvoit-il pas convaincre tout d'un coup l'esprit humain des choses qu'il a voulu lui faire connaître? Au lieu de suspendre un soleil dans la voûte du firmament; au lieu de répandre sans ordre les étoiles et les constellations qui remplissent l'espace, n'eût-il pas été plus conforme aux vues d'un Dieu jaloux de sa gloire et si bien-intentionné pour l'homme, d'écrire d'une façon non sujette à dispute, son nom, ses attributs, ses volontés permanentes, en caractères ineffaçables, et lisibles également pour tous les habitans de la terre? Personne alors n'aurait pu douter de l'existence d'un Dieu, de ses volontés claires, de ses intentions visibles. Sous les yeux de ce Dieu si terrible personne n'aurait eu l'audace de violer ses ordonnances; nul mortel n'eût eu le front d'en imposer en son nom, ou d'interpréter ses volontés suivant ses propres fantaisies.

En effet, quand même on admettoit l'existence du Dieu théologique, et la réalité des attributs si discordans qu'on lui donne, l'on ne peut en rien conclure, pour autoriser la conduite ou les cultes qu'on prescrit de lui rendre. La théologie est vraiment le tonneau des Danaïdes. A force de qualités contradictoires et d'assertions hasardées, elle a, pour ainsi dire, tellement garrotté son Dieu qu'elle l'a mis dans l'impossibilité d'agir. S'il est infiniment bon, quelle raison aurions-nous de le craindre? S'il est infiniment sage, de quoi nous inquiéter sur notre sort? S'il sait tout, pourquoi l'avertir de nos besoins, et le fatiguer de nos prières? S'il est partout, pourquoi lui élever des temples? S'il est maître de tout, pourquoi lui faire des sacrifices et des offrandes? S'il est juste, comment croire qu'il punisse des créatures qu'il a remplies de foiblesses? Si la grace fait tout en elles, qu'elle raison auroit-il de les récompenser? S'il est tout-puissant, comment l'offenser, comment lui résister? S'il est raisonnable, comment se mettroit-il en colère contre des aveugles, à qui il a laissé la liberté de déraisonner! S'il est immuable, de quel droit prétendriens-nous faire changer ses décrets? S'il est inconcevable, pourquoi nous en

occuper? S'IL A PARLÉ, POURQUOI L'UNIVERS N'EST-IL PAS CONVAINCU? Si la connaissance d'un Dieu est la plus nécessaire, pourquoi n'est-elle pas la plus évidente, et la plus claire?—*Système de la Nature. London, 1781.*

The enlightened and benevolent Pliny thus publicly professes himself an atheist:—Quapropter effigiem Dei, formaque quærere, imbecillitatis humanæ reor. Quisquis est Deus (si modo est alius) et quancunque in parte, totus est sensus, totus est visus, totus auditus, totus animæ, totus animi, totus sui. \* \* \* Imperfectæ vero in homine naturæ præcipua solatia ne deum quidem posse omnia. Namque nec sibi potest mortem consciscere, si velit, quod homini dedit optimum in tantis vita pœnis: nec mortales æternitate donare, aut revocare defunctos; nec facere ut qui vixit non vixerit, qui honores gessit non gesserit, nullumque habere in præteritum jus, præterquam oblivionis, (atque ut facitis quoque argumentis societas hæc cum deo copuletur,) ut bis dena viginta non sint, et multa similiter efficere non posse.—Per quæ, declaratur haud dubie, naturæ potentiam id quoque esse, quod Deum vocamus.—*PLIN. Nat. Hist. cap. de Deo.*

The consistent Newtonian is necessarily an atheist. See Sir W. DRUMMOND'S *Academical Questions*, chap. iii.—Sir W. seems to consider the atheism, to which it leads, as a sufficient presumption of the falsehood of the system of gravitation: but surely it is more consistent with the good faith of philosophy to admit a deduction from facts than an hypothesis incapable of proof, although it might militate with the obstinate preconceptions of the mob. Had this author, instead of inveighing against the guilt and absurdity of atheism, demonstrated its falsehood, his conduct would have been more suited to the modesty of the sceptic and the toleration of the philosopher.

Omnia enim per Dei potentiam facta sunt: imo, quia naturæ potentia nulla est nisi ipsa Dei potentia, autem est nos eatenus Dei potentiam non intelligere, quatenus causas naturales ignoramus; adeoque stulte ad eandem Dei potentiam recurrunt, quando rei aliquid, causam naturalem, sive est, ipsam Dei potentiam ignoramus.—*SPIGOSA, Tract. Theologico-Pol. chap. i. page 14.*

P. 14, col. 1, l. 6.

*Ahasuerus, rise!*

"Ahasuerus the Jew crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel. Near two thousand years have elapsed since he was first goaded by never-ending restlessness to rove the globe from pole to pole. When our Lord was wearied with the burthen of his ponderous cross, and wanted to rest before the door of Ahasuerus, the unfeeling wretch drove him away with brutality. The saviour of mankind staggered, sinking under the heavy load, but uttered no complaint. An angel of death appeared before Ahasuerus, and exclaimed indignantly, 'Barbarian! thou hast denied rest to the Son of Man; be it denied thee also, until he comes to judge the world.'

"A black demon, let loose from hell upon Ahasuerus, goads him now from country to country: he is denied the consolation which death affords, and precluded from the rest of the peaceful grave.

"Ahasuerus crept forth from the dark cave of Mount Carmel—he shook the dust from his beard—and taking up one of the skulls heaped there, hurled it down the eminence: it rebounded from the earth in shivered atoms. 'This was my father!' roared Ahasuerus. Seven

more skulls rolled down from rock to rock ; while the infuriate Jew, following them with ghastly looks, exclaimed—'And these were my wives !' He still continued to hurl down skull after skull, roaring in dreadful accents—'And these, and these, and these were my children ! They *could die* ; but I ! reprobate wretch, alas ! I cannot die ! Dreadful beyond conception is the judgment that hangs over me. Jerusalem fell—I crushed the sucking-babe, and precipitated myself into the destructive flames. I cursed the Romans—but, alas ! alas ! the restless curse held me by the hair,—and I could not die !

"Rome the giantess fell—I placed myself before the falling statue—she fell, and did not crush me. Nations sprang up and disappeared before me ; but I remained, and did not die. From cloud-encircled cliffs did I precipitate myself into the ocean ; but the foaming billows cast me upon the shore, and the burning arrow of existence pierced my cold heart again. I leaped into Etna's flaming abyss, and roared with the giants for ten long months, polluting with my groans the mount's sulphureous mouth—ah ! ten long months. The volcano fermented, and in a fiery stream of lava cast me up. I lay torn by the torture-snakes of hell amid the glowing cinders, and yet continued to exist.—A forest was on fire : I darted, on wings of fury and despair, into the crackling wood. Fire dropped upon me from the trees, but the flames only singed my limbs ; alas ! it could not consume them.—I now mixed with the butchers of mankind, and plunged in the tempest of the raging battle. I roared defiance to the infuriate Gaul, defiance to the victorious German ; but arrows and spears rebounded in shivers from my body. The Saracen's flaming sword broke upon my skull : balls in vain hissed upon me : the lightnings of battle glared harmless around my loins ; in vain did the elephant trample on me, in vain the iron hoof of the wrathful steed ! The mine, big with destructive power, burst under me, and hurled me high in the air—I fell on heaps of smoking limbs, but was only singed. The giant's steel club rebounded from my body : the executioner's hand could not strangle me, the tiger's tooth could not pierce me, nor would the hungry lion in the circus devour me. I cohabited with poisonous snakes, and pinched the red crest of the dragon. The serpent stung, but could not destroy me. The dragon tormented, but dared not to devour me.—I now provoked the fury of tyrants : I said to Nero, Thou art a bloodhound ! I said to Christi-ern, Thou art a bloodhound ! I said to Muley Ismail, Thou art a bloodhound ! The tyrants invented cruel torments, but did not kill me.—Ha ! not to be able to die—not to be able to die, not to be permitted to rest after the toils of life—to be doomed to be imprisoned forever in this clay-formed dungeon—to be forever clogged with this worthless body, its load of diseases and infirmities—to be condemned to hold for millenniums that yawning monster Sameness, and Time, that hungry hyena, ever bearing children, and ever devouring again her offspring !—Ha ! not to be permitted to die ! Awful avenger in heaven, hast thou in thine armoury of wrath a punishment more dreadful ? then let it thunder upon me, command a hurricane to sweep me down to the foot of Carmel, that I there may lie extended ; may pant, and writhe, and die ! "

This fragment is the translation of part of some German work, whose title I have vainly endeavoured to discover. I picked it up, dirty and torn, some years ago, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

P. 14, col. 1, l. 13.

*I will beget a son, and he shall bear  
The sins of all the world.*

A book is put into our hands when children, called the Bible, the purport of whose history is briefly this : That God made the earth in six days, and there planted a delightful garden, in which he placed the first pair of human beings. In the midst of the garden he planted a tree, whose fruit, although within their reach, they were forbidden to touch. That the Devil, in the shape of a snake, persuaded them to eat of this fruit ; in consequence of which God condemned both them and their posterity yet unborn, to satisfy his justice by their eternal misery. That, four thousand years after these events (the human race in the meanwhile having gone unredeemed to perdition), God engendered with the betrothed wife of a carpenter in Judea (whose virginity was nevertheless uninjured), and begat a Son, whose name was Jesus Christ ; and who was crucified and died, in order that no more men might be devoted to hell-fire, he bearing the burthen of his Father's displeasure by proxy. The book states, in addition, that the soul of whoever disbelieves this sacrifice will be burned with everlasting fire.

During many ages of misery and darkness this story gained implicit belief ; but at length men arose who suspected that it was a fable and imposture, and that Jesus Christ, so far from being a God, was only a man like themselves. But a numerous set of men, who derived and still derive immense emoluments from this opinion, in the shape of a popular belief, told the vulgar, that, if they did not believe in the Bible, they would be damned to all eternity ; and burned, imprisoned, and poisoned all the unbiassed and unconnected inquirers who occasionally arose. They still oppress them, so far as the people, now become more enlightened, will allow.

The belief in all that the Bible contains, is called Christianity. A Roman governor of Judea, at the instances of a priest-led mob, crucified a man called Jesus eighteen centuries ago. He was a man of pure life, who desired to rescue his countrymen from the tyranny of their barbarous and degrading superstitions. The common fate of all who desire to benefit mankind awaited him. The rabble, at the instigation of the priests, demanded his death, although his very judge made public acknowledgment of his innocence. Jesus was sacrificed to the honour of that God with whom he was afterwards confounded. It is of importance, therefore, to distinguish between the pretended character of this being as the son of God and the Saviour of the world, and his real character as a man, who, for a vain attempt to reform the world, paid the forfeit of his life to that overbearing tyranny which has since so long desolated the universe in his name. Whilst the one is a hypocritical demon, who announces himself as the God of compassion and peace, even whilst he stretches forth his blood-red hand with the sword of discord to waste the earth, having confessedly devised this scheme of desolation from eternity ; the other stands in the foremost list of those true heroes, who have died in the glorious martyrdom of liberty, and have braved torture, contempt, and poverty, in the cause of suffering humanity.\*

The vulgar, ever in extremes, became persuaded that the crucifixion of Jesus was a supernatural event.

\* Since writing this note, I have seen reason to suspect that Jesus was an ambitious man, who aspired to the throne of Judea.

Testimonies of miracles, so frequent in unenlightened ages, were not wanting to prove that he was something divine. This belief, rolling through the lapse of ages, met with the reveries of Plato and the reasonings of Aristotle, and acquired force and extent, until the divinity of Jesus became a dogma, which to dispute was death, which to doubt was infamy.

*Christianity* is now the established religion; he who attempts to impugn it, must be contented to behold murderers and traitors take precedence of him in public opinion: though, if his genius be equal to his courage, and assisted by a peculiar coalition of circumstances, future ages may exalt him to a divinity, and persecute others in his name, as he was persecuted in the name of his predecessors in the homage of the world.

The same means that have supported every other popular belief, have supported Christianity. War, imprisonment, assassination, and falsehood; deeds of unexampled and incomparable atrocity have made it what it is. The blood shed by the votaries of the God of mercy and peace, since the establishment of his religion, would probably suffice to drown all other sectaries now on the habitable globe. We derive from our ancestors a faith thus fostered and supported: we quarrel, persecute, and hate, for its maintenance. Even under a government which, whilst it infringes the very right of thought and speech, boasts of permitting the liberty of the press, a man is pilloried and imprisoned because he is a deist, and no one raises his voice in the indignation of outraged humanity. But it is ever a proof that the falsehood of a proposition is felt by those who use coercion, not reasoning, to procure its admission: and a dispassionate observer would feel himself more powerfully interested in favour of a man, who depending on the truth of his opinions, simply stated his reasons for entertaining them, than in that of his aggressor, who, daringly avowing his unwillingness or incapacity to answer them by argument, proceeded to repress the energies and break the spirit of their promulgator by that torture and imprisonment whose infliction he could command.

Analogy seems to favour the opinion, that as, like other systems, Christianity has arisen and augmented, so like them it will decay and perish; that, as violence, darkness, and deceit, not reasoning and persuasion, have procured its admission among mankind, so, when enthusiasm has subsided, and time, that infallible controverter of false opinions, has involved its pretended evidences in the darkness of antiquity, it will become obsolete; that Milton's poem alone will give permanency to the remembrance of its absurdities; and that men will laugh as heartily at grace, faith, redemption, and original sin, as they now do at the metamorphoses of Jupiter, the miracles of Romish saints, the efficacy of witchcraft, and the appearance of departed spirits.

Had the Christian religion commenced and continued by the mere force of reasoning and persuasion, the preceding analogy would be inadmissible. We should never speculate on the future obsolescence of a system perfectly conformable to nature and reason; it would endure so long as they endured; it would be a truth as indisputable as the light of the sun, the criminality of murder, and other facts, whose evidence, depending on our organisation and relative situations, must remain acknowledged as satisfactory so long as man is man. It is an incontrovertible fact, the consideration of which ought to repress the hasty conclusions of credulity, or moderate its obstinacy in maintaining them, that, had the Jews not been a fanatical race of

men, had even the resolution of Pontius Pilate been equal to his candour, the Christian religion never could have prevailed, it could not even have existed: on so feeble a thread hangs the most cherished opinion of a sixth of the human race! When will the vulgar learn humility? When will the pride of ignorance blush at having believed before it could comprehend?

Either the Christian religion is true, or it is false; if true, it comes from God, and its authenticity can admit of doubt and dispute no further than its omnipotent author is willing to allow. Either the power or the goodness of God is called in question, if he leaves those doctrines most essential to the well-being of man in doubt and dispute; the only ones which, since their promulgation, have been the subject of unceasing cavil, the cause of irreconcilable hatred. *If God has spoken, why is the universe not convinced?*

There is this passage in the Christian Scriptures: "Those who obey not God, and believe not the Gospel of his Son, shall be punished with everlasting destruction." This is the pivot upon which all religions turn: they all assume that it is in our power to believe or not to believe; whereas the mind can only believe that which it thinks true. A human being can only be supposed accountable for those actions which are influenced by his will. But belief is utterly distinct from and unconnected with volition: it is the apprehension of the agreement or disagreement of the ideas that compose any proposition. Belief is a passion, or involuntary operation of the mind, and, like other passions, its intensity is precisely proportionate to the degrees of excitement. Volition is essential to merit or demerit. But the Christian religion attaches the highest possible degrees of merit and demerit to that which is worthy of neither, and which is totally unconnected with the peculiar faculty of the mind, whose presence is essential to their being.

Christianity was intended to reform the world: had an all-wise Being planned it, nothing is more improbable than that it should have failed: omniscience would infallibly have foreseen the utility of a scheme which experience demonstrates, to this age, to have been utterly unsuccessful.

Christianity inculcates the necessity of supplicating the Deity. Prayer may be considered under two points of view; as an endeavour to change the intentions of God, or as a formal testimony of our obedience. But the former case supposes that the caprices of a limited intelligence can occasionally instruct the Creator of the world how to regulate the universe; and the latter, a certain degree of servility analogous to the loyalty demanded by earthly tyrants. Obedience indeed is only the pitiful and cowardly egotism of him who thinks that he can do something better than reason.

Christianity, like all other religions, rests upon miracles, prophecies, and martyrdoms. No religion ever existed, which had not its prophets, its attested miracles, and above all, crowds of devotees who would bear patiently the most horrible tortures to prove its authenticity. It should appear that in no case can a discriminating mind subscribe to the genuineness of a miracle. A miracle is an infraction of nature's law, by a supernatural cause; by a cause acting beyond that eternal circle within which all things are included. God breaks through the law of nature, that he may convince mankind of the truth of that revelation, which, in spite of his precautions, has been, since its introduction, the subject of unceasing schism and cavil.

Miracles resolve themselves into the following question: \*—Whether it is more probable the laws of nature, hitherto so immutably harmonious, should have undergone violation, or that a man should have told a lie? Whether it is more probable that we are ignorant of the natural cause of an event, or that we know the supernatural one? That, in old times, when the powers of nature were less known than at present, a certain set of men were themselves deceived, or had some hidden motive for deceiving others; or that God begot a son, who, in his legislation, measuring merit by belief, evidenced himself to be totally ignorant of the powers of the human mind—of what is voluntary, and what is the contrary?

We have many instances of men telling lies;—none of an infraction of nature's laws, those laws of whose government alone we have any knowledge or experience. The records of all nations afford innumerable instances of men deceiving others either from vanity or interest, or themselves being deceived by the limitedness of their views and their ignorance of natural causes; but where is the accredited case of God having come upon earth to give the lie to his own creations? There would be something truly wonderful in the appearance of a ghost; but the assertion of a child that he saw one as he passed through the church-yard is universally admitted to be less miraculous.

But even supposing that a man should raise a dead body to life before your eyes, and on this fact rest his claim to being considered the son of God;—the Humane Society restores drowned persons, and as it makes no mystery of the method it employs, its members are not mistaken for the sons of God. All that we have a right to infer from our ignorance of the cause of any event is, that we do not know it: had the Mexicans attended to this simple rule when they heard the cannon of the Spaniards, they would not have considered them as gods: the experiments of modern chemistry would have defied the wisest philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome to have accounted for them on natural principles. An author of strong common sense has observed, that "a miracle is no miracle at second-hand;" he might have added, that a miracle is no miracle in any case; for until we are acquainted with all natural causes, we have no reason to imagine others.

There remains to be considered another proof of Christianity—prophecy. A book is written before a certain event, in which this event is foretold; how could the prophet have foreknown it without inspiration? how could he have been inspired without God? The greatest stress is laid on the prophecies of Moses and Hosea on the dispersion of the Jews, and that of Isaiah concerning the coming of the Messiah. The prophecy of Moses is a collection of every possible cursing and blessing, and it is so far from being marvellous that the one of dispersion should have been fulfilled, that it would have been more surprising if, out of all these, none should have taken effect. In Deuteronomy, chap. xxviii, ver. 64, where Moses explicitly foretells the dispersion, he states that they shall there serve gods of wood and stone: "And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even to the other, and there thou shalt serve other gods, which neither thou nor thy fathers have known, even gods of wood and stone." The Jews are at this day remarkably tenacious of their religion. Moses also declares that they shall be subjected to these curses for disobedience to his ritual: "And it shall

come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all the commandments and statutes which I command you this day, that all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee." Is this the real reason? The third, fourth, and fifth chapters of Hosea are a piece of immodest confession. The indelicate type might apply in a hundred senses to a hundred things. The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is more explicit, yet it does not exceed in clearness the oracles of Delphos. The historical proof, that Moses, Isaiah and Hosea did write when they are said to have written, is far from being clear and circumstantial.

But prophecy requires proof in its character as a miracle; we have no right to suppose that a man foreknew future events from God, until it is demonstrated that he neither could know them by his own exertions, nor that the writings which contain the prediction could possibly have been fabricated after the event pretended to be foretold. It is more probable that writings, pretending to divine inspiration, should have been fabricated after the fulfilment of their pretended prediction, than that they should have really been divinely inspired; when we consider that the latter supposition makes God at once the creator of the human mind and ignorant of its primary powers, particularly as we have numberless instances of false religions, and forged prophecies of things long past, and no accredited case of God having conversed with men directly or indirectly. It is also possible that the description of an event might have foregone its occurrence; but this is far from being a legitimate proof of a divine revelation, as many men, not pretending to the character of a prophet, have nevertheless, in this sense, prophesied.

Lord Chesterfield was never yet taken for a prophet, even by a bishop, yet he uttered this remarkable prediction:—"The despotic government of France is screwed up to the highest pitch; a revolution is fast approaching; that revolution, I am convinced, will be radical and sanguinary." This appeared in the letters of the prophet long before the accomplishment of this wonderful prediction. Now, have these particulars come to pass, or have they not? If they have, how could the earl have foreknown them without inspiration? If we admit the truth of the Christian religion on testimony such as this, we must admit, on the same strength of evidence, that God has affixed the highest rewards to belief, and the eternal tortures of the never-dying worm to disbelief; both of which have been demonstrated to be involuntary.

The last proof of the Christian religion depends on the influence of the Holy Ghost. Theologians divide the influence of the Holy Ghost into its ordinary and extraordinary modes of operation. The latter is supposed to be that which inspired the prophets and apostles; and the former to be the grace of God, which summarily makes known the truth of his revelation, to those whose minds are fitted for its reception by a submissive perusal of his word. Persons convinced in this manner, can do anything but account for their conviction, describe the time at which it happened, or the manner in which it came upon them. It is supposed to enter the mind by other channels than those of the senses, and therefore professes to be superior to reason founded on their experience.

Admitting, however, the usefulness or possibility of a divine revelation, unless we demolish the foundations of all human knowledge, it is requisite that our reason should previously demonstrate its genuineness; for, before we extinguish the steady ray of reason and

\* See Hume's Essays, vol. ii., page 121.

common sense, it is fit that we should discover whether we cannot do without their assistance, whether or no there be any other which may suffice to guide us through the labyrinth of life: \* for, if a man is to be inspired upon all occasions, if he is to be sure of a thing *because he is sure*, if the ordinary operations of the spirit are not to be considered very extraordinary modes of demonstration, if enthusiasm is to usurp the place of proof, and madness that of sanity, all reasoning is superfluous. The Mahometan dies fighting for his prophet, the Indian immolates himself at the chariot-wheels of Brahma, the Hottentot worships an insect, the Negro a bunch of feathers, the Mexican sacrifices human victims! Their degree of conviction must certainly be very strong: it cannot arise from conviction, it must from feelings, the reward of their prayers. If each of these should affirm, in opposition to the strongest possible arguments, that inspiration carried internal evidence, I fear their inspired brethren, the orthodox missionaries, would be so uncharitable as to pronounce them obstinate.

Miracles cannot be received as testimonies of a disputed fact, because all human testimony has ever been insufficient to establish the possibility of miracles. That, which is incapable of proof itself, is no proof of anything else. Prophecy has also been rejected by the test of reason. Those, then, who have been actually inspired, are the only true believers in the Christian religion.

Mox numine viso

Virginei tumere sinus, innuptaque mater  
Arcano stupuit compleri viscera partu,  
Auctorem paritura suum. Mortalia corda  
Artificem texere poli, latuicque sub uno  
Pectore, qui totum late complectitur orbem.

CLAUDIANI *Carmen Paschale*.

Does not so monstrous and disgusting an absurdity carry its own infamy and refutation with itself? ☞

P. 17, col. 1. l. 36.

*Him (still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,  
Which, from the exhaustless store of human weal  
Davens on the virtuous mind) the thoughts that rise  
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift  
With self-enshrined eternity, &c.*

Time is our consciousness of the succession of ideas in our mind. Vivid sensation, of either pain or pleasure, makes the time seem long, as the common phrase is, because it renders us more acutely conscious of our ideas. If a mind be conscious of a hundred ideas during one minute by the clock, and of two hundred during another, the latter of these spaces would actually occupy so much greater extent in the mind as two exceed one in quantity. If, therefore, the human mind, by any future improvement of its sensibility, should become conscious of an infinite number of ideas in a minute, that minute would be eternity. I do not hence infer that the actual space between the birth and death of a man will ever be prolonged; but that his sensibility is perfectible, and that the number of ideas which his mind is capable of receiving is indefinite. One man is stretched on the rack during twelve hours, another sleeps soundly in his bed: the difference of time perceived by these two persons is immense; yet hardly will believe that half-an-hour has elapsed, the other could credit that centuries had flown during his agony. Thus the life of a man of virtue and talent,

\* See Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, book iv. chap. xix. on Enthusiasm.

who should die in his thirtieth year, is, with regard to his own feelings, longer than that of a miserable priest-ridden slave, who dreams out a century of dulness. The one has perpetually cultivated his mental faculties, has rendered himself master of his thoughts, can abstract and generalise amid the lethargy of everyday business—the other can slumber over the brightest moments of his being, and is unable to remember the happiest hour of his life. Perhaps the perishing ephemeron enjoys a longer life than the tortoise.

Dark flood of time!

Roll as it listeth thee—I measure not  
By months or moments thy ambiguous course.  
Another may stand by me on the brink,  
And watch the bubble whirled beyond his ken  
That pauses at my feet. The sense of love,  
The thirst for action, and the impassioned thought,  
Prolong my being: if I wake no more,  
My life more actual living will contain  
Than some grey veterans' of the world's cold school,  
Whose listless hours unprofitably roll,  
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed.

*See Godwin's Pol. Just. vol. i. page 411; and  
Condorcet, Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique  
des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain, époque ix.*

P. 17, col. 1. l. 44.

No longer now

*He slays the lamb that looks him in the face.*

I hold that the depravity of the physical and moral nature of man originated in his unnatural habits of life. The origin of man, like that of the universe of which he is a part, is enveloped in impenetrable mystery. His generations either had a beginning, or they had not. The weight of evidence in favour of each of these suppositions seems tolerably equal; and it is perfectly unimportant to the present argument which is assumed. The language spoken, however, by the mythology of nearly all religions seems to prove, that at some distant period man forsook the path of nature, and sacrificed the purity and happiness of his being to unnatural appetites. The date of this event seems to have also been that of some great change in the climates of the earth, with which it has an obvious correspondence. The allegory of Adam and Eve eating of the tree of evil, and entailing upon their posterity the wrath of God and the loss of everlasting life, admits of no other explanation than the disease and crime that have flowed from unnatural diet. Milton was so well aware of this, that he makes Raphael thus exhibit to Adam the consequence of his disobedience.

—Immediately a place

Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark  
A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid;  
Numbers of all diseased, all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony, all feverish kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,  
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

—And how many thousands more might not be added to this frightful catalogue!

The story of Prometheus is one likewise which, although universally admitted to be allegorical, has never been satisfactorily explained. Prometheus stole fire from heaven, and was chained for this crime to Mount Caucasus, where a vulture continually devoured his liver, that grew to meet its hunger. Hesiod says, that

before the time of Prometheus, mankind were exempt from suffering; that they enjoyed a vigorous youth, and that death, when at length it came, approached like sleep, and gently closed their eyes. Again, so general was this opinion, that Horace, a poet of the Augustan age, writes—

Andax omnia perpeti,  
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.  
Andax Iapeti genus  
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit :  
Post ignem ætheria domo  
Subductum, macies et nova febrim  
Terris incubuit cohors,  
Semotique prius tarda necessitas  
Lethi corripuit gradum.

How plain a language is spoken by all this! Prometheus (who represents the human race) effected some great change in the condition of his nature, and applied fire to culinary purposes; thus inventing an expedient for screening from his disgust the horrors of the shambles. From this moment his vitals were devoured by the vulture of disease. It consumed his being in every shape of its loathsome and infinite variety, inducing the soul-quelling sinkings of premature and violent death. All vice arose from the ruin of healthful innocence.—Tyranny, superstition, commerce, and inequality, were then first known, when reason vainly attempted to guide the wanderings of exacerbated passion. I conclude this part of the subject with an abstract from Mr. Newton's Defence of Vegetable Regimen, from whom I have borrowed this interpretation of the fable of Prometheus.

“Making allowance for such transposition of the events of the allegory as time might produce after the important truths were forgotten, which this portion of the ancient mythology was intended to transmit, the drift of the fable seems to be this:—Man at his creation was endowed with the gift of perpetual youth; that is, he was not formed to be a sickly suffering creature as we now see him, but to enjoy health, and to sink by slow degrees into the bosom of his parent earth without disease or pain. Prometheus first taught the use of animal food (Primus bovem occidit Prometheus\*) and of fire, with which to render it more digestible and pleasing to the taste. Jupiter, and the rest of the gods, foreseeing the consequences of these inventions, were amused or irritated at the short-sighted devices of the newly-formed creature, and left him to experience the sad effects of them. Thirst, the necessary concomitant of a flesh diet, (perhaps of all diet vitiated by culinary preparation,) ensued; water was resorted to, and man forfeited the inestimable gift of health which he had received from heaven: he became diseased, the partaker of a precarious existence, and no longer descended slowly to his grave.”†

But just disease to luxury succeeds;  
And every death its own avenger breeds,  
The fury passions from that blood began,  
And turned on man a fiercer savage—man.

Man, and the animals whom he has infected with his society or depraved by his dominion, are alone diseased. The wild hog, the moulton, the bison, and the wolf, are perfectly exempt from malady, and invariably die either from external violence or natural old age. But the domestic hog, the sheep, the cow, and the dog, are subject to an incredible variety of distempers; and, like the corrupters of their nature, have physicians who thrive

upon their miseries. The supereminence of man is like Satan's, the supereminence of pain; and the majority of his species, doomed to penury, disease, and crime, have reason to curse the untoward event, that, by enabling him to communicate his sensations, raised him above the level of his fellow-animals. But the steps that have been taken are irrevocable. The whole of human science is comprised in one question: How can the advantages of intellect and civilisation be reconciled with the liberty and pure pleasures of natural life? How can we take the benefits, and reject the evils, of the system which is now interwoven with all the fibres of our being?—I believe that abstinence from animal food and spirituous liquors would in a great measure capacitate us for the solution of this important question.

It is true, that mental and bodily derangement is attributable in part to other deviations from rectitude and nature than those which concern diet. The mistakes cherished by society respecting the connexion of the sexes, whence the misery and diseases of unsatisfied celibacy, unenjoying prostitution, and the premature arrival of puberty, necessarily spring: the putrid atmosphere of crowded cities; the exhalations of chemical processes; the muffling of our bodies in superfluous apparel; and the absurd treatment of infants;—all these, and innumerable other causes, contribute their mite to the mass of human evil.

Comparative anatomy teaches us that man resembles frugivorous animals in everything, and carnivorous in nothing; he has neither claws wherewith to seize his prey, nor distinct and pointed teeth to tear the living fibre. A mandarin “of the first class,” with nails two inches long, would probably find them alone inefficient to hold even a hare. After every subterfuge of gluttony, the bull must be degraded into the ox, and the ram into the wether, by an unnatural and inhuman operation, that the flaccid fibre may offer a fainter resistance to rebellious nature. It is only by softening and disguising dead flesh by culinary preparation, that it is rendered susceptible of mastication or digestion; and that the sight of its bloody juices and raw horror does not excite intolerable loathing and disgust. Let the advocate of animal food force himself to a decisive experiment on its fitness, and, as Plutarch recommends, tear a living lamb with his teeth, and plunging his head into its vitals, slake his thirst with the steaming blood; when fresh from the deed of horror, let him revert to the irresistible instinct of nature that would rise in judgment against it, and say, Nature formed me for such work as this. Then, and only, would he be consistent.

Man resembles no carnivorous animal. There is no exception, unless man be one, to the rule of herbivorous animals having celled colons.

The orang-outang perfectly resembles man both in the order and number of his teeth. The orang-outang is the most anthropomorphous of the ape tribe, all of which are strictly frugivorous. There is no other species of animals, which live on different food, in which this analogy exists\*. In many frugivorous animals, the canine teeth are more pointed and distinct than those of man. The resemblance also of the human stomach to that of the orang-outang, is greater than to that of any other animal.

The intestines are also identical with those of herbivorous animals, which present a larger surface for absorption, and have ample and celled colons.

\* Cuvier, Leçons d'Anat. Comp. tom. iii. pages 169, 373, 448, 465, 480. Rees's Cyclopædia, article “Man.”

\* Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. vii. sect. 57.

† Return to Nature. Cadell, 1811.

The cæcum also, though short, is larger than that of carnivorous animals; and even here the orang-outang retains its accustomed similarity.

The structure of the human frame then is that of one fitted to a pure vegetable diet in every essential particular. It is true, that the reluctance to abstain from animal food, in those who have been long accustomed to its stimulus, is so great in some persons of weak minds, as to be scarcely overcome; but this is far from bringing any argument in its favour. A lamb, which was fed for some time on flesh by a ship's crew, refused its natural diet at the end of the voyage. There are numerous instances of horses, sheep, oxen, and even wood-pigeons, having been taught to live upon flesh, until they have loathed their natural aliment. Young children evidently prefer pastry, oranges, apples, and other fruit, to the flesh of animals; until, by the gradual deprivation of the digestive organs the free use of vegetables has for a time produced serious inconveniences; for a time I say, since there never was an instance wherein a change, from spirituous liquors and animal food to vegetables and pure water, has failed ultimately to invigorate the body, by rendering its juices bland and consentaneous, and to restore to the mind that cheerfulness and elasticity which not one in fifty possesses on the present system. A love of strong liquors is also with difficulty taught to infants. Almost every one remembers the wry faces which the first glass of port produced. Unsophisticated instinct is invariably unerring; but to decide on the fitness of animal food from the perverted appetites which its constrained adoption produces, is to make the criminal a judge of his own cause; it is even worse; for it is appealing to the infatuated drunkard in a question of the salubrity of brandy.

What is the cause of morbid action in the animal system? Not the air we breathe, for our fellow-denizens of nature breathe the same uninjured; not the water we drink, (if remote from the pollutions of man and his inventions\*), for the animals drink it too; not the earth we tread upon; not the unobscured sight of glorious nature, in the wood, the field, or the expanse of sky and ocean; nothing that we are or do in common with the undiseased inhabitants of the forest; but something then wherein we differ from them; our habit of altering our food by fire, so that our appetite is no longer a just criterion for the fitness of its gratification. Except in children, there remain no traces of that instinct which determines, in all other animals, what aliment is natural or otherwise; and so perfectly obliterated are they in the reasoning adults of our species, that it has become necessary to urge considerations drawn from comparative anatomy to prove that we are naturally frugivorous.

Crime is madness. Madness is disease. Whenever the cause of disease shall be discovered, the root, from which all vice and misery have so long overshadowed the globe, will lie bare to the axe. All the exertions of man, from that moment, may be considered as tending to the clear profit of his species. No sane mind in a sane body resolves upon a real crime. It is a man of violent passions, blood-shot eyes, and swollen veins, that alone can grasp the knife of murder. The system

\* The necessity of resorting to some means of purifying water, and the diseases which arise from its adulteration in civilised countries, are sufficiently apparent. See Dr. Lambe's Reports on Cancer. I do not assert that the use of water is in itself unnatural, but that the unperverted palate would swallow no liquid capable of occasioning disease.

of a simple diet promises no Utopian advantages. It is no mere reform of legislation, whilst the furious passions and evil propensities of the human heart, in which it had its origin, are still unassuaged. It strikes at the root of all evil, and is an experiment which may be tried with success not alone by nations, but by small societies, families, and even individuals. In no cases has a return to vegetable diet produced the slightest injury; in most it has been attended with changes undeniably beneficial. Should ever a physician be born with the genius of Locke, I am persuaded that he might trace all bodily and mental derangements to our unnatural habits, as clearly as that philosopher has traced all knowledge to sensation. What prolific sources of disease are not those mineral and vegetable poisons that have been introduced for its extirpation! How many thousands have become murderers and robbers, bigots and domestic tyrants, dissolute and abandoned adventurers, from the use of fermented liquors! who, had they slaked their thirst only with pure water, would have lived but to diffuse the happiness of their own unperverted feelings! How many groundless opinions and absurd institutions have received a general sanction from the sottishness and the intemperance of individuals! Who will assert that, had the populace of Paris satisfied their hunger at the ever-furnished table of vegetable nature, they would have lent their brutal suffrage to the proscription-list of Robespierre? Could a set of men, whose passions were not perverted by unnatural stimuli, look with coolness on an *auto da fé*? Is it to be believed that a being of gentle feelings, rising from his meal of roots, would take delight in sports of blood? Was Nero a man of temperate life? Could you read calm health in his cheek, flushed with ungovernable propensities of hatred for the human race? Did Muley Ismael's pulse beat evenly, was his skin transparent, did his eyes beam with healthfulness, and its invariable concomitants, cheerfulness and benignity? Though history has decided none of these questions, a child could not hesitate to answer in the negative. Surely the bile-suffused cheek of Buonaparte, his wrinkled brow, and yellow eye, the ceaseless inquietude of his nervous system, speak no less plainly the character of his unresting ambition, than his murders and his victories. It is impossible, had Buonaparte descended from a race of vegetable feeders, that he could have had either the inclination or the power to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. The desire of tyranny could scarcely be excited in the individual, the power to tyrannize would certainly not be delegated by a society neither freuzied by inebriation nor rendered impotent and irrational by disease. Pregnant indeed with inexhaustible calamity is the renunciation of instinct, as it concerns our physical nature; arithmetic cannot enumerate, nor reason perhaps suspect, the multitudinous sources of disease in civilised life. Even common water, that apparently innocuous pabulum, when corrupted by the filth of populous cities, is a deadly and insidious destroyer\*.

There is no disease, bodily or mental, which adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried. Debility is gradually converted into strength, disease into healthfulness, madness in all its hideous variety, from the ravings of the fettered maniac to the unaccountable irrationalities of ill temper, that make a hell of domestic life, into a calm and considerate evenness of temper, that alone might offer a certain pledge of



the future moral reformation of society. On a natural system of diet, old age would be our last and our only malady; the term of our existence would be protracted; we should enjoy life, and no longer preclude others from the enjoyment of it; all sensational delights would be infinitely more exquisite and perfect; the very sense of being would then be a continued pleasure, such as we now feel it in some few and favoured moments of our youth. By all that is sacred in our hopes for the human race, I conjure those who love happiness and truth to give a fair trial to the vegetable system! Reasoning is surely superfluous on a subject whose merits an experience of six months would set for ever at rest. But it is only among the enlightened and benevolent that so great a sacrifice of appetite and prejudice can be expected, even though its ultimate excellence should not admit of dispute. It is found easier, by the short-sighted victims of disease, to palliate their torments by medicine, than to prevent them by regimen. The vulgar of all ranks are invariably sensual and indocile; yet I cannot but feel myself persuaded that, when the benefits of vegetable diet are mathematically proved; when it is as clear, that those who live naturally are exempt from premature death, as that one is not nine, the most sotsish of mankind will feel a preference towards a long and tranquil, contrasted with a short and painful, life. On the average, out of sixty persons, four die in three years. Hopes are entertained that, in April, 1814, a statement will be given, that sixty persons, all having lived more than three years on vegetables and pure water, are then in *perfect health*. More than two years have now elapsed; *not one of them has died*; no such example will be found in any sixty persons taken at random. Seventeen persons of all ages (the families of Dr. Lambe and Mr. Newton) have lived for seven years on this diet without a death, and almost without the slightest illness. Surely when we consider that some of these were infants, and one a martyr to asthma, now nearly subdued, we may challenge any seventeen persons taken at random in this city to exhibit a parallel case. Those, who may have been excited to question the rectitude of established habits of diet by these loose remarks, should consult Mr. Newton's luminous and eloquent essay\*.

When these proofs come fairly before the world, and are clearly seen by all who understand arithmetic, it is scarcely possible that abstinence from aliment demonstrably pernicious should not become universal.—In proportion to the number of proselytes, so will be the weight of evidence; and, when a thousand persons can be produced, living on vegetables and distilled water, who have to dread no disease but old age, the world will be compelled to regard animal flesh and fermented liquors as slow but certain poisons. The change which would be produced by simpler habits on political economy is sufficiently remarkable. The monopolizing eater of animal flesh would no longer destroy his constitution by devouring an acre at a meal, and many loaves of bread would cease to contribute to gout, madness, and apoplexy, in the shape of a pint of porter, or a dram of gin, when appeasing the long-protracted famine of the hard-working peasant's hungry babes. The quantity of nutritious vegetable matter, consumed in fattening the carcass of an ox, would afford ten times the sustenance, undepraving indeed, and incapable of generating disease, if gathered immediately from the bosom of the earth. The most fertile districts of the habit-

able globe are now actually cultivated by men for animals, at a delay and waste of aliment absolutely incapable of calculation. It is only the wealthy that can, to any great degree, even now, indulge the unnatural craving for dead flesh, and they pay for the greater licence of the privilege by subjection to supernumerary diseases. Again, the spirit of the nation, that should take the lead in this great reform, would insensibly become agricultural; commerce, with all its vice, selfishness, and corruption, would gradually decline; more natural habits would produce gentler manners, and the excessive complication of political relations would be so far simplified, that every individual might feel and understand why he loved his country, and took a personal interest in its welfare. How would England, for example, depend on the caprices of foreign rulers, if she contained within herself all the necessaries, and despised whatever they possessed of the luxuries of life? How could they starve her into compliance with their views? Of what consequence would it be that they refused to take her woollen manufactures, when large and fertile tracts of the island ceased to be allotted to the waste of pasturage! On a natural system of diet, we should require no spices from India; no wines from Portugal, Spain, France, or Madeira; none of those multitudinous articles of luxury, for which every corner of the globe is rifled, and which are the causes of so much individual rivalry, such calamitous and sanguinary national disputes. In the history of modern times, the avarice of commercial monopoly, no less than the ambition of weak and wicked chiefs, seems to have fomented the universal discord, to have added stubbornness to the mistakes of cabinets, and indocility to the infatuation of the people. Let it ever be remembered, that it is the direct influence of commerce to make the interval between the richest and the poorest man wider and more unconquerable. Let it be remembered, that it is a foe to everything of real worth and excellence in the human character. The odious and disgusting aristocracy of wealth is built upon the ruins of all that is good in chivalry or republicanism; and luxury is the forerunner of a barbarism scarce capable of cure. Is it impossible to realise a state of society, where all the energies of man shall be directed to the production of his solid happiness? Certainly, if this advantage (the object of all political speculation) be in any degree attainable, it is attainable only by a community which holds no factitious incentives to the avarice and ambition of the few, and which is internally organised for the liberty, security, and comfort of the many. None must be intrusted with power (and money is the completest species of power) who do not stand pledged to use it exclusively for the general benefit. But the use of animal flesh and fermented liquors directly militates with this equality of the rights of man. The peasant cannot gratify these fashionable cravings without leaving his family to starve. Without disease and war, those sweeping curtailers of population, pasturage would include a waste too great to be afforded. The labour requisite to support a family is far lighter\* than is usually supposed. The peasantry work, not

\* It has come under the author's experience, that some of the workmen on an embankment in North Wales, who in consequence of the inability of the proprietor to pay them, seldom received their wages, have supported large families by cultivating small spots of sterile ground by moonlight. In the notes to Pratt's poem, "Bread or the Poor," is an account of an industrious labourer, who, by working in a small garden, before and after his day's task, attained to an enviable state of independence.

\* Return to Nature, or Defence of Vegetable Regimen. Cadell, 1811.

only for themselves, but for the aristocracy, the army, and the manufacturers.

The advantage of a reform in diet is obviously greater than that of any other. It strikes at the root of the evil. To remedy the abuses of legislation, before we annihilate the propensities by which they are produced, is to suppose, that, by taking away the effect, the cause will cease to operate. But the efficacy of this system depends entirely on the proselytism of individuals, and grounds its merits, as a benefit to the community, upon the total change of the dietetic habits in its members. It proceeds securely from a number of particular cases to one that is universal, and has this advantage over the contrary mode, that one error does not invalidate all that has gone before.

Let not too much, however, be expected from this system. The healthiest among us is not exempt from hereditary disease. The most symmetrical, athletic, and long-lived, is a being inexpressibly inferior to what he would have been, had not the unnatural habits of his ancestors accumulated for him a certain portion of malady and deformity. In the most perfect specimen of civilised man, something is still found wanting by the physiological critic. Can a return to nature, then, instantaneously eradicate predispositions that have been slowly taking root in the silence of innumerable ages?—Indubitably not. All that I contend for is, that, from the moment of relinquishing all unnatural habits, no new disease is generated; and that the predisposition to hereditary maladies gradually perishes for want of its accustomed supply. In cases of consumption, cancer, gout, asthma, and scrofula, such is the invariable tendency of a diet of vegetables and pure water.

Those who may be induced by these remarks to give the vegetable system a fair trial should, in the first place, date the commencement of their practice from the moment of their conviction. All depends upon breaking through a pernicious habit resolutely and at once. Dr. Trotter\* asserts, that no drunkard was ever reformed by gradually relinquishing his dram. Animal flesh, in its effects on the human stomach, is analogous to a dram. It is similar to the kind, though differing in the degree, of its operation. The proselyte to pure diet must be warned to expect a temporary diminution of muscular strength. The subtraction of a powerful stimulus will suffice to account for this event. But it is only temporary, and is succeeded by an equable capability for exertion, far surpassing his former various and fluctuating strength. Above all, he will acquire an easiness of breathing, by which such exertion is performed, with a remarkable exemption from that painful and difficult panting now felt by almost every one after hastily climbing an ordinary mountain. He will be equally capable of bodily exertion, or mental application, after as before his simple meal. He will feel none of the narcotic effects of ordinary diet. Irritability, the direct consequence of exhausting stimuli, would yield to the power of natural and tranquil impulses. He will no longer pine under the lethargy of ennui, that unconquerable weariness of life, more to be dreaded than death itself. He will escape the epidemic madness which broods over its own injurious notions of the Deity, and “realises the hell that priests and beldams feign.” Every man forms as it were his god from his own character; to the divinity of one of simple habits no offering would be more acceptable than the happiness of his creatures. He would be incapable of hating or persecuting others for the love of God. He will find, moreover, a system of simple diet to be a

\* See Trotter on the Nervous Temperament.

system of perfect epicurism. He will no longer be incessantly occupied in blunting and destroying those organs from which he expects his gratification. The pleasures of taste to be derived from a dinner of potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, lettuces, with a dessert of apples, gooseberries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and, in winter, oranges, apples, and pears, is far greater than is supposed. Those who wait until they can eat this plain fare with the sauce of appetite will scarcely join with the hypocritical sensualist at a lord-mayor's feast, who declaims against the pleasures of the table. Solomon kept a thousand concubines, and owned in despair that all was vanity. The man, whose happiness is constituted by the society of one amiable woman, would find some difficulty in sympathising with the disappointment of this venerable debauchee.

I address myself not to the young enthusiast only, the ardent devotee of truth and virtue, the pure and passionate moralist, yet unvitiated by the contagion of the world. He will embrace a pure system from its abstract truth, its beauty, its simplicity, and its promise of wide-extended benefit; unless custom has turned poison into food, he will hate the brutal pleasures of the chase by instinct; it will be a contemplation full of horror and disappointment to his mind, that beings, capable of the gentlest and most admirable sympathies, should take delight in the death-pangs and last convulsions of dying animals. The elderly man, whose youth has been poisoned by intemperance, or who has lived with apparent moderation, and is afflicted with a variety of painful maladies, would find his account in a beneficial change produced without the risk of poisonous medicines. The mother to whom the perpetual restlessness of disease, and unaccountable deaths incident to her children, are the causes of incurable unhappiness, would on this diet experience the satisfaction of beholding their perpetual health and natural playfulness\*. The most valuable lives are daily destroyed by diseases that it is dangerous to palliate, and impossible to cure, by medicine. How much longer will man continue to pimp for the gluttony of death, his most insidious, implacable, and eternal, foe?

Ἄλλὰ δράκοντας ἀγρίους καλεῖτε, καὶ παρδάεις, καὶ λέοντας, αὐτοὶ δὲ μαιφρονεῖτε εἰς ἀμόγητα, καταλιπόντες ἐκείνους οὐδὲν ἐκείνους μὲν γὰρ ὁ φόνος τροφῆ, ἡμῖν δὲ ὕψον ἐστίν.

\* Ὅτι γὰρ οὐκ ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπῳ κατὰ φύσιν τὸ σαρκοφαγεῖν, πρῶτον μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν σωματῶν δηλοῦται τῆς κατασκευῆς. Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἔοικε τὸ ἀνθρώπῳ σῶμα τῶν ἐπὶ σαρκοφαγίᾳ γενομένων, οὐ χρυσότης χεῖλους, οὐκ ὀξύτης ὄνυχος, οὐ τραχύτης ὀδόντων πρόεστιν, οὐ κοιλίας εὐστονία καὶ πνεύματος θερμότης, τρέψαι καὶ κατεργάσασθαι θανατὴ τὸ βαρὺ καὶ κρεῶδες· ἀλλ’

\* See Mr. Newton's book. His children are the most beautiful and healthy creatures it is possible to conceive: the girls are perfect models for a sculptor; their dispositions are also the most gentle and conciliating; the judicious treatment which they experience in other points may be a correlative cause of this. In the first five years of their life, of 18,000 children that are born, 7500 die of various diseases, and how many more of those that survive are rendered miserable by maladies not immediately mortal! The quality and quantity of a woman's milk are materially injured by the use of dead flesh. In an island near Iceland, where no vegetables are to be got, the children invariably die of tetanus before they are three weeks old, and the population is supplied from the main land.—*Sir G. Mackenzie's History of Iceland*. See also *Emile*, chap. 1. pages 53, 54, 56.

αὐτόθεν ἢ φύσις τῆ λειότητι τῶν ὀδόντων, καὶ τῆ  
σμικρότητι τοῦ στόματος, καὶ τῆ μαλακότητι τῆς  
γλώσσης, καὶ τῆ πρὸς πέψιν ἀμβλύτητι τοῦ πνεύμα-  
τος, ἐξέμνυται τὴν σαρκοφαγίαν. Εἰ δὲ λέγεις πεφυ-  
κένα σεαυτὸν ἐπὶ τοιαύτην ἔδωδον, ὃ βούλει φαγεῖν,  
πρῶτον αὐτὸς ἀπόκτεινον· ἀλλ' αὐτὸς διὰ σεαυτοῦ, μὴ  
χρησάμενος κοπίδι, μῆδὲ τυσαίφ τι, μῆδὲ πελέκει·  
ἀλλὰ ὡς λύκοι καὶ ἄρκτοι καὶ λέοντες αὐτοὶ ὡς ἰσθί-  
ουσι φονεούσιν, ἄνελε δῆγματι βοῦν· ἢ στόματι οὖν,  
ἢ ἔρνα, ἢ λαγῶν, διάβρηξον, καὶ φάγε προσπεσῶν ἐπὶ  
ζῶντος ὡς ἐκείνα.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ἡμεῖς δὲ οὕτως ἐν τῷ μαιφόνῳ τρυφῶμεν, ὥστε  
ὑψον τὸ κρέας προσαγορεύομεν, ἔττα θύων πρὸς αὐτὸ  
τὸ κρέας δεόμεθα, ἀναμυγνύντες ἔλαιον, οἶνον, μέλι,

γάρον, ὕξος, ἡδύσμασι Συριακοῖς, Αἰθιοπικοῖς, ὥσπερ  
ὄντως νεκρὸν ἐταφιάζοντες. Καὶ γὰρ οὕτως αὐτῶν  
διαλυθέντων καὶ μαλαχθέντων καὶ τρόπον τινα κρευ-  
σαπέντων ἔργον ἐστὶ τὴν πέψιν κρατῆσαι, καὶ δια-  
κρατηθείσης δὲ δεινὰς βαρύτητας ἐμποεῖ καὶ νοσώδεις  
ἀπεψίας.

Οὕτω τὸ πρῶτον ἀγρίον τι ζῶν ἐβρώθη καὶ κακοῦρ-  
γον εἶτα ἔρως τις ἢ ἰχθὺς εἰλκυστο· καὶ γενόμενον,  
οὕτω καὶ προμελέτησαν ἐν ἐκείνοις τὸ νικεῖν ἐπὶ βοῦν  
ἐργάτην ἦλθε, καὶ τὸ κόσμον πρόβατον, καὶ τὸν οἰκου-  
ροῦν ἀλεκτρυόνα· καὶ καταμικρὸν οὕτω τὴν ἀπληστίαν  
τουώστατες, ἐπὶ σφαγὰς ἀνθρώπων, καὶ φόνους, καὶ  
πολέμους προήλθον.

Πλούτ. περὶ τῆς Σαρκοφαγίας.

### NOTE ON QUEEN MAB. BY THE EDITOR.

SHELLEY was eighteen when he wrote "Queen Mab:" he never published it. When it was written, he had come to the decision that he was too young to be a "judge of controversies;" and he was desirous of acquiring "that sobriety of spirit which is the characteristic of true heroism." But he never doubted the truth or utility of his opinions; and in printing and privately distributing "Queen Mab" he believed that he should further their dissemination, without occasioning the mischief either to others or himself that might arise from publication. It is doubtful whether he would himself have admitted it into a collection of his works. His severe classical taste, refined by the constant study of the Greek poets, might have discovered defects that escape the ordinary reader, and the change his opinions underwent in many points, would have prevented him from putting forth the speculations of his boyish days. But the poem is too beautiful in itself, and far too remarkable as the production of a boy of eighteen, to allow of its being passed over: besides that having been frequently reprinted, the omission would be vain. In the former edition certain portions were left out, as shocking the general reader from the violence of their attack on religion. I myself had a painful feeling that such erasures might be looked upon as a mark of disrespect towards the author, and am glad to have the opportunity of restoring them. The notes also are reprinted entire; not because they are models of reasoning or lessons of truth; but because Shelley wrote them. And that all that a man, at once so distinguished and so excellent, ever did, deserves to be preserved.

The alterations his opinions underwent ought to be recorded, for they form his history.

A series of articles was published in the "New Monthly Magazine," during the autumn of the year 1832, written by a man of great talent, a fellow collegian and warm friend of Shelley: they describe admirably the state of his mind during his collegiate life. Inspired with ardour for the acquisition of knowledge; endowed with the keenest sensibility, and with the fortitude of a martyr, Shelley came among his fellow-creatures, congregated for the purposes of education, like a spirit from another sphere, too delicately organised for the rough treatment man uses towards man, especially in the season of youth; and too resolute in carrying out his own sense of good and justice not to become a victim. To a devoted attachment to those he loved, he added a determined resistance to oppression. Refusing to fag at Eton, he was treated with revolting cruelty by masters and boys: this roused, instead of taming his spirit, and he rejected the duty of obedience, when it was enforced by menaces and punishment. To aversion to the society of his fellow-creatures, such as he found them when collected together in societies, where one egged on the other to acts of tyranny, was joined the deepest sympathy and compassion; while the attachment he felt for individuals and the admiration with which he regarded their powers and their virtues, led him to entertain a high opinion of the perfectibility of human nature, and he believed that all could reach the highest grade of moral improvement, did not the customs

and prejudices of society foster evil passions, and excuse evil actions.

The oppression which, trembling at every nerve yet resolute to heroism, it was his ill fortune to encounter at school and at college, led him to dissent in all things from those whose arguments were blows, whose faith appeared to engender blame and hatred. "During my existence," he wrote to a friend in 1812, "I have incessantly speculated, thought, and read." His readings were not always well chosen; among them were the works of the French philosophers; as far as metaphysical argument went, he temporarily became a convert. At the same time, it was the cardinal article of his faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it is professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues, which would make men brothers.

Can this be wondered at? At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved at every personal sacrifice to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy,—he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal.

The cause was, that he was sincere; that he believed the opinions which he entertained, to be true; and he loved truth with a martyr's love: he was ready to sacrifice station and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen. It is a singular fact in the history of society in the civilised nations of modern times, that no false step is so irretrievable as one made in early youth. Older men, it is true, when they oppose their fellows, and transgress ordinary rules, carry a certain prudence or hypocrisy as a shield along with them. But youth is rash; nor can it imagine, while asserting what it believes to be true, and doing what it believes to be right, that it should be denounced as vicious, and pursued as a criminal.

Shelley possessed a quality of mind which experience has shown me to be of the rarest occurrence among human beings: this was his *unworldliness*. The usual motives that rule men, prospects of present or future advantage, the rank and fortune of those around, the taunts and censures, or the praise of those who were hostile to him, had no influence whatever over his actions, and apparently none over his thoughts. It is difficult

even to express the simplicity and directness of purpose that adorned him. Some few might be found in the history of mankind, and some one at least among his own friends, equally disinterested and scornful, even to severe personal sacrifices, of every baser motive. But no one, I believe, ever joined this noble but passive virtue to equal active endeavours, for the benefit of his friends and mankind in general, and to equal power to produce the advantages he desired. The world's brightest gauds, and its most solid advantages, were of no worth in his eyes, when compared to the cause of what he considered truth, and the good of his fellow-creatures. Born in a position which, to his inexperienced mind, afforded the greatest facilities to practise the tenets he espoused, he boldly declared the use he would make of fortune and station, and enjoyed the belief that he should materially benefit his fellow-creatures by his actions; while, conscious of surpassing powers of reason and imagination, it is not strange that he should, even while so young, have believed that his written thoughts would tend to disseminate opinions, which he believed conducive to the happiness of the human race.

If man were a creature devoid of passion, he might have said and done all this with quietness. But he was too enthusiastic, and too full of hatred of all the ills he witnessed, not to scorn danger. Various disappointments tortured, but could not tame, his soul. The more enmity he met, the more earnestly he became attached to his peculiar views, and hostile to those of the men who persecuted him.

He was animated to greater zeal by compassion for his fellow-creatures. His sympathy was excited by the misery with which the world is bursting. He witnessed the sufferings of the poor, and was aware of the evils of ignorance. He desired to induce every rich man to despoil himself of superfluity, and to create a brotherhood of property and service, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of his birth. He was of too uncompromising a disposition to join any party. He did not in his youth look forward to gradual improvement: nay, in those days of intolerance, now almost forgotten, it seemed as easy to look forward to the sort of millennium of freedom and brotherhood, which he thought the proper state of mankind, as to the present reign of moderation and improvement. Ill health made him believe that his race would soon be run; that a year or two was all he had of life. He desired that these years should be useful and illustrious. He saw, in a fervent call on his fellow-creatures to share

alike the blessings of the creation, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted him. In this spirit he composed *QUEEN MAB*.

He was a lover of the wonderful and wild in literature; but had not fostered these tastes at their genuine sources—the romances and chivalry of the middle ages; but in the perusal of such German works as were current in those days. Under the influence of these, he, at the age of fifteen, wrote two short prose romances of slender merit. The sentiments and language were exaggerated, the composition imitative and poor. He wrote also a poem on the subject of Ahasuerus—being led to it by a German fragment he picked up, dirty and torn, in Lincoln's-inn-Fields. This fell afterwards into other hands—and was considerably altered before it was printed. Our earlier English poetry was almost unknown to him. The love and knowledge of nature developed by Wordsworth—the lofty melody and mysterious beauty of Coleridge's poetry—and the wild fantastic machinery and gorgeous scenery adopted by Southey, composed his favourite reading; the rhythm of *Queen Mab* was founded on that of *Thalaba*, and the first few lines bear a striking resemblance in spirit, though not in idea, to the opening of that poem. His fertile imagination, and ear, tuned to the finest sense of harmony, preserved him from imitation. Another of his favourite books was the poem of *Gebir*, by Walter Savage Landor. From his boyhood he had a wonderful facility of versification which he carried into another language, and his Latin school verses were composed with an ease and correctness that procured for him prizes—and caused him to be resorted to by all his friends for help. He was, at the period of writing *Queen Mab*, a great traveller within the limits of England, Scotland, and Ireland. His time was spent among the loveliest scenes of these countries. Mountain and lake and forest were his home; the phenomena of nature were his favourite study. He loved to inquire into their causes, and was addicted to pursuits of natural philosophy and chemistry, as far as they could be carried on, as an amusement. These tastes gave truth and vivacity to his descriptions, and warmed his soul with that deep admiration for the wonders of Nature which constant association with her inspired.

He never intended to publish *Queen Mab* as it stands; but a few years after, when printing *Alastor*, he extracted a small portion which he entitled "*The Dæmon of the World*;" in this he

changed somewhat the versification—and made other alterations scarcely to be called improvements.

I extract the invocation of *Queen Mab* to the Soul of *Ianthe*, as altered in "*The Dæmon of the World*." I give it as a specimen of the alterations made. It well characterises his own state of mind:

INVOCATION.

Maiden, the world's supremest spirit  
Beneath the shadow of her wings  
Folds all thy memory doth inherit  
From ruin of divinest things,  
Feelings that lure thee to betray,  
And light of thoughts that pass away.

For thou hast earned a mighty boon;  
The truths which wisest poets see  
Dimly, thy mind may make its own,  
Rewarding its own majesty,  
Entranced in some diviner mood  
Of self-oblivious solitude.

Custom and faith and power thou spurnest,  
From hate and fear thy heart is free;  
Ardent and pure as day thou burnest  
For dark and cold mortality;  
A living light to cheer it long,  
The watch-fires of the world among.

Therefore, from nature's inner shrine,  
Where gods and fiends in worship bend,  
Majestic Spirit, be it thine  
The flame to seize, the veil to rend,  
Where the vast snake Eternity  
In charmed sleep doth ever lie.

All that inspires thy voice of love,  
Or speaks in thy unclosing eyes,  
Or through thy frame doth burn and move,  
Or think, or feel, awake, arise!  
Spirit, leave for mine and me  
Earth's unsubstantial mimicry!

Some years after, when in Italy, a bookseller published an edition of *Queen Mab* as it originally stood. Shelley was hastily written to by his friends, under the idea that, deeply injurious as the mere distribution of the poem had proved, the publication might awaken fresh persecutions. At the suggestion of these friends he wrote a letter on the subject, printed in "*The Examiner*" newspaper—with which I close this history of his earliest work.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EXAMINER."

"Sir,

"Having heard that a poem, entitled 'Queen Mab,' has been surreptitiously published in London, and that legal proceedings have been instituted against the publisher, I request the favour of your insertion of the following explanation of the affair, as it relates to me.

"A poem, entitled 'Queen Mab,' was written by me, at the age of eighteen, I dare say in a sufficiently intemperate spirit—but even then was not intended for publication, and a few copies only were struck off, to be distributed among my personal friends. I have not seen this production for several years; I doubt not but that it is perfectly worthless in point of literary composition; and that in all that concerns moral and political speculation, as well as in the subtler discriminations of metaphysical and religious doctrine, it is still more crude and immature. I am a devoted enemy to religious, political, and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication not so much from literary vanity, as because I

fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom. I have directed my solicitor to apply to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the sale; but after the precedent of Mr. Southey's 'Wat Tyler,' (a poem, written, I believe, at the same age, and with the same unreflecting enthusiasm,) with little hope of success.

"Whilst I exonerate myself from all share in having divulged opinions hostile to existing sanctions, under the form, whatever it may be, which they assume in this poem; it is scarcely necessary for me to protest against the system of inculcating the truth of Christianity or the excellence of Monarchy, however true or however excellent they may be, by such equivocal arguments as confiscation and imprisonment, and invective and slander, and the insolent violation of the most sacred ties of nature and society.

"Sir,

"I am your obliged and obedient servant,

"PERCY B. SHELLEY.

"Pisa, June 22, 1821."

END OF QUEEN MAB.

ALASTOR;  
OR,  
THE SPIRIT OF SOLITUDE.

Nondum amabam, et amare amabam, querebam quid amarem amans amare.

*Confess. St. August.*

PREFACE.

THE poem entitled "Alastor," may be considered as allegorical of one of the most interesting situations of the human mind. It represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. He drinks deep of the fountains of knowledge, and is still insatiate. The magnificence and beauty of the external world sinks profoundly into the frame of his conceptions, and affords to their modifications a variety not to be exhausted. So long as it is possible for his desires to point towards objects thus infinite and unmeasured, he is joyous, and tranquil, and self-possessed. But the period arrives when these objects cease to suffice. His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the Being whom he loves. Conversant with speculations of the sublimest and most perfect natures, the vision in which he embodies his own imaginations, unites all of wonderful, or wise, or beautiful, which the poet, the philosopher, or the lover, could depicture. The intellectual faculties, the imagination, the functions of sense, have their respective requisitions on the sympathy of corresponding powers in other human beings. The Poet is represented as uniting these requisitions, and attaching them to a single image. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception. Blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave.

The picture is not barren of instruction to actual men. The Poet's self-centred seclusion was avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin. But that Power which strikes the luminaries of the world with sudden darkness and extinction, by awakening them to too exquisite a perception of its influences, dooms to a slow and poisonous decay those meaner spirits that dare to abjure its dominion. Their destiny is more abject and inglorious, as their delinquency is more contemptible and pernicious. They who, deluded by no generous error, instigated by no sacred thirst of doubtful knowledge, duped by no illustrious superstition, loving nothing on this earth, and cherishing no hopes beyond, yet keep aloof from sympathies with their kind, rejoicing neither in human joy nor mourning with human grief; these, and such as they, have their apportioned curse. They languish, because none feel with them their common nature. They are morally dead. They are neither friends, nor lovers, nor fathers, nor citizens of the world, nor bene-

factors of their country. Among those who attempt to exist without human sympathy, the pure and tender-hearted perish through the intensity and passion of their search after its communities, when the vacancy of their spirits suddenly makes itself felt. All else, selfish, blind, and torpid, are those unforeseeing multitudes who constitute, together with their own, the lasting misery and loneliness of the world. Those who love not their fellow-beings, live unfruitful lives, and prepare for their old age a miserable grave.

The good die first,  
And those whose hearts are dry as summer's dust  
Burn to the socket!

*December 14, 1815.*

EARTH, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!  
If our great Mother have imbued my soul  
With aught of natural piety to feel  
Your love, and recompense the boon with mine;  
If dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,  
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,  
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;  
If autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,  
And winter robing with pure snow and crowns  
Of starry ice the grey grass and bare boughs;  
If spring's voluptuous pantings when she breathes  
Her first sweet kisses, have been dear to me;  
If no bright bird, insect, or gentle beast  
I consciously have injured, but still loved  
And cherished these my kindred;—then forgive  
This boast, beloved brethren, and withdraw  
No portion of your wonted favour now!

Mother of this unfathomable world!  
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved  
Thee ever, and thee only; I have watched  
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,  
And my heart ever gazes on the depth  
Of thy deep mysteries. I have made my bed  
In charnels and on coffins, where black death  
Keeps record of the trophies won from thee,  
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings  
Of thee and thine, by forcing some lone ghost,  
Thy messenger, to render up the tale  
Of what we are. In lone and silent hours,  
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,  
Like an inspired and desperate alchemist  
Staking his very life on some dark hope,  
Have I mixed awful talk and asking looks  
With my most innocent love, until strange tears,  
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made

Such magic as compels the charmed night  
To render up thy charge : and, though ne'er yet  
Thou hast unveiled thy inmost sanctuary ;  
Enough from incommunicable dream,  
And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought,  
Has shone within me, that serenely now  
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre  
Suspended in the solitary dome  
Of some mysterious and deserted fane,  
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain  
May modulate with murmurs of the air,  
And motions of the forests and the sea,  
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns  
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

There was a Poet whose untimely tomb  
No human hands with pious reverence reared,  
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds  
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid  
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness ;  
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked  
With weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,  
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep :  
Gentle, and brave, and generous, no lorn bard  
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh :  
He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.  
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,  
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined  
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.  
The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,  
And Silence too, enamoured of that voice,  
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

By solemn vision and bright silver dream,  
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight  
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air,  
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.  
The fountains of divine philosophy  
Fled not his thirsting lips ; and all of great,  
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past  
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt  
And knew. When early youth had past, he left  
His cold fireside and alienated home,  
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.  
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness  
Has lured his fearless steps ; and he has bought  
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,  
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps  
He, like her shadow, has pursued, where'er  
The red volcano overcanopies  
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice  
With burning smoke : or where bitumen lakes,  
On black bare pointed islets ever beat  
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves,  
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs,  
Of fire and poison, inaccessible  
To avarice or pride, their starry domes  
Of diamond and of gold expand above  
Numberless and immeasurable halls,  
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines  
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.  
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty  
Than gems or gold, the varying roof of heaven  
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims  
To love and wonder ; he would linger long  
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,  
Until the doves and squirrels would partake  
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,  
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks,  
And the wild antelope, that starts where'er

The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend  
Her timid steps, to gaze upon a form  
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,

Obedient to high thoughts, has visited  
The awful ruins of the days of old :  
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste  
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers  
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,  
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoever of strange  
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,  
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,  
Dark Ethiopia on her desert hills  
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,  
Stupendous columns, and wild images  
Of more than man, where marble demons watch  
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men  
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,  
He lingered, poring on memorials  
Of the world's youth, through the long burning day  
Gazed on those speechless shapes, nor, when the  
moon  
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades  
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed  
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind  
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw  
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

Meanwhile an Arab maiden brought his food,  
Her daily portion, from her father's tent,  
And spread her matting for his couch, and stole  
From duties and repose to tend his steps :—  
Enamoured, yet not daring for deep awe  
To speak her love :—and watched his nightly sleep,  
Sleepless herself, to gaze upon his lips  
Parted in slumber, whence the regular breath  
Of innocent dreams arose : then, when red morn  
Made paler the pale moon, to her cold home,  
Wildered, and wan, and panting, she returned.

The Poet wandering on, through Arabia  
And Persia, and the wild Carmanian waste,  
And o'er the aerial mountains which pour down  
Indus and Oxus from their icy caves,  
In joy and exultation held his way ;  
Till in the vale of Cachmire, far within  
Its loneliest dell, where odorous plants entwine  
Beneath the hollow rocks a natural bower,  
Beside a sparkling rivulet he stretched  
His languid limbs. A vision on his sleep  
There came, a dream of hopes that never yet  
Had flushed his cheek. He dreamed a veiled maid  
Sate near him, talking in low solemn tones.  
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul  
Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,  
Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held  
His inmost sense suspended in its web  
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues.  
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,  
And lofty hopes of divine liberty,  
Thoughts the most dear to him, and poesy,  
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood  
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame  
A permeating fire : wild numbers then  
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs  
Subdued by its own pathos : her fair hands  
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp  
Strange symphony, and in their branching veins  
The eloquent blood told an ineffable tale.



The beating of her heart was heard to fill  
 The pauses of her music, and her breath  
 Tumultuously accorded with those fits  
 Of intermitted song. Sudden she rose,  
 As if her heart impatiently endured  
 Its bursting burthen: at the sound he turned,  
 And saw by the warm light of their own life  
 Her glowing limbs beneath the sinuous veil  
 Of wowing wind ; her outspread arms now bare,  
 Her dark locks floating in the breath of night,  
 Her beamy bending eyes, her parted lips  
 Outstretched, and pale, and quivering eagerly.  
 His strong heart sank and sickened with excess  
 Of love. He reared his shuddering limbs, and  
 quelled

His gasping breath, and spread his arms to meet  
 Her panting bosom—she drew back awhile,  
 Then, yielding to the irresistible joy,  
 With frantic gesture and short breathless cry  
 Folded his frame in her dissolving arms.  
 Now blackness veiled his dizzy eyes, and night  
 Involved and swallowed up the vision ; sleep,  
 Like a dark flood suspended in its course,  
 Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.

Roused by the shock, he started from his trance—  
 The cold white light of morning, the blue moon  
 Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,  
 The distinct valley and the vacant woods,  
 Spread round him where he stood. Whither have  
 The hues of heaven that canopied his bower [fled  
 Of yesternight ? The sounds that soothed his sleep,  
 The mystery and the majesty of Earth,  
 The joy, the exultation ? His wan eyes  
 Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly  
 As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.  
 The spirit of sweet human love has sent  
 A vision to the sleep of him who spurned  
 Her choicest gifts. He eagerly pursues  
 Beyond the realms of dream that fleeting shade ;  
 He overleaps the bounds. Alas ! alas !  
 Were limbs and breath and being intertwined  
 Thus treacherously ? Lost, lost, for ever lost,  
 In the wide pathless desert of dim sleep,  
 That beautiful shape ! Does the dark gate of death  
 Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,  
 O Sleep ? Does the bright arch of rainbow clouds,  
 And pendent mountains seen in the calm lake,  
 Lead only to a black and watery depth, [hung,  
 While death's blue vault with loathliest vapours  
 Where every shade which the foul grave exhales  
 Hides its dead eye from the detested day,  
 Conduct, O Sleep, to thy delightful realms ?  
 This doubt with sudden tide flowed on his heart,  
 The insatiate hope which it awakened, stung  
 His brain even like despair.

While daylight held

The sky, the Poet kept mute conference  
 With his still soul. At night the passion came,  
 Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,  
 And shook him from his rest, and led him forth  
 Into the darkness.—As an eagle grasped  
 In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast  
 Burn with the poison, and precipitates [cloud,  
 Through night and day, tempest, and calm and  
 Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight  
 O'er the wide æry wilderness : thus driven  
 By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,  
 Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,

Through tangled swamps and deep precipitous dells,  
 Startling with careless step the moon-light snake,  
 He fled. Red morning dawned upon his flight,  
 Shedding the mockery of its vital hues  
 Upon his cheek of death. He wandered on,  
 Till vast Aornos, seen from Petra's steep,  
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud ;  
 Through Balk, and where the desolated tombs  
 Of Parthian kings scatter to every wind  
 Their wasting dust, wildly he wandered on,  
 Day after day, a weary waste of hours,  
 Bearing within his life the brooding care  
 That ever fed on its decaying flame.  
 And now his limbs were lean ; his scattered hair,  
 Sered by the autumn of strange suffering,  
 Sung dirges in the wind ; his listless hand  
 Hung like dead bone within its withered skin ;  
 Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone  
 As in a furnace burning secretly  
 From his dark eyes alone. The cottagers,  
 Who ministered with human charity  
 His human wants, beheld with wondering awe  
 Their fleeting visitant. The mountaineer,  
 Encountering on some dizzy precipice  
 That spectral form, deemed that the Spirit of wind  
 With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet  
 Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused  
 In his career : the infant would conceal  
 His troubled visage in his mother's robe  
 In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,  
 To remember their strange light in many a dream  
 Of after times ; but youthful maidens, taught  
 By nature, would interpret half the woe  
 That wasted him, would call him with false names  
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand  
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path  
 Of his departure from their father's door.

At length upon the lone Chorasmian shore  
 He paused, a wide and melancholy waste  
 Of putrid marshes. A strong impulse urged  
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,  
 Beside a sluggish stream among the reeds.  
 It rose as he approached, and with strong wings  
 Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course  
 High over the immeasurable main.  
 His eyes pursued its flight :—"Thou hast a home,  
 Beautiful bird ! thou voyagest to thine home,  
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy.  
 And what am I that I should linger here,  
 With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,  
 Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned  
 To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers  
 In the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven  
 That echoes not my thoughts ?" A gloomy smile  
 Of desperate hope wrinkled his quivering lips.  
 For sleep, he knew, kept most relentlessly  
 Its precious charge, and silent death exposed,  
 Faithless perhaps as sleep, a shadowy lure,  
 With doubtful smile mocking its own strange charms.

Started by his own thoughts, he looked around :  
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight  
 Or sound of awe but in his own deep mind.  
 A little shallop floating near the shore  
 Caught the impatient wandering of his gaze.  
 It had been long abandoned, for its sides  
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints

Swayed with the undulations of the tide.  
A restless impulse urged him to embark  
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste ;  
For well he knew that mighty Shadow loves  
The slimy caverns of the populous deep.

The day was fair and sunny : sea and sky  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
Swept strongly from the shore, blackening the waves.  
Following his eager soul, the wanderer  
Leaped in the boat, he spread his cloak aloft  
On the bare mast, and took his lonely seat,  
And felt the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea  
Like a torn cloud before the hurricane.

As one that in a silver vision floats  
Obedient to the sweep of odorless winds  
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly  
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled  
The straining boat.—A whirlwind swept it on,  
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,  
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.  
The waves arose. Higher and higher still  
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's  
scourge

Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.  
Calm and rejoicing in the fearful war  
Of wave running on wave, and blast on blast  
Descending, and black flood on whirlpool driven  
With dark obliterating course, he sate :  
As if their genii were the ministers  
Appointed to conduct him to the light  
Of those beloved eyes, the Poet sate  
Holding the steady helm. Evening came on,  
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
High 'mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray  
That canopied his path o'er the waste deep ;  
Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,  
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks  
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;  
Night followed, clad with stars. On every side  
More horribly the multitudinous streams  
Of ocean's mountainous waste to mutual war  
Rushed in dark tumult thundering, as to mock  
The calm and spangled sky. The little boat  
Still fled before the storm ; still fled, like foam  
Down the steep cataract of a wintry river ;  
Now pausing on the edge of the riven wave ;  
Now leaving far behind the bursting mass  
That fell, convulsing ocean. Safely fled—  
As if that frail and wasted human form  
Had been an elemental god.

At midnight

The moon arose : and lo ! the ethereal cliffs  
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone  
Among the stars like sunlight, and around  
Whose caverned base the whirlpools and the waves,  
Bursting and eddying irresistibly,  
Rage and resound for ever.—Who shall save ?—  
The boat fled on,—the boiling torrent drove,—  
The crags closed round with black and jagged arms,  
The shattered mountain overhanging the sea,  
And faster still, beyond all human speed,  
Suspended on the sweep of the smooth wave,  
The little boat was driven. A cavern then  
Yawned, and amid its slant and winding depths  
Ingulfed the rushing sea. The boat fled on  
With unrelaxing speed. " Vision and Love !"  
The Poet cried aloud, " I have beheld

The path of thy departure. Sleep and death  
Shall not divide us long."

The boat pursued

The windings of the cavern. Day-light shone  
At length upon that gloomy river's flow ;  
Now, where the fiercest war among the waves  
Is calm, on the unfathomable stream [riven,  
The boat moved slowly. Where the mountain,  
Exposed those black depths to the azure sky,  
Ere yet the flood's enormous volume fell  
Even to the base of Caucasus, with sound  
That shook the everlasting rocks, the mass  
Filled with one whirlpool all that ample chasm ;  
Stair above stair the eddying waters rose,  
Circling immeasurably fast, and laved  
With alternating dash the gnarled roots  
Of mighty trees, that stretched their giant arms  
In darkness over it. I' the midst was left,  
Reflecting, yet distorting every cloud,  
A pool of treacherous and tremendous calm,  
Seized by the sway of the ascending stream,  
With dizzy swiftness, round, and round, and round,  
Ridge after ridge the straining boat arose,  
Till on the verge of the extremest curve,  
Where, through an opening of the rocky bank,  
The waters overflow, and a smooth spot  
Of glassy quiet 'mid those battling tides  
Is left, the boat paused shuddering. Shall it sink  
Down the abyss ? Shall the reverting stress  
Of that restless gulf embosom it ?  
Now shall it fall ? A wandering stream of wind,  
Breathed from the west, has caught the expanded  
And, lo ! with gentle motion between banks [sail,  
Of mossy slope, and on a placid stream,  
Beneath a woven grove, it sails, and, hark !  
The ghastly torrent mingles its far roar,  
With the breeze ; murmuring in the musical woods.  
Where the embowering trees recede, and leave  
A little space of green expanse, the cove  
Is closed by meeting banks, whose yellow flowers  
For ever gaze on their own drooping eyes,  
Reflected in the crystal calm. The wave  
Of the boat's motion marred their pensive task,  
Which nought but vagrant bird, or wanton wind,  
Or falling spear-grass, or their own decay  
Had e'er disturbed before. The Poet longed  
To deck with their bright hues his withered hair,  
But on his heart its solitude returned,  
And he forbore. Not the strong impulse hid  
In those flushed cheeks, bent eyes, and shadowy  
Had yet performed its ministry : it hung [frame,  
Upon his life, as lightning in a cloud  
Gleams, hovering ere it vanish, ere the floods  
Of night close over it.

The noonday sun

Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass  
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence  
A narrow vale embosoms. There, huge caves,  
Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks  
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.  
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves  
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path, as led  
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier Death,  
He sought in Nature's dearest haunt, some bank,  
Her cradle, and his sepulchre. More dark  
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,  
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,  
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids  
Of the tall cedar overarching, frame

Most solemn domes within, and far below,  
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,  
 The ash and the acacia floating hang  
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed  
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,  
 Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around  
 The grey trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,  
 With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,  
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,  
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs  
 Uniting their close union; the woven leaves  
 Make net-work of the dark blue light of day,  
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable  
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns  
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,  
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms  
 Minute, yet beautiful. One darkest glen  
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with  
 A soul-dissolving odour, to invite [jasmine,  
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell,  
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep  
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,  
 Like vaporous shapes half-seen; beyond, a well,  
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,  
 Images all the woven boughs above,  
 And each depending leaf, and every speck  
 Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;  
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves  
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star  
 Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,  
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,  
 Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless,  
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings  
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

Hither the Poet came. His eyes beheld  
 Their own wan light through the reflected lines  
 Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth  
 Of that still fountain; as the human heart,  
 Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,  
 Sees its own treacherous likeness there. He heard  
 The motion of the leaves, the grass that sprung  
 Startled and glanced and trembled even to feel  
 An unaccustomed presence, and the sound  
 Of the sweet brook that from the secret springs  
 Of that dark fountain rose. A Spirit seemed  
 To stand beside him—clothed in no bright robes  
 Of shadowy silver or enshrining light,  
 Borrow'd from aught the visible world affords  
 Of grace, or majesty, or mystery;—  
 But undulating woods, and silent well,  
 And rippling rivulet, and evening gloom  
 Now deepening the dark shades, for speech assuming  
 Held commune with him, as if he and it  
 Were all that was,—only—when his regard  
 Was raised by intense pensiveness,—two eyes,  
 Two starry eyes, hung in the gloom of thought,  
 And seemed with their serene and azure smiles  
 To beckon him.

Obedient to the light  
 That shone within his soul, he went, pursuing  
 The windings of the dell.—The rivulet  
 Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine  
 Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell  
 Among the moss, with hollow harmony  
 Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
 It danced; like childhood laughing as it went:  
 Then, through the plain in tranquil wanderings  
 Reflecting every herb and drooping bud [crept,

That overhung its quietness.—“O stream!  
 Whose source is inaccessible profound,  
 Whither do thy mysterious waters tend?  
 Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,  
 Thy dazzling waves, thy loud and hollow gulfs,  
 Thy searchless fountain, and invisible course  
 Have each their type in me: And the wide sky,  
 And measureless ocean may declare as soon  
 What oozy cavern or what wandering cloud  
 Contains thy waters, as the universe [stretched  
 Tell where these living thoughts reside, when  
 Upon thy flowers my bloodless limbs shall waste  
 I' the passing wind!”

Beside the grassy shore  
 Of the small stream he went; he did impress  
 On the green moss his tremulous step, that caught  
 Strong shuddering from his burning limbs. As one  
 Roused by some joyous madness from the couch  
 Of fever, he did move; yet, not like him,  
 Forgetful of the grave, where, when the flame  
 Of his frail exultation shall be spent,  
 He must descend. With rapid steps he went  
 Beneath the shade of trees, beside the flow  
 Of the wild babbling rivulet; and now  
 The forest's solemn canopies were changed  
 For the uniform and lightsome evening sky.  
 Grey rocks did peep from the spare moss, and  
 stemmed

The struggling brook: tall spires of windlestrae  
 Threw their thin shadows down the rugged slope,  
 And nought but gnarled roots of ancient pines  
 Branchless and blasted, clenched with grasping roots  
 The unwilling soil. A gradual change was here,  
 Yet ghastly. For, as fast years flow away,  
 The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin  
 And white; and where irradiate dewy eyes  
 Had shone, gleam stony orbs: so from his steps  
 Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade  
 Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds  
 And musical motions. Calm, he still pursued  
 The stream, that with a larger volume now  
 Rolled through the labyrinthine dell; and there  
 Fretted a path through its descending curves  
 With its wintry speed. On every side now rose  
 Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,  
 Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
 In the light of evening, and its precipice  
 Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
 'Mid toppling stones, black gulfs, and yawning caves,  
 Whose windings gave ten thousand various tongues  
 To the loud stream. Lo! where the pass expands  
 Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks,  
 And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
 To overhang the world: for wide expand  
 Beneath the wan stars and descending moon  
 Islanded seas, blue mountains, mighty streams,  
 Dim tracks and vast, robed in the lustrous gloom  
 Of leaden-coloured even, and fiery hills  
 Mingling their flames with twilight, on the verge  
 Of the remote horizon. The near scene,  
 In naked and severe simplicity,  
 Made contrast with the universe. A pine,  
 Rock-rooted, stretched athwart the vacancy  
 Its swinging boughs, to each inconstant blast  
 Yielding one only response, at each pause,  
 In most familiar cadence, with the howl  
 The thunder and the hiss of homeless streams  
 Mingling its solemn song, whilst the broad river,  
 Foaming and hurrying o'er its rugged path,

Fell into that immeasurable void,  
 Scattering its waters to the passing winds.  
 Yet the grey precipice, and solemn pine  
 And torrent, were not all ;—one silent nook  
 Was there. Even on the edge of that vast mountain,  
 Upheld by knotty roots and fallen rocks,  
 It overlooked in its serenity  
 The dark earth, and the bending vault of stars.  
 It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile  
 Even in the lap of horror. Ivy clasped  
 The fissured stones with its entwining arms,  
 And did embower with leaves forever green,  
 And berries dark, the smooth and even space  
 Of its inviolated floor, and here  
 The children of the autumnal whirlwind bore,  
 In wanton sport, those bright leaves, whose decay,  
 Red, yellow, or etherially pale,  
 Rival the pride of summer. 'Tis the haunt  
 Of every gentle wind, whose breath can teach  
 The wilds to love tranquillity. One step,  
 One human step alone, has ever broken  
 The stillness of its solitude :—one voice  
 Alone inspired its echoes ;—even that voice  
 Which hither came, floating among the winds,  
 And led the loveliest among human forms  
 To make their wild haunts the depository  
 Of all the grace and beauty that endured  
 Its motions, render up its majesty,  
 Scatter its music on the unfeeling storm,  
 And to the damp leaves and blue cavern mould,  
 Nurses of rainbow flowers and branching moss,  
 Commit the colours of that varying cheek,  
 That snowy breast, those dark and drooping eyes.

The dim and horned moon hung low, and poured  
 A sea of lustre on the horizon's verge  
 That overflowed its mountains. Yellow mist  
 Filled the unbounded atmosphere, and drank  
 Shone moonlight even to fulness : not a star  
 Shone, not a sound was heard ; the very winds,  
 Danger's grim playmates, on that precipice  
 Slept, clasped in his embrace.—O, storm of death !  
 Whose sightless speed divides this sullen night :  
 And thou, colossal Skeleton, that, still  
 Guiding its irresistible career  
 In thy devastating omnipotence,  
 Art king of this frail world, from the red field  
 Of slaughter, from the reeking hospital,  
 The patriot's sacred couch, the snowy bed  
 Of innocence, the scaffold and the throne,  
 A mighty voice invokes thee. Ruin calls  
 His brother Death. A rare and regal prey  
 He hath prepared, prowling around the world ;  
 Glutted with which thou may'st repose, and men  
 Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms,  
 Nor ever more offer at thy dark shrine  
 The unheeded tribute of a broken heart.

When on the threshold of the green recess  
 The wanderer's footsteps fell, he knew, that death  
 Was on him: Yet a little, ere it fled,  
 Did he resign his high and holy soul  
 To images of the majestic past,  
 That paused within his passive being now,  
 Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe  
 Through some dim latticed chamber. He did place  
 His pale lean hand upon the rugged trunk  
 Of the old pine. Upon an ivied stone  
 Reclined his languid head, his limbs did rest,  
 Diffused and motionless, on the smooth brink

Of that obscurest chasm ;—and thus he lay,  
 Surrendering to their final impulses  
 The hovering powers of life. Hope and despair,  
 The torturers, slept : no mortal pain or fear  
 Marred his repose, the influxes of sense,  
 And his own being unalloyed by pain,  
 Yet feebler and more feeble, calmly fed  
 The stream of thought, till he lay breathing there  
 At peace, and faintly smiling :—his last sight  
 Was the great moon, which o'er the western line  
 Of the wide world her mighty horn suspended,  
 With whose dun beams inwoven darkness seemed  
 To mingle. Now upon the jagged hills  
 It rests, and still as the divided frame  
 Of the vast meteor sunk, the Poet's blood,  
 That ever beat in mystic sympathy  
 With nature's ebb and flow, grew feebler still :  
 And when two lessening points of light alone  
 Gleaned through the darkness, the alternate gasp  
 Of his faint respiration scarce did stir  
 The stagnate night :—till the minutest ray  
 Was quenched, the pulse yet lingered in his heart.  
 It paused—it fluttered. But when heaven remained  
 Utterly black, the murky shades involved  
 An image, silent, cold, and motionless,  
 As their own voiceless earth and vacant air.  
 Even as a vapour fed with golden beams  
 That ministered on sunlight, ere the west  
 Eclipsed it, was now that wondrous frame—  
 No sense, no motion, no divinity—  
 A fragile lute, on whose harmonious strings  
 The breath of heaven did wander—a bright stream  
 Once fed with many-voiced waves—a dream  
 Of youth, which night and time have quenched for  
 ever,  
 Still, dark, and dry, and unremembered now.

O, for Medea's wondrous alchymy,  
 Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam  
 With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale  
 From vernal blooms fresh fragrance ! O, that God,  
 Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice  
 Which but one living man has drained, who now,  
 Vessel of deathless wrath, a slave that feels  
 No proud exemption in the blighting curse  
 He bears, over the world wanders for ever,  
 Lone as incarnate death ! O, that the dream  
 Of dark magician in his visioned cave,  
 Raking the cinders of a crucible  
 For life and power, even when his feeble hand  
 Shakes in its last decay, were the true law  
 Of this so lovely world ! But thou art fled  
 Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
 Robes in its golden beams,—ah ! thou hast fled !  
 The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,  
 The child of grace and genius. Heartless things  
 Are done and said i' the world, and many worms  
 And beasts and men live on, and mighty Earth  
 From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,  
 In vesper low or joyous orison,  
 Lifts still its solemn voice :—but thou art fled—  
 Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
 Of this phantasmal scene, who have to thee  
 Been purest ministers, who are, alas !  
 Now thou art not. Upon those pallid lips  
 So sweet even in their silence, on those eyes  
 That image sleep in death, upon that form  
 Yet safe from the worm's outrage, let no tear  
 Be shed—not even in thought. Nor, when those hues  
 Are gone, and those divinest lineaments,

Worn by the senseless wind, shall live alone  
 In the frail pauses of this simple strain,  
 Let not high verse, mourning the memory  
 Of that which is no more, or painting's woe  
 Or sculpture, speak in feeble imagery  
 Their own cold powers. Art and eloquence,  
 And all the shows o' the world, are frail and vain  
 To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.

It is a woe "too deep for tears," when all  
 Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,  
 Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
 Those who remain behind nor sobs nor groans,  
 The passionate tumult of a clinging hope ;  
 But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
 Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
 Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

### NOTE ON ALASTOR. BY THE EDITOR.

"ALASTOR" is written in a very different tone from "Queen Mab." In the latter, Shelley poured out all the cherished speculations of his youth—all the irrepressible emotions of sympathy, censure, and hope, to which the present suffering, and what he considers the proper destiny of his fellow-creatures, gave birth. "Alastor," on the contrary, contains an individual interest only. A very few years, with their attendant events, had checked the ardour of Shelley's hopes, though he still thought them well grounded, and that to advance their fulfilment was the noblest task man could achieve.

This is neither the time nor place to speak of the misfortunes that chequered his life. It will be sufficient to say, that in all he did, he at the time of doing it believed himself justified to his own conscience ; while the various ills of poverty and loss of friends brought home to him the sad realities of life. Physical suffering had also considerable influence in causing him to turn his eyes inward ; inclining him rather to brood over the thoughts and emotions of his own soul, than to glance abroad, and to make, as in "Queen Mab," the whole universe the object and subject of his song. In the spring of 1815, an eminent physician pronounced that he was dying rapidly of a consumption ; abscesses were formed on his lungs, and he suffered acute spasms. Suddenly a complete change took place ; and though through life he was a martyr to pain and debility, every symptom of pulmonary disease vanished. His nerves, which nature had formed sensitive to an unexampled degree, were rendered still more susceptible by the state of his health.

As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the Continent, he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne, by the Reuss

and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favourite poem of "Thalaba," his imagination had been excited by a description of such a voyage. In the summer of 1815, after a tour along the southern coast of Devonshire and a visit to Clifton, he rented a house on Bishopgate Heath, on the borders of Windsor Forest, where he enjoyed several months of comparative health and tranquil happiness. The later summer months were warm and dry. Accompanied by a few friends, he visited the source of the Thames, making the voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Criclade. His beautiful stanzas in the churchyard of Lechlade were written on that occasion. "Alastor" was composed on his return. He spent his days under the oak-shades of Windsor Great Park ; and the magnificent woodland was a fitting study to inspire the various descriptions of forest scenery we find in the poem.

None of Shelley's poems is more characteristic than this. The solemn spirit that reigns throughout, the worship of the majesty of nature, the broodings of a poet's heart in solitude—the mingling of the exulting joy which the various aspect of the visible universe inspires, with the sad and struggling pangs which human passion imparts, give a touching interest to the whole. The death which he had often contemplated during the last months as certain and near, he here represented in such colours as had, in his lonely musings, soothed his soul to peace. The versification sustains the solemn spirit which breathes throughout : it is peculiarly melodious. The poem ought rather to be considered didactic than narrative : it was the out-pouring of his own emotions, embodied in the purest form he could conceive, painted in the ideal hues which his brilliant imagination inspired, and softened by the recent anticipation of death.

# THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

A Poem.

IN TWELVE CANTOS.

Ὅσαιο δὲ βροτῶν ἔθνοσ ἀγλαίοισ ἀπτόμεσθα  
Περάλνει πρὸσ ἔσχατον  
Πλόου νανοί δ' οὐτε πεζόσ ἰὼν ἀν εὐροίσ  
Ἐσ ὑπερβορέων ἀγῶνα θαυματῶν ὀδοῶ.

Πωδ. Πυθ. x.

## PREFACE.

THE Poem which I now present to the world, is an attempt from which I scarcely dare to expect success, and in which a writer of established fame might fail without disgrace. It is an experiment on the temper of the public mind, as to how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives, among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age in which we live. I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion, all those elements which essentially compose a Poem, in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers, a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence, nor misrepresentation, nor prejudice, can ever totally extinguish among mankind.

For this purpose, I have chosen a story of human passion in its most universal character, diversified with moving and romantic adventures, and appealing, in contempt of all artificial opinions or institutions, to the common sympathies of every human breast. I have made no attempt to recommend the motives which I would substitute for those at present governing mankind, by methodical and systematic argument. I would only awaken the feelings so that the reader should see the beauty of true virtue, and be incited to those inquiries which have led to my moral and political creed, and that of some of the sublimest intellects in the world. The Poem, therefore, (with the exception of the first Canto, which is purely introductory,) is narrative, not didactic. It is a succession of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of individual mind aspiring after excellence, and devoted to the love of mankind; its influence in refining and making pure the most daring and uncommon impulses of the imagination, the understanding, and the senses; its impatience at "all the oppressions which are done under the sun;" its tendency to awaken public hope and to enlighten and improve mankind; the rapid effects of the application of that tendency; the awakening of an immense nation from their slavery and degradation to a true sense of moral dignity and freedom; the bloodless dethronement of their oppressors, and the unveiling of the religious frauds by which they had been deluded into submission; the tranquillity of suc-

cessful patriotism, and the universal toleration and benevolence of true philanthropy; the treachery and barbarity of hired soldiers; vice not the object of punishment and hatred, but kindness and pity; the faithlessness of tyrants; the confederacy of the Rulers of the World, and the restoration of the expelled Dynasty by foreign arms; the massacre and extermination of the Patriots, and the victory of established power; the consequences of legitimate despotism, civil war, famine, plague, superstition, and an utter extinction of the domestic affections; the judicial murder of the advocates of Liberty; the temporary triumph of oppression, that secure earnest of its final and inevitable fall; the transient nature of ignorance and error, and the eternity of genius and virtue. Such is the series of delineations of which the Poem consists. And if the lofty passions with which it has been my scope to distinguish this story, shall not excite in the reader a generous impulse, an ardent thirst for excellence, an interest profound and strong, such as belongs to no meaner desires—let not the failure be imputed to a natural unfitness for human sympathy in these sublime and animating themes. It is the business of the Poet to communicate to others the pleasure and the enthusiasm arising out of those images and feelings, in the vivid presence of which within his own mind, consists at once his inspiration and his reward.

The panic which, like an epidemic transport, seized upon all classes of men during the excesses consequent upon the French Revolution, is gradually giving place to sanity. It has ceased to be believed, that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery, because a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries, were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened. That their conduct could not have been marked by any other characters than ferocity and thoughtlessness, is the historical fact from which liberty derives all its recommendations, and falsehood the worst features of its deformity. There is a reflux in the tide of human things which bears the shipwrecked hopes of men into a secure haven, after the storms are past. Methinks, those who now live have survived an age of despair.

The French Revolution may be considered as one of those manifestations of a general state of feeling among civilized mankind, produced by a defect of correspondence between the knowledge existing in

society and the improvement or gradual abolition of political institutions. The year 1788 may be assumed as the epoch of one of the most important crises produced by this feeling. The sympathies connected with that event extended to every bosom. The most generous and amiable natures were those which participated the most extensively in these sympathies. But such a degree of unmingled good was expected, as it was impossible to realise. If the Revolution had been in every respect prosperous, then misrule and superstition would lose half their claims to our abhorrence, as fetters which the captive can unlock with the slightest motion of his fingers, and which do not eat with poisonous rust into the soul. The revulsion occasioned by the atrocities of the demagogues and the re-establishment of successive tyrannies in France was terrible, and felt in the remotest corner of the civilized world. Could they listen to the plea of reason who had groaned under the calamities of a social state, according to the provisions of which, one man riots in luxury whilst another famishes for want of bread? Can he who the day before was a trampled slave, suddenly become liberal-minded, forbearing, and independent? This is the consequence of the habits of a state of society to be produced by resolute perseverance and indefatigable hope, and long-suffering and long-believing courage, and the systematic efforts of generations of men of intellect and virtue. Such is the lesson which experience teaches now. But on the first reverses of hope in the progress of French liberty, the sanguine eagerness for good overleapt the solution of these questions, and for a time extinguished itself in the unexpectedness of their result. Thus many of the most ardent and tender-hearted of the worshippers of public good have been morally ruined, by what a partial glimpse of the events they deplored, appeared to show as the melancholy desolation of all their cherished hopes. Hence gloom and misanthropy have become the characteristics of the age in which we live, the solace of a disappointment that unconsciously finds relief only in the wilful exaggeration of its own despair. This influence has tainted the literature of the age with the hopelessness of the minds from which it flows. \* Metaphysics, † and inquiries into moral and political science, have become little else than vain attempts to revive exploded superstitions, or sophisms like those ‡ of Mr. Malthus, calculated to lull the oppressors of mankind into a security of everlasting triumph. Our works of fiction and poetry have been overshadowed by the same infecting gloom. But mankind appear to me to be emerging from their trance. I am aware, methinks, of a slow, gradual, silent change. In that belief I have composed the following Poem.

I do not presume to enter into competition with our greatest contemporary Poets. Yet I am unwilling to tread in the footsteps of any who have preceded me. I have sought to avoid the imitation of any style of language or versification peculiar to the original minds of which it is the character, designing that even if

\* I ought to except Sir W. Drummond's "Academical Questions;" a volume of very acute and powerful metaphysical criticism.

† It is remarkable, as a symptom of the revival of public hope, that Mr. Malthus has assigned, in the later editions of his work, an indefinite dominion to moral restraint over the principle of population. This concession answers all the inferences from his doctrine unfavourable to human improvement, and reduces the "ESSAY ON POPULATION," to a commentary illustrative of the unanswerableness of "POLITICAL JUSTICE."

what I have produced be worthless, it should still be properly my own. Nor have I permitted any system relating to mere words, to divert the attention of the reader from whatever interest I may have succeeded in creating, to my own ingenuity in contriving to disgust them according to the rules of criticism. I have simply clothed my thoughts in what appeared to me the most obvious and appropriate language. A person familiar with nature, and with the most celebrated productions of the human mind, can scarcely err in following the instinct, with respect to selection of language, produced by that familiarity.

There is an education peculiarly fitted for a Poet, without which, genius and sensibility can hardly fill the circle of their capacities. No education indeed can entitle to this appellation a dull and unobservant mind, or one, though neither dull nor unobservant, in which the channels of communication between thought and expression have been obstructed or closed. How far it is my fortune to belong to either of the latter classes, I cannot know. I aspire to be something better. The circumstances of my accidental education have been favourable to this ambition. I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes, and the sea, and the solitude of forests: Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trodden the glaciers of the Alps, and lived under the eye of Mont Blanc. I have been a wanderer among distant fields. I have sailed down mighty rivers, and seen the sun rise and set, and the stars come forth, whilst I have sailed night and day down a rapid stream among mountains. I have seen populous cities, and have watched the passions which rise and spread, and sink and change, amongst assembled multitudes of men. I have seen the theatre of the more visible ravages of tyranny and war, cities and villages reduced to scattered groups of black and roofless houses, and the naked inhabitants sitting famished upon their desolated thresholds. I have conversed with living men of genius. The poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and modern Italy, and our own country, has been to me like external nature, a passion and an enjoyment. Such are the sources from which the materials for the imagery of my Poem have been drawn. I have considered Poetry in its most comprehensive sense, and have read the Poets and the Historians, and the Metaphysicians \* whose writings have been accessible to me, and have looked upon the beautiful and majestic scenery of the earth as common sources of those elements which it is the province of the Poet to embody and combine. Yet the experience and the feelings to which I refer, do not in themselves constitute men Poets, but only prepare them to be the auditors of those who are. How far I shall be found to possess that more essential attribute of Poetry, the power of awakening in others sensations like those which animate my own bosom, is that which, to speak sincerely, I know not; and which, with an acquiescent and contented spirit, I expect to be taught by the effect which I shall produce upon those whom I now address.

I have avoided, as I have said before, the imitation of any contemporary style. But there must be a resemblance, which does not depend upon their own will, between all the writers of any particular age. They cannot escape from subjection to a common influence

\* In this sense there may be such a thing as perfectibility in works of fiction, notwithstanding the concession often made by the advocates of human improvement, that perfectibility is a term applicable only to science.

which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is in a degree the author of the very influence by which his being is thus pervaded. Thus, the tragic Poets of the age of Pericles; the Italian revivers of ancient learning; those mighty intellects of our own country that succeeded the Reformation, the translators of the Bible, Shakspeare, Spenser, the Dramatists of the reign of Elizabeth, and Lord Bacon \*; the colder spirits of the interval that succeeded;—all resemble each other, and differ from every other in their several classes. In this view of things, Ford can no more be called the imitator of Shakspeare, than Shakspeare the imitator of Ford. There were perhaps few other points of resemblance between these two men, than that which the universal and inevitable influence of their age produced. And this is an influence which neither the meanest scribbler, nor the sublimest genius of any era, can escape; and which I have not attempted to escape.

I have adopted the stanza of Spenser (a measure inexpressibly beautiful), not because I consider it a finer model of poetical harmony than the blank verse of Shakspeare and Milton, but because in the latter there is no shelter for mediocrity: you must either succeed or fail. This perhaps an aspiring spirit should desire. But I was enticed, also, by the brilliancy and magnificence of sound which a mind that has been nourished upon musical thoughts, can produce by a just and harmonious arrangement of the pauses of this measure. Yet there will be found some instances where I have completely failed in this attempt, and one, which I here request the reader to consider as an erratum, where there is left most inadvertently an alexandrine in the middle of a stanza.

But in this, as in every other respect, I have written fearlessly. It is the misfortune of this age, that its Writers, too thoughtless of immortality, are exquisitely sensible to temporary praise or blame. They write with the fear of Reviews before their eyes. This system of criticism sprang up in that torpid interval when Poetry was not. Poetry, and the art which professes to regulate and limit its powers, cannot subsist together. Longinus could not have been the contemporary of Homer, nor Boileau of Horace. Yet this species of criticism never presumed to assert an understanding of its own: it has always, unlike true science, followed, not preceded, the opinion of mankind, and would even now bribe with worthless adulation some of our greatest Poets to impose gratuitous fetters on their own imaginations, and become unconscious accomplices in the daily murder of all genius either not so aspiring or not so fortunate as their own. I have sought therefore to write, as I believe that Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton wrote, with an utter disregard of anonymous censure. I am certain that calumny and misrepresentation, though it may move me to compassion, cannot disturb my peace. I shall understand the expressive silence of those sagacious enemies who dare not trust themselves to speak. I shall endeavour to extract from the midst of insult, and contempt, and maledictions, those admonitions which may tend to correct whatever imperfections such censurers may discover in this my first serious appeal to the Public. If certain Critics were as clear-sighted as they are malignant, how great would be the benefit

\* Milton stands alone in the age which he illumined.

to be derived from their virulent writings! As it is, I fear I shall be malicious enough to be amused with their paltry tricks and lame invectives. Should the Public judge that my composition is worthless, I shall indeed bow before the tribunal from which Milton received his crown of immortality, and shall seek to gather, if I live, strength from that defeat, which may nerve me to some new enterprise of thought which may *not* be worthless. I cannot conceive that Lucretius, when he meditated that poem whose doctrines are yet the basis of our metaphysical knowledge, and whose eloquence has been the wonder of mankind, wrote in awe of such censure as the hired sophists of the impure and superstitious noblemen of Rome might affix to what he should produce. It was at the period when Greece was led captive, and Asia made tributary to the Republic, fast verging itself to slavery and ruin, that a multitude of Syrian captives, bigoted to the worship of their obscene Ashtaroth, and the unworthy successors of Socrates and Zeno, found there a precarious subsistence by administering, under the name of freedmen, to the vices and vanities of the great. These wretched men were skilled to plead, with a superficial but plausible set of sophisms, in favour of that contempt for virtue which is the portion of slaves, and that faith in portents, the most fatal substitute for benevolence in the imaginations of men, which, arising from the enslaved communities of the East, then first began to overwhelm the western nations in its stream. Were these the kind of men whose disapprobation the wise and lofty-minded Lucretius should have regarded with a salutary awe? The latest and perhaps the meanest of those who follow in his footsteps, would disdain to hold life on such conditions.

The Poem now presented to the Public occupied little more than six months in the composition. That period has been devoted to the task with unremitting ardour and enthusiasm. I have exercised a watchful and earnest criticism on my work as it grew under my hands. I would willingly have sent it forth to the world with that perfection which long labour and revision is said to bestow. But I found that if I should gain something in exactness by this method, I might lose much of the newness and energy of imagery and language as it flowed fresh from my mind. And although the mere composition occupied no more than six months, the thoughts thus arranged were slowly gathered in as many years.

I trust that the reader will carefully distinguish between those opinions which have a dramatic propriety in reference to the characters which they are designed to elucidate, and such as are properly my own. The erroneous and degrading idea which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, for instance, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being itself. The belief which some superstitious persons whom I have brought upon the stage entertain of the Deity, as injurious to the character of his benevolence, is widely different from my own. In recommending also a great and important change in the spirit which animates the social institutions of mankind, I have avoided all flattery to those violent and malignant passions of our nature, which are ever on the watch to mingle with and to alloy the most beneficial innovations. There is no quarter given to Revenge, or Eury, or Prejudice. Love is celebrated everywhere as the sole law which should govern the moral world.



## DEDICATION.

There is no danger to a Man, that knows  
What life and death is : there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge : neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law.

CHAPMAN.

## TO MARY ———.

I.

So now my summer-task is ended, Mary,  
And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;  
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faëry,  
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;  
Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become  
A star among the stars of mortal night,  
If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom,  
Its doubtful promise thus I would unite  
With thy beloved name, thou Child of love and light.

II.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour  
Is ended—and the fruit is at thy feet !  
No longer where the woods to frame a bower  
With interlaced branches mix and meet,  
Or where with sound like many voices sweet,  
Water-falls leap among wild islands green,  
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat  
Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be seen :  
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

III.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear Friend,  
when first [pass.  
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did  
I do remember well the hour which burst  
My spirit's sleep : a fresh May-dawn it was,  
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,  
And wept, I knew not why : until there rose  
From the near school-room, voices, that, alas !  
Were but one echo from a world of woes—  
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

IV.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around,  
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,  
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny  
ground—  
So without shame, I spake :—" I will be wise,  
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies  
Such power, for I grow weary to behold  
The selfish and the strong still tyrannise  
Without reproach or check." I then controlled  
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek  
and bold.

V.

And from that hour did I with earnest thought  
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore,  
Yet noting that my tyrants knew or taught  
I cared to learn, but from that secret store  
Wrought linked armour for my soul, before  
It might walk forth to war among mankind ;  
Thus power and hope were strengthened more and  
Within me, till there came upon my mind [more  
A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

VI.

Alas, that love should be a blight and snare  
To those who seek all sympathies in one !—  
Such once I sought in vain ; then black despair,  
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown  
Over the world in which I moved alone :—  
Yet never found I one not false to me,  
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone  
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be  
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee.

VII.

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart  
Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain,  
How beautiful and calm and free thou wert  
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain  
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,  
And walked as free as light the clouds among,  
Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain  
From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung  
To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long.

VIII.

No more alone through the world's wilderness,  
Although I trod the paths of high intent,  
I journeyed now : no more companionless,  
Where solitude is like despair, I went.—  
There is the wisdom of a stern content  
When Poverty can blight the just and good,  
When Infamy dares mock the innocent,  
And cherished friends turn with the multitude  
To trample : this was ours, and we unshaken stood !

IX.

Now has descended a serener hour,  
And with inconstant fortune, friends return ;  
Though suffering leaves the knowledge and the  
power  
Which says :—Let scorn be not repaid with scorn.  
And from thy side two gentle babes are born  
To fill our home with smiles, and thus are we  
Most fortunate beneath life's beaming morn :  
And these delights, and thou, have been to me  
The parents of the Song I consecrate to thee.

X.

Is it, that now my inexperienced fingers  
But strike the prelude of a loftier strain ?  
Or, must the lyre on which my spirit lingers  
Soon pause in silence, ne'er to sound again,  
Though it might shake the Anarch Custom's reign,  
And charm the minds of men to Truth's own sway,  
Holier than was Amphon's ? I would fain  
Reply in hope—but I am worn away,  
And Death and Love are yet contending for their  
prey.

XI.

And what art thou ? I know, but dare not speak :  
Time may interpret to his silent years.  
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,  
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,  
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,  
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy  
Is whispered, to subdue my fondest fears :  
And through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see  
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

## xii.

They say that thou wert lovely from thy birth,  
Of glorious parents thou aspiring Child:  
I wonder not—for One then left this earth  
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,  
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled  
Of its departing glory; still her fame  
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark and wild  
Which shake these latter days; and thou canst claim  
The shelter, from thy Sire, of an immortal name.

## xiii.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,  
Which was the echo of three thousand years;  
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,  
As some lone man who in a desert hears  
The music of his home:—unwonted fears  
Fell on the pale oppressors of our race,  
And Faith, and Custom, and low-thoughted cares,  
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space  
Left the torn human heart, their food and dwelling-  
place.

## xiv.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among mankind!  
If there must be no response to my cry—  
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind  
On his pure name who loves them,—thou and I,  
Sweet Friend! can look from our tranquillity  
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—  
Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing by  
Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's  
sight, [light.  
That burn from year to year with unextinguished

## CANTO I.

## I.

WHEN the last hope of trampled France had failed  
Like a brief dream of unresembling glory,  
From visions of despair I rose, and scaled  
The peak of an aerial promontory, [hoary;  
Whose caverned base with the vexed surge was  
And saw the golden dawn break forth, and waken  
Each cloud, and every wave:—but transitory  
The calm: for sudden, the firm earth was shaken,  
As if by the last wreck its frame were overtaken.

## II.

So as I stood, one blast of muttering thunder  
Burst in far peals along the waveless deep,  
When, gathering fast, around, above, and under,  
Long trains of tremulous mist began to creep,  
Until their complicating lines did steep  
The orient sun in shadow:—not a sound  
Was heard; one horrible repose did keep  
The forests and the floods, and all around  
Darkness more dread than night was poured upon  
the ground.

## III.

Hark! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps  
Earth and the ocean. See! the lightnings yawn  
Deluging Heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps  
Glitter and boil beneath: it rages on,  
One mighty stream, whirlwind and waves up-  
[thrown,  
Lightning, and hail, and darkness eddying by,  
There is a pause—the sea-birds, that were gone  
Into their caves to shriek, come forth to spy  
What calm has fall'n on earth, what light is in the sky.

## IV.

For, where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
Most delicately, and the ocean green,  
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,  
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread  
On all below; but far on high, between  
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,  
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest  
shed.

## V.

For ever as the war became more fierce  
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,  
That spot grew more serene; blue light did pierce  
The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to lie  
Far, deep, and motionless; while through the sky  
The pallid semicircle of the moon  
Past on, in slow and moving majesty;  
Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon  
But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.

## VI.

I could not choose but gaze; a fascination  
Dwelt in that moon, and sky, and clouds, which  
drew  
My fancy thither, and in expectation  
Of what I knew not, I remained:—the hue  
Of the white moon, amid that heaven so blue,  
Suddenly stained with shadow did appear;  
A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,  
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere  
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear—

## VII.

Even like a bark, which from a chasm of moun-  
Dark, vast, and overhanging, on a river [tains,  
Which there collects the strength of all its foun-  
tains, [quiver,  
Comes forth, whilst with the speed its frame doth  
Sails, oars, and stream, tending to one endeavour;  
So, from that chasm of light a winged Form  
On all the winds of heaven approaching ever  
Floated, dilating as it came: the storm  
Pursued it with fierce blasts, and lightnings swift  
and warm.

## VIII.

A course precipitous, of dizzy speed,  
Suspending thought and breath; a monstrous  
For in the air do I behold indeed [sight!  
An Eagle and a Serpent wreathed in fight:—  
And now, relaxing its impetuous flight  
Before the aerial rock on which I stood,  
The Eagle, hovering, wheeled to left and right,  
And hung with lingering wings over the flood,  
And startled with its yells the wide air's solitude.

## IX.

A shaft of light upon its wings descended,  
And every golden feather gleamed therein—  
Feather and scale inextricably blended.  
The Serpent's mailed and many-coloured skin  
Shone through the plumes; its coils were twined  
within  
By many a swollen and knotted fold, and high  
And far, the neck receding lithe and thin,  
Sustained a crested head, which warily  
Shifted and glanced before the Eagle's steadfast eye.

x.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling  
 With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed  
 Incessantly—sometimes on high concealing  
 Its lessening orbs, sometimes as if it failed,  
 Drooped through the air; and still it shrieked and  
 And casting back its eager head, with beak [wailed,  
 And talon unremittingly assailed  
 The wreathed Serpent, who did ever seek  
 Upon his enemy's heart a mortal wound to wreak.

xi.

What life, what power, was kindled and arose  
 Within the sphere of that appalling fray!  
 For, from the encounter of those wond'rous foes,  
 A vapour like the sea's suspended spray  
 Hung gathered: in the void air, far away, [leap,  
 Floated the shattered plumes; bright scales did  
 Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,  
 Like sparks into the darkness;—as they sweep,  
 Blood stains the snowy foam of the tumultuous  
 deep.

xii.

Swift chances in that combat—many a check,  
 And many a change, a dark and wild turmoil;  
 Sometimes the Snake around his enemy's neck  
 Locked in stiff rings his adamant coil,  
 Until the Eagle, faint with pain and toil,  
 Remitted his strong flight, and near the sea  
 Languidly fluttered, hopeless so to foil  
 His adversary, who then reared on high  
 His red and burning crest, radiant with victory.

xiii.

Then on the white edge of the bursting surge,  
 Where they had sunk together, would the Snake  
 Relax his suffocating grasp, and scourge  
 The wind with his wild writhings; for to break  
 That chain of torment, the vast bird would shake  
 The strength of his unconquerable wings  
 As in despair, and with his sinewy neck  
 Dissolve in sudden shock those linked rings,  
 Then soar—as swift as smoke from a volcano  
 springs.

xiv.

Wile baffled wile, and strength encountered  
 Thus long, but unprevailing:—the event [strength,  
 Of that portentous fight appeared at length:  
 Until the lamp of day was almost spent  
 It had endured, when lifeless, stark, and rent,  
 Hung high that mighty Serpent, and at last  
 Fell to the sea, while o'er the continent,  
 With clang of wings and scream the Eagle past,  
 Heavily borne away on the exhausted blast.

xv.

And with it fled the tempest, so that ocean  
 And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere—  
 Only, it was strange to see the red commotion  
 Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere  
 Of sunset sweep, and their fierce roar to hear  
 Amid the calm: down the steep path I wound  
 To the sea-shore—the evening was most clear  
 And beautiful, and there the sea I found  
 Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber  
 bound.

xvi.

There was a Woman, beautiful as morning,  
 Sitting beneath the rocks upon the sand  
 Of the waste sea—fair as one flower adorning  
 An icy wilderness—each delicate hand  
 Lay crossed upon her bosom, and the band  
 Of her dark hair had fallen, and so she sate  
 Looking upon the waves; on the bare strand  
 Upon the sea-mark a small boat did wait,  
 Fair as herself, like Love by Hope left desolate.

xvii.

It seemed that this fair Shape had looked upon  
 That unimaginable fight, and now  
 That her sweet eyes were weary of the sun,  
 As brightly it illustrated her woe;  
 For in the tears which silently to flow  
 Paused not, its lustre hung: she watching aye  
 The foam-wreaths which the faint tide wove below  
 Upon the spangled sands, groaned heavily,  
 And after every groan looked up over the sea.

xviii.

And when she saw the wounded Serpent make  
 His path between the waves, her lips grew pale,  
 Parted, and quivered; the tears ceased to break  
 From her immovable eyes; no voice of wail  
 Escaped her; but she rose, and on the gale  
 Loosening her star-bright robe and shadowy hair,  
 Poured forth her voice; the caverns of the vale  
 That opened to the ocean, caught it there,  
 And filled with silver sounds the overflowing air.

xix.

She spake in language whose strange melody  
 Might not belong to earth. I heard, alone,  
 What made its music more melodious be,  
 The pity and the love of every tone;  
 But to the Snake those accents sweet were known,  
 His native tongue and hers: nor did he beat  
 The hoar spray idly then, but winding on  
 Through the greenshadows of the waves that meet  
 Near to the shore, did pause beside her snowy feet.

xx.

Then on the sands the Woman sate again,  
 And wept and clasped her hands, and all between,  
 Renewed the unintelligible strain  
 Of her melodious voice and eloquent mien;  
 And she unveiled her bosom, and the green  
 And glancing shadows of the sea did play  
 O'er its marmoreal depth:—one moment seen,  
 For ere the next, the Serpent did obey  
 Her voice, and, coiled in rest, in her embrace it lay.

xxi.

Then she arose, and smiled on me with eyes  
 Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,  
 While yet the day-light lingereth in the skies  
 Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark-red air,  
 And said: To grieve is wise, but the despair  
 Was weak and vain which led thee here from sleep:  
 This shalt thou know, and more, if thou dost dare  
 With me and with this Serpent, o'er the deep,  
 A voyage divine and strange, companionship to  
 keep.

## XXII.

Her voice was like the wildest, saddest tone,  
 Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago.  
 I wept. Shall this fair woman all alone  
 Over the sea with that fierce Serpent go?  
 His head is on her heart, and who can know  
 How soon he may devour his feeble prey?—  
 Such were my thoughts, when the tide 'gan to flow;  
 And that strange boat, like the moon's shade did  
 Amid reflected stars that in the waters lay. [sway

## XXIII.

A boat of rare device, which had no sail  
 But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,  
 Wrought like a web of texture fine and frail,  
 To catch those gentlest winds which are not known  
 To breathe, but by the steady speed alone  
 With which it cleaves the sparkling sea; and now  
 We are embarked, the mountains hang and frown  
 Over the starry deep that gleams below  
 A vast and dim expanse, as o'er the waves we go.

## XXIV

And as we sailed, a strange and awful tale  
 That Woman told, like such mysterious dream  
 As makes the slumberer's cheek with wonder pale!  
 'Twas midnight, and around, a shoreless stream,  
 Wide ocean rolled, when that majestic theme  
 Shined in her heart found utterance, and she bent  
 Her looks on mine; those eyes a kindling beam  
 Of love divine into my spirit sent,  
 And, ere her lips could move, made the air eloquent.

## XXV.

Speak not to me, but hear! much shalt thou learn,  
 Much must remain unthought, and more untold,  
 In the dark Future's ever-flowing urn:  
 Know then, that from the depth of ages old  
 Two Powers o'er mortal things dominion hold,  
 Ruling the world with a divided lot,  
 Immortal, all-pervading, manifold,  
 Twin Genii, equal Gods—when life and thought  
 Sprang forth, they burst the womb of inessential  
 Nought.

## XXVI.

The earliest dweller of the world alone  
 Stood on the verge of chaos: Lo! afar  
 O'er the wide wild abyss two meteors shone,  
 Sprung from the depth of its tempestuous jar:  
 A blood-red Comet and the Morning Star  
 Mingling their beams in combat—as he stood  
 All thoughts within his mind waged mutual war,  
 In dreadful sympathy—when to the flood  
 That fair star fell, he turned and shed his brother's  
 blood.

## XXVII.

Thus evil triumphed, and the Spirit of evil,  
 One Power of many shapes which none may know,  
 One Shape of many names; the Fiend did revel  
 In victory, reigning o'er a world of woe,  
 For the new race of man went to and fro,  
 Famished and homeless, loathed and loathing, wild,  
 And hating good—for his immortal foe,  
 He changed from starry shape, beauteous and mild,  
 To a dire Snake, with man and beast unreconciled.

## XXVIII

The darkness lingering o'er the dawn of things,  
 Was Evil's breath and life: this made him strong  
 To soar aloft with overshadowing wings;  
 And the great Spirit of Good did creep among  
 The nations of mankind, and every tongue  
 Cursed, and blasphemed him as he past; for none  
 Knew good from evil, though their names were hung  
 In mockery o'er the fane where many a groan,  
 As King, and Lord, and God, the conquering Fiend  
 did own.

## XXIX.

The fiend, whose name was Legion; Death, Decay,  
 Earthquake and Blight, and Want, and Madness  
 Winged and wan diseases, an array [pale,  
 Numerous as leaves that strew the autumnal gale;  
 Poison, a snake in flowers, beneath the veil  
 Of food and mirth, hiding his mortal head;  
 And, without whom all these might nought avail,  
 Fear, Hatred, Faith, and Tyranny, who spread  
 Those subtle nets which snare the living and the  
 dead.

## XXX.

His spirit is their power, and they his slaves  
 In air, and light, and thought, and language dwell;  
 And keep their state from palaces to graves,  
 In all resorts of men—invisible,  
 But when, in ebon mirror, Nightmare fell,  
 To tyrant or impostor bids them rise,  
 Black winged demon forms—whom, from the hell,  
 His reign and dwelling beneath nether skies,  
 He loosens to their dark and blasting ministries.

## XXXI.

In the world's youth his empire was as firm  
 As its foundations—soon the Spirit of Good,  
 Though in the likeness of a loathsome worm,  
 Sprang from the billows of the formless flood,  
 Which shrank and fled; and with that fiend of blood  
 Renewed the doubtful war—thrones then first  
 shook,  
 And earth's immense and trampled multitude,  
 In hope on their own powers began to look,  
 And Fear, the demon pale, his sanguine shrine  
 forsook.

## XXXII.

Then Greece arose, and to its bards and sages,  
 In dream, the golden-pinioned Genii came,  
 Even where they slept amid the night of ages  
 Steeping their hearts in the divinest flame  
 Which thy breath kindled, Power of holiest name!  
 And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave  
 New weapons to thy foe, their sunlike fame  
 Upon the combat shone—a light to save, [grave,  
 Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy

## XXXIII.

Such is this conflict—when mankind doth strive  
 With its oppressors in a strife of blood,  
 Or when free thoughts, like lightnings, are alive;  
 And in each bosom of the multitude  
 Justice and truth, with custom's hydra brood,  
 Wage silent war;—when priests and kings dissem-  
 In smiles or frowns their fierce disquietude, [ble  
 When round pure hearts, a host of hopes assemble,  
 The Snake and Eagle meet—the world's founda-  
 tions tremble!

XXXIV.

Thou hast beheld that fight—when to thy home  
Thou dost return, steep not its hearth in tears ;  
Though thou may'st hear that earth is now become  
The tyrant's garbage, which to his compeers,  
The vile reward of their dishonoured years,  
He will dividing give.—The victor Fiend  
Omnipotent of yore, now quails, and fears  
His triumph dearly won, which soon will lend  
An impulse swift and sure to his approaching end.

XXXV.

List, stranger, list ! mine is a human form, [now !  
Like that thou wearest—touch me—shrink not  
My hand thou feel'st is not a ghost's, but warm  
With human blood.—'Twas many years ago,  
Since first my thirsting soul aspired to know  
The secrets of this wondrous world, when deep  
My heart was pierced with sympathy, for woe  
Which could not be mine own—and thought did keep  
In dream, unnatural watch beside an infant's sleep.

XXXVI.

Woe could not be mine own, since far from men  
I dwelt, a free and happy orphan child,  
By the sea-shore, in a deep mountain glen ;  
And near the waves, and through the forests wild,  
I roamed, to storm and darkness reconciled,  
For I was calm while tempest shook the sky :  
But, when the breathless heavens in beauty smiled,  
I wept sweet tears, yet too tumultuously  
For peace, and clasped my hands aloft in ecstasy.

XXXVII.

These were forebodings of my fate.—Before  
A woman's heart beat in my virgin breast,  
It had been nurtured in divinen lore :  
A dying poet gave me books, and blest  
With wild but holy talk the sweet unrest  
In which I watched him as he died away—  
A youth with hoary hair—a fleeting guest  
Of our lone mountains—and this lore did sway  
My spirit like a storm, contending there alway.

XXXVIII.

Thus the dark tale which history doth unfold,  
I knew, but not, methinks, as others know,  
For they weep not ; and Wisdom had unrolled  
The clouds which hide the gulf of mortal woe :  
To few can she that warning vision show,  
For I loved all things with intense devotion ;  
So that when Hope's deep source in fullest flow,  
Like earthquake did uplift the stagnant ocean  
Of human thoughts—mine shook beneath the wide  
emotion.

XXXIX.

When first the living blood through all these veins  
Kindled a thought in sense, great France sprang  
forth  
And seized, as if to break, the ponderous chains  
Which bind in woe the nations of the earth.  
I saw, and started from my cottage hearth ;  
And to the clouds and waves in tameless gladness  
Shrieked, till they caught immeasurable mirth—  
And laughed in light and music : soon, sweet  
madness [sadness.  
Was poured upon my heart, a soft and thrilling

XL.

Deep slumber fell on me ;—my dreams were fire,  
Soft and delightful thoughts did rest and hover  
Like shadows o'er my brain ; and strange desire,  
The tempest of a passion, raging over  
My tranquil soul, its depths with light did cover,  
Which past ; and calm, and darkness, sweeter far  
Came—then I loved ; but not a human lover !  
For when I rose from sleep, the Morning Star  
Shone through the woodbine wreaths which round  
my casement were.

XLI.

'Twas like an eye which seemed to smile on me.  
I watched till, by the sun made pale, it sank  
Under the billows of the heaving sea ;  
But from its beams deep love my spirit drank,  
And to my brain the boundless world now shrank  
Into one thought—one image—yea, for ever !  
Even like the day's-spring, poured on vapours dank,  
The beams of that one star did shoot and quiver  
Through my benighted mind—and were extin-  
guished never.

XLII.

The day past thus : at night, methought in dream  
A shape of speechless beauty did appear ;  
It stood like light on a careering stream  
Of golden clouds which shook the atmosphere ;  
A winged youth, his radiant brow did wear  
The Morning Star : a wild dissolving bliss  
Over my frame he breathed, approaching near,  
And bent his eyes of kindling tenderness  
Near mine, and on my lips impressed a lingering  
kiss,

XLIII.

And said : A Spirit loves thee, mortal maiden,  
How wilt thou prove thy worth ? Then joy and sleep  
Together fled ; my soul was deeply laden,  
And to the shore I went to muse and weep ;  
But as I moved over my heart did creep  
A joy less soft, but more profound and strong  
Than my sweet dream ; and it forbade to keep  
The path of the sea-shore : that Spirit's tongue  
Seemed whispering in my heart, and bore my steps  
along.

XLIV.

How, to that vast and peopled city led,  
Which was a field of holy warfare then,  
I walked among the dying and the dead,  
And shared in fearless deeds with evil men,  
Calm as an angel in the dragon's den—  
How I braved death for liberty and truth, [when  
And spurned at peace, and power, and fame ; and  
Those hopes had lost the glory of their youth,  
How sadly I returned—might move the hearer's  
ruth :

XLV.

Warm tears throng fast ! the tale may not be said—  
Know then, that when this grief had been subdued,  
I was not left, like others, cold and dead ;  
The Spirit whom I loved in solitude  
Sustained his child : the tempest-shaken wood,  
The waves, the fountains, and the hush of night—  
These were his voice, and well I understood  
His smile divine when the calm sea was bright  
With silent stars, and Heaven was breathless with  
delight.

## XLVI.

In lonely glens, amid the roar of rivers,  
When the dim nights were moonless, have I known  
Joys which no tongue can tell; my pale lip quivers  
When thought revisits them:—know thou alone,  
That after many wondrous years were flown,  
I was awakened by a shriek of woe;  
And over me a mystic robe was thrown,  
By viewless hands, and a bright star did glow  
Before my steps—the Snake then met his mortal foe.

## XLVII.

Thou fear'st not then the Serpent on thy heart?  
Fear it! she said with brief and passionate cry,  
And spake no more: that silence made me start—  
I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,  
Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky,  
Beneath the rising moon seen far away;  
Mountains of ice, like sapphire piled on high  
Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay  
On the still waters,—these we did approach alway.

## XLVIII.

And swift and swifter grew the vessel's motion,  
So that a dizzy trance fell on my brain—  
Wild music woke me: we had past the ocean  
Which girds the pole, Nature's remotest reign—  
And we glode fast o'er a pellucid plain  
Of waters, azure with the noon-tide day.  
Ethereal mountains shone around—a Fane  
Stood in the midst, girt by green isles which lay  
On the blue sunny deep, resplendent far away.

## XLIX.

It was a Temple, such as mortal hand  
Has never built, nor ecstasy, or dream,  
Reared in the cities of enchanted land:  
'Twas likest Heaven, ere yet day's purple streak  
Ebbs o'er the western forest, while the gleam  
Of the unrisen moon among the clouds  
Is gathering—when with many a golden beam  
The thronging constellations rush in crowds,  
Paving with fire the sky and the marmoreal floods.

## L.

Like what may be conceived of this vast dome,  
When from the depths which thought can seldom  
Genius beholds it rise, his native home, [perce  
Girt by the deserts of the Universe,  
Yet, nor in painting's light, or mightier verse,  
Or sculpture's marble language, can invest  
That shape to mortal sense—such glooms immerse  
That incommunicable sight, and rest  
Upon the labouring brain and over-burthened  
breast.

## LI.

Winding among the lawnly islands fair,  
Whose bloomy forests starred the shadowy deep,  
The wingless boat paused where an ivory stair  
Its fretwork in the crystal sea did steep,  
Encircling that vast Fane's aerial heap:  
We disembarked, and through a portal wide  
We passed—whose roof of moonstone carved, did  
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side, [keep  
Sculptures like life and thought; immoveable,  
deep-eyed.

## LII.

We came to a vast hall, whose glorious roof [sheen  
Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning's  
In darkness, and now poured it through the woof  
Of spell-inwoven clouds hung there to screen  
Its blinding splendour—through such veil was seen  
That work of subtle power, divine and rare;  
Orb above orb, with starry shapes between,  
And horned moons, and meteors strange and fair,  
On night-black columns poised—one hollow hemi-  
sphere!

## LIII.

Ten thousand columns in that quivering light  
Distinct—between whose shafts wound far away  
The long and labyrinthine aisles—more bright  
With their own radiance than the Heaven of Day;  
And on the jasper walls around, there lay  
Paintings, the poesy of mightiest thought,  
Which did the Spirit's history display;  
A tale of passionate change, divinely taught,  
Which, in their winged dance, unconscious Genii  
wrought.

## LIV.

Beneath, there sate on many a sapphire throne,  
The great, who had departed from mankind,  
A mighty Senate; some whose white hair shone  
Like mountain snow, mild, beautiful, and blind.  
Some, female forms, whose gestures beamed with  
mind;  
And ardent youths, and children bright and fair;  
And some had lyres whose strings were intertwined  
With pale and clinging flames, which ever there  
Waked faint yet thrilling sounds that pierced the  
crystal air.

## LV.

One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne,  
Reared on a pyramid like sculptured frame,  
Distinct with circling steps which rested on  
Their own deep fire—soon as the woman came  
Into that hall, she shrieked the Spirit's name  
And fell; and vanished slowly from the sight.  
Darkness arose from her dissolving frame,  
Which gathering, filled that dome of woven light,  
Blotting its sphered stars with supernatural night.

## LVI.

Then first two glittering lights were seen to glide  
In circles on the amethystine floor,  
Small serpent eyes trailing from side to side,  
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore,  
They round each other rolled, dilating more  
And more—then rose, commingling into one,  
One clear and mighty planet hanging o'er  
A cloud of deepest shadow, which was thrown  
Athwart the glowing steps and the crystalline throne.

## LVII.

The cloud which rested on that cone of flame  
Was cloven; beneath the planet sate a Form,  
Fairer than tongue can speak or thought may  
frame,  
The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm  
Flowed forth, and did with softest light inform  
The shadowy dome, the sculptures, and the state  
Of those assembled shapes—with clinging charm  
Sinking upon their hearts and mine—He sate  
Majestic yet most mild—calm, yet compassionate.

## LVIII.

Wonder and joy a passing faintness threw  
 Over my brow—a hand supported me,  
 Whose touch was magic strength: an eye of blue  
 Looked into mine, like moonlight, soothingly;  
 And a voice said—Thou must a listener be  
 This day—two mighty spirits now return,  
 Like birds of calm, from the world's raging sea,  
 They pour fresh light from Hope's immortal urn;  
 A tale of human power—despair not—list and  
 learn!

## LIX.

I looked, and lo! one stood forth eloquently,  
 His eyes were dark and deep, and the clear brow  
 Which shadowed them was like the morning sky,  
 The cloudless Heaven of Spring, when in their flow  
 Through the bright air, the soft winds as they blow  
 Wake the green world—his gestures did obey  
 The oracular mind that made his features glow,  
 And where his curved lips half open lay,  
 Passion's divinest stream had made impetuous way.

## LX.

Beneath the darkness of his outspread hair  
 He stood thus beautiful: but there was One  
 Who sate beside him like his shadow there,  
 And held his hand—far lovelier—she was known  
 To be thus fair, by the few lines alone  
 Which through her floating locks and gathered  
 Glances of soul-dissolving glory, shone:— [cloke  
 None else beheld her eyes—in him they woke  
 Memories which found a tongue, as thus he silence  
 broke.

## CANTO II.

## I.

THE star-light smile of children, the sweet looks  
 Of women, the fair breast from which I fed,  
 The murmur of the unreposing brooks,  
 And the green light which, shifting overhead,  
 Some tangled bower of vines around me shed,  
 The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,  
 The lamp-light through the rafters cheerily spread,  
 And on the twining flax—in life's young hours  
 These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded  
 powers.

## II.

In Argolis beside the echoing sea,  
 Such impulses within my mortal frame  
 Arose, and they were dear to memory,  
 Like tokens of the dead:—but others came  
 Soon, in another shape: the wondrous fame  
 Of the past world, the vital words and deeds  
 Of minds whom neither time nor change can tame,  
 Traditions dark and old, whence evil creeds  
 Start forth, and whose dim shade a stream of poison  
 feeds.

## III.

I heard, as all have heard, the various story  
 Of human life, and wept unwilling tears  
 Feeble historians of its shame and glory,  
 False disputants on all its hopes and fears,  
 Victims who worshipped ruin,—chroniclers  
 Of daily scorn, and slaves who loathed their state;  
 Yet flattering power had given its ministers  
 A throne of judgment in the grave—'twas fate,  
 That among such as these my youth should seek its  
 mate.

## IV.

The land in which I lived, by a fell bane  
 Was withered up. Tyrants dwelt side by side,  
 And stabled in our homes,—until the chain  
 Stifled the captive's cry, and to abide  
 That blasting curse men had no shame—all vied  
 In evil, slave and despot; fear with lust  
 Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,  
 Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,  
 Which on the paths of men their mingling poison  
 thrust.

## V.

Earth, our bright home, its mountains and its waters,  
 And the ethereal shapes which are suspended  
 Over its green expanse, and those fair daughters,  
 The clouds, of Sun and Ocean, who have blended  
 The colours of the air since first extended  
 It cradled the young world, none wandered forth  
 To see or feel: a darkness had descended  
 On every heart: the light which shows its worth,  
 Must among gentle thoughts and fearless take its  
 birth.

## VI.

This vital world, this home of happy spirits,  
 Was as a dungeon to my blasted kind,  
 All that despair from murdered hope inherits  
 They sought, and in their helpless misery blind,  
 A deeper prison and heavier chains did find,  
 And stronger tyrants:—a dark gulf before,  
 The realm of a stern Ruler, yawned; behind,  
 Terror and Time conflicting drove, and bore  
 On their tempestuous flood the shrieking wretch  
 from shore.

## VII.

Out of that Ocean's wrecks had Guilt and Woe  
 Framed a dark dwelling for their homeless  
 thought,  
 And, starting at the ghosts which to and fro  
 Glide o'er its dim and gloomy strand, had brought  
 The worship thence which they each other taught.  
 Well might men loathe their life, well might they  
 turn  
 Even to the ills again from which they sought  
 Such refuge after death!—well might they learn  
 To gaze on this fair world with hopeless uncon-  
 cern!

## VIII.

For they all pined in bondage; body and soul,  
 Tyrant and slave, victim and torturer, bent  
 Before one Power, to which supreme control  
 Over their will by their own weakness lent,  
 Made all its many names omnipotent;  
 All symbols of things evil, all divine;  
 And hymns of blood or mockery, which rent  
 The air from all its fanes, did intertwine  
 Imposture's impious toils round each discordant  
 shrine.

## IX.

I heard, as all have heard, life's various story,  
 And in no careless heart transcribed the tale;  
 But, from the sneers of men who had grown hoary  
 In shame and scorn, from groans of crowds made  
 By famine, from a mother's desolate wail [pale  
 O'er her polluted child, from innocent blood  
 Poured on the earth, and brows anxious and pale  
 With the heart's warfare; did I gather food  
 To feed my many thoughts:—a tameless multitude.

## x.

I wandered through the wrecks of days departed  
Far by the desolated shore, when even  
O'er the still sea and jagged islets darted  
The light of moonrise; in the northern Heaven,  
Among the clouds near the horizon driven,  
The mountains lay beneath one planet pale;  
Around me broken tombs and columns riven  
Looked vast in twilight, and the sorrowing gale  
Waked in those ruins grey its everlasting wail!

## xi.

I knew not who had framed these wonders then,  
Nor had I heard the story of their deeds;  
But dwellings of a race of mightier men,  
And monuments of less ungentle creeds  
Tell their own tale to him who wisely heeds  
The language which they speak; and now, to me  
The moonlight making pale the blooming weeds,  
The bright stars shining in the breathless sea,  
Interpreted those scrolls of mortal mystery.

## xii.

Such man has been, and such may yet become!  
Aye, wiser, greater, gentler, even than they  
Who on the fragments of yon shattered dome  
Have stamped the sign of power—I felt the sway  
Of the vast stream of ages bear away  
My floating thoughts—my heart beat loud and  
Even as a storm let loose beneath the ray [fast—  
Of the still moon, my spirit onward past  
Beneath truth's steady beams upon its tumult cast.

## xiii.

It shall be thus no more! too long, too long,  
Sons of the glorious dead! have ye lain bound  
In darkness and in ruin.—Hope is strong,  
Justice and Truth their winged child have found—  
Awake! arise! until the mighty sound  
Of your career shall scatter in its gust  
The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground  
Hide the last altar's unregarded dust,  
Whose Idol has so long betrayed your impious  
trust.

## xiv.

It must be so—I will arise and waken  
The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,  
Which on a sudden from its snows had shaken  
The swoon of ages, it shall burst, and fill  
The world with cleansing fire; it must, it will—  
It may not be restrained!—and who shall stand  
Amid the rocking earthquake steadfast still,  
But Laon? on high Freedom's desert land  
A tower whose marble walls the leagued storms  
withstand!

## xv.

One summer night, in commune with the hope  
Thus deeply fed, amid those ruins grey  
I watched, beneath the dark sky's starry cope;  
And ever from that hour upon me lay  
The burthen of this hope, and night or day,  
In vision or in dream, clove to my breast:  
Among mankind, or when gone far away  
To the lone shores and mountains, 'twas a guest,  
Which followed where I fled, and watched when I  
did rest.

## xvi.

These hopes found words through which my spirit  
To weave a bondage of such sympathy [sought  
As might create some response to the thought  
Which ruled me now—and as the vapours lie  
Bright in the outspread morning's radiance,  
So were these thoughts invested with the light  
Of language; and all bosoms made reply  
On which its lustre streamed, whene'er it might  
Thro' darkness wide and deep those tranced spirits  
smite.

## xvii.

Yes, many an eye with dizzy tears was dim,  
And oft I thought to clasp my own heart's brother,  
When I could feel the listener's senses swim,  
And hear his breath its own swift gaspings smother  
Even as my words evoked them—and another,  
And yet another, I did fondly deem,  
Felt that we all were sons of one great mother;  
And the cold truth such sad reverse did seem,  
As to awake in grief from some delightful dream.

## xviii.

Yes, oft beside the ruined labyrinth  
Which skirts the hoary caves of the green deep,  
Did Laon and his friend on one grey plinth,  
Round whose worn base the wild waves hiss and  
Resting at eve, a lofty converse keep: [leap,  
And that his friend was false, may now be said  
Calmly—that he like other men could weep  
Tears which are lies, and could betray and spread  
Snare for that guileless heart which for his own  
had bled.

## xix.

Then, had no great aim recompensed my sorrow,  
I must have sought dark respite from its stress  
In dreamless rest, in sleep that sees no morrow—  
For to tread life's dismaying wilderness  
Without one smile to cheer, one voice to bless,  
Amid the snares and scoffs of human kind,  
Is hard—but I betrayed it not, nor less  
With love that scorned return, sought to unbind  
The interwoven clouds which make its wisdom  
blind.

## xx.

With deathless minds, which leave where they have  
A path of light, my soul communion knew; [past  
Til from that glorious intercourse, at last,  
As from a mine of magic store, I drew  
Words which were weapons;—round my heart  
there grew  
The adamantine armour of their power,  
And from my fancy wings of golden hue  
Sprang forth—yet not alone from wisdom's tower,  
A minister of truth, these plumes young Laon bore.

## xxi.

An orphan with my parents lived, whose eyes  
Were load-stars of delight, which drew me home  
When I might wander forth; nor did I prize  
Aught human thing beneath Heaven's mighty  
dome  
Beyond this child: so when sad hours were come,  
And baffled hope like ice still clung to me,  
Since kin were cold, and friends had now become  
Heartless and false, I turned from all, to be,  
Cythna, the only source of tears and smiles to thee.



## XXII.

What wert thou then? A child most infantine,  
 Yet wandering far beyond that innocent age  
 In all but its sweet looks and mien divine;  
 Even then, methought, with the world's tyrant rage  
 A patient warfare thy young heart did wage,  
 When those soft eyes of scarcely conscious thought,  
 Some tale, or thine own fancies, would engage  
 To overflow with tears, or converse fraught  
 With passion, o'er their depths its fleeting light  
 had wrought.

## XXIII.

She moved upon this earth a shape of brightness,  
 A power, that from its objects scarcely drew  
 One impulse of her being—in her lightness  
 Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew  
 Which wanders through the waste air's pathless  
 To nourish some far desert; she did seem [blue,  
 Beside me, gathering beauty as she grew,  
 Like the bright shade of some immortal dream  
 Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of  
 life's dark stream.

## XXIV.

As mine own shadow was this child to me,  
 A second self, far dearer and more fair;  
 Which clothed in undissolving radiance  
 All those steep paths which languor and despair  
 Of human things had made so dark and bare,  
 But which I trod alone—nor, till bereft  
 Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,  
 Knew I what solace for that loss was left,  
 Though by a bitter wound my trusting heart was  
 cleft.

## XXV.

Once she was dear, now she was all I had  
 To love in human life—this playmate sweet,  
 This child of twelve years old—so she was made  
 My sole associate, and her willing feet  
 Wandered with mine where earth and ocean meet,  
 Beyond the aerial mountains whose vast cells  
 The unreposing billows ever beat,  
 Through forests wide and old, and lawny dells,  
 Where boughs of incense droop over the emerald  
 wells.

## XXVI.

And warm and light I felt her clasping hand  
 When twined in mine: she followed where I went,  
 Through the lone paths of our immortal land.  
 It had no waste, but some memorial lent  
 Which strung me to my toil—some monument  
 Vital with mind: then Cythna by my side,  
 Until the bright and beaming day were spent,  
 Would rest, with looks entreating to abide,  
 Too earnest and too sweet ever to be denied.

## XXVII.

And soon I could not have refused her—thus  
 For ever, day and night, we two were ne'er  
 Parted, but when brief sleep divided us:  
 And, when the pauses of the lulling air  
 Of noon beside the sea had made a lair  
 For her soothed senses, in my arms she slept,  
 And I kept watch over her slumbers there,  
 While, as the shifting visions over her swept,  
 Amid her innocent rest by turns she smiled and  
 wept.

## XXVIII.

And, in the murmur of her dreams, was heard  
 Sometimes the name of Laon:—suddenly  
 She would arise, and, like the secret bird  
 Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky  
 With her sweet accents—a wild melody!  
 Hymns which my soul had woven to Freedom,  
 strong  
 The source of passion, whence they rose to be  
 Triumphant strains, which, like a spirit's tongue,  
 To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.

## XXIX.

Her white arms lifted through the shadowy stream  
 Of her loose hair—oh, excellently great  
 Seemed to me then my purpose, the vast theme  
 Of those impassioned songs, when Cythna sat  
 Amid the calm which rapture doth create  
 After its tumult, her heart vibrating,  
 Her spirit o'er the ocean's floating state  
 From her deep eyes far wandering, on the wing  
 Of visions that were mine, beyond its utmost  
 spring.

## XXX.

For, before Cythna loved it, had my song  
 Peopled with thoughts the boundless universe,  
 A mighty congregation, which were strong  
 Where'er they trod the darkness to disperse  
 The cloud of that unutterable curse  
 Which clings upon mankind:—all things became  
 Slaves to my holy and heroic verse,  
 Earth, sea, and sky, the planets, life, and fame,  
 And fate, or whate'er else binds the world's woun-  
 drous frame.

## XXXI.

And this beloved child thus felt the sway  
 Of my conceptions, gathering like a cloud  
 The very wind on which it rolls away:  
 Hers too were all my thoughts, ere yet, endowed  
 With music and with light, their fountains flowed  
 In poesy; and her still and earnest face,  
 Pallid with feelings which intensely glowed  
 Within, was turned on mine with speechless grace,  
 Watching the hopes which there her heart had  
 learned to trace.

## XXXII.

In me, communion with this purest being  
 Kindled intenser zeal, and made me wise  
 In knowledge, which in hers mine own mind seeing,  
 Left in the human world few mysteries:  
 How without fear of evil or disguise  
 Was Cythna!—what a spirit strong and mild,  
 Which death, or pain, or peril, could despise,  
 Yet melt in tenderness! what genius wild,  
 Yet mighty, was inclosed within one simple child!

## XXXIII.

New lore was this—old age with its grey hair,  
 And wrinkled legends of unworthy things,  
 And icy sneers, is nought: it cannot dare  
 To burst the chains which life for ever flings  
 On the entangled soul's aspiring wings,  
 So is it cold and cruel, and is made  
 The careless slave of that dark power which brings  
 Evil, like blight on man, who, still betrayed,  
 Laughs o'er the grave in which his living hopes  
 are laid.

XXXIV.

Nor are the strong and the severe to keep  
The empire of the world : thus Cythna taught  
Even in the visions of her eloquent sleep,  
Unconscious of the power through which she  
The woof of such intelligible thought, [wrought  
As from the tranquil strength which cradled lay  
In her smile-peopled rest, my spirit sought  
Why the deceiver and the slave has sway  
O'er heralds so divine of truth's arising day.

XXXV.

Within that fairest form, the female mind  
Untainted by the poison clouds which rest  
On the dark world, a sacred home did find :  
But else, from the wide earth's maternal breast,  
Victorious Evil, which had dispossessed  
All native power, had those fair children torn,  
And made them slaves to soothe his vile unrest,  
And minister to lust its joys forlorn,  
Till they had learned to breathe the atmosphere of  
scorn.

XXXVI.

This misery was but coldly felt, till she  
Became my only friend, who had induced  
My purpose with a wider sympathy ;  
Thus, Cythna mourned with me the servitude  
In which the half of humankind were mewed,  
Victims of lust and hate, the slaves of slaves :  
She mourned that grace and power were thrown  
To the hyena lust, who, among graves, [as food  
Over his loathed meal, laughing in agony, raves.

XXXVII.

And I, still gazing on that glorious child,  
Even as these thoughts flushed o'er her :—  
“Cythna sweet,  
Well with the world art thou unreconciled ;  
Never will peace and human nature meet,  
Till free and equal man and woman greet  
Domestic peace ; and ere this power can make  
In human hearts its calm and holy seat,  
This slavery must be broken”—as I spake,  
From Cythna's eyes a light of exultation brake.

XXXVIII.

She replied earnestly :—“ It shall be mine,  
This task, mine, Laon !—thou hast much to gain ;  
Nor wilt thou at poor Cythna's pride repine,  
If she should lead a happy female train  
To meet thee over the rejoicing plain,  
When myriads at thy call shall throng around  
The Golden City.”—Then the child did strain  
My arm upon her tremulous heart, and wound  
Her own about my neck, till some reply she found.

XXXIX.

I smiled, and spake not.—“ Wherefore dost thou  
At what I say ? Laon, I am not weak, [smile  
And, though my cheek might become pale the  
With thee, if thou desistest, will I seek [while,  
Through their array of banded slaves to wreak  
Ruin upon the tyrants. I had thought  
It was more hard to turn my unpractised cheek  
To scorn and shame, and this beloved spot  
And thee, O dearest friend, to leave and murmur not.

XL.

“ Whence came I what I am ? Thou, Laon, knowest  
How a young child should thus undaunted be ;  
Methinks, it is a power which thou bestowest,  
Through which I seek, by most resembling thee,  
So to become most good, and great, and free ;  
Yet far beyond this Ocean's utmost roar  
In towers and huts are many like to me,  
Who, could they see thine eyes, or feel such lore  
As I have learnt from them, like me would fear  
no more.

XLI.

“ Thinkest thou that I shall speak unskilfully,  
And none will heed me ? I remember now,  
How once, a slave in tortures doomed to die,  
Was saved, because in accents sweet and low  
He sang a song his Judge loved long ago,  
As he was led to death.—All shall relent [flow,  
Who hear me—tears as mine have flowed, shall  
Hearts beat as mine now beats, with such intent  
As renovates the world ; a will omnipotent !

XLII.

“ Yes, I will tread Pride's golden palaces,  
Through Penury's roofless huts and squalid cells  
Will I descend, where'er in abjectness  
Woman with some vile slave her tyrant dwells  
There with the music of thine own sweet spells  
Will disenchant the captives, and will pour  
For the despairing, from the crystal wells  
Of thy deep spirit, reason's mighty lore,  
And power shall then abound, and hope arise once  
more.

XLIII.

“ Can man be free if woman be a slave ? [air  
Chain one who lives, and breathes this boundless  
To the corruption of a closed grave ! [bear  
Can they whose mates are beasts, condemned to  
Scorn, heavier far than toil or anguish, dare  
To trample their oppressors ? In their home  
Among their babes, thou knowest a curse would  
wear  
The shape of woman—hoary crime would come  
Behind, and fraud rebuild religion's tottering dome.

XLIV.

“ I am a child :—I would not yet depart.  
When I go forth alone, bearing the lamp  
Aloft which thou hast kindled in my heart,  
Millions of slaves from many a dungeon damp  
Shall leap in joy, as the benumbing cramp  
Of ages leaves their limbs—no ill may harm  
Thy Cythna ever—truth its radiant stamp  
Has fixed, as an invulnerable charm  
Upon her children's brow, dark falsehood to disarm.

XLV.

“ Wait yet awhile for the appointed day—  
Thou wilt depart, and I with tears shall stand  
Watching thy dim sail skirt the ocean grey ;  
Amid the dwellers of this lonely land  
I shall remain alone—and thy command  
Shall then dissolve the world's unquiet trance,  
And, multitudinous as the desert sand  
Borne on the storm, its millions shall advance,  
Thronging round thee, the light of their deliverance.

## XLVI.

"Then, like the forests of some pathless mountain,  
Which from remotest glens two warring winds  
Involve in fire, which not the loosened fountain  
Of broadest floods might quench, shall all the kinds  
Of evil catch from our uniting minds [then  
The spark which must consume them;—Cythna  
Will have cast off the impotence that binds  
Her childhood now, and through the paths of men  
Will pass, as the charmed bird that haunts the  
serpent's den.

## XLVII.

"We part!—O Laon, I must dare, nor tremble,  
To meet those looks no more!—Oh, heavy stroke!  
Sweet brother of my soul; can I dissemble  
The agony of this thought?"—As thus she spoke  
The gathered sobs her quivering accents broke,  
And in my arms she hid her beating breast.  
I remained still for tears—sudden she woke  
As one awakes from sleep, and wildly prest  
My bosom, her whole frame impetuously possesset.

## XLVIII.

"We part to meet again—but yon blue waste,  
Yon desert wide and deep, holds no recess  
Within whose happy silence, thus embraced  
We might survive all ills in one caress:  
Nor doth the grave—I fear 'tis passionless—  
Nor yon cold vacant Heaven:—we meet again  
Within the minds of men, whose lips shall bless  
Our memory, and whose hopes its light retain  
When these dissevered bones are trodden in the  
plain."

## XLIX.

I could not speak, though she had ceased, for now  
The fountains of her feeling, swift and deep,  
Seemed to suspend the tumult of their flow;  
So we arose, and by the star-light creep  
Went homeward—neither did we speak nor weep,  
But pale, were calm.—With passion thus subdued,  
Like evening shades that o'er the mountains creep  
We moved towards our home; where, in this mood,  
Each from the other sought refuge in solitude.

## CANTO III.

## I.

[slumber  
WHAT thoughts had sway o'er Cythna's lonely  
That night, I know not; but my own did seem  
As if they might ten thousand years outnumber  
Of waking life, the visions of a dream,  
Which hid in one dim gulf the troubled stream  
Of mind; a boundless chaos wild and vast,  
Whose limits yet were never memory's theme:  
And I lay struggling as its whirlwinds past,  
Sometimes for rapture sick, sometimes for pain  
aghast.

## II.

Two hours, whose mighty circle did embrace  
More time than might make grey the infant world,  
Rolled thus, a weary and tumultuous space:  
When the third came, like mist on breezes curled,  
From my dim sleep a shadow was unfurled:  
Methought, upon the threshold of a cave  
I sate with Cythna; drooping briony, pearled  
With dew from the wild streamlet's shattered wave,  
Hung, where we sate, to taste the joys which Nature  
gave.

## III.

We lived a day as we were wont to live,  
But nature had a robe of glory on,  
And the bright air o'er every shape did weave  
Intenser hues, so that the herbless stone,  
The leafless bough among the leaves alone,  
Had being clearer than its own could be,  
And Cythna's pure and radiant self was shown  
In this strange vision, so divine to me,  
That if I loved before, now love was agony.

## IV.

Mornfled, noon came, evening, then night descended,  
And we prolonged calm talk beneath the sphere  
Of the calm moon—when, suddenly was blended  
With our repose a nameless sense of fear;  
And from the cave behind I seemed to hear  
Sounds gathering upwards!—accents incomplete,  
And stifled shrieks,—and now, more near and  
A tumult and a rush of thronging feet [near,  
The cavern's secret depths beneath the earth did  
beat.

## V.

The scene was changed, and away, away, away!  
Through the air and over the sea we sped,  
And Cythna in my sheltering bosom lay,  
And the winds bore me;—through the darkness  
spread  
Around, the gaping earth then vomited  
Legions of foul and ghastly shapes, which hung  
Upon my flight; and ever as we fled,  
They plucked at Cythna—soon to me then clung  
A sense of actual things those monstrous dreams  
among.

## VI.

And I lay struggling in the impotence  
Of sleep, while outward life had burst its bound,  
Though, still deluded, strove the tortured sense  
To its dire wanderings to adapt the sound  
Which in the light of morn was poured around  
Our dwelling—breathless, pale, and unaware  
I rose, and all the cottage crowded found  
With armed men, whose glittering swords were  
bare,  
And whose degraded limbs the tyrant's garb did  
wear.

## VII.

And ere with rapid lips and gathered brow  
I could demand the cause—a feeble shriek—  
It was a feeble shriek, faint, far, and low,  
Arrested me—my mien grew calm and meek,  
And, grasping a small knife, I went to seek  
That voice among the crowd—'twas Cythna's  
cry!  
Beneath most calm resolve did agony wreak  
Its whirlwind rage:—so I past quietly  
Till I beheld, where bound, that dearest child did  
lie.

## VIII.

I started to behold her, for delight  
And exultation, and a joyance free,  
Solemn, serene, and lofty, filled the light  
Of the calm smile with which she looked on me:  
So that I feared some bitter ecstacy,  
Wrought from that some bitter woe, had wildered her—  
"Farewell! farewell!" she said, as I drew nigh.  
"At first my peace was marred by this strangestir,  
Now I am calm as truth—its chosen minister.

## IX.

“ Look not so, Laon—say farewell in hope :  
 These bloody men are but the slaves who bear  
 Their mistress to her task—it was my scope  
 The slavery where they drag me now, to share,  
 And among captives willing chains to wear  
 Awhile—the rest thou knowest—return, dear  
 Let our first triumph trample the despair [friend!  
 Which would ensnare us now, for in the end,  
 In victory or in death our hopes and fears must  
 blend.”

## X.

These words had fallen on my unheeding ear,  
 Whilst I had watched the motions of the crew  
 With seeming careless glance ; not many were  
 Around her, for their comrades just withdrew  
 To guard some other victim—so I drew  
 My knife, and with one impulse, suddenly  
 All unaware three of their number slew, [cry  
 And grasped a fourth by the throat, and with loud  
 My countrymen invoked to death or liberty !

## XI.

What followed then, I know not—for a stroke  
 On my raised arm and naked head came down,  
 Filling my eyes with blood—when I awoke,  
 I felt that they had bound me in my swoon,  
 And up a rock which overhangs the town,  
 By the steep path were bearing me : below  
 The plain was filled with slaughter,—overthrown  
 The vineyards and the harvests, and the glow  
 Of blazing roofs shone far o'er the white Ocean's  
 flow.

## XII.

Upon that rock a mighty column stood,  
 Whose capital seemed sculptured in the sky,  
 Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude  
 Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,  
 Had many a landmark ; o'er its height to fly  
 Scarcely the cloud, the vulture, or the blast,  
 Has power—and when the shades of evening lie  
 On Earth and Ocean, its carved summits cast  
 The sunken day-light far through the aerial waste.

## XIII.

They bore me to a cavern in the hill  
 Beneath that column, and unbound me there :  
 And one did strip me stark ; and one did fill  
 A vessel from the putrid pool ; one bare  
 A lighted torch, and four with friendless care  
 Guided my steps the cavern-paths along,  
 Then up a steep and dark and narrow stair  
 We wound, until the torches' fiery tongue  
 Amid the gushing day beamless and pallid hung.

## XIV.

They raised me to the platform of the pile,  
 That column's dizzy height :—the grate of brass  
 Through which they thrust me, open stood the  
 As to its ponderous and suspended mass, [while,  
 With chains which eat into the flesh, alas !  
 With brazen links, my naked limbs they bound :  
 The grate, as they departed to repass,  
 With horrid clangour fell, and the far sound  
 Of their retiring steps in the dense gloom was  
 drowned.

## XV.

The noon was calm and bright :—around that  
 The overhanging sky and circling sea [column  
 Spread forth in silentness profound and solemn  
 The darkness of brief frenzy cast on me,  
 So that I knew not my own misery :  
 The islands and the mountains in the day  
 Like clouds reposed afar ; and I could see  
 The town among the woods below that lay,  
 And the dark rocks which bound the bright and  
 glassy bay.

## XVI.

It was so calm, that scarce the feathery weed  
 Sown by some eagle on the topmost stone  
 Swayed in the air :—so bright, that noon did breed  
 No shadow in the sky beside mine own—  
 Mine, and the shadow of my chain alone.  
 Below the smoke of roofs involved in flame  
 Rested like night, all else was clearly shown  
 In the broad glare, yet sound to me none came,  
 But of the living blood that ran within my frame.

## XVII.

The peace of madness fled, and ah, too soon !  
 A ship was lying on the sunny main ;  
 Its sails were flagging in the breathless noon—  
 Its shadow lay beyond—that sight again  
 Waked, with its presence, in my tranced brain  
 The stings of a known sorrow, keen and cold :  
 I knew that ship bore Cythna o'er the plain  
 Of waters, to her blighting slavery sold,  
 And watched it with such thoughts as must remain  
 untold.

## XVIII.

I watched, until the shades of evening wrapt  
 Earth like an exhalation—then the bark  
 Moved, for that calm was by the sunset snapt.  
 It moved a speck upon the Ocean dark :  
 Soon the wan stars came forth, and I could mark  
 Its path no more ! I sought to close mine eyes,  
 But, like the balls, their lids were stiff and stark ;  
 I would have risen, but, ere that I could rise,  
 My parched skin was split with piercing agonies.

## XIX.

I gnawed my brazen chain, and sought to sever  
 Its adamantine links, that I might die :  
 O Liberty ! forgive the base endeavour,  
 Forgive me, if, reserved for victory,  
 The Champion of thy faith e'er sought to fly.—  
 That starry night, with its clear silence, sent  
 Tameless resolve which laughed at misery  
 Into my soul—linked remembrance lent  
 To that such power, to me such a severe content.

## XX.

To breathe, to be, to hope, or to despair  
 And die, I questioned not ; nor, though the Sun  
 Its shafts of agony kindling through the air  
 Moved over me, nor though in evening dun,  
 Or when the stars their visible courses run,  
 Or morning, the wide universe was spread  
 In dreary calmness round me, did I shun  
 Its presence, nor seek refuge with the dead  
 From one faint hope whose flower a dropping poison  
 shed.

XXI.

Two days thus past—I neither raved nor died—  
Thirst raged within me, like a scorpion's nest  
Built in mine entrails ; I had spurned aside  
The water-vessel, while despair possessed [uprest  
My thoughts, and now no drop remained ! The  
Of the third sun brought hunger—but the crust  
Which had been left, was to my craving breast  
Fuel, not food. I chewed the bitter dust,  
And bit my bloodless arm, and licked the brazen  
rust.

XXII.

My brain began to fail when the fourth morn  
Burst o'er the golden isles—a fearful sleep,  
Which through the caverns dreary and forlorn  
Of the riven soul, sent its foul dreams to sweep  
With whirlwind swiftness—a fall far and deep,—  
A gulf, a void, a sense of senselessness—  
These things dwelt in me, even as shadows keep  
Their watch in some dim charnel's loneliness,  
A shoreless sea, a sky sunless and planetless !

XXIII.

The forms which peopled this terrific trance  
I well remember—like a quire of devils,  
Around me they involved a giddy dance ;  
Legions seemed gathering from the misty levels  
Of ocean, to supply those ceaseless revels,  
Foul, ceaseless shadows :—thought could not divide  
The actual world from these entangling evils,  
Which so bemocked themselves, that I descried  
All shapes like mine own self, hideously multiplied.

XXIV.

The sense of day and night, of false and true,  
Was dead within me. Yet two visions burst  
That darkness—one, as since that hour I knew,  
Was not a phantom of the realms accurst,  
Where then my spirit dwelt—but of the first  
I know not yet, was it a dream or no.  
But both, though not distincter, were immersed  
In hues which, when through memory's waste they  
flow,  
Make their divided streams more bright and rapid  
now.

XXV.

Methought that gate was lifted, and the seven  
Who brought me thither, four stiff corpses bare,  
And from the frieze to the four winds of Heaven  
Hung them on high by the entangled hair :  
Swarthly were three—the fourth was very fair :  
As they retired, the golden morn upsprung,  
And eagerly, out in the giddy air,  
Leaning that I might eat, I stretched and clung  
Over the shapeless depth in which those corpses  
hung.

XXVI.

A woman's shape, now lank and cold and blue,  
The dwelling of the many-coloured worm,  
Hung there, the white and hollow cheek I drew  
To my dry lips—what radiance did inform  
Those horny eyes? whose was that withered form?  
Alas, alas ! it seemed that Cythna's ghost  
Laughed in those looks, and that the flesh was warm  
Within my teeth !—a whirlwind keen as frost  
Then in its sinking gulfs my sickening spirit tost.

XXVII.

Then seemed it that a tameless hurricane  
Arose, and bore me in its dark career  
Beyond the sun, beyond the stars that wane  
On the verge of formless space—it languished  
And, dying, left a silence lone and drear, [there,  
More horrible than famine :—in the deep  
The shape of an old man did then appear,  
Stately and beautiful ; that dreadful sleep  
His heavenly smiles dispersed, and I could wake  
and weep.

XXVIII.

And, when the blinding tears had fallen, I saw  
That column, and those corpses, and the moon,  
And felt the poisonous tooth of hunger gnaw  
My vitals, I rejoiced, as if the boon  
Of senseless death would be accorded soon ;—  
When from that stony gloom a voice arose,  
Solemn and sweet as when low minds attune  
The midnight pines ; the grate did then unclose,  
And on that reverend form the moonlight did repose.

XXIX.

He struck my chains, and gently spake and smiled :  
As they were loosened by that Hermit old,  
Mine eyes were of their madness half beguiled,  
To answer those kind looks.—He did enfold  
His giant arms around me to uphold  
My wretched frame, my scorched limbs he wound  
In linen moist and balmy, and as cold  
As dew to drooping leaves :—the chain, with sound  
Like earthquake, through the chasm of that steep  
stair did bound

XXX.

As, lifting me, it fell !—What next I heard,  
Were billows leaping on the harbour bar,  
And the shrill sea-wind, whose breath idly stirred  
My hair ;—I looked abroad, and saw a star  
Shining beside a sail, and distant far  
That mountain and its column, the known mark  
Of those who in the wide deep wandering are,  
So that I feared some Spirit, fell and dark,  
In trance had lain me thus within a fiendish  
bark.

XXXI.

For now, indeed, over the salt sea billow  
I sailed : yet dared not look upon the shape  
Of him who ruled the helm, although the pillow  
For my light head was hollowed in his lap,  
And my bare limbs his mantle did enwrap,  
Fearing it was a fiend : at last, he bent  
O'er me his aged face ; as if to snap  
Those dreadful thoughts the gentle grandsire bent,  
And to my inmost soul his soothing looks he sent.

XXXII.

A soft and healing potion to my lips  
At intervals he raised—now looked on high,  
To mark if yet the starry giant dips  
His zone in the dim sea—now cheeringly,  
Though he said little, did he speak to me.  
“ It is a friend beside thee—take good cheer,  
Poor victim, thou art now at liberty !”  
I joyed as those a human tone to hear,  
Who in cells deep and lone have languished many  
a year.

## XXXIII.

A dim and feeble joy, whose glimpses oft  
 Were quenched in a relapse of wildering dreams,  
 Yet still methought we sailed, until aloft  
 The stars of night grew pallid, and the beams  
 Of morn descended on the ocean-streams,  
 And still that aged man, so grand and mild,  
 Tended me, even as some sick mother seems  
 To hang in hope over a dying child,  
 Till in the azure East darkness again was piled.

## XXXIV.

And then the night-wind, steaming from the shore,  
 Sent odours dying sweet across the sea,  
 And the swift boat the little waves which bore,  
 Were cut by its keen keel, though slantingly;  
 Soon I could hear the leaves sigh, and could see  
 The myrtle-blossoms starring the dim grove,  
 As past the pebbly beach the boat did flee  
 On sidelong wing into a silent cove,  
 Where ebon pines a shade under the starlight wove.

## CANTO IV.

## I.

THE old man took the oars, and soon the bark  
 Smote on the beach beside a tower of stone;  
 It was a crumbling heap whose portal dark  
 With blooming ivy trails was overgrown;  
 Upon whose floor the spangling sands were strown,  
 And rarest sea-shells, which the eternal flood,  
 Slave to the mother of the months, had thrown  
 Within the walls of that great tower, which stood  
 A changeling of man's art, nursed amid Nature's  
 brood.

## II.

When the old man his boat had anchored,  
 He wound me in his arms with tender care,  
 And very few but kindly words he said,  
 And bore me through the tower adown a stair,  
 Whose smooth descent some ceaseless step to wear  
 For many a year had fallen.—We came at last  
 To a small chamber, which with mosses rare  
 Was tapestried, where me his soft hands placed  
 Upon a couch of grass and oak-leaves interlaced.

## III.

The moon was darting through the lattices  
 Its yellow light, warm as the beams of day—  
 So warm, that to admit the dewy breeze,  
 The old man opened them: the moonlight lay  
 Upon a lake whose waters wove their play  
 Even to the threshold of that lonely home:  
 Within was seen in the dim wavering ray,  
 The antique sculptured roof, and many a tome  
 Whose lore had made that sage all that he had  
 become.

## IV.

The rock-built barrier of the sea was past,—  
 And I was on the margin of a lake,  
 A lonely lake, amid the forests vast  
 And snowy mountains:—did my spirit wake  
 From sleep, as many-coloured as the snake  
 That girds eternity? in life and truth,  
 Might not my heart its cravings ever slake?  
 Was Cythna then a dream, and all my youth,  
 And all its hopes and fears, and all its joy and  
 ruth?

## V.

Thus madness came again,—a milder madness,  
 Which darkened nought but time's unquiet flow  
 With supernatural shades of clinging sadness;  
 That gentle Hermit, in my helpless woe,  
 By my sick couch was busy to and fro,  
 Like a strong spirit ministrant of good:  
 When I was healed, he led me forth to show  
 The wonders of his sylvan solitude,  
 And we together sate by that isle-fretted flood.

## VI.

He knew his soothing words to weave with  
 skill  
 From all my madness told: like mine own heart,  
 Of Cythna would he question me, until  
 That thrilling name had ceased to make me  
 start,  
 From his familiar lips—it was not art,  
 Of wisdom and of justice when he spoke—  
 When 'mid soft looks of pity, there would dart  
 A glance as keen as is the lightning's stroke  
 When it doth rive the knots of some ancestral  
 oak.

## VII.

Thus slowly from my brain the darkness rolled,  
 My thoughts their due array did re-assume  
 Through the enchantments of that Hermit old;  
 Then I bethought me of the glorious doom  
 Of those who sternly struggle to relume  
 The lamp of Hope o'er man's bewildered lot,  
 And, sitting by the waters, in the gloom  
 Of eve, to that friend's heart I told my thought—  
 That heart which had grown old, but had corrupted  
 not.

## VIII.

That hoary man had spent his livelong age  
 In converse with the dead, who leave the stamp  
 Of ever-burning thoughts on many a page,  
 When they are gone into the senseless damp  
 Of graves—his spirit thus became a lamp  
 Of splendour, like to those on which it fed.  
 Through peopled haunts, the City and the Camp,  
 Deep thirst for knowledge had his footsteps led,  
 And all the ways of men among mankind he read.

## IX.

But custom maketh blind and obdurate  
 The loftiest hearts:—he had beheld the woe  
 In which mankind was bound, but deemed that fate  
 Which made them abject would preserve them so;  
 And in such faith, some steadfast joy to know,  
 He sought this cell: but, when fame went abroad  
 That one in Argolis did undergo  
 Torture for liberty, and that the crowd  
 High truths from gifted lips had heard and under-  
 stood,

## X.

And that the multitude was gathering wide,  
 His spirit leaped within his aged frame;  
 In lonely peace he could no more abide,  
 But to the land on which the victor's flame  
 Had fed, my native land, the Hermit came;  
 Each heart was there a shield, and every tongue  
 Was as a sword of truth—youth Laon's name  
 Rallied their secret hopes, though tyrants sung  
 Hymns of triumphant joy our scattered tribes  
 among.

## XI.

He came to the lone column on the rock,  
 And with his sweet and mighty eloquence  
 The hearts of those who watched it did unlock,  
 And made them melt in tears of penitence.  
 They gave him entrance free to bear me thence.  
 "Since this," the old man said, "seven years are  
 While slowly truth on thy benighted sense [spent,  
 Has crept; the hope which wildered it has lent,  
 Meauwhile, to me the power of a sublime intent.

## XII.

"Yes, from the records of my youthful state,  
 And from the lore of bards and sages old,  
 From whatso'er my wakened thoughts create  
 Out of the hopes of thine aspirings bold,  
 Have I collected language to unfold  
 Truth to my countrymen; from shore to shore  
 Doctrines of human power my words have told;  
 They have been heard, and men aspire to more  
 Than they have ever gained or ever lost of yore.

## XIII.

"In secret chambers parents read, and weep,  
 My writings to their babes, no longer blind;  
 And young men gather when their tyrants sleep,  
 And vows of faith each to the other bind;  
 And marriageable maidens, who have pined  
 With love, till life seemed melting through their  
 A warmer zeal, a nobler hope, now find; [look,  
 And every bosom thus is wrapt and shook,  
 Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoln moun-  
 tain brook.

## XIV.

"The tyrants of the Golden City tremble  
 At voices which are heard about the streets;  
 The ministers of fraud can scarce dissemble  
 The lies of their own heart; but when one meets  
 Another at the shrine, he inly weets,  
 Though he says nothing, that the truth is known;  
 Murderers are pale upon the judgment-seats,  
 And gold grows vile even to the wealthy crone,  
 And laughter fills the Fane, and curses shake the  
 Throne.

## XV.

"Kind thoughts, and mighty hopes, and gentle  
 Abound, for fearless love, and the pure law [deeds  
 Of mild equality and peace succeeds  
 To faiths which long have held the world in awe,  
 Bloody, and false, and cold:—as whirlpools draw  
 All wrecks of Ocean to their chasm, the sway  
 Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw  
 This hope, compels all spirits to obey,  
 Which round thy secret strength now throng in  
 wide array.

## XVI.

"For I have been thy passive instrument"—  
 (As thus the old man spake, his countenance  
 Gleamed on me like a spirit's)—"thou hast lent  
 To me, to all, the power to advance  
 Towards this unforeseen deliverance  
 From our ancestral chains—ay, thou didst rear  
 That lamp of hope on high, which time, nor chance,  
 Nor change may not extinguish, and my share  
 Of good was o'er the world its gathered beams to  
 bear.

## XVII.

"But I, alas! am both unknown and old,  
 And though the woof of wisdom I know well  
 To dye in hues of language, I am cold  
 In seeming, and the hopes which inly dwell  
 My manners note that I did long repel;  
 But Laon's name to the tumultuous throng  
 Were like the star whose beams the waves compel  
 And tempests, and his soul-subduing tongue  
 Were as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong.

## XVIII.

"Perchance blood need not flow, if thou at length  
 Wouldst rise; perchance the very slaves would spare  
 Their brethren and themselves; great is the  
 Of words—for lately did a maiden fair, [strength  
 Who from her childhood has been taught to bear  
 The tyrant's heaviest yoke, arise, and make  
 Her sex the law of truth and freedom hear;  
 And with these quiet words—for thine own sake  
 I prithee spare me,—did with ruth so take

## XIX.

"All hearts, that even the torturer, who had bound  
 Her meek calm frame, ere it was yet impaled,  
 Loosened her weeping then; nor could be found  
 One human hand to harm her—unassailed  
 Therefore she walks through the great City, veiled  
 In virtue's adamantine eloquence, [mailed,  
 'Gainst scorn, and death, and pain, thus trebly  
 And blending in the smiles of that defence,  
 The Serpent and the Dove, Wisdom and Innocence.

## XX.

"The wild-eyed women throng around her path:  
 From their luxurious dungeons, from the dust  
 Of meaner thralls, from the oppressor's wrath,  
 Or the caresses of his sated lust,  
 They congregate:—in her they put their trust;  
 The tyrants send their armed slaves to quell  
 Her power;—they, even like a thunder gust  
 Caught by some forest, bend beneath the spell  
 Of that young maiden's speech, and to their chiefs  
 rebel.

## XXI.

"Thus she doth equal laws and justice teach  
 To woman, outraged and polluted long;  
 Gathering the sweetest fruit in human reach  
 For those fair hands now free, while armed wrong  
 Trembles before her look, though it be strong;  
 Thousands thus dwell beside her, virgins bright,  
 And matrons with their babes, a stately throng!  
 Lovers renew the vows which they did plight  
 In early faith, and hearts long parted now unite.

## XXII.

"And homeless orphans find a home near her,  
 And those poor victims of the proud, no less,  
 Fair wrecks, on whom the smiling world with stir,  
 Thrusts the redemption of its wickedness:—  
 In squalid huts, and in its palaces  
 Sits Lust alone, while o'er the land is borne  
 Her voice, whose awful sweetness doth repress  
 All evil, and her foes relenting turn,  
 And cast the vote of love in hope's abandoned  
 urn.

XXIII.

"So in the populous City, a young maiden  
Has baffled Havoc of the prey which he  
Marks as his own, when'er with chains o'erladen  
Men make them arms to hurl down tyranny,  
False arbiter between the bound and free ;  
And o'er the land, in hamlets and in towns  
The multitudes collect tumultuously,  
And throng in arms ; but tyranny disowns  
Their claim, and gathers strength around its trem-  
bling thrones.

XXIV.

"Blood soon, although unwillingly, to shed  
The free cannot forbear—the Queen of Slaves,  
The hood-winked Angel of the blind and dead,  
Custom, with iron mace points to the graves  
Where her own standard desolately waves  
Over the dust of Prophets and of Kings.  
Many yet stand in her array—*—* she paves  
Her path with human hearts, and o'er it flings  
The wildering gloom of her immeasurable wings.

XXV.

"There is a plain beneath the City's wall,  
Bounded by misty mountains, wide and vast ;  
Millions there lift at Freedom's thrilling call  
Ten thousand standards wide ; they load the blast  
Which bears one sound of many voices past,  
And startles on his throne their sceptred foe :  
He sits amid his idle pomp aghast,  
And that his power hath past away, doth know—  
Why pause the victor swords to seal his overthrow ?

XXVI.

"The tyrant's guards resistance yet maintain :  
Fearless, and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood ;  
They stand a speck amid the peopled plain ;  
Carnage and ruin have been made their food  
From infancy—ill has become their good,  
And for its hateful sake their will has wove  
The chains which eat their hearts—the multitude  
Surrounding them, with words of human love,  
Seek from their own decay their stubborn minds  
to move.

XXVII.

"Over the land is felt a sudden pause,  
As night and day those ruthless bands around  
The watch of love is kept :—a trance which awes  
The thoughts of men with hope—as when the sound  
Of whirlwind, whose fierce blasts the waves and  
clouds confound,  
Dies suddenly, the mariner in fear  
Feels silence sink upon his heart—thus bound,  
The conqueror's pause, and oh ! may freemen ne'er  
Clasp the relentless knees of Dread, the murderer !

XXVIII.

"If blood be shed, 'tis but a change and choice  
Of bonds,—from slavery to cowardice  
A wretched fall !—uplift thy charmed voice,  
Pour on those evil men the love that lies  
Hovering within those spirit-soothing eyes—  
Arise, my friend, farewell !"—As thus he spake,  
From the green earth lightly I did arise,  
As one out of dim dreams that doth awake,  
And looked upon the depth of that reposing lake.

XXIX.

I saw my countenance reflected there ;—  
And then my youth fell on me like a wind  
Descending on still waters—my thin hair  
Was prematurely grey, my face was lined  
With channels, such as suffering leaves behind,  
Not age ; my brow was pale, but in my cheek  
And lips a flush of gnawing fire did find [speak  
Their food and dwelling ; though mine eyes might  
A subtle mind and strong within a frame thus weak.

XXX.

And though their lustre now was spent and faded,  
Yet in my hollow looks and withered mien  
The likeness of a shape for which was braided  
The brightest woof of genius, still was seen—  
One who, methought, had gone from the world's  
And left it vacant—'twas her lover's face— [scene,  
It might resemble her—it once had been  
The mirror of her thoughts, and still the grace  
Which her mind's shadow cast, left there a linger-  
ing trace.

XXXI.

What then was I ? She slumbered with the dead.  
Glory and joy and peace, had come and gone.  
Doth the cloud perish, when the beams are fled  
Which steeped its skirts in gold ? or dark, and lone,  
Doth it not through the paths of night unknown,  
On outspread wings of its own wind upborne  
Pour rain upon the earth ? the stars are shown,  
When the cold moon sharpens her silver horn  
Under the sea, and make the wide night not forlorn.

XXXII.

Strengthened in heart, yet sad, that aged man  
I left, with interchange of looks and tears,  
And lingering speech, and to the Camp began  
My way. O'er many a mountain chain which rears  
Its hundred crests aloft, my spirit bears  
My frame ; o'er many a dale and many a moor,  
And gaily now me seems serene earth wears  
The bloomy spring's star-bright investiture,  
A vision which aught sad from sadness might allure.

XXXIII.

My powers revived within me, and I went  
As one whom winds waft o'er the bending grass,  
Through many a vale of that broad continent.  
At night when I reposed, fair dreams did pass  
Before my pillow ;—my own Cythna was  
Not like a child of death, among them ever ;  
When I arose from rest, a woeful mass  
That gentle sleep seemed from my life to sever,  
As if the light of youth were not withdrawn for ever.

XXXIV.

Aye, as I went, that maiden, who had reared  
The torch of Truth afar, of whose high deeds  
The Hermit in his pilgrimage had heard,  
Haunted my thoughts.—Ah, Hope its sickness feeds  
With whatso'er it finds, or flowers or weeds !  
Could she be Cythna ?—Was that corpse a shade  
Such as self-torturing thought from madness  
breeds ?  
Why was this hope not torture ? yet it made  
A light around my steps which would not ever fade.



## CANTO V.

I.

OVER the utmost hill at length I sped,  
A snowy steep :—the moon was hanging low  
Over the Asian mountains, and outspread  
The plain, the City, and the Camp, below,  
Skirted the midnight Ocean's glimmering flow,  
The City's moon-lit spires and myriad lamps,  
Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow,  
And fires blazed far amid the scattered camps,  
Like springs of flame, which burst where'er swift  
Earthquake stamps.

II.

All slept but those in watchful arms who stood,  
And those who sate tending the beacon's light,  
And the few sounds from that vast multitude  
Made silence more profound—Oh, what a might  
Of human thought was cradled in that night !  
How many hearts impenetrably veiled  
Beat underneath its shade what secret fight,  
Evil and good, in woven passions mailed,  
Waged through that silent throng, a war that  
never failed !

III.

And now the Power of Good held victory,  
So, through the labyrinth of many a tent,  
Among the silent millions who did lie  
In innocent sleep, exultingly I went ;  
The moon had left Heaven desert now, but lent  
From eastern morn the first faint lustre showed  
An armed youth—over his spear he bent  
His downward face.—“ A friend ! ” I cried aloud,  
And quickly common hopes made freemen under-  
stood.

IV.

I sate beside him while the morning beam  
Crept slowly over Heaven, and talked with him  
Of those immortal hopes, a glorious theme !  
Which led us forth, until the stars grew dim :  
And all the while, methought, his voice did swim,  
As if it drowned in remembrance were  
Of thoughts which make the moist eyes overbrim :  
At last, when daylight 'gan to fill the air,  
He looked on me, and cried in wonder, “ Thou  
art here ! ”

V.

Then, suddenly, I knew it was the youth  
In whom its earliest hopes my spirit found ;  
But envious tongues had stained his spotless truth,  
And thoughtless pride his love in silence bound,  
And shame and sorrow mine in toils had wound,  
Whilst he was innocent, and I deluded.  
The truth now came upon me, on the ground  
Tears of repenting joy, which fast intruded,  
Fell fast, and o'er its peace our mingling spirits  
brooded.

VI.

Thus, while with rapid lips and earnest eyes  
We talked, a sound of sweeping conflict spread,  
As from the earth did suddenly arise ;  
From every tent, roused by that clamour dread,  
Our bands outsprung and seized their arms ; we sped  
Towards the sound : our tribes were gathering far,  
Those sanguine slaves amid ten thousand dead  
Stabbed in their sleep, trampled in treacherous war,  
The gentle hearts whose power their lives had  
sought to spare.

VII.

Like rabid snakes, that sting some gentle child  
Who brings them food, when winter false and fair  
Allures them forth with its cold smiles, so wild  
They rage among the camp ;—they overbear  
The patriot hosts—confusion, then despair  
Descends like night—when “ Laon ! ” one did cry :  
Like a bright ghost from Heaven that shout did  
scare  
The slaves, and, widening through the vaulted sky,  
Seemed sent from Earth to Heaven in sign of  
victory.

VIII.

In sudden panic those false murderers fled,  
Like insect tribes before the northern gale :  
But, swifter still, our hosts encompassed  
Their shattered ranks, and in a craggy vale,  
Where even their fierce despair might nought avail,  
Hemmed them around !—and then revenge and  
Made the high virtue of the patriots fail : [far  
One pointed on his foe the mortal spear—  
I rushed before its point, and cried, “ Forbear,  
forbear ! ”

IX.

The spear transfixed my arm that was uplifted  
In swift expostulation, and the blood [gifted  
Gushed round its point : I smiled, and—“ Oh ! thou  
With eloquence which shall not be withstood,  
Flow thus ! ”—I cried in joy, “ thou vital flood,  
Until my heart be dry, ere thus the cause  
For which thou wert aught worthy be subdued—  
Ah, ye are pale,—ye weep,—your passions pause,—  
'Tis well ! ye feel the truth of love's benignant laws.

X.

“ Soldiers, our brethren and our friends are slain.  
Ye murdered them, I think, as they did sleep !  
Alas, what have ye done ! The slightest pain  
Which ye might suffer, there were eyes to weep ;  
But ye have quenched them—there were smiles  
to steep  
Your hearts in balm, but they are lost in woe ;  
And those whom love did set his watch to keep  
Around your tents truth's freedom to bestow,  
Ye stabbed as they did sleep—but they forgive ye  
now.

XI.

“ O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,  
And pain still keener pain for ever breed ?  
We all are brethren—even the slaves who kill  
For hire, are men ; and to avenge misdeed  
On the misdoer, doth but Misery feed  
With her own broken heart ! O Earth, O Heaven !  
And thou, dread Nature, which to every deed  
And all that lives, or is to be, hath given,  
Even as to thee have these done ill, and are  
forgiven.

XII.

“ Join then your hands and hearts, and let the past  
Be as a grave which gives not up its dead  
To evil thoughts.”—A film then overcast  
My sense with dimness, for the wound, which bled  
Freshly, swift shadows o'er mine eyes had shed.  
When I awoke, I lay 'mid friends and foes,  
And earnest countenances on me shed  
The light of questioning looks, whilst one did close  
My wound with balmiest herbs, and soothed me  
to repose ;

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## XIII.

And one, whose spear had pierced me, leaned beside  
 With quivering lips and humid eyes ;—and all  
 Seemed like some brothers on a journey wide  
 Gone forth, whom now strange meeting did befall  
 In a strange land, round one whom they might call  
 Their friend, their chief, their father, for assay  
 Of peril, which had saved them from the thrall  
 Of death, now suffering. Thus the vast array  
 Of those fraternal bands were reconciled that day.

## XIV.

Lifting the thunder of their acclamation  
 Towards the City, then the multitude,  
 And I among them, went in joy—a nation  
 Made free by love ;—a mighty brotherhood  
 Linked by a jealous interchange of good ;  
 A glorious pageant, more magnificent  
 Than kingly slaves, arrayed in gold and blood ;  
 When they return from carnage, and are sent  
 In triumph bright beneath the populous battlement.

## XV.

Afar, the City walls were thronged on high,  
 And myriads on each giddy turret clung,  
 And to each spire far lessening in the sky,  
 Bright pennons on the idle winds were hung ;  
 As we approached, a shout of joyance sprung  
 At once from all the crowd, as if the vast  
 And peopled Earth its boundless skies among  
 The sudden clamour of delight had cast,  
 When from before its face some general wreck  
 had past.

## XVI.

Our armies through the City's hundred gates  
 Were poured, like brooks which to the rocky lair  
 Of some deep lake, whose silence them awaits,  
 Throng from the mountains when the storms are  
 there ;  
 And, as we passed through the calm sunny air,  
 A thousand flower-inwoven crowns were shed,  
 The token flowers of truth and freedom fair,  
 And fairest hands bound them on many a head,  
 Those angels of love's heaven, that over all was  
 spread.

## XVII.

I trod as one tranced in some rapturous vision :  
 Those bloody bands so lately reconciled,  
 Were, ever as they went, by the contrition  
 Of anger turned to love from ill beguiled,  
 And every one on them more gently smiled,  
 Because they had done evil :—the sweet awe  
 Of such mild looks made their own hearts grow mild,  
 And did with soft attraction ever draw  
 Their spirits to the love of freedom's equal law.

## XVIII.

And they, and all, in one loud symphony  
 My name with Liberty commingling, lifted,  
 " The friend and the preserver of the free !  
 The parent of this joy ! " and fair eyes, gifted  
 With feelings caught from one who had uplifted  
 The light of a great spirit, round me shone ;  
 And all the shapes of this grand scenery shifted  
 Like restless clouds before the steadfast sun,—  
 Where was that Maid ? I asked, but it was known  
 of none.

## XIX.

Laone was the name her love had chosen,  
 For she was nameless, and her birth none knew :  
 Where was Laone now !—The words were frozen  
 Within my lips with fear ; but to subdue  
 Such dreadful hope, to my great task was due,  
 And when at length one brought reply, that she  
 To-morrow would appear, I then withdrew  
 To judge what need for that great throng might be,  
 For now the stars came thick over the twilight sea.

## XX.

Yet need was none for rest or food to care,  
 Even though that multitude was passing great,  
 Since each one for the other did prepare  
 All kindly succour—Therefore to the gate  
 Of the Imperial House, now desolate,  
 I passed, and there was found aghast, alone,  
 The fallen Tyrant !—Silently he sat  
 Upon the footstool of his golden throne,  
 Which, starred with sunny gems, in its own lustre  
 shone.

## XXI.

Alone, but for one child, who led before him  
 A graceful dance : the only living thing  
 Of all the crowd, which thither to adore him  
 Flocked yesterday, who solace sought to bring  
 In his abandonment !—She knew the King  
 Had praised her dance of yore, and now she wove  
 Its circles, aye weeping and murmuring  
 'Mid her sad task of unregarded love,  
 That to no smiles it might his speechless sadness  
 move.

## XXII.

She fled to him, and wildly clasped his feet  
 When human steps were heard :—he moved nor  
 spoke,  
 Nor changed his hue, nor raised his looks to meet  
 The gaze of strangers.—Our loud entrance woke  
 The echoes of the hall, which circling broke  
 The calm of its recesses,—like a tomb  
 Its sculptured walls vacantly to the stroke  
 Of footfalls answered, and the twilight's gloom  
 Lay like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome.

## XXIII.

The little child stood up when we came nigh ;  
 Her lips and cheeks seemed very pale and wan,  
 But on her forehead and within her eye  
 Lay beauty, which makes hearts that feed thereon  
 Sick with excess of sweetness ;—on the throne  
 She leaned. The King, with gathered brow and lips  
 Wreathed by long scorn, did illly sneer and frown  
 With hue like that when some great painter dips  
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.

## XXIV.

She stood beside him like a rainbow braided  
 Within some storm, when scarce its shadows vast  
 From the blue paths of the swift sun have faded.  
 A sweet and solemn smile, like Cythna's, cast  
 One moment's light, which made my heart beat fast  
 O'er that child's parted lips—a gleam of bliss,  
 A shade of vanished days,—as the tears part  
 Which wrapt it, even as with a father's kiss  
 I pressed those softest eyes in trembling tenderness.

xxv.

The sceptred wretch then from that solitude  
I drew, and of his change compassionate,  
With words of sadness soothed his rugged mood.  
But he, while pride and fear held deep debate,  
With sullen guile of ill-dissembled hate  
Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare :  
Pity, not scorn, I felt, though desolate  
The desolator now, and unaware  
The curses which he mocked had caught him by  
the hair.

xxvi.

I led him forth from that which now might seem  
A gorgeous grave : through portals sculptured deep  
With imagery beautiful as dream  
We went, and left the shades which tend on sleep  
Over its unregarded gold to keep  
Their silent watch.—The child trod faintly,  
And, as she went, the tears which she did weep  
Glanced in the star-light ; wildered seemed she,  
And when I spake, for sobs she could not answer  
me.

xxvii.

At last the tyrant cried, " She hungers, slave !  
Stab her, or give her bread !"—It was a tone  
Such as sick fancies in a new-made grave  
Might hear. I trembled, for the truth was known,  
He with this child had thus been left alone,  
And neither had gone forth for food,—but he  
In mingled pride and awe cowered near his throne,  
And she, a nursing of captivity,  
Knew nought beyond those walls, nor what such  
change might be.

xxviii.

And he was troubled at a charm withdrawn  
Thus suddenly ; that sceptres ruled no more—  
That even from gold the dreadful strength was gone  
Which once made all things subject to its power—  
Such wonder seized him, as if hour by hour  
The past had come again ; and the swift fall  
Of one so great and terrible of yore  
To desolateness, in the hearts of all  
Like wonder stirred, who saw such awful change  
befal.

xxix.

A mighty crowd, such as the wide land pours  
Once in a thousand years, now gathered round  
The fallen tyrant ;—like the rush of showers  
Of hail in spring, pattering along the ground,  
Their many footsteps fell, else came no sound  
From the wide multitude : that lonely man  
Then knew the burthen of his change, and found,  
Concealing in the dust his visage wan,  
Refuge from the keen looks which thro' his bosom  
ran.

xxx.

And he was faint withal. I sate beside him  
Upon the earth, and took that child so fair  
From his weak arms, that ill might none betide him  
Or her ;—when food was brought to them, her share  
To his averted lips the child did bear ;  
But when she saw he had enough, she ate  
And wept the while ;—the lonely man's despair  
Hunger then overcame, and of his state  
Forgetful, on the dust as in a trance he sate.

xxxI.

Slowly the silence of the multitudes  
Past, as when far is heard in some lone dell  
The gathering of a wind among the woods—  
And he is fallen ! they cry ; he who did dwell  
Like famine or the plague, or aught more fell,  
Among our homes, is fallen ! the murderer  
Who slaked his thirsting soul as from a well  
Of blood and tears with ruin ! He is here !  
Sunk in a gulf of scorn from which none may him  
rear !

xxxii.

Then was heard—He who judged let him be brought  
To judgment ! Blood for blood cries from the soil  
On which his crimes have deep pollution wrought !  
Shall Othman only unavenged despoil ?  
Shall they, who by the stress of grinding toil  
Wrest from the unwilling earth his luxuries,  
Perish for crime, while his foul blood may boil,  
Or creep within his veins at will !—Arise !  
And to high justice make her chosen sacrifice.

xxxiii.

" What do ye seek ! what fear ye ?" then I cried,  
Suddenly starting forth, " that ye should shed  
The blood of Othman—if your hearts are tried  
In the true love of freedom, cease to dread  
This one poor lonely man—beneath Heaven shed  
In purest light above us all, through earth,  
Maternal earth, who doth her sweet smiles spread  
For all, let him go free ; until the worth  
Of human nature win from these a second birth.

xxxiv.

" What call ye *justice* ? Is there one who ne'er  
In secret thought has wished another's ill ?—  
Are ye all pure ? Let those stand forth who hear,  
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill,  
If such they be ? their mild eyes can they fill  
With the false anger of the hypocrite ?  
Alas, such were not pure—the chastened will  
Of virtue sees that justice is the light  
Of love, and not revenge, and terror and despite."

xxxv.

The murmur of the people, slowly dying,  
Paused as I spake ; then those who near me were,  
Cast gentle looks where the lone man was lying  
Shrouding his head, which now that infant fair  
Clasped on her lap in silence ;—through the air  
Sobs were then heard, and many kissed my feet  
In pity's madness, and, to the despair  
Of him whom late they cursed, a solace sweet  
His very victims brought—soft looks and speeches  
meet.

xxxvi.

Then to a home, for his repose assigned,  
Accompanied by the still throng he went  
In silence, where, to soothe his rankling mind,  
Some likeness of his ancient state was lent ;  
And, if his heart could have been innocent  
As those who pardoned him, he might have ended  
His days in peace ; but his straight lips were bent,  
Men said, into a smile which guile portended,  
A sight with which that child like hope with fear  
was blended.

## XXXVII.

'Twas midnight now, the eve of that great day,  
Whereon the many nations at whose call  
The chains of earth like mist melted away,  
Decreed to hold a sacred Festival,  
A rite to attest the equality of all  
Who live. So to their homes, to dream or wake  
All went. The sleepless silence did recal  
Laone to my thoughts, with hopes that make  
The flood recede from which their thirst they seek  
to slake.

## XXXVIII.

The dawn flowed forth, and from its purple  
fountains  
I drank those hopes which make the spirit quail,  
As to the plain between the misty mountains  
And the great City, with a countenance pale  
I went:—it was a sight which might avail  
To make men weep exulting tears, for whom  
Now first from human power the reverend veil  
Was torn, to see Earth from her general womb  
Pour forth her swarming sons to a fraternal  
doom:

## XXXIX.

To see, far glancing in the misty morning,  
The signs of that innumerable host,  
To hear one sound of many made, the warning  
Of Earth to Heaven from its free children tost,  
While the eternal hills, and the sea lost  
In wavering light, and, starring the blue sky  
The city's myriad spires of gold, almost  
With human joy made mute society  
Its witnesses with men who must hereafter be.

## XL.

To see, like some vast island from the Ocean,  
The Altar of the Federation rear  
Its pile i'the midst; a work, which the devotion  
Of millions in one night created there,  
Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear  
Strange clouds in the east; a marble pyramid  
Distinct with steps: that mighty shape did wear  
The light of genius; its still shadow hid  
Far ships: to know its height the morning mists  
forbid!

## XLI.

To hear the restless multitudes for ever  
Around the base of that great Altar flow,  
As on some mountain islet burst and shiver  
Atlantic waves; and solemnly and slow  
As the wind bore that tumult to and fro,  
To feel the dreamlike music, which did swim  
Like beams through floating clouds on waves below,  
Falling in pauses from that Altar dim  
As silver-sounding tongues breathed an ærial  
hymn.

## XLII.

To hear, to see, to live, was on that morn  
Lethæan joy! so that all those assembled  
Cast off their memories of the past outworn:  
Two only bosoms with their own life trembled,  
And mine was one,—and we had both dissembled;  
So with a beating heart I went, and one,  
Who having much, covets yet more, resembled;  
A lost and dear possession, which not won,  
He walks in lonely gloom beneath the noontday  
sun.

## XLIII.

To the great Pyramid I came: its stair  
With female quires was thronged: the loveliest  
Among the free, grouped with its sculptures rare.  
As I approached, the morning's golden mist,  
Which now the wonder-stricken breezes kist  
With their cold lips, fled, and the summit shone  
Like Athos seen from Samothracia, drest  
In earliest light by vintagers, and one  
Sate there, a female shape upon an ivory throne.

## XLIV.

A Form most like the imagined habitant  
Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,  
By winds which feed on sunrise woven, to enchant  
The faiths of men: all mortal eyes were drawn,  
As famished mariners through strange seas gone,  
Gaze on a burning watch-tower, by the light  
Of those divinest lineaments—alone  
With thoughts which none could share, from that  
fair sight  
I returned in sickness, for a veil shrouded her coun-  
tenance bright.

## XLV.

And, neither did I hear the acclamations  
Which, from brief silence bursting, filled the air,  
With her strange name and mine, from all the  
nations  
Which we, they said, in strength had gathered there  
From the sleep of bondage; nor the vision fair  
Of that bright pageantry beheld,—but blind  
And silent, as a breathing corpse did fare,  
Leaning upon my friend, till, like a wind [mind.  
To fevered cheeks, a voice flowed o'er my troubled

## XLVI.

Like music of some minstrel heavenly-gifted,  
To one whom fiends enthral, this voice to me;  
Scarce did I wish her veil to be uplifted,  
I was so calm and joyous.—I could see  
The platform where we stood, the statue three  
Which kept their marble watch on that high shrine,  
The multitudes, the mountains, and the sea;  
As when eclipse hath passed, things sudden shine  
To men's astonished eyes most clear and crystalline

## XLVII.

At first Laone spoke most tremulously:  
But soon her voice that calmness which it shed  
Gathered, and—"Thou art whom I sought to see,  
And thou art our first votary here," she said:  
"I had a dear friend once, but he is dead!—  
And of all those on the wide earth who breathe,  
Thou dost resemble him alone—I spread  
This veil between us two, that thou beneath  
Should'st image one who may have been long lost  
in death.

## XLVIII.

"For this wilt thou not henceforth pardon me?  
Yes, but those joys which silence well requite  
Forbid reply: why men have chosen me  
To be the Priestess of this holiest rite  
I scarcely know, but that the floods of light  
Which flow over the world, have borne me hither  
To meet thee, long most dear; and now unite  
Thine hand with mine, and may all comfort wither  
From both the hearts whose pulse in joy now beats  
together,

## XLIX.

"If our own will as others' law we bind,  
If the foul worship trampled here we fear;  
If as ourselves we cease to love our kind!"—  
She paused, and pointed upwards—sculptured there  
Three shapes around her ivory throne appear;  
One was a Giant, like a child asleep  
On a loose rock, whose grasp crushed, as it were  
In dream, sceptres and crowns; and one did keep  
Its watchful eyes in doubt whether to smile or weep;

## L.

A Woman sitting on the sculptured disk  
Of the broad earth, and feeding from one breast  
A human babe and a young basilisk;  
Her looks were sweet as Heaven's when loveliest  
In Autumn eves.—The third Image was drest  
In white wings swift as clouds in winter skies.  
Beneath his feet, 'mongst ghastliest forms, repress  
Lay Faith, an obscene worm, who sought to rise,  
While calmly on the Sun he turned his diamond  
eyes.

## LI.

Beside that Image then I sate, while she  
Stood, 'mid the throngs which ever ebbed and  
Like light amid the shadows of the sea [flowed  
Cast from one cloudless star, and on the crowd  
That touch, which none who feels forgets, bestowed;  
And whilst the sun returned the steadfast gaze  
Of the great Image as o'er Heaven it glode,  
That rite had place; it ceased when sunset's blaze  
Burned o'er the isles; all stood in joy and deep  
amaze;

When in the silence of all spirits there  
Laone's voice was felt, and through the air  
Her thrilling gestures spoke, most eloquently fair.

## 1.

"Calm art thou as yon sunset! swift and strong  
As new-fledged Eagles, beautiful and young,  
That float among the blinding beams of morning;  
And underneath thy feet writhe Faith, and Folly,  
Custom, and Hell, and mortal Melancholy—  
Hark! the Earth starts to hear the mighty warning  
Of thy voice sublime and holy;  
Its free spirits here assembled,  
See thee, feel thee, know thee now:  
To thy voice their hearts have trembled,  
Like ten thousand clouds which flow  
With one wide wind as it flies!  
Wisdom! thy irresistible children rise  
To hail thee, and the elements thy chain  
And their own will to swell the glory of thy train.

## 2.

"O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven!  
Mother and soul of all to which is given  
The light of life, the loveliness of being,  
Lo! thou dost re-ascend the human heart,  
Thy throne of power, almighty as thou wert,  
In dreams of Poets old grown pale by seeing  
The shade of thee:—now, millions start  
To feel thy lightnings through them burning:  
Nature, or God, or Love, or Pleasure,  
Or Sympathy, the sad tears turning  
To mutual smiles, a drainless treasure,  
Descends amidst us;—Scorn and Hate,  
Revenge and Selfishness, are desolate—  
A hundred nations swear that there shall be  
Pity and Peace and Love, among the good and free!

## 3.

"Eldest of things, divine Equality!  
Wisdom and Love are but the slaves of thee,  
The Angels of thy sway, who pour around thee  
Treasures from all the cells of human thought,  
And from the Stars, and from the Ocean brought,  
And the last living heart whose beatings bound thee:  
The powerful and the wise had sought  
Thy coming; thou in light descending  
O'er the wide land which is thine own,  
Like the spring whose breath is blending  
All blasts of fragrance into one,  
Comest upon the paths of men!  
Earth bares her general bosom to thy ken,  
And all her children here in glory meet  
To feed upon thy smiles, and clasp thy sacred feet.

## 4.

"My brethren, we are free! the plains and moun-  
tains,  
The grey sea-shore, the forests, and the fountains,  
Are haunts of happiest dwellers; man and woman,  
Their common bondage burst, may freely borrow  
From lawless love a solace for their sorrow!  
For oft we still must weep, since we are human.  
A stormy night's serenest morrow,  
Whose showers are pity's gentle tears,  
Whose clouds are smiles of those that die  
Like infants, without hopes or fears,  
And whose beams are joys that lie.  
In blended hearts, now holds dominion;  
The dawn of mind, which, upwards on a pinion  
Borne, swift as sun-rise, far illumines space,  
And clasps this barren world in its own bright  
embrace!

## 5.

"My brethren, we are free! the fruits are glowing  
Beneath the stars, and the night-winds are flowing  
O'er the ripe corn, the birds and beasts are dream-  
Never again may blood of bird or beast [ing—  
Stain with its venomous stream a human feast,  
To the pure skies in accusation steaming;  
Avenging poisons shall have ceased  
To feed disease and fear and madness,  
The dwellers of the earth and air  
Shall throng around our steps in gladness,  
Seeking their food or refuge there.  
Our toil from thought all glorious forms shall cull,  
To make this earth, our home, more beautiful,  
And Science, and her sister Poesy,  
Shall clothe in light the fields and cities of the free!

## 6.

"Victory, Victory to the prostrate nations!  
Bear witness, Night, and ye, mute Constellations,  
Who gaze on us from your crystalline cars!  
Thoughts have gone forth whose powers can sleep no  
Victory! Victory! Earth's remotest shore, [more!  
Regions which groan beneath the Antarctic stars,  
The green lands cradled in the roar  
Of western waves, and wildernesses  
Peopled and vast, which skirt the oceans  
Where morning dyes her golden tresses,  
Shall soon partake our high emotions:  
Kings shall turn pale! Almighty Fear,  
The Fiend-God, when our charmed name he hear,  
Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes,  
While Truth with Joy enthroned o'er his lost  
empire reigns!"

## LII.

Ere she had ceased, the mists of night entwining  
 Their dim woof, floated o'er the infinite throng ;  
 She like a spirit through the darkness shining,  
 In tones whose sweetness silence did prolong,  
 As if to lingering winds they did belong,  
 Poured forth her inmost soul: a passionate speech  
 With wild and thrilling pauses woven among,  
 Which whoso heard, was mute, for it could  
 teach

To rapture like her own all listening hearts to reach.

## LIII.

Her voice was as a mountain stream which sweeps  
 The withered leaves of Autumn to the lake,  
 And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps  
 In the shadow of the shores ; as dead leaves  
 wake

Under the wave, in flowers and herbs which make  
 Those green depths beautiful when skies are blue,  
 The multitude so moveless did partake  
 Such living change, and kindling murmurs flew  
 As o'er that speechless calm delight and wonder  
 grew.

## LIV.

Over the plain the throngs were scattered then  
 In groups around the fires, which from the sea  
 Even to the gorge of the first mountain glen  
 Blazed wide and far : the banquet of the free  
 Was spread beneath many a dark cypress tree,  
 Beneath whose spires, which swayed in the red  
 light  
 Reclining as they ate, of Liberty,  
 And hope, and Justice, and Laone's name,  
 Earth's children did a woof of happy converse  
 frame.

## LV.

Their feast was such as Earth, the general mother,  
 Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles  
 In the embrace of Autumn ;—to each other  
 As when some parent fondly reconciles  
 Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles  
 With her own sustenance ; they relenting weep :  
 Such was this Festival, which from their isles,  
 And continents, and winds, and oceans deep,  
 All shapes might throng to share, that fly, or walk,  
 or creep.

## LVI.

Might share in peace and innocence, for gore  
 Or poison none this festal did pollute,  
 But piled on high, an overflowing store  
 Of pomegranates, and citrons, fairest fruit,  
 Melons and dates, and figs, and many a root  
 Sweet and sustaining, and bright grapes ere yet  
 Accused fire their mild juice could transmute  
 Into a mortal bane, and brown corn set  
 In baskets ; with pure streams their thirsting lips  
 they wet.

## LVII.

Laone had descended from the shrine,  
 And every deepest look and holiest mind  
 Fed on her form, though now those tones divine  
 Were silent as she past ; she did unwind  
 Her veil, as with the crowds of her own kind  
 She mixed ; some impulse made my heart re-  
 frain  
 From seeking her that night, so I reclined  
 Amidst a group, where on the utmost plain  
 A festal watch-fire burned beside the dusky main.

## LVIII.

And joyous was our feast ; pathetic talk,  
 And wit, and harmony of choral strains,  
 While far Orion o'er the waves did walk  
 That flow among the isles, held us in chains  
 Of sweet captivity, which none disdains  
 Who feels : but, when his zone grew dim in mist  
 Which clothes the Ocean's bosom, o'er the plains  
 The multitudes went homeward, to their rest,  
 Which that delightful day with its own shadow blest.

## CANTO VI.

## I.

BESIDE the dimness of the glimmering sea,  
 Weaving swift language from impassioned themes,  
 With that dear friend I lingered, who to me  
 So late had been restored, beneath the gleams  
 Of the silver stars ; and ever in soft dreams  
 Of future love and peace sweet converse lapt  
 Our willing fancies, till the pallid beams  
 Of the last watch-fire fell, and darkness wrapt  
 The waves, and each bright chain of floating fire  
 was snapt.

## II.

And till we came even to the City's wall  
 And the great gate, then, none knew whence or  
 Disquiet on the multitudes did fall : [why,  
 And first, one pale and breathless past us by,  
 And stared and spoke not ; then with piercing cry  
 A troop of wild-eyed women, by the shrieks  
 Of their own terror driven,—tumultuously  
 Hither and thither hurrying with pale cheeks,  
 Each one from fear unknown a sudden refuge  
 seeks—

## III.

Then, rallying cries of treason and of danger  
 Resounded : and—"They come ! to arms ! to  
 The Tyrant is amongst us, and the stranger [arms!  
 Comes to enslave us in his name ! to arms !"  
 In vain : for Panic, the pale fiend who charms  
 Strength to forswear her right, those millions swept  
 Like waves before the tempest—these alarms  
 Came to me, as to know their cause I leapt  
 On the gate's turret, and in rage and grief and scorn  
 I wept !

## IV.

For to the North I saw the town on fire,  
 And its red light made morning pallid now,  
 Which burst over wide Asia.—Louder, higher,  
 The yells of victory and the screams of woe  
 I heard approach, and saw the throng below [falls  
 Stream through the gates like foam-wrought water-  
 Fed from a thousand storms—the fearful glow  
 Of bombs flares overhead—at intervals  
 The red artillery's bolt mangling among them falls.

## V.

And now the horsemen come—and all was done  
 Swifter than I have spoken—I beheld  
 Their red swords flash in the unrisen sun.  
 I rushed among the rout to have repelled  
 That miserable flight—one moment quelled  
 By voice, and looks, and eloquent despair,  
 As if reproach from their own hearts withheld  
 Their steps, they stood ; but soon came pouring  
 there  
 New multitudes, and did those rallied bands o'er-  
 [bear.

## VI.

I strove, as drifted on some cataract  
By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive  
Who hears its fatal roar: the files compact  
Whelmed me, and from the gate availed to drive  
With quickening impulse, as each bolt did rive  
Their ranks with bloodier chasm: into the plain  
Disgorged at length the dead and the alive,  
In one dread mass, were parted, and the stain  
Of blood from mortal steel fell o'er the fields like  
rain.

## VII.

For now the despot's blood-hounds with their prey  
Unarmed and unaware, were gorging deep  
Their gluttony of death; the loose array  
Of horsemen o'er the wide fields murdering sweep,  
And with loud laughter for their tyrant reap  
A harvest sown with other hopes; the while,  
Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep  
A killing rain of fire:—when the waves smile  
As sudden earthquakes light many a volcano isle.

## VIII.

Thus sudden, unexpected feast was spread  
For the carrion fowls of Heaven.—I saw the sight—  
I moved—I lived—as o'er the heaps of dead,  
Whose stony eyes glared in the morning light,  
I trod; to me there came no thought of flight,  
But with loud cries of scorn which whose heard  
That dreaded death, felt in his veins the might  
Of virtuous shame return, the crowd I stirred,  
And desperation's hope in many hearts recurred.

## IX.

A band of brothers gathering round me, made,  
Although unarmed, a steadfast front, and still  
Retreating, with stern looks beneath the shade  
Of gathered eyebrows, did the victors fill  
With doubt even in success; deliberate will  
Inspired our growing troop; not overthrown  
It gained the shelter of a grassy hill,  
And ever still our comrades were hewn down,  
And their defenceless limbs beneath our footsteps  
strown.

## X.

Immoveably we stood—in joy I found,  
Beside me then, firm as a giant pine  
Among the mountain vapours driven around,  
The old man whom I loved—his eyes divine  
With a mild look of courage answered mine,  
And my young friend was near, and ardently  
His hand grasped mine a moment—now the line  
Of war extended, to our rallying cry,  
As myriads flocked in love and brotherhood to die.

## XI.

For ever while the sun was climbing Heaven  
The horsemen hewed our unarmed myriads down  
Safely, though when by thirst of carnage driven  
Too near, those slaves were swiftly overthrown  
By hundreds leaping on them: flesh and bone  
Soon made our ghastly ramparts; then the shaft  
Of the artillery from the sea was thrown  
More fast and fiery, and the conquerors laughed  
In pride to hear the wind our screams of torment  
waft.

## XII.

For on one side alone the hill gave shelter,  
So vast that phalanx of unconquered men,  
And there the living in their blood did welter  
Of the dead and dying, which, in that green glen,  
Like stifled torrents, made a plashy fen  
Under the feet—thus was the butcher's waged  
While the sun clomb Heaven's eastern steep—  
It 'gan to sink, a fiercer combat raged, [when  
For in more doubtful strife the armies were engaged.

## XIII.

Within a cave upon the hill were found  
A bundle of rude pikes, the instrument  
Of those who war but on their native ground  
For natural rights: a shout of joyance sent  
Even from our hearts the wide air pierced and  
As those few arms the bravest and the best [rent,  
Seized; and each sixth, thus armed, did now present  
A line which covered and sustained the rest,  
A confident phalanx, which the foes on every side  
invest.

## XIV.

That onset turned the foes to flight almost;  
But soon they saw their present strength, and knew  
That coming night would to our resolute host  
Bring victory; so dismounting close they drew  
Their glittering files, and then the combat grew  
Unequal but most horrible;—and ever  
Our myriads, whom the swift bolt overthrew,  
Or the red sword, failed like a mountain river  
Which rushes forth in foam to sink in sands for  
ever.

## XV.

Sorrow and shame, to see with their own kind  
Our human brethren mix, like beasts of blood  
To mutual ruin armed by one behind, [good  
Who sits and scoffs!—That friend so mild and  
Who like its shadow near my youth had stood,  
Was stabbed!—my old preserver's hoary hair,  
With the flesh clinging to its roots, was strewed  
Under my feet! I lost all sense or care,  
And like the rest I grew desperate and unaware.

## XVI.

The battle became ghastlier, in the midst  
I paused, and saw, how ugly and how fell,  
O Hate! thou art, even when thy life thou shedd'st  
For love. The ground in many a little dell  
Was broken, up and down whose steep befall  
Alternate victory and defeat, and there  
The combatants with rage most horrible  
Strove, and their eyes started with cracking stare,  
And impotent their tongues they lolled into the air,

## XVII.

Flaccid and foamy, like a mad dog's hanging;  
Want, and Moon-madness, and the Pest's swift bane  
When its shafts smite—while yet its bow is  
twanging—  
Have each their mark and sign—some ghastly stain;  
And this was thine, O War! of hate and pain  
Thou loathed slave. I saw all shapes of death,  
And minister'd to many, o'er the plain  
While carnage in the sunbeam's warmth did seethe,  
Till twilight o'er the east wove her sereneest wreath.

## XVIII.

The few who yet survived, resolute and firm,  
 Around me fought. At the decline of day,  
 Winding above the mountain's snowy term,  
 New banners shone : they quivered in the ray  
 Of the sun's unseen orb—ere night the array  
 Of fresh troops hemmed us in—of those brave bands  
 I soon survived alone—and now I lay  
 Vanquished and faint, the grasp of bloody hands  
 I felt, and saw on high the glare of falling brands ;

## XIX.

When on my foes a sudden terror came,  
 And they fled, scattering.—Lo! with reinless speed  
 A black Tartarian horse of giant frame  
 Comes trampling o'er the dead ; the living bleed  
 Beneath the hoofs of that tremendous steed,  
 On which, like to an angel, robed in white,  
 Sate one waving a sword ; the hosts recede  
 And fly, as through their ranks, with awful might,  
 Sweeps in the shadow of eve that Phantom swift  
 and bright ;

## XX.

And its path made a solitude.—I rose  
 And marked its coming ; it relaxed its course  
 As it approached me, and the wind that flows [force  
 Through night, bore accents to mine ear whose  
 Might create smiles in death.—The Tartar horse  
 Paused, and I saw the shapes its might which swayed,  
 And heard her musical pants, like the sweet source  
 Of waters in the desert, as she said,  
 "Mount with me, Laon, now"—I rapidly obeyed.

## XXI.

Then "Away! away!" she cried, and stretched her  
 As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head, [sword  
 And lightly shook the reins.—We spake no word,  
 But like the vapour of the tempest fled  
 Over the plain ; her dark hair was dispread,  
 Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast ;  
 Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread  
 Fitfully, and the hills and streams fled fast,  
 As o'er their glimmering forms the steed's broad  
 shadow past ;

## XXII.

And his hoofs ground the rocks to fire and dust,  
 His strong sides made the torrents rise in spray,  
 And turbulence, as if a whirlwind's gust  
 Surrounded us ;—and still away ! away !  
 Through the desert night we sped, while she alway  
 Gazed on a mountain which we neared, whose crest  
 Crowned with a marble ruin, in the ray  
 Of the obscure stars gleamed ;—its rugged breast  
 The steed strained up, and then his impulse did  
 arrest.

## XXIII.

A rocky hill which overhung the Ocean :—  
 From that lone ruin, when the steed that panted  
 Paused, might be heard the murmur of the motion  
 Of waters, as in spots for ever haunted  
 By the choicest winds of Heaven, which are en-  
 To music by the wand of Solitude, [chanted  
 That wizard wild, and the far tents implanted  
 Upon the plain, be seen by those who stood  
 Thence marking the dark shore of Ocean's curved  
 flood.

## XXIV.

One moment these were heard and seen—another  
 Past ; and the two who stood beneath that night,  
 Each only heard, or saw, or felt, the other ;  
 As from the lofty steed she did alight,  
 Cythna (for, from the eyes whose deepest light  
 Of love and sadness made my lips feel pale  
 With influence strange of mournfullest delight,  
 My own sweet Cythna looked), with joy did quail,  
 And felt her strength in tears of human weakness  
 fail.

## XXV.

And for a space in my embrace she rested,  
 Her head on my unquiet heart reposing,  
 While my faint arms her languid frame invested :  
 At length she looked on me, and half unclosing  
 Her tremulous lips, said : "Friend, thy bands were  
 The battle, as I stood before the King [losing  
 In bonds.—I burst them then, and swiftly choosing  
 The time, did seize a Tartar's sword, and spring  
 Upon his horse, and swift as on the whirlwind's wing,

## XXVI.

"Have thou and I been borne beyond pursuer,  
 And we are here."—Then, turning to the steed,  
 She pressed the white moon on his front with pure  
 And rose-like lips, and many a fragrant weed  
 From the green ruin plucked, that he might feed ;—  
 But I to a stone seat that Maiden led,  
 And kissing her fair eyes, said, "Thou hast need  
 Of rest," and I heaped up the courser's bed  
 In a green mossy nook, with mountain flowers  
 dispread.

## XXVII.

Within that ruin, where a shattered portal  
 Looks to the eastern stars, abandoned now  
 By man, to be the home of things immortal,  
 Memories, like awful ghosts which come and go,  
 And must inherit all he builds below,  
 When he is gone, a hall stood ; o'er whose roof  
 Fair clinging weeds with ivy pale did grow,  
 Claspings its grey rents with a verdurous woof,  
 A hanging dome of leaves, a canopy moon-proof.

## XXVIII.

The autumnal winds, as if spell-bound, had made  
 A natural couch of leaves in that recess,  
 Which seasons none disturbed, but in the shade  
 Of flowering parasites, did spring love to dress  
 With their sweet blooms the wintry loneliness  
 Of those dead leaves, shedding their stars, when'er  
 The wandering wind her nurslings might caress ;  
 Whose intertwining fingers ever there,  
 Made music wild and soft that filled the listening  
 air.

## XXIX.

We know not where we go, or what sweet dream  
 May pilot us through caverns strange and fair  
 Of far and pathless passion, while the stream  
 Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,  
 Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air ;  
 Nor should we seek to know, so the devotion  
 Of love and gentle thoughts be heard still there  
 Louder and louder from the utmost Ocean  
 Of universal life, attuning its commotion.



xxx.

To the pure all things are pure! Oblivion wrapt  
Our spirits, and the fearful overthrow  
Of public hope was from our being snapt,  
Though linked years had bound it there; for now  
A power, a thirst, a knowledge, which below  
All thoughts, like light beyond the atmosphere,  
Clothing its clouds with grace, doth ever flow,  
Came on us, as we sate in silence there,  
Beneath the golden stars of the clear azure air.

xxxii.

In silence which doth follow talk that causes  
The baffled heart to speak with sighs and tears,  
When wildering passion swalloweth up the pauses  
Of inexpressive speech:—the youthful years  
Which we together past, their hopes and fears,  
The blood itself which ran within our frames,  
That likeness of the features which endears  
The thoughts expressed by them, our very names,  
And all the winged hours which speechless memory  
claims,

xxxiii.

Had found a voice:—and ere that voice did pass,  
The night grew damp and dim, and through a rent  
Of the ruin where we sate, from the morass,  
A wandering Meteor, by some wild wind sent,  
Hung high in the green dome, to which it lent  
A faint and pallid lustre; while the song  
Of blasts, in which its blue hair quivering bent,  
Strewed strangest sounds themoving leaves among;  
A wondrous light, the sound as of a spirit's tongue.

xxxiii.

The Meteor showed the leaves on which we sate,  
And Cythna's glowing arms, and the thick ties  
Of her soft hair, which bent with gathered weight  
My neck near hers, her dark and deepening eyes,  
Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies  
O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes,  
Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,  
Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses,  
With their own fragrance pale, which spring but  
half uncloses.

xxxiv.

The meteor to its far morass returned:  
The beating of our veins one interval  
Made still; and then I felt the blood that burned  
Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall  
Around my heart like fire; and over all  
A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep  
And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall  
Two disunited spirits when they leap  
In union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep.

xxxv.

Was it one moment that confounded thus  
All thought, all sense, all feeling, into one  
Unutterable power, which shielded us  
Even from our own cold looks, when we had gone  
Into a wide and wild oblivion  
Of tumult and of tenderness? or now  
Had ages, such as make the moon and sun,  
The seasons and mankind, their changes know,  
Left fear and time unfelt by us alone below?

xxxvi.

I know not. What are kisses whose fire clasps  
The failing heart in languishment, or limb  
Twined within limb? or the quick dying gasps  
Of the life meeting, when the faint eyes swim  
Through tears of a wide mist, boundless and dim,  
In one caress? What is the strong control  
Which leads the heart that dizzy step to climb,  
Where far over the world those vapours roll,  
Which blend two restless frames in one reposing  
soul?

xxxvii.

It is the shadow which doth float unseen,  
But not unfelt, o'er blind mortality,  
Whose divine darkness fled not from that green  
And lone recess, where lapt in peace did lie  
Our linked frames, till, from the changing sky,  
That night and still another day had fled;  
And then I saw and felt. The moon was high,  
And clouds, as of a coming storm, were spread  
Under its orb,—loud winds were gathering over-  
head.

xxxviii.

Cythna's sweet lips seemed lurid in the moon,  
Her fairest limbs with the night wind were chill,  
And her dark tresses were all loosely strewn  
O'er her pale bosom:—all within was still,  
And the sweet peace of joy did almost fill  
The depth of her unfathomable look;—  
And we sate calmly, though that rocky hill,  
The waves contending in its caverns strook,  
For they foreknew the storm, and the grey ruin  
shook.

xxxix.

There we unheeding sate, in the communion  
Of interchanged vows, which, with a rite  
Of faith most sweet and sacred, stamped our union.—  
Few were the living hearts which could unite  
Like ours, or celebrate a bridal night  
With such close sympathies, for they had sprung  
From linked youth, and from the gentle might  
Of earliest love, delayed and cherished long,  
Which common hopes and fears made, like a  
tempest, strong.

xl.

And such is Nature's law divine, that those  
Who grow together cannot choose but love,  
If faith or custom do not interpose,  
Or common slavery mar what else might move  
All gentlest thoughts; as in the sacred grove  
Which shades the springs of Æthiopian Nile,  
That living tree, which, if the arrowy dove  
Strike with her shadow, shrinks in fear awhile,  
But its own kindred leaves clasps while the sun-  
beams smile;

xli.

And clings to them, when darkness may discover  
The close caresses of all duller plants  
Which bloom on the wide earth—thus we for ever  
Were linked, for love had nursed us in the haunts  
Where knowledge from its secret source enchants  
Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,  
Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants,  
As the great Nile feeds Egypt; ever flinging  
Light on the woven boughs which o'er its waves  
are swinging.

## XLII.

The tones of Cythna's voice like echoes were  
Of those farm murmuring streams ; they rose and fell,  
Mixed with mine own in the tempestuous air,—  
And so we sate, until our talk befel  
Of the late ruin, swift and horrible,  
And how those seeds of hope might yet be sown,  
Whose fruit is evil's mortal poison : well  
For us, this ruin made a watch-tower lone,  
But Cythna's eyes looked faint, and now two days  
were gone

## XLIII.

Since she had food :—therefore I did awaken  
The Tartar steed, who, from his ebon mane,  
Soon as the clinging slumbers he had shaken,  
Bent his thin head to seek the brazen rein,  
Following me obediently ; with pain  
Of heart, so deep and dread, that one caress,  
When lips and heart refuse to part again,  
Till they have told their fill, could scarce express  
The anguish of her mute and fearful tenderness,

## XLIV.

Cythna beheld me part, as I bestrode  
That willing steed—the tempest and the night,  
Which gave my path its safety as I rode  
Down the ravine of rocks, did soon unite  
The darkness and the tumult of their might  
Borne on all winds.—Far through the streaming  
rain  
Floating at intervals the garments white  
Of Cythna gleamed, and her voice once again  
Came to me on the gust, and soon I reached the plain.

## XLV.

I dreaded not the tempest, nor did he  
Who bore me, but his eyeballs wide and red  
Turned on the lightning's eleft extingling ;  
And when the earth beneath his tameless tread,  
Shook with the sullen thunder, he would spread  
His nostrils to the blast, and joyously  
Mock the fierce peal with neighings ;—thus we sped  
O'er the lit plain, and soon I could descry  
Where Death and Fire had gorged the spoil of  
victory.

## XLVI.

There was a desolate village in a wood,  
Whose bloom-inwoven leaves now scattering fed  
The hungry storm ; it was a place of blood,  
A heap of hearthless walls ;—the flames were dead  
Within those dwellings now,—the life had fled  
From all those corpses now,—but the wide sky  
Flooded with lightning was ribbed overhead  
By the black rafters, and around did lie  
Women, and babes, and men, slaughtered con-  
fusedly.

## XLVII.

Beside the fountain in the market-place  
Dismounting, I beheld those corpses stare  
With horny eyes upon each other's face,  
And on the earth and on the vacant air,  
And upon me, close to the waters where  
I stooped to slake my thirst ;—I shrank to taste,  
For the salt bitterness of blood was there !  
But tied the steed beside, and sought in haste  
If any yet survived amid that ghastly waste.

## XLVIII.

No living thing was there beside one woman,  
Whom I found wandering in the streets, and she  
Was withered from a likeness of aught human  
Into a fiend, by some strange misery :  
Soon as she heard my steps she leaped on me,  
And glued her burning lips to mine, and laughed  
With a loud, long, and frantic laugh of glee,  
And cried, " Now, Mortal, thou hast deeply quaffed  
The Plague's blue kisses—soon millions shall  
pledge the draught !

## XLIX.

" My name is Pestilence—this bosom dry  
Once fed two babes—a sister and a brother—  
When I came home, one in the blood did lie  
Of three death-wounds—the flames had ate the  
Since then I have no longer been a mother, [other !  
But I am Pestilence ;—hither and thither  
I flit about, that I may slay and smother ;—  
All lips which I have kissed must surely wither,  
But Death's—if thou art he, we'll go to work  
together !

## L.

" What seekest thou here ? the moonlight comes in  
The dew is rising dankly from the dell ; [flashes,—  
'Twill moisten her ! and thou shalt see the gashes  
In my sweet boy—now full of worms—but tell  
First what thou seek'st."—" I seek for food."—  
" 'Tis well,  
Thou shalt have food ; Famine, my paramour,  
Waits for us at the feast—cruel and fell  
Is Famine, but he drives not from his door  
Those whom these lips have kissed, alone. No  
more, no more !"

## LI.

As thus she spake, she grasped me with the strength  
Of madness, and by many a ruined hearth  
She led, and over many a corpse :—at length  
We came to a lone hut, where on the earth  
Which made its floor, she in her ghastly mirth  
Gathering from all those homes now desolate,  
Had piled three heaps of loaves, making a death  
Among the dead—round which she set in state  
A ring of cold, stiff babes ; silent and stark they sate.

## LII.

She leaped upon a pile, and lifted high  
Her mad looks to the lightning, and cried : " Eat !  
Share the great feast—to-morrow we must die !"  
And then she spurned the loaves with her pale feet,  
Towards her bloodless guests ;—that sight to meet,  
Mine eyes and my heart ached, and but that she  
Who loved me, did with absent looks defeat  
Despair, I might have raved in sympathy ;  
But now I took the food that woman offered me ;

## LIII.

And vainly having with her madness striven  
If I might win her to return with me,  
Departed. In the eastern beams of Heaven  
The lightning now grew pallid—rapidly,  
As by the shore of the tempestuous sea  
The dark steed bore me, and the mountain grey  
Soon echoed to his hoofs, and I could see  
Cythna among the rocks, where she alway  
Had sate, with anxious eyes fixed on the lingering  
day.

## LIV.

And joy was ours to meet: she was most pale,  
Famished, and wet and weary, so I cast  
My arms around her, lest her steps should fail  
As to our home we went, and thus embraced,  
Her full heart seemed a deeper joy to taste  
Than e'er the prosperous know; the steed behind  
Trod peacefully along the mountain waste:  
We reached our home ere morning could unbind  
Night's latest veil, and on our bridal couch reclined.

## LV.

Her chilled heart having cherished in my bosom,  
And sweetest kisses past, we two did share  
Our peaceful meal:—as an autumnal blossom,  
Which spreads its shrunk leaves in the sunny air,  
After cold showers, like rainbows woven there,  
Thus in her lips and cheeks the vital spirit  
Mantled, and in her eyes, an atmosphere [it,  
Of health, and hope; and sorrow languished near  
And fear, and all that dark despondence doth inherit.

## CANTO VII.

## I.

So we sate joyous as the morning ray  
Which fled upon the wrecks of night and storm  
Now lingering on the winds; light airs did play  
Among the dewy weeds, the sun was warm,  
And we sate linked in the inwoven charm  
Of converse and caresses sweet and deep,  
Speechless caresses, talk that might disarm  
Time, though he wield the darts of death and sleep,  
And those thrice mortal barbs in his own poison  
steep.

## II.

I told her of my sufferings and my madness,  
And how, awakened from that dreamy mood  
By Liberty's uprising, the strength of gladness  
Came to my spirit in my solitude;  
And all that now I was, while tears pursued  
Each other down her fair and listening cheek  
Fast as the thoughts which fed them, like a flood  
From sunbright dales; and when I ceased to speak,  
Her accents soft and sweet the pausing air did wake.

## III.

She told me a strange tale of strange endurance,  
Like broken memories of many a heart  
Woven into one; to which no firm assurance,  
So wild were they, could her own faith impart.  
She said that not a tear did dare to start [firm  
From the swoln brain, and that her thoughts were  
When from all mortal hope she did depart,  
Borne by those slaves across the Ocean's term,  
And that she reached the port without one fear  
infirm.

## IV.

One was she among many there, the thralls  
Of the cold tyrant's cruel lust: and they  
Laughed mournfully in those polluted halls;  
But she was calm and sad, musing away  
On loftiest enterprise, till on a day  
The tyrant heard her singing to her lute  
A wild and sad, and spirit-thrilling lay,  
Like winds that die in wastes—one moment mute  
The evil thoughts it made, which did his breast  
pollute.

## V.

Even when he saw her wondrous loveliness,  
One moment to great Nature's sacred power  
He bent and was no longer passionless;  
But when he bade her to his secret bower  
Be borne a loveless victim, and she tore  
Her locks in agony, and her words of flame  
And mightier looks availed not; then he bore  
Again his load of slavery, and became  
A king, a heartless beast, a pageant and a name.

## VI.

She told me what a loathsome agony  
Is that when selfishness mocks love's delight,  
Foul as in dreams most fearful imagery  
To dally with the mowing dead—that night  
All torture, fear, or horror, made seem light  
Which the soul dreams or knows, and when the  
Shone on her awful frenzy, from the sight [day  
Where like a Spirit in fleshly chains she lay  
Struggling, aghast and pale the tyrant fled away.

## VII.

Her madness was a beam of light, a power  
Which dawned through the rent soul; and words  
it gave,  
Gestures and looks, such as in whirlwinds bore  
Which might not be withstood, whence none could  
save  
All who approached their sphere, like some calm  
wave  
Vexed into whirlpools by the chasms beneath;  
And sympathy made each attendant slave  
Fearless and free, and they began to breathe  
Deep curses, like the voice of flames far underneath.

## VIII.

The King felt pale upon his noon-day throne;  
At night two slaves he to her chamber sent,  
One was a green and wrinkled eunuch, grown  
From human shape into an instrument  
Of all things ill—distorted, bowed and bent.  
The other was a wretch from infancy  
Made dumb by poison; who nought knew or meant  
But to obey: from the fire-isles came he,  
A diver lean and strong, of Oman's coral sea.

## IX.

They bore her to a bark, and the swift stroke  
Of silent rowers clove the blue moonlight seas,  
Until upon their path the morning broke;  
They anchored then, where, be there calm or  
The gloomiest of the drear Symplegades [breeze,  
Shakes with the sleepless surge;—the Æthiop there  
Wound his long arms around her, and with knees  
Like iron clasped her feet, and plunged with her  
Among the closing waves out of the boundless air.

## X.

“Swift as an eagle stooping from the plain  
Of morning light, into some shadowy wood,  
He plunged through the green silence of the main,  
Through many a cavern which the eternal flood  
Had scooped, as dark lairs for its monster brood;  
And among mighty shapes which fled in wonder,  
And among mightier shadows which pursued  
His heels, he wound: until the dark rocks under  
He touched a golden chain—a sound arose like  
touched.

## XI.

"A stunning clang of massive bolts redoubling  
Beneath the deep—a burst of waters driven  
As from the roots of the sea, raging and bubbling:  
And in that roof of crags a space was riven  
Thro' which there shone the emerald beams of  
heaven,  
Shot through the lines of many waves inwoven,  
Like sunlight through acacia woods at even,  
Through which, his way the diver having cloven,  
Past like a spark sent up out of a burning oven.

## XII.

"And then," she said, "he laid me in a cave  
Above the waters, by that chasm of sea,  
A fountain round and vast, in which the wave  
Imprisoned, boiled and leaped perpetually,  
Down which, one moment resting, he did flee,  
Winning the adverse depth; that spacious cell  
Like an upathric temple wide and high,  
Whose æry dome is inaccessible,  
Was pierced with one round cleft through which  
the sun-beams fell.

## XIII.

"Below, the fountain's brink was richly paven  
With the deep's wealth, coral, and pearl, and sand  
Like spangling gold, and purple shells engraven  
With mystic legends by no mortal hand, [mand,  
Left there, when, thronging to the moon's com-  
The gathering waves rent the Hesperian gate  
Of mountains, and on such bright floor did stand  
Columns, and shapes like statues, and the state  
Of kingless thrones, which Earth did in her heart  
create.

## XIV.

"The fiend of madness which had made its prey  
Of my poor heart, was lulled to sleep awhile:  
There was an interval of many a day,  
And a sea-eagle brought me food the while,  
Whose nest was built in that untrodden isle,  
And who, to be the jailer, had been taught,  
Of that strange dungeon; as a friend whose smile  
Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,  
That wild bird was to me, till madness misery  
brought.

## XV.

"The misery of a madness slow and creeping,  
Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,  
And the white clouds of noon which oft were sleep-  
In the blue heaven so beautiful and fair, [ing  
Like hosts of ghastly shadows hovering there;  
And the sea-eagle looked a fiend who bore  
Thy mangled limbs for food!—Thus all things were  
Transformed into the agony which I wore,  
Even as a poisoned robe around my bosom's core.

## XVI.

"Again I knew the day and night fast fleeing,  
The eagle and the fountain and the air;  
Another frenzy came—there seemed a being  
Within me—a strange load my heart did bear,  
As if some living thing had made its lair  
Even in the fountains of my life:—a long  
And wondrous vision wrought from my despair,  
Then grew, like sweet reality among  
Dim visionary woes, an unreposing throng.

## XVII.

"Methought I was about to be a mother—  
Month after month went by, and still I dreamed  
That we should soon be all to one another,  
I and my child; and still new pulses seemed  
To beat beside my heart, and still I deemed  
There was a babe within—and when the rain  
Of winter through the rifted cavern streamed,  
Methought, after a lapse of lingering pain,  
I saw that lovely shape, which near my heart had  
lain.

## XVIII.

"It was a babe, beautiful from its birth,—  
It was like thee, dear love! its eyes were thine,  
Its brow, its lips, and so upon the earth  
It laid its fingers, as now rest on mine  
Thine own, beloved!—'twas a dream divine;  
Even to remember how it fled, how swift,  
How utterly, might make the heart repine,—  
Though 'twas a dream."—Then Cythna did uplift  
Her looks on mine, as if some doubt she sought to  
shift:

## XIX.

A doubt which would not flee, a tenderness  
Of questioning grief, a source of thronging tears;  
Which, having past, as one whom sobs oppress,  
She spoke: "Yes, in the wilderness of years  
Her memory, aye, like a green home appears.  
She sucked her fill even at this breast, sweet love,  
For many months I had no mortal fears;  
Methought, I felt her lips and breath approve,—  
It was a human thing which to my bosom clove.

## XX.

"I watched the dawn of her first smiles, and soon  
When zenith-stars were trembling on the wave,  
Or when the beams of the invisible moon,  
Or sun, from many a prism within the cave  
Their gem-born shadows to the water gave,  
Her looks would hunt them, and with outspread  
hand, [pave,  
From the swift lights which might that fountain  
She would mark one, and laugh, when that command  
Slighting, it lingered there, and could not under-  
stand.

## XXI.

"Methought her looks began to talk with me;  
And no articulate sounds, but something sweet  
Her lips would frame,—so sweet it could not be,  
That it was meaningless; her touch would meet  
Mine, and our pulses calmly flow and beat  
In response while we slept; and on a day  
When I was happiest in that strange retreat,  
With heaps of golden shells we two did play,—  
Both infants, weaving wings for time's perpetual  
way.

## XXII.

"Ere night, methought, her waning eyes were  
Weary with joy, and tired with our delight, [grown  
We, on the earth, like sister twins lay down  
On one fair mother's bosom:—from that night  
She fled;—like those illusions clear and bright,  
Which dwell in lakes, when the red moon on high  
Pause ere it wakens tempest;—and her flight,  
Though 'twas the death of brainless phantasy,  
Yet smote my lonesome heart more than all misery.

XXIII.

"It seemed that in the dreary night, the diver  
Who brought me thither, came again, and bore  
My child away. I saw the waters quiver,  
When he so swiftly sunk, as once before :  
Then morning came—it shone even as of yore,  
But I was changed—the very life was gone  
Out of my heart—I wasted more and more,  
Day after day, and sitting there alone,  
Vexed the inconstant waves with my perpetual  
moan.

XXIV.

"I was no longer mad, and yet methought  
My breasts were swoln and changed :—in every  
vein [thought  
The blood stood still one moment, while that  
Was passing—with a gush of sickening pain  
It ebbed even to its withered springs again :  
When my wan eyes in stern resolve I turned  
From that most strange delusion, which would fain  
Have waked the dream for which my spirit yearned  
With more than human love,—then left it unre-  
turned.

XXV.

"So now my reason was restored to me,  
I struggled with that dream, which, like a beast  
Most fierce and beautiful, in my memory  
Had made its lair, and on my heart did feast ;  
But all that cave and all its shapes possess [one  
By thoughts which could not fade, renewed each  
Some smile, some look, some gesture which had  
Me heretofore : I, sitting there alone, [blest  
Vexed the inconstant waves with my perpetual  
moan.

XXVI.

"Time past, I know not whether months or years ;  
For day, nor night, nor change of seasons made  
Its note, but thoughts and unavailing tears :  
And I became at last even as a shade,  
A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,  
Till it be thin as air ; until, one even,  
A Nautilus upon the fountain played,  
Spreading his azure sail where breath of Heaven  
Descended not, among the waves and whirlpools  
driven.

XXVII.

"And when the Eagle came, that lovely thing,  
Oaring with rosy feet its silver boat,  
Fled near me as for shelter ; on slow wing,  
The Eagle, hovering o'er his prey, did float ;  
But when he saw that I with fear did note  
His purpose, proffering my own food to him,  
The eager plumes subsided on his throat—  
He came where that bright child of sea did swim,  
And o'er it cast in peace his shadow broad and dim.

XXVIII.

"This wakened me, it gave me human strength ;  
And hope, I know not whence or wherefore, rose,  
But I resumed my ancient powers at length ;  
My spirit felt again like one of those,  
Like thine, whose fate it is to make the woes  
Of humankind their prey—what was this cave ?  
Its deep foundation no firm purpose knows  
Immutable, resistless, strong to save,  
Like mind while yet it mocks the all-devouring  
grave.

XXIX.

"And where was Laon ? might my heart be dead,  
While that far dearer heart could move and be ?  
Or whilst over the earth the pall was spread,  
Which I had sworn to rend ? I might be free,  
Could I but win that friendly bird to me,  
To bring me ropes ; and long in vain I sought  
By intercourse of mutual imagery  
Of objects, if such aid he could be taught ;  
But fruit, and flowers, and boughs, yet never ropes  
he brought.

XXX.

"We live in our own world, and mine was made  
From glorious phantasies of hope departed :  
Aye, we are darkened with their floating shade,  
Or cast a lustre on them—time imparted  
Such power to me, I became fearless-hearted ;  
My eye and voice grew firm, calm was my  
mind,  
And piercing, like the morn, now it has darted  
Its lustre on all hidden things, behind  
Yon dim and fading clouds which load the weary  
wind.

XXXI.

"My mind became the book through which I grew  
Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave,  
Which like a mine I rifed through and through,  
To me the keeping of its secrets gave—  
One mind, the type of all, the moveless wave  
Whose calm reflects all moving things that are,  
Necessity, and love, and life, the grave,  
And sympathy, fountains of hope and fear ;  
Justice, and truth, and time, and the world's natural  
sphere.

XXXII.

"And on the sand would I make signs to range  
These woofs, as they were woven, of my thought ;  
Clear elemental shapes, whose smallest change  
A subtler language within language wrought :  
The key of truths which once were dimly taught  
In old Crotona ;—and sweet melodies  
Of love, in that lone solitude I caught [eyes  
From mine own voice in dream, when thy dear  
Shone through my sleep, and did that utterance  
harmonize.

XXXIII.

"Thy songs were winds whereon I fled at will,  
As in a winged chariot, o'er the plain  
Of crystal youth ; and thou wert there to fill  
My heart with joy, and there we sate again  
On the grey margin of the glimmering main,  
Happy as then but wiser far, for we  
Smiled on the flowery grave in which were lain  
Fear, Faith, and Slavery ; and mankind was free,  
Equal, and pure, and wise, in wisdom's prophecy.

XXXIV.

"For to my will my fancies were as slaves  
To do their sweet and subtle ministries ;  
And oft from that bright fountain's shadowy waves  
They would make human throngs gather and rise  
To combat with my overflowing eyes,  
And voice made deep with passion—thus I grew  
Familiar with the shock and the surprise  
And war of earthly minds, from which I drew  
The power which has been mine to frame their  
thoughts anew.

XXXV.

"And thus my prison was the populous earth—  
Where I saw—even as misery dreams of morn  
Before the east has given its glory birth—  
Religion's pomp made desolate by the scorn  
Of Wisdom's faintest smile, and thrones upturn,  
And dwellings of mild people interspersed  
With undivided fields of ripening corn,  
And love made free,—a hope which we have nursed  
Even with our blood and tears,—until its glory  
burst.

XXXVI.

"All is not lost! There is some recompense  
For hope whose fountain can be thus profound,  
Even throned Evil's splendid impotence,  
Girt by its hell of power, the secret sound  
Of hymns to truth and freedom,—the dread  
bound  
Of life and death passed fearlessly and well,  
Dungeons wherein the high resolve is found,  
Racks which degraded woman's greatness tell,  
And what may else be good and irresistible.

XXXVII.

"Such are the thoughts which, like the fires that  
flare  
In storm-encompassed isles, we cherish yet  
In this dark ruin—such were mine even there;  
As in its sleep some odorous violet,  
While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,  
Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprising,  
Or, as ere Scythian frost in fear has met  
Spring's messengers descending from the skies,  
The buds foreknow their life—this hope must ever  
rise.

XXXVIII.

"So years had past, when sudden earthquake rent  
The depth of ocean, and the cavern crack  
With sound, as if the world's wide continent  
Had fallen in universal ruin wrackt;  
And through the cleft streamed in one cataract  
The stifling waters:—when I woke, the flood,  
Whose banded waves that crystal caye had sacked,  
Was ebbing round me, and my bright abode  
Before me yawned—a chasm desert, and bare, and  
broad.

XXXIX.

"Above me was the sky, beneath the sea:  
I stood upon a point of shattered stone,  
And heard loose rocks rushing tumultuously  
With splash and shock into the deep—anon  
All ceased, and there was silence wide and lone.  
I felt that I was free! The Ocean-spray  
Quivered beneath my feet, the broad Heaven shone  
Around, and in my hair the winds did play,  
Lingering as they pursued their unimpeded way.

XL.

"My spirit moved upon the sea like wind  
Which round some thymy cape will lag and hover,  
Though it can wake the still cloud, and unbind  
The strength of tempest: day was almost over,  
When through the fading light I could discover  
A ship approaching—its white sails were fed  
With the north wind—its moving shade did cover  
The twilight deep;—the mariners in dread  
Cast anchor when they saw new rocks around them  
spread.

XLI.

"And when they saw one sitting on a crag,  
They sent a boat to me;—the sailors rowed  
In awe through many a new and fearful jag  
Of overhanging rock, through which there flowed  
The foam of streams that cannot make abode.  
They came and questioned me, but, when they heard  
My voice, they became silent, and they stood  
And moved as men in whom new love had stirred  
Deep thoughts: so to the ship we past without a word.

## CANTO VIII.

I.

"I SAT beside the steersman then, and, gazing  
Upon the west, cried, 'Spread the sails! behold!  
The sinking moon is like a watch tower blazing  
Over the mountains yet;—the City of Gold  
Yon Cape alone does from the sight withhold;  
The stream is fleet—the north breathes steadily  
Beneath the stars; they tremble with the cold!  
Ye cannot rest upon the dreary sea;—  
Haste, haste to the warm home of happier destiny!'

II.

"The Mariners obeyed—the Captain stood  
Aloof, and, whispering to the Pilot, said,  
'Alas, alas! I fear we are pursued  
By wicked ghosts: a Phantom of the Dead,  
The night before we sailed, came to my bed  
In dream, like that!' The Pilot then replied,  
'It cannot be—she is a human Maid—  
Her low voice makes you weep—she is some bride,  
Or daughter of high birth—she can be nought  
beside.'

III.

"We past the islets, borne by wind and stream,  
And as we sailed, the Mariners came near  
And thronged around to listen;—in the gleam  
Of the pale moon I stood, as one whom fear  
May not attain, and my calm voice did rear:  
'Ye are all human—yon broad moon gives light  
To millions who the self-same likeness wear.  
Even while I speak—beneath this very night,  
Their thoughts flow on like ours, in sadness or  
delight.

IV.

"What dream ye? Your own hands have built a  
Even for yourselves on a beloved shore: [home,  
For some, fond eyes are pining till they come,  
How they will greet him when his toils are o'er,  
And laughing babes rush from the well-known door!  
Is this your care? ye toil for your own good—  
Ye feel and think—has some immortal power  
Such purposes? or in a human mood,  
Dream ye some Power thus builds for man in soli-  
tude!

V.

"What is that Power? Ye mock yourselves, and  
A human heart to what ye cannot know: [give  
As if the cause of life could think and live!  
'Twere as if man's own works should feel, and show  
The hopes, and fears, and thoughts, from which they  
And he be like to them. Lo! Plague is free [flow,  
To waste, Blight, Poison, Earthquake, Hail, and  
Disease, and Want, and worse Necessity [Snow,  
Of hate and ill, and Pride, and Fear, and Tyranny.

## VI.

“What is that Power? Some moon-struck sophist stood

Watching the shade from his own soul upthrown  
Fill Heaven and darken Earth, and in such mood  
The Form he saw and worshipped was his own,  
His likeness in the world's vast mirror shown;  
And 'twere an innocent dream, but that a faith  
Nursed by fear's dew of poison, grows thereon,  
And that men say, that Power has chosen Death  
On all who scorn its laws, to wreak immortal wrath.

## VII.

“Men say that they themselves have heard and seen,

Or known from others who have known such things,  
A Shade, a Form, which Earth and Heaven between  
Wields an invisible rod—that Priests and Kings,  
Custom, domestic sway, aye, all that brings  
Man's free-born soul beneath the oppressor's heel,  
Are his strong ministers, and that the stings  
Of death will make the wise his vengeance feel,  
Though truth and virtue arm their hearts with  
tenfold steel.

## VIII.

“And it is said, this Power will punish wrong;  
Yes, add despair to crime, and pain to pain!  
And deepest hell, and deathless snakes among,  
Will bind the wretch on whom is fixed a stain,  
Which, like a plague, a burthen, and a bane,  
Clung to him while he lived;—for love and hate,  
Virtue and vice, they say are difference vain—  
The will of strength is right—this human state  
Tyrants, that they may rule, with lies thus desolate.

## IX.

“Alas, what strength? Opinion is more frail  
Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon  
Even while we gaze, though it awhile avail  
To hide the orb of truth—and every throne  
Of Earth or Heaven, though shadow rests thereon,  
One shape of many names:—for this ye plough  
The barren waves of ocean; hence each one  
Is slave or tyrant; all betray and bow,  
Command, or kill, or fear, or wreak, or suffer woe.

## X.

“Its names are each a sign which maketh holy  
All power—aye, the ghost, the dream, the shade,  
Of power—lust, falsehood, hate, and pride, and  
folly;

The pattern whence all fraud and wrong is made,  
A law to which mankind has been betrayed;  
And human love, is as the name well known  
Of a dear mother, whom the murderer laid  
In bloody grave, and, into darkness thrown,  
Gathered her wildered babes around him as his own.

## XL.

“O love! who to the hearts of wandering men  
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves!  
Justice, or truth, or joy! thou only can  
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves  
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.  
To give to all an equal share of good,  
To track the steps of freedom, though through  
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood, [graves  
To weep for crime, though stained with thy friend's  
dearest blood.

## XII.

“To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,  
To own all sympathies, and outrage none,  
And, in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,  
Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,  
To sit and smile with Joy, or, not alone,  
To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe;  
To live, as if to love and live were one,—  
This is not faith or law, nor those who bow  
To thrones on Heaven or Earth, such destiny may  
know.

## XIII.

“But children near their parents tremble now,  
Because they must obey—one rules another,  
And as one Power rules both high and low,  
So man is made the captive of his brother,  
And Hate is throned on high with Fear her mother,  
Above the Highest—and those fountain-cells,  
Whence love yet flowed when faith had choked  
all other,  
Are darkened—Woman, as the bond-slave, dwells  
Of man, a slave; and life is poisoned in its wells.

## XIV.

“Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may weave  
A lasting chain for his own slavery;—  
In fear and restless care that he may live  
He toils for others, who must ever be  
The joyless thralls of like captivity;  
He murders, for his chiefs delight in ruin;  
He builds the altar, that its idol's fee  
May be his very blood; he is pursuing  
O, blind and willing wretch! his own obscure un-  
doing.

## XV.

“Woman!—she is his slave, she has become  
A thing I weep to speak—the child of scorn,  
The outcast of a desolated home.  
Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn  
Channels upon her cheek, which smiles adorn,  
As calm decks the false Ocean:—well ye know  
What Woman is, for none of Woman born  
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe,  
Which ever from the oppressed to the oppressors  
flow.

## XVI.

“This need not be; ye might arise, and will  
That gold should lose its power, and thrones their  
glory;  
That love, which none may bind, be free to fill  
The world, like light; and evil faith, grown hoary  
With crime, be quenched and die.—Yon promon-  
Even now eclipses the descending moon!— [tory  
Dungeons and palaces are transitory—  
High temples fade like vapour—Man alone  
Remains, whose will has power when all beside is  
gone.

## XVII.

“Let all be free and equal!—From your hearts  
I feel an echo; through my inmost frame  
Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts—  
Whence come ye, friends? Alas, I cannot name  
All that I read of sorrow, toil, and shame,  
On your worn faces; as in legends old  
Which make immortal the disastrous fame  
Of conquerors and impostors false and bold,  
The discord of your hearts I in your looks behold.

XVIII.

“Whence come ye, friends? from pouring human blood  
 Forth on the earth? or bring ye steel and gold,  
 That Kings may dupe and slay the multitude?  
 Or from the famished poor, pale, weak, and cold,  
 Bear ye the earnings of their toil? unfold!  
 Speak! are your hands in slaughter’s sanguine hue  
 Stain’d freshly? have your hearts in guile grown old?  
 Know yourselves thus? ye shall be pure as dew,  
 And I will be a friend and sister unto you.

XIX.

“Disguise it not—we have one human heart—  
 All mortal thoughts confess a common home:  
 Blush not for what may to thyself impart  
 Stains of inevitable crime: the doom  
 Is this, which has, or may, or must, become  
 Thine, and all humankind’s. Ye are the spoil  
 Which Time thus marks for the devouring  
 tomb,  
 Thou and thy thoughts and they, and all the toil  
 Wherewith ye twine the rings of life’s perpetual  
 coil.

XX.

“Disguise it not—ye blush for what ye hate,  
 And Enmity is sister unto Shame;  
 Look on your mind—it is the book of fate—  
 Ah! it is dark with many a blazoned name  
 Of misery—all are mirrors of the same;  
 But the dark fiend who with his iron pen  
 Dipped in scorn’s fiery poison, makes his fame  
 Enduring there, would o’er the heads of men  
 Pass harmless, if they scorned to make their hearts  
 his den.

XXI.

“Yes, it is Hate, that shapeless fiendly thing  
 Of many names, all evil, some divine,  
 Whom self-contempt arms with a mortal sting;  
 Which, when the heart its snaky folds entwine  
 Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine  
 To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside  
 It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine  
 When Amphibæna some fair bird has tied,  
 Soon o’er the putrid mass he threats on every side.

XXII.

“Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself,  
 Nor hate another’s crime, nor loathe thine own.  
 It is the dark idolatry of self, [gone,  
 Which, when our thoughts and actions once are  
 Demands that man should weep, and bleed, and  
 O vacant expiation! be at rest.— [groan;  
 The past is Death’s, the future is thine own;  
 And love and joy can make the foulest breast  
 A paradise of flowers, where peace might build her  
 nest.’

XXIII.

“Speak thou! whence come ye?—A Youth made  
 ‘Wearily, wearily o’er the boundless deep [reply,  
 We sail;—thou readest well the misery  
 Told in these faded eyes, but much doth sleep  
 Within, which there the poor heart loves to keep,  
 Or dare not write on the dishonoured brow;  
 Even from our childhood have we learned to steep  
 The bread of slavery in the tears of woe,  
 And never dreamed of hope or refuge until now.

XXIV.

“Yes—I must speak—my secret would have  
 perished  
 Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand  
 Fades in the dying flame whose life it cherished,  
 But that no human bosom can withstand  
 Thee, wondrous Lady, and the mild command  
 Of thy keen eyes:—yes, we are wretched slaves,  
 Who from their wanted loves and native land  
 Are reft, and bear o’er the dividing waves  
 The unregarded prey of calm and happy graves.

XXV.

“We drag afar from pastoral vales the fairest  
 Among the daughters of those mountains lone,  
 We drag them there, where all things best and  
 rarest [gone  
 Are stained and trampled:—years have come and  
 Since, like the ship which bears me, I have known  
 No thought;—but now the eyes of one dear Maid  
 On mine with light of mutual love have shone—  
 She is my life,—I am but as the shade  
 Of her,—a smoke sent up from ashes, soon to fade.

XXVI.

“For she must perish in the tyrant’s hall—  
 Alas, alas!—He ceased, and by the sail  
 Sate cowering—but his sobs were heard by all,  
 And still before the ocean and the gale  
 The ship fled fast till the stars ’gan to fail.  
 All round me gathered with mute countenance,  
 The Seamen gazed, the Pilot, worn and pale  
 With toil, the Captain with grey locks, whose glance  
 Met mine in restless awe—they stood as in a trance.

XXVII.

“Recede not! pause not now! thou art grown old,  
 But Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth  
 Are children of one mother, even Love—behold!  
 The eternal stars gaze on us!—is the truth  
 Within your soul? care for your own, or ruth  
 For other’s sufferings? do ye thirst to bear  
 A heart which not the serpent custom’s tooth  
 May violate?—Be free! and even here,  
 Swear to be firm till death! They cried, ‘We swear!  
 we swear!’

XXVIII.

“The very darkness shook, as with a blast  
 Of subterranean thunder at the cry;  
 The hollow shore its thousand echoes cast  
 Into the night, as if the sea, and sky,  
 And earth, rejoiced with new-born liberty,  
 For in that name they swore! Bolts were undrawn,  
 And on the deck, with unaccustomed eye  
 The captives gazing stood, and every one  
 Shrank as the inconstant torch upon her countenance  
 shone.

XXIX.

“They were earth’s purest children, young and fair,  
 With eyes the shrines of unawakened thought,  
 And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere  
 Dark time had there its evil legend wrought  
 In characters of cloud which wither not.—  
 The change was like a dream to them; but soon  
 They knew the glory of their altered lot,  
 In the bright wisdom of youth’s breathless noon,  
 Sweet talk, and smiles, and sighs, all bosoms did  
 attune.



xxx.

"But one was mute, her cheeks and lips most fair,  
Changing their hue like lilies newly blown,  
Beneath a bright acacia's shadowy hair,  
Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon,  
Showed that her soul was quivering; and full soon  
That Youth arose, and breathlessly did look  
On her and me, as for some speechless boon:  
I smiled, and both their hands in mine I took,  
And felt a soft delight from what their spirits shook.

## CANTO IX.

i.

"That night we anchored in a woody bay,  
And sleep no more around us dared to hover  
Than, when all doubt and fear has past away,  
It shades the couch of some unresting lover,  
Whose heart is now at rest: thus night past over  
In mutual joy:—around, a forest grew  
Of poplars and dark oaks, whose shade did cover  
The waning stars, pranked in the waters blue,  
And trembled in the wind which from the morning  
flew.

ii.

"The joyous mariners, and each free maiden,  
Now brought from the deep forest many a bough,  
With woodland spoil most innocently laden;  
Soon wreaths of budding foliage seemed to flow  
Over the mast and sails, the stern and prow  
Were canopied with blooming boughs,—the while  
On the slant sun's path o'er the waters we go  
Rejoicing, like the dwellers of an isle  
Doomed to pursue those waves that cannot cease  
to smile.

iii.

"The many ships spotting the dark blue deep  
With snowy sails, fled fast as ours came nigh,  
In fear and wonder; and on every steep  
Thousands did gaze, they heard the startling cry,  
Like earth's own voice lifted unconquerably  
To all her children, the unbounded mirth,  
The glorious joy of thy name—Liberty!  
They heard!—As o'er the mountains of the earth  
From peak to peak leap on the beams of morning's  
birth:

iv.

"So from that cry over the boundless hills,  
Sudden was caught one universal sound,  
Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills  
Remotest skies,—such glorious madness found  
A path through human hearts with stream which  
drowned  
Its struggling fears and cares, dark custom's brood;  
They knew not whence it came, but felt around  
A wide contagion poured—they called aloud  
On Liberty—that name lived on the sunny food.

v.

"We reached the port—alas! from many spirits  
The wisdom which had waked that cry, was fled,  
Like the brief glory which dark Heaven inherits  
From the false dawn, which fades ere it is spread,  
Upon the night's devouring darkness shed:  
Yet soon bright day will burst—even like a chasm  
Of fire, to burn the shrouds outworn and dead,  
Which wrap the world; a wide enthusiasm,  
To cleanse the fevered world as with an earth-  
quake's spasm!

vi.

"I walked through the great City then, but free  
From shame or fear; those toil-worn Mariners  
And happy Maidens did encompass me;  
And like a subterranean wind that stirs  
Some forest among caves, the hopes and fears  
From every human soul, a murmur strange  
Made as I past; and many wept, with tears  
Of joy and awe, and winged thoughts did range,  
And half-extinguished words, which prophesied of  
change.

vii.

"For, with strong speech I tore the veil that hid  
Nature, and Truth, and Liberty, and Love,—  
As one who from some mountain's pyramid,  
Points to the unrisen sun!—the shades approve  
His truth, and flee from every stream and  
grove.  
Thus, gentle thoughts did many a bosom fill,—  
Wisdom the mail of tried affections wove  
For many a heart, and tameless scorn of ill  
Thrice steeped in molten steel the unconquerable  
will.

viii.

"Some said I was a maniac wild and lost;  
Some, that I scarce had risen from the grave  
The Prophet's virgin bride, a heavenly ghost:—  
Some said I was a fiend from my weird cave,  
Who had stolen human shape, and o'er the wave,  
The forest, and the mountain, came;—some said  
I was the child of God, sent down to save  
Women from bonds and death, and on my head  
The burthen of their sins would frightfully be laid.

ix.

"But soon my human words found sympathy  
In human hearts: the purest and the best,  
As friend with friend made common cause with me,  
And they were few, but resolute;—the rest,  
Ere yet success the enterprise had blest,  
Leagued with me in their hearts;—their meals, their  
Their hourly occupations, were possessed [slumber,  
By hopes which I had armed to outnumber  
Those hosts of meaner cares, which life's strong  
wings encumber.

x.

"But chiefly women, whom my voice did waken  
From their cold, careless, willing slavery,  
Sought me: one truth their dreary prison has  
shaken,  
They looked around, and lo! they became free!  
Their many tyrants sitting desolately  
In slave-deserted halls, could none restrain;  
For wrath's red fire had withered in the eye,  
Whose lightning once was death,—nor fear, nor gain  
Could tempt one captive now to lock another's  
chain.

xi.

"Those who were sent to bind me, wept, and felt  
Their minds outsoar the bonds which clasped them  
Even as a waxen shape may waste and melt [round,  
In the white furnace; and a visioned sround,  
A pause of hope and awe, the City bound,  
Which, like the silence of a tempest's birth,  
When in its awful shadow it has wound  
The sun, the wind, the ocean, and the earth,  
Hung terrible, ere yet the lightnings have leapt  
forth.

## XII.

"Like clouds inwoven in the silent sky,  
By winds from distant regions meeting there,  
In the high name of truth and liberty,  
Around the City millions gathered were,  
By hopes which sprang from many a hidden lair;  
Words, which the lore of truth in hues of grace  
Arrayed, thine own wild songs which in the air  
Like homeless odours floated, and the name  
Of thee, and many a tongue which thou hadst dipped  
in flame.

## XIII.

"The Tyrant knew his power was gone, but Fear,  
The nurse of Vengeance, bade him wait the event—  
That perfidy and custom, gold and prayer,  
And whatsoever, when force is impotent,  
To fraud the sceptre of the world has lent,  
Might, as he judged, confirm his failing sway.  
Therefore throughout the streets, the Priests he  
To curse the rebels.—To their gods did they [sent  
For Earthquake, Plague, and Want, kneel in the  
public way.

## XIV.

"And grave and hoary men were bribed to tell  
From seats where law is made the slave of wrong,  
How glorious Athens in her splendour fell,  
Because her sons were free,—and that among  
Mankind, the many to the few belong,  
By Heaven, and Nature, and Necessity.  
They said, that age was truth, and that the young  
Marred with wild hopes the peace of slavery,  
With which old times and men had quelled the vain  
and free.

## XV.

"And with the falsehood of their poisonous lips  
They breathed on the enduring memory  
Of sages and of bards a brief eclipse;  
There was one teacher, whom necessity  
Had armed with strength and wrong against man—  
His slave and his avenger aye to be; [kind,  
That we were weak and sinful, frail and blind,  
And that the will of one was peace, and we  
Should seek for nought on earth but toil and misery.

## XVI.

"For thus we might avoid the hell hereafter.  
So spake the hypocrites, who cursed and lied;  
Alas, their sway was past, and tears and laughter  
Clung to their hoary hair, withering the pride  
Which in their hollow hearts dared still abide;  
And yet obscener slaves with smoother brow,  
And sneers on their strait lips, thin, blue, and  
wide,  
Said, that the rule of men was over now,  
And hence, the subject world to woman's will must  
bow;

## XVII.

"And gold was scattered through the streets, and  
Flowed at a hundred feasts within the wall. [wine  
In vain! The steady towers in Heaven did shine  
As they were wont, nor at the priestly call  
Left Plague her banquet in the Æthiop's hall,  
Nor Famine from the rich man's portal came,  
Where at her ease she ever preys on all  
Who throng to kneel for food: nor fear, nor shame,  
Nor faith, nor discord, dimmed hope's newly-kindled  
flame.

## XVIII.

"For gold was as a god whose faith began  
To fade, so that its worshippers were few,  
And Faith itself, which in the heart of man  
Gives shape, voice, name, to spectral Terror, knew  
Its downfall, as the altars lonelier grew,  
Till the Priests stood alone within the fane;  
The shafts of falsehood unpolluting flew,  
And the cold sneers of calumny were vain  
The union of the free with discord's brand to stain.

## XIX.

"The rest thou knowest.—Lo!—we two are here—  
We have survived a ruin wide and deep—  
Strange thoughts are mine.—I cannot grieve nor  
Sitting with thee upon this lonely steep [fear,  
I smile, though human love should make me weep.  
We have survived a joy that knows no sorrow,  
And I do feel a mighty calmness creep  
Over my heart, which can no longer borrow  
Its hues from chance or change, dark children of  
to-morrow.

## XX.

"We know not what will come—yet, Laon, dearest,  
Cythna shall be the propheticess of love,  
Her lips shall rob thee of the grace thou wearest,  
To hide thy heart, and clothe the shapes which rove  
Within the homeless future's wintry grove;  
For I now, sitting thus beside thee, seem  
Even with thy breath and blood to live and move,  
And violence and wrong are as a dream  
Which rolls from steadfast truth, an unreturning  
stream.

## XXI.

"The blasts of autumn drive the winged seeds  
Over the earth,—next come the snows, and rain,  
And frosts, and storms, which dreary winter leads  
Out of his Scythian cave, a savage train;  
Behold! Spring sweeps over the world again,  
Shedding soft dews from her ætherial wings;  
Flowers on the mountains, fruits over the plain,  
And music on the waves and woods she flings,  
And love on all that lives, and calm on lifeless  
things.

## XXII.

"O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,  
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!  
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's  
sadness  
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?  
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest  
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;  
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest  
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle  
feet, [sheet.  
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-

## XXIII.

"Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven,  
Surround the world—We are their chosen slaves.  
Has not the whirlwind of our spirit driven  
Truth's deathless germs to thought's remotest caves?  
Lo, Winter comes!—the grief of many graves,  
The frost of death, the tempest of the sword,  
The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves  
Stagnate like ice at Faith, the enchanter's word,  
And bind all human hearts in its repose abhorred.

XXIV.

"The seeds are sleeping in the soil : meanwhile  
The tyrant peoples dungeons with his prey ;  
Pale victims on the guarded scaffold smile  
Because they cannot speak ; and, day by day,  
The moon of wasting Science wanes away  
Among her stars, and in that darkness vast  
The sons of earth to their foul idols pray,  
And grey Priests triumph, and like blight or blast  
A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast.

XXV.

"This is the Winter of the world ;—and here  
We die, even as the winds of Autumn fade,  
Expiring in the frore and foggy air.— [made  
Behold ! Spring comes, though we must pass, who  
The promise of its birth,—even as the shade  
Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings  
The future, a broad sunrise ; thus arrayed  
As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,  
From its dark gulf of chains, Earth like an eagle  
springs.

XXVI.

"O dearest love ! we shall be dead and cold  
Before this morn may on the world arise :  
Wouldst thou the glory of its dawn behold !  
Alas ! gaze not on me, but turn thine eyes  
On thine own heart—it is a paradise  
Which everlasting spring has made its own,  
And while drear Winter fills the naked skies,  
Sweet streams of sunny thought, and flowers fresh  
blown  
Are there, and weave their sounds and odours into  
one.

XXVII.

"In their own hearts the earnest of the hope  
Which made them great, the good will ever find ;  
And though some envious shade may interlope  
Between the effect and it, one comes behind,  
Who aye the future to the past will bind—  
Necessity, whose sightless strength for ever  
Evil with evil, good with good, must wind  
In bands of union, which no power may sever :  
They must bring forth their kind, and be divided  
never !

XXVIII.

"The good and mighty of departed ages  
Are in their graves, the innocent and free,  
Heroes, and Poets, and prevailing Sages,  
Who leave the vesture of their majesty  
To adorn and clothe this naked world ;—and we  
Are like to them—such perished, but they leave  
All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,  
Whose forms their mighty spirits could conceive  
To be a rule and law to ages that survive.

XXIX.

"So be the turf heaped over our remains  
Even in our happy youth, and that strange lot  
Whate'er it be, when in these mingling veins  
The blood is still, be ours ; let sense and  
thought  
Pass from our being, or be numbered not  
Among the things that are ; let those who come  
Behind, for whom our stedfast will has bought  
A calm inheritance, a glorious doom,  
Insult with careless tread our undivided tomb.

XXX.

"Our many thoughts and deeds, our life and love,  
Our happiness, and all that we have been,  
Immortally must live, and burn, and move,  
When we shall be no more ; the world has seen  
A type of peace ; and as some most serene  
And lovely spot to a poor maniac's eye,  
After long years, some sweet and moving scene  
Of youthful hope returning suddenly,  
Quells his long madness—thus man shall remem-  
ber thee.

XXXI.

"And calumny meanwhile shall feed on us,  
As worms devour the dead, and near the throne  
And at the altar, most accepted thus  
Shall sneers and curses be ;—what we have done  
None shall dare vouch, though it be truly known ;  
That record shall remain, when they must pass  
Who built their pride on its oblivion ;  
And fame, in human hope which sculptured was,  
Survive the perished scrolls of unending brass.

XXXII.

"The while we two, beloved, must depart,  
And Sense and Reason, those enchanters fair,  
Whose wand of power is hope, would bid the heart  
That gazed beyond the wormy grave despair :  
These eyes, these lips, this blood, seems darkly  
there  
To fade in hideous ruin ; no calm sleep  
Peopling with golden dreams the stagnant air,  
Seems our obscure and rotting eyes to steep  
In joy ;—but senseless death—a ruin dark and  
deep !

XXXIII.

These are blind fancies. Reason cannot know  
What sense can neither feel, nor thought conceive ;  
There is delusion in the world—and woe,  
And fear, and pain—we know not whence we live,  
Or why, or how, or what mute Power may give  
Their being to each plant, and star, and beast,  
Or even these thoughts.—Come near me ! I do  
A chain I cannot break—I am possess [weave  
With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone  
human breast.

XXXIV.

"Yes, yes—thy kiss is sweet, thy lips are warm—  
O ! willingly, beloved, would these eyes,  
Might they no more drink being from thy form,  
Even as to sleep whence we again arise,  
Close their faint orbs in death. I fear nor prize  
Aught that can now betide, unshared by thee—  
Yes, Love, when wisdom fails, makes Cythna wise ;  
Darkness and death, if death be true, must be  
Dearer than life and hope, if unenjoyed with thee.

XXXV.

"Alas ! our thoughts flow on with stream, whose  
waters  
Return not to their fountain—Earth and Heaven,  
The Ocean and the Sun, the clouds their daughters,  
Winter, and Spring, and Morn, and Noon, and  
All that we are or know, is darkly driven [Even,  
Towards one gulf.—Lo ! what a change is come  
Since I first spake—but time shall be forgiven,  
Though it change all but thee !" She ceased—  
night's gloom [dome.  
Meanwhile had fallen on earth from the sky's sunless

## XXXVI.

Though she had ceased, her countenance, uplifted  
To heaven, still spake, with solemn glory bright ;  
Her dark deep eyes, her lips, whose motions gifted  
The air they breathed with love, her locks undight ;  
" Fairstar of life and love," I cried, " my soul's de-  
Why lookest thou on the crystalline skies ? [light,  
O that my spirit were yon Heaven of night,  
Which gazes on thee with its thousand eyes !"  
She turned to me and smiled—that smile was  
Paradise !

## CANTO X.

## I.

Was there a human spirit in the steed,  
That thus with his proud voice, ere night was gone,  
He broke our linked rest ? or do indeed  
All living things a common nature own,  
And thought erect a universal throne,  
Where many shapes one tribute ever bear ?  
And Earth, their mutual mother, does she groan  
To see her sons contend ! and makes she bare  
Her breast, that all in peace its drainless stores  
may share ?

## II.

I have heard friendly sounds from many a tongue  
Which was not human—the lone Nightingale  
Has answered me with her most soothing song,  
Out of her ivy bower, when I sate pale  
With grief, and sighed beneath ; from many a dale  
The Antelopes who flocked for food have spoken  
With happy sounds, and motions, that avail  
Like man's own speech ; and such was now the token  
Of waning night, whose calm by that proud neigh  
was broken.

## III.

Each night, that mighty steed bore me abroad,  
And I returned with food to our retreat,  
And dark intelligence ; the blood which flowed  
Over the fields, had stained the courser's feet ;—  
Soon the dust drinks that bitter dew,—then meet  
The vulture, and the wild-dog, and the snake,  
The wolf, and the hyæna grey, and eat  
The dead in horrid truce : their throngs did make  
Behind the steed, a chasm like waves in a ship's wake.

## IV.

For, from the utmost realms of earth, came  
pouring  
The banded slaves whom every despot sent  
At that throned traitor's summons ; like the roaring  
Of fire, whose floods the wild deer circumvent  
In the scorched pastures of the South ; so bent  
The armies of the leagued kings around  
Their files of steel and flame ;—the continent  
Trembled, as with a zone of ruin bound ;  
Beneath their feet, the sea shook with their navies'  
sound.

## V.

From every nation of the earth they came,  
The multitude of moving heartless things,  
Whom slaves call men : obediently they came,  
Like sheep whom from the fold the shepherd brings  
To the stall, red with blood ; their many kings  
Led them, thus erring, from their native home ;  
Tartar and Frank, and millions whom the wings  
Of Indian breezes lull, and many a band  
The Arctic Anarch sent, and Idumea's sand,

## VI.

Fertile in prodigies and lies ;—so there  
Strange natures made a brotherhood of ill.  
The desert savage ceased to grasp in fear  
His Asian shield and bow, when, at the will  
Of Europe's subtler son, the bolt would kill  
Some shepherd sitting on a rock secure ;  
But smiles of wondering joy his face would fill,  
And savage sympathy : those slaves impure,  
Each one the other thus from ill to ill did lure.

## VII.

For traitorously did that foul Tyrant robe  
His countenance in lies ;—even at the hour  
When he was snatched from death, then o'er the  
globe,  
With secret signs from many a mountain tower,  
With smoke by day, and fire by night, the power  
Of kings and priests, those dark conspirators  
He called :—they knew his cause their own, and  
swore  
Like wolves and serpents to their mutual wars  
Strange truce, with many a rite which Earth and  
Heaven abhors.

## VIII.

Myriads had come—millions were on their way ;  
The Tyrant passed, surrounded by the steel  
Of hired assassins, through the public way,  
Choked with his country's dead ;—his footsteps reel  
On the fresh blood—he smiles. " Aye, now I feel  
I am a King in truth !" he said, and took  
His royal seat, and bade the torturing wheel  
Be brought, and fire, and pincers, and the hook,  
And scorpions ! that his soul on its revenge might  
look.

## IX.

" But first, go slay the rebels.—Why return  
The victor hands !" he said : " millions yet live,  
Of whom the weakest with one word might turn  
The scales of victory yet ;—let none survive  
But those within the walls—each fifth shall give  
The expiation for his brethren here.—  
Go forth, and waste and kill ;"—" O king, forgive  
My speech," a soldier answered ;—" but we fear  
The spirits of the night, and morn is drawing near ;

## X.

" For we were slaying still without remorse,  
And now that dreadful chief beneath my hand  
Defenceless lay, when on a hell-black horse,  
An Angel bright as day, waving a brand  
Which flashed among the stars, passed."—" Dost  
thou stand  
Parleying with me, thou wretch !" the king replied ;  
" Slaves, bind him to the wheel ; and of this band,  
Whoso will drag that woman to his side  
That scared him thus, may burn his dearest foe  
beside ;

## XI.

" And gold and glory shall be his.—Go forth !"  
They rushed into the plain.—Loud was the roar  
Of their career : the horsemen shook the earth ;  
The wheeled artillery's speed the pavement tore ;  
The infantry, file after file, did pour [slew  
Their clouds on the utmost hills. Five days they  
Among the wasted fields : the sixth saw gore  
Stream through the city ; on the seventh, the dew  
Of slaughter became stiff ; and there was peace anew :

## XII.

Peace in the desert fields and villages,  
Between the gluttoned beasts and mangled dead!  
Peace in the silent streets! save when the cries  
Of victims, to their fiery judgment led,  
Made pale their voiceless lips, who seemed to  
dread  
Even in their dearest kindred, lest some tongue  
Be faithless to the fear yet unbetrayed;  
Peace in the Tyrant's palace, where the throng  
Waste the triumphal hours in festival and song!

## XIII.

Day after day the burning Sun rolled on  
Over the death-polluted land;—it came  
Out of the east like fire, and fiercely shone  
A lamp of Autumn, ripening with its flame  
The few lone ears of corn;—the sky became  
Stagnate with heat, so that each cloud and blast  
Languished and died; the thirsting air did claim  
All moisture, and a rotting vapour past  
From the unburied dead, invisible and fast.

## XIV.

First Want, then Plague, came on the beasts; their  
Failed, and they drew the breath of its decay. [food  
Millions on millions, whom the scent of blood  
Had lured, or who, from regions far away,  
Had tracked the hosts in festival array,  
From their dark deserts; gaunt and wasting now,  
Stalked like fell shades among their perished prey;  
In their green eyes a strange disease did glow,  
They sank in hideous spasm, or pains severe and  
slow.

## XV.

The fish were poisoned in the streams; the birds  
In the green woods perished; the insect race  
Was withered up; the scattered flocks and herds  
Who had survived the wild beasts' hungry chase  
Died moaning, each upon the other's face  
In helpless agony gazing; round the City  
All night, the lean hyenas their sad case  
Like starving infants wailed—a woeful ditty!  
And many a mother wept, pierced with unnatural  
pity.

## XVI.

Amid the aerial minarets on high,  
The Æthiopian vultures fluttering fell  
From their long line of brethren in the sky,  
Startling the concourse of mankind.—Too well  
These signs the coming mischief did foretell:—  
Strange panic first, a deep and sickening dread  
Within each heart, like ice, did sink and dwell,  
A voiceless thought of evil, which did spread  
With the quick glance of eyes, like withering  
lightnings shed.

## XVII.

Day after day, when the year wanes, the frosts  
Strip its green crown of leaves, till all is bare;  
So on those strange and congregated hosts  
Came Famine, a swift shadow, and the air  
Groaned with the burden of a new despair;  
Famine, than whom Misrule no deadlier daughter  
Feeds from her thousand breasts, though sleeping  
there  
With lidless eyes, lie Faith, and Plague, and  
A ghastly brood; conceived of Lethe's sullen  
water.

## XVIII.

There was no food; the corn was trampled down,  
The flocks and herds had perished; on the shore  
The dead and putrid fish were ever thrown:  
The deeps were foodless, and the winds no more  
Creaked with the weight of birds, but, as before  
Those winged things sprang forth, were void of  
shade;  
The vines and orchards, Autumn's golden store,  
Were burned; so that the meanest food was weighed  
With gold, and Avarice died before the god it made.

## XIX.

There was no corn—in the wide market-place  
All loathliest things, even human flesh, was sold;  
They weighed it in small scales—and many a face  
Was fixed in eager horror then: his gold  
The miser brought; the tender maid, grown bold  
Through hunger, bared her scorned charms in vain;  
The mother brought her eldest-born, controlled  
By instinct blind as love, but turned again  
And bade her infant suck, and died in silent pain.

## XX.

Then fell blue Plague upon the race of man.  
“O, for the sheathed steel, so late which gave  
Oblivion to the dead, when the streets ran [grave  
With brothers' blood! O, that the earthquake's  
Would gape, or Ocean lift its stifling wave!”  
Vain cries—throughout the streets, thousands  
Each by his fiery torture, howl and rave, [pursued  
Or sit, in frenzy's unimagined mood,  
Upon fresh heaps of dead—a ghastly multitude.

## XXI.

It was not hunger now, but thirst. Each well  
Was choked with rotting corpses, and became  
A cauldron of green mist made visible  
At sunrise. Thither still the myriads came,  
Seeking to quench the agony of the flame [veins;  
Which raged like poison through their bursting  
Naked they were from torture, without shame,  
Spotted with nameless scars and lurid blains,  
Childhood, and youth, and age, writhing in savage  
pains.

## XXII.

It was not thirst but madness! Many saw  
Their own lean image everywhere; it went  
A ghastlier self beside them, till the awe  
Of that dread sight to self-destruction sent  
Those shrieking victims; some, ere life was spent,  
Sought, with a horrid sympathy, to shed  
Contagion on the sound; and others rent  
Their matted hair, and cried aloud, “We tread  
On fire! the avenging Power his hell on earth has  
spread.”

## XXIII.

Sometimes the living by the dead were hid.  
Near the great fountain in the public square,  
Where corpses made a crumbling pyramid  
Under the sun, was heard one stifled prayer  
For life, in the hot silence of the air;  
And strange 't was, amid that hideous heap  
to see  
Some shrouded in their long and golden hair,  
As if not dead, but slumbering quietly,  
Like forms which sculptors carve, then love to  
agony.

XXIV.

Famine had spared the palace of the king :—  
He rioted in festival the while,  
Heard his guards and priests ; but Plague did fling  
One shadow upon all. Famine can smile  
On him who brings it food, and pass, with guile  
Of thankful falsehood, like a courtier grey,  
The house-dog of the throne ; but many a mile  
Comes Plague, a winged wolf, who loathes alway  
The garbage and the scum that strangers make  
her prey.

XXV.

So, near the throne, amid the gorgeous feast,  
Sheathed in resplendent arms, or loosely dight  
To luxury, ere the mockery yet had ceased  
That lingered on his lips, the warrior's might  
Was loosened, and a new and ghastlier night  
In dreams of frenzy lapped his eyes ; he fell  
Headlong, or with stiff eyeballs sate upright  
Among the guests, or raving mad, did tell  
Strange truths ; a dying seer of dark oppression's  
hell.

XXVI.

The Princes and the Priests were pale with terror ;  
That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled man-  
Fell, like a shaft loosed by the bowman's error, [kind  
On their own hearts : they sought and they could  
No refuge—'twas the blind who led the blind ! [find  
So, through the desolate streets to the high fane,  
The many-tongued and endless armies wind  
In sad procession : each among the train  
To his own Idol lifts his supplications vain.

XXVII.

" O God ! " they cried, " we know our secret pride  
Has scorned thee, and thy worship, and thy name ;  
Secure in human power, we have defied  
Thy fearful might ; we bend in fear and shame  
Before thy presence ; with the dust we claim  
Kindred. Be merciful, O King of Heaven !  
Most justly have we suffered for thy fame  
Made dim, but be at length our sins forgiven,  
Ere to despair and death thy worshippers be  
driven.

XXVIII.

" O King of Glory ! Thou alone hast power !  
Who can resist thy will ? who can restrain  
Thy wrath, when on the guilty thou dost shower  
The shafts of thy revenge,—a blistering rain !  
Greatest and best, be merciful again !  
Have we not stabbed thine enemies, and made  
The Earth an altar, and the Heavens a fane, [laid  
Where thou wert worshipped with their blood, and  
Those hearts in dust which would thy searchless  
works have withheld ?

XXIX.

" Well didst thou loosen on this impious City  
Thine angels of revenge : recall them now ;  
Thy worshippers abased, here kneel for pity,  
And bind their souls by an immortal vow :  
We swear by thee ! And to our oath do thou  
Give sanction, from thine hell of fiends and flame,  
That we will kill with fire and torments slow,  
The last of those who mocked thy holy name,  
And scorned the sacred laws thy prophets did  
proclaim."

XXX.

Thus they with trembling limbs and pallid lips  
Worshipped their own hearts' image, dim and vast,  
Scared by the shade wherewith they would eclipse  
The light of other minds ;—troubled they past  
From the great Temple. Fiercely still and fast  
The arrows of the plague among them fell,  
And they on one another gazed aghast,  
And through the hosts contention wild befell,  
As each of his own god the wondrous works did  
tell.

XXXI.

And Oromaze, Joshua, and Mahomet, [Foh,  
Moses, and Buddh, Zerdusht, and Brahm, and  
A tumult of strange names, which never met  
Before, as watch-words of a single woe,  
Arose. Each raging votary 'gan to throw  
Aloft his armed hands, and each did howl  
" Our God alone is God ! " and slaughter now  
Would have gone forth, when, from beneath a cowl,  
A voice came forth, which pierced like ice through  
every soul.

XXXII.

'Twas an Iberian Priest from whom it came,  
A zealous man, who led the legioned west  
With words which faith and pride had steeped in  
To quell the unbelievers ; a dire guest [flame,  
Even to his friends was he, for in his breast  
Did hate and guile lie watchful, intertwined,  
Twin serpents in one deep and winding nest ;  
He loathed all faith beside his own, and pined  
To wreak his fear of Heaven in vengeance on  
mankind.

XXXIII.

But more he loathed and hated the clear light  
Of wisdom and free thought, and more did fear,  
Lest, kindled once, its beams might pierce the night,  
Even where his Idol stood ; for, far and near  
Did many a heart in Europe leap to hear  
That faith and tyranny were trampled down ;  
Many a pale victim, doomed for truth to share  
The murderer's cell, or see, with helpless groan,  
The priests his children drag for slaves to serve  
their own.

XXXIV.

He dared not kill the infidels with fire  
Or steel, in Europe : the slow agonies  
Of legal torture mocked his keen desire :  
So he made truce with those who did despise  
The expiation, and the sacrifice,  
That, though detested, Islam's kindred creed  
Might crush for him those deadlier enemies ;  
For fear of God did in his bosom breed  
A jealous hate of man, an unreposing need.

XXXV.

" Peace ! Peace ! " he cried. " When we are dead,  
the Day  
Of Judgment comes, and all shall surely know  
Whose God is God, each fearfully shall pay  
The errors of his faith in endless woe !  
But there is sent a mortal vengeance now  
On earth, because an impious race had spurred  
Him whom we all adore,—a subtle foe,  
By whom for ye this dread reward was earned,  
And kingly thrones, which rest on faith, nigh over-  
turned.

XXXVI.

"Think ye, because we weep, and kneel, and pray,  
That God will lull the pestilence ! It rose  
Even from beneath his throne, where, many a day  
His mercy soothed it to a dark repose :  
It walks upon the earth to judge his foes,  
And what art thou and I, that he should deign  
To curb his ghastly minister, or close  
The gates of death, ere they receive the twain  
Who shook with mortal spells his undefended reign ?

XXXVII.

"Aye, there is famine in the gulf of hell,  
Its giant worms of fire for ever yawn,—  
Their lurid eyes are on us ! Those who fall  
By the swift shafts of pestilence ere dawn,  
Are in their jaws ! They hunger for the spawn  
Of Satan, their own brethren, who were sent  
To make our souls their spoil. See ! see ! they fawn  
Like dogs, and they will sleep with luxury spent,  
When those detested hearts their iron fangs have  
rent !

XXXVIII.

"Our God may then lull Pestilence to sleep :—  
Pile high the pyre of expiation now !  
A forest's spoil of boughs, and on the heap  
Pour venomous gums, which sullenly and slow,  
When touched by flame, shall burn, and melt,  
and flow,  
A stream of clinging fire,—and fix on high  
A net of iron, and spread forth below  
A couch of snakes, and scorpions, and the fry  
Of centipedes and worms, earth's hellish progeny !

XXXIX.

"Let Laon and Laone on that pyre,  
Linked tight with burning brass, perish !—then  
pray  
That, with this sacrifice, the withering ire  
Of Heaven may be appeased." He ceased, and they  
A space stood silent, as far, far away  
The echoes of his voice among them died ;  
And he knelt down upon the dust, away  
Muttering the curses of his speechless pride,  
Whilst shame, and fear, and awe, the armies did  
divide.

XL.

His voice was like a blast that burst the portal  
Of fabled hell ; and as he spake, each one  
Saw gape beneath the chasms of fire immortal,  
And Heaven above seemed cloven, where, on a  
throne  
Girt round with storms and shadows, sate alone  
Their King and Judge. Fear killed in every breast  
All natural pity then, a fear unknown  
Before, and with an inward fire possess,  
They raged like homeless beasts whom burning  
woods invest.

XLI.

'Twas morn.—At noon the public crier went forth,  
Proclaiming through the living and the dead,  
"The Monarch saith, that his great empire's worth  
Is set on Laon and Laone's head :  
He who but one yet living here can lead,  
Or who the life from both their hearts can wring,  
Shall be the kingdom's heir,—a glorious meed !  
But he who both alive can hither bring,  
The Princess shall espouse, and reign an equal  
King."

XLII.

Ere night the pyre was piled, the net of iron  
Was spread above, the fearful couch below ;  
It overtopped the towers that did enverlon  
That spacious square ; for Fear is never slow  
To build the thrones of Hate, her mate and foe,  
So, she scourged forth the maniac multitude  
To rear this pyramid—tottering and slow,  
Plague-stricken, foodless, like lean herds pursued  
By gad-flies, they have piled the heath, and gums,  
and wood.

XLIII.

Night came, a starless and a moonless gloom.  
Until the dawn, those hosts of many a nation  
Stood round that pile, as near one lover's tomb  
Two gentle sisters mourn their desolation ;  
And in the silence of that expectation,  
Was heard on high the reptiles' hiss and crawl—  
It was so deep, save when the devastation  
Of the swift pest with fearful interval,  
Marking its path with shrieks, among the crowd  
would fall.

XLIV.

Morn came.—Among those sleepless multitudes,  
Madness, and Fear, and Plague, and Famine, still  
Heaped corpse on corpse, as in autumnal woods  
The frosts of many a wind with dead leaves fill  
Earth's cold and sullen brooks. In silence still  
The pale survivors stood ; ere noon, the fear  
Of hell became a panic, which did kill  
Like hunger or disease, with whispers drear,  
As "Hush ! hark ! Come they yet ? Just Heaven !  
thine hour is near !"

XLV.

And Priests rushed through their ranks, some  
counterfeiting  
The rage they did inspire, some mad indeed  
With their own lies. They said their god was waiting  
To see his enemies writhe, and burn, and bleed,—  
And that, till then, the snakes of Hell had need  
Of human souls.—Three hundred furnaces [speed,  
Soon blazed through the wide City, where, with  
Men brought their infidel kindred to appease  
God's wrath, and while they burned, knelt round  
on quivering knees.

XLVI.

The noontide sun was darkened with that smoke,  
The winds of eve dispersed those ashes grey.  
The madness which these rites had lulled, awoke  
Again at sunset.—Who shall dare to say  
The deeds which night and fear brought forth, or  
In balance just the good and evil there ? [weigh  
He might man's deep and searchless heart display,  
And cast a light on those dim labyrinths, where  
Hope, near imagined chasms, is struggling with  
despair.

XLVII.

'Tis said, a mother dragged three children then,  
To those fierce flames which roast the eyes in the  
And laughed and died ; and that unholy men, [head,  
Feasting like fiends upon the infidel dead,  
Looked from their meal, and saw an Angel tread  
The visible floor of Heaven, and it was she !  
And, on that night, one without doubt or dread  
Came to the fire, and said, "Stop, I am he !  
Kill me !"—They burned them both with hellish  
mockery.

## XLVIII.

And, one by one, that night, young maidens came,  
 Beauteous and calm, like shapes of living stone  
 Clothed in the light of dreams, and by the flame  
 Which shrank as overgorged, they laid them down,  
 And sung a low sweet song, of which alone  
 One word was heard, and that was Liberty ;  
 And that some kissed their marble feet, with moan  
 Like love, and died, and then that they did die  
 With happy smiles, which sunk in white tranquillity.

## CANTO XI.

## I.

SHE saw me not—she heard me not—alone  
 Upon the mountain's dizzy brink she stood ;  
 She spake not, breathed not, moved not—there  
 Over her look, the shadow of a mood [was thrown  
 Which only clothes the heart in solitude,  
 A thought of voiceless death.—She stood alone,  
 Above, the Heavens were spread;—below, the flood  
 Was murmuring in its caves;—the wind had blown  
 Her hair apart, thro' which her eyes and forehead  
 shone.

## II.

A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains ;  
 Before its blue and moveless depth were flying [tains  
 Grey mists poured forth from the unresting foun-  
 Of darkness in the North :—the day was dying :—  
 Sudden, the sun shone forth ; its beams were lying  
 Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,  
 And on the shattered vapours, which, defying  
 The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly  
 In the red Heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.

## III.

It was a stream of living beams, whose bank  
 On either side by the cloud's cleft was made ;  
 And where its chasms that flood of glory drank,  
 Its waves gushed forth like fire, and, as if swayed  
 By some mute tempest, rolled on *her*. The shade  
 Of her bright image floated on the river  
 Of liquid light, which then did end and fade—  
 Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver ;  
 Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did  
 quiver.

## IV.

I stood beside her, but she saw me not—  
 She looked upon the sea, and skies, and earth.  
 Rapture, and love, and admiration, wrought  
 A passion deeper far than tears, or mirth,  
 Or speech, or gesture, or what'er has birth  
 From common joy ; which, with the speechless  
 That led her there, united, and shot forth [feeling  
 From her far eyes, a light of deep revealing,  
 All but her dearest self from my regard concealing.

## V.

Her lips were parted, and the measured breath  
 Was now heard there ;—her dark and intricate  
 Orb within orb, deeper than sleep or death, [eyes  
 Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,  
 Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,  
 Warm from her looks and gestures ;—and a light  
 Of liquid tenderness, like love, did rise [quite  
 From her whole frame,—an atmosphere which  
 Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft and  
 bright.

## VI.

She would have clasped me to her glowing frame ;  
 Those warm and odorous lips might soon have shed  
 On mine the fragrance and the invisible flame  
 Which now the cold winds stole ;—she would have  
 laid  
 Upon my languid heart her dearest head ;  
 I might have heard her voice, tender and sweet ;  
 Her eyes mingling with mine, might soon have fed  
 My soul with their own joy.—One moment yet  
 I gazed—we parted then, never again to meet !

## VII.

Never but once to meet on earth again !  
 She heard me as I fled—her eager tone  
 Sank on my heart, and almost wove a chain  
 Around my will to link it with her own,  
 So that my stern resolve was almost gone.  
 “ I cannot reach thee ! whither dost thou fly ?  
 My steps are faint.—Come back, thou dearest  
 one—  
 Return, ah me ! return ! ” The wind passed by  
 On which those accents died, faint, far, and linger-  
 ingly.

## VIII.

Woe ! woe ! that moonless midnight.—Want and  
 Were horrible, but one more fell doth rear, [Pest  
 As in a hydra's swarming lair, its crest  
 Eminent among those victims—even the Fear  
 Of Hell : each girt by the hot atmosphere  
 Of his blind agony, like a scorpion stung  
 By his own rage upon his burning bier  
 Of circling coals of fire ; but still there clung  
 One hope, like a keen sword on starting threads  
 uphung :

## IX.

Not death—death was no more refuge or rest ;  
 Not life—it was despair to be !—not sleep,  
 For fiends and chasms of fire had dispossessed  
 All natural dreams ; to wake was not to weep,  
 But to gaze mad and pallid, at the leap  
 To which the Future, like a snaky scourge,  
 Or like some tyrant's eye, which aye doth keep  
 Its withering beam upon his slaves, did urge  
 Their steps :—they heard the roar of Hell's sul-  
 phureous surge.

## X.

Each of that multitude alone, and lost  
 To sense of outward things, one hope yet knew ;  
 As on a foam-girt crag some seaman tost,  
 Stares at the rising tide, or like the crew [through,  
 Whilst now the ship is splitting through and  
 Each, if the tramp of a far steed was heard,  
 Started from sick despair, or if there flew  
 One murmur on the wind, or if some word  
 Which none can gather yet, the distant crowd has  
 stirred.

## XI.

Why became cheeks, wan with the kiss of death,  
 Paler from hope ? they had sustained despair.  
 Why watched those myriads with suspended breath  
 Sleepless a second night ? they are not here  
 The victims, and hour by hour, a vision drear,  
 Warm corpses fall upon the clay-cold dead ;  
 And even in death their lips are writhed with fear.  
 The crowd is mute and moveless—overhead  
 Silent Arcturus shines—Ha ! hear'st thou not the  
 tread



XII.

Of rushing feet? laughter? the shout, the scream,  
Of triumph not to be contained? See! hark!  
They come, they come! give way! Alas, ye deem  
Falsely—'tis but a crowd of maniacs stark  
Driven, like a troop of spectres, through the dark  
From the choked well, whence a bright death-fire  
sprung,  
A lurid earth-star, which dropped many a spark  
From its blue train, and spreading widely, clung  
To their wild hair, like mist the topmost pines  
among.

XIII.

And many, from the crowd collected there,  
Joined that strange dance in fearful sympathies;  
There was the silence of a long despair,  
When the last echo of those terrible cries  
Came from a distant street, like agonies  
Stifled afar.—Before the Tyrant's throne  
All night his aged Senate sate, their eyes  
In stony expectation fixed; when one  
Sudden before them stood, a Stranger and alone.

XIV.

Dark Priests and haughty Warriors gazed on him  
With baffled wonder, for a hermit's vest  
Concealed his face; but when he spake, his tone,  
Ere yet the matter did their thoughts arrest,  
Earnest, benignant, calm, as from a breast  
Void of all hate or terror, made them start;  
For as with gentle accents he addressed  
His speech to them, on each unwilling heart  
Unusual awe did fall—a spirit-quelling art.

XV.

"Ye Princes of the Earth, ye sit aghast  
Amid the ruin which yourselves have made;  
Yes, desolation heard your trumpet's blast,  
And sprang from sleep!—dark Terror has obeyed  
Your bidding—Oh that I, whom ye have made  
Your foe, could set my dearest enemy free  
From pain and fear! but evil casts a shade  
Which cannot pass so soon, and Hate must be  
The nurse and parent still of an ill progeny.

XVI.

"Ye turn to Heaven for aid in your distress;  
Alas, that ye, the mighty and the wise,  
Who, if he dared, might not aspire to less  
Than ye conceive of power, should fear the lies  
Which thou, and thou, didst frame for mysteries  
To blind your slaves:—consider your own thought,  
An empty and a cruel sacrifice  
Ye now prepare, for a vain idol wrought  
Out of the fears and hate which vain desires have  
brought.

XVII.

"Ye seek for happiness—alas the day!  
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,  
Nor in the fame, nor in the envied sway  
For which, O willing slaves to Custom old,  
Severe task-mistress! ye your hearts have sold.  
Ye seek for peace, and when ye die, to dream  
No evil dreams; all mortal things are cold  
And senseless then. If aught survive, I deem  
It must be love and joy, for they immortal seem.

XVIII.

"Fear not the future, weep not for the past.  
Oh, could I win your ears to dare be now  
Glorious, and great, and calm! that ye would cast  
Into the dust those symbols of your woe,  
Purple, and gold, and steel! that ye would go  
Proclaiming to the nations whence ye came,  
That Want, and Plague, and Fear, from slavery  
flow;  
And that mankind is free, and that the shame  
Of royalty and faith is lost in freedom's fame.

XIX.

"If thus 'tis well—if not, I come to say  
That Laon—." While the Stranger spoke, among  
The Council sudden tumult and affray  
Arose, for many of those warriors young  
Had on his eloquent accents fed and hung  
Like bees on mountain-flowers! they knew the truth,  
And from their thrones in vindication sprung;  
The men of faith and law then without ruth  
Drew forth their secret steel, and stabbed each  
ardent youth.

XX.

They stabbed them in the back and sneered. A slave  
Who stood behind the throne, those corpses drew  
Each to its bloody, dark, and secret grave;  
And one more daring raised his steel anew  
To pierce the Stranger: "What hast thou to do  
With me, poor wretch?"—Calm, solemn, and severe,  
That voice unstrung his sinews, and he threw  
His dagger on the ground, and pale with fear,  
Sate silently—his voice then did the Stranger rear.

XXI.

"It doth avail not that I weep for ye—  
Ye cannot change, since ye are old and grey,  
And ye have chosen your lot—your fame must be  
A book of blood, whence in a milder day  
Men shall learn truth, when ye are wrapt in clay:  
Now ye shall triumph. I am Laon's friend,  
And him to your revenge will I betray,  
So ye concede one easy boon. Attend!  
For now I speak of things which ye can apprehend.

XXII.

"There is a People mighty in its youth,  
A land beyond the Oceans of the West, [Truth  
Where, though with rudest rites, Freedom and  
Are worshipped; from a glorious mother's breast  
Who, since high Athens fell, among the rest  
Sate like the Queen of Nations, but in woe,  
By inbred monsters outraged and oppressed,  
Turns to her chainless child for succour now,  
And draws the milk of power in Wisdom's fullest  
flow.

XXIII.

"This land is like an Eagle, whose young gaze  
Feeds on the noontide beam, whose golden plume  
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze  
Of sun-rise gleams when earth is wrapt in gloom;  
An epitaph of glory for the tomb  
Of murdered Europe may thy fame be made,  
Great People! As the sands shalt thou become;  
Thy growth is swift as morn, when night must fade;  
The multitudinous Earth shall sleep beneath thy  
shade.

## XXIV.

"Yes, in the desert then is built a home  
For Freedom. Genius is made strong to rear  
The monuments of man beneath the dome  
Of a new heaven; myriads assemble there,  
Whom the proud lords of man, in rage or fear,  
Drive from their wasted homes. The boon I pray  
Is this,—that Cythna shall be convoyed there,—  
Nay, start not at the name—America!  
And then to you this night Laon will I betray.

## XXV.

"With me do what ye will. I am your foe!"  
The light of such a joy as makes the stare  
Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,  
Shone in a hundred human eyes.—"Where, where  
Is Laon? haste! fly! drag him swiftly here!  
We grant thy boon."—"I put no trust in ye,  
Swear by the Power ye dread."—"We swear, we  
The Stranger threw his vest back suddenly, [swear?"  
And smiled in gentle pride, and said, "Lo! I am  
he!"

## CANTO XII.

## I.

THE transport of a fierce and monstrous gladness  
Spread through the multitudinous streets, fast flying  
Upon the winds of fear; from his dull madness  
The starveling waked, and died in joy; the dying,  
Among the corpses in stark agony lying,  
Just heard the happy tidings, and in hope [ing  
Closed their faint eyes, from house to house reply-  
With loud acclaim, the living shook Heaven's cope,  
And filled the startled Earth with echoes: morn  
did ope

## II.

Its pale eyes then; and lo! the long array  
Of guards in golden arms, and priests beside,  
Singing their bloody hymns, whose garbs betray  
The blackness of the faith it seems to hide;  
And see, the Tyrant's gem-wrought chariot glide  
Among the gloomy cows and glittering spears—  
A shape of light is sitting by his side,  
A child most beautiful. In the midst appears  
Laon—exempt alone from mortal hopes and fears.

## III.

His head and feet are bare, his hands are bound  
Behind with heavy chains, yet none do wreak  
Their scoffs on him, though myriads throng around;  
There are no sneers upon his lip which speak  
That scorn or hate has made him bold; his cheek  
Resolve has not turned pale,—his eyes are mild  
And calm, and like the morn about to break,  
Smile on mankind—his heart seems reconciled  
To all things and itself, like a reposing child.

## IV.

Tumult was in the soul of all beside,  
Ill joy, or doubt, or fear; but those who saw  
Their tranquil victim pass, felt wonder glide  
Into their brain, and became calm with awe.—  
See, the slow pageant near the pile doth draw.  
A thousand torches in the spacious square,  
Borne by the ready slaves of ruthless law,  
Await the signal round: the morning fair  
Is changed to a dim night by that unnatural glare.

## V.

And see! beneath a sun-bright canopy,  
Upon a platform level with the pile,  
The anxious Tyrant sit, enthroned on high,  
Girt by the chieftains of the host. All smile  
In expectation, but one child: the while  
I, Laon, led by mutes, ascend my bier  
Of fire, and look around. Each distant isle  
Is dark in the bright dawn; towers far and near  
Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous atmo-  
sphere.

## VI.

There was such silence through the host, as when  
An earthquake, trampling on some populous  
town,  
Has crushed ten thousand with one tread, and men  
Expect the second; all were mute but one,  
That fairest child, who, bold with love, alone  
Stood up before the king, without avail,  
Pleading for Laon's life—her stifled groan  
Was heard—she trembled like an aspen pale  
Among the gloomy pines of a Norwegian vale.

## VII.

What were his thoughts linked in the morning  
sun,  
Among those reptiles, stingless with delay,  
Even like a tyrant's wrath?—The signal-gun  
Roared—hark, again! In that dread pause he lay  
As in a quiet dream—the slaves obey—  
A thousand torches drop,—and hark, the last  
Bursts on that awful silence. Far away  
Millions, with hearts that beat both loud and fast,  
Watch for the springing flame expectant and  
aghast.

## VIII.

They fly—the torches fall—a cry of fear  
Has startled the triumphant!—they recede!  
For ere the cannon's roar has died, they hear  
The tramp of hoofs like earthquake, and a steed  
Dark and gigantic, with the tempest's speed,  
Bursts through their ranks: a woman sits thereon,  
Fairer it seems than aught that earth can breed,  
Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,  
A spirit from the caves of day-light wandering gone.

## IX.

All thought it was God's Angel come to sweep  
The lingering guilty to their fiery grave;  
The tyrant from his throne in dread did leap,—  
Her innocence his child from fear did save.  
Scared by the faith they feigned, each priestly slave  
Knelt for his mercy whom they served with blood,  
And, like the reflux of a mighty wave  
Sucked into the loud sea, the multitude  
With crushing panic, fled in terror's altered mood.

## X.

They pause, they blush, they gaze; a gathering shout  
Bursts like one sound from the ten thousand streams  
Of a tempestuous sea:—that sudden rout  
One checked, who never in his mildest dreams  
Felt awe from grace or loveliness, the seams  
Of his rent heart so hard and cold a creed  
Had seared with blistering ice—but he misdeems  
That he is wise, whose wounds do only bleed  
Inly for self; thus thought the Iberian Priest  
indeed;

## XI.

And others, too, thought he was wise to see,  
In pain, and fear, and hate, something divine ;  
In love and beauty—no divinity.—  
Now with a bitter smile, whose light did shine  
Like a fiend's hope upon his lips and eyne,  
He said, and the persuasion of that sneer  
Rallied his trembling comrades—" Is it mine  
To stand alone, when kings and soldiers fear  
A woman ? Heaven has sent its other victim here."

## XII.

" Were it not impious," said the King, " to break  
Our holy oath !"—" Impious to keep it, say !"  
Shrieked the exulting Priest :—" Slaves, to the  
Bind her, and on my head the burthen lay [stake  
Of her just torments :—at the Judgment Day  
Will I stand up before the golden throne  
Of Heaven, and cry, to thee I did betray  
An infidel ! but for me she would have known  
Another moment's joy !—the glory be thine own."

## XIII.

They trembled, but replied not, nor obeyed,  
Pausing in breathless silence. Cythna sprung  
From her gigantic steed, who, like a shade  
Chased by the winds, those vacant streets among  
Fled tameless, as the brazen rein she flung  
Upon his neck, and kissed his moonèd brow.  
A piteous sight, that one so fair and young,  
The clasp of such a fearful death should woo  
With smiles of tender joy as beamed from Cythna  
now.

## XIV.

The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear,  
From many a tremulous eye, but, like soft dew  
Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung gathered  
there,  
Frozen by doubt,—alas ! they could not choose  
But weep ; for when her faint limbs did refuse  
To climb the pyre, upon the mutes she smiled ;  
And with her eloquent gestures, and the hues  
Of her quick lips, even as a weary child  
Wins sleep from some fond nurse with its caresses  
mild,

## XV.

She won them, though unwilling, her to bind  
Near me, among the snakes. When then had fled  
One soft reproach that was most thrilling kind,  
She smiled on me, and nothing then we said,  
But each upon the other's countenance fed  
Looks of insatiate love ; the mighty veil  
Which doth divide the living and the dead  
Was almost rent, the world grew dim and pale,—  
All light in Heaven or Earth beside our love did  
fail.—

## XVI.

Yet,—yet—one brief relapse, like the last beam  
Of dying flames, the stainless air around  
Hung silent and serene.—A blood-red gleam  
Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the ground  
The globed smoke.—I heard the mighty sound  
Of its uprise, like a tempestuous ocean ;  
And, through its chasms I saw, as in a swound,  
The Tyrant's child fall without life or motion  
Before his throne, subdued by some unseen  
emotion.

## XVII.

And is this death ! The pyre has disappeared,  
The Pestilence, the Tyrant, and the throng ;  
The flames grow silent—slowly there is heard  
The music of a breath-suspending song,  
Which, like the kiss of love when life is young,  
Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and deep ;  
With ever-changing notes it floats along,  
Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep  
A melody, like waves on wrinkled sands that leap.

## XVIII.

The warm touch of a soft and tremulous hand  
Wakened me then ; lo, Cythna sate reclined  
Beside me, on the waved and golden sand  
Of a clear pool, upon a bank o'erthrown [wind  
With strange and star-bright flowers, which to the  
Breathed divine odour ; high above, was spread  
The emerald heaven of trees of unknown kind,  
Whose moonlike blooms and bright fruit overhead  
A shadow, which was light, upon the waters shed.

## XIX.

And round about sloped many a lawny mountain  
With incense-bearing forests, and vast caves  
Of marble radiance to that mighty fountain ;  
And where the flood its own bright margin laves,  
Their echoes talk with its eternal waves,  
Which, from the depths whose jagged caverns  
Their unreposing strife, it lifts and heaves, [breed  
Till through a chasin of hills they roll, and feed  
A river deep, which flies with smooth but arrowy  
speed.

## XX.

As we sate gazing in a trance of wonder,  
A boat approached, borne by the musical air  
Along the waves, which sung and sparkled  
under  
Its rapid keel—a winged shape sate there,  
A child with silver-shining wings, so fair,  
That as her bark did through the waters glide,  
The shadow of the lingering waves did wear  
Light, as from starry beams ; from side to side,  
While veering to the wind, her plumes the bark  
did guide.

## XXI.

The boat was one curved shell of hollow pearl,  
Almost translucent with the light divine  
Of her within ; the prow and stern did curl,  
Horned on high, like the young moon supine,  
When, o'er dim twilight mountains dark with pine,  
It floats upon the sunset's sea of beams,  
Whose golden waves in many a purple line  
Fade fast, till, borne on sunlight's ebbing streams,  
Dilating, on earth's verge the sunken meteor  
gleams.

## XXII.

Its keel has struck the sands beside our feet ;—  
Then Cythna turned to me, and from her eyes  
Which swam with unshed tears, a look more sweet  
Than happy love, a wild and glad surprise,  
Glanced as she spake : " Aye, this is Paradise  
And not a dream, and we are all united !  
Lo, that is mine own child, who, in the guise  
Of madness, came like day to one benighted  
In lonesome woods : my heart is now too well  
required !"

XXIII.

And then she wept aloud, and in her arms  
Clasped that bright Shape, less marvellously fair  
Than her own human hues and living charms ;  
Which, as she leaned in passion's silence there,  
Breathed warmth on the cold bosom of the air,  
Which seemed to blush and tremble with delight ;  
The glossy darkness of her streaming hair  
Fell o'er that snowy child, and wrapt from sight  
The fond and long embrace which did their hearts  
unite.

XXIV.

Then the bright child, the plumed Seraph, came,  
And fixed its blue and beaming eyes on mine,  
And said, " I was disturbed by tremulous shame  
When once we met, yet knew that I was thine  
From the same hour in which thy lips divine  
Kindled a clinging dream within my brain,  
Which ever waked when I might sleep, to twine  
Thine image with *her* memory dear—again  
We meet ; exempted now from mortal fear or pain.

XXV.

" When the consuming flames had wrapt ye round,  
The hope which I had cherished went away ;  
I fell in agony on the senseless ground,  
And hid mine eyes in dust, and far astray  
My mind was gone, when bright, like dawning day,  
The Spectre of the Plague before me flew,  
And breathed upon my lips, and seemed to say,  
' They wait for thee, beloved !—then I knew  
The death-mark on my breast, and became calm  
anew.

XXVI.

" It was the calm of love—for I was dying.  
I saw the black and half-extinguished pyre  
In its own grey and shrunken ashes lying ;  
The pitchy smoke of the departed fire  
Still hung in many a hollow dome and spire  
Above the towers, like night ; beneath whoshade,  
Awed by the ending of their own desire,  
The armies stood ; a vacancy was made  
In expectation's depth, and so they stood dismayed.

XXVII.

" The frightful silence of that altered mood,  
The tortures of the dying clove alone,  
Till one arose among the multitude,  
And said—' The flood of time is rolling on,  
We stand upon its brink, whilst *they* are gone  
To glide in peace down death's mysterious  
stream.

Have ye done well ? They moulder flesh and bone,  
Who might have made this life's envenomed dream  
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem.

XXVIII.

" " These perish as the good and great of yore  
Have perished, and their murderers will repent.  
Yes, vain and barren tears shall flow before  
Yon smoke has faded from the firmament  
Even for this cause, that ye, who must lament  
The death of those that made this world so fair,  
Cannot recall them now ; but then is lent  
To man the wisdom of a high despair,  
When such can die, and he live on and linger here.

XXIX.

" " Aye, ye may fear not now the Pestilence,  
From fabled hell as by a charm withdrawn ;  
All power and faith must pass, since calmly hence  
In pain and fire have unbelievers gone ;  
And ye must sadly turn away, and moan  
In secret, to his home each one returning ;  
And to long ages shall this hour be known ;  
And slowly shall its memory, ever burning,  
Fill this dark night of things with an eternal  
morning.

XXX.

" " For me the world is grown too void and cold,  
Since hope pursues immortal destiny  
With steps thus slow—therefore shall ye behold  
How those who love, yet fear not, dare to die ;  
Tell to your children this ! then suddenly  
He sheathed a dagger in his heart, and fell ;  
My brain grew dark in death, and yet to me  
There came a murmur from the crowd to tell  
Of deep and mighty change which suddenly befell.

XXXI.

" Then suddenly I stood a winged Thought  
Before the immortal Senate, and the seat  
Of that star-shining spirit, whence is wrought  
The strength of its dominion, good and great,  
The better Genius of this world's estate.  
His realm around one mighty Fane is spread,  
Elysian islands bright and fortunate,  
Calm dwellings of the free and happy dead,  
Where I am sent to lead !" These winged words  
she said,

XXXII.

And with the silence of her eloquent smile,  
Bade us embark in her divine canoe ;  
Then at the helm we took our seat, the while  
Above her head those plumes of dazzling hue  
Into the winds' invisible stream she threw,  
Sitting beside the prow : like gossamer,  
On the swift breath of morn, the vessel flew  
O'er the bright whirlpools of that fountain fair,  
Whose shores receded fast, while we seemed  
lingering there ;

XXXIII.

Till down that mighty stream dark, calm, and fleet,  
Between a chasm of cedar mountains riven,  
Chased by the thronging winds, whose viewless feet  
As swift as twinkling beams, had, under Heaven,  
From woods and waves wild sounds and odours  
driven,  
The boat flew visibly—three nights and days,  
Borne like a cloud through morn, and noon, and  
We sailed along the winding watery ways [even,  
Of the vast stream, a long and labyrinthine maze.

XXXIV.

A scene of joy and wonder to behold  
That river's shapes and shadows changing ever,  
Where the broad sunrise filled with deepening gold  
Its whirlpools, where all hues did spread and quiver,  
And where melodious falls did burst and shiver  
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray  
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river,  
Or when the moonlight poured a holier day,  
One vast and glittering lake around green islands  
lay.

xxxv.

Morn, noon, and even, that boat of pearl outran  
The streams which bore it, like the arrowy cloud  
Of tempest, or the speedier thought of man,  
Which fieth forth and cannot make abode ;  
Sometimes through forests, deep like night, we  
glode,

Between the walls of mighty mountains crowned  
With Cyclopean piles, whose turrets proud,  
The homes of the departed, dimly frowned  
O'er the bright waves which girt their dark foun-  
dations round.

xxxvi.

Sometimes between the wide and flowering mea-  
dows,

Mile after mile we sailed, and 'twas delight  
To see far off the sunbeams chase the shadows  
Over the grass ; sometimes beneath the night  
Of wide and vaulted caves, whose roofs were bright  
With starry gems, we fled, whilst from their deep  
And dark green chasms, shades beautiful and white,  
Amid sweet sounds across our path would sweep  
Like swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves  
of sleep.

xxxvii.

And ever as we sailed, our minds were full  
Of love and wisdom, which would overflow  
In converse wild, and sweet, and wonderful ;  
And in quick smiles whose light would come and  
Like music o'er wide waves, and in the flow [go,  
Of sudden tears, and in the mute caress—  
For a deep shade was cleft, and we did know,  
That virtue, though obscured on Earth, not less  
Survives all mortal change in lasting loveliness.

xxxviii.

Three days and nights we sailed, as thought and  
feeling  
Number delightful hours—for through the sky  
The sphered lamps of day and night, revealing  
New changes and new glories, rolled on high,

Sun, Moon, and moonlike lamps, the progeny  
Of a diviner Heaven, serene and fair :  
On the fourth day, wild as a wind-wrought sea,  
The stream became, and fast and faster bare  
The spirit-wingèd boat, steadily speeding there.

xxxix.

Steadily and swift, where the waves rolled like  
mountains

Within the vast ravine, whose rifts did pour  
Tumultuous floods from their ten thousand foun-  
The thunder of whose earth-uplifting roar [tains,  
Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore,  
Calm as a shade, the boat of that fair child  
Securely fled, that rapid stress before,  
Amid the topmost spray, and sunbows wild,  
Wreathed in the silver mist : in joy and pride we  
smiled.

xl.

The torrent of that wide and raging river  
Is passed, and our aerial speed suspended.  
We look behind ; a golden mist did quiver  
When its wild surges with the lake were blended :  
Our bark hung there, as one line suspended  
Between two heavens, that windless waveless lake ;  
Which four great cataracts from four vales,  
attended

By mists, aye feed, from rocks and clouds they  
And of that azure sea a silent refuge make. [break,

xli.

Motionless resting on the lake awhile,  
I saw its marge of snow-bright mountains rear  
Their peaks aloft, I saw each radiant isle,  
And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere  
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear  
The Temple of the Spirit ; on the sound  
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,  
Like the swift moon this glorious earth around,  
The charmed boat approached, and there its haven  
found.

## NOTE ON THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

BY THE EDITOR.

SHELLEY possessed two remarkable qualities of intellect—a brilliant imagination and a logical exactness of reason. His inclinations led him (he fancied) almost alike to poetry and metaphysical discussions. I say “he fancied,” because I believe the former to have been paramount, and that it would have gained the mastery even had he struggled against it. However, he said that he deliberated at one time whether he should dedicate himself to poetry or metaphysics, and resolving on the former, he educated himself for it, discarding in a great measure his philosophical pursuits, and engaging himself in the study of the poets of Greece, Italy, and England. To these may be added a constant perusal of portions of the Old Testament—the Psalms, the book of Job, the Prophet Isaiah, and others, the sublime poetry of which filled him with delight.

As a poet, his intellect and compositions were powerfully influenced by exterior circumstances, and especially by his place of abode. He was very fond of travelling, and ill health increased this restlessness. The sufferings occasioned by a cold English winter, made him pine, especially when our colder spring arrived, for a more genial climate. In 1816 he again visited Switzerland, and rented a house on the banks of the lake of Geneva; and many a day, in cloud or sunshine, was passed alone in his boat—sailing as the wind listed, or weltering on the calm waters. The majestic aspect of nature ministered such thoughts as he afterwards enwove in verse. His lines on the Bridge of the Arve, and his Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, were written at this time. Perhaps during this summer his genius was checked by association with another poet whose nature was utterly dissimilar to his own, yet who, in the poem he wrote at that time, gave tokens that he shared for a period the more abstract and etherialised inspiration of Shelley. The saddest events awaited his return to England; but such was his fear to wound the feelings of others, that he never expressed the anguish he felt, and seldom gave vent to the indignation roused by the persecutions he underwent; while the course of deep unexpressed passion, and the sense of injury, engendered the desire to embody themselves in forms defecated of all the weakness and evil which cling to real life.

He chose therefore for his hero a youth nourished in dreams of liberty, some of whose actions are in direct opposition to the opinions of the world; but who is animated throughout by an ardent love of virtue, and a resolution to confer the boons of political and intellectual freedom on his fellow-creatures. He created for this youth a woman such as he delighted to imagine—full of enthusiasm for the same objects; and they both, with will unvanquished and the deepest sense of the justice of their cause, met adversity and death. There exists in this poem a memorial of a friend of his youth. The character of the old man who liberates Laon from his tower-prison, and tends on him in sickness, is founded on that of Doctor Lind, who, when Shelley was at Eton, had often stood by to befriend and support him, and whose name he never mentioned without love and veneration.

During the year 1817, we were established at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Shelley's choice of abode was fixed chiefly by this town being at no great distance from London, and its neighbourhood to the Thames. The poem was written in his boat, as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighbouring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty. The chalk hills break into cliffs that overhang the Thames, or form valleys clothed with beech; the wilder portion of the country is rendered beautiful by exuberant vegetation; and the cultivated part is peculiarly fertile. With all this wealth of nature which, either in the form of gentlemen's parks or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlow was inhabited (I hope it is altered now) by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labour, for which they were very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The changes produced by peace following a long war, and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. I mention these things,—for this minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to

his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race.

The poem, bold in its opinions and uncompromising in their expression, met with many censurers, not only among those who allow of no virtue but such as supports the cause they espouse, but even among those whose opinions were similar to his own. I extract a portion of a letter written in answer to one of these friends ; it best details the impulses of Shelley's mind and his motives : it was written with entire unreserve ; and is therefore a precious monument of his own opinion of his powers, of the purity of his designs, and the ardour with which he clung, in adversity and through the valley of the shadow of death, to views from which he believed the permanent happiness of mankind must eventually spring.

*"Marlow, Dec. 11, 1817.*

"I have read and considered all that you say about my general powers, and the particular instance of the Poem in which I have attempted to develop them. Nothing can be more satisfactory to me than the interest which your admonitions express. But I think you are mistaken in some points with regard to the peculiar nature of my powers, whatever be their amount. I listened with deference and self-suspicion to your censures of 'the Revolt of Islam ;' but the productions of mine which you commend hold a very low place in my own esteem ; and this reassured me, in some degree at least. The poem was produced by a series of thoughts which filled my mind with unbounded and sustained enthusiasm. I felt the precariousness of my life, and I engaged in this task, resolved to leave some record of myself. Much of what the volume contains was written with the same feeling, as real, though not so prophetic, as the communications of a dying man. I never presumed indeed to consider it anything approaching to faultless ; but

when I consider contemporary productions of the same apparent pretensions, I own I was filled with confidence. I felt that it was in many respects a genuine picture of my own mind. I felt that the sentiments were true, not assumed. And in this have I long believed that my power consists ; in sympathy and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation. I am formed, if for anything not in common with the herd of mankind, to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole. Of course, I believe these faculties, which perhaps comprehend all that is sublime in man, to exist very imperfectly in my own mind. But when you advert to my chancery paper, a cold, forced, unimpassioned, insignificant piece of cramped and cautious argument ; and to the little scrap about Mandeville, which expressed my feelings indeed, but cost scarcely two minutes' thought to express, as specimens of my powers, more favourable than that which grew as it were from 'the agony and bloody sweat' of intellectual travail ; surely I must feel that in some manner, either I am mistaken in believing that I have any talent at all, or you in the selection of the specimens of it.

"Yet after all, I cannot but be conscious in much of what I write, of an absence of that tranquillity which is the attribute and accompaniment of power. This feeling alone would make your most kind and wise admonitions, on the subject of the economy of intellectual force, valuable to me. And if I live, or if I see any trust in coming years, doubt not but that I shall do something, whatever it may be, which a serious and earnest estimate of my powers will suggest to me, and which will be in every respect accommodated to their utmost limits."

# PROMETHEUS UNBOUND;

## A Lyrical Drama.

IN FOUR ACTS.

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Audisne hæc Amphiaræ, sub terram abdite?

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### PREFACE.

THE Greek tragic writers, in selecting as their subject any portion of their national history or mythology, employed in their treatment of it a certain arbitrary discretion. They by no means conceived themselves bound to adhere to the common interpretation, or to imitate in story, as in title, their rivals and predecessors. Such a system would have amounted to a resignation of those claims to preference over their competitors which incited the composition. The Agamemnonian story was exhibited on the Athenian theatre with as many variations as dramas.

I have presumed to employ a similar license. The "Prometheus Unbound" of Æschylus supposed the reconciliation of Jupiter with his victim as the price of the disclosure of the danger threatened to his empire by the consummation of his marriage with Thetis. Thetis, according to this view of the subject, was given in marriage to Peleus, and Prometheus, by the permission of Jupiter, delivered from his captivity by Hercules. Had I framed my story on this model, I should have done no more than have attempted to restore the lost drama of Æschylus; an ambition, which, if my preference to this mode of treating the subject had incited me to cherish, the recollection of the high comparison such an attempt would challenge might well abate. But, in truth, I was averse from a catastrophe so feeble as that of reconciling the Champion with the Oppressor of mankind. The moral interest of the fable, which is so powerfully sustained by the sufferings and endurance of Prometheus, would be annihilated if we could conceive of him as unsaying his high language and quailing before his successful and perfidious adversary. The only imaginary being resembling in any degree Prometheus, is Satan: and Prometheus is, in my judgment, a more poetical character than Satan, because, in addition to courage, and majesty, and firm and patient opposition to omnipotent force, he is susceptible of being described as exempt from the taints of ambition, envy, revenge, and a desire for personal aggrandisement, which, in the Hero of Paradise Lost, interfere with the interest. The character of Satan engenders in the mind a pernicious casuistry which leads us to weigh his faults with his wrongs, and to excuse the former because the latter exceed all measure. In the minds of those who consider that magnificent fiction with a religious feeling, it engenders something worse. But Prometheus is, as it were, the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled

by the purest and the truest motives to the best and noblest ends.

This Poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades, and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.

The imagery which I have employed will be found, in many instances, to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions by which they are expressed. This is unusual in modern poetry, although Dante and Shakspeare are full of instances of the same kind: Dante indeed more than any other poet, and with greater success. But the Greek poets, as writers to whom no resource of awakening the sympathy of their contemporaries was unknown, were in the habitual use of this power; and it is the study of their works (since a higher merit would probably be denied me), to which I am willing that my readers should impute this singularity.

One word is due in candour to the degree in which the study of contemporary writings may have tinged my composition, for such has been a topic of censure with regard to poems far more popular, and, indeed, more deservedly popular, than mine. It is impossible that any one who inhabits the same age with such writers as those who stand in the foremost ranks of our own, can conscientiously assure himself that his language and tone of thought may not have been modified by the study of the productions of those extraordinary intellects. It is true, that, not the spirit of their genius, but the forms in which it has manifested itself, are due less to the peculiarities of their own minds than to the peculiarity of the moral and intellectual condition of the minds among which they have been produced. Thus a number of writers possess the form, whilst they want the spirit of those whom, it is alleged, they imitate; because the former is the endowment of the age in which they live, and the latter must be the uncommunicated lightning of their own mind.

The peculiar style of intense and comprehensive imagery which distinguishes the modern literature of England, has not been, as a general power, the product of the imitation of any particular writer. The mass of



capabilities remains at every period materially the same; the circumstances which awaken it to action perpetually change. If England were divided into forty republics, each equal in population and extent to Athens, there is no reason to suppose but that, under institutions not more perfect than those of Athens, each would produce philosophers and poets equal to those who (if we except Shakspeare) have never been surpassed. We owe the great writers of the golden age of our literature to that fervid awakening of the public mind which shook to dust the oldest and most oppressive form of the Christian religion. We owe Milton to the progress and development of the same spirit: the sacred Milton was, let it ever be remembered, a republican, and a bold inquirer into morals and religion. The great writers of our own age are, we have reason to suppose, the companions and forerunners of some unimagined change in our social condition, or the opinions which cement it. The cloud of mind is discharging its collected lightning, and the equilibrium between institutions and opinions is now restoring, or is about to be restored.

As to imitation, poetry is a mimetic art. It creates, but it creates by combination and representation. Poetical abstractions are beautiful and new, not because the portions of which they are composed had no previous existence in the mind of man, or in nature, but because the whole produced by their combination has some intelligible and beautiful analogy with those sources of emotion and thought, and with the contemporary condition of them: one great poet is a masterpiece of nature, which another not only ought to study but must study. He might as wisely and as easily determine that his mind should no longer be the mirror of all that is lovely in the visible universe, as exclude from his contemplation the beautiful which exists in the writings of a great contemporary. The pretence of doing it would be a presumption in any but the greatest; the effect, even in him, would be strained, unnatural, and ineffectual. A poet is the combined product of such internal powers as modify the nature of others; and of such external influences as excite and sustain these powers; he is not one, but both. Every man's mind is, in this respect, modified by all the objects of nature and art; by every word and every suggestion which he ever admitted to act upon his consciousness; it is the mirror upon which all forms are reflected, and in which they compose one form. Poets, not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are, in one sense, the creators, and, in

another, the creations, of their age. From this subjection the loftiest do not escape. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Æschylus and Euripides, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch, between Shakspeare and Fletcher, between Dryden and Pope; each has a generic resemblance under which their specific distinctions are arranged. If this similarity be the result of imitation, I am willing to confess that I have imitated.

Let this opportunity be conceded to me of acknowledging that I have, what a Scotch philosopher characteristically terms, "a passion for reforming the world:" what passion incited him to write and publish his book, he omits to explain. For my part, I had rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Paley and Malthus. But it is a mistake to suppose that I dedicate my poetical compositions solely to the direct enforcement of reform, or that I consider them in any degree as containing a reasoned system on the theory of human life. Didactic poetry is my abhorrence; nothing can be equally well expressed in prose that is not tedious and supererogatory in verse. My purpose has hitherto been simply to familiarise the highly refined imagination of the more select classes of poetical readers with beautiful idealisms of moral excellence; aware that until the mind can love, and admire, and trust, and hope, and endure, reasoned principles of moral conduct are seeds cast upon the highway of life, which the unconscious passenger tramples into dust, although they would bear the harvest of his happiness. Should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is, produce a systematical history of what appear to me to be the genuine elements of human society, let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Æschylus rather than Plato as my model.

The having spoken of myself with unaffected freedom will need little apology with the candid; and let the uncandid consider that they injure me less than their own hearts and minds by misrepresentation. Whatever talents a person may possess to amuse and instruct others, be they ever so inconsiderable, he is yet bound to exert them: if his attempt be ineffectual, let the punishment of an unaccomplished purpose have been sufficient; let none trouble themselves to heap the dust of oblivion upon his efforts; the pile they raise will betray his grave, which might otherwise have been unknown.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PROMETHEUS.  
DEMOOGORON.  
JUPITER.  
THE EARTH.  
OCEAN.  
APOLLO.  
MERCURY.  
HERCULES.

ASIA,  
PANTHEA,  
IONE, } *Oceanides.*  
THE PHANTASM OF JUPITER.  
THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.  
THE SPIRIT OF THE MOON.  
SPIRITS OF THE HOURS.  
SPIRITS. ECHOES. FAUNS.  
FURIES.

## ACT I.

SCENE, a Ravine of Icy Rocks in the Indian Caucasus.  
 PROMETHEUS is discovered bound to the Precipice. PANTHRA and IONE are seated at his feet. Time, Night.  
 During the Scene, Morning slowly breaks.

## PROMETHEUS.

MONARCH of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits  
 But One, who through those bright and rolling worlds  
 Which Thou and I alone of living things  
 Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth  
 Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou  
 Requistest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,  
 And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,  
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.  
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,  
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,  
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.  
 Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,  
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs  
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,  
 Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.  
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest  
 From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!  
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame  
 Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here  
 Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,  
 Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,  
 Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.  
 Ah me, alas! pain, pain ever, for ever!

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.  
 I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?  
 I ask you Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,  
 Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,  
 Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,  
 Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?  
 Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!

The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears  
 Of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains  
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones.  
 Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips  
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up  
 My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,  
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,  
 Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged  
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds  
 When the rocks split and close again behind:  
 While from their loud abysses howling throng  
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage  
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.  
 And yet to me welcome is day and night,  
 Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,  
 Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs  
 The leaden-coloured east; for then they lead  
 The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom  
 —As some dark Priest hales the reluctant victim—  
 Shall drag thee, cruel King, to kiss the blood  
 From these pale feet, which then might trample thee  
 If they disdain not such a prostrate slave.  
 Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin  
 Will hunt thee undefended through the wide  
 Heaven!

How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,  
 Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,

Not exultation, for I hate no more,  
 As then ere misery made me wise. The curse  
 Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye  
 Mountains,

Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist  
 Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell!  
 Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,  
 Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept  
 Shuddering through India! Thou serenest Air,  
 Through which the Sun walks burning without  
 beams!

And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings  
 Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,  
 As thunder, louder than your own, made rock  
 The orb'd world! If then my words had power,  
 Though I am changed so that aught evil wish  
 Is dead within; although no memory be  
 Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!  
 What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

## FIRST VOICE: (from the mountains.)

Thrice three hundred thousand years  
 O'er the Earthquake's couch we stood:  
 Oft, as men convulsed with fears,  
 We trembled in our multitude.

## SECOND VOICE: (from the springs.)

Thunderbolts had parched our water,  
 We had been stained with bitter blood,  
 And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of slaughter,  
 Through a city and a solitude.

## THIRD VOICE: (from the air.)

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,  
 Its wastes in colours not their own;  
 And oft had my serene repose  
 Been cloven by many a rending groan.

## FOURTH VOICE: (from the whirlwinds.)

We had soared beneath these mountains  
 Unresting ages; nor had thunder,  
 Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,  
 Nor any power above or under  
 Ever made us mute with wonder.

## FIRST VOICE.

But never bowed our showy crest  
 As at the voice of thine unrest.

## SECOND VOICE.

Never such a sound before  
 To the Indian waves we bore.  
 A pilot asleep on the howling sea  
 Leaped up from the deck in agony,  
 And heard, and cried, "Ah, woe is me!"  
 And died as mad as the wild waves be.

## THIRD VOICE.

By such dread words from Earth to Heaven  
 My still realm was never riven:  
 When its wound was closed, there stood  
 Darkness o'er the day like blood.

## FOURTH VOICE.

And we shrank back: for dreams of ruin  
To frozen caves our flight pursuing  
Made us keep silence—thus—and thus—  
Though silence is as hell to us.

## THE EARTH.

The tongueless Caverns of the craggy hills  
Cried, "Misery!" then; the hollow Heaven replied,  
"Misery!" And the Ocean's purple waves,  
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds,  
And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

## PROMETHEUS.

I hear a sound of voices: not the voice  
Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons and thou  
Scorn him, without whose all-enduring will  
Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove,  
Both they and thou had vanished, like thin mist  
Unrolled on the morning wind. Know ye not me,  
The Titan? He who made his agony  
The barrier to your else all-conquering foe?  
Oh, rock-embosomed lawns, and snow-fed streams,  
Now seen athwart frore vapours, deep below,  
Through whose o'ershadowing woods I wandered  
With Asia, drinking life from her loved eyes; [once  
Why scorns the spirit which informs ye, now  
To commune with me? me alone, who checked,  
As one who checks a fiend-drawn charioteer,  
The falsehood and the force of him who reigns  
Supreme, and with the groans of pining slaves  
Fills your dim glens and liquid wildernesses:  
Why answer ye not, still? Brethren!

## THE EARTH.

They dare not.

## PROMETHEUS.

Who dares! for I would hear that curse again.  
Ha! what an awful whisper rises up!  
'Tis scarce like sound: it tingles through the frame  
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike.  
Speak, Spirit! from thine inorganic voice  
I only know that thou art moving near  
And love. How cursed I him!

## THE EARTH.

How canst thou hear,  
Who knowest not the language of the dead?

## PROMETHEUS.

Thou art a living spirit; speak as they.

## THE EARTH.

I dare not speak like life, lest Heaven's fell King  
Should hear, and link me to some wheel of pain  
More torturing than the one whereon I roll.  
Subtle thou art and good; and though the Gods  
Hear not this voice, yet thou art more than God  
Being wise and kind: earnestly hearken now.

## PROMETHEUS.

Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,  
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. I feel  
Faint, like one mingled in entwining love;  
Yet 'tis not pleasure.

## THE EARTH.

No, thou canst not hear:  
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known  
Only to those who die.

## PROMETHEUS.

And what art thou,  
O melancholy Voice!

## THE EARTH.

I am the Earth,  
Thy mother; she within whose stony veins,  
To the last fibre of the loftiest tree  
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,  
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,  
When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud  
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!  
And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted  
Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,  
And our almighty Tyrant with fierce dread  
Grew pale, until his thunder chained thee here.  
Then, see those million worlds which burn and roll  
Around us: their inhabitants beheld  
My sphered light wane in wide Heaven; the sea  
Was lifted by strange tempest, and new fire  
From earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow  
Shook its portentous hair beneath Heaven's frown;  
Lightning and Inundation vexed the plains;  
Blue thistles bloomed in cities; foodless toads  
Within voluptuous chambers panting crawled;  
When Plague had fallen on man, and beast, and  
worm,  
And Famine; and black blight on herb and tree;  
And in the corn, and vines, and meadow-grass,  
Teemed ineradicable poisonous weeds  
Draining their growth, for my wain breast was dry  
With grief; and the thin air, my breath, was stained  
With the contagion of a mother's hate  
Breathed on her child's destroyer; aye, I heard  
Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,  
Yet my innumerable seas and streams,  
Mountains, and caves, and winds, and yon wide air,  
And the inarticulate people of the dead,  
Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate  
In secret joy and hope those dreadful words  
But dare not speak them.

## PROMETHEUS.

Venerable mother!  
All else who live and suffer take from thee  
Some comfort; flowers, and fruits, and happy sounds,  
And love, though fleeting; these may not be mine.  
But mine own words, I pray, deny me not.

## THE EARTH.

They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,  
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,  
Met his own image walking in the garden.  
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.  
For know there are two worlds of life and death:  
One that which thou beholdest; but the other  
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit  
The shadows of all forms that think and live  
Till death unite them and they part no more;  
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,  
And all that faith creates or love desires,  
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.  
There thou art, and dost hang, a writhing shade,  
'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains; all the gods  
Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,  
Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men, and beasts;  
And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;  
And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne  
Of burning gold. Son, one of these shall utter

The curse which all remember. Call at will  
Thine own ghost, or the ghost of Jupiter,  
Hades or Typhon, or what mightier Gods  
From all-prolific Evil, since thy ruin  
Have sprung, and trampled on my prostrate sons.  
Ask, and they must reply : so the revenge  
Of the Supreme may sweep through vacant shades,  
As rainy wind through the abandoned gate  
Of a fallen palace.

## PROMETHEUS.

Mother, let not aught  
Of that which may be evil, pass again  
My lips, or those of aught resembling me.  
Phantasm of Jupiter, arise, appear !

## IONE.

My wings are folded o'er mine ears :  
My wings are crossed o'er mine eyes :  
Yet through their silver shade appears,  
And through their lulling plumes arise,  
A Shape, a throng of sounds ;  
May it be no ill to thee  
O thou of many wounds !

Near whom, for our sweet sister's sake,  
Ever thus we watch and wake.

## PANTHEA.

The sound is of whirlwind underground,  
Earthquake, and fire, and mountains cloven ;  
The shape is awful like the sound,  
Clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven.  
A sceptre of pale gold

To stay steps proud, o'er the slow cloud  
His veined hand doth hold.

Cruel he looks, but calm and strong,  
Like one who does, not suffers wrong.

## PHANTASM OF JUPITER.

Why have the secret powers of this strange world  
Driven me, a frail and empty phantom, hither  
On direst storms ? What unaccustomed sounds  
Are hovering on my lips, unlike the voice  
With which our pallid race hold ghastly talk  
In darkness ? And, proud sufferer, who art thou ?

## PROMETHEUS.

Tremendous Image ! as thou art must be  
He whom thou shouldst shadest forth. I am his foe,  
The Titan. Speak the words which I would hear,  
Although no thought inform thine empty voice.

## THE EARTH.

Listen ! And though your echoes must be mute,  
Grey mountains, and old woods, and haunted springs,  
Prophetic caves, and isle-surrounding streams,  
Rejoice to hear what yet ye cannot speak.

## PHANTASM.

A spirit seizes me and speaks within :  
It tears me as fire tears a thunder-cloud.

## PANTHEA.

See, how he lifts his mighty looks, the Heaven  
Darkens above.

## IONE.

He speaks ! O shelter me !

## PROMETHEUS.

I see the curse on gestures proud and cold,  
And looks of firm defiance, and calm hate,  
And such despair as mocks itself with smiles,  
Written as on a scroll : yet speak : Oh, speak !

## PHANTASM.

Fiend, I defy thee ! with a calm, fixed mind,  
All that thou canst inflict I bid thee do ;  
Foul Tyrant both of Gods and Human-kind,  
One only being shalt thou not subdue.  
Rain then thy plagues upon me here,  
Ghastly disease and frenzying fear ;  
And let alternate frost and fire  
Eat into me, and be thine ire  
Lightning, and cutting hail, and legioned forms  
Of furies, driving by upon the wounding storms.

Ay, do thy worst. Thou art omnipotent.

O'er all things but thyself I gave thee power,  
And my own will. Be thy swift mischiefs sent  
To blast mankind, from yon ethereal tower.  
Let thy malignant spirit move  
In darkness over those I love :  
On me and mine I imprecate  
The utmost torture of thy hate ;  
And thus devote to sleepless agony,  
This undecaying head while thou must reign on high.

But thou who art the God and Lord : O, thou

Who fillest with thy soul this world of woe,  
To whom all things of Earth and Heaven do bow  
In fear and worship : all-prevailing foe !  
I curse thee ! let a sufferer's curse  
Clasp thee, his torturer, like remorse !  
Till thine Infinity shall be  
A robe of envenomed agony ;  
And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,  
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain.

Heap on thy soul, by virtue of this curse,  
Ill deeds, then be thou damned, beholding good ;  
Both infinite as is the universe,

And thou, and thy self-torturing solitude  
An awful image of calm power  
Though now thou sittest, let the hour  
Come, when thou must appear to be  
That which thou art internally.  
And after many a false and fruitless crime,  
Scorn track thy lagging fall through boundless space  
and time.

## PROMETHEUS.

Were these my words, O Parent !

## THE EARTH.

They were thine.

## PROMETHEUS.

It doth repent me : words are quick and vain ;  
Grief for awhile is blind, and so was mine.  
I wish no living thing to suffer pain.

## THE EARTH.

Misery, Oh misery to me,  
That Jove at length should vanquish thee.  
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,  
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.  
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,  
Your refuge, your defence lies fallen and van-  
quished.

## FIRST ECHO.

Lies fallen and vanquished ?

## SECOND ECHO.

Fallen and vanquished !

IONE.

Fear not : 'tis but some passing spasm,  
The Titan is unvanquished still.  
But see, where through the azure chasm  
Of yon forked and snowy hill  
Trampling the slant winds on high  
With golden-sandalled feet, that glow  
Under plumes of purple dye,  
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,  
A Shape comes now,  
Stretching on high from his right hand  
A serpent-cinctured wand.

PANTHEA.

'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury.

IONE.

And who are those with hydra tresses  
And iron wings that climb the wind,  
Whom the frowning God represses  
Like vapours steaming up behind,  
Clanging loud, an endless crowd—

PANTHEA.

These are Jove's tempest-walking hounds,  
Whom he gluts with groans and blood,  
When charioted on sulphurous cloud  
He bursts Heaven's bounds.

IONE.

Are they now led, from the thin dead  
On new pangs to be fed ?

PANTHEA.

The Titan looks as ever, firm, not proud.

FIRST FURY.

Ha ! I scent life !

SECOND FURY.

Let me but look into his eyes !

THIRD FURY.

The hope of torturing him smells like a heap  
Of corpses, to a death-bird after battle.

FIRST FURY.

Darest thou delay, O Herald ! take cheer, Hounds  
Of Hell : what if the Son of Maia soon  
Should make us food and sport—who can please long  
The Omnipotent ?

MERCURY.

Back to your towers of iron,  
And gnash beside the streams of fire, and wail  
Your foodless teeth. Geryon, arise ! and Gorgon,  
Chimæra, and thou Sphinx, subtlest of fiends,  
Who ministered to Thebes Heaven's poisoned wine,  
Unnatural love, and more unnatural hate :  
These shall perform your task.

FIRST FURY.

Oh, mercy ! mercy !

We die with our desire : drive us not back !

MERCURY.

Crouch then in silence.

Awful Serferer ;

To thee unwilling, most unwillingly  
I come, by the Great Father's will driven down,  
To execute a doom of new revenge.  
Alas ! I pity thee, and hate myself  
That I can do no more ; aye from thy sight  
Returning, for a season, heaven seems hell,

So thy worn form pursues me night and day,  
Smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,  
But vainly wouldst stand forth alone in strife  
Against the Omnipotent ; as yon clear lamps  
That measure and divide the weary years  
From which there is no refuge, long have taught,  
And long must teach. Even now thy Torturer  
arms

With the strange might of unimagined pains  
The powers who scheme slow agonies in Hell,  
And my commission is to lead them here,  
Or what more subtle, foul or savage fiends  
People the abyss, and leave them to their task.  
Be it not so ! there is a secret known  
To thee, and to none else of living things,  
Which may transfer the sceptre of wide Heaven,  
The fear of which perplexes the Supreme ;  
Clothe it in words, and bid it clasp his throne  
In intercession ; bend thy soul in prayer,  
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,  
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart :  
For benefits and meek submission tame  
The fiercest and the mightiest.

PROMETHEUS.

Evil minds

Change good to their own nature. I gave all  
He has ; and in return he chains me here  
Years, ages, night and day ; whether the Sun  
Split my parched skin, or in the moony night  
The crystal-winged snow cling round my hair :  
Whilst my beloved race is trampled down  
By his thought-executing ministers.  
Such is the tyrant's recompense : 'tis just :  
He who is evil can receive no good ;  
And for a world bestowed, or a friend lost,  
He can feel hate, fear, shame ; not gratitude :  
He but requites me for his own misdeed.  
Kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks  
With bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.  
Submission, thou dost know I cannot try ;  
For what submission but that fatal word,  
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,  
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,  
Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,  
Or could I yield ? Which yet I will not yield.  
Let others flatter Crime, where it sits throned  
In brief Omnipotence ; secure are they :  
For Justice, when triumphant, will weep down  
Pity, not punishment, on her own wrongs,  
Too much avenged by those who err. I wait,  
Enduring thus, the retributive hour  
Which since we spake is even nearer now.  
But hark, the hell-hounds clamour. Fear delay !  
Behold ! Heaven lowers under thy Father's frown.

MERCURY.

Oh, that we might be spared : I to inflict,  
And thou to suffer ! once more answer me :  
Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power ?

PROMETHEUS.

I know but this, that it must come.

MERCURY.

Alas !

Thou canst not count thy years to come of pain !

PROMETHEUS.

They last while Jove must reign ; nor more, nor less  
Do I desire or fear.

MERCURY.

Yet pause and plunge  
 Into Eternity, where recorded time,  
 Even all that we imagine, age on age,  
 Seems but a point, and the reluctant mind  
 Flings, wearily in its unending flight  
 Till it sink, dizzy, blind, lost, shelterless;  
 Perchance it has not numbered the slow years  
 Which thou must spend in torture, unreprieved!

PROMETHEUS.

Perchance no thought can count them, yet they pass.

MERCURY.

If thou might'st dwell among the gods the while,  
 Lapped in voluptuous joy?

PROMETHEUS.

I would not quit  
 This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.

MERCURY.

Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee.

PROMETHEUS.

Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,  
 Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene,  
 As light in the sun, throned: how vain is talk!  
 Call up the fiends.

IONE.

O, sister, look! White fire  
 Has cloven to the roots yon huge snow-loaded cedar;  
 How fearfully God's thunder howls behind!

MERCURY.

I must obey his words and thine: alas!  
 Most heavily remorse hangs at my heart!

PANTHEA.

See where the child of Heaven, with winged feet,  
 Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

IONE.

Dear sister, close thy plumes over thine eyes  
 Lest thou behold and die: they come: they come  
 Blackening the birth of day with countless wings,  
 And hollow underneath, like death.

FIRST FURY.

Prometheus!

SECOND FURY.

Immortal Titan!

THIRD FURY.

Champion of Heaven's slaves!

PROMETHEUS.

He whom some dreadful voice invokes is here,  
 Prometheus, the chained Titan. Horrible forms,  
 What and who are ye? Never yet there came  
 Phantasms so foul through monster-teeming Hell  
 From the all-miscreative brain of Jove;  
 Whilst I behold such execrable shapes,  
 Methinks I grow like what I contemplate,  
 And laugh and stare in loathsome sympathy.

FIRST FURY.

We are the ministers of pain and fear,  
 And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,  
 And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue [fawn,  
 Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing  
 We track all things that weep, and bleed, and live,  
 When the great King betrays them to our will.

PROMETHEUS.

Oh! many fearful natures in one name,  
 I know ye; and these lakes and echoes know  
 The darkness and the clangour of your wings.  
 But why more hideous than your loathed selves  
 Gather ye up in legions from the deep?

SECOND FURY.

We knew not that: Sisters, rejoice, rejoice!

PROMETHEUS.

Can aught exult in its deformity?

SECOND FURY.

The beauty of delight makes lovers glad,  
 Gazing on one another: so are we,  
 As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels  
 To gather for her festal crown of flowers  
 The aerial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,  
 So from our victim's destined agony  
 The shade which is our form invests us round,  
 Else we are shapeless as our mother Night.

PROMETHEUS.

I laugh your power, and his who sent you here,  
 To lowest scorn. Pour forth the cup of pain.

FIRST FURY.

Thou thinkest we will rend thee bone from bone,  
 And nerve from nerve, working like fire within!

PROMETHEUS.

Pain is my element, as hate is thine;  
 Ye rend me now: I care not.

SECOND FURY.

Dost imagine

We will but laugh into thy lidless eyes?

PROMETHEUS.

I weigh not what ye do, but what ye suffer,  
 Being evil. Cruel was the power which called  
 You, or aught else so wretched, into light.

THIRD FURY

Thou think'st we will live through thee, one by one,  
 Like animal life, and though we can obscure not  
 The soul which burns within, that we will dwell  
 Beside it, like a vain loud multitude  
 Vexing the self-content of wisest men:  
 That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,  
 And foul desire round thine astonished heart,  
 And blood within thy labyrinthine veins  
 Crawling like agony.

PROMETHEUS.

Why, ye are thus now;

Yet am I king over myself, and rule  
 The torturing and conflicting throings within,  
 As Jove rules you when Hell grows mutinous.

CHORUS OF FURIES.

From the ends of the earth, from the ends of the  
 earth,  
 Where the night has its grave and the morning its  
 birth,

Come, come, come!

Oh, ye who shake hills with the scream of your mirth,  
 When cities sink howling in ruin; and ye  
 Who with wingless footsteps trample the sea,  
 And close upon Shipwreck and Famine's track,  
 Sit chattering with joy on the foodless wreck;

Come, come, come!

Leave the bed, low, cold, and red,  
Strewed beneath a nation dead;  
Leave the hatred, as in ashes

Fire is left for future burning:  
It will burst in bloodier flashes

When ye stir it, soon returning:  
Leave the self-contempt implanted  
In young spirits, sense enchanted,  
Misery's yet unkindled fuel:  
Leave Hell's secrets half unchanted  
To the maniac dreamer: cruel  
More than ye can be with hate  
Is he with fear.

Come, come, come!

We are steaming up from Hell's wide gate,  
And we burthen the blasts of the atmosphere,  
But vainly we toil till ye come here.

IONE.

Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings.

PANTHEA.

These solid mountains quiver with the sound  
Even as the tremulous air: their shadows make  
The space within my plumes more black than night.

FIRST FURY.

Your call was as a winged car,  
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far;  
It rapt us from red gulfs of war.

SECOND FURY.

From wide cities, famine-wasted;

THIRD FURY.

Groans half heard, and blood un tasted;

FOURTH FURY.

Kingly conclaves, stern and cold,  
Where blood with gold is bought and sold;

FIFTH FURY.

From the furnace, white and hot,  
In which—

A FURY.

Speak not; whisper not:  
I know all that ye would tell,  
But to speak might break the spell  
Which must bend the Invincible,  
The stern of thought;  
He yet defies the deepest power of Hell.

FURY.

Tear the veil!

ANOTHER FURY.

It is torn.

CHORUS.

The pale stars of the morn  
Shine on a misery, dire to be borne.  
Dost thou faint, mighty Titan! We laugh thee to  
scorn.  
Dost thou boast the clear knowledge thou waken'dst  
for man!  
Then was kindled within him a thirst which outran  
Those perishing waters; a thirst of fierce fever,  
Hope, love, doubt, desire, which consume him for  
ever.

One came forth of gentle worth,  
Smiling on the sanguine earth:

His words outlived him, like swift poison

Withering up truth, peace, and pity.  
Look! where round the wide horizon  
Many a million-peopled city  
Vomits smoke in the bright air.  
Mark that outcry of despair!  
'Tis his mild and gentle ghost  
Wailing for the faith he kindled:  
Look again! the flames almost  
To a glow-worm's lamp have dwindled:  
The survivors round the embers  
Gather in dread.

Joy, joy, joy!

Past ages crowd on thee, but each one remembers;  
And the future is dark, and the present is spread  
Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.

SEMICHORUS I.

Drops of bloody agony flow  
From his white and quivering brow.  
Grant a little respite now:  
See a disenchanted nation  
Springs like day from desolation;  
To truth its state is dedicate,  
And Freedom leads it forth, her mate;  
A legioned band of linked brothers,  
Whom Love calls children—

SEMICHORUS II.

'Tis another's  
See how kindred murder kin!  
'Tis the vintage time for death and sin.  
Blood, like new wine, bubbles within:  
Till Despair smothers

The struggling world, which slaves and tyrants win.

[All the FURIES vanish, except one.]

IONE.

Hark, sister! what a low yet dreadful groan  
Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart  
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,  
And beasts hear the sea moan in inland caves.  
Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?

PANTHEA.

Alas! I looked forth twice, but will no more.

IONE.

What didst thou see?

PANTHEA.

A woful sight: a youth  
With patient looks nailed to a crucifix.

IONE.

What next?

PANTHEA.

The heaven around, the earth below  
Was peopled with thick shapes of human death  
All horrible, and wrought by human hands,  
And some appeared the work of human hearts.  
For men were slowly killed by frowns and smiles:  
And other sights too foul to speak and live  
Were wandering by. Let us not tempt worse fear  
By looking forth: those groans are grief enough.

FURY.

Behold an emblem: those who do endure  
Deep wrongs for man, and scorn, and chains, but  
heap  
Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.

## PROMETHEUS.

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare ;  
 Close those wan lips : let that thorn-wounded brow  
 Stream not with blood ; it mingles with thy tears !  
 Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death,  
 So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix,  
 So those pale fingers play not with thy gore.  
 O, horrible ! Thy name I will not speak,  
 It hath become a curse. I see, I see  
 The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the just,  
 Whom thy slaves hate for being like to thee,  
 Some hunted by foul lies from their heart's home,  
 An early-chosen, late-lamented home,  
 As hooded ounces cling to the driven hind ;  
 Some linked to corpses in unwholesome cells :  
 Some—Hear I not the multitude laugh loud ?—  
 Impaled in lingering fire : and mighty realms  
 Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles,  
 Whose sons are kneaded down in common blood  
 By the red light of their own burning homes.

## FURY.

Blood thou canst see, and fire ; and canst hear groans :  
 Worse things unheard, unseen, remain behind.

## PROMETHEUS.

Worse ?

## FURY.

In each human heart terror survives  
 The ravin it has gorged : the loftiest fear  
 All that they would disdain to think were true :  
 Hypocrisy and custom make their minds  
 The fanes of many a worship, now outworn.  
 They dare not devise good for man's estate,  
 And yet they know not that they do not dare.  
 The good want power, but to weep barren tears.  
 The powerful goodness want : worse need for them.  
 The wise want love ; and those who love want  
 And all best things are thus confused to ill. [wisdom ;  
 Many are strong and rich, and would be just,  
 But live among their suffering fellow-men  
 As if none felt : they know not what they do.

## PROMETHEUS.

Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes ;  
 And yet I pity those they torture not.

## FURY.

Thou pitiest them ? I speak no more ! [*Vanishes.*]

## PROMETHEUS.

Ah woe !

Ah woe ! Alas ! pain, pain ever, for ever !  
 I close my tearless eyes, but see more clear  
 Thy works within my woe-illumined mind,  
 Thou subtle tyrant ! Peace is in the grave.  
 The grave hides all things beautiful and good :  
 I am a God and cannot find it there,  
 Nor would I seek it : for, though dread revenge,  
 This is defeat, fierce king ! not victory.  
 The sighs with which thou torturest gird my soul  
 With new endurance, till the hour arrives  
 When they shall be no types of things which are.

## PANTHEA.

Alas ! what sawest thou ?

## PROMETHEUS.

There are two woes :  
 To speak and to behold ; thou spare me one.  
 Names are there, Nature's sacred watch-words, they,  
 Were borne aloft in bright emblazonry ;

The nations thronged around, and cried aloud,  
 As with one voice, Truth, liberty, and love !  
 Suddenly fierce confusion fell from heaven  
 Among them : there was strife, deceit, and fear :  
 Tyrants rushed in, and did divide the spoil.  
 This was the shadow of the truth I saw.

## THE EARTH.

I felt thy torture, son, with such mixed joy  
 As pain and virtue give. To cheer thy state  
 I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits,  
 Whose homes are the dim caves of human thought,  
 And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,  
 Its world-surrounding ether : they behold  
 Beyond that twilight realm, as in a glass,  
 The future : may they speak comfort to thee !

## PANTHEA.

Look, sister, where a troop of spirits gather,  
 Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,  
 Thronging in the blue air !

## IONE.

And see ! more come,  
 Like fountain-vapours when the winds are dumb,  
 That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.  
 And hark ! is it the music of the pines ?  
 Is it the lake ! Is it the waterfall !

## PANTHEA.

'Tis something sadder, sweeter far than all.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

From unremembered ages we  
 Gentle guides and guardians be  
 Of heaven-oppressed mortality !  
 And we breathe, and sicken not,  
 The atmosphere of human thought :  
 Be it dim, and dank, and grey,  
 Like a storm-extinguished day,  
 Travelled o'er by dying gleams :  
 Be it bright as all between  
 Cloudless skies and windless streams,  
 Silent, liquid, and serene ;  
 As the birds within the wind,  
 As the fish within the wave,  
 As the thoughts of man's own mind  
 Float through all above the grave :  
 We make there our liquid lair,  
 Voyaging cloudlike and unpent  
 Through the boundless element :  
 Thence we bear the prophecy  
 Which begins and ends in thee !

## IONE.

More yet come, one by one : the air around them  
 Looks radiant as the air around a star.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

On a battle-trumpet's blast  
 I fled hither, fast, fast, fast,  
 'Mid the darkness upward cast.  
 From the dust of creeds outworn,  
 From the tyrant's banner torn,  
 Gathering round me, onward borne,  
 There was mingled many a cry—  
 Freedom ! Hope ! Death ! Victory !  
 Till they faded through the sky ;  
 And one sound above, around,  
 One sound beneath, around, above,  
 Was moving ; 'twas the soul of love ;  
 'Twas the hope, the prophecy,  
 Which begins and ends in thee.



## SECOND SPIRIT.

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,  
Which rocked beneath, immoveably ;  
And the triumphant storm did flee,  
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,  
Between with many a captive cloud  
A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,  
Each by lightning riven in half :  
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh :  
Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff  
And spread beneath a hell of death  
O'er the white waters. I alit  
On a great ship lightning-split,  
And speeded hither on the sigh  
Of one who gave an enemy  
His plank, then plunged aside to die.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

I sate beside a sage's bed,  
And the lamp was burning red  
Near the book where he had fed,  
When a Dream with plumes of flame,  
To his pillow hovering came,  
And I knew it was the same  
Which had kindled long ago  
Pity, eloquence, and woe ;  
And the world awhile below  
Wore the shade its lustre made.  
It has borne me here as fleet  
As Desire's lightning feet :  
I must ride it back ere morrow,  
Or the sage will wake in sorrow.

## FOURTH SPIRIT.

On a poet's lips I slept  
Dreaming like a love-adept  
In the sound his breathing kept ;  
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,  
But feeds on the aerial kisses  
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.  
He will watch from dawn to gloom  
The lake-reflected sun illumine  
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,  
Nor heed nor see, what things they be ;  
But from these create he can  
Forms more real than living man,  
Nurslings of immortality !  
One of these awakened me,  
And I sped to succour thee.

## IONE.

Behold'st thou not two shapes from the east and west

Come as two doves to one beloved nest,  
Twin nurslings of the all-sustaining air  
On swift still wings glide down the atmosphere !  
And, hark ! their sweet sad voices ! 'tis despair  
Mingled with love and then dissolved in sound.

## PANTHEA.

Canst thou speak, sister ? all my words are drowned.

## IONE.

Their beauty gives me voice. See how they float  
On their sustaining wings of skiey grain,  
Orange and azure deepening into gold :  
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Hast thou beheld the form of Love ?

## FIFTH SPIRIT.

As over wide dominions  
I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide  
air's wildernesses,  
That planet-crested shape swept by on lightning-  
braided pinions,  
Scattering the liquid joy of life from his ambrosial  
tresses :  
His footsteps paved the world with light ; but as I  
past 'twas fading,  
And hollow Ruin yawned behind : great sages bound  
in madness,  
And headless patriots, and pale youths who perished,  
unupbraiding,  
Gleamed in the night. I wandered o'er, till thou,  
O King of sadness,  
Turned by thy smile the worst I saw to recollected  
gladness.

## SIXTH SPIRIT.

Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :  
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,  
But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent  
wing  
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best  
and gentlest bear ;  
Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes  
above,  
And the music-stirring motion of its soft and  
busy feet,  
Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster,  
Love,  
And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom  
now we greet.

## CHORUS.

Though Ruin now Love's shadow be,  
Following him, destroyingly,  
On death's white and winged steed,  
Which the fleetest cannot flee,  
Trampling down both flower and weed,  
Man and beast, and foul and fair,  
Like a tempest through the air ;  
Thou shalt quell this horseman grim,  
Woundless though in heart or limb.

## PROMETHEUS.

Spirits ! how know ye this shall be ?

## CHORUS.

In the atmosphere we breathe,  
As buds grow red when the snow-storms flee,  
From spring gathering up beneath,  
Whose mild winds shake the elder-brake,  
And the wandering herdsmen know  
That the white-thorn soon will blow :  
Wisdom, Justice, Love, and Peace,  
When they struggle to increase,  
Are to us as soft winds be  
To shepherd boys, the prophecy  
Which begins and ends in thee.

## IONE.

Where are the Spirits fled ?

## PANTHEA.

Only a sense  
Remains of them, like the omnipotence  
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute  
Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,  
Which through the deep and labyrinthine soul  
Like echoes through long caverns, wind and roll.

PROMETHEUS.

How fair these air-born shapes! and yet I feel  
 Most vain all hope but love; and thou art far,  
 Asia! who, when my being overflowed,  
 Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine  
 Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.  
 All things are still: alas! how heavily  
 This quiet morning weighs upon my heart;  
 Though I should dream I could even sleep with  
 grief,  
 If slumber were denied not. I would fain  
 Be what it is my destiny to be,  
 The saviour and the strength of suffering man,  
 Or sink into the original gulf of things:  
 There is no agony, and no solace left;  
 Earth can console, Heaven can torment no more.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Morning. A lonely Vale in the Indian Caucasus.*

ASIA, alone.

ASIA.

From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended:  
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes  
 Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,  
 And beatings haunt the desolated heart, [scended  
 Which should have learnt repose: thou hast de-  
 Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O Spring!  
 O child of many winds! As suddenly  
 Thou comest as the memory of a dream,  
 Which now is sad because it hath been sweet;  
 Like genius, or like joy which riseth up  
 As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds  
 The desert of our life.  
 This is the season, this the day, the hour;  
 At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,  
 Too long desired, too long delaying, come!  
 How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!  
 The point of one white star is quivering still  
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn  
 Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm  
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake  
 Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again  
 As the waves fade, and as the burning threads  
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:  
 'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-like snow  
 The roseate sun-light quivers: hear I not  
 The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes  
 Winnowing the crimson dawn?

PANTHEA enters.

I feel, I see  
 Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade  
 in tears,  
 Like stars half-quenched in mists of silver dew.  
 Beloved and most beautiful, who wearest  
 The shadow of that soul by which I live,  
 How late thou art! the sphered sun had climbed  
 The sea; my heart was sick with hope, before  
 The printless air felt thy belated plumes.

PANTHEA.

Pardon, great Sister! but my wings were faint  
 With the delight of a remembered dream,

PANTHEA.

Hast thou forgotten one who watches thee  
 The cold dark night, and never sleeps but when  
 The shadow of thy spirit falls on her?

PROMETHEUS.

I said all hope was vain but love: thou lovest.

PANTHEA.

Deeply in truth; but the eastern star looks white,  
 And Asia waits in that far Indian vale  
 The scene of her sad exile; rugged once  
 And desolate and frozen, like this ravine;  
 But now invested with fair flowers and herbs,  
 And haunted by sweet airs and sounds, which flow  
 Among the woods and waters, from the ether  
 Of her transforming presence, which would fade  
 If it were mingled not with thine. Farewell!

As are the noon-tide plumes of summer winds  
 Satiated with sweet flowers. I was wont to sleep  
 Peacefully, and awake refreshed and calm  
 Before the sacred Titan's fall, and thy  
 Unhappy love, had made, through use and pity,  
 Both love and woe familiar to my heart  
 As they had grown to thine: erewhile I slept  
 Under the glaucous caverns of old Ocean  
 Within dim bowers of green and purple moss,  
 Our young Ione's soft and milky arms  
 Locked then, as now, behind my dark, moist hair,  
 While my shut eyes and cheek were pressed within  
 The folded depth of her life-breathing bosom:  
 But not as now, since I am made the wind  
 Which fails beneath the music that I bear  
 Of thy most wordless converse; since dissolved  
 Into the sense with which love talks, my rest  
 Was troubled and yet sweet; my waking hours  
 Too full of care and pain.

ASIA.

Lift up thine eyes,  
 And let me read thy dream.

PANTHEA.

As I have said,  
 With our sea-sister at his feet I slept.  
 The mountain mists, condensing at our voice  
 Under the moon, had spread their snowy flakes,  
 From the keen ice shielding our linked sleep.  
 Then two dreams came. One, I remember not.  
 But in the other his pale wound-worn limbs  
 Fell from Prometheus, and the azure night  
 Grew radiant with the glory of that form  
 Which lives unchanged within, and his voice fell  
 Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,  
 Faint with intoxication of keen joy:  
 "Sister of her whose footsteps pave the world  
 With loveliness—more fair than aught but her,  
 Whose shadow thou art—lift thine eyes on me."  
 I lifted them: the overpowering light  
 Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er  
 By love; which, from his soft and flowing limbs,  
 And passion-parted lips, and keen, faint eyes,  
 Steamed forth like vaporous fire; an atmosphere  
 Which wrapped me in its all-dissolving power,  
 As the warm ether of the morning sun

Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew—  
I saw not, heard not, moved not, only felt  
His presence flow and mingle through my blood  
Till it became his life, and his grew mine,  
And I was thus absorbed, until it passed,  
And like the vapours when the sun sinks down,  
Gathering again in drops upon the pines,  
And tremulous as they, in the deep night  
My being was condensed; and as the rays  
Of thought were slowly gathered, I could hear  
His voice, whose accents lingered ere they died  
Like footsteps of weak melody: thy name  
Among the many sounds alone I heard  
Of what might be articulate; though still  
I listened through the night when sound was none.  
Ione awakened then, and said to me:  
"Canst thou divine what troubles me to-night?  
I always knew what I desired before,  
Nor ever found delight to wish in vain.  
But now I cannot tell thee what I seek;  
I know not; something sweet, since it is sweet  
Even to desire; it is thy sport, false sister;  
Thou hast discovered some enchantment old,  
Whose spells have stolen my spirit as I slept  
And mingled it with thine: for when just now  
We kissed, I felt within thy parted lips  
The sweet air that sustained me, and the warmth  
Of the life-blood, for loss of which I faint,  
Quivered between our intertwining arms."  
I answered not, for the Eastern star grew pale,  
But fled to thee.

ASIA.

Thou speakest, but thy words  
Are as the air: I feel them not: Oh, lift  
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!

PANTHEA.

I lift them, though they droop beneath the load  
Of that they would express: what canst thou see  
But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?

ASIA.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven  
Contracted to two circles underneath  
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,  
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.

PANTHEA.

Why lookest thou as if a spirit passed?

ASIA.

There is a change; beyond their inmost depth  
I see a shade, a shape: 'tis He, arrayed  
In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread  
Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded morn.  
Prometheus, it is thine! depart not yet!  
Say not those smiles that we shall meet again  
Within that bright pavilion which their beams  
Shall build on the waste world? The dream is told.  
What shape is that between us? Its rude hair  
Roughens the wind that lifts it, its regard  
Is wild and quick, yet 'tis a thing of air  
For through its grey robe gleams the golden dew  
Whose stars the noon has quenched not.

DREAM.

Follow! Follow!

PANTHEA.

It is mine other dream.

ASIA.

It disappears.

PANTHEA.

It passes now into my mind. Methought  
As we sate here, the flower-infolding buds  
Burst on yon lightning-blasted almond tree,  
When swift from the white Scythian wilderness  
A wind swept forth wrinkling the Earth with frost:  
I looked, and all the blossoms were blown down;  
But on each leaf was stamped, as the blue bells  
Of Hyacinth tell Apollo's written grief,  
O, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

ASIA.

As you speak, your words

Fill, pause by pause, my own forgotten sleep  
With shapes. Methought among the lawns together  
We wandered, underneath the young grey dawn,  
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains  
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind;  
And the white dew on the new-bladed grass,  
Just piercing the dark earth, hung silently;  
And there was more which I remember not:  
But on the shadows of the morning clouds,  
Athwart the purple mountain slope, was written  
FOLLOW, O, FOLLOW! As they vanished by,  
And on each herb, from which Heaven's dew had  
fallen,

The like was stamped, as with a withering fire,  
A wind arose among the pines; it shook  
The clinging music from their boughs, and then  
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,  
Were heard: OH, FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW ME!  
And then I said, "Panthea, look on me."  
But in the depth of those beloved eyes  
Still I saw, FOLLOW, FOLLOW!

ECHO.

Follow, follow!

PANTHEA.

The crags, this clear spring morning, mock our  
As they were spirit-tongued. [voices,

ASIA.

It is some being  
Around the crags. What fine clear sounds! O, list!

ECHOES (*unseen*).

Echoes we: listen!  
We cannot stay:  
As dew-stars glisten  
Then fade away—  
Child of Ocean!

ASIA.

Hark! Spirits, speak. The liquid responses  
Of their aerial tongues yet sound.

PANTHEA.

I hear.

ECHOES.

O follow, follow,  
As our voice reedeth  
Through the caverns hollow,  
Where the forest spreadeth;

(*More distant*)

O follow, follow!  
Through the caverns hollow,  
As the song floats thou pursue,  
Where the wild bee never flew,

Through the noon-tide darkness deep,  
By the odour-breathing sleep  
Of faint night-flowers, and the waves  
At the fountain-lighted caves,  
While our music, wild and sweet,  
Mocks thy gently falling feet,  
Child of Ocean!

ASIA.

Shall we pursue the sound! It grows more faint  
And distant.

PANTHEA.

List! the strain floats nearer now.

ECHOES.

In the world unknown  
Sleeps a voice unspoken;  
By thy step alone  
Can its rest be broken;  
Child of Ocean!

ASIA.

How the notes sink upon the ebbing wind!

ECHOES.

O follow, follow!  
Through the caverns hollow,  
As the song floats thou pursue,  
By the woodland noon-tide dew;  
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,  
Through the many-folded mountains;  
To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,  
Where the Earth reposed from spasms,  
On the day when He and thou  
Parted, to commingle now;  
Child of Ocean!

ASIA.

Come, sweet Panthea, link thy hand in mine,  
And follow, ere the voices fade away.

## SCENE II.

*A Forest, intermingled with Rocks and Caverns. ASIA and PANTHEA pass into it. Two young Fauns are sitting on a Rock, listening.*

SEMICHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

The path through which that lovely twain  
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,  
And each dark tree that ever grew,  
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;  
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,  
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,  
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,  
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,  
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,  
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers  
Of the green laurel, blown anew;  
And bends, and then fades silently,  
One frail and fair anemone:  
Or when some star of many a one  
That climbs and wanders through steep night,  
Has found the cleft through which alone  
Beams fall from high those depths upon  
Ere it is borne away, away,  
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,  
It scatters drops of golden light,  
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:  
And the gloom divine is all around;  
And underneath is the mossy ground.

SEMICHORUS II.

There the voluptuous nightingales,  
Are awake through all the broad noon-day,  
When one with bliss or sadness fails,  
And through the windless ivy-boughs,  
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away  
On its mate's music-panting bosom;  
Another from the swinging blossom,  
Watching to catch the languid close  
Of the last strain, then lifts on high  
The wings of the weak melody,  
Till some new strain of feeling bear  
The song, and all the woods are mute;  
When there is heard through the dim air  
The rush of wings, and rising there  
Like many a lake-surrounded flute,  
Sounds overflow the listener's brain  
So sweet that joy is almost pain.

SEMICHORUS I.

There those enchanted eddies play  
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,  
By Demogorgon's mighty law,  
With melting rapture, or sweet awe,  
All spirits on that secret way;  
As inland boats are driven to Ocean  
Down streams made strong with mountain thaw;  
And first there comes a gentle sound  
To those in talk or slumber bound,  
And wakes the destined, soft emotion  
Attracts, impels them; those who saw  
Say from the breathing earth behind  
There streams a plume- uplifting wind  
Which drives them on their path, while they  
Believe their own swift wings and feet  
The sweet desires within obey:  
And so they float upon their way,  
Until, still sweet, but loud and strong,  
The storm of sound is driven along,  
Sucked up and hurrying: as they fleet  
Behind, its gathering billows meet  
And to the fatal mountain bear  
Like clouds amid the yielding air.

FIRST FAUN.

Canst thou imagine where those spirits live  
Which make such delicate music in the woods!  
We haunt within the least frequented caves  
And closest coverts, and we know these wilds,  
Yet never meet them, though we hear them oft:  
Where may they hide themselves?

SECOND FAUN.

'Tis hard to tell:  
I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,  
The bubbles, which enchantment of the sun  
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave  
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,  
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float  
Under the green and golden atmosphere  
Which noon-tide kindles through the woven leaves;  
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,  
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,  
Ascends to flow like meteors through the night,  
They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,  
And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire,  
Under the waters of the earth again.

FIRST FAUN.

If such live thus, have others other lives,  
Under pink blossoms or within the bells

Of meadow flowers, or folded violets deep,  
Or on their dying odours, when they die ?  
Or on the sunlight of the sphered dew ?

## SECOND FAUN.

Ay, many more which we may well divine.  
But should we stay to speak, noontide would come,  
And thwart Silenus find his goats undrawn,  
And grudge to sing those wise and lovely songs  
Of fate, and chance, and God, and Chaos old,  
And Love, and the chained Titan's woful doom.  
And how he shall be loosed, and make the earth  
One brotherhood : delightful strains which cheer  
Our solitary twilights, and which charm  
To silence the unenvying nightingales.

## SCENE III.

*A Pinnacle of Rock among Mountains, ASIA and PANTHEA.*

## PANTHEA.

Hither the sound has borne us—to the realm  
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,  
Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,  
Whence the oracular vapour is hurled up  
Which lonely men drink wandering in their youth,  
And call truth, virtue, love, genius, or joy,  
That maddening wine of life, whose dregs they drain  
To deep intoxication ; and uplift,  
Like Mænads who cry loud, Evœe ! Evœe !  
The voice which is contagion to the world.

## ASIA.

Fit throne for such a Power ! Magnificent !  
How glorious art thou, Earth ! And if thou be  
The shadow of some spirit lovelier still,  
Though evil stain its work, and it should be  
Like its creation, weak yet beautiful,  
I could fall down and worship that and thee.  
Even now my heart adareth : Wonderful !  
Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain :  
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,  
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,  
With azure waves which burst in silver light,  
Some Indian vale. Behold it, rolling on  
Under the curdling winds, and islanding  
The peak whereon we stand, midway, around,  
Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,  
Dim twilight lawns and stream-illuminated caves,  
And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist ;  
And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains,  
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling  
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,  
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,  
Spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.  
The vale is girdled with their walls, a howl  
Of Cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines  
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,  
Awful as silence. Hark ! the rushing snow !  
The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass,  
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there  
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds  
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth  
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,  
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.

## PANTHEA.

Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking  
In crimson foam, even at our feet ! it rises  
As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon  
Round foodless men wrecked on some oozy isle.

## ASIA.

The fragments of the cloud are scattered up ;  
The wind that lifts them disintwines my hair ;  
Its billows now sweep o'er mine eyes ; my brain  
Grows dizzy ; I see shapes within the mist.

## PANTHEA.

A countenance with beckoning smiles : there burns  
An azure fire within its golden locks !  
Another and another : hark ! they speak !

## SONG OF SPIRITS.

To the deep, to the deep,  
Down, down !  
Through the shade of sleep,  
Through the cloudy strife  
Of Death and of Life ;  
Through the veil and the bar  
Of things which seem and are,  
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,  
Down, down !

While the sound whirls around,  
Down, down !  
As the fawn draws the hound,  
As the lightning the vapour,  
As a weak moth the taper ;  
Death, despair ; love, sorrow ;  
Time both ; to-day, to-morrow ;  
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,  
Down, down !

Through the grey, void abyss,  
Down, down !  
Where the air is no prism,  
And the moon and stars are not,  
And the cavern-crag wear not  
The radiance of Heaven,  
Nor the gloom to Earth given,  
Where there is one pervading, one alone,  
Down, down !

In the depth of the deep  
Down, down !  
Like veiled lightning asleep,  
Like the spark nursed in embers,  
The last look Love remembers,  
Like a diamond, which shines  
On the dark wealth of mines.  
A spell is treasured but for thee alone.  
Down, down !

We have bound thee, we guide thee ;  
Down, down !  
With the bright form beside thee ;  
Resist not the weakness,  
Such strength is in meekness  
That the Eternal, the Immortal,  
Must unloose through life's portal  
The snake-like Doom coiled underneath his  
By that alone. [throne

## SCENE IV.

*The Cave of DEMOGORGON. ASIA and PANTHEA.*

PANTHEA.

What veiled form sits on that ebon throne ?

ASIA.

The veil has fallen.

PANTHEA.

I see a mighty darkness

Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom  
 Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,  
 Ungazed upon and shapeless ; neither limb,  
 Nor form, nor outline ; yet we feel it is  
 A living spirit.

DEMOGORGON.

Ask what thou wouldst know.

ASIA.

What canst thou tell ?

DEMOGORGON.

All things thou dar'st demand.

ASIA.

Who made the living world ?

DEMOGORGON.

GOD.

ASIA.

Who made all

That it contains ? thought, passion, reason, will,  
 Imagination ?

DEMOGORGON.

God : Almighty God.

ASIA.

Who made that sense which, when the winds of  
 In rarest visitation or the voice [spring  
 Of one beloved heard in youth alone,  
 Fills the faint eyes with falling tears which dim  
 The radiant looks of unbewailing flowers,  
 And leaves this peopled earth a solitude  
 When it returns no more ?

DEMOGORGON.

Merciful God.

ASIA.

And who made terror, madness, crime, remorse,  
 Which from the links of the great chain of things,  
 To every thought within the mind of man  
 Sway and drag heavily, and each one reels  
 Under the load towards the pit of death ;  
 Abandoned hope, and love that turns to hate ;  
 And self-contempt bitterer to drink than blood ;  
 Pain, whose unheeded and familiar speech  
 Is howling, and keen shrieks, day after day ;  
 And Hell, or the sharp fear of Hell ?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

Utter his name : a world pining in pain  
 Asks but his name : curses shall drag him down.

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

I feel, I know it : who ?

DEMOGORGON.

He reigns.

ASIA.

Who reigns ? There was the Heaven and Earth at  
 first,

And Light and Love ; then Saturn, from whose throne  
 Time fell, an envious shadow : such the state  
 Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his sway,  
 As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves  
 Before the wind or sun has withered them  
 And semi-vital worms ; but he refused  
 The birthright of their being, knowledge, power,  
 The skill which wields the elements, the thought  
 Which pierces this dim universe like light,  
 Self-empire, and the majesty of love ;  
 For thirst of which they fainted. Then Prometheus  
 Gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,  
 And with this law alone, " Let man be free,"  
 Clothed him with the dominion of wide Heaven.  
 To know nor faith, nor love, nor law ; to be  
 Omnipotent but friendless is to reign ;  
 And Jove now reigned ; for on the race of man  
 First famine, and then toil, and then disease,  
 Strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen before,  
 Fell ; and the unseasonable seasons drove,  
 With alternating shafts of frost and fire,  
 Their shelterless, pale tribes to mountain caves :  
 And in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,  
 And mad disquietudes, and shadows idle  
 Of unreal good, which levied mutual war,  
 So ruining the lair wherein they raged.  
 Prometheus saw, and waked the legioned hopes  
 Which sleep within folded Elysian flowers,  
 Nepenthe, Moly, Amaranth, fadeless blooms,  
 That they might hide with thin and rainbow wings  
 The shape of Death ; and Love he sent to bind  
 The disunited tendrils of that vine  
 Which bears the wine of life, the human heart ;  
 And he tamed fire which, like some beast of prey,  
 Most terrible, but lovely, played beneath  
 The frown of man ; and tortured to his will  
 Iron and gold, the slaves and signs of power,  
 And gems and poisons, and all subtlest forms  
 Hidden beneath the mountains and the waves.  
 He gave man speech, and speech created thought,  
 Which is the measure of the universe ;  
 And Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,  
 Which shook, but fell not ; and the harmonious mind  
 Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song ;  
 And music lifted up the listening spirit  
 Until it walked, exempt from mortal care,  
 Godlike, o'er the clear billows of sweet sound ;  
 And human hands first mimicked and then mocked,  
 With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,  
 The human form, till marble grew divine,  
 And mothers, gazing, drank the love men see  
 Reflected in their race, behold, and perish.  
 He told the hidden power of herbs and springs,  
 And Disease drank and slept. Death grew like sleep.  
 He taught the implicated orbits woven  
 Of the wide-wandering stars ; and how the sun  
 Changes his lair, and by what secret spell  
 The pale moon is transformed, when her broad eye  
 Gazes not on the interlunar sea :  
 He taught to rule, as life directs the limbs,  
 The tempest-winged chariots of the Ocean,  
 And the Celt knew the Indian. Cities then  
 Were built, and through their snow-like columns  
 The warm winds, and the azure aether shone, [flowed  
 And the blue sea and shadowy hills were seen.  
 Such, the alleviations of his state,

Prometheus gave to man, for which he hangs  
Withering in destined pain : but who rains down  
Evil, the immediate plague, which, while  
Man looks on his creation like a God  
And sees that it is glorious, drives him on  
The wreck of his own will, the scorn of earth,  
The outcast, the abandoned, the alone ?  
Not Jove : while yet his frown shook heaven, aye,  
His adversary from adamantinè chains [when  
Cursed him, he trembled like a slave. Declare  
Who is his master ? Is he too a slave !

DEMOGORGON.

All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil :  
Thou knowest if Jupiter be such or no.

ASIA.

Whom called'st thou God ?

DEMOGORGON.

I spoke but as ye speak,  
For Jove is the supreme of living things.

ASIA.

Who is the master of the slave ?

DEMOGORGON.

If the abyss  
Could vomit forth its secrets. But a voice  
Is wanting, the deep truth is imageless ;  
For what would it avail to bid thee gaze  
On the revolving world ? What to bid speak  
Fate, Time, Occasion, Chance and Change ? To these  
All things are subject but eternal Love.

ASIA.

So much I asked before, and my heart gave  
The response thou hast given ; and of such truths  
Each to itself must be the oracle.  
One more demand ; and do thou answer me  
As my own soul would answer, did it know  
That which I ask. Prometheus shall arise  
Henceforth the sun of this rejoicing world :  
When shall the destined hour arrive ?

DEMOGORGON.

Behold !

ASIA.

The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night  
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds  
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands  
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :  
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before, [locks  
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright  
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all  
Sweep onward.

DEMOGORGON.

These are the immortal Hours,  
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

ASIA.

A spirit with a dreadful countenance  
Checks its dark chariot by the craggy gulf.  
Unlike thy brethren, ghastly charioteer, [Speak !  
Who art thou ? Whither wouldst thou bear me ?

SPIRIT.

I am the shadow of a destiny  
More dread than is my aspect : ere yon planet  
Has set, the darkness which ascends with me  
Shall wrap in lasting night heaven's kingless throne.

ASIA.

What meanest thou ?

PANTHEA.

That terrible shadow floats  
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke  
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea.  
Lo ! it ascends the car ; the coursers fly  
Terrified : watch its path among the stars  
Blackening the night !

ASIA.

Thus I am answered : strange !

PANTHEA.

See, near the verge, another chariot stays ;  
An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,  
Which comes and goes within its sculptured rim  
Of delicate strange tracery ; the young spirit  
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope ;  
How its soft smiles attract the soul ! as light  
Lures winged insects through the lampless air.

SPIRIT.

My coursers are fed with the lightning,  
They drink of the whirlwind's stream,  
And when the red morning is bright'ning  
They bathe in the fresh sunbeam ;  
They have strength for their swiftness I deem,  
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

I desire : and their speed makes night kindle ;  
I fear : they outstrip the Typhoon ;  
Ere the cloud piled on Atlas can dwindle  
We encircle the earth and the moon :  
We shall rest from long labours at noon :  
Then ascend with me, daughter of Ocean.

SCENE V.

*The Car pauses within a Cloud on the Top of a snowy Mountain.*

ASIA, PANTHEA, and the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

SPIRIT.

On the brink of the night and the morning  
My coursers are wont to respire ;  
But the Earth has just whispered a warning  
That their flight must be swifter than fire :  
They shall drink the hot speed of desire !

ASIA.

Thou breathest on their nostrils, but my breath  
Would give them swifter speed.

SPIRIT.

Alas ! it could not.

PANTHEA.

Oh Spirit ! pause, and tell whence is the light  
Which fills the cloud ? the sun is yet unrisen.

SPIRIT.

The sun will rise not until noon. Apollo  
Is held in heaven by wonder ; and the light  
Which fills this vapour, as the aerial hue  
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,  
Flows from thy mighty sister.

PANTHEA.

Yes, I feel—

ASIA.

What is it with thee, sister? Thou art pale.

PANTHEA.

How thou art changed! I dare not look on thee;  
I feel but see thee not. I scarce endure  
The radiance of thy beauty. Some good change  
Is working in the elements, which suffer  
Thy presence thus unveiled. The Nereids tell  
That on the day when the clear hyaline  
Was cloven at thy uprising, and thou didst stand  
Within a veined shell, which floated on  
Over the calm floor of the crystal sea,  
Among the Egean isles, and by the shores  
Which bear thy name; love, like the atmosphere  
Of the sun's fire filling the living world,  
Burst from thee, and illumined earth and heaven  
And the deep ocean and the sunless caves  
And all that dwells within them; till grief cast  
Eclipse upon the soul from which it came:  
Such art thou now; nor is it I alone,  
Thy sister, thy companion, thine own chosen one,  
But the whole world which seeks thy sympathy.  
Hearest thou not sounds i' the air which speak the  
love  
Of all articulate beings? Feelest thou not  
The inanimate winds enamoured of thee? List!  
[Music.]

ASIA.

Thy words are sweeter than aught else but his  
Whose echoes they are: yet all love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.  
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,  
It makes the reptile equal to the God:  
They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now; but those who feel it most  
Are happier still, after long sufferings,  
As I shall soon become.

PANTHEA.

List! Spirits, speak.

VOICE (in the air, singing).

Life of Life! thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them;  
And thy smiles before they dwindle  
Make the cold air fire; then screen them  
In those looks, where whose gazes  
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning  
Through the vest which seems to hide them;  
As the radiant lines of morning  
Through the clouds, ere they divide them;  
And this atmosphere divinest  
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others; none beholds thee,  
But thy voice sounds low and tender  
Like the fairest, for it folds thee  
From the sight, that liquid splendour,  
And all feel, yet see thee never,  
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest  
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,  
And the souls of whom thou lovest  
Walk upon the winds with lightness,  
Till they fail, as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

ASIA.

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside the helm conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.  
It seems to float ever, for ever,  
Upon that many-winding river,  
Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
A paradise of wildernesses!  
Till, like one in slumber bound,  
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,  
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound.

Meanwhile thy spirit lifts its pinions  
In music's most serene dominions;  
Catching the winds that fan that happy heaven.  
And we sail on, away, afar,  
Without a course, without a star,  
But, by the instinct of sweet music driven;  
Till through Elysian garden islets  
By thee, most beautiful of pilots,  
Where never mortal pinnacle glided,  
The boat of my desire is guided:  
Realms where the air we breathe is love,  
Which in the winds on the waves doth move,  
Harmonising this earth with what we feel above.

We have passed Age's icy caves,  
And Manhood's dark and tossing waves,  
And Youth's smooth ocean, smiling to betray:  
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee  
Of shadow-peopled Infancy,  
Through Death and Birth, to a diviner day;  
A paradise of vaulted bowers  
Lit by downward-gazing flowers,  
And watery paths that wind between  
Wildernesses calm and green,  
Peopled by shapes too bright to see,  
And rest, having beheld; somewhat like thee;  
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melo-  
diously!



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Heaven. JUPITER on his Throne; THETIS and the other Deities assembled.*

JUPITER.

Ye congregated powers of heaven, who share  
The glory and the strength of him ye serve,  
Rejoice! henceforth I am omnipotent.  
All else had been subdued to me; alone  
The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,  
Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach,  
and doubt,

And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,  
Hurling up insurrection, which might make  
Our antique empire insecure, though built  
On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear;  
And though my curses through the pendulous air,  
Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by flake,  
And cling to it; though under my wrath's night  
It climb the crags of life, step after step,  
Which wound it, as ice wounds unsandalled feet,  
It yet remains supreme o'er misery,  
Aspiring, unrepressed, yet soon to fall:  
Even now have I begotten a strange wonder,  
That fatal child, the terror of the earth,  
Who waits but till the destined hour arrive,  
Bearing from Demogorgon's vacant throne  
The dreadful might of ever-living limbs  
Which clothed that awful spirit unbeheld,  
To redescend, and trample out the spark.

Pour forth heaven's wine, Idæan Ganymede,  
And let it fill the Dædal cups like fire,  
And from the flower-inwoven soil divine,  
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,  
As dew from earth under the twilight stars:  
Drink! be the nectar circling through your veins  
The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods,  
Till exultation burst in one wide voice  
Like music from Elysian winds.

And thou  
Ascend beside me, veiled in the light  
Of the desire which makes thee one with me,  
Thetis, bright image of eternity!  
When thou didst cry, "Insufferable might!  
God! Spare me! I sustain not the quick flames,  
The penetrating presence; all my being,  
Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw  
Into a dew with poison, is dissolved,  
Sinking through its foundations:" even then  
Two mighty spirits, mingling made a third  
Mightier than either, which, unbodied now,  
Between us floats, felt, although unbeheld,  
Waiting the incarnation, which ascends,  
(Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels  
Grinding the winds?) from Demogorgon's throne.  
Victory! victory! Feelest thou not, O world!  
The earthquake of his chariot thundering up  
Olympus!

*The Car of the Hour arrives. DEMOGORON descends and moves towards the Throne of JUPITER.*

Awful shape, what art thou? Speak!

DEMOGORON.

Eternity. Demand no direr name.  
Descend, and follow me down the abyss.  
I am thy child, as thou wert Saturn's child;  
Mightier than thee: and we must dwell together  
Henceforth in darkness. Lift thy lightnings not.  
The tyranny of heaven none may retain,  
Or reassume, or hold, succeeding thee:  
Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny  
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,  
Put forth thy might.

JUPITER.

Detested prodigy!  
Even thus beneath the deep Titanian prisons  
I trample thee! Thou lingerest!

Mercy! mercy!

No pity, no release, no respite! Oh,  
That thou wouldst make mine enemy my judge,  
Even where he hangs, seared by my long revenge,  
On Caucasus! he would not doom me thus.  
Gentle, and just, and dreadful, is he not  
The monarch of the world? What then art thou?  
No refuge! no appeal!

Sink with me then,  
We two will sink on the wide waves of ruin,  
Even as a vulture and a snake outspent  
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,  
Into a shoreless sea. Let hell unlock  
Its mounded oceans of tempestuous fire,  
And whelm on them into the bottomless void  
This desolated world, and thee, and me,  
The conqueror and the conquered, and the wreck  
Of that for which they combated.

Ai! Ai!

The elements obey me not. I sink  
Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.  
And, like a cloud, mine enemy above  
Darkens my fall with victory! Ai, Ai!

## SCENE II.

*The Mouth of a great River in the Island Atlantis. OCEAN is discovered reclining near the Shore; APOLLO stands beside him.*

OCEAN.

He fell, thou sayest, beneath his conqueror's frown?

APOLLO.

Ay, when the strife was ended which made dim  
The orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,  
The terrors of his eye illumined heaven  
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts  
Of the victorious darkness, as he fell:  
Like the last glare of day's red agony,  
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,  
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

OCEAN.

He sunk to the abyss! To the dark void?

## APOLLO.

An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud  
On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings  
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes  
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded  
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail  
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length  
Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.

## OCEAN.

Henceforth the fields of Heaven-reflecting sea  
Which are my realm, will heave, unstained with blood,  
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn  
Swayed by the summer air; my streams will flow  
Round many peopled continents, and round  
Fortunate isles; and from their glassy thrones  
Blue Proteus and his humid nymphs shall mark  
The shadow of fair ships, as mortals see  
The floating bark of the light laden moon  
With that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,  
Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea;  
Tracking their path no more by blood and groans,  
And desolation, and the mingled voice  
Of slavery and command; but by the light  
Of wave-reflected flowers, and floating odours,  
And music soft, and mild, free, gentle voices,  
That sweetest music, such as spirits love.

## APOLLO.

And I shall gaze not on the deeds which make  
My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse  
Darkens the sphere I guide; but list, I hear  
The small, clear, silver lute of the young Spirit  
That sits i' the morning star.

## OCEAN.

Thou must away;  
Thy steeds will pause at even, till when farewell:  
The loud deep calls me home even now to feed it  
With azure calm out of the emerald urns  
Which stand for ever full beside my throne.  
Behold the Nereids under the green sea,  
Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like stream,  
Their white arms lifted o'er their streaming hair  
With garlands pied and starry sea-flower crowns,  
Hastening to grace their mighty sister's joy.

*[A sound of waves is heard.]*

It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.  
Peace, monster; I come now. Farewell.

## APOLLO.

Farewell.

## SCENE III.

*Caucasus.* PROMETHEUS, HERCULES, IONE, the EARTH,  
SPIRITS, ASIA, and PANTHERA; borne in the Car with the  
SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

HERCULES unbinds PROMETHEUS, who descends.

## HERCULES.

Most glorious among spirits! thus doth strength  
To wisdom, courage, and long-suffering love,  
And thee, who art the form they animate,  
Minister like a slave.

## PROMETHEUS.

Thy gentle words  
Are sweeter even than freedom long desired  
And long delayed.

Asia, thou light of life,

Shadow of beauty unbeheld; and ye,  
Fair sister nymphs, who made long years of pain  
Sweet to remember, through your love and care;  
Henceforth we will not part. There is a cave;  
All overgrown with trailing odorous plants,  
Which curtain out the day with leaves and flowers,  
And paved with veined emerald, and a fountain,  
Leaps in the midst with an awakening sound.  
From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,  
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,  
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light:  
And there is heard the ever-moving air,  
Whispering without from tree to tree, and birds,  
And bees; and all around are mossy seats,  
And the rough walls are clothed with long soft grass;  
A simple dwelling, which shall be our own;  
Where we will sit and talk of time and change,  
As the world ebbs and flows, ourselves unchanged.  
What can hide man from mutability?  
And if ye sigh, then I will smile; and thou,  
Ione, shall chaunt fragments of sea-music,  
Until I weep, when ye shall smile away  
The tears she brought, which yet were sweet to shed.  
We will entangle buds and flowers and beams  
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things,  
Like human babes in their brief innocence;  
And we will search with looks and words of love,  
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,  
Our unexhausted spirits; and like lutes  
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind,  
Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new,  
From difference sweet where discord cannot be;  
And hither come, sped on the charmed winds,  
Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees  
From every flower aerial Enna feeds,  
At their known island-homes in Himera,  
The echoes of the human world, which tell  
Of the low voice of love, almost unheard,  
And dove-eyed pity's murmured pain, and music,  
Itself the echo of the heart, and all  
That tempers or improves man's life, now free;  
And lovely apparitions, dim at first,  
Then radiant, as the mind, arising bright  
From the embrace of beauty, whence the forms  
Of which these are the phantoms, casts on them  
The gathered rays which are reality,  
Shall visit us, the progeny immortal  
Of Painting, Sculpture, and rapt Poesy,  
And arts, though unimagined, yet to be.  
The wandering voices and the shadows these  
Of all that man becomes, the mediators  
Of that best worship, love, by him and us [grow  
Given and returned; swift shapes and sounds, which  
More fair and soft as man grows wise and kind,  
And veil by veil, evil and error fall:  
Such virtue has the cave and place around.

*[Turning to the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.]*

For thee, fair Spirit, one toil remains. Ione,  
Give her that curved shell, which Proteus old,  
Made Asia's nuptial boon, breathing within it  
A voice to be accomplished, and which thou  
Didst hide in grass under the hollow rock.

## IONE.

Thou most desired Hour, more loved and lovely  
Than all thy sisters, this the mystic shell;  
See the pale azure fading into silver  
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light:  
Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there!

## SPIRIT.

It seems in truth the fairest shell of Ocean :  
Its sound must be at once both sweet and strange.

## PROMETHEUS.

Go, borne over the cities of mankind  
On whirlwind-footed coursers : once again  
Outspeed the sun around the orb'd world ;  
And as thy chariot cleaves the kindling air,  
Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,  
Loosening its mighty music ; it shall be  
As thunder mingled with clear echoes : then  
Return ; and thou shalt dwell beside our cave.

And thou, O Mother Earth !—

## THE EARTH.

I hear, I feel ;  
Thy lips are on me, and thy touch runs down  
Even to the adamantine central gloom  
Along these marble nerves ; 'tis life, 'tis joy,  
And, through my withered, old, and icy frame  
The warmth of an immortal youth shoots down  
Circling. Henceforth the many children fair  
Folded in my sustaining arms ; all plants,  
And creeping forms, and insects rainbow-winged,  
And birds, and beasts, and fish, and human shapes,  
Which drew disease and pain from my wan bosom,  
Draining the poison of despair, shall take  
And interchange sweet nutriment ; to me  
Shall they become like sister-antelopes  
By one fair dam, snow-white and swift as wind,  
Nursed among lilies near a brimming stream.  
The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall float  
Under the stars like balm : night-folded flowers  
Shall suck unwithering hues in their repose :  
And men and beasts in happy dreams shall gather  
Strength for the coming day, and all its joy :  
And death shall be the last embrace of her  
Who takes the life she gave, even as a mother,  
Folding her child, says, " Leave me not again."

## ASIA.

Oh, mother ! wherefore speak the name of death ?  
Cease thy to love, and move, and breathe, and  
Who die ? [speak,

## THE EARTH.

It would avail not to reply :  
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known  
But to the uncommunicating dead.  
Death is the veil which those who live call life :  
They sleep, and it is lifted : and meanwhile  
In mild variety the seasons mild  
With rainbow-skirted showers, and odorous winds,  
And long blue meteors cleansing the dull night,  
And the life-kindling shafts of the keen sun's  
All-piercing bow, and the dew-mingled rain  
Of the calm moonbeams, a soft influence mild,  
Shall clothe the forests and the fields, aye, even  
The crag-built deserts of the barren deep,  
With ever-living leaves, and fruits, and flowers.  
And thou ! There is a cavern where my spirit  
Was panted forth in anguish whilst thy pain  
Made my heart mad, and those that did inhale it  
Became mad too, and built a temple there,  
And spoke, and were oracular, and lured  
The erring nations round to mutual war,  
And faithless faith, such as Jove kept with thee ;  
Which breath now rises, as amongst tall weeds  
A violet's exhalation, and it fills

With a serener light and crimson air  
Intense, yet soft, the rocks and woods around ;  
It feeds the quick growth of the serpent vine,  
And the dark linked ivy tangling wild,  
And budding, blown, or odour-faded blooms  
Which star the winds with points of coloured light,  
As they rain through them, and bright golden globes  
Of fruit, suspended in their own green heaven,  
And through their veined leaves and amber stems  
The flowers whose purple and translucent bowls  
Stand ever mantling with ærial dew,  
The drink of spirits : and it circles round,  
Like the soft waving wings of noonday dreams,  
Inspiring calm and happy thoughts, like mine,  
Now thou art thus restored. This cave is thine.  
Arise ! Appear !

[A SPIRIT rises in the likeness of a winged child.

This is my torch-bearer ;  
Who let his lamp out in old time with gazing  
On eyes from which he kindled it anew  
With love, which is as fire, sweet daughter mine,  
For such is that within thine own. Run, wayward,  
And guide this company beyond the peak  
Of Bacchic Nysa, Mænad-haunted mountain,  
And beyond Indus and its tribute rivers,  
Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes  
With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,  
And up the green ravine, across the vale,  
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,  
Where ever lies, on unceasing waves,  
The image of a temple, built above,  
Distinct with column, arch, and architrave,  
And palm-like capital, and over-wrought,  
And populous most with living imagery,  
Praxitelean shapes, whose marble smiles  
Fill the hushed air with everlasting love.  
It is deserted now, but once it bore  
Thy name, Prometheus ; there the emulous youths  
Bore to thy honour through the divine gloom  
The lamp which was thine emblem ; even as those  
Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope  
Into the grave, across the night of life,  
As thou hast borne it most triumphantly  
To this far goal of Time. Depart, farewell !  
Beside that temple is the destined cave.

## SCENE IV.

A Forest. In the Back-ground a Cave. PROMETHEUS,  
ASIA, PANTHEA, IONE, and the SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

## IONE.

Sister, it is not earthly : how it glides  
Under the leaves ! how on its head there burns  
A light, like a green star, whose emerald beams  
Are twined with its fair hair ! how, as it moves,  
The splendour drops in flakes upon the grass !  
Knowest thou it ?

## PANTHEA.

It is the delicate spirit  
That guides the earth through heaven. From afar  
The populous constellations call that light  
The loveliest of the planets ; and sometimes  
It floats along the spray of the salt sea,  
Or makes its chariot of a foggy cloud,  
Or walks through fields or cities while men sleep,  
Or o'er the mountain tops, or down the rivers,  
Or through the green waste wilderness, as now,

Wondering at all it sees. Before Jove reigned  
It loved our sister Asia, and it came  
Each leisure hour to drink the liquid light  
Out of her eyes, for which it said it thirsted  
As one bit by a dipsas, and with her  
It made its childish confidence, and told her  
All it had known or seen, for it saw much,  
Yet idly reasoned what it saw; and called her,  
For whence it sprung it knew not, nor do I,  
Mother, dear mother.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EARTH (*running to ASIA*).

Mother, dearest mother;

May I then talk with thee as I was wont?  
May I then hide my eyes in thy soft arms,  
After thy looks have made them tired of joy?  
May I then play beside thee the long noons,  
When work is none in the bright silent air?

ASIA.

I love thee, gentlest being! and henceforth  
Can cherish thee unenvied. Speak, I pray:  
Thy simple talk once solaced, now delights.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Mother, I am grown wiser, though a child  
Cannot be wise like thee, within this day;  
And happier too; happier and wiser both. [worms,  
Thou knowest that toads, and snakes, and loathly  
And venomous and malicious beasts, and boughs  
That bore ill berries in the woods, were ever  
A hindrance to my walks o'er the green world:  
And that, among the haunts of humankind,  
Hard-featured men, or with proud, angry looks,  
Or cold, staid gait, or false and hollow smiles,  
Or the dull sneer of self-loved ignorance,  
Or other such foul masks, with which ill thoughts  
Hide that fair being whom we spirits call man;  
And women too, ugliest of all things evil,  
(Though fair, even in a world where thou art fair,  
When good and kind, free and sincere like thee),  
When false or frowning made me sick at heart  
To pass them, though they slept, and I unseen.  
Well, my path lately lay through a great city  
Into the woody hills surrounding it:  
A sentinel was sleeping at the gate:  
When there was heard a sound, so loud, it shook  
The towers amid the moonlight, yet more sweet  
Than any voice but thine, sweetest of all;  
A long, long sound, as it would never end:  
And all the inhabitants leapt suddenly  
Out of their rest, and gathered in the streets,  
Looking in wonder up to Heaven, while yet  
The music pealed along. I hid myself  
Within a fountain in the public square,  
Where I lay like the reflex of the moon  
Seen in a wave under green leaves; and soon  
Those ugly human shapes and visages  
Of which I spoke as having wrought me pain,  
Past floating through the air, and fading still  
Into the winds that scattered them; and those  
From whom they past seemed mild and lovely forms  
After some foul disguise had fallen, and all  
Were somewhat changed, and after brief surprise  
And greetings of delighted wonder, all  
Went to their sleep again: and when the dawn  
Came, wouldst thou think that toads, and snakes,  
Could e'er be beautiful? yet so they were, [and efts,  
And that with little change of shape or hue:  
All things had put their evil nature off:

I cannot tell my joy, when o'er a lake  
Upon a drooping bough with nightshade twined,  
I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward  
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries,  
With quick long beaks, and in the deep there lay  
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky;  
So with my thoughts full of these happy changes,  
We meet again, the happiest change of all.

ASIA.

And never will we part, till thy chaste sister  
Who guides the frozen and inconstant moon  
Will look on thy more warm and equal light  
Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow,  
And love thee.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

What! as Asia loves Prometheus?

ASIA.

Peace, wanton! thou art yet not old enough.  
Think ye by gazing on each other's eyes  
To multiply your lovely selves, and fill  
With sphered fires the interlunar air!

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Nay, mother, while my sister trims her lamp  
'Tis hard I should go darkling.

ASIA.

Listen; look!

*The SPIRIT OF THE HOUR enters.*

PROMETHEUS.

We feel what thou hast heard and seen: yet speak.

SPIRIT OF THE HOUR.

Soon as the sound had ceased whose thunder filled  
The abysses of the sky and the wide earth,  
There was a change: the impalpable thin air  
And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,  
As if the sense of love, dissolved in them,  
Had folded itself round the sphered world.  
My vision then grew clear, and I could see  
Into the mysteries of the universe:  
Dizzy as with delight I floated down,  
Winnowing the lightsome air with languid plumes,  
My coursers sought their birth-place in the sun,  
Where they henceforth will live exempt from toil,  
Pasturing flowers of vegetable fire.  
And where my moonlike car will stand within  
A temple, gazed upon by Phidian forms  
Of thee, and Asia, and the Earth, and me,  
And you fair nymphs, looking the love we feel;  
In memory of the tidings it has borne;  
Beneath a dome fretted with graven flowers,  
Poised on twelve columns of resplendent stone,  
And open to the bright and liquid sky.  
Yoked to it by an amphibænic snake  
The likeness of those winged steeds will mock  
The flight from which they find repose. Alas,  
Whither has wandered now my partial tongue  
When all remains untold which ye would hear?  
As I have said, I floated to the earth:  
It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss  
To move, to breathe, to be; I wandering went  
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,  
And first was disappointed not to see  
Such mighty change, as I had felt within,  
Expressed in outward things; but soon I looked,  
And behold, thrones were kingless, and men walked  
One with the other even as spirits do,

None fawn'd, none trampled ; hate, disdain, or fear  
 Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows  
 No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,  
 " All hope abandon ye who enter here ;"  
 None frown'd, none trembled, none with eager fear  
 Gazed on another's eye of cold command,  
 Until the subject of a tyrant's will  
 Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,  
 Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.  
 None wrought his lips in truth-entangling lines  
 Which smiled the lie his tongue disdain'd to speak ;  
 None, with firm sneer, trod out in his own heart  
 The sparks of love and hope till there remained  
 Those bitter ashes, a soul self-consumed,  
 And the wretch crept a vampire among men,  
 Infecting all with his own hideous ill ;  
 None talk'd that common, false, cold, hollow talk  
 Which makes the heart deny the *yes* it breathes,  
 Yet question that unmeant hypocrisy  
 With such a self-mistrust as has no name.  
 And women, too, frank, beautiful, and kind  
 As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew  
 On the wide earth, past ; gentle radiant forms,  
 From custom's evil taint exempt and pure ;  
 Speaking the wisdom once they could not think,  
 Looking emotions once they feared to feel,  
 And chang'd to all which once they dared not be,  
 Yet being now, made earth like heaven ; nor pride,  
 Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill-shame,  
 The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,  
 Spoil'd the sweet taste of the nepenthe, love.

Thrones, altars, judgment seats, and prisons ;  
 wherein,  
 And beside which, by wretched men were borne  
 Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes  
 Of reasoned wrong, gloz'd on by ignorance,  
 Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,

The ghosts of a no more remembered fame,  
 Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth  
 In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs [round  
 Of those who were their conquerors : mouldering  
 Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,  
 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide  
 As is the world it wasted, and are now  
 But an astonishment ; even so the tools  
 And emblems of its last captivity,  
 Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,  
 Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.  
 And those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man,  
 Which, under many a name and many a form,  
 Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,  
 Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world ;  
 And which the nations, panic-stricken, served  
 With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and  
 Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless, [love  
 And slain among men's unreclaiming tears, [hate,  
 Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was  
 Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned  
 shrines :

The painted veil, by those who were, called life,  
 Which mimick'd, as with colours idly spread,  
 All men believed and hoped, is torn aside ;  
 The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains  
 Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man  
 Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,  
 Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king  
 Over himself ; just, gentle, wise : but man  
 Passionless ; no, yet free from guilt or pain,  
 Which were, for his will made or suffered them,  
 Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,  
 From chance, and death, and mutability,  
 The clogs of that which else might oversoar  
 The loftiest star of unascended heaven,  
 Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A part of the Forest near the Cave of PROMETHEUS.*  
 PANTHEA and IONE are sleeping : they awaken gradually  
 during the first Song.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

The pale stars are gone !  
 For the sun, their swift shepherd  
 To their folds them compelling,  
 In the depths of the dawn,  
 Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee  
 Beyond his blue dwelling,  
 As fawns flee the leopard,  
 But where are ye ?

*A Train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by confusedly  
 singing.*

Here, oh ! here :  
 We bear the birch  
 Of the Father of many a cancelled year !  
 Spectres we  
 Of the dead Hours be,  
 We bear time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh ! strew  
 Hair, not yew !

Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew !  
 Be the faded flowers  
 Of Death's bare bowers  
 Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours !

Haste, oh, haste !  
 As shades are chased,  
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste.  
 We melt away,  
 Like dissolving spray,  
 From the children of a diviner day,  
 With the lullaby  
 Of winds that die  
 On the bosom of their own harmony !

IONE.

What dark forms were they ?

PANTHEA.

The past Hours weak and grey,  
 With the spoil which their toil  
 Raked together  
 From the conquest but One could foil.

IONE.

Have they past ?

PANTHEA.

They outsped the blast,  
While 'tis said, they are fled:

IONE.

Whither, oh! whither!

PANTHEA.

To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

Bright clouds float in heaven,  
Dew-stars gleam on earth,  
Waves assemble on ocean,  
They are gathered and driven  
By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee!  
They shake with emotion,  
They dance in their mirth.  
But where are ye?

The pine boughs are singing  
Old songs with new gladness,  
The billows and fountains  
Fresh music are flinging,  
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea;  
The storms mock the mountains  
With the thunder of gladness,  
But where are ye?

IONE.

What charioteers are these?

PANTHEA.

Where are their chariots?

SEMICHORUS OF HOURS.

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth  
Have drawn back the figured curtain of sleep  
Which covered our being and darkened our birth  
In the deep.

A VOICE.

In the deep!

SEMICHORUS II.

Oh! below the deep.

SEMICHORUS I.

A hundred ages we had been kept  
Cradled in visions of hate and care,  
And each one who waked as his brother slept,  
Found the truth—

SEMICHORUS II.

Worse than his visions were!

SEMICHORUS I.

We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;  
We have known the voice of Love in dreams,  
We have felt the wand of Power, and leap—

SEMICHORUS II.

As the billows leap in the morning beams!

CHORUS.

Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,  
Pierce with song heaven's silent light,  
Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,  
To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds  
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,  
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds  
Through the nightly dells of the desert year.

But now, oh! weave the mystic measure  
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,  
Let the Hours, and the spirits of might and  
pleasure,  
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

A VOICE.

Unite.

PANTHEA.

See, where the Spirits of the human mind  
Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils,  
approach.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We join the throng  
Of the dance and the song,  
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;  
As the flying-fish leap  
From the Indian deep,  
And mix with the sea-birds half-asleep.

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,  
For sandals of lightning are on your feet,  
And your wings are soft and swift as thought,  
And your eyes are as love which is veiled not?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We come from the mind  
Of human kind,  
Which was late so dusk, and obscene, and blind;  
Now 'tis an ocean  
Of clear emotion,  
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss  
Of wonder and bliss,  
Whose caverns are crystal palaces;  
From those skiey towers  
Where Thought's crowned powers  
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses  
Of woven caresses,  
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;  
From the azure isles,  
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,  
Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.

From the temples high  
Of Man's ear and eye,  
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;  
From the murmurings  
Of the unsealed springs  
Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years,  
Through blood, and tears,  
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears;  
We waded and flew,  
And the islets were few  
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness  
grew.

Our feet now, every palm,  
Are sandalled with calm,  
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;  
And, beyond our eyes,  
The human love lies,  
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND HOURS.

Then weave the web of the mystic measure ;  
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,  
Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,  
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,  
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by  
To an ocean of splendour and harmony !

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Our spoil is won,  
Our task is done,  
We are free to dive, or soar, or run ;  
Beyond and around,  
Or within the bound  
Which clips the world with darkness round.

We'll pass the eyes  
Of the starry skies  
Into the hoar deep to colonize :  
Death, Chaos, and Night,  
From the sound of our flight,  
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,  
And the Spirit of Might,  
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight ;  
And Love, Thought, and Breath,  
The powers that quell Death,  
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build  
In the void's loose field  
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield ;  
We will take our plan  
From the new world of man  
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

## CHORUS OF HOURS.

Break the dance, and scatter the song ;  
Let some depart, and some remain.

## SEMICHORUS I.

We, beyond heaven, are driven along :

## SEMICHORUS II.

Us the enchantments of earth retain :

## SEMICHORUS I.

Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,  
With the Spirits which build a new earth and sea,  
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,  
Leading the Day, and outspending the Night,  
With the powers of a world of perfect light.

## SEMICHORUS I.

We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,  
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the clouds appear  
From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.

## SEMICHORUS II.

We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,  
And the happy forms of its death and birth  
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

## CHORUS OF HOURS AND SPIRITS.

Break the dance, and scatter the song,  
Let some depart, and some remain,  
Wherever we fly we lead along  
In leashes, like star-beams, soft yet strong,  
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.

## PANTHEA.

Ha ! they are gone !

## IONE.

Yet feel you no delight  
From the past sweetness ?

## PANTHEA.

As the bare green hill  
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,  
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water  
To the unpavilioned sky !

## IONE.

Even whilst we speak  
New notes arise. What is that awful sound ?

## PANTHEA.

'Tis the deep music of the rolling world,  
Kindling within the strings of the waved air  
Æolian modulations.

## IONE.

Listen too,  
How every pause is filled with under-notes,  
Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,  
Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,  
As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air  
And gaze upon themselves within the sea.

## PANTHEA.

But see where, through two openings in the forest  
Which hanging branches overcanopy,  
And where two runnels of a rivulet,  
Between the close moss, violet inwoven,  
Have made their path of melody, like sisters  
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,  
Turning their dear disunion to an isle  
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad thoughts ;  
Two visions of strange radiance float upon  
The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,  
Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet  
Under the ground and through the windless air.

## IONE.

I see a chariot like that thinnest boat  
In which the mother of the months is borne  
By ebbing night into her western cave,  
When she upsprings from interlunar dreams,  
O'er which is curbed an orblike canopy  
Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods  
Distinctly seen through that dusk airy veil,  
Regard like shapes in an enchanter's glass ;  
Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,  
Such as the genii of the thunder-storm  
Pile on the floor of the illumined sea  
When the sun rushes under it ; they roll  
And move and grow as with an inward wind ;  
Within it sits a winged infant, white  
Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow,  
Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,  
Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing  
folds

Of its white robe, woof of ætherial pearl.  
Its hair is white, the brightness of white light  
Scattered in strings ; yet its two eyes are heavens  
Of liquid darkness, which the Deity  
Within seems pouring, as a storm is poured  
From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,  
Tempering the cold and radiant air around,  
With fire that is not brightness ; in its hand  
It sways a quivering moon-beam, from whose point

A guiding power directs the chariot's prow  
Over its wheeled clouds, which as they roll  
Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds,  
Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

## PANTHEA.

And from the other opening in the wood  
Rushes, with loud and whirlwind harmony,  
A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,  
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass  
Flow, as through empty space, music and light :  
Ten thousand orbs involving and involved,  
Purple and azure, white, green and golden,  
Sphere within sphere ; and every space between  
Peopled with unimaginable shapes,  
Such as ghosts dream dwell in the lampless deep,  
Yet each inter-transparent, and they whirl  
Over each other with a thousand motions,  
Upon a thousand sightless axles spinning,  
And with the force of self-destroying swiftness,  
Intensely, slowly, solemnly, roll on,  
Kindling with mingled sounds, and many tones,  
Intelligible words and music wild.  
With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb  
Grinds the bright brook into an azure mist  
Of elemental subtlety, like light ;  
And the wild odour of the forest flowers,  
The music of the living grass and air,  
The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams  
Round its intense yet self-conflicting speed,  
Seem kneaded into one aerial mass  
Which drowns the sense. Within the orb itself,  
Pillowed upon its alabaster arms,  
Like to a child o'erwheated with sweet toil,  
On its own folded wings, and wavy hair,  
The Spirit of the Earth is laid asleep,  
And you can see its little lips are moving,  
Amid the changing light of their own smiles,  
Like one who talks of what he loves in dream.

## IONE.

'Tis only mocking the orb's harmony.

## PANTHEA.

And from a star upon its forehead, shoot,  
Like swords of azure fire, or golden spears  
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,  
Emblem of heaven and earth united now,  
Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel  
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,  
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings,  
And perpendicular now, and now transverse,  
Pierce the dark soil, and as they pierce and pass,  
Make bare the secrets of the earth's deep heart ;  
Infinite mine of adamant and gold,  
Valueless stones, and unimagined gems,  
And caverns on crystalline columns poised  
With vegetable silver overspread ;  
Wells of unfathomed fire, and water springs  
Whence the great sea, even as a child is fed, [tops  
Whose vapours clothe the earth's monarch mountain-  
With kingly, ermine snow. The beams flash on  
And make appear the melancholy ruins  
Of cancelled cycles ; anchors, beaks of ships ;  
Planks turned to marble ; quivers, helms, and spears,  
And gorgon-headed targes, and the wheels  
Of scythed chariots, and the emblazonry  
Of trophies, standards, and armorial beasts,  
Round which death laughed, sepulchred emblems  
Of dead destruction, ruin within ruin !  
The wrecks beside of many a city vast,

Whose population which the earth grew over  
Was mortal, but not human ; see, they lie  
Their monstrous works, and uncouth skeletons,  
Their statues, homes and fanes ; prodigious shapes  
Huddled in grey annihilation, split,  
Jammed in the hard, black deep ; and over these,  
The anatomies of unknown winged things,  
And fishes which were isles of living scale,  
And serpents, bony chains, twisted around  
The iron crags, or within heaps of dust  
To which the tortuous strength of their last pangs  
Had crushed the iron crags ; and over these  
The jagged alligator, and the might  
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once  
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores,  
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,  
Increased and multiplied like summer worms  
On an abandoned corpse, till the blue globe  
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloke, and they  
Yelled, gasped, and were abolished ; or some God  
Whose throne was in a comet, past, and cried,  
Be not ! And like my words they were no more.

## THE EARTH.

The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !  
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,  
The vaporous exultation not to be confined !  
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight  
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,  
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.

## THE MOON.

Brother mine, calm wanderer,  
Happy globe of land and air,  
Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,  
Which penetrates my frozen frame,  
And passes with the warmth of flame,  
With love, and odour, and deep melody  
Through me, through me !

## THE EARTH.

Ha ! ha ! the caverns of my hollow mountains,  
My cloven fire-crags, sound-exulting fountains,  
Laugh with a vast and inextinguishable laughter.  
The oceans, and the deserts, and the abysses,  
And the deep air's unmeasured wildernesses,  
Answer from all their clouds and billows, echoing  
after.

They cry aloud as I do. Sceptred curse,  
Who all our green and azure universe  
Threatenedst to muffle round with black destruc-  
tion, sending  
A solid cloud to rain hot thunder-stones,  
And splinter and knead down my children's bones,  
All I bring forth, to one void mass battering and  
blending.

Until each crag-like tower, and storied column,  
Palace, and obelisk, and temple solemn,  
My imperial mountains crowned with cloud, and  
snow, and fire ;  
My sea-like forests, every blade and blossom  
Which finds a grave or cradle in my bosom,  
Were stamped by thy strong hate into a lifeless mire.

How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up  
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup  
Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop for all ;  
And from beneath, around, within, above,  
Filling thy void annihilation, love [ball.  
Bursts in like light on caves cloven by the thunder-



## THE MOON.

The snow upon my lifeless mountains  
Is loosened into living fountains,  
My solid oceans flow, and sing, and shine :  
A spirit from my heart bursts forth,  
It clothes with unexpected birth  
My cold bare bosom : Oh ! it must be thine  
On mine, on mine !

Gazing on thee I feel, I know,  
Greenstalks burst forth, and bright flowers grow,  
And living shapes upon my bosom move :  
Music is in the sea and air,  
Winged clouds soar here and there,  
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of :  
'Tis love, all love !

## THE EARTH.

It interpenetrates my granite mass,  
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass,  
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers ;  
Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis spread,  
It wakes a life in the forgotten dead, [bowers.  
They breathe a spirit up from their obscurest

And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison  
With thunder, and with whirlwind, has arisen  
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being :  
With earthquake shock and swiftness making  
shiver  
Thought's stagnant chaos, unremoved for ever,  
Till hate, and fear, and pain, light-vanquished  
shadows, fleeing,

Leave Man, who was a many-sided mirror,  
Which could distort to many a shape of error,  
This true fair world of things, a sea reflecting love ;  
Which over all his kind, as the sun's heaven  
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even  
Darting from starry depths radiance and light,  
doth move,

Leave Man, even as a leprous child is left,  
Who follows a sick beast to some warm cleft  
Of rocks, through which the might of healing  
springs is poured ;  
Then when it wanders home with rosy smile,  
Unconscious, and its mother fears awhile  
It is a spirit, then, weeps on her child restored.

Man, oh, not men ! a chain of linked thought,  
Of love and might to be divided not,  
Compelling the elements with adamant stress ;  
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze,  
The quiet republic of the maze [wilderness.  
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,  
Whose nature is its own divine control,  
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea ;  
Familiar acts are beautiful through love ;  
Labour, and pain, and grief, in life's green grove  
Sport like tame beasts, none knew how gentle they  
could be !

His will, with all mean passions, bad delights,  
And selfish cares, its trembling satellites,  
A spirit ill to guide, but mighty to obey,  
Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm [whelm,  
Love rules, through waves which dare not over-  
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.

All things confess his strength. Through the cold  
Of marble and of colour his dreams pass ; [mass  
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes  
their children wear ;  
Language is a perpetual Orphic song,  
Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng  
Of thoughts and forms, which else senseless and  
shapeless were.

The lightning is his slave ; heaven's utmost deep  
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep  
They pass before his eye, are numbered and roll on !  
The tempest is his steed, he strides the air ;  
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,  
Heaven, hast thou secrets ! Man unveils me ; I  
have none.

## THE MOON.

The shadow of white death has past  
From my path in heaven at last,  
A clinging shroud of solid frost and sleep ;  
And through my newly-woven bowers,  
Wander happy paramours,  
Less mighty, but as mild as those who keep  
Thy vales more deep.

## THE EARTH.

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold  
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green, and gold,  
And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,  
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,  
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray  
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

## THE MOON.

Thou art folded, thou art lying  
In the light which is undying  
Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile divine ;  
All suns and constellations shower  
On thee a light, a life, a power  
Which doth array thy sphere ; thou pourest thine  
On mine, on mine !

## THE EARTH.

I spin beneath my pyramid of night,  
Which points into the heavens dreaming delight,  
Murmuring victorious joy in my enchanted sleep ;  
As a youth lulled in love-dreams faintly sighing,  
Under the shadow of his beauty lying,  
Which round his rest a watch of light and warmth  
doth keep.

## THE MOON.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,  
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,  
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;  
So, when thy shadow falls on me,  
Then am I mute and still, by thee  
Covered ; of thy love, Orb most beautiful,  
Full, oh, too full !

Thou art speeding round the sun,  
Brightest world of many a one ;  
Green and azure sphere which shinest  
With a light which is divinest  
Among all the lamps of Heaven  
To whom life and light is given ;  
I, thy crystal paramour,  
Borne beside thee by a power  
Like the polar Paradise,  
Magnet-like, of lovers' eyes ;

I, a most enamoured maiden,  
Whose weak brain is overladen  
With the pleasure of her love,  
Maniac-like around thee move  
Gazing, an insatiate bride,  
On thy form from every side,  
Like a Mænad, round the cup  
Which Agave lifted up  
In the weird Cadmæan forest.  
Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest  
I must hurry, whirl and follow  
Through the heavens wide and hollow,  
Sheltered by the warm embrace  
Of thy soul from hungry space,  
Drinking from thy sense and sight  
Beauty, majesty, and might,  
As a lover or cameleon  
Grows like what it looks upon,  
As a violet's gentle eye  
Gazes on the azure sky  
Until its hue grows like what it beholds,  
As a grey and watery mist  
Glow's like solid amethyst  
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds  
When the sunset sleeps  
Upon its snow.

## THE EARTH.

And the weak day weeps  
That it should be so.  
O gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight  
Falls on me like thy clear and tender light  
Soothing the seaman, borne the summer night  
Through isles for ever calm ;  
O gentle Moon, thy crystal accents pierce  
The caverns of my pride's deep universe,  
Charming the tiger joy, whose tramlings fierce  
Made wounds which need thy balm.

## PANTHEA.

I rise as from a bath of sparkling water,  
A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,  
Out of the stream of sound.

## IONE.

Ah me ! sweet sister,  
The stream of sound has ebbed away from us,  
And you pretend to rise out of its wave,  
Because your words fall like the clear soft dew  
Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and  
hair.

## PANTHEA.

Peace, peace! a mighty Power, which is as darkness,  
Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky  
Is showered like night, and from within the air  
Bursts, like eclipse which had been gathered up  
Into the pores of sunlight : the bright visions,  
Wherein the singing spirits rode and shone,  
Gleam like pale meteors through a watery night.

## IONE.

There is a sense of words upon mine ear.

## PANTHEA.

A universal sound like words : Oh, list !

## DEMOGORGON.

Thou, Earth, calm empire of a happy soul,  
Sphere of divinst shapes and harmonies,  
Beautiful orb ! gathering as thou dost roll  
The love which paves thy path along the skies :

## THE EARTH.

I hear : I am as a drop of dew that dies.

## DEMOGORGON.

Thou Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth  
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee ;  
Whilst each to men, and beasts, and the swift birth  
Of birds, is beauty, love, calm, harmony :

## THE MOON.

I hear : I am a leaf shaken by thee !

## DEMOGORGON.

Ye kings of suns and stars ! Dæmons and Gods,  
Ætherial Dominations ! who possess  
Elysian, windless, fortunate abodes  
Beyond Heaven's constellated wilderness :

## A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Our great Republic hears ; we are blest and bless.

## DEMOGORGON.

Ye happy dead ! whom beams of brightest verse  
Are clouds to hide, not colours to portray,  
Whether your nature is that universe  
Which once ye saw and suffered—

## A VOICE FROM BENEATH.

Or as they  
Whom we have left, we change and pass away.

## DEMOGORGON.

Ye elemental Genii, who have homes  
From man's high mind even to the central stone  
Of sullen lead ; from Heaven's star-fretted domes  
To the dull weed some sea-worm battens on :

## A CONFUSED VOICE.

We hear : thy words waken Oblivion.

## DEMOGORGON.

Spirits ! whose homes are flesh : ye beasts and birds,  
Ye worms and fish ; ye living leaves and buds ;  
Lightning and wind ; and ye untameable herds,  
Meteors and mists, which through air's solitudes.

## A VOICE.

Thy voice to us is wind among still woods.

## DEMOGORGON.

Man, who wert once a despot and a slave ;  
A dupe and a deceiver ; a decay ;  
A traveller from the cradle to the grave  
Through the dim night of this immortal day :

## ALL.

Speak ! thy strong words may never pass away.

## DEMOGORGON.

This the day, which down the void abyss  
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's des-  
potism,  
And Conquest is dragged captive through the  
deep ;  
Love, from its awful throne of patient power  
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour  
Of dread endurance, from the slippery, steep,  
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs  
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,  
 These are the seals of that most firm assurance  
 Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;  
 And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,  
 Mother of many acts and hours, should free  
 The serpent that would clasp her with his  
 length,  
 These are the spells by which to re-assume  
 An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
 To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;  
 To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
 From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;  
 This, like thy glory, Titan! is to be  
 Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

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## NOTE ON THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

BY THE EDITOR.

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ON the 12th of March, 1818, Shelley quitted England, never to return. His principal motive was the hope that his health would be improved by a milder climate; he suffered very much during the winter previous to his emigration, and this decided his vacillating purpose. In December, 1817, he had written from Marlow to a friend, saying:—

“My health has been materially worse. My feelings at intervals are of a deadly and torpid kind, or awakened to such a state of unnatural and keen excitement, that only to instance the organ of sight, I find the very blades of grass and the boughs of distant trees present themselves to me with microscopic distinctness. Towards evening I sink into a state of lethargy and inanimation, and often remain for hours on the sofa between sleep and waking, a prey to the most painful irritability of thought. Such, with little intermission, is my condition. The hours devoted to study are selected with vigilant caution from among these periods of endurance. It is not for this that I think of travelling to Italy, even if I knew that Italy would relieve me. But I have experienced a decisive pulmonary attack, and although at present it has passed away without any considerable vestige of its existence, yet this symptom sufficiently shows the true nature of my disease to be consumptive. It is to my advantage that this malady is in its nature slow, and, if one is sufficiently alive to its advances, is susceptible of cure from a warm climate. In the event of its assuming any decided shape, *it would be my duty* to go to Italy without delay. It is not mere health, but life, that I should seek, and that not for my own sake; I feel

I am capable of trampling on all such weakness—but for the sake of those to whom my life may be a source of happiness, utility, security, and honour—and to some of whom my death might be all that is the reverse.”

In almost every respect his journey to Italy was advantageous. He left behind friends to whom he was attached, but cares of a thousand kinds, many springing from his lavish generosity, crowded round him in his native country: and, except the society of one or two friends, he had no compensation. The climate caused him to consume half his existence in helpless suffering. His dearest pleasure, the free enjoyment of the scenes of nature, was marred by the same circumstance.

He went direct to Italy, avoiding even Paris, and did not make any pause till he arrived at Milan. The first aspect of Italy enchanted Shelley; it seemed a garden of delight placed beneath a clearer and brighter heaven than any he had lived under before. He wrote long descriptive letters during the first year of his residence in Italy, which, as compositions, are the most beautiful in the world, and show how truly he appreciated and studied the wonders of nature and art in that divine land.

The poetical spirit within him speedily revived with all the power and with more than all the beauty of his first attempts. He meditated three subjects as the groundwork for lyrical Dramas. One was the story of Tasso; of this a slight fragment of a song of Tasso remains. The other was one founded on the book of Job, which he never abandoned in idea, but of which no trace remains among his papers. The third was the “Prometheus

Unbound." The Greek tragedians were now his most familiar companions in his wanderings, and the sublime majesty of Æschylus filled him with wonder and delight. The father of Greek tragedy does not possess the pathos of Sophocles, nor the variety and tenderness of Euripides; the interest on which he founds his dramas is often elevated above human vicissitudes into the mighty passions and throes of gods and demigods—such fascinated the abstract imagination of Shelley.

We spent a month at Milan, visiting the Lake of Como during that interval. Thence we passed in succession to Pisa, Leghorn, the Baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back again to Rome, whither we returned early in March 1819. During all this time Shelley meditated the subject of his drama, and wrote portions of it. Other poems were composed during this interval, and while at the Bagni di Lucca he translated Plato's Symposium. But though he diversified his studies, his thoughts centred in the "Prometheus." At last, when at Rome, during a bright and beautiful spring, he gave up his whole time to the composition. The spot selected for his study was, as he mentions in his preface, the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. These are little known to the ordinary visitor at Rome. He describes them in a letter, with that poetry, and delicacy, and truth of description, which render his narrated impressions of scenery of unequalled beauty and interest.

At first he completed the drama in three acts. It was not till several months after, when at Florence, that he conceived that a fourth act, a sort of hymn of rejoicing in the fulfilment of the prophecies with regard to Prometheus, ought to be added to complete the composition.

The prominent feature of Shelley's theory of the destiny of the human species was, that evil is not inherent in the system of the creation, but an accident that might be expelled. This also forms a portion of Christianity; God made earth and man perfect, till he, by his fall,

"Brought death into the world and all our woe."

Shelley believed that mankind had only to will that there should be no evil, and there would be none. It is not my part in these notes to notice the arguments that have been urged against this opinion, but to mention the fact that he entertained it, and was indeed attached to it with fervent enthusiasm. That man could be so perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation, was the cardinal point of his system. And the subject he

loved best to dwell on, was the image of One warring with the Evil Principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. A victim full of fortitude and hope, and the spirit of triumph emanating from a reliance in the ultimate omnipotence of good. Such he had depicted in his last poem, when he made Laon the enemy and the victim of tyrants. He now took a more idealized image of the same subject. He followed certain classical authorities in figuring Saturn as the good principle, Jupiter the usurping evil one, and Prometheus as the regenerator, who, unable to bring mankind back to primitive innocence, used knowledge as a weapon to defeat evil, by leading mankind beyond the state wherein they are sinless through ignorance, to that in which they are virtuous through wisdom. Jupiter punished the temerity of the Titan by chaining him to a rock of Caucasus, and causing a vulture to devour his still renewed heart. There was a prophecy afloat in heaven portending the fall of Jove, the secret of averting which was known only to Prometheus; and the god offered freedom from torture on condition of its being communicated to him. According to the mythological story, this referred to the offspring of Thetis, who was destined to be greater than his father. Prometheus at last bought pardon for his crime of enriching mankind with his gifts, by revealing the prophecy. Hercules killed the vulture and set him free, and Thetis was married to Peleus, the father of Achilles.

Shelley adapted the catastrophe of this story to his peculiar views. The son, greater than his father, born of the nuptials of Jupiter and Thetis, was to dethrone Evil, and bring back a happier reign than that of Saturn. Prometheus defies the power of his enemy, and endures centuries of torture, till the hour arrives when Jove, blind to the real event, but darkly guessing that some great good to himself will flow, espouses Thetis. At the moment, the Primal Power of the world drives him from his usurped throne, and Strength, in the person of Hercules, liberates Humanity, typified in Prometheus, from the tortures generated by evil done or suffered. Asia, one of the Oceanides, is the wife of Prometheus—she was, according to other mythological interpretations, the same as Venus and Nature. When the Benefactor of Mankind is liberated, Nature resumes the beauty of her prime, and is united to her husband, the emblem of the human race, in perfect and happy union. In the Fourth Act, the Poet gives further scope to his imagination, and idealizes the forms

of creation, such as we know them, instead of such as they appeared to the Greeks. Maternal Earth, the mighty Parent, is superseded by the Spirit of the Earth—the guide of our Planet through the realms of sky—while his fair and weaker companion and attendant, the Spirit of the Moon, receives bliss from the annihilation of Evil in the superior sphere.

Shelley develops, more particularly in the lyrics of this drama, his abstruse and imaginative theories with regard to the Creation. It requires a mind as subtle and penetrating as his own to understand the mystic meanings scattered throughout the poem. They elude the ordinary reader by their abstraction and delicacy of distinction, but they are far from vague. It was his design to write prose metaphysical essays on the nature of Man, which would have served to explain much of what is obscure in his poetry; a few scattered fragments of observations and remarks alone remain. He considered these philosophical views of mind and nature to be instinct with the intensest spirit of poetry.

More popular poets clothe the ideal with familiar and sensible imagery. Shelley loved to idealize the real—to gift the mechanism of the material universe with a soul and a voice, and to bestow such also on the most delicate and abstract emotions and thoughts of the mind. Sophocles was his great master in this species of imagery.

I find in one of his manuscript books some remarks on a line in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, which shows at once the critical subtlety of Shelley's mind, and explains his apprehension of those "minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us," which he pronounces, in the letter quoted in the note to the *Revolt of Islam*, to comprehend all that is sublime in man.

"In the Greek Shakspeare, Sophocles, we find the image,

Πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοισ.

A line of almost unfathomable depth of poetry, yet how simple are the images in which it is arrayed,

Coming to many ways in the wanderings of careful thought.

If the words ὁδοὺς and πλάνοισ had not been used, the line might have been explained in a metaphorical, instead of an absolute sense, as we say 'ways and means,' and wanderings, for error and confusion; but they meant literally paths or roads,

such as we tread with our feet; and wanderings, such as a man makes when he loses himself in a desert, or roams from city to city, as *Œdipus*, the speaker of this verse, was destined to wander, blind and asking charity. What a picture does this line suggest of the mind as a wilderness of intricate paths, wide as the universe, which is here made its symbol, a world within a world, which he, who seeks some knowledge with respect to what he ought to do, searches throughout, as he would search the external universe for some valued thing which was hidden from him upon its surface."

In reading Shelley's poetry, we often find similar verses, resembling, but not imitating, the Greek in this species of imagery; for though he adopted the style, he gifted it with that originality of form and colouring which sprung from his own genius.

In the *Prometheus Unbound*, Shelley fulfils the promise quoted from a letter in the Note on the *Revolt of Islam*.\*

The tone of the composition is calmer and more majestic, the poetry more perfect as a whole, and the imagination displayed at once more pleasingly beautiful and more varied and daring. The description of the Hours, as they are seen in the cave of Demogorgon, is an instance of this—it fills the mind as the most charming picture—we long to see an artist at work to bring to our view the

cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,  
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands  
A wild-eyed charioteer, urging their flight.  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:  
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth, and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before,  
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright locks  
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all  
Sweep onward.

Through the whole Poem there reigns a sort of calm and holy spirit of love; it soothes the tortured, and is hope to the expectant, till the

\* While correcting the proof-sheets of that Poem, it struck me that the Poet had indulged in an exaggerated view of the evils of restored despotism, which, however injurious and degrading, were less openly sanguinary than the triumph of anarchy, such as it appeared in France at the close of the last century. But at this time a book, "*Scenes of Spanish Life*," translated by Lieutenant Crawford from the German of Dr. Huber, of Rostock, fell into my hands. The account of the triumph of the priests and the serviles, after the French invasion of Spain in 1823, bears a strong and frightful resemblance to some of the descriptions of the massacre of the patriots in the *Revolt of Islam*.

prophecy is fulfilled, and Love, untainted by any evil, becomes the law of the world.

England had been rendered a painful residence to Shelley, as much by the sort of persecution with which in those days all men of liberal opinions were visited, and by the injustice he had lately endured in the Court of Chancery, as by the symptoms of disease which made him regard a visit to Italy as necessary to prolong his life. An exile, and strongly impressed with the feeling that the majority of his countrymen regarded him with sentiments of aversion, such as his own heart could experience towards none, he sheltered himself from such disgusting and painful thoughts in the calm retreats of poetry, and built up a world of his own, with the more pleasure, since he hoped to induce some one or two to believe that the earth might become such, did mankind themselves consent. The charm of the Roman climate helped to clothe his thoughts in greater beauty than they had ever

worn before. And as he wandered among the ruins, made one with nature in their decay, or gazed on the Praxitelean shapes that throng the Vatican, the Capitol, and the palaces of Rome, his soul imbibed forms of loveliness which became a portion of itself. There are many passages in the "Prometheus" which show the intense delight he received from such studies, and give back the impression with a beauty of poetical description peculiarly his own. He felt this, as a poet must feel when he satisfies himself by the result of his labours, and he wrote from Rome, "My Prometheus Unbound is just finished, and in a month or two I shall send it. It is a drama, with characters and mechanism of a kind yet unattempted, and I think the execution is better than any of my former attempts."

I may mention, for the information of the more critical reader, that the verbal alterations in this edition of Prometheus are made from a list of errata, written by Shelley himself.

END OF PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

# THE CENCI;

A Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

## DEDICATION.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I INSCRIBE with your name, from a distant country, and after an absence whose months have seemed years, this the latest of my literary efforts.

Those writings which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.

Had I known a person more highly endowed than myself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself more free from evil; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive; one of simpler, and, in the highest sense of the word, of purer life and manners, I never knew; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list.

In that patient and irreconcilable enmity with domestic and political tyranny and imposture which the tenor of your life has illustrated, and which, had I health and talents, should illustrate mine, let us, comforting each other in our task, live and die.

All happiness attend you!

Your affectionate friend,

PERCY B. SHELLEY.

Rome, May 29, 1819.

## PREFACE.

A MANUSCRIPT was communicated to me during my travels in Italy, which was copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace at Rome, and contains a detailed account of the horrors which ended in the extinction of one of the noblest and richest families of that city, during the pontificate of Clement VIII., in the year 1599. The story is, that an old man, having spent his life in debauchery and wickedness, conceived at length an implacable hatred towards his children; which showed itself towards one daughter under the form of an incestuous passion, aggravated by every circumstance of cruelty and violence. This daughter, after long and vain attempts to escape from what she considered a perpetual contamination both of body and mind, at length plotted with her mother-in-law and brother to murder their common tyrant. The young maiden, who was urged to this tremendous deed by an impulse which overpowered its horror, was evidently a most gentle and amiable being; a creature formed to adorn and be admired, and thus violently thwarted from her nature by the necessity of circumstances and opinion. The deed was quickly discovered, and in spite of the most earnest prayers made to the Pope by the highest persons in Rome, the criminals were put to death. The old man had, during his life, repeatedly bought his pardon from the Pope for capital crimes of the most enormous and unspeakable kind, at the price of a hundred thousand crowns; the death therefore of his victims can scarcely be accounted for by the love of justice. The Pope, among other motives for severity, probably felt that whoever killed the Count Cenci deprived his treasury of a certain and copious source of revenue\*. Such a story, if told so as to present to the reader all the feelings of those who once acted it, their hopes and fears, their confidences and misgivings, their various interests, passions, and opinions, acting upon and with each other, yet all conspiring to one tremendous end, would be as a light to make apparent some of the most dark and secret caverns of the human heart.

On my arrival at Rome, I found that the story of the Cenci was a subject not to be mentioned in Italian society without awakening a deep and breathless interest;

\* The Papal Government formerly took the most extraordinary precautions against the publicity of facts which offer so tragical a demonstration of its own wickedness and weakness; so that the communication of the MS. had become, until very lately, a matter of some difficulty.

and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs, and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her, who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust. All ranks of people knew the outlines of this history, and participated in the overwhelming interest which it seems to have the magic of exciting in the human heart. I had a copy of Guido's picture of Beatrice, which is preserved in the Colonna Palace, and my servant instantly recognized it as the portrait of *La Cenci*.

This national and universal interest which the story produces and has produced for two centuries, and among all ranks of people in a great city, where the imagination is kept for ever active and awake, first suggested to me the conception of its fitness for a dramatic purpose. In fact, it is a tragedy which has already received, from its capacity of awakening and sustaining the sympathy of men, approbation and success. Nothing remained, as I imagined, but to clothe it to the apprehensions of my countrymen in such language and action as would bring it home to their hearts. The deepest and the sublimest tragic compositions, King Lear, and the two plays in which the tale of *Œdipus* is told, were stories which already existed in tradition, as matters of popular belief and interest, before Shakspeare and Sophocles made them familiar to the sympathy of all succeeding generations of mankind.

This story of the Cenci is indeed eminently fearful and monstrous: anything like a dry exhibition of it on the stage would be insupportable. The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal, and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes, may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring. There must also be nothing attempted to make the exhibition subservient to what is vulgarly termed a moral purpose. The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching of the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. If dogmas can do more, it is well: but a drama is no fit place for the enforcement of them. Undoubtedly no person can be truly dishonoured by the act of another; and the fit return to make to the most enormous injuries is kindness and forbearance, and a resolution to convert the injurer from his dark passions by peace and love. Revenge, retaliation, atonement, are pernicious mistakes. If Beatrice had thought in this manner, she would have been wiser and better; but she would never have been a tragic character: the few whom such an exhibition would have interested, could never have been sufficiently interested for a dramatic purpose, from the want of finding sympathy in their interest among the mass who surround them. It is in the restless and anatomising casuistry with which men seek the justification of Beatrice, yet feel that she has done what needs justification; it is in the superstitious horror with which they contemplate alike her wrongs and their revenge, that the dramatic character of what she did and suffered consists.

I have endeavoured as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they probably were, and have sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by my own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true: thus

under a thin veil converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into cold impersonations of my own mind. They are represented as Catholics, and as Catholics deeply tinged with religion. To a Protestant apprehension there will appear something unnatural in the earnest and perpetual sentiment of the relations between God and man which pervade the tragedy of the Cenci. It will especially be startled at the combination of an undoubting persuasion of the truth of the popular religion, with a cool and determined perseverance in enormous guilt. But religion in Italy is not, as in Protestant countries, a cloak to be worn on particular days; or a passport which those who do not wish to be railed at carry with them to exhibit; or a gloomy passion for penetrating the impenetrable mysteries of our being, which terrifies its possessor at the darkness of the abyss to the brink of which it has conducted him. Religion co-exists, as it were, in the mind of an Italian Catholic with a faith in that of which all men have the most certain knowledge. It is interwoven with the whole fabric of life. It is adoration, faith, submission, penitence, blind admiration; not a rule for moral conduct. It has no necessary connection with any one virtue. The most atrocious villain may be rigidly devout, and, without any shock to established faith, confess himself to be so. Religion pervades intensely the whole frame of society, and is, according to the temper of the mind which it inhabits, a passion, a persuasion, an excuse, a refuge; never a check. Cenci himself built a chapel in the court of his palace, and dedicated it to St. Thomas the Apostle, and established masses for the peace of his soul. Thus in the first scene of the fourth act, Lucretia's design in exposing herself to the consequences of an expostulation with Cenci after having administered the opiate, was to induce him by a feigned tale to confess himself before death; this being esteemed by Catholics as essential to salvation; and she only relinquishes her purpose when she perceives that her perseverance would expose Beatrice to new outrages.

I have avoided with great care in writing this play the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile or a single isolated description, unless Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder should be judged to be of that nature\*.

In a dramatic composition the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full development and illustration of the latter. Imagination is as the immortal God which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion. It is thus that the most remote and the most familiar imagery may alike be fit for dramatic purposes when employed in the illustration of strong feeling, which raises what is low, and levels to the apprehension that which is lofty, casting over all the shadow of its own greatness. In other respects I have written more carelessly; that is, without an overfastidious and learned choice of words. In this respect, I entirely agree with those modern critics who assert, that in order to move men to true sympathy we must use the familiar language of men; and that our great ancestors, the ancient English poets, are the writers, a study of whom might incite us to do that

\* An idea in this speech was suggested by a most sublime passage in "El Purgatorio de San Patricio," of Calderon: the only plagiarism which I have intentionally committed in the whole piece.



for our own age which they have done for theirs. But it must be the real language of men in general, and not that of any particular class, to whose society the writer happens to belong. So much for what I have attempted: I need not be assured that success is a very different matter; particularly for one whose attention has but newly been awakened to the study of dramatic literature.

I endeavoured whilst at Rome to observe such monuments of this story as might be accessible to a stranger. The portrait of Beatrice at the Colonna Palace is most admirable as a work of art: it was taken by Guido during her confinement in prison. But it is most interesting as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of Nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features: she seems sad and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is a simplicity and dignity

which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world.

The Cenci Palace is of great extent; and, though in part modernised, there yet remains a vast and gloomy pile of feudal architecture in the same state as during the dreadful scenes which are the subject of this tragedy. The palace is situated in an obscure corner of Rome, near the quarter of the Jews, and from the upper windows you see the immense ruins of Mount Palatine half hidden under their profuse overgrowth of trees. There is a court in one part of the palace (perhaps that in which Cenci built the chapel to St. Thomas), supported by granite columns and adorned with antique friezes of fine workmanship, and built up, according to the ancient Italian fashion, with balcony over balcony of open work. One of the gates of the palace, formed of immense stones, and leading through a passage dark and lofty, and opening into gloomy subterranean chambers, struck me particularly.

Of the Castle of Petrella, I could obtain no further information than that which is to be found in the manuscript.

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 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
 

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COUNT FRANCESCO CENCI.

GIACOMO, }  
 BERNARDO, } *his Sons.*  
 CARDINAL CAMILLO.

ORSINO, *a Prelate.*

SAVELLA, *the Pope's Legate.*

OLIMPIO, }  
 MARZIO, } *Assassins.*

ANDREA, *Servant to CENCI.*

*Nobles, Judges, Guards, Servants.*

LUCRETIA, *Wife of CENCI, and step-mother of his children.*

BEATRICE, *his Daughter.*

*The SCENE lies principally in Rome, but changes during the Fourth Act to Petrella, a Castle among the Apulian Apennines.*

*TIME.*—During the Pontificate of Clement VIII.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the CENCI Palace.*

*Enter COUNT CENCI and CARDINAL CAMILLO.*

CAMILLO.

THAT matter of the murder is hushed up  
 If you consent to yield his Holiness  
 Your fief that lies beyond the Pincian gate.—  
 It needed all my interest in the conclave  
 To bend him to this point: he said that you  
 Bought perilous impunity with your gold;  
 That crimes like yours if once or twice compounded  
 Enriched the Church, and respited from hell  
 An erring soul which might repent and live:

But that the glory and the interest  
 Of the high throne he fills, little consist  
 With making it a daily mart of guilt  
 So manifold and hideous as the deeds  
 Which you scarce hide from men's revolted eyes.

CENCI.

The third of my possessions—let it go!  
 Ay, I once heard the nephew of the Pope  
 Had sent his architect to view the ground,  
 Meaning to build a villa on my vines  
 The next time I compounded with his uncle:  
 I little thought he should outwit me so!  
 Henceforth no witness—not the lamp—shall see

That which the vassal threatened to divulge,  
Whose throat is choked with dust for his reward.  
The deed he saw could not have rated higher  
Than his most worthless life :—it angers me !  
Respited from Hell !—So may the Devil  
Respite their souls from Heaven. No doubt Pope  
And his most charitable nephews, pray [Clement,  
That the Apostle Peter and the saints  
Will grant for their sake that I long enjoy  
Strength, wealth, and pride, and lust, and length of  
days

Wherein to act the deeds which are the stewards  
Of their revenue.—But much yet remains  
To which they show no title.

CAMILLO.

Oh, Count Cenci !

So much that thou might'st honourably live,  
And reconcile thyself with thine own heart  
And with thy God, and with the offended world.  
How hideously look deeds of lust and blood  
Through those snow-white and venerable hairs !  
Your children should be sitting round you now,  
But that you fear to read upon their looks  
The shame and misery you have written there.  
Where is your wife ? Where is your gentle daughter !  
Methinks hersweet looks, which make all things else  
Beauteous and glad, might kill the fiend within you.  
Why is she barred from all society  
But her own strange and uncomplaining wrongs ?  
Talk with me, Count, you know I mean you well.  
I stood beside your dark and fiery youth,  
Watching its bold and bad career, as men  
Watch meteors, but it vanished not—I marked  
Your desperate and remorseless manhood ; now  
Do I behold you, in dishonoured age,  
Charged with a thousand unrepented crimes.  
Yet I have ever hoped you would amend,  
And in that hope have saved your life three times.

CENCI.

For which Aldobrandino eyes you now  
My fief beyond the Pincian—Cardinal,  
One thing, I pray you, recollect henceforth,  
And so we shall converse with less restraint.  
A man you knew spoke of my wife and daughter,  
He was accustomed to frequent my house ;  
So the next day *his* wife and daughter came  
And asked if I had seen him ; and I smiled :  
I think they never saw him any more.

CAMILLO.

Thou execrable man, beware !—

CENCI.

Of thee ?

Nay, this is idle :—We should know each other.  
As to my character for what men call crime,  
Seeing I please my senses as I list,  
And vindicate that right with force or guile,  
It is a public matter, and I care not  
If I discuss it with you. I may speak  
Alike to you and my own conscious heart ;  
For you give out that you have half reformed me,  
Therefore strong vanity will keep you silent  
If fear should not ; both will, I do not doubt.  
All men delight in sensual luxury,  
All men enjoy revenge ; and most exult  
Over the tortures they can never feel ;  
Flattering their secret peace with others' pain.  
But I delight in nothing else. I love

The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,  
When this shall be another's, and that mine.  
And I have no remorse, and little fear,  
Which are, I think, the checks of other men.  
This mood has grown upon me, until now  
Any design my captious fancy makes  
The picture of its wish, and it forms none  
But such as men like you would start to know,  
Is as my natural food and rest debarred  
Until it be accomplished.

CAMILLO.

Art thou not

Most miserable ?

CENCI.

Why miserable ?—

No. I am what your theologians call  
Hardened ; which they must be in impudence,  
So to revile a man's peculiar taste.  
True, I was happier than I am, while yet  
Manhood remained to act the thing I thought ;  
While lust was sweeter than revenge ; and now  
Invention palls ; ay, we must all grow old :  
But that there yet remains a deed to act  
Whose horror might make sharp an appetite  
Duller than mine—I'd do,—I know not what.  
When I was young I thought of nothing else  
But pleasure ; and I fed on honey sweets :  
Men, by St. Thomas ! cannot live like bees,  
And I grew tired : yet, till I killed a foe, I groans,  
And heard his groans, and heard his children's  
Knew I not what delight was else on earth,  
Which now delights me little. I the rather  
Look on such pangs as terror ill conceals ;  
The dry, fixed eye-ball ; the pale, quivering lip,  
Which tell me that the spirit weeps within  
Tears bitter than the bloody sweat of Christ.  
I rarely kill the body, which preserves,  
Like a strong prison, the soul within my power,  
Wherein I feed it with the breath of fear  
For hourly pain.

CAMILLO.

Hell's most abandoned fiend

Did never, in the drunkenness of guilt,  
Speak to his heart as now you speak to me ;  
I thank my God that I believe you not.

*Enter* ANDREA.

ANDREA.

My Lord, a gentleman from Salamanca  
Would speak with you.

CENCI.

Bid him attend me in the grand saloon.

[*Exit* ANDREA.]

CAMILLO.

Farewell ; and I will pray  
Almighty God that thy false, impious words  
Tempt not his spirit to abandon thee.

[*Exit* CAMILLO.]

CENCI.

The third of my possessions ! I must use  
Close husbandry, or gold, the old man's sword,  
Falls from my withered hand. But yesterday  
There came an order from the Pope to make  
Fourfold provision for my cursed sons ;  
Whom I have sent from Rome to Salamanca,  
Hoping some accident might cut them off ;  
And meaning, if I could, to starve them there.  
I pray thee, God, send some quick death upon them !

Bernardo and my wife could not be worse  
If dead and damned :—then, as to Beatrice—  
[*Looking around him suspiciously.*  
I think they cannot hear me at that door ;  
What if they should ? And yet I need not speak,  
Though the heart triumphs with itself in words.  
O, thou most silent air, that shall not hear  
What now I think ! Thou, pavement, which I tread  
Towards her chamber,—let your echoes talk  
Of my imperious step, scorning surprise,  
But not of my intent !—Andrea !

*Enter* ANDREA.

ANDREA.

My lord !

CENCI.

Bid Beatrice attend me in her chamber  
This evening :—no, at midnight, and alone.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*A Garden of the Cenci Palace.*

*Enter* BEATRICE and ORSINO, as in conversation.

BEATRICE.

Pervert not truth,  
Orsino. You remember where we held  
That conversation ;—nay, we see the spot  
Even from this cypress ;—two long years are past  
Since, on an April midnight, underneath  
The moon-light ruins of Mount Palatine,  
I did confess to you my secret mind.

ORSINO.

You said you loved me then.

BEATRICE.

You are a priest :

Speak to me not of love.

ORSINO.

I may obtain  
The dispensation of the Pope to marry.  
Because I am a priest, do you believe  
Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,  
Follows me not whether I wake or sleep ?

BEATRICE.

As I have said, speak to me not of love ;  
Had you a dispensation, I have not ;  
Nor will I leave this home of misery  
Whilst my poor Bernard, and that gentle lady  
To whom I owe life, and these virtuous thoughts,  
Must suffer what I still have strength to share.  
Alas, Orsino ! All the love that once  
I felt for you, is turned to bitter pain.  
Ours was a youthful contract, which you first  
Broke, by assuming vows no Pope will loose.  
And thus I love you still, but holily,  
Even as a sister or a spirit might ;  
And so I swear a cold fidelity.  
And it is well perhaps we shall not marry.  
You have a sly, equivocating vein  
That suits me not.—Ah, wretched that I am !  
Where shall I turn ? Even now you look on me  
As you were not my friend, and as if you  
Discovered that I thought so, with false smiles  
Making my true suspicion seem your wrong.  
Ah ! No, forgive me ; sorrow makes me seem

Stern than else my nature might have been ;  
I have a weight of melancholy thoughts,  
And they forebode,—but what can they forebode  
Worse than I now endure ?

ORSINO.

All will be well.

Is the petition yet prepared ? You know  
My zeal for all you wish, sweet Beatrice ;  
Doubt not but I will use my utmost skill  
So that the Pope attend to your complaint.

BEATRICE.

Your zeal for all I wish !—Ah me, you are cold !  
Your utmost skill—speak but one word—  
[*Aside.*] Alas !  
Weak and deserted creature that I am,  
Here I stand bickering with my only friend !

[*To* ORSINO.]

This night my father gives a sumptuous feast,  
Orsino ; he has heard some happy news  
From Salamanca, from my brothers there,  
And with this outward show of love he mocks  
His inward hate. 'Tis bold hypocrisy,  
For he would gladlier celebrate their deaths,  
Which I have heard him pray for on his knees :  
Great God ! that such a father should be mine !—  
But there is mighty preparation made,  
And all our kin, the Cenci, will be there,  
And all the chief nobility of Rome.  
And he has bidden me and my pale mother  
Attire ourselves in festival array.  
Poor lady ! She expects some happy change  
In his dark spirit from this act ; I none.  
At supper I will give you the petition :  
Till when—farewell.

ORSINO.

Farewell.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.

I know the Pope

Will ne'er absolve me from my priestly vow  
But by absolving me from the revenue  
Of many a wealthy see ; and, Beatrice,  
I think to win thee at an easier rate.  
Nor shall he read her eloquent petition :  
He might bestow her on some poor relation  
Of his sixth-cousin, as he did her sister,  
And I should be debarred from all access.  
Then as to what she suffers from her father,  
In all this there is much exaggeration :  
Old men are testy, and will have their way ;  
A man may stab his enemy, or his vassal,  
And live a free life as to wine or women,  
And with a peevish temper may return  
To a dull home, and rate his wife and children ;  
Daughters and wives call this foul tyranny.  
I shall be well content, if on my conscience  
There rest no heavier sin than what they suffer  
From the devices of my love—A net  
From which she shall escape not. Yet I fear  
Her subtle mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,  
Whose beams anatomise me, nerve by nerve,  
And lay me bare, and make me blush to see  
My hidden thoughts.—Ah, no ! a friendless girl  
Who clings to me, as to her only hope :—  
I were a fool, not less than if a panther  
Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,  
If she escape me.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*A magnificent Hall in the Cenci Palace.*

*A Banquet. Enter CENCI, LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, ORSINO, CAMILLO, NORLES.*

CENCI.

Welcome, my friends and kinsmen ; welcome ye,  
Princes and Cardinals, Pillars of the church,  
Whose presence honours our festivity.  
I have too long lived like an anchorite,  
And, in my absence from your merry meetings,  
An evil word is gone abroad of me ;  
But I do hope that you, my noble friends,  
When you have shared the entertainment here,  
And heard the pious cause for which 'tis given,  
And we have pledged a health or two together,  
Will think me flesh and blood as well as you ;  
Sinful indeed, for Adam made all so,  
But tender-hearted, meek and pitiful.

FIRST GUEST.

In truth, my lord, you seem too light of heart,  
Too sprightly and companionable a man,  
To act the deeds that rumour pins on you.

[*To his companion.*]

I never saw such blithe and open cheer  
In any eye !

SECOND GUEST.

Some most desired event,  
In which we all demand a common joy,  
Has brought us hither ; let us hear it, Count.

CENCI.

It is indeed a most desired event.  
If, when a parent, from a parent's heart,  
Lifts from this earth to the great Father of all  
A prayer, both when he lays him down to sleep,  
And when he rises up from dreaming it ;  
One supplication, one desire, one hope,  
That he would grant a wish for his two sons,  
Even all that he demands in their regard—  
And suddenly, beyond his dearest hope,  
It is accomplished, he should then rejoice,  
And call his friends and kinsmen to a feast,  
And task their love to grace his merriment,  
Then honour me thus far—for I am he.

BEATRICE (*to LUCRETIA*).

Great God ! How horrible ! Some dreadful ill  
Must have befallen my brothers.

LUCRETIA.

He speaks too frankly. Fear not, child,

BEATRICE.

Ah ! My blood runs cold.  
I fear that wicked laughter round his eye,  
Which wrinkles up the skin even to the hair.

CENCI.

Here are the letters brought from Salamanca ;  
Beatrice, read them to your mother. God,  
I thank thee ! In one night didst thou perform,  
By ways inscrutable, the thing I sought.  
My disobedient and rebellious sons  
Are dead !—Why dead !—What means this change  
of cheer ?

You hear me not, I tell you they are dead ;  
And they will need no food or raiment more :

The tapers that did light them the dark way  
Are their last east. The Pope, I think, will not  
Expect I should maintain them in their coffins.  
Rejoice with me—my heart is wondrous glad.

BEATRICE. (*LUCRETIA sinks, half fainting ;  
BEATRICE supports her.*)

It is not true !—Dear lady, pray look up.  
Had it been true, there is a God in Heaven,  
He would not live to boast of such a boon.  
Unnatural man, thou knowest that it is false.

CENCI.

Ay, as the word of God ; whom here I call  
To witness that I speak the sober truth ;—  
And whose most favouring providence was shown  
Even in the manner of their deaths. For Rocco  
Was kneeling at the mass, with sixteen others,  
When the Church fell and crushed him to a mummy ;  
The rest escaped unhurt. Cristofano  
Was stabbed in error by a jealous man,  
Whilst she he loved was sleeping with his rival ;  
All in the self-same hour of the same night ;  
Which shows that Heaven has special care of me.  
I beg those friends who love me, that they mark  
The day a feast upon their calendars.  
It was the twenty-seventh of December :  
Ay, read the letters if you doubt my oath.

[*The assembly appears confused ; several of the  
guests rise.*]

FIRST GUEST.

Oh, horrible ! I will depart.—

SECOND GUEST.

And I.—

THIRD GUEST.

No, stay !

I do believe it is some jest ; though faith,  
'Tis mocking us somewhat too solemnly.  
I think his son has married the Infanta,  
Or found a mine of gold in El Dorado :  
'Tis but to season some such news ; stay, stay !  
I see 'tis only railery by his smile.

CENCI (*filling a bowl of wine, and lifting it up*).

Oh, thou bright wine, whose purple splendour leaps  
And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl  
Under the lamp-light, as my spirits do,  
To hear the death of my accursed sons !  
Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,  
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament,  
And pledge with thee the mighty Devil in Hell ;  
Who, if a father's curses, as men say,  
Climb with swift wings after their children's souls,  
And drag them from the very throne of Heaven,  
Now triumphs in my triumph !—But thou art  
Superfluous ; I have drunken deep of joy,  
And I will taste no other wine to-night.  
Here, Andrea ! Bear the bowl around.

A GUEST (*rising*).

Thou wretch !

Will none among this noble company  
Check the abandoned villain ?

CAMILLO.

Let me dismiss the guests ! You are insane,  
Some ill will come of this.

SECOND GUEST.

Seize, silence him !

I will !

FIRST GUEST.

And I !

THIRD GUEST.

CENCI (*addressing those who rise with a threatening gesture*).

Who moves ? Who speaks ?

[*Turning to the Company.*]

'Tis nothing,  
Enjoy yourselves.—Beware ! for my revenge  
Is as the sealed commission of a king,  
That kills, and none dare name the murderer.

[*The Banquet is broken up ; several of the Guests are departing.*]

BEATRICE.

I do entreat you, go not, noble guests ;  
What although tyranny and impious hate  
Stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair ?  
What if 'tis he who clothed us in these limbs  
Who tortures them, and triumphs ? What, if we,  
The desolate and the dead, were his own flesh,  
His children and his wife, whom he is bound  
To love and shelter ? Shall we therefore find  
No refuge in this merciless wide world ?  
Oh, think what deep wrongs must have blotted out  
First love, then reverence in a child's prone mind,  
Till it thus vanquish shame and fear ! Oh, think !  
I have borne much, and kissed the sacred hand  
Which crushed us to the earth, and thought its  
stroke

Was perhaps some paternal chastisement !  
Have excused much, doubted ; and when no doubt  
Remained, have sought by patience, love and tears,  
To soften him ; and when this could not be,  
I have knelt down through the long sleepless nights,  
And lifted up to God, the father of all,  
Passionate prayers : and when these were not heard,  
I have still borne ;—until I meet you here,  
Princes and kinsmen, at this hideous feast  
Given at my brothers' deaths. Two yet remain,  
His wife remains and I, whom if ye save not,  
Ye may soon share such merriment again  
As fathers make over their children's graves.  
Oh ! Prince Colonna, thou art our near kinsman ;  
Cardinal, thou art the Pope's chamberlain ;  
Camillo, thou art chief justiciary ;  
Take us away !

CENCI. (*He has been conversing with CAMILLO during the first part of BEATRICE'S speech ; he hears the conclusion, and now advances.*)

I hope my good friends here  
Will think of their own daughters—or perhaps  
Of their own throats—before they lend an ear  
To this wild girl.

BEATRICE (*not noticing the words of CENCI*).

Dare no one look on me ?  
None answer ? Can one tyrant overbear  
The sense of many best and wisest men ?  
Or is it that I sue not in some form

Of scrupulous law, that ye deny my suit ?  
Oh, God ! that I were buried with my brothers !  
And that the flowers of this departed spring  
Were fading on my grave ! And that my father  
Were celebrating now one feast for all !

CAMILLO.

A bitter wish for one so young and gentle ;  
Can we do nothing ?—

COLONNA.

Nothing that I see.  
Count Cenci were a dangerous enemy :  
Yet I would second any one.

A CARDINAL.

And I.

CENCI.

Retire to your chamber, insolent girl !

BEATRICE.

Retire thou, impious man ! Ay, hide thyself  
Where never eye can look upon thee more !  
Wouldst thou have honour and obedience,  
Who art a torturer ? Father, never dream,  
Though thou mayst overbear this company,  
But ill must come of ill.—Frown not on me !  
Haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks  
My brothers' ghost should hunt thee from thy seat !  
Cover thy face from every living eye,  
And start if thou but hear a human step :  
Seek out some dark and silent corner, there,  
Bow thy white head before offended God,  
And we will kneel around, and fervently  
Pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

CENCI.

My friends, I do lament this insane girl  
Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.  
Good night, farewell ; I will not make you longer  
Spectators of our dull domestic quarrels.  
Another time.—

[*Exeunt all but CENCI and BEATRICE.*]

My brain is swimming round ;  
Give me a bowl of wine !

(*To BEATRICE.*) Thou painted viper !  
Beast that thou art ! Fair and yet terrible !  
I know a charm shall make thee meek and tame,  
Now get thee from my sight !

[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

Here, Andrea,  
Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said  
I would not drink this evening, but I must ;  
For, strange to say, I feel my spirits fail  
With thinking what I have decreed to do.

[*Drinking the wine.*]

Be thou the resolution of quick youth  
Within my veins, and manhood's purpose stern,  
And age's firm, cold, subtle villany ;  
As if thou wert indeed my children's blood  
Which I did thirst to drink. The charm works  
well ;  
It must be done, it shall be done, I swear !

[*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Cenci Palace.*

*Enter LUCRETIA and BERNARDO.*

LUCRETIA.

Weep not, my gentle boy; he struck but me,  
Who have borne deeper wrongs. In truth, if he  
Had killed me, he had done a kinder deed.  
Oh, God Almighty, do thou look upon us,  
We have no other friend but only thee!  
Yet weep not; though I love you as my own,  
I am not your true mother.

BERNARDO.

Oh, more, more  
Than ever mother was to any child,  
That have you been to me! Had he not been  
My father, do you think that I should weep?

LUCRETIA.

Alas! poor boy, what else couldst thou have done!

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATRICE (*in a hurried voice*).

Did he pass this way? Have you seen him, brother?  
Ah! no, that is his step upon the stairs;  
'Tis nearer now; his hand is on the door;  
Mother, if I to thee have ever been  
A duteous child, now save me! Thou, great God,  
Whose image upon earth a father is,  
Dost thou indeed abandon me? He comes;  
The door is opening now; I see his face;  
He frowns on others, but he smiles on me,  
Even as he did after the feast last night.

*Enter a Servant.*

Almighty God, how merciful thou art!  
'Tis but Orsino's servant.—Well, what news?

SERVANT.

My master bids me say, the Holy Father  
Has sent back your petition thus unopened.  
*[Giving a Paper.]*  
And he demands at what hour 'twere secure  
To visit you again?

LUCRETIA.

At the Ave Mary.

*[Exit Servant.]*

So, daughter, our last hope has failed; ah me,  
How pale you look! you tremble, and you stand  
Wrapped in some fixed and fearful meditation,  
As if one thought were over strong for you:  
Your eyes have a chill glare; oh, dearest child!  
Are you gone mad? If not, pray speak to me.

BEATRICE.

You see I am not mad; I speak to you.

LUCRETIA.

You talked of something that your father did  
After that dreadful feast! Could it be worse  
Than when he smiled, and cried, My sons are dead!  
And every one looked in his neighbour's face

To see if others were as white as he?  
At the first word he spoke I felt the blood  
Rush to my heart, and fell into a trance;  
And when it past I sat all weak and wild;  
Whilst you alone stood up, and with strong words  
Check'd his unnatural pride; and I could see  
The devil was rebuked that lives in him.  
Until this hour thus you have ever stood  
Between us and your father's moody wrath  
Like a protecting presence: your firm mind  
Has been our only refuge and defence:  
What can have thus subdued it? What can now  
Have given you that cold melancholy look,  
Succeeding to your unaccustomed fear?

BEATRICE.

What is it that you say? I was just thinking  
'Twere better not to struggle any more.  
Men, like my father, have been dark and bloody,  
Yet never—O! before worse comes of it,  
'Twere wise to die: it ends in that at last.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, talk not so, dear child! Tell me at once  
What did your father do or say to you?  
He stayed not after that accursed feast  
One moment in your chamber.—Speak to me.

BERNARDO.

Oh, sister, sister, prithee, speak to us!

BEATRICE (*speaking very slowly with a forced  
calmness*).

It was one word, mother, one little word;  
One look, one smile. *[Wildly.]*

Oh! he has trampled me  
Under his feet, and made the blood stream down  
My pallid cheeks. And he has given us all  
Ditch-water, and the fever-stricken flesh  
Of buffaloes, and bade us eat or starve,  
And we have eaten. He has made me look  
On my beloved Bernardo, when the rust  
Of heavy chains has gangrened his sweet limbs,  
And I have never yet despaired—but now!  
What would I say?

*[Recovering herself.]*

Ah! no, 'tis nothing new.

The sufferings we all share have made me wild:  
He only struck and cursed me as he passed;  
He said, he looked, he did,—nothing at all  
Beyond his wont, yet it disordered me.  
Alas! I am forgetful of my duty,  
I should preserve my senses for your sake.

LUCRETIA.

Nay, Beatrice; have courage, my sweet girl.  
If any one despairs it should be I,  
Who loved him once, and now must live with him  
Till God in pity call for him or me.  
For you may, like your sister, find some husband,  
And smile, years hence, with children round your  
knees;  
Whilst I, then dead, and all this hideous coil,  
Shall be remembered only as a dream.

BEATRICE.

Talk not to me, dear lady, of a husband.  
Did you not nurse me when my mother died ?  
Did you not shield me and that dearest boy ?  
And had we any other friend but you  
In infancy, with gentle words and looks,  
To win our father not to murder us ?  
And shall I now desert you ? May the ghost  
Of my dead mother plead against my soul,  
If I abandon her who filled the place  
She left, with more even than a mother's love !

BERNARDO.

And I am of my sister's mind. Indeed  
I would not leave you in this wretchedness,  
Even though the Pope should make me free to live  
In some blithe place, like others of my age,  
With sports, and delicate food, and the fresh air.  
Oh, never think that I will leave you, mother !

LUCRETIA.

My dear, dear children !

*Enter CENCI, suddenly.*

What ! Beatrice here ?

Come hither !

*[She shrinks back, and covers her face.]*

Nay, hide not your face, 'tis fair ;  
Look up ! Why, yesternight you dared to look  
With disobedient insolence upon me,  
Bending a stern and an inquiring brow  
On what I meant ; whilst I then sought to hide  
That which I came to tell you—but in vain.

BEATRICE *(wildly staggering towards the door)*.  
Oh, that the earth would gape. Hide me, oh God !

CENCI.

Then it was I whose inarticulate words  
Fell from my lips, who with tottering steps  
Fled from your presence, as you now from mine.  
Stay, I command you ! From this day and hour  
Never again, I think, with fearless eye,  
And brow superior, and unaltered cheek,  
And that lip made for tenderness or scorn,  
Shalt thou strike dumb the meanest of mankind ;  
Me least of all. Now get thee to thy chamber,  
Thou too, loathed image of thy cursed mother,

*[To BERNARDO.]*

Thy milky, meek face makes me sick with hate !

*[Exit BEATRICE and BERNARDO.]*

*(Aside.)* So much has passed between us as must  
Me bold, her fearful.—'Tis an awful thing [make  
To touch such mischief as I now conceive :  
So men sit shivering on the dewy bank  
And try the chill stream with their feet ; once in—  
How the delighted spirit pants for joy !

LUCRETIA *(advancing timidly towards him)*.  
Oh, husband ! Pray forgive poor Beatrice,  
She meant not any ill.

CENCI.

Nor you perhaps ?

Nor that young imp, whom you have taught by rote  
Parried with his alphabet ? Nor Giacomo ?  
Nor those two most unnatural sons, who stirred  
Enmity up against me with the Pope ?  
Whom in one night merciful God cut off :  
Innocent lambs ! They thought not any ill.

You were not here conspiring ? you said nothing  
Of how I might be dungeoned as a madman ;  
Or be condemned to death for some offence,  
And you would be the witnesses !—This failing,  
How just it were to hire assassins, or  
Put sudden poison in my evening drink ?  
Or smother me when overcome by wine ?  
Seeing we had no other judge but God,  
And he had sentenced me, and there were none  
But you to be the executioners  
Of his decree enregistered in heaven ?  
Oh, no ! You said not this ?

LUCRETIA.

So help me God,  
I never thought the things you charge me with !

CENCI.

If you dare speak that wicked lie again,  
I'll kill you. What ! it was not by your counsel  
That Beatrice disturbed the feast last night ?  
You did not hope to stir some enemies  
Against me, and escape, and laugh to scorn  
What every nerve of you now trembles at ?  
You judged that men were bolder than they are ;  
Few dare to stand between their grave and me.

LUCRETIA.

Look not so dreadfully ! by my salvation  
I knew not aught that Beatrice designed ;  
Nor do I think she designed any thing  
Until she heard you talk of her dead brothers.

CENCI.

Blaspheming liar ! You are damned for this !  
But I will take you where you may persuade  
The stones you tread on to deliver you :  
For men shall there be none but those who dare  
All things ; not question that which I command.  
On Wednesday next I shall set out : you know  
That savage rock, the castle of Petrella ?  
'Tis safely walled, and moated round about :  
Its dungeons under ground, and its thick towers  
Never told tales ; though they have heard and seen  
What might make dumb things speak. Why do  
you linger ?  
Make speediest preparation for the journey !

*[Exit LUCRETIA.]*

The all-beholding sun yet shines ; I hear  
A busy stir of men about the streets ;  
I see the bright sky through the window panes :  
It is a garish, broad, and peering day ;  
Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears ;  
And every little corner, nook, and hole,  
Is penetrated with the insolent light.  
Come, darkness ! Yet, what is the day to me ?  
And therefore should I wish for night, who do  
A deed which shall confound both night and day ?  
'Tis she shall grope through a bewildering mist  
Of horror : if there be a sun in heaven,  
She shall not dare to look upon its beams ;  
Nor feel its warmth. Let her, then, wish for  
night ;

The act I think shall soon extinguish all  
For me : I bear a darker, deadlier gloom  
Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,  
Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,  
In which I walk secure and unbeheld  
Towards my purpose.—Would that it were done !

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber in the Vatican.**Enter CAMILLO and GIACOMO, in conversation.*

CAMILLO.

There is an obsolete and doubtful law,  
By which you might obtain a bare provision  
Of food and clothing.

GIACOMO.

Nothing more? Alas!  
Bare must be the provision which strict law  
Awards, and aged sullen avarice pays.  
Why did my father not apprentice me  
To some mechanic trade? I should have then  
Been trained in no high-born necessities  
Which I could meet not by my daily toil.  
The eldest son of a rich nobleman  
Is heir to all his incapacities;  
He has wide wants, and narrow powers. If you,  
Cardinal Camillo, were reduced at once  
From thrice-driven beds of down, and delicate food,  
An hundred servants, and six palaces,  
To that which nature doth indeed require?—

CAMILLO.

Nay, there is reason in your plea; 'twere hard.

GIACOMO.

'Tis hard for a firm man to bear: but I  
Have a dear wife, a lady of high birth,  
Whose dowry in ill hour I lent my father,  
Without a bond or witness to the deed;  
And children, who inherit her fine senses,  
The fairest creatures in this breathing world;  
And she and they reproach me not. Cardinal,  
Do you not think the Pope would interpose  
And stretch authority beyond the law?

CAMILLO.

Though your peculiar case is hard, I know  
The Pope will not divert the course of law.  
After that impious feast the other night  
I spoke with him, and urged him then to check  
Your father's cruel hand; he frowned, and said,  
"Children are disobedient, and they sting  
Their fathers' hearts to madness and despair,  
Requiting years of care with contumely.  
I pity the Count Cenci from my heart;  
His outraged love perhaps awakened hate,  
And thus he is exasperated to ill.  
In the great war between the old and young,  
I, who have white hairs and a tottering body,  
Will keep at least blameless neutrality."

*Enter ORSINO.*

You, my good lord Orsino, heard those words.

ORSINO.

What words?

GIACOMO.

Alas, repeat them not again!  
There then is no redress for me; at least  
None but that which I may achieve myself,  
Since I am driven to the brink. But, say,  
My innocent sister and my only brother  
Are dying underneath my father's eye.  
The memorable torturers of this land,  
Galeaz Visconti, Borgia, Ezzelin,  
Never inflicted on their meanest slave  
What these endure; shall they have no protection?

CAMILLO.

Why, if they would petition to the Pope,  
I see not how he could refuse it—yet  
He holds it of most dangerous example  
In aught to weaken the paternal power,  
Being, as 'twere, the shadow of his own.  
I pray you now excuse me. I have business  
That will not bear delay.

*[Exit CAMILLO.]*

GIACOMO.

But you, Orsino,  
Have the petition; wherefore not present it!

ORSINO.

I have presented it, and backed it with  
My earnest prayers, and urgent interest;  
It was returned unanswered. I doubt not  
But that the strange and execrable deeds  
Alleged in it—in truth they might well baffle  
Any belief—have turned the Pope's displeasure  
Upon the accusers from the criminal:  
So I should guess from what Camillo said.

GIACOMO.

My friend, that palace-walking devil, Gold,  
Has whispered silence to his Holiness:  
And we are left, as scorpions ringed with fire.  
What should we do but strike ourselves to death!  
For he who is our murderous persecutor  
Is shielded by a father's holy name,  
Or I would—

*[Stops abruptly.]*

ORSINO.

What? Fear not to speak your thought.  
Words are but holy as the deeds they cover:  
A priest who has forsworn the God he serves;  
A judge who makes the truth weep at his decree;  
A friend who should weave counsel, as I now,  
But as the mantle of some selfish guile;  
A father who is all a tyrant seems,  
Were the profaner for his sacred name.

GIACOMO.

Ask me not what I think; the unwilling brain  
Feigns often what it would not; and we trust  
Imagination with such phantasies  
As the tongue dares not fashion into words;  
Which have no words, their horror makes them  
To the mind's eye. My heart denies itself [dim  
To think what you demand.

ORSINO.

But a friend's bosom  
Is as the inmost cave of our own mind,  
Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,  
And from the all-communicating air.  
You look what I suspected—

GIACOMO.

Spare me now!

I am as one lost in a midnight wood,  
Who dares not ask some harmless passenger  
The path across the wilderness, lest he,  
As my thoughts are, should be—a murderer.  
I know you are my friend, and all I dare  
Speak to my soul that will I trust with thee.  
But now my heart is heavy, and would take  
Lone counsel from a night of sleepless care.  
Pardon me, that I say farewell—farewell!  
I would that to my own suspected self  
I could address a word so full of peace.



ORSINO.  
Farewell!—Be your thoughts better or more bold.

[Exit GIACOMO.]

I had disposed the Cardinal Camillo  
To feed his hope with cold encouragement :  
It fortunately serves my close designs  
That 'tis a trick of this same family  
To analyse their own and other minds.  
Such self-anatomy shall teach the will  
Dangerous secrets : for it tempts our powers,  
Knowing what must be thought, and may be done,  
Into the depth of darkest purposes :  
So Cenci fell into the pit ; even I,  
Since Beatrice unveiled me to myself,  
And made me shrink from what I cannot shun,  
Show a poor figure to my own esteem,  
To which I grow half reconciled. I'll do  
As little mischief as I can ; that thought  
Shall fee the accuser conscience.

[After a pause.]

Now what harm  
If Cenci should be murdered?—Yet, if murdered,  
Wherefore by me ? And what if I could take  
The profit, yet omit the sin and peril  
In such an action ? Of all earthly things  
I fear a man whose blows outsped his words ;  
And such is Cenci : and while Cenci lives  
His daughter's dowry were a secret grave  
If a priest wins her.—Oh, fair Beatrice !  
Would that I loved thee not, or, loving thee,  
Could but despise danger, and gold, and all  
That frowns between my wish and its effect,

Or smiles beyond it ! There is no escape :  
Her bright form kneels beside me at the altar,  
And follows me to the resort of men,  
And fills my slumber with tumultuous dreams,  
So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire ;  
And if I strike my damp and dizzy head,  
My hot palm scorches it : her very name,  
But spoken by a stranger, makes my heart  
Sicken and pant ; and thus unprofitably  
I clasp the phantom of unfelt delights,  
Till weak imagination half possesses  
The self-created shadow. Yet much longer  
Will I not nurse this life of feverous hours :  
From the unravelled hopes of Giacomo  
I must work out my own dear purposes.  
I see, as from a tower, the end of all :  
Her father dead ; her brother bound to me  
By a dark secret, surer than the grave ;  
Her mother scared and unexpostulating  
From the dread manner of her wish achieved :  
And she!—Once more take courage, my faint  
heart ;  
What dares a friendless maiden matched with  
thee ?  
I have such foresight as assures success ;  
Some unbeheld divinity doth ever,  
When dread events are near, stir up men's minds  
To black suggestions ; and he prospers best,  
Not who becomes the instrument of ill,  
But who can flatter the dark spirit, that makes  
Its empire and its prey of other hearts,  
Till it become his slave—as I will do.

[Exit.]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Cenci Palace.

LUCRETIA ; to her enter BEATRICE.

BEATRICE (*she enters staggering, and speaks wildly*).  
Reach me that handkerchief!—My brain is hurt ;  
My eyes are full of blood ; just wipe them for me—  
I see but indistinctly.—

LUCRETIA.

My sweet child,  
You have no wound ; 'tis only a cold dew  
That starts from your dear brow.—Alas ! alas !  
What has befallen ?

BEATRICE.

How comes this hair undone ?  
Its wandering strings must be what blind me so,  
And yet I tied it fast.—O, horrible !  
The pavement sinks under my feet ! The walls  
Spin round ! I see a woman weeping there,  
And standing calm and motionless, whilst I  
Slide giddily as the world reels.—My God !  
The beautiful blue heaven is flecked with blood !  
The sunshine on the floor is black ! The air  
Is changed to vapours such as the dead breathe  
In charnel-pits ! Pah ! I am choked ! There creeps  
A clinging, black, contaminating mist  
About me—'tis substantial, heavy, thick ;  
I cannot pluck it from me, for it glues

My fingers and my limbs to one another,  
And eats into my sinews, and dissolves  
My flesh to a pollution, poisoning  
The subtle, pure, and inmost spirit of life !  
My God ! I never knew what the mad felt  
Before ; for I am mad beyond all doubt !

[More wildly.]

No, I am dead ! These putrefying limbs  
Shut round and sepulchre the panting soul,  
Which would burst forth into the wandering air !

[A pause.]

What hideous thought was that I had even now !  
'Tis gone ; and yet its burthen remains here  
O'er these dull eyes—upon this weary heart !  
O, world ! O, life ! O, day ! O, misery !

LUCRETIA.

What ails thee, my poor child ? She answers not :  
Her spirit apprehends the sense of pain,  
But not its cause ; suffering has dried away  
The source from which it sprung.—

BEATRICE (*frantically*).

Like Parricide—  
Misery has killed its father : yet its father  
Never like mine—O, God ! What thing am I ?

LUCRETIA.

My dearest child, what has your father done ?

BEATRICE (*doubtfully*).

Who art thou, questioner? I have no father.

[*Aside.*]

She is the madhouse nurse who tends on me,  
It is a piteous office.

[*To LUCRETIA, in a slow, subdued voice.*]

Do you know,

I thought I was that wretched Beatrice  
Men speak of, whom her father sometimes hales  
From hall to hall by the entangled hair;  
At others, pens up naked in damp cells  
Where scaly reptiles crawl, and starves her there,  
Till she will eat strange flesh. This woful story  
So did I overact in my sick dreams,  
That I imagined—no, it cannot be!  
Horrible things have been in this wild world,  
Prodigious mixtures, and confusions strange  
Of good and ill; and worse have been conceived  
Than ever there was found a heart to do.  
But never fancy imaged such a deed  
As—

[*Pauses, suddenly recollecting herself.*]

Who art thou? Swear to me, ere I die  
With fearful expectation, that indeed  
Thou art not what thou seemest—Mother!

LUCRETIA.

Oh!

My sweet child, know you—

BEATRICE.

Yet speak it not:

For then if this be truth, that other too  
Must be a truth, a firm enduring truth,  
Linked with each lasting circumstance of life,  
Never to change, never to pass away.  
Why so it is. This is the Cenci Palace;  
Thou art Lucretia; I am Beatrice.  
I have talked some wild words, but will no more.  
Mother, come near me: from this point of time,  
I am—

[*Her voice dies away faintly.*]

LUCRETIA.

Alas! what has befallen thee, child?  
What has thy father done?

BEATRICE.

What have I done?

Am I not innocent? Is it my crime  
That one with white hair, and imperious brow,  
Who tortured me from my forgotten years,  
As parents only dare, should call himself  
My father, yet should be!—Oh, what am I?  
What name, what place, what memory shall be  
What retrospects, outliving even despair? [mine!]

LUCRETIA.

He is a violent tyrant, surely, child:  
We know that death alone can make us free;  
His death or ours. But what can he have done  
Of deadlier outrage or worse injury?  
Thou art unlike thyself; thine eyes shoot forth  
A wandering and strange spirit. Speak to me,  
Unlock those pallid hands whose fingers twine  
With one another.

BEATRICE.

'Tis the restless life  
Tortured within them. If I try to speak  
I shall go mad. Ay, something must be done;

What, yet I know not—something which shall make  
The thing that I have suffered but a shadow  
In the dread lightning which avenges it;  
Brief, rapid, irreversible, destroying  
The consequence of what it cannot cure.  
Some such thing is to be endured or done:  
When I know what, I shall be still and calm,  
And never anything will move me more.  
But now!—Oh blood, which art my father's blood,  
Circling through these contaminated veins,  
If thou, poured forth on the polluted earth,  
Could wash away the crime, and punishment  
By which I suffer—no, that cannot be!  
Many might doubt there were a God above  
Who sees and permits evil, and so die:  
That faith no agony shall obscure in me.

LUCRETIA.

It must indeed have been some bitter wrong;  
Yet what, I dare not guess. Oh! my lost child,  
Hide not in proud impenetrable grief  
Thy sufferings from my fear.

BEATRICE.

I hide them not.

What are the words which you would have me  
speak?

I, who can feign no image in my mind  
Of that which has transformed me. I, whose  
Is like a ghost shrouded and folded up [thought  
In its own formless horror. Of all words,  
That minister to mortal intercourse,  
Which wouldst thou hear? For there is none to  
My misery: if another ever knew [tell  
Aught like to it, she died as I will die,  
And left it, as I must, without a name.  
Death! Death! Our law and our religion call thee  
A punishment and a reward. Oh, which  
Have I deserved?

LUCRETIA.

The peace of innocence;  
Till in your season you be called to heaven.  
Whate'er you may have suffered, you have done  
No evil. Death must be the punishment  
Of crime, or the reward of trampling down  
The thorns which God has strewn upon the path  
Which leads to immortality.

BEATRICE.

Ay, death—

The punishment of crime. I pray thee, God,  
Let me not be bewildered while I judge.  
If I must live day after day, and keep  
These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,  
As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest  
May mock thee, unavenged—it shall not be!  
Self-murder—no that might be no escape,  
For thy decree yawns like a Hell between  
Our will and it.—Oh! in this mortal world  
There is no vindication and no law,  
Which can adjudge and execute the doom  
Of that through which I suffer.

[*Enter ORSINO.*]

(*She approaches him solemnly.*) Welcome, Friend!  
I have to tell you that, since last we met,  
I have endured a wrong so great and strange,  
That neither life nor death can give me rest.  
Ask me not what it is, for there are deeds  
Which have no form, sufferings which have no  
tongue.

ORSINO.  
And what is he who has thus injured you ?

BEATRICE.  
The man they call my father : a dread name.

ORSINO.  
It cannot be—

BEATRICE.  
What it can be, or not,  
Forbear to think. It is, and it has been ;  
Advise me how it shall not be again.  
I thought to die ; but a religious awe  
Restrains me, and the dread lest death itself  
Might be no refuge from the consciousness  
Of what is yet unexpiated. Oh, speak !

ORSINO.  
Accuse him of the deed, and let the law  
Avenge thee.

BEATRICE.  
Oh, ice-hearted counsellor !  
If I could find a word that might make known  
The crime of my destroyer ; and that done,  
My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret  
Which cankers my heart's core ; ay, lay all bare,  
So that my unpolluted fame should be  
With vilest gossips a stale mouthed story ;  
A mock, a by-word, an astonishment :—  
If this were done, which never shall be done,  
Think of the offender's gold, his dreaded hate,  
And the strange horror of the accuser's tale,  
Baffling belief, and overpowering speech ;  
Scarce whispered, unimaginable, wrapt  
In hideous hints—Oh, most assured redress !

ORSINO.  
You will endure it then ?

BEATRICE.  
Endure !—Orsino,  
It seems your counsel is small profit.  
*[Turns from him, and speaks half to herself.*

Ay,  
All must be suddenly resolved and done.  
What is this undistinguishable mist  
Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,  
Darkening each other ?

ORSINO.  
Should the offender live ?  
Triumph in his misdeed ? and make, by use,  
His crime, whate'er it is, dreadful no doubt,  
Thine element ; until thou mayest become  
Utterly lost ; subdued even to the hue  
Of that which thou permittest ?

BEATRICE *(to herself)*.  
Mighty death !  
Thou double-visaged shadow ! Only judge !  
Rightfullest arbiter !

*[She retires, absorbed in thought.*

LUCRETIA.  
If the lightning  
Of God has e'er descended to avenge—

ORSINO.  
Blaspheme not ! His high Providence commits  
Its glory on this earth, and their own wrongs  
Into the hands of men ; if they neglect  
To punish crime—

LUCRETIA.  
But if one, like this wretch,  
Should mock, with gold, opinion, law, and power ?  
If there be no appeal to that which makes  
The guiltiest tremble ! If, because our wrongs,  
For that they are unnatural, strange, and monstrous,  
Exceed all measure of belief ? Oh, God !  
If, for the very reasons which should make  
Redress most swift and sure, our injurer triumphs ?  
And we, the victims, bear worse punishment  
Than that appointed for their torturer ?

ORSINO. Think not  
But that there is redress where there is wrong,  
So we be bold enough to seize it.

LUCRETIA. How ?  
If there were any way to make all sure,  
I know not—but I think it might be good  
To—

ORSINO.  
Why, his late outrage to Beatrice ;  
For it is such, as I but faintly guess,  
As makes remorse dishonour, and leaves her  
Only one duty, how she may avenge :  
You, but one refuge from ills ill endured ;  
Me, but one counsel—

LUCRETIA.  
For we cannot hope  
That aid, or retribution, or resource  
Will arise thence, where every other one  
Might find them with less need.

*(BEATRICE advances.)*

ORSINO.  
Then—

BEATRICE.  
Peace, Orsino !  
And, honoured Lady, while I speak, I pray,  
That you put off, as garments overworn,  
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear,  
And all the fit restraints of daily life,  
Which have been borne from childhood, but which  
Would be a mockery to my holier plea. [now  
As I have said, I have endured a wrong,  
Which, though it be expressionless, is such  
As asks atonement, both for what is past,  
And lest I be reserved, day after day,  
To load with crimes an overburthened soul,  
And be—what ye can dream not. I have prayed  
To God, and I have talked with my own heart,  
And have unravelled my entangled will,  
And have at length determined what is right.  
Art thou my friend, Orsino ? False or true ?  
Pledge thy salvation ere I speak.

ORSINO. I swear  
To dedicate my cunning, and my strength,  
My silence, and whatever else is mine,  
To thy commands.

LUCRETIA.  
You think we should devise  
His death ?

BEATRICE.  
And execute what is devised,  
And suddenly. We must be brief and bold.

ORSINO.

And yet most cautious.

LUCRETIA.

For the jealous laws  
Would punish us with death and infamy  
For that which it became themselves to do.

BEATRICE.

Be cautious as ye may, but prompt. Orsino,  
What are the means ?

ORSINO.

I know two dull, fierce outlaws,  
Who think man's spirit as a worm's, and they  
Would trample out, for any slight caprice,  
The meanest or the noblest life. This mood  
Is marketable here in Rome. They sell  
What we now want.

LUCRETIA.

To-morrow, before dawn,  
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,  
Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines.  
If he arrive there—

BEATRICE.

He must not arrive.

ORSINO.

Will it be dark before you reach the tower ?

LUCRETIA.

The sun will scarce be set.

BEATRICE.

But I remember  
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine ; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice ;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has, from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulf, and with the agony  
With which it clings seems slowly coming down ;  
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour  
Clings to the mass of life ; yet, clinging, leans ;  
And, leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall : beneath this crag  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,  
The melancholy mountain yawns—below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm ; and high above there grow,  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines ; whose tangled hair  
Is matted in one solid roof of shade  
By the dark ivy's twine. At noon-day here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

ORSINO.

Before you reach that bridge make some excuse  
For spurring on your mules, or loitering  
Until—

BEATRICE.

What sound is that ?

LUCRETIA.

Hark ! No, it cannot be a servant's step ;  
It must be Cenci, unexpectedly  
Returned—Make some excuse for being here.

BEATRICE (*to ORSINO as she goes out*).

That step we hear approach must never pass  
The bridge of which we spoke.

[*Exit LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.*]

ORSINO.

What shall I do ?  
Cenci must find me here, and I must bear  
The imperious inquisition of his looks  
As to what brought me hither : let me mask  
Mine own in some inane and vacant smile.

*Enter GIACOMO, in a hurried manner.*

How ! Have you ventured thither ? know you then  
That Cenci is from home ?

GIACOMO.

I sought him here ;  
And now must wait till he returns.

ORSINO.

Great God !  
Weigh you the danger of this rashness ?

GIACOMO.

Ay !  
Does my destroyer know his danger ? We  
Are now no more, as once, parent and child,  
But man to man ; the oppressor to the oppressed ;  
The slanderer to the slandered ; foe to foe.  
He has cast Nature off, which was his shield,  
And Nature casts him off, who is her shame ;  
And I spurn both. Is it a father's throat  
Which I will shake ? and say, I ask not gold ;  
I ask not happy years ; nor memories  
Of tranquil childhood ; nor home-sheltered love ;  
Though all these hast thou torn from me, and more ;  
But only my fair fame ; only one hoard  
Of peace, which I thought hidden from thy hate,  
Under the penury heaped on me by thee ;  
Or I will—God can understand and pardon,  
Why should I speak with man ?

ORSINO.

Be calm, dear friend.

GIACOMO.

Well, I will calmly tell you what he did.  
This old Francesco Cenci, as you know,  
Borrowed the dowry of my wife from me,  
And then denied the loan ; and left me so  
In poverty, the which I sought to mend  
By holding a poor office in the state.  
It had been promised to me, and already  
I bought new clothing for my ragged babes,  
And my wife smiled ; and my heart knew repose ;  
When Cenci's intercession, as I found,  
Conferred this office on a wretch, whom thus  
He paid for vilest service. I returned  
With this ill news, and we sate sad together  
Solacing our despondency with tears  
Of such affection and unbroken faith  
As temper life's worst bitterness : when he,  
As he is wont, came to upbraid and curse,  
Mocking our poverty, and telling us  
Such was God's scourge for disobedient sons.  
And then, that I might strike him dumb with shame,  
I spoke of my wife's dowry ; but he coined  
A brief yet specious tale, how I had wasted  
The sum in secret riot ; and he saw  
My wife was touched, and he went smiling forth.

And when I knew the impression he had made,  
And felt my wife insult with silent scorn  
My ardent truth, and look averse and cold,  
I went forth too : but soon returned again ;  
Yet not so soon but that my wife had taught  
My children her harsh thoughts, and they all cried,  
"Give us clothes, father ! Give us better food !  
What you in one night squander were enough  
For months!" I looked and saw that home was hell.  
And to that hell will I return no more,  
Until mine enemy has rendered up  
Atonement, or, as he gave life to me,  
I will, reversing nature's law—

ORSINO.

Trust me,

The compensation which thou seekest here  
Will be denied.

GIACOMO.

Then—Are you not my friend ?

Did you not hint at the alternative,  
Upon the brink of which you see I stand,  
The other day when we conversed together ?  
My wrongs were then less. That word parricide,  
Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear.

ORSINO.

It must be fear itself, for the bare word  
Is hollow mockery. Mark, how wisest God  
Draws to one point the threads of a just doom,  
So sanctifying it : what you devise  
Is, as it were, accomplished.

GIACOMO.

Is he dead ?

ORSINO.

His grave is ready. Know that since we met  
Cenci has done an outrage to his daughter.

GIACOMO.

What outrage ?

ORSINO.

That she speaks not, but you may

Conceive such half conjectures as I do,  
From her fixed paleness, and the lofty grief  
Of her stern brow, bent on the idle air,  
And her severe unmodulated voice,  
Drowning both tenderness and dread ; and last  
From this ; that whilst her step-mother and I,  
Bewildered in our horror, talk together  
With obscure hints ; both self-misunderstood,  
And darkly guessing, stumbling, in our talk,  
Over the truth, and yet to its revenge,  
She interrupted us, and with a look  
Which told, before she spoke it, he must die—

GIACOMO.

It is enough. My doubts are well appeased ;  
There is a higher reason for the act  
Than mine ; there is a holier judge than me,  
A more unblamed avenger. Beatrice,  
Who in the gentleness of thy sweet youth  
Hast never trodden on a worm, or bruised  
A living flower, but thou hast pitied it  
With needless tears ! Fair sister, thou in whom  
Men wondered how such loveliness and wisdom  
Did not destroy each other ! Is there made  
Ravage of thee ? O, heart, I ask no more  
Justification ! Shall I wait, Orsino,  
Till he return, and stab him at the door ?

ORSINO.

Not so ; some accident might interpose  
To rescue him from what is now most sure ;  
And you are unprovided where to fly,  
How to excuse or to conceal. Nay, listen :  
All is contrived ; success is so assured  
That—

*Enter BEATRICE.*

BEATRICE.

'Tis my brother's voice ! You know me not ?

GIACOMO.

My sister, my lost sister !

BEATRICE.

Lost indeed !

I see Orsino has talked with you, and  
That you conjecture things too horrible  
To speak, yet far less than the truth. Now, stay not,  
He might return : yet kiss me ; I shall know  
That then thou hast consented to his death.  
Farewell, farewell ! Let piety to God,  
Brotherly love, justice, and clemency,  
And all things that make tender hardest hearts,  
Make thine hard, brother. Answer not—farewell.

*[Exit severally.]*

## SCENE II.

*A mean Apartment in GIACOMO'S House.*

GIACOMO alone.

GIACOMO.

'Tis midnight, and Orsino comes not yet.

*[Thunder, and the sound of a storm.]*

What ! can the everlasting elements  
Feel with a worm like man ? If so, the shaft  
Of mercy-winged lightning would not fall  
On stones and trees. My wife and children sleep :  
They are now living in unmeaning dreams :  
But I must wake, still doubting if that deed  
Be just which was most necessary. O,  
Thou un replenished lamp ! whose narrow fire  
Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge  
Devotring darkness hovers ! Thou small flame,  
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,  
Still flickerest up and down, how very soon,  
Did I not feed thee, wouldst thou fail and be  
As thou hadst never been ! So wastes and sinks  
Even now, perhaps, the life that kindled mine :  
But that no power can fill with vital oil  
That broken lamp of flesh. Ha ! 'tis the blood  
Which fed these veins that ebbs till all is cold :  
It is the form that moulded mine, that sinks  
Into the white and yellow spasms of death :  
It is the soul by which mine was arrayed  
In God's immortal likeness which now stands  
Naked before Heaven's judgment-seat !

*[A bell strikes.]*

One ! Two !

The hours crawl on ; and when my hairs are white  
My son will then perhaps be waiting thus,  
Tortured between just hate and vain remorse ;  
Chiding the tardy messenger of news  
Like those which I expect. I almost wish  
He be not dead, although my wrongs are great ;  
Yet—'tis Orsino's step.

Enter ORSINO.

Speak !

ORSINO.

I am come

To say he has escaped.

GIACOMO.

Escaped !

ORSINO.

And safe

Within Petrella. He passed by the spot  
Appointed for the deed an hour too soon.

GIACOMO.

Are we the fools of such contingencies ?  
And do we waste in blind misgivings thus  
The hours when we should act ? Then wind and  
thunder,  
Which seemed to howl his knell, is the loud laughter  
With which Heaven mocks our weakness ! I hence-  
forth  
Will ne'er repent of aught designed or done,  
But my repentance.

ORSINO.

See, the lamp is out.

GIACOMO.

If no remorse is ours when the dim air  
Has drank this innocent flame, why should we  
quail  
When Cenci's life, that light by which ill spirits  
See the worst deeds they prompt, shall sink for ever ?  
No, I am hardened.

ORSINO.

Why, what need of this ?

Who feared the pale intrusion of remorse  
In a just deed ? Although our first plan failed,  
Doubt not but he will soon be laid to rest.  
But light the lamp ; let us not talk i' the dark.

GIACOMO (*lighting the lamp*).

And yet, once quenched, I cannot thus relume  
My father's life : do you not think his ghost  
Might plead that argument with God ?

ORSINO.

Once gone,

You cannot now recall your sister's peace ;  
Your own extinguished years of youth and hope ;  
Nor your wife's bitter words ; nor all the taunts  
Which, from the prosperous, weak misfortune  
takes ;  
Nor your dead mother ; nor—

GIACOMO.

O, speak no more !

I am resolved, although this very hand  
Must quench the life that animated it.

ORSINO.

There is no need of that. Listen : you know  
Olimpio, the castellan of Petrella,  
In old Colonna's time ; him whom your father  
Degraded from his post ? And Marzio,  
That desperate wretch, whom he deprived last  
year  
Of a reward of blood, well earned and due !

GIACOMO.

I knew Olimpio ; and they say he hated  
Old Cenci so, that in his silent rage  
His lips grew white only to see him pass.  
Of Marzio I know nothing.

ORSINO.

Marzio's hate  
Matches Olimpio's. I have sent these men,  
But in your name, and as at your request,  
To talk with Beatrice and Lucretia.

GIACOMO.

Only to talk ?

ORSINO.

The moments which even now  
Pass onward to to-morrow's midnight hour,  
May memorise their flight with death : ere then  
They must have talked, and may perhaps have done,  
And made an end.

GIACOMO.

Listen ! What sound is that ?

ORSINO.

The house-dog moans, and the beams crack : nought  
else.

GIACOMO.

It is my wife complaining in her sleep :  
I doubt not she is saying bitter things  
Of me ; and all my children round her dreaming  
That I deny them sustenance.

ORSINO.

Whilst he  
Who truly took it from them, and who fills  
Their hungry rest with bitterness, now sleeps  
Lapped in bad pleasures, and triumphantly  
Mocks thee in visions of successful hate  
Too like the truth of day.

GIACOMO.

If e'er he wakes  
Again, I will not trust to hireling hands—

ORSINO.

Why, that were well. I must be gone ; good night !  
When next we meet may all be done !

GIACOMO.

Forgotten : Oh, that I had never been !

And all

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Castle of Petrella.*

*Enter CENCI.*

CENCI.

She comes not; yet I left her even now  
Vanquished and faint. She knows the penalty  
Of her delay; yet what if threats are vain?  
Am I not now within Petrella's moat?  
Or fear I still the eyes and ears of Rome?  
Might I not drag her by the golden hair?  
Stamp on her? Keep her sleepless, till her brain  
Be overworn? Tame her with chains and famine?  
Less would suffice. Yet so to leave undone  
What I most seek! No, 'tis her stubborn will,  
Which, by its own consent, shall stoop as low  
As that which drags it down.

*Enter LUCRETIA.*

Thou loathed wretch!

Hide thee from my abhorrence; fly, begone!  
Yet stay! Bid Beatrice come hither.

LUCRETIA.

Oh,

Husband! I pray, for thine own wretched sake,  
Heed what thou dost. A man who walks like thee  
Through crimes, and through the danger of his  
Each hour may stumble o'er a sudden grave. [crimes,  
And thou art old; thy hairs are hoary grey;  
As thou wouldst save thyself from death and hell,  
Pity thy daughter; give her to some friend  
In marriage; so that she may tempt thee not  
To hatred, or worse thoughts, if worse there be.

CENCI.

What! like her sister, who has found a home  
To mock my hate from with prosperity?  
Strange ruin shall destroy both her and thee,  
And all that yet remain. My death may be  
Rapid, her destiny outspeeds it. Go,  
Bid her come hither, and before my mood  
Be changed, lest I should drag her by the hair.

LUCRETIA.

She sent me to thee, husband. At thy presence  
She fell, as thou dost know, into a trance;  
And in that trance she heard a voice which said,  
"Cenci must die! let him confess himself!  
Even now the accusing angel waits to hear  
If God, to punish his enormous crimes,  
Harden his dying heart!"

CENCI.

Why—such things are:  
No doubt divine revealings may be made.  
'Tis plain I have been favoured from above,  
For when I cursed my sons, they died.—Ay—so—  
As to the right or wrong, that's talk—repentance—  
Repentance is an easy moment's work,  
And more depends on God than me. Well—well—  
I must give up the greater point, which was  
To poison and corrupt her soul.

[A pause; LUCRETIA approaches anxiously,  
and then shrinks back as he speaks.

One, two;

Ay—Rocco and Cristofano my curse  
Strangled: and Giacomo, I think, will find  
Life a worse Hell than that beyond the grave:  
Beatrice shall, if there be skill in hate,  
Die in despair, blaspheming: to Bernardo,  
He is so innocent, I will bequeath  
The memory of these deeds, and make his youth  
The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts  
Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb.  
When all is done, out in the wide Campagna,  
I will pile up my silver and my gold;  
My costly robes, paintings, and tapestries;  
My parchments, and all records of my wealth;  
And make a bonfire in my joy, and leave  
Of my possessions nothing but my name;  
Which shall be an inheritance to strip  
Its wearer bare as infamy. That done,  
My soul, which is a scourge, will I resign  
Into the hands of him who wielded it;  
Be it for its own punishment or theirs,  
He will not ask it of me till the lash  
Be broken in its last and deepest wound;  
Until its hate be all inflicted. Yet,  
Lest death outspeed my purpose, let me make  
Short work and sure. [Going.

LUCRETIA (*stops him*).

Oh, stay! It was a feint:  
She had no vision, and she heard no voice.  
I said it but to awe thee.

CENCI.

That is well.

Vile palterer with the sacred truth of God,  
Be thy soul choked with that blaspheming lie!  
For Beatrice, worse terrors are in store,  
To bend her to my will.

LUCRETIA.

Oh! to what will?

What cruel sufferings, more than she has known,  
Canst thou inflict?

CENCI.

Andrea! go, call my daughter,  
And if she comes not, tell her that I come.  
What sufferings? I will drag her, step by step,  
Through infamies unheard of among men;  
She shall stand shelterless in the broad noon  
Of public scorn, for acts blazoned abroad,  
One among which shall be—What? Canst thou  
guess?

She shall become (for what she most abhors  
Shall have a fascination to entrap  
Her loathing will), to her own conscious self  
All she appears to others; and when dead,  
As she shall die unshrived and unforgiven,  
A rebel to her father and her God,  
Her corpse shall be abandoned to the hounds;  
Her name shall be the terror of the earth;  
Her spirit shall approach the throne of God  
Plague-spotted with my curses. I will make  
Body and soul a monstrous lump of ruin.

Enter ANDREA.

ANDREA.

The lady Beatrice—

CENCI.

Said she ?

Speak, pale slave ! What

ANDREA.

My Lord, 'twas what she looked ; she said :  
 " Go tell my father that I see the gulf  
 Of Hell between us two, which he may pass ;  
 I will not."

[Exit ANDREA.]

CENCI.

Go thou quick, Lucretia,  
 Tell her to come ; yet let her understand  
 Her coming is consent : and say, moreover,  
 That if she come not I will curse her.

[Exit LUCRETIA.]

Ha !

With what but with a father's curse doth God  
 Panic-strike armed victory, and make pale  
 Cities in their prosperity ? The world's Father  
 Must grant a parent's prayer against his child,  
 Be he who asks even what men call me.  
 Will not the deaths of her rebellious brothers  
 Awe her before I speak ? For I on them  
 Did imprecate quick ruin, and it came.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Well ; what ? Speak, wretch !

LUCRETIA.

She said, " I cannot come ;  
 Go tell my father that I see a torrent  
 Of his own blood raging between us."

CENCI (*knelling*).

God !

Hear me ! If this most specious mass of flesh,  
 Which thou hast made my daughter ; this my blood,  
 This particle of my divided being ;  
 Or rather, this my bane and my disease,  
 Whose sight infects and poisons me ; this devil,  
 Which sprung from me as from a hell, was meant  
 To aught good use ; if her bright loveliness  
 Was kindled to illumine this dark world ;  
 If nursed by thy selectest dew of love,  
 Such virtues blossom in her as should make  
 The peace of life, I pray thee for my sake,  
 As thou the common God and Father art  
 Of her, and me, and all ; reverse that doom !  
 Earth, in the name of God, let her food be  
 Poison, until she be encrusted round  
 With leprous stains ! Heaven, rain upon her head  
 The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew,  
 Till she be speckled like a toad ; parch up  
 Those love-enkindled lips, warp those fine limbs  
 To loathed lameness ! All-beholding sun,  
 Strike in thine envy those life-darting eyes  
 With thine own blinding beams !

LUCRETIA.

Peace ! peace !

For thine own sake unsay those dreadful words.  
 When high God grants, he punishes such prayers.

CENCI (*leaping up, and throwing his right hand  
 towards Heaven*).

He does his will, I mine ! This in addition,  
 That if she have a child—

LUCRETIA.

Horrible thought !

CENCI.

That if she ever have a child ; and thou,  
 Quick Nature ! I adjure thee by thy God,  
 That thou be fruitful in her, and increase  
 And multiply, fulfilling his command,  
 And my deep imprecation ! May it be  
 A hideous likeness of herself ; that as  
 From a distorting mirror, she may see  
 Her image mixed with what she most abhors,  
 Smiling upon her from her nursing breast.  
 And that the child may from its infancy  
 Grow, day by day, more wicked and deformed,  
 Turning her mother's love to misery :  
 And that both she and it may live, until  
 It shall repay her care and pain with hate,  
 Or what may else be more unnatural.  
 So he may hunt her through the clamorous scoffs  
 Of the loud world to a dishonoured grave.  
 Shall I revoke this curse ? Go, bid her come,  
 Before my words are chronicled in heaven.

[Exit LUCRETIA.]

I do not feel as if I were a man,  
 But like a fiend appointed to chastise  
 The offences of some unremembered world.  
 My blood is running up and down my veins !  
 A fearful pleasure makes it prick and tingle :  
 I feel a giddy sickness of strange awe ;  
 My heart is beating with an expectation  
 Of horrid joy.

Enter LUCRETIA.

What ? Speak !

LUCRETIA.

She bids thee curse ;

And if thy curses, as they cannot do,  
 Could kill her soul—

CENCI.

She would not come. 'Tis well,

I can do both : first take what I demand,  
 And then extort concession. To thy chamber !  
 Fly ere I spurn thee : and beware this night  
 That thou cross not my footsteps. It were safer  
 To come between the tiger and his prey.

[Exit LUCRETIA.]

It must be late ; mine eyes grow weary dim  
 With unaccustomed heaviness of sleep.  
 Conscience ! Oh, thou most insolent of lies !  
 They say that sleep, that healing dew of heaven,  
 Steeps not in balm the foldings of the brain  
 Which thinks thee an impostor. I will go,  
 First to belie thee with an hour of rest,  
 Which will be deep and calm, I feel ; and then—  
 O, multitudinous Hell, the fiends will shake  
 Thine arches with the laughter of their joy !  
 There shall be lamentation heard in Heaven  
 As o'er an angel fallen ; and upon Earth  
 All good shall droop and sicken, and ill things  
 Shall, with a spirit of unnatural life,  
 Stir and be quickened—even as I am now.

[Exit.]



## SCENE II.

*Before the Castle of Petrella.**Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA above on the ramparts.*

BEATRICE.

They come not yet.

LUCRETIA.

'Tis scarce midnight.

BEATRICE.

How slow

Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed,  
Lags leaden-footed time!

LUCRETIA.

The minutes pass—

If he should wake before the deed is done?

BEATRICE.

O, Mother! He must never wake again.

What thou hast said persuades me that our act  
Will but dislodge a spirit of deep hell  
Out of a human form.

LUCRETIA.

'Tis true he spoke

Of death and judgment with strange confidence  
For one so wicked; as a man believing  
In God, yet recking not of good or ill,  
And yet to die without confession!—

BEATRICE.

Oh!

Believe that Heaven is merciful and just,  
And will not add our dread necessity  
To the amount of his offences.*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO, below.*

LUCRETIA.

See,

They come.

BEATRICE.

All mortal things must hasten thus  
To their dark end. Let us go down.*[Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE from above.]*

OLIMPIO.

How feel you to this work?

MARZIO.

As one who thinks

A thousand crowns excellent market price  
For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.

OLIMPIO.

It is the white reflection of your own,  
Which you call pale.

MARZIO.

Is that their natural hue?

OLIMPIO.

Or 'tis my hate, and the deferred desire  
To wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.

MARZIO.

You are inclined then to this business?

OLIMPIO.

Ay,

If one should bribe me with a thousand crowns  
To kill a serpent which had stung my child,  
I could not be more willing.*Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA below.*

Noble ladies!

BEATRICE.

Are ye resolved?

OLIMPIO.

Is he asleep?

MARZIO.

Is all

Quiet?

LUCRETIA.

I mixed an opiate with his drink:  
He sleeps so soundly—

BEATRICE.

That his death will be

But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,  
A dark continuance of the Hell within him,  
Which God extinguish! But ye are resolved?  
Ye know it is a high and holy deed?

OLIMPIO.

We are resolved.

MARZIO.

As to the how this act

Be warranted, it rests with you.

BEATRICE.

Well, follow!

OLIMPIO.

Hush! Hark! What noise is that?

MARZIO.

Ha! some one comes!

BEATRICE.

Ye conscience-stricken cravens, rock to rest  
Your baby hearts. It is the iron gate,  
Which ye left open, swinging to the wind,  
That enters whistling as in scorp. Come, follow!  
And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold.*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter BEATRICE and LUCRETIA.*

LUCRETIA.

They are about it now.

BEATRICE.

Nay, it is done.

LUCRETIA.

I have not heard him groan.

BEATRICE.

He will not groan.

LUCRETIA.

What sound is that?

BEATRICE.

List! 'tis the tread of feet

About his bed.

LUCRETIA.

My God!

If he be now a cold stiff corpse—

BEATRICE. O, fear not  
What may be done, but what is left undone :  
The act seals all.

*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

Is it accomplished ?

MARZIO.

What ?

OLIMPIO.  
Did you not call ?

BEATRICE.  
When ?

OLIMPIO.  
Now.

BEATRICE.  
I ask if all is over ?

OLIMPIO.  
We dare not kill an old and sleeping man ;  
His thin grey hair, his stern and reverent brow,  
His veined hands crossed on his heaving breast,  
And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,  
Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

MARZIO.  
But I was bolder ; for I chid Olimpio,  
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave,  
And leave me the reward. And now my knife  
Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man  
Stirred in his sleep, and said, " God ! hear, O hear,  
A father's curse ! What, art thou not our father ?"  
And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost  
Of my dead father speaking through his lips,  
And could not kill him.

BEATRICE.  
Miserable slaves !  
Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,  
Found ye the boldness to return to me  
With such a deed undone ? Base palterers !  
Cowards and traitors ! Why, the very conscience  
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge  
Is an equivocation : it sleeps over  
A thousand daily acts disgracing men ;  
And when a deed, where mercy insults Heaven—  
Why do I talk ?

*[Snatching a dagger from one of them, and raising it.*

Hadst thou a tongue to say,  
She murdered her own father, I must do it !  
But never dream ye shall outlive him long !

OLIMPIO.  
Stop, for God's sake !

MARZIO.  
I will go back and kill him.

OLIMPIO.  
Give me the weapon, we must do thy will.

BEATRICE.  
Take it ! Depart ! Return !

*[Exeunt OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

How pale thou art !  
We do but that which 'twere a deadly crime  
To leave undone.

LUCRETIA.  
Would it were done !

BEATRICE. Even whilst  
That doubt is passing through your mind, the  
world  
Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell  
Have swallowed up the vapour they sent forth  
To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath  
Comes, methinks, lighter, and the jellied blood  
Runs freely through my veins. Hark !

*Enter OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

He is—

OLIMPIO.  
Dead !

MARZIO.  
We strangled him, that there might be no blood ;  
And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden  
Under the balcony ; 'twill seem it fell.

BEATRICE *(giving them a bag of coin)*.  
Here take this gold, and hasten to your homes.  
And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed  
By that which made me tremble, wear thou this !  
*[Clothes him in a rich mantle.*

It was the mantle which my grandfather  
Wore in his high prosperity, and men  
Envied his state : so may they envy thine.  
Thou wert a weapon in the hand of God  
To a just use. Live long and thrive ! And, mark,  
If thou hast crimes, repent : this deed is none.  
*[A horn is sounded.*

LUCRETIA.  
Hark, 'tis the castle horn : my God ! it sounds  
Like the last trump.

BEATRICE.  
Some tedious guest is coming.

LUCRETIA.  
The drawbridge is let down ; there is a tramp  
Of horses in the court ! fly, hide yourselves !  
*[Exeunt OLIMPIO and MARZIO.*

BEATRICE.  
Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest ;  
I scarcely need to counterfeit it now ;  
The spirit which doth reign within these limbs  
Seems strangely undisturbed. I could even sleep  
Fearless and calm : all ill is surely past.  
*[Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

*Enter on one side the Legate SAVELLA, introduced by a Servant, and on the other LUCRETIA and BERNARDO.*

SAVELLA.  
Lady, my duty to his Holiness  
Be my excuse that thus unseasonably  
I break upon your rest. I must speak with  
Count Cenci ; doth he sleep ?

LUCRETIA *(in a hurried and confused manner)*.  
I think he sleeps ;  
Yet, wake him not, I pray, spare me awhile,  
He is a wicked and wrathful man ;  
Should he be roused out of his sleep to-night,

Which is, I know, a hell of angry dreams,  
It were not well ; indeed it were not well.  
Wait till day-break,—

(*Aside.*) O, I am deadly sick !

SAVELLA.

I grieve thus to distress you, but the Count  
Must answer charges of the gravest import,  
And suddenly ; such my commission is.

LUCRETIA (*with increased agitation*).

I dare not rouse him, I know none who dare ;  
'Twere perilous ;—you might as safely waken  
A serpent ; or a corpse in which some fiend  
Were laid to sleep.

SAVELLA.

Lady, my moments here  
Are counted. I must rouse him from his sleep,  
Since none else dare.

LUCRETIA (*aside*).

O, terror ! O, despair !

(*To BERNARDO.*) Bernardo, conduct you the Lord  
Legate to  
Your father's chamber.

[*Exeunt SAVELLA and BERNARDO.*]

Enter BEATRICE.

'Tis a messenger

Come to arrest the culprit who now stands  
Before the throne of unappealable God.  
Both Earth and Heaven, consenting arbiters,  
Acquit our deed.

LUCRETIA.

Oh, agony of fear !

Would that he yet might live ! Even now I  
heard

The legate's followers whisper as they passed  
They had a warrant for his instant death.  
All was prepared by unforbidden means,  
Which we must pay so dearly, having done.  
Even now they search the tower, and find the  
body ;

Now they suspect the truth ; now they consult,  
Before they come to tax us with the fact ;  
O horrible, 'tis all discovered !

BEATRICE.

Mother,

What is done wisely, is done well. Be bold  
As thou art just. 'Tis like a truant child,  
To fear that others know what thou hast done,  
Even from thine own strong consciousness, and thus  
Write on unsteady eyes and altered cheeks  
All thou wouldst hide. Be faithful to thyself,  
And fear no other witness but thy fear.  
For if, as cannot be, some circumstance  
Should rise in accusation, we can blind  
Suspicion with such cheap astonishment,  
Or overbear it with such guiltless pride,  
As murderers cannot feign. The deed is done,  
And what may follow now regards not me.  
I am as universal as the light ;  
Free as the earth-surrounding air ; as firm  
As the world's centre. Consequence, to me,  
Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock,  
But shakes it not.

[*A cry within and tumult.*]

VOICES.

Murder ! Murder ! Murder !

Enter BERNARDO and SAVELLA.

SAVELLA (*to his followers*).

Go, search the castle round ; sound the alarm ;  
Look to the gates, that none escape !

BEATRICE.

What now ?

BERNARDO.

I know not what to say—my father's dead.

BEATRICE.

How, dead ? he only sleeps ; you mistake, brother.  
His sleep is very calm, very like death ;  
'Tis wonderful how well a tyrant sleeps.  
He is not dead ?

BERNARDO.

Dead ; murdered !

LUCRETIA (*with extreme agitation*).

Oh, no, no,

He is not murdered, though he may be dead ;  
I have alone the keys of those apartments.

SAVELLA.

Ha ! Is it so ?

BEATRICE.

My lord, I pray excuse us ;

We will retire ; my mother is not well ;  
She seems quite overcome with this strange horror.

[*Exeunt LUCRETIA and BEATRICE.*]

SAVELLA.

Can you suspect who may have murdered him ?

BERNARDO.

I know not what to think.

SAVELLA.

Can you name any

Who had an interest in his death ?

BERNARDO.

Alas !

I can name none who had not, and those most  
Who most lament that such a deed is done ;  
My mother, and my sister, and myself.

SAVELLA.

'Tis strange ! There were clear marks of violence.  
I found the old man's body in the moonlight,  
Hanging beneath the window of his chamber  
Among the branches of a pine : he could not  
Have fallen there, for all his limbs lay heaped  
And effortless ; 'tis true there was no blood.—  
Favour me, sir—it much imports your house  
That all should be made clear—to tell the ladies  
That I request their presence.

[*Exit BERNARDO.*]

Enter Guards, bringing in MARZIO.

GUARD.

We have one.

OFFICER.

My lord, we found this ruffian and another  
Lurking among the rocks ; there is no doubt  
But that they are the murderers of Count Cenci :  
Each had a bag of coin ; this fellow wore  
A gold-in woven robe, which, shining bright  
Under the dark rocks to the glimmering moon,  
Betrayed them to our notice : the other fell  
Desperately fighting.

SAVELLA.  
What does he confess ?

OFFICER.  
He keeps firm silence; but these lines found on him  
May speak.

SAVELLA.  
Their language is at least sincere.

[*Reads.*]

“TO THE LADY BEATRICE.

“That the atonement of what my nature sickens  
to conjecture may soon arrive, I send thee, at thy  
brother's desire, those who will speak and do  
more than I dare write.

“Thy devoted servant,  
“ORSINO.”

*Enter* LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and BERNARDO.

Knowest thou this writing, lady ?

BEATRICE.  
No.

SAVELLA.  
Nor thou ?

LUCRETIA (*her conduct throughout the scene is  
marked by extreme agitation*).

Where was it found ? What is it ? It should be  
Orsino's hand ! It speaks of that strange horror  
Which never yet found utterance, but which  
made

Between that hapless child and her dead father  
A gulf of obscure hatred.

SAVELLA.  
Is it so ?

Is it true, lady, that thy father did  
Such outrages as to awaken in thee  
Unfilial hate ?

BEATRICE.  
Not hate, 'twas more than hate ;  
This is most true, yet wherefore question me ?

SAVELLA.  
There is a deed demanding question done ;  
Thou hast a secret which will answer not.

BEATRICE.  
What sayest ? My lord, your words are bold and  
rash.

SAVELLA.  
I do arrest all present in the name  
Of the Pope's Holiness. You must to Rome.

LUCRETIA.  
O, not to Rome ! Indeed we are not guilty.

BEATRICE.  
Guilty ! Who dares talk of guilt ? My lord,  
I am more innocent of parricide  
Than is a child born fatherless. Dear mother,  
Your gentleness and patience are no shield  
For this keen-judging world, this two-edged lie,  
Which seems, but is not. What ! will human laws,  
Rather will ye who are their ministers,  
Bar all access to retribution first,  
And then, when Heaven doth interpose to do  
What ye neglect, arming familiar things  
To the redress of an unwonted crime,  
Make ye the victims who demanded it  
Culprits ? 'Tis ye are culprits ! That poor wretch

Who stands so pale, and trembling, and amazed,  
If it be true he murdered Cenci, was  
A sword in the right hand of justest God.  
Wherefore should I have wielded it ! unless  
The crimes which mortal tongue dare never name,  
God therefore scruples to avenge.

SAVELLA.  
You own  
That you desired his death ?

BEATRICE.  
It would have been  
A crime no less than his, if for one moment  
That fierce desire had faded in my heart.  
'Tis true I did believe, and hope, and pray,  
Ay, I even knew—for God is wise and just,  
That some strange sudden death hung over him.  
'Tis true that this did happen, and most true  
There was no other rest for me on earth,  
No other hope in Heaven ;—now what of this ?

SAVELLA.  
Strange thoughts beget strange deeds ; and here are  
I judge thee not. [both :

BEATRICE.  
And yet, if you arrest me,  
You are the judge and executioner  
Of that which is the life of life : the breath  
Of accusation kills an innocent name,  
And leaves for lame acquittal the poor life,  
Which is a mask without it. 'Tis most false  
That I am guilty of foul parricide ;  
Although I must rejoice, for justest cause,  
That other hands have sent my father's soul  
To ask the mercy he denied to me.  
Now leave us free : stain not a noble house  
With vague surmises of rejected crime ;  
Add to our sufferings and your own neglect  
No heavier sum ; let them have been enough :  
Leave us the wreck we have.

SAVELLA.  
I dare not, lady.  
I pray that you prepare yourselves for Rome :  
There the Pope's further pleasure will be known.

LUCRETIA.  
O, not to Rome ! O, take us not to Rome !

BEATRICE.  
Why not to Rome, dear mother ! There, as here,  
Our innocence is as an armed heel  
To trample accusation. God is there,  
As here, and with his shadow ever clothes  
The innocent, the injured, and the weak ;  
And such are we. Cheer up, dear lady ! lean  
On me ; collect your wandering thoughts. My lord,  
As soon as you have taken some refreshment,  
And had all such examinations made  
Upon the spot, as may be necessary  
To the full understanding of this matter,  
We shall be ready. Mother, will you come ?

LUCRETIA.  
Ha ! they will bind us to the rack, and wrest  
Self-accusation from our agony !  
Will Giacomo be there ? Orsino ? Marzio !  
All present ? all confronted ; all demanding  
Each from the other's countenance the thing  
Which is in every heart ! O, misery !

[*She faints, and is borne out.*]

SAVELLA.

She faints ; an ill appearance this.

BEATRICE.

My lord,

She knows not yet the uses of the world.  
She fears that power is as a beast which grasps  
And loosens not : a snake whose look transmutes  
All things to guilt, which is its nutriment.

She cannot know how well the supine slaves  
Of blind authority read the truth of things  
When written on a brow of guilelessness :  
She sees not yet triumphant Innocence  
Stand at the judgment-seat of mortal man,  
A judge and an accuser of the wrong  
Which drags it there. Prepare yourself, my  
lord ;  
Our suite will join yours in the court below.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*An Apartment in ORSINO'S Palace.*

*Enter ORSINO and GIACOMO.*

GIACOMO.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end !  
O that the vain remorse which must chastise  
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn,  
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge !  
O that the hour when present had cast off  
The mantle of its mystery, and shown  
The ghastly form with which it now returns  
When its scared game is roused, cheering the  
hounds

Of conscience to their prey ! Alas, alas !  
It was a wicked thought, a piteous deed,  
To kill an old and hoary-headed father.

ORSINO.

It has turned out unluckily, in truth.

GIACOMO.

To violate the sacred doors of sleep ;  
To cheat kind nature of the placid death  
Which she prepares for overworn age ;  
To drag from Heaven an unrepentant soul,  
Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers  
A life of burning crimes—

ORSINO.

You cannot say

I urged you to the deed.

GIACOMO.

O, had I never

Found in thy smooth and ready countenance  
The mirror of my darkest thoughts ; hadst thou  
Never with hints and questions made me look  
Upon the monster of my thought, until  
It grew familiar to desire—

ORSINO.

'Tis thus

Men cast the blame of their unprosperous acts  
Upon the abettors of their own resolve ;  
Or any thing but their weak, guilty selves.  
And yet, confess the truth, it is the peril  
In which you stand that gives you this pale  
sickness

Of penitence ; confess, 'tis fear disguised  
From its own shame that takes the mantle now  
Of thin remorse. What if we yet were safe ?

GIACOMO.

How can that be ? Already Beatrice,  
Lucretia, and the murderer, are in prison.  
I doubt not officers are, whilst we speak,  
Sent to arrest us.

ORSINO.

I have all prepared

For instant flight. We can escape even now,  
So we take fleet occasion by the hair.

GIACOMO.

Rather expire in tortures, as I may.  
What ! will you cast by self-accusing flight  
Assured conviction upon Beatrice ?  
She who alone, in this unnatural work,  
Stands like God's angel ministered upon  
By fiends ; avenging such a nameless wrong  
As turns black parricide to piety ;  
Whilst we for basest ends—I fear, Orsino,  
While I consider all your words and looks,  
Comparing them with your proposal now,  
That you must be a villain. For what end  
Could you engage in such a perilous crime,  
Training me on with hints, and signs, and smiles,  
Even to this guilt ? Thou art no liar ? No,  
Thou art a lie ! Traitor and murderer !  
Coward and slave ! But no—defend thyself ;

[*Drawing.*]

Let the sword speak what the indignant tongue  
Disdains to brand thee with.

ORSINO.

Put up your weapon.

Is it the desperation of your fear  
Makes you thus rash and sudden with your  
friend,  
Now ruined for your sake ? If honest anger  
Have moved you, know, that what I just proposed  
Was but to try you. As for me, I think  
Thankless affection led me to this point,  
From which, if my firm temper could repent,  
I cannot now recede. Even whilst we speak,  
The ministers of justice wait below :  
They grant me these brief moments. Now, if you  
Have any word of melancholy comfort  
To speak to your pale wife, 'twere best to pass  
Out at the postern, and avoid them so.

GIACOMO.

Oh, generous friend ! How canst thou pardon me ?  
Would that my life could purchase thine !

ORSINO.

That wish  
Now comes a day too late. Haste; fare thee well!  
Hear'st thou not steps along the corridor?

[Exit GIACOMO.]

I'm sorry for it; but the guards are waiting  
At his own gate, and such was my contrivance  
That I might rid me both of him and them.  
I thought to act a solemn comedy  
Upon the painted scene of this new world,  
And to attain my own peculiar ends  
By some such plot of mingled good and ill  
As others weave; but there arose a Power  
Which grasped and snapped the threads of my  
device,  
And turned it to a net of ruin—Ha!

[A shout is heard.]

Is that my name I hear proclaimed abroad?  
But I will pass, wrapt in a vile disguise;  
Rags on my back, and a false innocence  
Upon my face, through the misdeeming crowd,  
Which judges by what seems. 'Tis easy then,  
For a new name, and for a country new,  
And a new life, fashioned on old desires,  
To change the honours of a abandoned Rome.  
And these must be the masks of that within,  
Which must remain unaltered.—Oh, I fear  
That what is past will never let me rest!  
Why, when none else is conscious, but myself,  
Of my misdeeds, should my own heart's contempt  
Trouble me? Have I not the power to fly  
My own reproaches? Shall I be the slave  
Of—what? A word! which those of this false world  
Employ against each other, not themselves;  
As men wear daggers not for self-offence.  
But if I am mistaken, where shall I  
Find the disguise to hide me from myself,  
As now I skulk from every other eye?

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

A Hall of Justice.

CAMILLO, JUDGES, etc., are discovered seated;  
MARZIO is led in.

FIRST JUDGE.

Accused, do you persist in your denial?  
I ask you, are you innocent, or guilty?  
I demand who were the participators  
In your offence? Speak truth, and the whole truth.

MARZIO.

My God! I did not kill him; I know nothing;  
Olimpio sold the robe to me from which  
You would infer my guilt.

SECOND JUDGE.

Away with him!

FIRST JUDGE.

Dare you, with lips yet white from the rack's kiss,  
Speak false? Is it so soft a questioner,  
That you would bandy lovers' talk with it,  
Till it wind out your life and soul? Away!

MARZIO.

Spare me! O, spare! I will confess.

FIRST JUDGE.

Then speak.

MARZIO.

I strangled him in his sleep.

FIRST JUDGE.

Who urged you to it?

MARZIO.

His own son Giacomo, and the young prelate  
Orsino sent me to Petrella; there  
The ladies Beatrice and Lucretia  
Tempted me with a thousand crowns, and I  
And my companion forthwith murdered him.  
Now let me die.

FIRST JUDGE.

This sounds as bad as truth. Guards, there,  
Lead forth the prisoners.

[Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO, guarded.]

Look upon this man;

When did you see him last?

BEATRICE.

We never saw him.

MARZIO.

You know me too well, Lady Beatrice.

BEATRICE.

I know thee! How! where? when?

MARZIO.

You know 'twas I

Whom you did urge with menaces and bribes  
To kill your father. When the thing was done,  
You clothed me in a robe of woven gold,  
And bade me thrive: how I have thriven, you see.  
You, my Lord Giacomo, Lady Lucretia,  
You know that what I speak is true.

[BEATRICE advances towards him; he covers his face, and shrinks back.]

Oh, dart

The terrible resentment of those eyes  
On the dread earth! Turn them away from me!  
They wound: 'twas torture forced the truth. My  
Lords,  
Having said this, let me be led to death.

BEATRICE.

Poor wretch, I pity thee: yet stay awhile.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him not away.

BEATRICE.

Cardinal Camillo,

You have a good repute for gentleness  
And wisdom: can it be that you sit here  
To countenance a wicked farce like this?  
When some obscure and trembling slave is dragged  
From sufferings which might shake the sternest  
heart,

And bade to answer, not as he believes,  
But as those may suspect or do desire,  
Whose questions thence suggest their own reply:  
And that in peril of such hideous torments  
As merciful God spares even the damned. Speak now  
The thing you surely know, which is, that you,  
If your fine frame were stretched upon that wheel,  
And you were told, "Confess that you did poison  
Your little nephew: that fair blue-eyed child  
Who was the load-star of your life;" and though  
All see, since his most swift and piteous death,  
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,

And all the things hoped for or done therein,  
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief,  
Yet you would say, "I confess anything"—  
And beg from your tormentors, like that slave,  
The refuge of dishonourable death.  
I pray thee, Cardinal, that thou assert  
My innocence.

CAMILLO (*much moved*).

What shall we think, my lords?  
Shame on these tears! I thought the heart was frozen  
Which is their fountain. I would pledge my soul  
That she is guiltless.

JUDGE.

Yet she must be tortured.

CAMILLO.

I would as soon have tortured mine own nephew  
(If he now lived, he would be just her age;  
His hair, too, was her colour, and his eyes  
Like hers in shape, but blue, and not so deep :)  
As that most perfect image of God's love  
That ever came sorrowing upon the earth.  
She is as pure as speechless infancy!

JUDGE.

Well, be her purity on your head, my lord,  
If you forbid the rack. His Holiness  
Enjoined us to pursue this monstrous crime  
By the severest forms of law; nay, even  
To stretch a point against the criminals.  
The prisoners stand accused of parricide,  
Upon such evidence as justifies  
Torture.

BEATRICE.

What evidence? This man's?

JUDGE.

Even so.

BEATRICE (*to MARZIO*).

Come near. And who art thou, thus chosen forth  
Out of the multitude of living men,  
To kill the innocent?

MARZIO.

I am Marzio,

Thy father's vassal.

BEATRICE.

Fix thine eyes on mine;

Answer to what I ask.

[*Turning to the Judges.*]

I prithee mark

His countenance: unlike bold calumny,  
Which sometimes dares not speak the thing it looks,  
He dares not look the thing he speaks, but bends  
His gaze on the blind earth.

(*To MARZIO.*) What! wilt thou say  
That I did murder my own father?

MARZIO.

Oh!

Spare me! My brain swims round—I cannot speak—  
It was that horrid torture forced the truth.  
Take me away! Let her not look on me!  
I am a guilty miserable wretch!  
I have said all I know; now, let me die!

BEATRICE.

My lords, if by my nature I had been  
So stern, as to have planned the crime alleged,  
Which your suspicions dictate to this slave,

And the rack makes him utter, do you think  
I should have left this two-edged instrument  
Of my misdeed; this man; this bloody knife,  
With my own name engraven on the hilt,  
Lying unsheathed amid a world of foes,  
For my own death? That with such horrible need  
For deepest silence, I should have neglected  
So trivial a precaution, as the making  
His tomb the keeper of a secret written  
On a thief's memory? What is his poor life?  
What are a thousand lives? A parricide  
Had trampled them like dust; and see, he lives!

[*Turning to MARZIO.*]

And thou—

MARZIO.

Oh, spare me! Speak to me no more!  
That stern yet piteous look, those solemn tones,  
Wound worse than torture.

(*To the Judges.*) I have told it all;  
For pity's sake lead me away to death.

CAMILLO.

Guards, lead him nearer the lady Beatrice,  
He shrinks from her regard like autumn's leaf  
From the keen breath of the serenest north.

BEATRICE.

Oh, thou who tremblest on the giddy verge  
Of life and death, pause ere thou answerest me;  
So mayst thou answer God with less dismay:  
What evil have we done thee? I, alas!  
Have lived but on this earth a few sad years,  
And so my lot was ordered, that a father  
First turned the moments of awakening life  
To drops, each poisoning youth's sweet hope; and  
then

Stabbed with one blow my everlasting soul,  
And my untainted fame; and even that peace  
Which sleeps within the core of the heart's heart.  
But the wound was not mortal; and so my hate  
Became the only worship I could lift  
To our great Father, who in pity and love,  
Armed thee, as thou dost say, to cut him off;  
And thus his wrong becomes my accusation:  
And art thou the accuser? If thouapest  
Mercy in heaven, show justice upon earth:  
Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.  
If thou hast done murders, made thy life's path  
Over the trampled laws of God and man,  
Rush not before thy Judge, and say: "My Maker,  
I have done this and more; for there was one  
Who was most pure and innocent on earth;  
And because she endured what never any,  
Guilty or innocent, endured before;  
Because her wrongs could not be told, nor thought;  
Because thy hand at length did rescue her;  
I with my words killed her and all her kin."  
Think, I adjure you, what it is to slay  
The reverence living in the minds of men  
Towards our ancient house, and stainless fame!  
Think what it is to strangle infant pity,  
Cradled in the belief of guileless looks,  
Till it become a crime to suffer. Think  
What 'tis to blot with infamy and blood  
All that which shows like innocence, and is,—  
Hear me, great God! I swear, most innocent,—  
So that the world lose all discrimination  
Between the sly, fierce, wild regard of guilt,  
And that which now compels thee to reply  
To what I ask: Am I, or am I not  
A parricide?

MARZIO.

Thou art not !

JUDGE.

What is this ?

MARZIO.

I here declare those whom I did accuse  
Are innocent. 'Tis I alone am guilty.

JUDGE.

Drag him away to torments ; let them be  
Subtle and long drawn out, to tear the folds  
Of the heart's inmost cell. Unbind him not  
Till he confess.

MARZIO.

Torture me as ye will :

A keener pain has wrung a higher truth  
From my last breath. She is most innocent !  
Bloodhounds, not men, glut yourselves well with me !  
I will not give you that fine piece of nature  
To rend and ruin. *[Exit MARZIO, guarded.]*

CAMILLO.

What say ye now, my lords ?

JUDGE.

Let tortures strain the truth till it be white  
As snow thrice-sifted by the frozen wind.

CAMILLO.

Yet stained with blood.

JUDGE *(to BEATRICE)*.

Know you this paper, lady ?

BEATRICE.

Entrap me not with questions. Who stands here  
As my accuser ! Ha ! wilt thou be he,  
Who art my judge ? Accuser, witness, judge,  
What, all in one ? Here is Orsino's name ;  
Where is Orsino ? Let his eye meet mine.  
What means this scrawl ! Alas ! ye know not what,  
And therefore on the chance that it may be  
Some evil, will ye kill us ?

*Enter an Officer.*

OFFICER.

Marzio's dead.

JUDGE.

What did he say ?

OFFICER.

Nothing. As soon as we  
Had bound him on the wheel, he smiled on us,  
As one who baffles a deep adversary ;  
And holding his breath, died.

JUDGE.

There remains nothing

But to apply the question to those prisoners,  
Who yet remain stubborn.

CAMILLO.

I overrule

Further proceedings, and in the behalf  
Of these most innocent and noble persons  
Will use my interest with the Holy Father.

JUDGE.

Let the Pope's pleasure then be done. Meanwhile  
Conduct these culprits each to separate cells ;  
And be the engines ready : for this night,  
If the Pope's resolution be as grave,  
Pious, and just as once, I'll wring the truth  
Out of those nerves and sinews, groan by groan.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*The Cell of a Prison.**BEATRICE is discovered asleep on a couch.**Enter BERNARDO.*

BERNARDO.

How gently slumber rests upon her face,  
Like the last thoughts of some day sweetly spent,  
Closing in night and dreams, and so prolonged.  
After such torments as she bore last night,  
How light and soft her breathing comes. Ah, me !  
Methinks that I shall never sleep again.  
But I must shake the heavenly dew of rest  
From this sweet folded flower, thus—wake ; awake ;  
What, sister, canst thou sleep ?

BEATRICE *(awaking)*.

I was just dreaming

That we were all in Paradise. Thou knowest  
This cell seems like a kind of Paradise  
After our father's presence.

BERNARDO.

Dear, dear sister,

Would that thy dream were not a dream ! O, God !  
How shall I tell !

BEATRICE.

What would'st thou tell, sweet brother ?

BERNARDO.

Look not so calm and happy, or, even whilst  
I stand considering what I have to say,  
My heart will break.

BEATRICE.

See now, thou mak'st me weep :

How very friendless thou wouldst be, dear child,  
If I were dead. Say what thou hast to say.

BERNARDO.

They have confessed ; they could endure no more  
The tortures—

BEATRICE.

Ha ! What was there to confess ?

They must have told some weak and wicked lie  
To flatter their tormentors. Have they said  
That they were guilty ? O white innocence,  
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide  
Thine awful and serenest countenance  
From those who know thee not !

*Enter JUDGE, with LUCRETIA and GIACOMO, guarded.*

Ignoble hearts !

For some brief spasms of pain, which are at least  
As mortal as the limbs through which they pass,  
Are centuries of high splendour laid in dust !  
And that eternal honour which should live  
Sunlike, above the reek of mortal fame,  
Changed to a mockery and a by-word ? What !  
Will you give up these bodies to be dragged  
At horses' heels, so that our hair should sweep  
The footsteps of the vain and senseless crowd,  
Who, that they may make our calamity  
Their worship and their spectacle, will leave  
The churches and the theatres as void  
As their own hearts ? Shall the light multitude  
Fling at their choice, curses or faded pity,  
Sad funeral flowers to deck a living corpse,  
Upon us as we pass, to pass away,



And leave—what memory of our having been ?  
 Infamy, blood, terror, despair ? O thou,  
 Who wert a mother to the parentless,  
 Kill not thy child ! Let not her wrongs kill thee !  
 Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,  
 And let us each be silent as a corpse ;  
 It soon will be as soft as any grave.  
 'Tis but the falsehood it can wring from fear  
 Makes the rack cruel.

GIACOMO.

They will tear the truth  
 Even from thee at last, those cruel pains :  
 For pity's sake say thou art guilty now.

LUCRETIA.

O, speak the truth ! Let us all quickly die ;  
 And after death, God is our judge, not they ;  
 He will have mercy on us.

BERNARDO.

If indeed  
 It can be true, say so, dear sister mine ;  
 And then the Pope will surely pardon you,  
 And all be well.

JUDGE.

Confess, or I will warp  
 Your limbs with such keen tortures—

BEATRICE.

Tortures ! Turn  
 The rack henceforth into a spinning-wheel !  
 Torture your dog, that he may tell how last  
 He lapped the blood his master shed—not me !  
 My pangs are of the mind, and of the heart,  
 And of the soul ; ay, of the inmost soul,  
 Which weeps within tears as of burning gall  
 To see, in this ill world where none are true,  
 My kindred false to their deserted selves.  
 And with considering all the wretched life  
 Which I have lived, and its now wretched end ;  
 And the small justice shown by Heaven and Earth  
 To me or mine ; and what a tyrant thou art,  
 And what slaves these ; and what a world we make,  
 The oppressor and the oppressed—such pangs  
 compel

My answer. What is it thou wouldst with me ?

JUDGE.

Art thou not guilty of thy father's death ?

BEATRICE.

Or wilt thou rather tax high-judging God  
 That he permitted such an act as that  
 Which I have suffered, and which he beheld ;  
 Made it unutterable, and took from it  
 All refuge, all revenge, all consequence,  
 But that which thou hast called my father's death ?  
 Which is or is not what men call a crime,  
 Which either I have done, or have not done ;  
 Say what ye will. I shall deny no more.  
 If ye desire it thus, thus let it be,  
 And so an end of all. Now do your will ;  
 No other pains shall force another word.

JUDGE.

She is convicted, but has not confessed.  
 Be it enough. Until their final sentence  
 Let none have converse with them. You, young  
 Linger not here ! [lord,

BEATRICE.

O, tear him not away !

JUDGE.

Guards ! do your duty.

BERNARDO (*embracing BEATRICE*).

Oh ! would ye divide

Body from soul ?

OFFICER.

That is the headsman's business.

[*Exeunt all but LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO.*]

GIACOMO.

Have I confessed ? Is it all over now ?  
 No hope ! No refuge ? O weak, wicked tongue,  
 Which hast destroyed me, would that thou hadst been  
 Cut out and thrown to dogs first ! To have killed  
 My father first, and then betrayed my sister ;  
 Ay, thee ! the one thing innocent and pure  
 In this black, guilty world, to that which I  
 So well deserve ! My wife ! my little ones !  
 Destitute, helpless ; and I—Father ! God !  
 Canst thou forgive even the unforgiving,  
 When their full hearts break thus, thus ?—

[*Covers his face and weeps.*]

LUCRETIA.

O, my child !  
 To what a dreadful end are we all come !  
 Why did I yield ? Why did I not sustain  
 Those torments ? Oh ! that I were all dissolved  
 Into these fast and unavailing tears,  
 Which flow and feel not !

BEATRICE.

What 'twas weak to do,  
 'Tis weaker to lament, once being done ;  
 Take cheer ! The God who knew my wrong, and  
 Our speedy act the angel of his wrath, [made  
 Seems, and but seems, to have abandoned us.  
 Let us not think that we shall die for this.  
 Brother, sit near me ; give me your firm hand,  
 You had a manly heart. Bear up ! bear up !  
 Oh ! dearest lady, put your gentle head  
 Upon my lap, and try to sleep awhile :  
 Your eyes look pale, hollow, and overworn,  
 With heaviness of watching and slow grief.  
 Come, I will sing you some low, sleepy tune,  
 Not cheerful, nor yet sad ; some dull old thing,  
 Some outworn and unused monotony,  
 Such as our country gossips sing and spin,  
 Till they almost forget they live : lie down !  
 So ; that will do. Have I forgot the words ?  
 Faith ! they are sadder than I thought they were.

SONG.

False friend, wilt thou smile or weep  
 When my life is laid asleep ?  
 Little cares for a smile or a tear,  
 The clay-cold corpse upon the bier ;  
 Farewell ! Heigh ho !  
 What is this whispers low ?  
 There is a snake in thy smile, my dear ;  
 And bitter poison within thy tear.

Sweet sleep ! were death like to thee,  
 Or if thou couldst mortal be,  
 I would close these eyes of pain ;  
 When to wake ? Never again.  
 O World ! farewell !

Listen to the passing bell !  
 It says, thou and I must part,  
 With a light and a heavy heart.

[*The scene closes.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Hall of the Prison.**Enter CAMILLO and BERNARDO.*

CAMILLO.

The Pope is stern ; not to be moved or bent.  
He looked as calm and keen as is the engine  
Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself  
From aught that it inflicts ; a marble form,  
A rite, a law, a custom ; not a man.  
He frowned, as if to frown had been the trick  
Of his machinery, on the advocates  
Presenting the defences, which he tore.  
And threw behind, muttering with hoarse, harsh  
voice :

“ Which among ye defended their old father  
Killed in his sleep ? ” Then to another : “ Thou  
Dost this in virtue of thy place ; ’tis well.”  
He turned to me then, looking deprecation,  
And said these three words, coldly : “ They must  
die.”

BERNARDO.

And yet you left him not ?

CAMILLO.

I urged him still ;  
Pleading, as I could guess, the devilish wrong  
Which prompted your unnatural parent’s death.  
And he replied, “ Paolo Santa Croce  
Murdered his mother yester evening,  
And he is fled. Parricide grows so rife,  
That soon, for some just cause no doubt, the young  
Will strangle us all, dozing in our chairs.  
Authority, and power, and hoary hair  
Are grown crimes capital. You are my nephew,  
You come to ask their pardon : stay a moment !  
Here is their sentence ; never see me more  
Till, to the letter, it be all fulfilled.”

BERNARDO.

O, God, not so ! I did believe indeed  
That all you said was but sad preparation  
For happy news. O, there are words and looks  
To bend the sternest purpose ! Once I knew them,  
Now I forget them at my dearest need.  
What think you if I seek him out, and bathe  
His feet and robe with hot and bitter tears ?  
Importune him with prayers, vexing his brain  
With my perpetual cries, until in rage  
He strike me with his pastoral cross, and trample  
Upon my prostrate head, so that my blood  
May stain the senseless dust on which he treads,  
And remorse waken mercy ? I will do it !  
O, wait till I return ! [Rushes out.]

CAMILLO.

Alas ! poor boy !  
A wreck-devoted seaman thus might pray  
To the deaf sea.

*Enter LUCRETIA, BEATRICE, and GIACOMO, guarded.*

BEATRICE.

I hardly dare to fear  
That thou bring’st other news than a just pardon.

CAMILLO.

May God in heaven be less inexorable  
To the Pope’s prayers, than he has been to mine.  
Here is the sentence and the warrant.

BEATRICE (*wildly*).

Oh,

My God ! Can it be possible I have  
To die so suddenly ? So young to go  
Under the obscure, cold, rotting, wormy ground !  
To be nailed down into a narrow place ;  
To see no more sweet sunshine ; hear no more  
Blithe voice of living thing ; muse not again  
Upon familiar thoughts, sad, yet thus lost !  
How fearful ! to be nothing ! Or to be—  
What ? O, where am I ? Let me not go mad !  
Sweet Heaven, forgive weak thoughts ! If there  
should be

No God, no Heaven, no Earth in the void world ;  
The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world !  
If all things then should be—my father’s spirit,  
His eye, his voice, his touch surrounding me ;  
The atmosphere and breath of my dead life !  
If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,  
Even the form which tortured me on earth,  
Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come,  
And wind me in his bellish arms, and fix  
His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down !  
For was he not alone omnipotent  
On Earth, and ever present ! even though dead,  
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,  
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,  
Scorn, pain, despair ? Who ever yet returned  
To teach the laws of death’s untrudken realm ?  
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,  
O, whither, whither ?

LUCRETIA.

Trust in God’s sweet love,  
The tender promises of Christ : ere night  
Think we shall be in Paradise.

BEATRICE.

’Tis past !  
Whatever comes, my heart shall sink no more.  
And yet, I know not why, your words strike chill :  
How tedious, false, and cold seem all things ! I  
Have met with much injustice in this world ;  
No difference has been made by God or man,  
Or any power moulding my wretched lot,  
’Twixt good or evil, as regarded me.  
I am cut off from the only world I know,  
From light, and life, and love, in youth’s sweet prime.  
You do well telling me to trust in God ;  
I hope I do trust in him. In whom else  
Can any trust ? And yet my heart is cold.

[During the latter speeches GIACOMO has retired conversing with CAMILLO, who now goes out ; GIACOMO advances.]

GIACOMO.

Know you not, mother—sister, know you not ?  
Bernardo even now is gone to implore  
The Pope to grant our pardon.

LUCRETIA.

Child, perhaps  
It will be granted. We may all then live  
To make these woes a tale for distant years :  
O, what a thought ! It gushes to my heart  
Like the warm blood.

BEATRICE.

Yet both will soon be cold :  
O, trample out that thought ! Worse than despair,  
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope :  
It is the only ill which can find place

Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour  
 Tottering beneath us. Plead with the swift frost  
 That it should spare the eldest flower of spring :  
 Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch  
 Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free ;  
 Now stench and blackness yawns, like death. O,  
 With famine, or wind-walking pestilence, [plead  
 Blind lightning, or the deaf sea, not with man !  
 Cruel, cold, formal man ; righteous in words,  
 In deeds a Cain. No, Mother, we must die :  
 Since such is the reward of innocent lives ;  
 Such the alleviation of worst wrongs.  
 And whilst our murderers live, and hard, cold men,  
 Smiling and slow, walk through a world of tears  
 To death, as to life's sleep ; 'twere just the grave  
 Weresome strange joy for us. Come, obscure Death,  
 And wind me in thine all-embracing arms !  
 Like a fond mother hide me in thy bosom,  
 And rock me to the sleep from which none wake.  
 Live ye, who live, subject to one another  
 As we were once, who now—

BERNARDO rushes in.

BERNARDO.

O, horrible !

That tears, that looks, that hope poured forth in  
 Even till the heart is vacant and despairs, [prayer,  
 Should all be vain ! The ministers of death  
 Are waiting round the doors. I thought I saw  
 Blood on the face of one—what if 'twere fancy ?  
 Soon the heart's blood of all I love on earth  
 Will sprinkle him, and he will wipe it off  
 As if 'twere only rain. O, life ! O, world !  
 Cover me ! let me be no more ! To see  
 That perfect mirror of pure innocence  
 Wherein I gazed, and grew happy and good,  
 Shivered to dust ! To see thee, Beatrice,  
 Who made all lovely thou didst look upon—  
 Thee, light of life—dead, dark ! while I say, sister,  
 To hear I have no sister ; and thou, Mother,  
 Whose love was a bond to all our loves—  
 Dead ! The sweet bond broken !

Enter CAMILLO and Guards.

They come ! Let me  
 Kiss those warm lips before their crimson leaves  
 Are blighted—white—cold. Say farewell, before  
 Death chokes that gentle voice ! O let me hear  
 You speak !

BEATRICE.

Farewell, my tender brother. Think  
 Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now :  
 And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee  
 Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,  
 But tears and patience. One thing more, my child :  
 For thine own sake be constant to the love  
 Thou bearest us ; and to the faith that I,  
 Though wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and  
 shame,  
 Lived ever holy and unstained. And though  
 Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common  
 name

Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow  
 For men to point at as they pass, do thou  
 Forbear, and never think a thought unkind  
 Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.  
 So mayest thou die as I do ; fear and pain  
 Being subdued. Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell !

BERNARDO.

I cannot say farewell !

CAMILLO.

O, Lady Beatrice !

BEATRICE.

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,  
 My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, Mother, tie  
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
 In any simple knot : ay, that does well.  
 And yours I see is coming down. How often  
 Have we done this for one another ! now  
 We shall not do it any more. My Lord,  
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

## NOTE ON THE CENCI. BY THE EDITOR.

THE sort of mistake that Shelley made, as to the extent of his own genius and powers, which led him deviously at first, but lastly into the direct track that enabled him fully to develop them, is a curious instance of his modesty of feeling, and of the methods which the human mind uses at once to deceive itself, and yet, in its very delusion, to make its way out of error into the path which nature has marked out as its right one. He often incited me to attempt the writing a tragedy—he conceived that I possessed some dramatic talent, and he was always most earnest and energetic in his exhortations that I should cultivate any talent I possessed, to the utmost. I entertained a truer estimate of my powers; and, above all, though at that time not exactly aware of the fact, I was far too young to have any chance of succeeding, even moderately, in a species of composition, that requires a greater scope of experience in, and sympathy with, human passion than could then have fallen to my lot, or than any perhaps, except Shelley, ever possessed, even at the age of twenty-six, at which he wrote the *Cenci*.

On the other hand, Shelley most erroneously conceived himself to be destitute of this talent. He believed that one of the first requisites was the capacity of forming and following up a story or plot. He fancied himself to be defective in this portion of imagination—it was that which gave him least pleasure in the writings of others—though he laid great store by it, as the proper framework to support the sublimest efforts of poetry. He asserted that he was too metaphysical and abstract—too fond of the theoretical and the ideal, to succeed as a tragedian. It perhaps is not strange that I shared this opinion with himself, for he had hitherto shown no inclination for, nor given any specimen of his powers in framing and supporting the interest of a story, either in prose or verse. Once or twice, when he attempted such, he had speedily thrown it aside, as being even disagreeable to him as an occupation.

The subject he had suggested for a tragedy was Charles I., and he had written to me, "Remember, remember Charles I. I have been already imagining how you would conduct some scenes.

The second volume of *St. Leon* begins with this proud and true sentiment, 'There is nothing which the human mind can conceive which it may not execute.' Shakspeare was only a human being." These words were written in 1818, while we were in Lombardy, when he little thought how soon a work of his own would prove a proud comment on the passage he quoted. When in Rome, in 1819, a friend put into our hands the old manuscript account of the story of the *Cenci*. We visited the Colonna and Doria palaces, where the portraits of Beatrice were to be found; and her beauty cast the reflection of its own grace over her appalling story. Shelley's imagination became strongly excited, and he urged the subject to me as one fitted for a tragedy. More than ever I felt my incompetence; but I entreated him to write it instead; and he began and proceeded swiftly, urged on by intense sympathy with the sufferings of the human beings whose passions, so long cold in the tomb, he revived, and gifted with poetic language. This tragedy is the only one of his works that he communicated to me during its progress. We talked over the arrangement of the scenes together. I speedily saw the great mistake we had made, and triumphed in the discovery of the new talent brought to light from that mine of wealth, never, alas! through his untimely death, worked to its depths—his richly-gifted mind.

We suffered a severe affliction in Rome by the loss of our eldest child, who was of such beauty and promise as to cause him deservedly to be the idol of our hearts. We left the capital of the world, anxious for a time to escape a spot associated too intimately with his presence and loss\*. Some friends of ours were residing in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, and we took a small house, Villa Valsovano, about half-way between the town and Monte Nero, where we remained during the

\* Such feelings haunted him when, in the *Cenci*, he makes Beatrice speak to Cardinal Camillo of  
that fair blue-eyed child,

Who was the load-star of your life.

And say—

All see, since his most piteous death,  
That day and night, and heaven and earth, and time,  
And all the things hoped for, or done therein,  
Are changed to you, through your exceeding grief.

summer. Our villa was situated in the midst of a podere; the peasants sang as they worked beneath our windows, during the heats of a very hot season, and in the evening the water-wheel creaked as the process of irrigation went on, and the fire-flies flashed from among the myrtle hedges:—nature was bright, sunshiny, and cheerful, or diversified by storms of a majestic terror, such as we had never before witnessed.

At the top of the house, there was a sort of terrace. There is often such in Italy, generally roofed. This one was very small, yet not only roofed but glazed; this Shelley made his study; it looked out on a wide prospect of fertile country, and commanded a view of the near sea. The storms that sometimes varied our day showed themselves most picturesquely as they were driven across the ocean; sometimes the dark lurid clouds dipped towards the waves, and became water-spouts, that churned up the waters beneath, as they were chased onward, and scattered by the tempest. At other times the dazzling sunlight and heat made it almost intolerable to every other; but Shelley basked in both, and his health and spirits revived under their influence. In this airy cell he wrote the principal part of *The Cenci*. He was making a study of Calderon at the time, reading his best tragedies with an accomplished lady living near us, to whom his letter from Leghorn was addressed during the following year. He admired Calderon, both for his poetry and his dramatic genius; but it shows his judgment and originality, that, though greatly struck by his first acquaintance with the Spanish poet, none of his peculiarities crept into the composition of *The Cenci*; and there is no trace of his new studies, except in that passage to which he himself alludes, as suggested by one in *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*.

Shelley wished *The Cenci* to be acted. He was not a play-goer, being of such fastidious taste that he was easily disgusted by the bad filling up of the inferior parts. While preparing for our departure from England, however, he saw Miss O'Neil several times; she was then in the zenith of her glory, and Shelley was deeply moved by her impersonation of several parts, and by the graceful sweetness, the intense pathos, and sublime vehemence of passion she displayed. She was often in his thoughts as he wrote, and when he had finished, he became anxious that his tragedy should be acted, and receive the advantage of having this accomplished actress to fill the part of the heroine. With this view he wrote the following letter to a friend in London:—

“The object of the present letter is to ask a favour of you. I have written a tragedy on a story well known in Italy and, in my conception, eminently dramatic. I have taken some pains to make my play fit for representation, and those who have already seen it judge favourably. It is written without any of the peculiar feelings and opinions which characterise my other compositions; I having attended simply to the impartial development of such characters as it is probable the persons represented really were, together with the greatest degree of popular effect to be produced by such a development. I send you a translation of the Italian MS. on which my play is founded; the chief circumstance of which I have touched very delicately; for my principal doubt as to whether it would succeed, as an acting play, hangs entirely on the question as to whether any such a thing as incest in this shape, however treated, would be admitted on the stage. I think, however, it will form no objection, considering, first, that the facts are matter of history, and, secondly, the peculiar delicacy with which I have treated it\*.

“I am exceedingly interested in the question of whether this attempt of mine will succeed or not. I am strongly inclined to the affirmative at present; founding my hopes on this, that as a composition it is certainly not inferior to any of the modern plays that have been acted, with the exception of ‘*Remorse*’; that the interest of the plot is incredibly greater and more real, and that there is nothing beyond what the multitude are contented to believe that they can understand, either in imagery, opinion, or sentiment. I wish to preserve a complete incognito, and can trust to you that, whatever else you do, you will at least favour me on this point. Indeed this is essential, deeply essential to its success. After it had been acted and successfully, (could I hope for such a thing) I would own it if I pleased, and use the celebrity it might acquire to my own purposes.

“What I want you to do, is to procure for me its presentation at Covent Garden. The principal character, Beatrice, is precisely fitted for Miss O'Neil, and it might even seem to have been written for her, (God forbid that I should see her play it—it would tear my nerves to pieces) and in all respects it is fitted only for Covent Garden. The chief male character I confess I should be very

\* In speaking of his mode of treating this main incident, Shelley said that it might be remarked that, in the course of the play, he had never mentioned expressly *Cenci's* worst crime. Every one knew what it must be, but it was never imaged in words—the nearest allusion to it being that portion of *Cenci's* curse, beginning,

“That if she have a child,” &c.

unwilling that any one but Kean should play—that is impossible, and I must be contented with an inferior actor.”

The play was accordingly sent to Mr. Harris. He pronounced the subject to be so objectionable, that he could not even submit the part to Miss O’Neil for perusal, but expressed his desire that the author would write a tragedy on some other subject, which he would gladly accept. Shelley printed a small edition at Leghorn, to insure its correctness; as he was much annoyed by the many mistakes that crept into his text, when distance prevented him from correcting the press.

Universal approbation soon stamped *The Cenci* as the best tragedy of modern times. Writing concerning it, Shelley said: “I have been cautious to avoid the introducing faults of youthful composition; diffuseness, a profusion of inapplicable imagery, vagueness, generality, and, as Hamlet says, *words, words.*” There is nothing that is not purely dramatic throughout; and the character of Beatrice, proceeding from vehement struggle to horror, to deadly resolution, and lastly, to the elevated dignity of calm suffering joined to passionate tenderness and pathos, is touched with hues so vivid and so beautiful, that the poet seems to have read intimately the secrets of the noble heart imaged in the lovely countenance of the unfortunate girl. The Fifth Act is a masterpiece. It is the finest thing he ever wrote, and may claim

proud comparison not only with any contemporary, but preceding poet. The varying feelings of Beatrice are expressed with passionate, heart-reaching eloquence. Every character has a voice that echoes truth in its tones. It is curious, to one acquainted with the written story, to mark the success with which the poet has inwoven the real incidents of the tragedy into his scenes, and yet, through the power of poetry, has obliterated all that would otherwise have shown too harsh or too hideous in the picture. His success was a double triumph; and often after he was earnestly entreated to write again in a style that commanded popular favour, while it was not less instinct with truth and genius. But the bent of his mind went the other way; and even when employed on subjects whose interest depended on character and incident, he would start off in another direction, and leave the delineations of human passion, which he could depict in so able a manner, for fantastic creations of his fancy, or the expression of those opinions and sentiments with regard to human nature and its destiny; a desire to diffuse which, was the master passion of his soul.

Finding among my papers the account of the case of the *Cenci* family, translated from the old Roman MS., written at the period when the disastrous events it commemorates occurred, I append it here, as the perusal must interest every reader.

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## RELATION

OF

## THE DEATH OF THE FAMILY OF THE CENCI.

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THE most wicked life which the Roman nobleman, Francesco Cenci, led while he lived in this world, not only occasioned his own ruin and death, but also that of many others, and brought down the entire destruction of his house. This nobleman was the son of Monsignore Cenci, who, having been treasurer during the pontificate of Pius V., left immense wealth to Francesco, his only son. From this inheritance alone he enjoyed an income of 160,000 crowns, and he increased his fortune by marrying an exceedingly rich lady, who died after she had given birth to seven unfortunate children. He then contracted a second marriage with Lucretia Petroni, a lady of a noble Roman family; but he had no children by her. Sodomy was the least, and atheism the greatest, of the vices of Francesco; as is proved by the tenor of his life; for he was three times accused of sodomy, and paid the sum of 100,000

crowns to government, in commutation of the punishment rightfully awarded to this crime: and concerning his religion, it is sufficient to state, that he never frequented any church; and although he caused a small chapel, dedicated to the apostle St. Thomas, to be built in the court of his palace, his intention in so doing was to bury there all his children, whom he cruelly hated. He had driven the eldest of these, Giacomo, Cristofero, and Rocco, from the paternal mansion, while they were yet too young to have given him any real cause of displeasure. He sent them to the university of Salamanca, but, refusing to remit to them there the money necessary for their maintenance, they desperately returned home. They found that this change only increased their misery, for the hatred and contempt of their father towards them was so aggravated, that he refused to dress or maintain them, so that

they were obliged to have recourse to the Pope, who caused Cenci to make them a fit allowance, with which they withdrew from his house.

The third imprisonment of Francesco for his accustomed crime of sodomy, occurred at this time, and his sons took occasion to supplicate the Pope to punish their father, and to remove so great a monster from his family. The Pope, though before inclined to condemn Francesco to the deserved punishment of death, would not do it at the request of his sons, but permitted him again to compound with the law, by paying the accustomed penalty of 100,000 crowns. The hatred of Francesco towards his sons was augmented by this proceeding on their parts; he cursed them; and often also struck and ill-treated his daughters. The eldest of these, being unable any longer to support the cruelty of her father, exposed her miserable condition to the Pope, and supplicated him either to marry her, according to his choice, or to shut her up in a monastery, that by any means she might be liberated from the cruel oppression of her parent. Her prayer was heard, and the Pope, in pity to her unhappiness, bestowed her in marriage to Signore Carlo Gabrielli, one of the first gentlemen of the city of Gabbio, and obliged Francesco to give her a fitting dowry of some thousand crowns.

Francesco fearing that his youngest daughter would, when she grew up, follow the example of her sister, bethought himself how to hinder this design, and for that purpose shut her up alone in an apartment of the palace, where he himself brought her food, so that no one might approach her; and imprisoned her in this manner for several months, often inflicting on her blows with a stick.

In the meantime ensued the death of two of his sons, Rocco and Cristofero—one being assassinated by a surgeon, and the other by Paolo Corso, while he was attending mass. The inhuman father showed every sign of joy on hearing this news, saying that nothing would exceed his pleasure if all his children died, and that when the grave should receive the last he would, as a demonstration of joy, make a bonfire of all that he possessed. And on the present occasion, as a further sign of his hatred, he refused to pay the smallest sum towards the funeral expenses of his murdered sons.

Francesco carried his wicked debauchery to such an excess, that he caused girls (of whom he constantly kept a number in his house), and also common courtezans, to sleep in the bed of his wife, and often endeavoured, by force and threats, to debauch his daughter Beatrice, who was now grown up, and exceedingly beautiful—†

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Beatrice, finding it impossible to continue to live in so miserable a manner, followed the example of her sister; she sent a well-written supplication to the Pope, imploring him to exercise his authority in withdrawing her from the violence and cruelty of her father.—But this petition, which might, if listened to, have saved this unfortunate girl from an early death, produced not the least effect. It was afterwards found among the collection of memorials, and it is pretended that it never came before the Pope.

Francesco, having discovered this attempt on the part of his daughter, became more enraged, and redoubled his tyranny; confining with rigour not only Beatrice, but also his wife. At length, these unhappy women, finding themselves without hope of relief, driven by desperation, resolved to plan his death.

† The details here are horrible, and unfit for publication.

The Palace Cenci was sometimes visited by a Monsignore Guerra—a young man of handsome person and attractive manners, and of that facile character which might easily be induced to become a partner in any action, good or evil, as it might happen. His countenance was pleasing, and his person tall and well proportioned; he was somewhat in love with Beatrice, and well acquainted with the turpitude of Francesco's character, and was hated by him on account of the familiar intercourse which subsisted between him and the children of this unnatural father: for this reason he timed his visits with caution, and never came to the house but when he knew that Francesco was absent. He was moved to a lively compassion of the state of Lucretia and Beatrice, who often related their increasing misery to him, and his pity was for ever fed and augmented by some new tale of tyranny and cruelty. In one of these conversations Beatrice let fall some words which plainly indicated that she and her mother-in-law contemplated the murder of their tyrant, and Monsignore Guerra not only showed approbation of their design, but also promised to co-operate with them in their undertaking. Thus stimulated, Beatrice communicated the design to her eldest brother, Giacomo, without whose concurrence it was impossible that they should succeed. This latter was easily drawn into consent, since he was utterly disgusted with his father, who ill-treated him, and refused to allow him a sufficient support for his wife and children.

The apartments of Monsignore Guerra was the place in which the circumstances of the crime about to be committed were concerted and determined on. Here Giacomo, with the understanding of his sister and mother-in-law, held various consultations, and finally resolved to commit the murder of Francesco to two of his vassals, who had become his inveterate enemies; one called Marzio, and the other Olympio: the latter, by means of Francesco, had been deprived of his post as castellan of the Rock of Petrella.

It was already well known that Francesco, with the permission of Signor Marzio di Colonna, baron of that feud, had resolved to retire to Petrella, and to pass the summer there with his family. Some banditti of the kingdom of Naples were hired, and were instructed to lie in wait in the woods about Petrella, and, upon advice being given to them of the approach of Francesco, to seize upon him. This scheme was so arranged that, although the robbers were only to seize and take off Francesco, yet that his wife and children should not be suspected of being accomplices in the act. But the affair did not succeed; for, as the banditti were not informed of his approach in time enough, Francesco arrived safe and sound at Petrella. They were obliged therefore to form some new scheme to obtain the end which every day made them more impatient to effect; for Francesco still persisted in his wicked conduct. He being an old man, above seventy years of age, never quitted the castle; therefore no use could be made of the banditti, who were still secreted in the environs. It was determined, therefore, to accomplish the murder in Francesco's own house.

Marzio and Olympio were called to the castle; and Beatrice, accompanied by her mother-in-law, conversed with them from a window during the night-time, when her father slept. She ordered them to repair to Monsignore Guerra with a note, in which they were desired to murder Francesco, in consideration of a reward of a thousand crowns: a third to be given them before the act, by Monsignore Guerra, and the other two thirds, by the ladies themselves, after the deed should be ac-

completed. Having consented to this agreement, they were secretly admitted into the castle the 8th of September, 1598; but because this day was the anniversary of the birth of the Blessed Virgin, the Signora Lucretia, held back by her veneration for so holy a time, desired, with the consent of her daughter-in-law, that the execution of the murder should be put off until the following day. They dexterously mixed opium with the drink of Francesco, who, upon going to bed, was soon oppressed by a deep sleep. About midnight his daughter herself led the two assassins into the apartment of her father, and left them there that they might execute the deed they had undertaken, and retired to a chamber close by, where Lucretia remained also, expecting the return of the murderers, and the relation of their success. Soon after the assassins entered, and told the ladies that pity had held them back, and that they could not overcome their repugnance to kill in cold blood a poor sleeping old man. These words filled Beatrice with anger, and after having bitterly reviled them as cowards and traitors, she exclaimed, "Since you have not courage enough to murder a sleeping man, I will kill my father myself; but your lives shall not be long secure." The assassins, hearing this short but terrible threat, feared that if they did not commit the deed, the tempest would burst over their own heads, took courage, and re-entered the chamber where Francesco slept, and with a hammer drove a nail into his head, making it pass by his eye, and another they drove into his neck. After a few struggles the unhappy Francesco breathed his last. The murderers departed, after having received the remainder of the promised reward; besides which, Beatrice gave Marzio a mantle trimmed with gold. After this the two ladies, after drawing out the two nails, enveloped the body in a fine sheet, and carried it to an open gallery that overhung a garden, and had underneath an elder-tree: from thence they threw it down, so that it might be believed that Francesco, attending a call of nature, was traversing this gallery, when, being only supported by feeble beams, it had given way, and thus had lost his life.

And so indeed was it believed the next day, when the feigned lamentations of Lucretia and Beatrice, who appeared inconsolable, spread the news of Francesco's death. He received an honourable burial; and his family, after a short stay at the castle, returned to Rome to enjoy the fruits of their crime. They passed some time there in tranquillity; but Divine Justice, which would not allow so atrocious a wickedness to remain hid and unpunished, so ordered it, that the Court of Naples, to which the account of the death of Cenci was forwarded, began to entertain doubts concerning the mode by which he came by it, and sent a commissary to examine the body and to take informations. Among other things, this man discovered a circumstance to the prejudice of the family of the deceased: it appeared that the day after the event of her father's death, Beatrice had given to wash a sheet covered with blood, saying:

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These informations were instantly forwarded to the Court of Rome; but, nevertheless, several months passed without any step being taken in disfavour of the Cenci family; and, in the mean time, the youngest son of Francesco died, and two only remained of the five that he had had; namely, Giacomo and Bernardo. Monsignore Guerra, having heard of the notification made by the Court of Naples to that of Rome, fearing that Marzio and Olympio might fall into the hands of justice, and be induced to confess their crime

suddenly hired men to murder them, but succeeded only in assassinating Olympio at the city of Terni. Marzio, who had escaped this misfortune, soon incurred that of being imprisoned at Naples, where he confessed the whole; and instantly, while the arrival of Marzio at Rome from Naples was expected, Giacomo and Bernardo were arrested, and imprisoned in the Corte Savella, and Lucretia and Beatrice were confined in their own house under a good guard; but afterwards they were also conducted to the prison where were the brothers. They were here examined, and all constantly denied the crime, and particularly Beatrice, who also denied having given to Marzio the mantle trimmed with gold, of which mention was before made; and Marzio, overcome and moved by the presence of mind and courage of Beatrice, retracted all that he had deposed at Naples, and, rather than again confess, obstinately died under his torments.

There not being sufficient proof to justify putting the Cenci family to the torture, they were all transferred to Castello, where they remained several months in tranquillity. But, for their misfortune, one of the murderers of Olympio at Terni fell into the hands of justice; he confessed that he had been hired to this deed by Monsignore Guerra, who had also commissioned him to assassinate Marzio. Fortunately for this prelate, he received prompt information of the testimony given against him, and was able to hide himself for a time, and to plan his escape, which was very difficult; for his stature, the fairness and beauty of his countenance, and his light hair, made him conspicuous for discovery. He changed his dress for that of a charcoal-man, blackening his face, and shaving his head; and thus disguised, driving two asses before him, with some bread and onions in his hands, he passed freely through Rome, under the eyes of the ministers of justice, who sought him everywhere; and, without being recognised by any one, passed out of one of the gates of the city, where, after a short time, he was met by the sbirri, who were searching the country, and passed unknown by them, not without suffering great fear at his risk of being discovered and arrested: by means of this ingenious disguise he effected his escape to a safe country.

The flight of Monsignore Guerra, joined to the confession of the murderer of Olympio, aggravated the other proofs so much, that the Cenci were re-transferred from Castello to Corte Savella, and were condemned to be put to the torture. The two sons sank vilely under their torments, and became convicted; Lucretia, being of advanced age, having completed her fiftieth year, and being of a fat make, was not able to resist the torture of the cord—[*The original is wanting.*]—But the Signora Beatrice, being young, lively, and strong, neither with good nor ill treatment, with menaces, nor fear of torture, would allow a single word to pass her lips which might inculpate her; and even, by her lively eloquence, confuted the judges who examined her. The Pope, being informed of all that passed by Signor Ulyse Moraci, the judge employed in this affair, became suspicious that the beauty of Beatrice had softened the mind of this judge, and committed the cause to another, who found out another mode of torment, called the torture of the hair; and when she was already tied under this torture, he brought before her her mother-in-law and brothers. They began altogether to exhort her to confess; saying, that since the crime had been committed, they must suffer the punishment. Beatrice, after some resistance, said, "So you all wish to die, and to dis-



grace and ruin our house?—This is not right; but since it so pleases you, so let it be:”—and turning to the jailors, she told them to unbind her, and that all the examinations might be brought to her, saying, “That which I ought to confess, that will I confess; that to which I ought to assent, to that will I assent; and that which I ought to deny, that will I deny:”—and in this manner she was convicted without having confessed. They were then all unbound; and, since it was now five months since all had met, they wished to eat together that day: but, three days afterwards, they were again divided—the ladies being left in the Corte Savella, and the brothers being transferred to the dungeons of the Tordinona.

The Pope, after having seen all the examinations, and the entire confessions, ordered that the delinquents should be drawn through the streets at the tails of horses, and afterwards decapitated. Many cardinals and princes interested themselves, and entreated that at least they might be allowed to draw up their defence. The Pope at first refused to comply, replying with severity, and asking these intercessors what defence had been allowed to Francesco, when he had been so barbarously murdered in his sleep; but afterwards he yielded to allow them twenty-five days' time. The most celebrated Roman advocates undertook to defend the criminals; and, at the end of the appointed time, brought their writings to the Pope. The first that spoke was the advocate Nicolas di Angelis; but the Pope interrupted him angrily in the middle of his discourse, saying, that he greatly wondered that there existed in Rome children unnatural enough to kill their father; and that there should be found advocates depraved enough to defend so horrible a crime. These words silenced all except the advocate Farinacci; who said, “Holy Father, we have not fallen at your feet to defend the atrocity of the crime, but to save the life of the innocent, when your holiness will deign to hear us.” The Pope listened patiently to him for four hours, and then, taking the writings, dismissed them. The advocate Altieri, who was the last to depart, turned back, and, throwing himself at the feet of the Pope, said, that his office as advocate to the poor would not allow him to refuse to appear in this affair; and the Pope replied that he was not surprised at the part that he, but at that which the others had taken. Instead of retiring to rest, he spent the whole night in studying the cause with the Cardinal di San Marcello—noting with great care the most exculpating passages of the writing of the advocate Farinacci; with which he became so satisfied, that he gave hope of granting a pardon to the criminals: for the crimes of the father and children were contrasted and balanced in this writing; and to save the sons, the greater guilt was attributed to Beatrice; and thus, by saving the mother-in-law, the daughter might the more easily escape, who was dragged, as it were, to the committing so enormous a crime by the cruelty of her father. The Pope, therefore, that the criminals might enjoy the benefit of time, ordered them again to be confined in secret. But since, by the high dispensation of Providence, it was resolved that they should incur the just penalty of parricide, it so happened, that at this time Paolo Santa Croce killed his mother in the town of Subiaco, because she refused to give up her inheritance to him. And the Pope, upon the occurrence of this second crime of this nature, resolved to punish those guilty of the first; and the more so, because the matricide Santa Croce had escaped from the vengeance of the law by flight. The Pope returned to Monte Cavallo the 6th of May,

that he might consecrate the next morning, in the neighbouring church of S. Maria degli Angeli, the Cardinal Diverziana, appointed by him to be bishop of Olumbre, on the 3d of May of the same year, 1599: on the 10th of May he called into his presence Monsignore Ferrante Taverna, governor of Rome, and said to him, “I give up into your hands the Cenci cause, that you may as soon as you can execute the justice allotted to them.” As soon as the governor arrived at his palace, he communicated the sentence to, and held a council with, the criminal judge, concerning the manner of death to be inflicted on the criminals. Many nobles instantly hastened to the palaces of the Quirinal and the Vatican, to implore the grace of at least a private death for the ladies, and the pardon of the innocent Bernardo; and, fortunately, they were in time to save the life of this youth, because many hours were necessarily employed in preparing the scaffold over the bridge of S. Angelo, and then in waiting for the Confraternity of Mercy, who were to accompany the condemned to the place of suffering.

The sentence was executed the morning of Saturday, the 11th of May. The messengers charged with the communication of the sentence, and the Brothers of the Conforteria, were sent to the several prisons at five the preceding night; and at six the sentence of death was communicated to the unhappy brothers while they were placidly sleeping. Beatrice on hearing it broke into a piercing lamentation, and into passionate gesture, exclaiming, “How is it possible, O my God! that I must so suddenly die?” Lucretia, as prepared, and already resigned to her fate, listened without terror to the reading of this terrible sentence; and with gentle exhortations induced her daughter-in-law to enter the chapel with her; and the latter, whatever excess she might have indulged in on the first intimation of a speedy death, so much the more now courageously supported herself, and gave every one certain proofs of a humble resignation. Having requested that a notary might be allowed to come to her, and her request being granted, she made her will, in which she left 15,000 crowns to the Fraternity of the Sacre Stimmate; and willed that all her dowry should be employed in portioning for marriage fifty maidens; and Lucretia, imitating the example of her daughter-in-law, ordered that she should be buried in the church of S. Gregorio at Monte Celio, with 32,000 crowns for charitable uses, and made other legacies; after which they passed some time in the Conforteria, reciting psalms and litanies and other prayers, with so much fervour, that it well appeared that they were assisted by the peculiar grace of God. At eight o'clock they confessed, heard mass, and received the holy communion. Beatrice, considering that it was not decorous to appear before the judges and on the scaffold with their splendid dresses, ordered two dresses, one for herself, and the other for her mother-in-law, made in the manner of the nuns—gathered up, and with long sleeves of black cotton for Lucretia, and of common silk for herself; with a large cord girdle. When these dresses came, Beatrice rose, and, turning to Lucretia—“Mother,” said she, “the hour of our departure is drawing near, let us dress therefore in these clothes, and let us mutually aid one another in this last office.” Lucretia readily complied with this invitation, and they dressed, each helping the other, showing the same indifference and pleasure as if they were dressing for a feast.

The Company of Mercy arrived soon after at the prisons of the Tordinona; and while they were waiting

below in the street with the crucifix, until the condemned should descend, an accident happened, which gave rise to such a tumult among the immense crowd there collected, that there was danger of much disorder. It thus happened; some foreign gentlemen, who were posted at a high window, inadvertently threw down a flower-pot which was outside the window, which falling on one of the brothers of the Order of Mercy, mortally wounded him. This caused a disturbance in the crowd; and those who were too far off to know the cause, took flight, and falling one over the other, several were wounded. When the tumult was calmed, the brothers Giacomo and Bernardo descended to the door of the prison, near which opportunely happened to be some fiscal officers, who, going up to Bernardo, told him that through the clemency of the sovereign pontiff, his life was spared to him, with this condition, that he should be present at the death of his relations. A scarlet mantle trimmed with gold, in which he had at first been conducted to prison, was given him, to envelop him. Giacomo was already on the car, when the *placet* of the Pope arrived, freeing him from the severer portion of the punishment added to the sentence, and ordering that it should be executed only by the hammer and quartering.

The funeral procession passed through the Via dell' Orso, by the Apollinara, thence through the Piazza Navona; from the church of S. Pantalo to the Piazza Pollarola, through the Campo di Fiori, S. Carlo a Castinari, to the Arco de' Conte Cenci; proceeding, it stopped under the Palace Cenci, and then finally rested at the Corte Savella, to take the two ladies. When these arrived, Lucretia remained last, dressed in black, as has been described, with a veil of the same colour, which covered her as far as her girdle: Beatrice was beside her, also covered by a veil: they wore velvet slippers, with silk roses and gold fastenings; and, instead of manacles, their wrists were bound by a silk cord, which was fastened to their girdles in such a manner as so give them almost the free use of their hands. Each had in her left hand the holy sign of benediction, and in the right a handkerchief, with which Lucretia wiped her tears, and Beatrice the perspiration from her forehead. Being arrived at the place of punishment, Bernardo was left on the scaffold, and the others were conducted to the chapel. During this dreadful separation, this unfortunate youth, reflecting that he was soon going to behold the decapitation of his nearest relatives, fell down in a deadly swoon, from which, however, he was at last recovered, and seated opposite the block. The first that came forth to die was Lucretia, who, being fat, found difficulty in placing herself to receive the blow. The executioner taking off her handkerchief, her neck was discovered, which was still handsome, although she was fifty years of age. Blushing deeply, she cast her eyes down, and then, casting them up to heaven, full of tears, she exclaimed, "Behold, dearest Jesus, this guilty soul about to appear before thee—to give an account of its acts, mingled with many crimes. When it shall appear before thy Godhead, I pray thee to look on it with an eye of mercy, and not of justice." She then began to recite the psalm *Miserere mei Deus*, and placing her neck under the axe, the head was struck from her body while she was repeating the second verse of this psalm, at the words *et secundum multitudinem*. When the executioner raised the head, the populace saw with wonder that the countenance long retained its vivacity, until it was wrapt up in a black handkerchief, and placed in a corner of the scaffold. While

the scaffold was being arranged for Beatrice, and whilst the Brotherhood returned to the chapel for her, the balcony of a shop filled with spectators fell, and five of those underneath were wounded, so that two died a few days after. Beatrice, hearing the noise, asked the executioner if her mother had died well, and being replied that she had, she knelt before the crucifix, and spoke thus:—"Be thou everlastingly thanked, O my most gracious Saviour, since, by the good death of my mother, thou hast given me assurance of thy mercy towards me." Then, rising, she courageously and devoutly walked towards the scaffold, repeating by the way several prayers, with so much fervour of spirit, that all who heard her shed tears of compassion. Ascending the scaffold, while she arranged herself, she also turned her eyes to heaven, and thus prayed:—"Most beloved Jesus, who, relinquishing thy divinity, becamest a man; and didst through love purge my sinful soul also of its original sin with thy precious blood; deign, I beseech thee, to accept that which I am about to shed at thy most merciful tribunal, as a penalty which may cancel my many crimes, and spare me a part of that punishment justly due to me." Then she placed her head under the axe, which at one blow was divided from her body, as she was repeating the second verse of the psalm *De profundis*, at the words *fiat aures tua*; the blow gave a violent motion to her body, and discomposed her dress. The executioner raised the head to the view of the people, and in placing it in the coffin placed underneath, the cord by which it was suspended slipped from his hold, and the head fell to the ground, shedding a great deal of blood, which was wiped up with water and sponges.

On the death of his sister, Bernardo again fainted: the most efficacious remedies were for some time uselessly employed upon him; and it was believed by all that his second swoon, having found him already overcome and without strength, had deprived him of life. At length, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, he came to himself, and by slow degrees recovered the use of his senses. Giacomo was then conducted to the scaffold, and the executioner took from him the mourning cloke which enveloped him. He fixed his eyes on Bernardo, and then, turning, addressed the people with a loud voice: "Now that I am about to present myself before the Tribunal of infallible Truth, I swear that if my Saviour, pardoning me my faults, shall place in the road to salvation, I will incessantly pray for the preservation of his Holiness, who has spared me the aggravation of punishment but too much due to my enormous crime, and has granted life to my brother Bernardo, who is most innocent of the guilt of parricide, as I have constantly declared in all my examinations. It only afflicts me in these my last moments, that he should have been obliged to be present at so fatal a scene: but since, O my God, it has so pleased thee, *fiat voluntas tua*." After speaking thus, he knelt down: the executioner blinded his eyes, and tied his legs to the scaffold, gave him a blow on the temple with a leaded hammer, cut off his head, and cut his body into four pieces, which were fixed on the hooks of the scaffold.

When the last penalty of justice was over, Bernardo was reconducted to the prison of the Tordinona, where he was soon attacked by a burning fever; he was bled and received other remedies, so that in the end he recovered his health, though not without great suffering. The bodies of Lucretia and Beatrice were left at the end of the bridge until the evening, illuminated by two torches, and surrounded by so great a con-

course of people, that it was impossible to cross the bridge. An hour after dark, the body of Beatrice was placed in a coffin, covered by a black velvet pall, richly adorned with gold: garlands of flowers were placed, one at her head, and another at her feet; and the body was strewn with flowers. It was accompanied to the church of S. Peter in Montorio by the Brotherhood of the Order of Mercy, and followed by many Franciscan monks, with great pomp and innumerable torches; she was there buried before the high altar, after the customary ceremony had been performed. By reason of the distance of the church from the bridge, it was four hours after dark before the ceremony was finished. Afterwards the body of Lucretia, accompanied in the same manner, was carried to the church of S. Gregorio upon the Celian Hill; where, after the ceremony, it was honourably buried.

Beatrice was rather tall, of a fair complexion; and she had a dimple on each cheek, which, especially when she smiled, added a grace to her lovely countenance that transported every one who beheld her. Her hair appeared like threads of gold; and, because they were extremely long, she used to tie it up, and, when afterwards she loosened it, the splendid ringlets dazzled the eyes of the spectator. Her eyes were of a deep blue, pleasing, and full of fire. To all these beauties she added, both in words and actions, a spirit and a majestic vivacity that captivated every one. She was twenty years of age when she died.

Lucretia was as tall as Beatrice, but her full make made her appear less: she was also fair, and so fresh complexioned, that at fifty, which was her age when she died, she did not appear above thirty. Her hair

was black, and her teeth regular and white to an extraordinary degree.

Giacomo was of a middle size; fair but ruddy; and with black eyebrows: affable in his nature, of good address, and well skilled in every science, and in all knightly exercises. He was not more than twenty-eight years of age when he died.

Lastly, Bernardo so closely resembled Beatrice in complexion, features, and everything else, that if they had changed clothes the one might easily have been taken for the other. His mind also seemed formed in the same model as that of his sister; and at the time of her death he was six-and-twenty years old.

He remained in the prison of Tordinona until the month of September of the same year, after which time, at the intercession of the Most Venerable Grand Brotherhood of the Most Holy Crucifix of St. Marcellus, he obtained the favour of his liberty upon paying the sum of 25,000 crowns to the Hospital of the Most Holy Trinity of Pilgrims. Thus he, as the sole remnant of the Cenci family, became heir to all their possessions. He is now married, and has a son named Cristofero.

The most faithful portrait of Beatrice exists in the Palace of the Villa Pamfili, without the gate of San Pancrazio: if any other is to be found in the Palazzo Cenci, it is not shown to any one;—so as not to renew the memory of so horrible an event.

This was the end of this family: and until the time when this account is put together it has not been possible to find the Marquess Paolo Santa Croce; but there is a rumour that he dwells in Brescia, a city of the Venetian states.

END OF THE CENCI.

# HELLAS ;

## A Lyrical Drama.

MΑΝΤΙΣ ΕΙΜ' ΕΣΘΛΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ.

(ÆDIP. COLON.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO,

LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA

THE DRAMA OF HELLAS

IS INSCRIBED,

AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN OF THE ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP OF

THE AUTHOR.

Pisa, November 1, 1821.

### PREFACE.

THE Poem of "Hellas," written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject, in its present state, is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama, from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the licence is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets, who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The Persæ of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended, forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilisation and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian waggon to an Athenian village at the Dionysiacs, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with equanimity any punishment greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song* which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavourable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected, or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem,

and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks—that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalised by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilised world, to the astonishing circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilisation—rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin, is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shows of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece—Rome the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institutions as China and Japan possess.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions, whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind; and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded by moral and political

slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease, as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of "Anastatius" could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes; the flower of their youth, returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany, and France, have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution, eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country, with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant, and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity, and civilisation.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other, until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece, and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turks;—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany, to see the tyrants who have pinnaled themselves on its supineness, precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe; and that enemy well knows the power and cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division, to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAHMUD,  
HASSAN,

DAOOD,  
ARASUERUS, a Jew.

CHORUS of Greek Captive Women.  
Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.

SCENE—Constantinople.

TIME—Sunset.

SCENE, a Terrace, on the Seraglio.

MAHMUD (sleeping), an Indian slave sitting beside his Couch.

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

We strew these opiate flowers  
On thy restless pillow,—  
They were stript from Orient bowers,  
By the Indian billow.

Be thy sleep  
Calm and deep,  
Like theirs who fell—not ours who weep!

INDIAN.

Away, unlovely dreams!  
Away, false shapes of sleep!  
Be his, as Heaven seems,  
Clear, and bright, and deep!  
Soft as love, and calm as death,  
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden  
With the soul of slumber;  
It was sung by a Samian maiden,  
Whose lover was of the number  
Who now keep  
That calm sleep  
Whence none may wake where none shall weep.

INDIAN.

I touch thy temples pale!  
I breathe my soul on thee!  
And could my prayers avail,  
All my joy should be  
Dead, and I would live to weep,  
So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS.

Breathe low, low,  
The spell of the mighty mistress now!  
When Conscience lulls her sated snake,  
And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.  
Breathe low, low,  
The words, which, like secret fire, shall flow  
Through the veins of the frozen earth—low, low!

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;  
Hope may vanish, but can die not;  
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;  
Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel, where  
Hope lay coffined with Despair;  
Yet were truth a sacred lie,  
Love were lost—

## SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty  
Lent not life its soul of light,  
Hope its iris of delight,  
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,  
Love its power to give and bear.

## CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,  
The spirit of God with might unfurled.  
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,  
And all its banded anarchs fled,  
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,  
Before an earthquake's tread.—  
So from Time's tempestuous dawn  
Freedom's splendour burst and shone :—  
Thermopylae and Marathon  
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,  
The springing Fire.—The winged glory  
On Philippi half-alighted,

Like an eagle on a promontory.  
Its unwearied wings could fan  
The quenchless ashes of Milan.  
From age to age, from man to man  
It lived ; and lit from land to land  
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.  
Then night fell ; and, as from night,  
Re-assuming fiery flight,  
From the West swift Freedom came,  
Against the course of heaven and doom,  
A second sun arrayed in flame,  
To burn, to kindle, to illumine.

From far Atlantis its young beams  
Chased the shadows and the dreams.  
France, with all her sanguine steams,  
Hid, but quenched it not ; again  
Through clouds its shafts of glory rain  
From utmost Germany to Spain.

As an eagle fed with morning  
Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,  
When she seeks her aerie hanging  
In the mountain-cedar's hair,  
And her brood expect the clanging  
Of her wings through the wild air,  
Sick with famine ;—Freedom, so  
To what of Greece remaineth now  
Returns ; her hoary ruins glow  
Like orient mountains lost in day ;  
Beneath the safety of her wings  
Her renovated nurselings play,  
And in the naked lightnings  
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.  
Let Freedom leave, where'er she flies,  
A Desert, or a Paradise ;  
Let the beautiful and the brave  
Share her glory, or a grave.

## SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness  
Greece did thy cradle strew ;

## SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness  
Greece did thy shroud bedew ;

## SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection  
She followed thy bier through time !

## SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection  
Re-appearst, like thou, sublime !

## SEMICHORUS I.

If Heaven should resume thee,  
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend ;

## SEMICHORUS II.

If Hell should entomb thee,  
To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

## SEMICHORUS I.

If Annihilation—

## SEMICHORUS II.

Dust let her glories be ;  
And a name and a nation  
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee !

## INDIAN.

His brow grows darker—breathe not—move not !  
He starts—he shudders ;—ye that love not,  
With your panting loud and fast  
Have awakened him at last.

MAHMUD (*starting from his sleep*).

Man the Scraglio-guard ! make fast the gate.  
What ! from a cannonade of three short hours ?  
'Tis false ! that breach towards the Bosphorus  
Cannot be practicable yet—Who stirs ?  
Stand to the match ; that when the foe prevails,  
One spark may mix in reconcealing ruin  
The conqueror and the conquered ! Heave the tower  
Into the gap—wrench off the roof.

## Enter HASSAN.

Ha ! what !

The truth of day lightens upon my dream,  
And I am Mahmud still.

## HASSAN.

Your Sublime Highness

Is strangely moved.

## MAHMUD.

The times do cast strange shadows  
On those who watch and who must rule their course,  
Lest they, being first in peril as in glory,  
Be whelmed in the fierce ebb :—and these are of  
Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me [them].  
As thus from sleep into the troubled day ;  
It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,  
Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.  
Would that—no matter. Thou didst say thou  
A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle [knewest  
Of strange and secret and forgotten things.  
I bade thee summon him :—'tis said his tribe  
Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

## HASSAN.

The Jew of whom I spake is old,—so old  
He seems to have outlived a world's decay ;  
The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean  
Seem younger still than he ; his hair and beard  
Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow ;  
His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries  
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct  
With light, and to the soul that quickens them  
Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift  
To the winter wind :—but from his eye looks forth

A life of unconsumed thought, which pierces  
The present and the past, and the to-come.  
Some say that this is he whom the great prophet  
Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery,  
Mocked with the curse of immortality,  
Some feign that he is Enoch ; others dream  
He was pre-adamite, and has survived  
Cycles of generation and of ruin.  
The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence,  
And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,  
Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,  
In years outstretched beyond the date of man,  
May have attained to sovereignty and science  
Over those strong and secret things and thoughts  
Which others fear and know not.

MAHMUD.

I would talk

With this old Jew:

HASSAN.

Thy will is even now

Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-cavern  
'Mid the Demonesi, less accessible  
Than thou or God ! He who would question him  
Must sail alone at sun-set, where the stream  
Of ocean sleeps around those foamless isles  
When the young moon is westering as now,  
And evening airs wander upon the wave ;  
And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle,  
Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow  
Of his gilt prow within the sapphire water,  
Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud,  
Ahasuerus ! and the caverns round  
Will answer, Ahasuerus ! If his prayer  
Be granted, a faint meteor will arise.  
Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind  
Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,  
And with the wind a storm of harmony  
Unutterably sweet, and pilot him  
Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus :  
Thence, at the hour and place and circumstance  
Fit for the matter of their conference,  
The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare,  
Win the desired communion—but that shout  
Bodes —

[A shout within.

MAHMUD.

Evil, doubtless ; like all human sounds.  
Let me converse with spirits.

HASSAN.

That shout again.

MAHMUD.

This Jew whom thou hast summoned—

HASSAN.

Will be here—

MAHMUD.

When the omnipotent hour, to which are yoked  
He, I, and all things, shall compel—enough.  
Silence those mutineers—that drunken crew  
That crowd about the pilot in the storm.  
Ay ! strike the foremost shorter by a head !  
They weary me, and I have need of rest.  
Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have  
The worship of the world, but no repose.

[Exit severally.

CHORUS.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
From creation to decay,  
Like the bubbles on a river,  
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
But they are still immortal  
Who, through birth's orient portal,  
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
Clothe their unceasing flight  
In the brief dust and light  
Gathered around their chariots as they go ;  
New shapes they still may weave,  
New Gods, new laws receive,  
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last  
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God ;  
A Promethean conqueror came ;

Like a triumphal path he trod  
The thorns of death and shame.

A mortal shape to him  
Was like the vapour dim

Which the orient planet animates with light ;  
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,  
Like blood-hounds mild and tame,  
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.

The moon of Mahomet  
Arose, and it shall set :

While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon  
The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
From one whose dreams are paradise,  
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
And day peers forth with her blank eyes ;  
So fleet, so faint, so fair,

The Powers of earth and air

Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem :  
Apollo, Pan, and Love,

And even Olympian Jove

Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them.

Our hills, and seas, and streams,  
Dispeopled of their dreams,  
Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,  
Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOD, and others.

MAHMUD.

More gold ? our ancestors bought gold with victory,  
And shall I sell it for defeat ?

DAOD.

The Janizars

Clamour for pay.

MAHMUD.

Go ! bid them pay themselves  
With Christian blood ! Are there no Grecian  
virgins  
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may  
enjoy !

No infidel children to impale on spears ?  
No hoary priests after that Patriarch  
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,  
Which clove his own at last ? Go ! bid them kill :  
Blood is the seed of gold.

DAOD.

It has been sown,  
And yet the harvest to the sickle-men  
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD.

Then take this signet,  
Unlock the seventh chamber, in which lie  
The treasures of victorious Solyman.  
An empire's spoils stored for a day of ruin.  
O spirit of my sires ! is it not come ?  
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep ;  
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,  
Hunger for gold, which fills not.—See them fed ;  
Then lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

[Exit DAOOD.

Oh ! miserable dawn, after a night  
More glorious than the day which it usurped !  
O, faith in God ! O, power on earth ! O, word  
Of the great Prophet, whose overshadowing wings  
Darkened the thrones and idols of the west,  
Now bright !—For thy sake cursed be the hour,  
Even as a father by an evil child,  
When the orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph  
From Caucasus to white Ceraunia !  
Ruin above, and anarchy below ;  
Terror without, and treachery within ;  
The chalice of destruction full, and all  
Thirsting to drink ; and who among us dares  
To dash it from his lips ? and where is Hope ?

HASSAN.

The lamp of our dominion still rides high ;  
One God is God—Mahomet is his Prophet.  
Four hundred thousand Moslems, from the limits  
Of utmost Asia, irresistibly  
Throng, like full clouds at the Scirocco's cry,  
But not like them to weep their strength in tears ;  
They have destroying lightning, and their step  
Wakes earthquake, to consume and overwhelm,  
And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,  
Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen  
With horrent arms, and lofty ships, even now,  
Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,  
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala  
The convoy of the ever-veering wind.  
Samos is drunk with blood ;—the Greek has paid  
Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.  
The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far  
When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah !  
Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind,  
Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock  
Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.  
So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day !  
If night is mute, yet the returning sun,  
Kindles the voices of the morning birds ;  
Nor at thy bidding less exultingly  
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,  
The Anarchies of Africa unleash  
Their tempest-winged cities of the sea,  
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.  
Like sulphureous clouds half-shattered by the storm,  
They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen  
Of Ocean, bound upon her island throne,  
Far in the West, sits mourning that her sons,  
Who frown on Freedom, spare a smile for thee :  
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might  
Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane  
Hang tangled in inextinguishable fight,  
To stoop upon the victor ; for she fears  
The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine :  
But recreant Austria loves thee as the Grave  
Loves Pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,  
Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,

And howl upon their limits ; for they see  
The panther Freedom fled to her old cover,  
Amid seas and mountains, and a mightier brood  
Crouch around. What Anarch wears a crown or  
mitre,  
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,  
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy  
foes ?

Our arsenals and our armories are full ;  
Our forts defy assaults ; ten thousand cannon  
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour  
Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city ;  
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale  
The Christian merchant, and the yellow Jew  
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.  
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,  
Over the hills of Anatolia,  
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry  
Sweep ;—the far-flashing of their starry lances  
Reverberates the dying light of day.  
We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law ;  
But many-headed Insurrection stands  
Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

MAHMUD.

Proud words, when deeds come short, are reason-  
able ;

Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned  
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud  
Which leads the rear of the departing day,  
Wan emblem of an empire fading now !  
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,  
And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,  
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,  
One star with insolent and victorious light  
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,  
Like arrows through a fainting antelope,  
Strikes its weak form to death.

HASSAN.

Even as that moon  
Renews itself—

MAHMUD.

Shall we be not renewed !  
Far other bark than ours were needed now  
To stem the torrent of descending time :  
The spirit that lifts the slave before its lord  
Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,  
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness ;  
Exults in chains ; and when the rebel falls,  
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust ;  
And the inheritors of earth, like beasts  
When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear  
Cower in their kingly dens—as I do now.  
What were Defeat, when Victory must appal ?  
Or Danger, when Security looks pale ?  
How said the messenger—who from the fort  
Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle  
Of Bucharest !—that—

HASSAN.

Ibrahim's cimeter  
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,  
To burn before him in the night of battle—  
A light and a destruction.

MAHMUD.

Ay ! the day  
Was ours ; but how ?—



HASSAN.

The light Wallachians,  
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies,  
Fled from the glance of our artillery  
Almost before the thunder-stone alit ;  
One half the Grecian army made a bridge  
Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead ;  
The other—

MAHMUD.

Speak—tremble not—

HASSAN.

Islanded  
By victor myriads, formed in hollow square  
With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung  
The deluge of our foaming cavalry ; [back  
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.  
Our baffled army trembled like one man  
Before a host, and gave them space ; but soon,  
From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,  
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain.  
Yet none approached ; till like a field of corn  
Under the hook of the swart sickle-man,  
The bands, intrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,  
Grew weak and few. Then said the Pacha, "Slaves,  
Render yourselves—they have abandoned you—  
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid ?  
We grant your lives."—"Grant that which is thine  
own,"

Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died !  
Another—"God, and man, and hope abandon me ;  
But I to them and to myself remain  
Constant ;" he bowed his head, and his heart burst.  
A third exclaimed, "There is a refuge, tyrant,  
Where thou dar'st not pursue, and canst not  
harm,

Shouldst thou pursue ; there we shall meet again."  
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,  
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment  
Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth !  
So these survivors, each by different ways,  
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonourable,  
Met in triumphant death ; and when our army  
Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame  
Held back the base hyenas of the battle  
That feed upon the dead and fly the living,  
One rose out of the chaos of the slain ;  
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit  
Of the old saviours of the land we rule  
Had lifted in its anger, wandering by ;  
Or if there burned within the dying man  
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith  
Creating what it feigned ;—I cannot tell :  
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come !  
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike  
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,  
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,  
And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew ;—  
O ye who float around this clime, and weave  
The garment of the glory which it wears ;  
Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,  
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought ;—  
Progenitors of all that yet is great,  
Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept  
In your high ministrations, us, your sons—  
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come !  
And ye weak conquerors ! giants who look pale  
When the crushed worm rebels beneath your  
tread—

The vultures, and the dogs, your pensioners tame,  
Are overgorged ; but, like oppressors, still  
They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.  
The exhalations and the thirsty winds  
Are sick with blood ; the dew is foul with death—  
Heaven's light is quenched in slaughter : Thus  
where'er

Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,  
The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast  
Of these dead limbs, upon your streams and moun-  
tains,  
Upon your fields, your gardens, and your house-  
tops,

Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,  
Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down  
With poisoned light—Famine, and Pestilence,  
And Panic, shall wage war upon our side !  
Nature from all her boundaries is moved  
Against ye : Time has found ye light as foam.  
The earth rebels ; and Good and Evil stake  
Their empire o'er the unborn world of men  
On this one cast—but ere the die be thrown,  
The renovated genius of our race,  
Proud umpire of the impious game, descends  
A seraph-winged Victory, bestriding  
The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,  
Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom,  
And you to oblivion !"—More he would have said,  
But—

MAHMUD.

Died—as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted  
Their ruin in the hues of our success.  
A rebel's crime, gilt with a rebel's tongue !  
Your heart is Greek, Hassan.

HASSAN.

It may be so :  
A spirit not my own wrenched me within,  
And I have spoken words I fear and hate ;  
Yet would I die for—

MAHMUD.

Live ! O live ! outlive  
Me and this sinking empire :—but the fleet—

HASSAN.

Alas !

MAHMUD.

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds  
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner.  
Our winged castles from their merchant ships !  
Our myriads before their weak pirate bands !  
Our arms before their chains ! Our years of empire  
Before their centuries of servile fear !  
Death is awake ! Repulsed on the waters,  
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner  
Of Mahmud ; but like hounds of a base breed,  
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their  
master.

HASSAN.

Latmos, and Ampelos, and Phanae, saw  
The wreck—

MAHMUD.

The caves of the Ægean isles  
Hold each to the other in loud mockery,  
And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes  
First of the sea-convulsing fight—and then—  
Thou dar'st to speak—senseless are the mountains,  
Interpret thou their voice !

HASSAN.

My presence bore  
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet  
Bore down at day-break from the North, and hung  
As multitudinous on the ocean line  
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.  
Our squadron convoying ten thousand men,  
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle  
Was kindled.—  
First through the hail of our artillery  
The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail  
Dashed :—ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man  
To man, were grappled in the embrace of war,  
Inextricable but by death or victory.  
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed  
To its crystalline depths that stainless sea,  
And shook heaven's roof of golden morning clouds  
Poised on an hundred azure mountain-isles.  
In the brief trances of the artillery,  
One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer  
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt  
The unforeseen event, till the north wind  
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil  
Of battle-smoke—then victory—victory!  
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers  
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon  
The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,  
Among, around us; and that fatal sign  
Dried with its beams the strength of Moslem hearts,  
As the sun drinks the dew.—What more? We fled!  
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam  
Was beacons, and the glare struck the sun pale,  
By our consuming transports: the fierce light  
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,  
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay  
feeding  
The ravening fire even to the water's level:  
Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,  
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died  
Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,  
Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!  
We met the vultures legioned in the air,  
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind:  
They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,  
Stooped through the sulphureous battle-smoke,  
and perched  
Each on the weltering carcass that we loved,  
Like its ill angel or its damned soul.  
Riding upon the bosom of the sea,  
We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.  
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,  
And ravening famine left his ocean-cave  
To dwell with war, with us, and with despair.  
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,  
As with night, tempest—

MAHMUD.

Cease!

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER.

Your Sublime Highness,  
The Muscovite ambassador,  
Has left the city. If the rebel fleet  
Had anchored in the port, had victory  
Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,  
Panic were tamer.—Obedience and Mutiny,  
Like giants in contention planet-struck,  
Stand gazing on each other.—There is peace  
In Stamboul.—

MAHMUD.

Is the grave not calmer still?  
Its ruins shall be mine.

HASSAN.

Fear not the Russian;  
The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay  
Against the hunter.—Cunning, base, and cruel,  
He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,  
And must be paid for his reserve in blood.  
After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian  
That which thou canst not keep, his deserved portion  
Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and  
fields,  
Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,  
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

*Enter Second Messenger.*

SECOND MESSENGER.

Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,  
Navarin, Artas, Monembasia,  
Corinth and Thebes, are carried by assault;  
And every Islamite who made his dogs  
Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves,  
Passed at the edge of the sword: the lust of blood,  
Which made our warriors drunk, is quenched in  
death;  
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew  
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale  
In its own light. The garrison of Patras  
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope  
But from the Briton; at once slave and tyrant,  
His wishes still are weaker than his fears;  
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain  
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway;  
And if you buy him not, your treasury  
Is empty even of promises—his own coin.  
The freeman of a western poet chief  
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,  
And has beat back the Pacha of Negropont;  
The aged Ali sits in Yanina,  
A crownless metaphor of empire;  
His name, that shadow of his withered might,  
Holds our besieging army like a spell  
In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny:  
He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth  
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors  
The ruins of the city where he reigned  
Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reaped  
The costly harvest his own blood matured,  
Not the sower, Ali—who has bought a truce  
From Ypsilanti, with ten camel-loads  
Of Indian gold.

*Enter a Third Messenger.*

MAHMUD.

What more?

THIRD MESSENGER.

The Christian tribes  
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness  
Are in revolt;—Damascus, Hems, Aleppo,  
Tremble;—the Arab menaces Medina;  
The Ethiop has entrenched himself in Sennaar,  
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,  
Who denies homage, claims investiture  
As price of tardy aid. Persia demands  
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians  
Refuse their living tribute. Crete and Cyprus,  
Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins

Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,  
Shake in the general fever. Through the city,  
Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek,  
And prophesyings horrible and new  
Are heard among the crowd; that sea of men  
Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.  
A Dervise, learned in the Koran, preaches  
That it is written how the sins of Islam  
Must raise up a destroyer even now.  
The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west;  
Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,  
But in the omnipresence of that spirit  
In which all live and are. Ominous signs  
Are blazoned broadly on the noon-day sky;  
One saw a red cross stamped upon the sun;  
It has rained blood; and monstrous births declare  
The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.  
The army encamped upon the Cydaris  
Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,  
And saw two hosts conflicting in the air,—  
The shadows doubtless of the unborn time,  
Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet  
The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm  
Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.  
At the third watch the spirit of the plague  
Was heard abroad flapping among the tents:  
Those who relieved watch found the sentinels  
dead.  
The last news from the camp is, that a thousand  
Have sickened, and—

*Enter a Fourth Messenger.*

MAHMUD.

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow  
Of some untimely rumour, speak!

FOURTH MESSENGER.

One comes  
Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood;  
He stood, he says, upon Clelonit's  
Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan  
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters  
Then trembling in the splendour of the moon;  
When, as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid  
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets  
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,  
Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,  
And smoke which strangled every infant wind  
That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.  
At length the battle slept, but the Scirocco  
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds  
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out.  
All objects—save that in the faint moon-glimpse  
He saw, or dreamed he saw the Turkish admiral  
And two, the loftiest, of our ships of war,  
With the bright image of that Queen of Heaven,  
Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed;  
And the abhorred cross—

*Enter an Attendant.*

ATTENDANT.

Your Sublime Highness,  
The Jew, who—

MAHMUD.

Could not come more seasonably:  
Bid him attend. I'll hear no more! too long  
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,  
And multiply upon our shattered hopes  
The images of ruin. Come what will!

To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps  
Set in our path to light us to the edge,  
Through rough and smooth; nor can we suffer  
aught  
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are.

[*Exeunt.*]

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were the winged cloud  
Of a tempest swift and loud!  
I would scorn  
The smile of morn,  
And the wave where the moon-rise is born!  
I would leave  
The spirits of eve  
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave  
From other threads than mine!  
Bask in the blue noon divine  
Who would, not I.

SEMICHORUS II.

Whither to fly?

SEMICHORUS I.

Where the rocks that gird th' Ægean  
Echo to the battle pean  
Of the free—  
I would flee  
A tempestuous herald of victory!  
My golden rain  
For the Grecian slain  
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main;  
And my solemn thunder-knell  
Should ring to the world the passing-bell  
Of tyranny!

SEMICHORUS II.

Ah king! wilt thou chain  
The rack and the rain?  
Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?  
The storms are free,  
But we—

CHORUS.

O Slavery! thou frot of the world's prime,  
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!  
Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,  
These brows thy branding garland bear;  
But the free heart, the impassive soul,  
Scorn thy control!

SEMICHORUS I.

Let there be light! said Liberty;  
And like sunrise from the sea,  
Athens arose!—Around her born,  
Shone like mountains in the morn,  
Glorious states;—and are they now  
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II.

Go  
Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed  
Persia, as the sand does foam.  
Deluge upon deluge followed,  
Discord, Macedonia, and Rome:  
And, lastly, thou!

SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,  
Citadels and marts, and they  
Who live and die there, have been ours,  
And may be thine, and must decay;

But Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war,  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity ;  
Her citizens, imperial spirits,  
Rule the present from the past,  
On all this world of men inherits  
Their seal is set.

SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast,  
Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls  
From ruin her Titanian walls !  
Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones  
Of Slavery ? Argos, Corinth, Crete,  
Hear, and from their mountain thrones  
The dæmons and the nymphs repeat  
The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear ! I hear !

SEMICHORUS II.

The world's eyeless charioteer,  
Destiny, is hurrying by !  
What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds  
Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds ?  
What eagle-winged victory sits  
At her right hand ? what shadow flits  
Before ? what splendour rolls behind ?  
Ruin and Renovation cry,  
Who but we ?

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear ! I hear !

The hiss as of a rushing wind,  
The roar as of an ocean foaming,  
The thunder as of earthquake coming,

I hear ! I hear !

The crash as of an empire falling,  
The shrieks as of a people calling  
Mercy ! Mercy !—How they thrill !  
Then a shout of " Kill ! kill ! kill !"  
And then a small still voice, thus—

SEMICHORUS II.

FOR

Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are,  
Their den is in their guilty mind,  
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane  
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood ;  
Serve not the unknown God in vain,  
But pay that broken shrine again  
Love for hate, and tears for blood.

*Enter MAHMUD and AHASUERUS.*

MAHMUD.

Thou art a man, thou sayest, even as we—

AHASUERUS.

No more !

MAHMUD.

But raised above thy fellow-men  
By thought, as I by power.

AHASUERUS.

Thou sayest so.

MAHMUD.

Thou art an adept in the difficult lore  
Of Greek and Frank philosophy ; thou numberest  
The flowers, and thou measurest the stars ;  
Thou severest element from element ;  
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees  
The birth of this old world through all its cycles  
Of desolation and of loveliness ;  
And when man was not, and how man became  
The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,  
And all its narrow circles—it is much.  
I honour thee, and would be what thou art  
Were I not what I am ; but the unborn hour,  
Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,  
Who shall unveil ? Nor thou, nor I, nor any  
Mighty or wise. I apprehend not  
What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive  
That thou art no interpreter of dreams ;  
Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,  
Can make the future present—let it come !  
Moreover thou disdainest us and ours !  
Thou art as God, whom thou contempest.

AHASUERUS.

Disdain thee ?—not the worm beneath my feet !  
The Fathomless has care for meaner things  
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for  
those

Who would be what they may not, or would seem  
That which they are not. Sultán ! talk no more  
Of thee and me, the future and the past ;  
But look on that which cannot change—the One  
The unborn, and the undying. Earth and ocean,  
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem  
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,  
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,  
With all its cressets of immortal fire,  
Whose outwall, bastioned impregnably  
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them  
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this whole  
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and  
flowers,

With all the silent or tempestuous workings  
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,  
Is but a vision ;—all that it inherits  
Are notes of a sick eye, bubbles, and dreams ;  
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less  
The future and the past are idle shadows  
Of thought's eternal fight—they have no being ;  
Nought is but that it feels itself to be.

MAHMUD.

What meanest thou ? thy words stream like a tempest  
Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake  
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night  
On Heaven above me. What can they avail ?  
They cast on all things, surest, brightest, best,  
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS.

Mistake me not ! All is contained in each.  
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup  
Is that which has been or will be, to that  
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought  
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,  
Reason, Imagination, cannot die ;  
They are what that which they regard appears,  
The stuff whence mutability can weave  
All that it hath dominion o'er,—worlds, worms,  
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought

To do with time, or place, or circumstance ?  
Wouldst thou behold the future ?—ask and have !  
Knock and it shall be opened—look, and lo !  
The coming age is shadowed on the past,  
As on a glass.

MAHMUD.

Wild, wilder thoughts convulse  
My spirit—Did not Mahomet the Second  
Win Stamboul ?

AHASUERUS.

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit  
The written fortunes of thy house and faith.  
Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell  
How what was born in blood must die.

MAHMUD.

Thy words  
Have power on me ! I see—

AHASUERUS.

What hearest thou ?

MAHMUD.

A far whisper—  
Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS.

What succeeds ?

MAHMUD.

The sound

As of the assault of an imperial city,  
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,  
The roar of giant cannon ;—the earthquaking  
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,  
The shock of crags shot from strange engin'ry,  
The clash of wheels, and clang of armed hoofs,  
And crash of brazen mail, as of the wreck  
Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast  
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,  
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,  
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,  
As of a joyous infant waked, and playing  
With its dead mother's breast ; and now more loud  
The mingled battle-cry—ha ! hear I not  
*Ἐν τούτῳ νίκη. Allah-illah-Allah !*

AHASUERUS.

The sulphureous mist is raised—thou seest—

MAHMUD.

A chasm,

As of two mountains, in the wall of Stamboul ;  
And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,  
Like giants on the ruins of a world,  
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust  
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one  
Of regal port has cast himself beneath  
The stream of war. Another, proudly clad  
In golden arms, spurs a Tartarian barb  
Into the gap, and with his iron mace  
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,  
And seems—he is—Mahomet !

AHASUERUS.

What thou see'st

Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream ;  
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that  
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayest behold  
How cities, on which empire sleeps enthroned,  
Bow their towered crests to mutability.  
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,

Thou mayest now learn how the full tide of power  
Ebbs to its depths.—Inheritor of glory,  
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourished  
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes  
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past  
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation  
Of the To-come ; yet wouldst thou commune with  
That portion of thyself which was ere thou  
Didst start for this brief race whose crown is  
death ;

Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion  
Which called it from the uncreated deep,  
Yon cloud of war with its tempestuous phantoms  
Of raging death ; and draw with mighty will  
The imperial shade hither.

[Exit AHASUERUS.]

MAHMUD.

Approach !

PHANTOM.

I come

Thence whither thou must go ! The grave is fitter  
To take the living, than give up the dead ;  
Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.  
The heavy fragments of the power which fell  
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,  
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices  
Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,  
Wailing for glory never to return.—

A later Empire nods in its decay ;  
The autumn of a greener faith is come,  
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip  
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built  
Her ærie, while Dominion whelped below.  
The storm is in its branches, and the frost  
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects  
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,  
Ruin on ruin : thou art slow, my son ;  
The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep  
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies  
Boundless and mute ; and for thy subjects thou,  
Like us, shall rule the ghosts of murdered life,  
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—  
Mutinous passions and conflicting fears,  
And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die !  
Strip of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.  
Islam must fall, but we will reign together  
Over its ruins in the world of death :—  
And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed  
Unfold itself even in the shape of that  
Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe ! woe !  
To the weak people tangled in the grasp  
Of its last spasms.

MAHMUD.

Spirit, woe to all !

Woe to the wronged and the avenger ! Woe  
To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed !  
Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver !  
Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor !  
Woe both to those that suffer and inflict ;  
Those who are born, and those who die ! But say  
Imperial shadow of the thing I am,  
When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish  
Her consummation ?

PHANTOM.

Ask the cold pale Hour,  
Rich in reversion of impending death,  
When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe grey hairs  
Sit care, and sorrow, and infirmity—

The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed  
with years,

Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart  
Over the heads of men, under which burthen  
They bow themselves unto the grave: fond wretch!  
He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years  
To come, and how in hours of youth renewed  
He will renew lost joys, and—

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory!  
[*The Phantom vanishes.*]

MAHMUD.

What sound of the importunate earth has broken  
My mighty trance?

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory!

MAHMUD.

Weak lightning before darkness! poor faint smile  
Of dying Islam! Voice which art the response  
Of hollow weakness! Do I wake and live?  
Werethere such things? or may the unquiet brain,  
Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,  
Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?  
It matters not!—for nought we see or dream,  
Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth  
More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,  
The future must become the past, and I  
As they were, to whom once this present hour,  
This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,  
Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy  
Never to be attained.—I must rebuke  
This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,  
And dying, bring despair.—Victory!—poor slaves!

[*Exit MAHMUD.*]

VOICE WITHOUT.

Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks  
Are as a brood of lions in the net,  
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth  
Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food  
Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death,  
From Thule to the girdle of the world,  
Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men—  
The cup is foaming with a nation's blood,  
Famine and Thirst await: eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I.

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,  
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!  
I saw her ghastly as a tyrant's dream,  
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,  
Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned  
In visions of the dawning undelight. [lay  
Who shall impede her flight?  
Who rob her of her prey?

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory! Russia's famished eagles  
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.  
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!  
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou voice which art  
The herald of the ill in splendour hid!  
Thou echo of the hollow heart  
Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode

When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed.  
Oh hear me to those isles of jagged cloud  
Which float like mountains on the earthquakes,  
'mid

The momentary oceans of the lightning;  
Or to some toppling promontory proud  
Of solid tempest, whose black pyramid,  
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightening  
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire  
Before their waves expire,  
When heaven and earth are light, and only light  
In the thunder-night!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! victory! Austria, Russia, England,  
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,  
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs  
speak.  
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red  
stakes!

These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners  
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none  
remain.

SEMICHORUS I.

Alas for Liberty!  
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,  
Or fate, can quell the free;  
Alas for Virtue! when  
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers  
Of erring judging men  
Can break the heart where it abides.  
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure  
world splendid,  
Can change, with its false times and tides,  
Like hope and terror—  
Alas for Love!  
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,  
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror  
Before the dazzled eyes of Error.  
Alas for thee! Image of the Above.

SEMICHORUS II.

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,  
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn  
Through many an hostile Anarchy!  
At length they wept aloud and cried, "The sea!  
the sea!"  
Through exile, persecution, and despair,  
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become  
The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb  
Of all whose step wakes power lulled in her savage  
lair:  
But Greece was as a hermit child,  
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built  
To woman's growth, by dreams so mild  
She knew not pain or guilt;  
And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire, tremble,  
When ye desert the free!  
If Greece must be  
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,  
And build themselves again impregnably  
In a diviner clime,  
To Amphionic music, on some Cape sublime,  
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

SEMICHORUS I.

Let the tyrants rule the desert they have made;  
Let the free possess the paradise they claim;  
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors weighed  
With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!

## SEMICHORUS II.

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,  
 Our survivors be the shadows of their pride,  
 Our adversity a dream to pass away—  
 Their dishonour a remembrance to abide!

## VOICE WITHOUT.

Victory! Victory! The bought Briton sends  
 The keys of ocean to the Islamite.  
 Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,  
 And British skill directing Othman might,  
 Thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy  
 This jubilee of unrevenge blood!  
 Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

## SEMICHORUS I.

Darkness has dawned in the East  
 On the noon of time:  
 The death-birds descend to their feast,  
 From the hungry clime.  
 Let Freedom and Peace flee far  
 To a sunnier strand,  
 And follow Love's folding star!  
 To the Evening land!

## SEMICHORUS II.

The young moon has fed  
 Her exhausted horn  
 With the sunset's fire:  
 The weak day is dead,  
 But the night is not born;  
 And, like loveliness panting with wild desire,  
 While it trembles with fear and delight,  
 Hesperus flies from awakening night,  
 And pants in its beauty and speed with light  
 Fast-flashing, soft, and bright.  
 Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!  
 Guide us far, far away,  
 To climes where now, veiled by the ardour of day,  
 Thou art hidden  
 From waves on which weary noon  
 Faints in her summer swoon,  
 Between kingless continents, sinless as Eden,  
 Around mountains and islands inviolably  
 Prankt on the sapphire sea.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope,  
 Like the shapes of a dream,  
 What Paradise islands of glory gleam  
 Beneath Heaven's cope.  
 Their shadows more clear float by—  
 The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,

The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,  
 Burst like morning on dreams, or like Heaven on  
 death,  
 Through the walls of our prison;  
 And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

## CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew,  
 The golden years return,  
 The earth doth like a snake renew  
 Her winter weeds outworn:  
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam  
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
 From wave, serenest far;  
 A new Peneus rolls its fountains  
 Against the morning-star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.  
 A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
 Fraught with a later prize;  
 Another Orpheus sings again,  
 And loves, and weeps, and dies.  
 A new Ulysses leaves once more  
 Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,  
 If earth Death's scroll must be!  
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
 Which dawns upon the free:  
 Although a subtler sphinx renew  
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
 And to remoter time  
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
 The splendour of its prime;  
 And leave, if nought so bright may live,  
 All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
 Shall burst, more bright and good  
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
 Than many unsubdued:  
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
 But votive tears, and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?  
 Cease! must men kill and die?  
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
 Of bitter prophecy.  
 The world is weary of the past,  
 O might it die or rest at last!

## NOTES.

P. 168, col. 1, l. 20.

*The quenchless ashes of Milan.*

MILAN was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederick Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin.—See SISMONDI'S "*Histoires des Républiques Italiennes*," a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

P. 169, col. 2, l. 1.

CHORUS.

The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and, to use a common and inadequate phrase, clothe themselves in matter, with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state the solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain; meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an extinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

P. 169, col. 2, l. 51.

*No hoary priests after that Patriarch.*

The Greek Patriarch, after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents, was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation, and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe.

As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

P. 172, col. 2, l. 30.

*The freeman of a western poet chief.*

A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person. It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or greatness, whose connexion with our character is determined by events.

P. 173, col. 1, l. 10.

*The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west.*

It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a seaport near Lacedemon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumour strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

P. 175, col. 1, l. 19.

*The sound**As of the assault of an imperial city.*

For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1445, see Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as overdrawn. I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjuror, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensation, through the confusion of thought, with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.



P. 177, col. 2, l. 5.

CHORUS.

The final chorus is indistinct and obscure as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells.

Prophecies of wars, and rumours of wars, &c. may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age; but to anticipate, however darkly, a period of regeneration and happiness, is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader, "*magno nec proximus intervallo*" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits, overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "lion shall lie down with the lamb," and "*omnis feret omnia tellus.*" Let these great names be my authority and excuse.

[P. 177, col. , l. 35.

*Saturn and Love their long repose.*

Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All* those *who fell*, or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt;

*the One, who rose*, or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of the Pagan world were amerced of their worship; and *the many unsubdued* or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, and the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing, activity. The Grecian Gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said that, as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying an example as their successor. The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture. The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

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## NOTE ON HELLAS. BY THE EDITOR.

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THE south of Europe was in a state of great political excitement at the beginning of the year 1821. The Spanish Revolution had been a signal to Italy—secret societies were formed—and when Naples rose to declare the Constitution, the call was responded to from Brundisium to the foot of the Alps. To crush these attempts to obtain liberty, early in 1821, the Austrians poured their armies into the peninsula: at first their coming rather seemed to add energy and resolution to a people long enslaved. The Piedmontese asserted their freedom; Genoa threw off the yoke of the King of Sardinia; and, as if in playful imitation, the people of the little state of Massa and Carrara gave the *congé* to their sovereign and set up a republic.

Tuscany alone was perfectly tranquil. It was said, that the Austrian minister presented a list of sixty Carbonari to the grand-duke, urging their imprisonment; and the grand-duke replied, "I do not know whether these sixty men are Carbonari, but I know if I imprison them, I shall directly have sixty thousand start up." But though the Tuscans had no desire to disturb the paternal government, beneath whose shelter they slumbered, they regarded the progress of the various Italian revolutions with intense interest, and hatred for the Austrian was warm in every

bosom. But they had slender hopes; they knew that the Neapolitans would offer no fit resistance to the regular German troops, and that the overthrow of the Constitution in Naples would act as a decisive blow against all struggles for liberty in Italy.

We have seen the rise and progress of reform. But the Holy Alliance was alive and active in those days, and few could dream of the peaceful triumph of liberty. It seemed then that the armed assertion of freedom in the south of Europe was the only hope of the liberals, as, if it prevailed, the nations of the north would imitate the example. Happily the reverse has proved the fact. The countries accustomed to the exercise of the privileges of freemen, to a limited extent, have extended, and are extending these limits. Freedom and knowledge have now a chance of proceeding hand in hand; and if it continue thus, we may hope for the durability of both. Then, as I have said, in 1821, Shelley, as well as every other lover of liberty, looked upon the struggles in Spain and Italy as decisive of the destinies of the world, probably for centuries to come. The interest he took in the progress of affairs was intense. When Genoa declared itself free, his hopes were at their highest. Day after day, he read the bulletins of the Austrian

army, and sought eagerly to gather tokens of its defeat. He heard of the revolt of Genoa with emotions of transport. His whole heart and soul were in the triumph of their cause. We were living at Pisa at that time; and several well-informed Italians, at the head of whom we may place the celebrated Vaccà, were accustomed to seek for sympathy in their hopes from Shelley: they did not find such for the despair they too generally experienced, founded on contempt for their southern countrymen.

While the fate of the progress of the Austrian armies then invading Naples was yet in suspense, the news of another revolution filled him with exultation. We had formed the acquaintance at Pisa of several Constantinopolitan Greeks, of the family of Prince Caradja, formerly Hospodar of Wallachia, who, hearing that the bowstring, the accustomed finale of his vicerealty, was on the road to him, escaped with his treasures, and took up his abode in Tuscany. Among these was the gentleman to whom the drama of *Hellas* is dedicated. Prince Mavrocordato was warmed by those aspirations for the independence of his country, which filled the hearts of many of his countrymen. He often intimated the possibility of an insurrection in Greece; but we had no idea of its being so near at hand, when, on the 1st of April, 1821, he called on Shelley; bringing the proclamation of his cousin Prince Ipsilanti, and, radiant with exultation and delight, declared that henceforth Greece would be free.

Shelley had hymned the dawn of liberty in Spain and Naples, in two odes, dictated by the warmest enthusiasm;—he felt himself naturally impelled to decorate with poetry the uprising of the descendants of that people, whose works he regarded with deep admiration; and to adopt the vaticinary character in prophesying their success. "*Hellas*" was written in a moment of enthusiasm. It is curious to remark how well he overcomes the difficulty of forming a drama out of such scant materials. His prophecies, indeed, came true in

their general, not their particular purport. He did not foresee the death of Lord Londonderry, which was to be the epoch of a change in English politics, particularly as regarded foreign affairs; nor that the navy of his country would fight for instead of against the Greeks; and by the battle of Navarino secure their enfranchisement from the Turks. Almost against reason, as it appeared to him, he resolved to believe that Greece would prove triumphant; and in this spirit, auguring ultimate good, yet grieving over the vicissitudes to be endured in the interval, he composed his drama.

The chronological order to be observed in the arrangement of the remaining poems, is interrupted here, that his dramas may follow each other consecutively. "*Hellas*" was among the last of his compositions, and is among the most beautiful. The chorusses are singularly imaginative, and melodious in their versification. There are some stanzas that beautifully exemplify Shelley's peculiar style; as, for instance, the assertion of the intellectual empire which must be for ever the inheritance of the country of Homer, Sophocles, and Plato:

But Greece and her foundations are  
Built below the tide of war;  
Based on the crystalline sea  
Of thought and its eternity.

And again, that philosophical truth, felicitously imaged forth—

Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind,  
The foul cubs like their parents are;  
Their den is in the guilty mind,  
And conscience feeds them with despair.

The conclusion of the last chorus is among the most beautiful of his lyrics; the imagery is distinct and majestic; the prophecy, such as poets love to dwell upon, the regeneration of mankind—and that regeneration reflecting back splendour on the foregone time, from which it inherits so much of intellectual wealth, and memory of past virtuous deeds, as must render the possession of happiness and peace of tenfold value.

END OF HELLAS.

# ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS ;

OR,

## SWELLFOOT THE TYRANT.

A Tragedy, in Two Acts.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL DORIC.

---

Choose Reform or Civil War,  
When through thy streets, instead of hare with dogs,  
A CONSORT-QUEEN shall hunt a KING with hogs,  
Riding on the IONIAN MINOTAUR.

---

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Tragedy is one of a triad, or system of three Plays, (an arrangement according to which the Greeks were accustomed to connect their Dramatic representations,) elucidating the wonderful and appalling fortunes of the SWELLFOOT dynasty. It was evidently written by some *learned Theban*, and from its characteristic dulness, apparently before the duties on the importation of *Attic salt* had been repealed by the Bœotarchs. The tenderness with which he beats the Pigs proves him to have been a *sus Bœotia*; possibly *Epicuri de grege porcus*; for, as the poet observes,

“ A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

No liberty has been taken with the translation of this remarkable piece of antiquity, except the suppressing a seditious and blasphemous chorus of the Pigs and Bulls at the last act. The word *Hoydipouse*, (or more properly *Œdipus*;) has been rendered literally SWELLFOOT, without its having been conceived necessary to determine whether a swelling of the hind or the fore feet of the Swinish Monarch is particularly indicated.

Should the remaining portions of this Tragedy be found, entitled, “ *Swellfoot in Angaria*,” and “ *Charité*,” the Translator might be tempted to give them to the reading Public.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TYRANT SWELLFOOT, *King of Thebes.*

IONA TAURINA, *his Queen.*

MAMMON, *Arch-Priest of Famine.*

PURGANAX,

DAKRY,

LAOTONOS,

} *Wizards, Ministers of*  
SWELLFOOT.

THE GADFLY.

THE LEECH.

THE RAT.

THE MINOTAUR.

MOSES, *the Sow-gelder.*

SOLOMON, *the Porkman.*

ZEPHANIAH, *Pig-Butcher.*

CHORUS of the Swinish Multitude.  
Guards, Attendants, Priests, &c. &c.

SCENE.—*Thebes.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*A magnificent Temple, built of thigh-bones and death's-heads, and tiled with scalps. Over the Altar the statue of Famine, veiled; a number of boars, sows, and sucking-pigs, crowned with thistle, shamrock, and oak, sitting on the steps, and clinging round the Altar of the Temple.*

*Enter SWELLFOOT, in his royal robes, without perceiving the Pigs.*

SWELLFOOT.

THOU supreme Goddess! by whose power divine  
These graceful limbs are clothed in proud array  
*[He contemplates himself with satisfaction.*

Of gold and purple, and this kingly paunch  
Swells like a sail before a favouring breeze,  
And these most sacred nether promontories  
Lie satisfied with layers of fat; and these  
Bœotian cheeks, like Egypt's pyramid,  
(Nor with less toil were their foundations laid,\*)  
Sustain the cone of my untroubled brain,  
That point, the emblem of a pointless nothing!  
Thou to whom Kings and laurelled Emperors,  
Radical-butchers, Paper-money-millers,  
Bishops and deacons, and the entire army  
Of those fat martyrs to the persecution  
Of stifling turtle-soup, and brandy-devils,  
Offer their secret vows! Thou plenteous Ceres  
Of their Eleusis, hail!

THE SWINE.

Eigh! eigh! eigh! eigh!

SWELLFOOT.

Ha! what are ye,  
Who, crowned with leaves devoted to the Furies,  
Cling round this sacred shrine!

SWINE.

Aigh! aigh! aigh!

SWELLFOOT.

What! ye that are  
The very beasts that offered at her altar  
With blood and groans, salt-cake, and fat, and  
inwards,  
Ever propitiate her reluctant will  
When taxes are withheld?

SWINE.

Ugh! ugh! ugh!

SWELLFOOT.

What! ye who grub  
With filthy snouts my red potatoes up  
In Allan's rushy bog? Who eat the oats  
Up, from my cavalry in the Hebrides?  
Who swill the hog-wash soup my cooks digest  
From bones, and-rags, and scraps of shoe-leather,  
Which should be given to cleaner Pigs than you!

\* See Universal History for an account of the number of people who died, and the immense consumption of garlic by the wretched Egyptians, who made a sepulchre for the name as well as the bodies of their tyrants.

THE SWINE.

SEMICHORUS I.

The same, alas! the same;  
Though only now the name  
Of pig remains to me.

SEMICHORUS II.

If 'twere your kingly will  
Us wretched swine to kill,  
What should we yield to thee?

SWELLFOOT.

Whyskin and bones, and some few hairs for mortar.

CHORUS OF SWINE.

I have heard your Laureate sing,  
That pity was a royal thing;  
Under your mighty ancestors, we pigs  
Were bless'd as nightingales on myrtle sprigs,  
Or grasshoppers that live on noon-day dew,  
And sung, old annals tell, as sweetly too:  
But now our sties are fallen in, we catch  
The murrain and the mange, the scab and itch;  
Sometimes your royal dogs tear down our thatch,  
And then we seek the shelter of a ditch;  
Hog-wash or grains, or ruta-baga, none  
Has yet been ours since your reign begun.

FIRST SOW.

My pigs, 'tis in vain to tug!

SECOND SOW.

I could almost eat my litter!

FIRST PIG.

I suck, but no milk will come from the dug.

SECOND PIG.

Our skin and our bones would be bitter.

THE BOARS.

We fight for this rag of greasy rug,  
Though a trough of wash would be fitter.

SEMICHORUS.

Happier swine were they than we,  
Drowned in the Gadarean sea—  
I wish that pity would drive out the devils  
Which in your royal bosom hold their revels,  
And sink us in the waves of your compassion!  
Alas! the Pigs are an unhappy nation!  
Now if your Majesty would have our bristles  
To bind your mortar with, or fill our colons  
With rich blood, or make brown out of our gristles,  
In policy—ask else your royal Solons—  
You ought to give us hog-wash and clean straw,  
And sties well thatched; besides, it is the law!

SWELLFOOT.

This is sedition, and rank blasphemy!  
Ho! there, my guards!

*Enter a GUARD.*

GUARD.

Your sacred Majesty?

SWELLFOOT.

Call in the Jews, Solomon the court porkman,  
Moses the sow-gelder, and Zephaniah the hog-  
butcher.

GUARD.

They are in waiting, sire.

*Enter SOLOMON, MOSES, and ZEPHANIAH.*

SWELLFOOT.

Out with your knife, old Moses, and spay those sows,

[*The Pigs run about in consternation.*]

That load the earth with pigs; cut close and deep.  
Moral restraint I see has no effect,  
Nor prostitution, nor our own example,  
Starvation, typhus-fever, war, nor prison—  
This was the art which the arch-priest of Famine  
Hinted at in his charge to the Theban clergy—  
Cut close and deep, good Moses.

MOSES.

Let your Majesty

Keep the boars quiet, else—

SWELLFOOT.

Zephaniah, cut

That fat hog's throat, the brute seems overfed;  
Seditious hunks! to whine for want of grains.

ZEPHANIAH.

Your sacred Majesty, he has the dropsy;—  
We shall find pints of hydatids in's liver,  
He has not half an inch of wholesome fat  
Upon his carious ribs—

SWELLFOOT.

'Tis all the same,

He'll serve instead of riot-money, when  
Our murmuring troops bivouaque in Thebes'  
streets;  
And January winds, after a day  
Of butchering, will make them relish carrion.  
Now, Solomon, I'll sell you in a lump  
The whole kit of them.

SOLOMON.

Why, your Majesty,

I could not give—

SWELLFOOT.

Kill them out of the way,

That shall be price enough, and let me hear  
Their everlasting grunts and whines no more!

[*Exeunt, driving in the Swine.*]

*Enter MAMMON, the Arch Priest; and PURGANAX, Chief of the Council of Wizards.*

PURGANAX.

The future looks as black as death, a cloud,  
Dark as the frown of Hell, hangs over it—  
The troops grow mutinous—the revenue fails—  
There's something rotten in us—for the level  
Of the State slopes, its very bases topple;  
The boldest turn their backs upon themselves!

MAMMON.

Why what's the matter, my dear fellow, now?  
Do the troops mutiny?—decimate some regiments;  
Does money fail?—come to my mint—coin paper,  
Till gold be at a discount, and, ashamed  
To show his bilious face, go purge himself,  
In emulation of her vestal whiteness.

PURGANAX.

Oh, would that this were all! The oracle!

MAMMON.

Why it was I who spoke that oracle,  
And whether I was dead drunk or inspired,  
I cannot well remember; nor, in truth,  
The oracle itself!

PURGANAX.

The words went thus:—

“Bœotia, choose reform or civil war!  
When through the streets, instead of hare with  
dogs,  
A Consort Queen shall hunt a King with hogs,  
Riding on the Ionian Minotaur.”

MAMMON.

Now if the oracle had ne'er foretold  
This sad alternative, it must arrive,  
Or not, and so it must now that it has;  
And whether I was urged by grace divine,  
Or Lesbian liquor to declare these words,  
Which must, as all words must, be false or true;  
It matters not: for the same power made all,  
Oracle, wine, and me and you—or none—  
'Tis the same thing. If you knew as much  
Of oracles as I do—

PURGANAX.

You arch-priests

Believe in nothing; if you were to dream  
Of a particular number in the lottery,  
You would not buy the ticket!

MAMMON.

Yet our tickets

Are seldom blanks. But what steps have you taken?  
For prophecies, when once they get abroad,  
Like liars who tell the truth to serve their ends,  
Or hypocrites, who, from assuming virtue,  
Do the same actions that the virtuous do,  
Contrive their fulfilment. This Iona—  
Well—you know what the chaste Pasiphae did,  
Wife to that most religious King of Crete,  
And still how popular the tale is here;  
And these dull swine of Thebes boast their descent  
From the free Minotaur. You know they still  
Call themselves bulls, though thus degenerate;  
And everything relating to a bull  
Is popular and respectable in Thebes:  
Their arms are seven bulls in a field gules.  
They think their strength consists in eating beef,—  
Now there were danger in the precedent  
If Queen Iona—

PURGANAX.

I have taken good care

That shall not be. I struck the crust o' the earth  
With this enchanted rod, and Hell lay bare!  
And from a cavern full of ugly shapes,  
I chose a LEECH, a GADFLY, and a RAT.  
The gadfly was the same which Juno sent  
To agitate Io,\* and which Ezechiel† mentions  
That the Lord whistled for out of the mountains  
Of utmost Ethiopia, to torment  
Mesopotamian Babylon. The beast

\* The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.

† And the Lord whistled for the gadfly out Ethiopia,  
and for the bee of Egypt, &c.—EZECHIEL.

Has a loud trumpet like the Scarabee ;  
 His crooked tail is barbed with many stings,  
 Each able to make a thousand wounds, and each  
 Immedicable ; from his convex eyes  
 He sees fair things in many hideous shapes,  
 And trumpets all his falsehood to the world.  
 Like other beetles he is fed on dung—  
 He has eleven feet with which he crawls,  
 Trailing a blistering slime ; and this foul beast  
 Has tracked Iona from the Theban limits,  
 From isle to isle, from city unto city,  
 Urging her flight from the far Chersonese  
 To fabulous Solyma, and the Ætnean Isle,  
 Ortygia, Melite, and Calypso's Rock,  
 And the swart tribes of Garamant and Fez,  
 Æolia and Elysium, and thy shores,  
 Parthenope, which now, alas ! are free !  
 And through the fortunate Saturnian land,  
 Into the darkness of the West.

MAMMON.

But if

This Gadfly should drive Iona hither ?

PURGANAX.

Gods ! what an *if* ! but there is my grey RAT ;  
 So thin with want, he can crawl in and out  
 Of any narrow chink and filthy hole,  
 And he shall creep into her dressing-room,  
 And—

MAMMON.

My dear friend, where are your wits ? as if  
 She does not always toast a piece of cheese,  
 And bait the trap ? and rats, when lean enough  
 To crawl through *such* chinks —

PURGANAX.

But my LEECH—a leech

Fit to suck blood, with lubricous round rings,  
 Capaciously expatiative, which make  
 His little body like a red balloon,  
 As full of blood as that of hydrogen,  
 Sucked from men's hearts ; insatiably he sucks  
 And clings and pulls—a horse-leech, whose deep maw  
 The plethoric King Swellfoot could not fill,  
 And who, till full, will cling for ever.

MAMMON.

This

For Queen Iona might suffice, and less ;  
 But 'tis the swinish multitude I fear,  
 And in that fear I have —

PURGANAX.

Done what ?

MAMMON.

Disinherited

My eldest son Chrysaor, because he  
 Attended public meetings, and would always  
 Stand prating there of commerce, public faith,  
 Economy, and unadulterate coin,  
 And other topics, ultra-radical ;  
 And have entailed my estate, called the Fool's  
 Paradise,  
 And funds, in fairy-money, bonds, and bills,  
 Upon my accomplished daughter Banknotina,  
 And married her to the Gallows.\*

\* " If one should marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets,  
 I never saw one so prone."—CYMBELINE.

PURGANAX.

A good match !

MAMMON.

A high connexion, Purganax. The bridegroom  
 Is of a very ancient family  
 Of Hounslow Heath, Tyburn, and the New Drop,  
 And has great influence in both Houses ;—Oh !  
 He makes the fondest husband ; nay *too* fond :—  
 New-married people should not kiss in public ;—  
 But the poor souls love one another so !  
 And then my little grandchildren, the Gibbets,  
 Promising children as you ever saw,—  
 The young playing at hanging, the elder learning  
 How to hold radicals. They are well taught too,  
 For every Gibbet says its catechism,  
 And reads a select chapter in the Bible  
 Before it goes to play.

[A most tremendous humming is heard.

PURGANAX.

Ha ! what do I hear ?

Enter GADFLY.

MAMMON.

Your Gadfly, as it seems, is tired of gadding.

GADFLY.

Hum ! hum ! hum !  
 From the lakes of the Alps, and the cold grey scalps  
 Of the mountains, I come !  
 Hum ! hum ! hum !  
 From Morocco and Fez, and the high palaces  
 Of golden Byzantium ;  
 From the temples divine of old Palestine,  
 From Athens and Rome,  
 With a ha ! and a hum !  
 I come ! I come !

All in-doors and windows

Were open to me !

I saw all that sin does,

Which lamps hardly see

That burn in the night by the curtained bed,—  
 The impudent lamps ! for they blushed not red.

Dinging and singing,

From slumber I rung her,

Loud as the clank of an ironmonger !

Hum ! hum ! hum !

Far, far, far,

With the trump of my lips, and the sting at my hips,  
 I drove her—afar !

Far, far, far,

From city to city, abandoned of pity,  
 A ship without needle or star ;—

Homeless she past, like a cloud on the blast,  
 Seeking peace, finding war ;—

She is here in her car,

From afar, and afar ;—

Hum ! hum !

I have stung her and wrung her !

The venom is working ;—

And if you had hung her

With canting and quirking,

She could not be deader than she will be soon ;—  
 I have driven her close to you, under the moon.

Night and day, hum ! hum ! ha !

I have hummed her and drummed her

From place to place, till at last I have dumbd her.

Hum ! hum ! hum !

LEECH.

I will suck  
Blood or muck !  
The disease of the state is a plethory,  
Who so fit to reduce it as I ?

RAT.

I'll sliely seize and  
Let blood from her weasand,—  
Creeping through crevice, and chink, and cranny,  
With my snaky tail, and my sides so scranny.

PURGANAX.

Aront ye ! thou unprofitable worm !  
[To the LEECH.  
And thou, dull beetle, get thee back to hell !  
[To the GADFLY.  
To sting the ghosts of Babylonian kings,  
And the ox-headed Io.—

SWINE (*within*).

Ugh, ugh, ugh !  
Hail ! Iona the divine,  
We will be no longer swine,  
But bulls with horns and dewlaps.

RAT.

For,  
You know, my lord, the Minotaur—

PURGANAX (*fiercely*).

Be silent ! get to hell ! or I will call  
The cat out of the kitchen. Well, Lord Mammon,  
This is a pretty business !

[Exit the RAT.

MAMMON.

I will go  
And spell some scheme to make it ugly then.  
[Exit.

Enter SWELLFOOT.

SWELLFOOT.

She is returned ! Taurina is in Thebes  
When Swellfoot wishes that she were in hell !  
Oh, Hymen ! clothed in yellow jealousy,  
And waving o'er the couch of wedded kings  
The torch of Discord with its fiery hair ;  
This is thy work, thou patron saint of queens !  
Swellfoot is wived ! though parted by the sea,  
The very name of wife had conjugal rights ;  
Her cursed image ate, drank, slept with me,  
And in the arms of Adiposa oft  
Her memory has received a husband's—

[A loud tumult, and cries of "Iona for ever !—No  
Swellfoot !"

SWELLFOOT.

Hark !

How the swine cry Iona Taurina !  
I suffer the real presence : Purganax,  
Off with her head !

PURGANAX.

But I must first impannel  
A jury of the pigs.

SWELLFOOT.

Pack them then.

PURGANAX.

Or fattening some few in two separate sties,  
And giving them clean straw, tying some bits  
Of ribbon round their legs—giving their sows

Some tawdry lace, and bits of lustre glass,  
And their young boars white and red rags, and tails  
Of cows, and jay feathers, and sticking cauliflowers  
Between the ears of the old ones ; and when  
They are persuaded, that by the inherent virtue  
Of these things, they are all imperial pigs,  
Good Lord ! they'd rip each other's bellies up,  
Not to say help us in destroying her.

SWELLFOOT.

This plan might be tried too ;—where's General  
Laoctonos ?

Enter LAOCTONOS and DAKRY.

It is my royal pleasure  
That you, Lord General, bring the head and body,  
If separate it would please me better, hither  
Of Queen Iona.

LAOCTONOS.

That pleasure I well knew,  
And made a charge with those battalions bold,  
Called, from their dress and grin, the royal apes,  
Upon the swine, who in a hollow square  
Enclosed her, and received the first attack  
Like so many rhinoceroses, and then  
Retreating in good order, with bare tusks  
And wrinkled snouts presented to the foe,  
Bore her in triumph to the public sty.  
What is still worse, some sows upon the ground  
Have given the ape-guards apples, nuts, and gin,  
And they all whisk their tails aloft, and cry,  
"Long live Iona ! down with Swellfoot !"

PURGANAX.

Hark !

THE SWINE, (*without*).

Long live Iona ! down with Swellfoot !

DAKRY.

I

Went to the garret of the swineherd's tower,  
Which overlooks the sty, and made a long  
Harangue (all words) to the assembled swine,  
Of delicacy, mercy, judgment, law,  
Morals, and precedents, and purity,  
Adultery, destitution, and divorce,  
Piety, faith, and state necessity,  
And how I loved the queen !—and then I wept,  
With the pathos of my own eloquence,  
And every tear turned to a mill-stone, which  
Brained many a gaping pig, and there was made  
A slough of blood and brains upon the place,  
Greased with the pounded bacon ; round and round  
The millstones rolled, ploughing the pavement up,  
And hurling sucking pigs into the air,  
With dust and stones.—

Enter MAMMON.

MAMMON.

I wonder that grey wizards  
Like you should be so beardless in their schemes ;  
It had been but a point of policy  
To keep Iona and the swine apart.  
Divide and rule ! but ye have made a junction  
Between two parties who will govern you,  
But for my art.—Behold this BAG ! it is  
The poison BAG of that Green Spider huge,  
On which our spies skulked in ovation through  
The streets of Thebes, when they were paved with  
deed :

A bane so much the deadlier fills it now,  
 As calumny is worse than death,—for here  
 The Gadfly's venom, fifty times distilled,  
 Is mingled with the vomit of the Leech,  
 In due proportion, and black ratsbane, which  
 That very Rat, who, like the Pontic tyrant,  
 Nurtures himself on poison, dare not touch ; —  
 All is sealed up with the broad seal of Fraud,  
 Who is the Devil's Lord High Chancellor,  
 And over it the primate of all Hell  
 Murmured this pious baptism :—“ Be thou called  
 The GREEN BAG ; and this power and grace be thine :  
 That thy contents, on whomsoever poured,  
 Turn innocence to guilt, and gentlest looks  
 To savage, foul, and fierce deformity.  
 Let all, baptised by thy infernal dew,  
 Be called adulterer, drunkard, liar, wretch !  
 No name left out which orthodoxy loves,  
 Court Journal or legitimate Review !—  
 Be they called tyrant, beast, fool, glutton, lover  
 Of other wives and husbands than their own—  
 The heaviest sin on this side of the Alps !  
 Wither they to a ghastly caricature  
 Of what was human !—let not man nor beast  
 Behold their face with unaverted eyes !  
 Or hear their names with ears that tingle not  
 With blood of indignation, rage, and shame !”  
 This is a perilous liquor ;—good my Lords.

[SWELLFOOT approaches to touch the GREEN BAG.

Beware ! for God's sake, beware !—if you should  
 The seal, and touch the fatal liquor—— [break

PURGANAX.

There!

Give it to me. I have been use to handle  
 All sorts of poisons. His dread majesty  
 Only desires to see the colour of it.

MAMMON.

Now, with a little common sense, my Lords,  
 Only undoing all that has been done,  
 (Yet so as it may seem we but confirm it,)  
 Our victory is assured. We must entice  
 Her Majesty from the sty, and make the pigs  
 Believe that the contents of the GREEN BAG  
 Are the true test of guilt or innocence.  
 And that, if she be guilty, 'twill transform her  
 To manifest deformity like guilt.  
 If innocent, she will become transfigured  
 Into an angel, such as they say she is ;  
 And they will see her flying through the air,  
 So bright that she will dim the noon-day sun ;  
 Showering down blessings in the shape of comfits.  
 This, trust a priest, is just the sort of thing  
 Swine will believe. I'll wager you will see them  
 Climbing upon the thatch of their low sties ;  
 With pieces of smoked glass, to watch her sail  
 Among the clouds, and some will hold the flaps  
 Of one another's ears between their teeth,  
 To catch the coming hail of comfits in.  
 You, Purganax, who have the gift o' the gab,  
 Make them a solemn speech to this effect :  
 I go to put in readiness the feast  
 Kept to the honour of our goddess Famine,  
 Where, for more glory, let the ceremony  
 Take place of the uglification of the Queen.

DAKRY (to SWELLFOOT).

I, as the keeper of your sacred conscience,  
 Humbly remind your Majesty that the care  
 Of your high office, as man-milliner  
 To red Bellona, should not be deferred.

PURGANAX.

All part, in happier plight to meet again.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The Public Sty.*

*The Boars in full Assembly.*

*Enter PURGANAX.*

PURGANAX.

Grant me your patience, Gentlemen and Boars,  
 Ye, by whose patience under public burthens  
 The glorious constitution of these sties  
 Subsists, and shall subsist. The lean pig-rates  
 Grow with the growing populace of swine,  
 The taxes, that true source of piggishness,  
 (How can I find a more appropriate term  
 To include religion, morals, peace, and plenty,  
 And all that fit Bootia as a nation  
 To teach the other nations how to live ?)  
 Increase with piggishness itself ; and still  
 Does the revenue, that great spring of all  
 The patronage, and pensions, and by-payments,  
 Which free-born pigs regard with jealous eyes,  
 Diminish, till at length, by glorious steps,  
 All the land's produce will be merged in taxes,  
 And the revenue will amount to—nothing !  
 The failure of a foreign market for  
 Sausages, bristles, and blood-puddings,

And such home manufactures, is but partial ;  
 And, that the population of the pigs,  
 Instead of hog-wash, has been fed on straw  
 And water, is a fact which is—you know—  
 That is—it is a state necessity—  
 Temporary, of course. Those impious pigs,  
 Who, by frequent squeaks, have dared impugn  
 The settled Swellfoot system, or to make  
 Irreverent mockery of the genuflexions  
 Inculcated by the arch-priest, have been whipt  
 Into a loyal and an orthodox whine.  
 Things being in this happy state, the Queen  
 Iona——

*A loud cry from the Pigs.*

She is innocent ! most innocent !

PURGANAX.

That is the very thing that I was saying,  
 Gentlemen Swine ; the Queen Iona being  
 Most innocent, no doubt, returns to Thebes,  
 And the lean sows and boars collect about her,  
 Wishing to make her think that *we* believe  
 (I mean those more substantial pigs, who swill  
 Rich hog-wash, while the others mouth damp  
 straw,)



That she is guilty ; thus, the lean-pig faction  
Seeks to obtain that hog-wash, which has been  
Your immemorial right, and which I will  
Maintain you in to the last drop of—

A BOAR (*interrupting him*).

What

Does any one accuse her of?

PURGANAX.

Why, no one  
Makes *any* positive accusation ;—but  
There were hints dropped, and so the privy wizards  
Conceived that it became them to advise  
His Majesty to investigate their truth ;—  
Not for his own sake ; he could be content  
To let his wife play any pranks she pleased,  
If, by that sufferance, *he* could please the pigs ;  
But then he fears the morals of the swine,  
The sows especially, and what effect  
It might produce upon the purity and  
Religion of the rising generation  
Of sucking-pigs, if it could be suspected  
That Queen Iona—

[*A pause.*]

FIRST BOAR.

Well, go on ; we long  
To hear what she can possibly have done.

PURGANAX.

Why, it is hinted, that a certain bull—  
Thus much is *known* :—the milk-white bulls that  
feed  
Beside Clitumnus and the crystal lakes  
Of the Cisalpine mountains, in fresh dew  
Of lotus-grass and blossoming asphodel,  
Sleeking their silken hair, and with sweet breath  
Loading the morning winds until they faint  
With living fragrance, are so beautiful !—  
Well, *I* say nothing ;—but Europa rode  
On such a one from Asia into Crete,  
And the enamoured sea grew calm beneath  
His gliding beauty. And Pasiphæ,  
Iona's grandmother,—but *she* is innocent !  
And that both you and I, and all assert.

FIRST BOAR.

Most innocent !

PURGANAX.

Behold this BAG ; a bag—

SECOND BOAR.

Oh ! no GREEN BAGS !! Jealousy's eyes are green,  
Scorpions are green, and water-snakes, and efts,  
And verdigris, and—

PURGANAX.

Honourable swine,  
In piggyish souls can prepossessions reign ?  
Allow me to remind you, grass is green—  
All flesh is grass ;—no bacon but is flesh—  
Ye are but bacon. This divining BAG  
(Which is not green, but only bacon colour)  
Is filled with liquor, which if sprinkled o'er  
A woman guilty of—we all know what—  
Makes her so hideous, till she finds one blind,  
She never can commit the like again.  
If innocent, she will turn into an angel,  
And rain down blessings in the shape of comfits  
As she flies up to heaven. Now, my proposal  
Is to convert her sacred Majesty

Into an angel, (as I am sure we shall do,)  
By pouring on her head this mystic water.

[*Showing the Bag.*]

I know that she is innocent ; I wish  
Only to prove her so to all the world.

FIRST BOAR.

Excellent, just, and noble Purganax !

SECOND BOAR.

How glorious it will be to see her Majesty  
Flying above our heads, her petticoats  
Streaming like—like—like—

THIRD BOAR.

Any thing.

PURGANAX.

Oh, no !

But like a standard of an admiral's ship,  
Or like the banner of a conquering host,  
Or like a cloud dyed in the dying day,  
Unravelled on the blast from a white mountain ;  
Or like a meteor, or a war-steed's mane,  
Or water-fall from a dizzy precipice  
Scattered upon the wind.

FIRST BOAR.

Or a cow's tail,—

SECOND BOAR.

Or *any thing*, as the learned Boar observed.

PURGANAX.

Gentlemen Boars, I move a resolution,  
That her most sacred Majesty should be  
Invited to attend the feast of Famine,  
And to receive upon her chaste white body  
Dews of Apotheosis from this BAG.

[*A great confusion is heard of the Pigs out of Doors,  
which communicates itself to those within. During  
the first Strophe, the doors of the Sty are staved in,  
and a number of exceedingly lean Pigs and Sows  
and Boars rush in.*]

SEMICHORUS I.

No ! Yes !

SEMICHORUS II.

Yes ! No !

SEMICHORUS I.

A law !

SEMICHORUS II.

A flaw !

SEMICHORUS I.

Porkers, we shall lose our wash,  
Or must share it with the lean pigs !

FIRST BOAR.

Order ! order ! be not rash !  
Was there ever such a scene, Pigs !

AN OLD SOW (*rushing in*).

I never saw so fine a dash  
Since I first began to wear pigs.

SECOND BOAR (*solemnly*).

The Queen will be an angel time enough.  
I vote, in form of an amendment, that  
Purganax rub a little of that stuff  
Upon his face—

PURGANAX.

*[His heart is seen to beat through his waistcoat.]*

Gods! What would ye be at?

SEMICHORUS I.

Purganax has plainly shown a  
Cloven foot and jack-daw feather.

SEMICHORUS II.

I vote Swellfoot and Iona  
Try the magic test together;  
Whenever royal spouses bicker,  
Both should try the magic liquor.AN OLD BOAR (*aside*).A miserable state is that of pigs,  
For if their drivers would tear caps and wigs,  
The swine must bite each other's ear therefore.AN OLD SOW (*aside*).A wretched lot Jove has assigned to swine,  
Squabbling makes pig-herds hungry, and they dine  
On bacon, and whip sucking-pigs the more.

CHORUS.

Hog-wash has been ta'en away:  
If the Bull-Queen is divested,  
We shall be in every way  
Hunted, stript, exposed, molested;  
Let us do what'er we may,  
That she shall not be arrested.QUEEN, we entrench you with walls of brawn,  
And palisades of tusks, sharp as a bayonet:  
Place your most sacred person here. We pawn  
Our lives that none a finger dare to lay on it.Those who wrong you, wrong us;  
Those who hate you, hate us;  
Those who sting you, sting us;  
Those who bait you, bait us;  
The oracle is now about to be  
Fulfilled by circumvolving destiny;Which says: "Thebes, choose reform or civil war,  
When through your streets, instead of hare with  
dogs,A CONSORT QUEEN shall hunt a KING with hogs,  
Riding upon the IONIAN MINOTAUR."*Enter IONA TAURINA.*IONA TAURINA (*coming forward*).Gentlemen swine, and gentle lady-pigs,  
The tender heart of every boar acquits  
Their QUEEN, of any act incongruous  
With native piggishness, and she reposing  
With confidence upon the grunting nation,  
Has thrown herself, her cause, her life, her all,  
Her innocence, into their hoggish arms;  
Nor has the expectation been deceived  
Of finding shelter there. Yet know, great boars,  
(For such who ever lives among you finds you,  
And so do I) the innocent are proud!  
I have accepted your protection only  
In compliment of your kind love and care,  
Not for necessity. The innocent  
Are safest there where trials and dangers wait;  
Innocent Queens o'er white-hot plough-shares  
tread  
Unsing'd; and ladies, Erin's laureate sings it,\*

\* "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

*See Moore's Irish Melodies.*Decked with rare gems, and beauty rarer still,  
Walked from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway,  
Through rebels, smugglers, troops of yeomanry,  
White-boys, and orange-boys, and constables,  
Tithe-proctors, and excise people, uninjured!  
Thus I!—Lord PURGANAX, I do commit myself  
Into your custody, and am prepared  
To stand the test, whatever it may be!

PURGANAX.

This magnanimity in your sacred Majesty  
Must please the pigs. You cannot fail of being  
A heavenly angel. Smoke your bits of glass,  
Ye loyal swine, or her transfiguration  
Will blind your wondering eyesAN OLD BOAR (*aside*).Take care, my Lord,  
They do not smoke you first.

PURGANAX.

At the approaching feast  
Of Famine, let the expiation be.

SWINE.

Content! content!

IONA TAURINA (*aside*).I, most content of all,  
Know that my foes even thus prepare their fall!*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## SCENE II.

*The interior of the Temple of Famine. The statue of the Goddess, a skeleton clothed in partly-coloured rags, seated upon a heap of skulls and leaves intermingled. A number of exceedingly fat Priests in black garments arrayed on each side, with marrow-bones and cleavers in their hands. A flourish of trumpets.**Enter MAMMON as Arch-priest, SWELLFOOT, DAKRY, PURGANAX, LAOTONOS, followed by IONA TAURINA guarded. On the other side enter the Swine.*

CHORUS OF PRIESTS,

*Accompanied by the Court Porkman on marrow-bones and cleavers.*Goddess bare, and gaunt, and pale,  
Empress of the world, all hail!  
What though Cretans old called thee  
City-crested Cybele?  
We call thee FAMINE!  
Goddess of fasts and feasts, starving and cram-  
ming;  
Through thee, for emperors, kings, and priests and  
lords,  
Who rule by viziers, sceptres, bank-notes, words,  
The earth pours forth its plenteous fruits,  
Corn, wool, linen, flesh, and roots— [fat,  
Those who consume these fruits through thee grow  
Those who produce these fruits through thee  
grow lean,  
Whatever change takes place, oh, stick to that!  
And let things be as they have ever been;  
At least while we remain thy priests,  
And proclaim thy fasts and feasts!  
Through thee the sacred SWELLFOOT dynasty

Is based upon a rock amid that sea  
Whose waves are swine—so let it ever be !

[SWELLFOOT, &c. seat themselves at a table, magnificently covered at the upper end of the temple. Attendants pass over the stage with hog-wash in pails. A number of Pigs, exceedingly lean, follow them licking up the wash.

MAMMON.

I fear your sacred Majesty has lost  
The appetite which you were used to have.  
Allow me now to recommend this dish—  
A simple kickshaw by your Persian cook,  
Such as is served at the great King's second table.  
The price and pains which its ingredients cost,  
Might have maintained some dozen families  
A winter or two—not more—so plain a dish  
Could scarcely disagree.—

SWELLFOOT.

After the trial,  
And these fastidious pigs are gone, perhaps  
I may recover my lost appetite,—  
I feel the gout flying about my stomach—  
Give me a glass of Maraschino punch.

PURGANAX.

[Filling his glass, and standing up.

The glorious constitution of the Pigs !

ALL.

A toast ! a toast ! stand up, and three times three !

DAKRY.

No heel-taps—darken day-lights !

LAOCTONOS.

Claret, somehow,  
Puts me in mind of blood, and blood of claret !

SWELLFOOT.

Laoctonos is fishing for a compliment,  
But 'tis his due. Yes, you have drunk more wine,  
And shed more blood, than any man in Thebes.

(To PURGANAX.)

For God's sake stop the grunting of those pigs !

PURGANAX.

We dare not, sire ! 'tis Famine's privilege.

CHORUS OF SWINE.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine !  
Thy throne is on blood, and thy robe is of rags ;  
Thou devil which livest on damning ;  
Saint of new churches, and cant, and GREEN BAGS ;  
Till in pity and terror thou risest,  
Confounding the schemes of the wisest.  
When thou liftest thy skeleton form,  
When the loaves and the skulls roll about,  
We will greet thee—the voice of a storm  
Would be lost in our terrible shout !

Then hail to thee, hail to thee, Famine !

Hail to thee, Empress of Earth !  
When thou risest, dividing possessions ;  
When thou risest, uprooting oppressions ;  
In the pride of thy ghastly mirth.  
Over palaces, temples, and graves,  
We will rush as thy minister-slaves,  
Trampling behind in thy train,  
Till all be made level again !

MAMMON.

I hear a crackling of the giant bones  
Of the dread image, and in the black pits  
Which once were eyes, I see two livid flames :  
These prodigies are oracular, and show  
The presence of the unseen Deity.  
Mighty events are hastening to their doom !

SWELLFOOT.

I only hear the lean and mutinous swine  
Grunting about the temple.

DAKRY.

In a crisis  
Of such exceeding delicacy, I think  
We ought to put her Majesty, the QUEEN,  
Upon her trial without delay.

MAMMON.

The BAG  
Is here.

PURGANAX.

I have rehearsed the entire scene  
With an ox-bladder and some ditch-water,  
On Lady P.—it cannot fail.

[Taking up the bag.

Your Majesty (to SWELLFOOT)

In such a filthy business had better  
Stand on one side, lest it should sprinkle you.  
A spot or two on me would do no harm ;  
Nay, it might hide the blood, which the sad  
genius  
Of the Green Isle has fixed, as by a spell,  
Upon my brow—which would stain all its seas,  
But which those seas could never wash away !

IONA TAURINA.

My Lord, I am ready—nay I am impatient,  
To undergo the test.

[A graceful figure in a semi-transparent veil passes unnoticed through the Temple ; the word LIBERTY is seen through the veil, as if it were written in fire upon its forehead. Its words are almost drowned in the furious grunting of the Pigs, and the business of the trial. She kneels on the steps of the Altar, and speaks in tones at first faint and low, but which ever become louder and louder.

Mighty Empress ! Death's white wife !  
Ghastly mother-in-law of life !  
By the God who made thee such,  
By the magic of thy touch,  
By the starving and the cramming,  
Of fasts and feasts !—by thy dread self, O Famine !  
I charge thee ! when thou wake the multitude,  
Thou lead them not upon the paths of blood.  
The earth did never mean her foison  
For those who crown life's cup with poison  
Of fanatic rage and meaningless revenge—  
But for those radiant spirits, who are still  
The standard-bearers in the van of Change.  
Be they th' appointed stewards, to fill  
The lap of Pain, and toil, and Age !—  
Remit, O Queen ! thy accustom'd rage !  
Be what thou art not ! In voice faint and low  
FREEDOM calls Famine,—her eternal foe,  
To brief alliance, hollow truce.—Rise now !

[Whilst the veiled Figure has been chanting this strophe, MAMMON, DAKRY, LAOCTONOS, and SWELL-

FOOT, have surrounded IONA TAURINA, who, with her hands folded on her breast, and her eyes lifted to Heaven, stands, as with saint-like resignation, to wait the issue of the business, in perfect confidence of her innocence.

PURGANAX, after unsealing the GREEN BAG, is gravely about to pour the liquor upon her head, when suddenly the whole expression of her figure and countenance changes; she snatches it from his hand with a loud laugh of triumph, and empties it over SWELLFOOT and his whole Court, who are instantly changed into a number of filthy and ugly animals, and rush out of the Temple. The image of FAMINE then arises with a tremendous sound, the Pigs begin scrambling for the loaves, and are tripped up by the sculls; all those who eat the loaves are turned into Bulls, and arrange themselves quietly behind the altar. The image of FAMINE sinks through a chasm in the earth, and a MINOTAUR rises.

MINOTAUR.

I am the Ionian Minotaur, the mightiest  
Of all Europa's taurine progeny—  
I am the old traditional man bull;  
And from my ancestors having been Ionian,  
I am called Ion, which, by interpretation,  
Is JOHN; in plain Theban, that is to say,  
My name's JOHN BULL; I am a famous hunter,  
And can leap any gate in all Bœotia,  
Even the palings of the royal park,  
Or double ditch about the new inclosures;  
And if your Majesty will deign to mount me,  
At least till you have hunted down your game,  
I will not throw you.

IONA TAURINA.

[During this speech she has been putting on boots and spurs, and a hunting-cap, buckishly cocked on one side, and tucking up her hair, she leaps nimbly on his back.

Hoa! hoa! tallyho! tallyho! ho! ho!  
Come, let us hunt these ugly badgers down,  
These stinking foxes, these devouring otters,  
These hares, these wolves, these any thing but men.  
Hey, for a whipper-in! my loyal pigs,  
Now let your noses be as keen as beagles',  
Your steps as swift as greyhounds', and your cries  
More dulcet and symphonious than the bells  
Of village-towers, on sunshine holiday;  
Wake all the dewy woods with jangling music.  
Give them no law (are they not beasts of blood?)  
But such as they gave you. Tallyho! ho!  
Through forest, furze, and bog, and den, and desert,  
Pursue the ugly beasts! tallyho! ho!

FULL CHORUS OF IONA AND THE SWINE.

Tallyho! tallyho!  
Through rain, hail, and snow,  
Through brake, gorse, and briar,  
Through fen, flood, and mire,  
We go! we go!

Tallyho! tallyho!  
Through pond, ditch, and slough,  
Wind them, and find them,  
Like the Devil behind them,  
Tallyho! tallyho!

[Exeunt, in full cry; IONA driving on the SWINE, with the empty GREEN BAG.

## NOTE ON ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the brief journal I kept in those days, I find recorded, in August 1820, Shelley "begins Swellfoot the Tyrant, suggested by the pigs at the fair of San Giuliano." This was the period of Queen Caroline's landing in England, and the struggles made by Geo. IV. to get rid of her claims; which failing, Lord Castlereagh placed the "*Green Bag*" on the table of the House of Commons, demanding, in the King's name, that an inquiry should be instituted into his wife's conduct. These circumstances were the theme of all conversation among the English. We were then at the Baths of San Giuliano; a friend came to visit us on the day when a fair was held in the square, beneath our windows: Shelley read to us his Ode to Liberty; and was riotously accompanied by the grunting of a quantity of pigs brought for sale to the fair. He compared it to the "chorus of frogs" in the satiric drama of Aristophanes; and it being an hour of merriment, and one ludicrous association suggesting another, he imagined a political satirical drama on the circumstances of the day, to which the pigs would serve as chorus—and Swellfoot was begun. When finished, it was transmitted to England, printed and published anonymously; but stifled at the very dawn of its existence by the "Society for the Suppression of Vice," who threatened to prosecute it, if not immediately withdrawn. The friend who had taken the trouble of bringing it out, of course did not think it worth the annoyance and expense of a contest, and it was laid aside.

Hesitation of whether it would do honour to Shelley prevented my publishing it at first; but I cannot bring myself to keep back anything he ever wrote, for each word is fraught with the peculiar views and sentiments which he believed to be beneficial to the human race; and the bright light of poetry irradiates every thought. The world has a right to the entire compositions of such a man; for it does not live and thrive by the out-worn lesson of the dullard or the hypocrite, but by the original free thoughts of men of Genius, who aspire to pluck bright truth

" \_\_\_\_\_ from the pale-faced moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned—"

truth. Even those who may dissent from his opinions will consider that he was a man of genius, and that the world will take more interest in his slightest word, than from the waters of Lethe, which are so eagerly prescribed as medicinal for all its wrongs and woes. This drama, however, must not be judged for more than was meant. It is a mere plaything of the imagination, which even may not excite smiles among many, who will not see wit in those combinations of thought which were full of the ridiculous to the author. But, like everything he wrote, it breathes that deep sympathy for the sorrows of humanity, and indignation against its oppressors, which make it worthy of his name.

## EARLY POEMS.

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### MUTABILITY.

---

WE are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;  
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,  
Streaking the darkness radiantly !—yet soon  
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever :

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings  
Give various response to each varying blast,  
To whose frail frame no second motion brings  
One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—A dream has power to poison sleep ;  
We rise—One wandering thought pollutes the  
day ;  
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep ;  
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away :

It is the same !—For, be it joy or sorrow,  
The path of its departure still is free ;  
Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow ;  
Nought may endure but Mutability.

---

### ON DEATH.

---

There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wis-  
dom, in the grave, whither thou goest.—ECCLESIASTES.

---

THE pale, the cold, and the moony smile  
Which the meteor beam of a starless night  
Sheds on a lonely and sea-girt isle,  
Ere the dawning of morn's undoubted light,  
Is the flame of life so fickle and wan  
That flits round our steps till their strength is gone.

O man ! hold thee on in courage of soul  
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,  
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll  
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,  
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free  
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,  
This world is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow,  
To a brain uncompassed with nerves of steel ;  
When all that we know, or feel, or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,  
Where all but this frame must surely be,  
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous  
No longer will live to hear or to see [ear  
All that is great and all that is strange  
In the boundless realm of unending change.

Who telleth a tale of unspeaking death ?  
Who lifeth the veil of what is to come ?  
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath  
The wide-winding caves of the peopled tomb ?  
Or unitheth the hopes of what shall be  
With the fears and the love for that which we see ?

---

### A SUMMER-EVENING CHURCH-YARD, LECHDALE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

---

THE wind has swept from the wide atmosphere  
Each vapour that obscured the sun-set's ray ;  
And pallid evening twines its beaming hair  
In duskier braids around the languid eyes of day :  
Silence and twilight, unbeloved of men,  
Creep hand in hand from yon obscurest glen.

They breathe their spells towards the departing day,  
Encompassing the earth, air, stars, and sea ;  
Light, sound, and motion own the potent sway,  
Responding to the charm with its own mystery.  
The winds are still, or the dry church-tower grass  
Knows not their gentle motions as they pass.

Thou too, aerial Pile ! whose pinnacles  
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire,  
Obeyest in silence their sweet solemn spells,  
Clothing in hues of heaven thy dim and distant  
Around whose lessening and invisible height [spire,  
Gather among the stars the clouds of night.

The dead are sleeping in their sepulchres :  
And, mouldering as they sleep, a thrilling sound,  
Half sense, half thought, among the darkness stirs,  
Breathed from their wormy beds all living things  
around,  
And mingling with the still night and mute sky  
Its awful hush is felt inaudibly.

This solemnised and softened, death is mild  
And terrorless as this serenest night :  
Here could I hope, like some inquiring child  
Sporting on graves, that death did hide from human  
Sweet secrets, or beside its breathless sleep [sight  
That loveliest dreams perpetual watch did keep.

TO \* \* \* \*.

ΔΑΚΡΥΤΕΙ ΔΙΟΙΣΩ ΠΟΤΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΤΜΟΝ.

Oh ! there are spirits in the air,  
 And geni of the evening breeze,  
 And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair  
 As star-beams among twilight trees :—  
 Such lovely ministers to meet  
 Oft hast thou turned from men thy lonely feet.

With mountain winds, and babbling springs,  
 And mountain seas, that are the voice  
 Of these inexplicable things,  
 Thou didst hold commune, and rejoice  
 When they did answer thee ; but they  
 Cast, like a worthless boon, thy love away.

And thou hast sought in starry eyes  
 Beams that were never meant for thine,  
 Another's wealth ;—tame sacrifice  
 To a fond faith ! still dost thou pine ?  
 Still dost thou hope that greeting hands,  
 Voice, looks, or lips, may answer thy demands ?

Ah ! wherefore didst thou build thine hope  
 On the false earth's inconstancy ?  
 Did thine own mind afford no scope  
 Of love, or moving thoughts to thee ?  
 That natural scenes or human smiles  
 Could steal the power to wind thee in their wiles.

Yes, all the faithless smiles are fled  
 Whose falsehood left thee broken-hearted ;  
 The glory of the moon is dead ;  
 Night's ghost and dreams have now departed ;  
 Thine own soul still is true to thee,  
 But changed to a foul fiend through misery.

This fiend, whose ghastly presence ever  
 Beside thee like thy shadow hangs,  
 Dream not to chase ;—the mad endeavour  
 Would scourge thee to severer pangs.  
 Be as thou art. Thy settled fate,  
 Dark as it is, all change would aggravate,

STANZAS.—APRIL, 1814.

AWAY ! the moor is dark beneath the moon,  
 Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of  
 even :  
 Away ! the gathering winds will call the darkness  
 soon,  
 And profoundest midnight shroud the serene  
 lights of heaven.  
 Pause not ! The time is past ! Every voice cries,  
 Away !  
 Tempt not with one last glance thy friend's un-  
 gentle mood :  
 Thy lover's eye, so glazed and cold, dares not  
 entreat thy stay :  
 Duty and dereliction guide thee back to solitude.

Away, away ! to thy sad and silent home ;  
 Pour bitter tears on its desolated hearth ;  
 Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they go and  
 come,  
 And complicate strange webs of melancholy  
 mirth ;  
 The leaves of wasted autumn woods shall float  
 around thine head,  
 The blooms of dewy spring shall gleam beneath  
 thy feet :  
 But thy soul or this world must fade in the frost  
 that binds the dead,  
 Ere midnight's frown and morning's smile, ere  
 thou and peace may meet.

The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own  
 repose,  
 For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is  
 in the deep ;  
 Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean  
 knows ;  
 Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its  
 appointed sleep.  
 Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms  
 flee  
 Which that house and heath and garden made  
 dear to thee erewhile,  
 Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep  
 musings, are not free,  
 From the music of two voices, and the light of  
 one sweet smile.

LINES.

THE cold earth slept below,  
 Above the cold sky shone,  
 And all around  
 With a chilling sound,  
 From caves of ice and fields of snow,  
 The breath of night like death did flow  
 Beneath the sinking moon.

The wintry hedge was black,  
 The green grass was not seen,  
 The birds did rest  
 On the bare thorn's breast,  
 Whose roots, beside the pathway track,  
 Had bound their folds o'er many a crack  
 Which the frost had made between.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare  
 Of the moon's dying light,  
 As a fen-fire's beam  
 On a sluggish stream  
 Gleams dimly—so the moon shone there,  
 And it yellowed the strings of thy tangled hair,  
 That shook in the wind of night.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved ;  
 The wind made thy bosom chill ;  
 The night did shed  
 On thy dear head  
 Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie  
 Where the bitter breath of the naked sky  
 Might visit thee at will.

November, 1815.

## TO WORDSWORTH.

POET of Nature, thou hast wept to know  
 That things depart which never may return ;  
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first  
 glow,  
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.  
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,  
 Which thou too feel'st ; yet I alone deplore.  
 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine  
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :  
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood  
 Above the blind and battling multitude :  
 In honoured poverty thy voice did weave  
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty,—  
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,  
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE  
FALL OF BONAPARTE.

I HATED thee, fallen tyrant ! I did groan  
 To think that a most unambitious slave,  
 Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave  
 Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne  
 Where it had stood even now : thou didst prefer  
 A frail and bloody pomp, which time has swept  
 In fragments towards oblivion. Massacre,  
 For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,  
 Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,  
 And stifled thee, their minister. I know  
 Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,  
 That Virtue owns a more eternal foe  
 Than force or fraud : old Custom, legal Crime,  
 And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of time.

## NOTE ON THE EARLY POEMS. BY THE EDITOR.

THE remainder of Shelley's Poems will be arranged in the order in which they were written. Of course, mistakes will occur in placing some of the shorter ones ; for, as I have said, many of these were thrown aside, and I never saw them till I had the misery of looking over his writings, after the hand that traced them was dust ; and some were in the hands of others, and I never saw them till now. The subjects of the poems are often to me an unerring guide ; but on other occasions, I can only guess, by finding them in the pages of the same manuscript book that contains poems with the date of whose composition I am fully conversant. In the present arrangement all his poetical translations will be placed together at the end of the volume.

The loss of his early papers prevents my being able to give any of the poetry of his boyhood. Of the few I give as early poems, the greater part were published with "Alastor ;" some of them were written previously, some at the same period. The poem beginning, "Oh, there are spirits in the air," was addressed in idea to Coleridge, whom he never knew ; and at whose character he could only guess imperfectly, through his writings, and accounts he heard of him from some who knew him well. He regarded his change of opinions as rather an act of will than conviction, and believed that in his inner heart he would be haunted by what Shelley considered the better and holier aspirations of his youth. The summer evening that suggested to him the poem written in the churchyard of Lechdale, occurred during his

voyage up the Thames, in the autumn of 1815. He had been advised by a physician to live as much as possible in the open air ; and a fortnight of a bright warm July was spent in tracing the Thames to its source. He never spent a season more tranquilly than the summer of 1815. He had just recovered from a severe pulmonary attack ; the weather was warm and pleasant. He lived near Windsor Forest, and his life was spent under its shades, or on the water ; meditating subjects for verse. Hitherto, he had chiefly aimed at extending his political doctrines ; and attempted so to do by appeals, in prose essays, to the people, exhorting them to claim their rights ; but he had now begun to feel that the time for action was not ripe in England, and that the pen was the only instrument wherewith to prepare the way for better things.

In the scanty journals kept during those years, I find a record of the books that Shelley read during several years. During the years of 1814 and 1815, the list is extensive. It includes in Greek ; Homer, Hesiod, Theocritus—the histories of Thucydides and Herodotus, and Diogenes Laertius. In Latin ; Petronius, Suetonius, some of the works of Cicero, a large proportion of those of Seneca and Livy. In English ; Milton's Poems, Wordsworth's Excursion, Southey's Madoc and Thalaba, Locke on the Human Understanding, Bacon's Novum Organum. In Italian, Ariosto, Tasso, and Alfieri. In French, the *Rêveries d'un Solitaire* of Rousseau. To these may be added several modern books of travels. He read few novels.



## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXVI.

### THE SUNSET.

THERE late was One, within whose subtle being,  
As light and wind within some delicate cloud  
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,  
Genius and death contended. None may know  
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath  
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,  
When, with the Lady of his love, who then  
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,  
He walked along the pathway of a field,  
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,  
But to the west was open to the sky.  
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold  
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points  
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers,  
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,  
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay  
On the brown massy woods—and in the east  
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose  
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,  
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.—  
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,  
"I never saw the sun! We will walk here  
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."  
That night the youth and lady mingled lay  
In love and sleep—but when the morning came  
The lady found her lover dead and cold.  
Let none believe that God in mercy gave  
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,  
But year by year lived on—in truth I think  
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,  
And that she did not die, but lived to tend  
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,  
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.  
For but to see her were to read the tale  
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts  
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;—  
Her eye-lashes were torn away with tears,  
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;  
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering  
veins  
And weak articulations might be seen  
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self  
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,  
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,  
Passionless calm and silence unproved,  
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,  
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,  
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;  
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"  
This was the only moan she ever made.

### HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power  
Floats tho' unseen among us; visiting  
This various world with as inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower:  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain  
It visits with inconstant glance [shower,  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like aught that for its grace may be  
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.—

SPIRIT of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?  
Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;  
Why fear and dream and death and birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom; why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope;

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given:  
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and  
Heaven,  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;  
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail  
From all we hear and all we see, [to sever,  
Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent  
Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.  
Man were immortal and omnipotent,  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his  
Thou messenger of sympathies [heart.  
That wax and wane in lovers' eyes;  
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,  
Like darkness to a dying flame!  
Depart not as thy shadow came:  
Depart not, lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,  
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.  
I called on poisonous names with which our youth  
I was not heard, I saw them not; [is fed :  
When musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me ;  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy !

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine : have I not kept the vow ?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours [now  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned  
Of studious zeal or love's delight [bowers  
Outwatched with me the envious night :  
They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,  
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene  
When noon is past : there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,  
Which thro' the summer is not heard nor seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been !  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

— • —  
MONT BLANC.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

I.  
THE everlasting universe of things  
Flows through the mind, and rolls its rapid waves,  
Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—  
Now lending splendour, where from secret springs  
The source of human thought its tribute brings  
Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,  
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume  
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,  
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,  
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river  
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.

II.  
Thou thou, Ravine of Arve—dark, deep Ravine—  
Thou many-coloured, many-voiced vale,  
Over whose pines and crags and caverns sail  
Fast clouds, shadows, and sunbeams ; awful scene,  
Where Power in likeness of the Arve comes down  
From the ice-gulfs that gird his secret throne,  
Bursting through these dark mountains like the flame  
Of lightning through the tempest ;—thou dost lie,  
The giant brood of pines around thee clinging,  
Children of elder time, in whose devotion,

The chainless winds still come and ever came  
To drink their odours, and their mighty swinging  
To hear—an old and solemn harmony :  
Thine earthly rainbows stretched across the sweep  
Of the ethereal waterfall, whose veil  
Robes some unsculptured image ; the strange sleep  
Which, when the voices of the desert fall,  
Wraps all in its own deep eternity ;—  
Thy caverns echoing to the Arve's commotion  
A loud, lone sound, no other sound can tame ;  
Thou art pervaded with that ceaseless motion,  
Thou art the path of that unresting sound—  
Dizzy Ravine ! and when I gaze on thee,  
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
To muse on my own separate fantasy,  
My own, my human mind, which passively  
Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
Holding an unremitting interchange  
With the clear universe of things around ;  
One legion of wild thoughts, whose wandering wings  
Now float above thy darkness, and now rest  
Where that or thou art no unbidden guest,  
In the still cave of the witch Poesy,  
Seeking among the shadows that pass by  
Ghosts of all things that are, some shade of thee,  
Some phantom, some faint image ; till the breeze  
From which they fled recalls them, thou art there !

III.

Some say that gleams of a remoter world  
Visit the soul in sleep,—that death is slumber,  
And that its shapes the busy thoughts outnumber  
Of those who wake and live. I look on high ;  
Has some unknown omnipotence unfurled  
The veil of life and death ? or do I lie  
In dream, and does the mightier world of sleep  
Speed far around and inaccessible  
Its circles ? For the very spirit fails,  
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep  
That vanishes among the viewless gales !  
Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,  
Mount Blanc appears,—still, snowy, and serene—  
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms  
Pile around it, ice and rock ; broad vales between  
Of frozen floods, unfathomable deeps,  
Blue as the overhanging heaven, that spread  
And wind among the accumulated steeps ;  
A desert peopled by the storms alone,  
Save when the eagle brings some hunter's bone,  
And the wolf tracks her there—how hideously  
Its shapes are heaped around ! rude, bare, and high,  
Ghastly, and scarred, and riven.—Is this the scene  
Where the old Earthquake-demon taught her young  
Ruin ? Were these their toys ? or did a sea  
Of fire envelop once this silent snow ?  
None can reply—all seems eternal now.  
The wilderness has a mysterious tongue  
Which teaches awful doubt, or faith so mild,  
So solemn, so serene, that man may be  
But for such faith with nature reconciled ;  
Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal  
Large codes of fraud and woe ; not understood,  
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good,  
Interpret or make felt, or deeply feel.

IV.

The fields, the lakes, the forests, and the streams,  
Ocean, and all the living things that dwell  
Within the dædal earth ; lightning, and rain,  
Earthquake, and fiery flood, and hurricane,

The torpor of the year when feeble dreams  
 Visit the hidden buds, or dreamless sleep  
 Holds every future leaf and flower,—the bound  
 With which from that detested trance they leap ;  
 The works and ways of man, their death and birth,  
 And that of him, and all that his may be ;  
 All things that move and breathe with toil and sound  
 Are born and die, revolve, subside, and swell.  
 Power dwells apart in its tranquillity,  
 Remote, serene, and inaccessible :  
 And *this*, the naked countenance of earth,  
 On which I gaze, even these primeval mountains,  
 Teach the adverting mind. The glaciers creep,  
 Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far foun-  
 Slowly rolling on ; there, many a precipice [tains,  
 Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power  
 Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,  
 A city of death distinct with many a tower  
 And wall impregnable of beaming ice.  
 Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin  
 Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky  
 Rolls its perpetual stream ; vast pines are strewn  
 Its destined path, or in the mangled soil  
 Branchless and shattered stand ; the rocks, drawn  
 From yon remotest waste, have overthrown [down  
 The limits of the dead and living world,  
 Never to be reclaimed. The dwelling-place  
 Of insects, beasts, and birds, becomes its spoil ;  
 Their food and their retreat for ever gone,  
 So much of life and joy is lost. The race

Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling  
 Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,  
 And their place is not known. Below, vast caves  
 Shine in the rushing torrent's restless gleam,  
 Which from those secret chasms in tumult welling  
 Meet in the Vale, and one majestic River,  
 The breath and blood of distant lands, for ever  
 Rolls its loud waters to the ocean waves,  
 Breathes its swift vapours to the circling air.

v.

Mont Blanc yet gleams on high:—the power is there,  
 The still and solemn power of many sights  
 And many sounds, and much of life and death.  
 In the calm darkness of the moonless nights,  
 In the lone glare of day, the snows descend  
 Upon that Mountain ; none beholds them there,  
 Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun, [tend  
 Or the star-beams dart through them:— Winds con-  
 Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath  
 Rapid and strong, but silently ! Its home  
 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes  
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods  
 Over the snow. The secret strength of things,  
 Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome  
 Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee !  
 And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,  
 If to the human mind's imaginings  
 Silence and solitude were vacancy ?

SWITZERLAND, June 23, 1816.

## NOTE ON POEMS OF 1816. BY THE EDITOR.

SHELLEY wrote little during this year. The Poem entitled the "Sunset" was written in the spring of the year, while still residing at Bishopsgate. He spent the summer on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. "The Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" was conceived during his voyage round the lake with Lord Byron. He occupied himself during this voyage, by reading the *Nouvelle Héloïse* for the first time. The reading it on the very spot where the scenes are laid, added to the interest ; and he was at once surprised and charmed by the passionate eloquence and earnest enthralling interest that pervades this work. There was something in the character of Saint-Preux, in his abnegation of self, and in the worship he paid to Love, that coincided with Shelley's own disposition ; and, though differing in many of the views, and shocked by others, yet the effect of the whole was fascinating and delightful.

"Mont Blanc" was inspired by a view of that mountain and its surrounding peaks and valleys, as he lingered on the Bridge of Arve on his way through the Valley of Chamouni. Shelley makes the following mention of this poem in his publication of the *History of Six Weeks' Tour*, and Letters from Switzerland :—

"The poem entitled 'Mont Blanc,' is written by the author of the two letters from Chamouni and Veval. It was composed under the immediate impression of the deep and powerful feelings excited by the objects which it attempts to describe ; and as an undisciplined overflowing of the soul, rests its claim to approbation on an attempt to imitate the untameable wildness and inaccessible solemnity from which those feelings sprang."

This was an eventful year, and less time was given to study than usual. In the list of his reading I find, in Greek : Theocritus, the Prometheus of Æschylus, several of Plutarch's Lives and the works of Lucian. \*In Latin : Lucretius, Pliny's Letters, the Annals and Germany of Tacitus. In French : the History of the French Revolution, by Lacretelle. He read for the first time, this year, Montaigne's Essays, and regarded them ever after as one of the most delightful and instructive books in the world. The list is scanty in English works—Locke's Essay, Political Justice, and Coleridge's Lay Sermon, form nearly the whole. It was his frequent habit to read aloud to me in the evening ; in this way we read, this year, the New Testament, Paradise Lost, Spenser's Fairy Queen, and Don Quixote.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXVII.

### PRINCE ATHANASE.

A FRAGMENT.

—◆—  
PART I.

THERE was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,  
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time ;  
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel

Which burned within him, withering up his  
prime  
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.  
Not his the load of any secret crime,

For nought of ill his heart could understand,  
But pity and wild sorrow for the same ;  
Not his the thirst for glory or command,

Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame ;  
Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast,  
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul the dark unrest :  
Nor what religion fables of the grave  
Feared he,—Philosophy's accepted guest.

For none than he a purer heart could have,  
Or that loved good more for itself alone ;  
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave.

What sorrow, strange, and shadowy, and unknown,  
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind?—  
If with a human sadness he did groan,

He had a gentle yet aspiring mind ;  
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed ;  
And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead :  
He loved, and laboured for his kind in grief,  
And yet, unlike all others, it is said

That from such toil he never found relief.  
Although a child of fortune and of power,  
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief,

His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower  
Is love and justice, clothed in which he sat  
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate.—  
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse  
The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use  
To blind the world they famish for their pride ;  
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

But, like a steward in honest dealings tried,  
With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,  
His riches and his cares he did divide.

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,  
What he dared do or think, though men might start,  
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes ;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,  
And to his many friends—all loved him well—  
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell ;  
If not, he smiled or wept ; and his weak foes,  
He neither spurned nor hated—though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,  
They past like aimless arrows from his ear.—  
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those, or them, or any, whom life's sphere  
May comprehend within its wide array.  
What sadness made that vernal spirit sere ?

He knew not. Though his life day after day,  
Was failing, like an unreplenished stream,  
Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam  
Piercing the chasms of ever rising clouds,  
Shone, softly burning ; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods ;  
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking hour,  
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him by some secret power,  
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,  
Like lights and sounds, from haunted tower to tower,

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war  
Is levied by the night-contending winds,  
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear ;—

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends  
Which wake and feed on everliving woe,—  
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found,—he knew not—none could know ;  
But on whose'er might question him he turned  
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show

He knew not of the grief within that burned,  
But asked forbearance with a mournful look ;  
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned

The cause of his disquietude ; or shook  
With spasms of silent passion ; or turned pale :  
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail ;—  
For all who knew and loved him then perceived  
That there was drawn an adamantine veil

Between his heart and mind,—both unrelieved  
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.  
Some said that he was mad, others believed

That memories of an antenatal life  
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell :  
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell  
On souls like his, which owned no higher law  
Than love ; love calm, steadfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe ;  
And others,—“Tis the shadow of a dream  
Which the veiled eye of memory never saw

“But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream  
Through shattered mines and caverns underground  
Rolls, shaking its foundations ; and no beam

“Of joy may rise, but it is quenched and drowned  
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure.  
Soon its exhausted waters will have found

“A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,  
O Athanase !—in one so good and great,  
Evil or tumult cannot long endure.”

So spake they : idly of another's state  
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy :  
This was their consolation ; such debate

Men held with one another ; nor did he,  
Like one who labours with a human woe,  
Decline this talk ; as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro  
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit ;  
And none but those who loved him best could  
know

That which he knew not, how it galled and bit  
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold ;  
For like an eyeless night-mare grief did sit

Upon his being ; a snake which fold by fold  
Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend  
Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier  
hold ;—  
And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold\*.

\* The Author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase, when it struck him that an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by this difference.—*Author's Note.*

## FRAGMENTS \* OF PRINCE ATHANASE.

## PART II.

## FRAGMENT I.

PRINCE Athanase had one beloved friend,  
An old, old man, with hair of silver white, [blend  
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and

With his wise words ; and eyes whose arrowy light  
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.  
He was the last whom superstition's blight

Had spared in Greece—the blight that cramps and  
And in his olive bower at Enoe [blinds,—  
Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds

A fertile island in the barren sea,  
One mariner who has survived his mates  
Many a drear month in a great ship—so he

With soul-sustaining songs, and sweet debates  
Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being :  
“The mind becomes that which it contemplates,”—

And thus Zonoras, by for ever seeing  
Their bright creations, grew like wisest men ;  
And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing

A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then,  
O sacred Hellas ! many weary years  
He wandered, till the path of Laian's glen

Was grass-grown—and the unremembered tears  
Were dry in Laian for their honoured chief,  
Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears :—

And as the lady looked with faithful grief  
From her high lattice o'er the rugged path,  
Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief

And blighting hope, who with the news of death  
Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,  
She saw beneath the chesnuts, far beneath,

An old man toiling up, a weary wight ;  
And soon within her hospitable hall  
She saw his white hairs glittering in the light

\* The idea Shelley had formed of Prince Athanase was a good deal modelled on Alastor. In the first sketch of the Poem he named it Pandemos and Urania. Athanase seeks through the world the One whom he may love. He meets, in the ship in which he is embarked, a lady, who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus, who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him. Athanase, crushed by sorrow, pines and dies. “On his death-bed the lady, who can really reply to his soul, comes and kisses his lips.”—*The Death-bed of Athanase.* The poet describes her—

Her hair was brown, her sphered eyes were brown,  
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,  
Like the dim orb of the eclipsed moon ;

Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came  
The light from them, as when tears of delight  
Double the western planet's serene frame.

This slender note is all we have to aid our imagination in shaping out the form of the poem, such as its author imaged.  
—M. S.

Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall,  
And his wan visage and his withered mien,  
Yet calm and gentle and majestic.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been  
Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed  
In patient silence.

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FRAGMENT II.

SUCH was Zonoras ; and as daylight finds  
One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,  
When autumn nights have nipt all weaker kinds,

Thus through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tost,  
Shone truth upon Zonoras ; and he filled  
From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,

The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,  
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore  
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.

And sweet and subtle talk now evermore,  
The pupil and the master shared ; until,  
Sharing that undiminishable store,

The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill  
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran  
His teacher, and did teach with native skill

Strange truths and new to that experienced man.  
Still they were friends, as few have ever been  
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.

So in the caverns of the forest green,  
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,  
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen

By summer woodmen : and when winter's roar  
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,  
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,

Hanging upon the peaked wave afar,  
Then saw their lamp from Lai'an's turret gleam,  
Piercing the stormy darkness, like a star

Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,  
Whilst all the constellations of the sky  
Seemed reeling through the storm ; they did but  
seem—

For, lo ! the wintry clouds are all gone by,  
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,  
And far o'er southern waves, immoveably

Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing  
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.—  
"O summer eve ! with power divine, bestowing

"On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm  
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,  
Filling the sky like light ! How many a spasm

"Of fevered brains, oppressed with grief and mad-  
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale ! [ness,  
And these soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,

"And the far sighings of yon piny dale  
Made vocal by some wind, we feel not here.—  
I bear alone what nothing may avail

"To lighten—a strange load !"—No human ear  
Heard this lament ; but o'er the visage wan  
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,  
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,  
Glassy and dark.—And that divine old man

Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,  
Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest—  
And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And, with a soft and equal pressure, prest  
That cold lean hand :—"Dost thou remember yet  
When the curved moon then lingering in the west

"Paused, in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,  
How in those beams we walked, half resting on the sea ?  
'Tis just one year—sure thou dost not forget—

"Then Plato's words of light in thee and me  
Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,  
For we had just then read—thy memory

"Is faithful now—the story of the feast ;  
And Agathon and Diotima seemed  
From death and dark forgetfulness released."

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FRAGMENT III.

"TWAS at the season when the Earth upsprings  
From slumber, as a sphered angel's child,  
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,  
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—  
So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,  
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove  
Waxed green—and flowers burst forth like starry  
beams ;—

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,  
And sea-buds burst beneath the waves serene :—  
How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen  
In any mirror—or the spring's young minions,  
The winged leaves amid the copses green ;—

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions  
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,  
And his own steps—and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,  
More fleet than storms—the wide world shrinks  
When winter and despondency are past. [below,

"TWAS at this season that Prince Athanase  
Pass'd the white Alps—those eagle-baffling moun-  
tains  
Slept in their shrouds of snow ;—beside the ways

The waterfalls were voiceless—for their fountains  
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,  
Or by the curdling winds—whose brazen wings,

Which chinged along the mountain's marble brow,  
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung  
And filled with frozen light the chasm below.

## FRAGMENT IV.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all  
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,  
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls  
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew;  
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investest it; and when the heavens are blue  
Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair,  
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue

Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear  
Beauty like some bright robe;—thou ever soarest  
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,  
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,  
Thou floatest among men; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore:—the  
weak  
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts  
The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not?

MARLOW, 1817.

## MARIANNE'S DREAM.

A PALE dream came to a Lady fair,  
And said, A boon, a boon, I pray!  
I know the secrets of the air,  
And things are lost in the glare of day,  
Which I can make the sleeping see,  
If they will put their trust in me.

And thou shalt know of things unknown,  
If thou wilt let me rest between  
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown  
Over thine eyes so dark and shewn:  
And half in hope, and half in fright,  
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

At first all deadly shapes were driven  
Tumultuously across her sleep,  
And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven  
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;  
And the Lady ever looked to spy  
If the gold sun shone forth on high.

And as towards the east she turned,  
She saw aloft in the morning air,  
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,  
A great black Anchor rising there;  
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes  
It hung before her in the skies.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,  
The depths were cloudless over head.  
The air was calm as it could be,  
There was no sight nor sound of dread,  
But that black Anchor floating still  
Over the piny eastern hill.

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear,  
To see that Anchor ever hanging,  
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear  
The sound as of a dim low clanging,  
And looked abroad if she might know  
Was it aught else, or but the flow  
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

There was a mist in the sunless air,  
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's  
But the very weeds that blossomed there [shock,  
Were moveless, and each mighty rock  
Stood on its basis stedfastly;  
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

But piled around with summits hid  
In lines of cloud at intervals,  
Stood many a mountain pyramid  
Among whose everlasting walls  
Two mighty cities shone, and ever  
Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,  
Might seem, the eagle for her brood  
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest  
Those tower-encircled cities stood.  
A vision strange such towers to see,  
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,  
Where human art could never be.

And columns framed of marble white,  
And giant fanes, dome over dome  
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright  
With workmanship, which could not come  
From touch of mortal instrument,  
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent  
From its own shapes magnificent.

But still the Lady heard that clang  
Filling the wide air far away;  
And still the mist whose light did hang  
Among the mountains shook away,  
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,  
As half in joy and half aghast,  
On those high domes her look she cast.

Sudden from out that city sprung  
A light that made the earth grow red;  
Two flames that each with quivering tongue  
Licked its high domes, and over-head  
Among those mighty towers and fanes  
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains  
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

And hark ! a rush, as if the deep  
Had burst its bonds ; she looked behind,  
And saw over the western steep  
A raging flood descend, and wind  
Through that wide vale : she felt no fear,  
But said within herself, 'Tis clear  
These towers are Nature's own, and she  
To save them has sent forth the sea.

And now those raging billows came  
Where that fair Lady sate, and she  
Was borne towards the showering flame  
By the wild waves heaped tumultuously,  
And, on a little plank, the flow  
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

The waves were fiercely vomited  
From every tower and every dome,  
And dreary light did widely shed  
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,  
Beneath the smoke which hung its night  
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

The plank whereon that Lady sate  
Was driven through the chasms, about and  
about,  
Between the peaks so desolate  
Of the drowning mountain, in and out,  
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—  
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

At last her plank an eddy crost,  
And bore her to the city's wall,  
Which now the flood had reached almost ;  
It might the stoutest heart appal  
To hear the fire roar and hiss  
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

The eddy whirled her round and round  
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood  
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound  
Its aery arch with light like blood ;  
She looked on that gate of marble clear  
With wonder that extinguished fear :

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,  
Of forms most beautiful and strange,  
Like nothing human, but the fairest  
Of winged shapes, whose legions range  
Throughout the sleep of those who are,  
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

And as she looked, still lovelier grew  
Those marble forms ;—the sculptor sure  
Was a strong spirit, and the hue  
Of his own mind did there endure  
After the touch, whose power had braided  
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood  
Grew tranquil as a woodland river  
Winding through hills in solitude ;  
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,  
And their fair limbs to float in motion,  
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

And their lips moved ; one seemed to speak,  
When suddenly the mountain crackt,  
And through the chasm the floor did break  
With an earth- uplifting cataract :  
The statues gave a joyous scream,  
And on its wings the pale thin dream  
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale  
Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,  
And she arose, while from the veil  
Of her dark eyes the dream did creep ;  
And she walked about as one who knew  
That sleep has sights as clear and true  
As any waking eyes can view.

MARLOW, 1817.

## TO CONSTANTIA

SINGING.

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die,  
Perchance were death indeed !—Constantia, turn !  
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,  
• Even though the sounds which were thy voice,  
which burn  
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep ;  
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it  
And from thy touch like fire doth leap. [is yet,  
Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,  
Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget !  
A breathless awe, like the swift change  
Unseen but felt in youthful slumbers,  
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,  
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.  
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven  
By the enchantment of thy strain,  
And on my shoulders wings are woven,  
To follow its sublime career,  
Beyond the mighty moons that wane  
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,  
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and  
disappear.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers  
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,  
The blood and life within those snowy fingers  
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.  
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—  
The blood is listening in my frame,  
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,  
Fall on my overflowing eyes ;  
My heart is quivering like a flame ;  
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,  
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,  
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song  
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—  
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,  
On which, like one in trance upborne,  
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,  
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.  
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,  
Which, when the starry waters sleep,  
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,  
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous  
flight.



## TO CONSTANTIA.

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew  
 In the pleasant air of noon,  
 Grows pale and blue with altered hue—  
 In the gaze of the nightly moon ;  
 For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,  
 Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

Such is my heart—roses are fair,  
 And that at best a withered blossom ;  
 But thy false care did idly wear  
 Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom !  
 And fed with love, like air and dew,  
 Its growth——

## DEATH.

THEY die—the dead return not—Misery  
 Sits near an open grave and calls them over,  
 A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—  
 They are names of kindred, friend and lover,  
 Which he so feebly calls—they all are gone !  
 Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone.  
 This most familiar scene, my pain—  
 These tombs alone remain.

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh ! weep no more !,  
 Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not !  
 For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door  
 Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot  
 Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,  
 And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary ;  
 This most familiar scene, my pain—  
 These tombs alone remain.

## SONNET.—OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveller from an antique land  
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;  
 And on the pedestal these words appear :  
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !"  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

## ON F. G.

HER voice did quiver as we parted,  
 Yet knew I not that heart was broken  
 From which it came, and I departed  
 Heeding not the words then spoken.  
 Misery—O Misery,  
 This world is all too wide for thee.

## LINES TO A CRITIC.

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,  
 Or silk from the yellow bee ?  
 The grass may grow in winter weather  
 As soon as hate in me.

Hate men who cant and men who pray,  
 And men who rail like thee ;  
 An equal passion to repay  
 They are not coy like me.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,  
 To be thy dear heart's mate ;  
 Thy love will move that bigot cold,  
 Sooner than me thy hate.

A passion like the one I prove  
 Cannot divided be ;  
 I hate thy want of truth and love—  
 How should I then hate thee ?

December, 1817.

## LINES.

THAT time is dead for ever, child,  
 Drowned, frozen, dead for ever !  
 We look on the past,  
 And stare aghast  
 At the spectres wailing, pale, and ghast,  
 Of hopes which thou and I beguiled  
 To death on life's dark river.

The stream we gazed on then rolled by ;  
 Its waves are unreturning ;  
 But we yet stand  
 In a lone land,  
 Like tombs to mark the memory  
 Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee  
 In the light of life's dim morning.

November 5th, 1817.

## NOTE ON POEMS OF 1817.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE very illness that oppressed, and the aspect of death which had approached so near Shelley, appears to have kindled to yet keener life the Spirit of Poetry in his heart. The restless thoughts kept awake by pain clothed themselves in verse. Much was composed during this year. The "Revolt of Islam," written and printed, was a great effort—"Rosalind and Helen" was begun—and the fragments and poems I can trace to the same period, show how full of passion and reflection were his solitary hours.

In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book, and without implements of writing, I find many such in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings. Thus in the same book that addresses "Constantia, Singing," I find these lines:—

My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim  
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,  
Far away into the regions dim  
Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails winging  
Its way adown some many-winding river.

And this apostrophe to Music:

No, Music, thou art not the God of Love,  
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,  
Till it becomes all music murmurs of.

In another fragment he calls it—

The silver key of the fountain of tears,  
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;  
Softest grave of a thousand fears,  
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,  
Is laid asleep in flowers.

And then again this melancholy trace of the sad thronging thoughts, which were the well whence he drew the idea of Athanase, and express the restless, passion-fraught emotions of one whose sensibility, kindled to too intense a life, perpetually preyed upon itself:

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander  
With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—  
To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle  
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;  
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses  
Till dim imagination just possesses  
The half created shadow.

In the next page I find a calmer sentiment, better fitted to sustain one whose whole being was love:

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass  
Of the great sea of human right and wrong,  
When once from our possession they must pass;  
But love, though misdirected, is among  
The things which are immortal, and surpass  
All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

In another book, which contains some passionate outbreaks with regard to the great injustice that he endured this year, the poet writes:

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,  
The verse that would invest them melts away  
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day:  
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,  
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

He had this year also projected a poem on the subject of Otho, inspired by the pages of Tacitus. I find one or two stanzas only, which were to open the subject:—

OTHO.

Thou wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,  
Last of the Romans, though thy memory claim  
From Brutus his own glory—and on thee  
Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame;

Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail,  
Amid his cowering senate with thy name,  
Though thou and he were great—it will avail  
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fall.

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,  
Abjure such envious fame—great Otho died  
Like thee—he sanctified his country's steel,  
At oncethe tyrant and tyrannicide,  
In his own blood—a deed it was to buy  
Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,  
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,  
That will not be refused its offering.

I insert here also the fragment of a song, though  
I do not know the date when it was written,—but  
it was early :—

TO ———.

Yet look on me—take not thine eyes away,  
Which feed upon the love within mine own,  
Which is indeed but the reflected ray  
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.

Yet speak to me—thy voice is as the tone  
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear  
That thou yet lovest me ; yet thou alone  
Like one before a mirror, without care

Of aught but thine own features, imaged there ;  
And yet I wear out life in watching thee ;  
A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed  
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

He projected also translating the Hymns of Homer ; his version of several of the shorter ones remain, as well as that to Mercury, already published in the Posthumous Poems. His readings this year were chiefly Greek. Besides the Hymns of Homer and the Iliad, he read the Dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles, the Symposium of Plato, and Arrian's *Historia Indica*. In Latin, Apuleius alone is named. In English, the Bible was his

constant study ; he read a great portion of it aloud in the evening. Among these evening readings, I find also mentioned the *Fairy Queen*, and other modern works, the production of his contemporaries, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Moore, and Byron.

His life was now spent more in thought than action—he had lost the eager spirit which believed it could achieve what it projected for the benefit of mankind. And yet in the converse of daily life Shelley was far from being a melancholy man. He was eloquent when philosophy, or politics, or taste, were the subjects of conversation. He was playful—and indulged in the wild spirit that mocked itself and others—not in bitterness, but in sport. The Author of "Nightmare Abbey" seized on some points of his character and some habits of his life when he painted *Seythrop*. He was not addicted to "port or madeira," but in youth he had read of "Illuminati and Eleutherachs," and believed that he possessed the power of operating an immediate change in the minds of men and the state of society. These wild dreams had faded ; sorrow and adversity had struck home ; but he struggled with despondency as he did with physical pain. There are few who remember him sailing paper boats, and watching the navigation of his tiny craft with eagerness—or repeating with wild energy the "Ancient Mariner," and Southey's "Old Woman of Berkeley,"—but those who do, will recollect that it was in such, and in the creations of his own fancy, when that was most daring and ideal, that he sheltered himself from the storms and disappointments, the pain and sorrow, that beset his life.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXVIII.

### ROSALIND AND HELEN.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

TO  
ROSALIND AND HELEN, AND LINES WRITTEN AMONG  
THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

THE story of ROSALIND and HELEN is, undoubtedly, not an attempt in the highest style of poetry. It is in no degree calculated to excite profound meditation; and if, by interesting the affections and amusing the imagination, it awakes a certain ideal melancholy favourable to the reception of more important impressions, it will produce in the reader all that the writer experienced in the composition. I resigned myself, as I wrote, to the impulse of the feelings which moulded the conception of the story; and this impulse determined the pauses of a measure, which only pretends to be regular, inasmuch as it corresponds with, and expresses, the irregularity of the imaginations which inspired it.

I do not know which of the few scattered poems I left in England will be selected by my bookseller to add to this collection. One, which I sent from Italy, was written after a day's excursion among those lovely mountains which surround what was once the retreat, and where is now the sepulchre, of Petrarch. If any one is inclined to condemn the insertion of the introductory lines, which image forth the sudden relief of a state of deep despondency by the radiant visions disclosed by the sudden burst of an Italian sunrise in autumn, on the highest peak of those delightful mountains, I can only offer as my excuse, that they were not erased at the request of a dear friend, with whom added years of intercourse only add to my apprehension of its value, and who would have had more right than any one to complain, that she has not been able to extinguish in me the very power of delineating sadness.

NAPLES, Dec. 20, 1818.

SCENE.—*The Shore of the Lake of Como.*

ROSALIND, HELEN, and her Child.

HELEN.

COME hither, my sweet Rosalind.  
'Tis long since thou and I have met:  
And yet methinks it were unkind  
Those moments to forget.  
Come, sit by me. I see thee stand  
By this lone lake, in this far land,  
Thy loose hair in the light wind flying,  
Thy sweet voice to each tone of even  
United, and thine eyes replying  
To the hues of yon fair heaven.  
Come, gentle friend! wilt sit by me?  
And be as thou wert wont to be  
Ere we were disunited?  
None doth behold us now: the power  
That led us forth at this lone hour  
Will be but ill requited  
If thou depart in scorn: oh! come,  
And talk of our abandoned home.  
Remember, this is Italy,  
And we are exiles. Talk with me  
Of that our land, whose wilds and floods,  
Barren and dark although they be,  
Were dearer than these chesnut woods;

Those heathy paths, that inland stream,  
And the blue mountains, shapes which seem  
Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream:  
Which that we have abandoned now,  
Weights on the heart like that remorse  
Which altered friendship leaves. I seek  
No more our youthful intercourse.  
That cannot be! Rosalind, speak, [come  
Speak to me. Leave me not.—When morn did  
When evening fell upon our common home,  
When for one hour we parted,—do not frown;  
I would not chide thee, though thy faith is broken;  
But turn to me. Oh! by this cherished token  
Of woven hair, which thou wilt not disown,  
Turn, as 'twere but the memory of me,  
And not my scorned self who prayed to thee.

ROSALIND.

Is it a dream, or do I see  
And hear frail Helen? I would fain  
Thy tainting touch; but former years  
Arise, and bring forbidden tears;  
And my o'erburthened memory  
Seeks yet its lost repose in thee.  
I share thy crime. I cannot choose  
But weep for thee: mine own strange grief  
But seldom stoops to such relief;

Nor ever did I love thee less,  
 Though mourning o'er thy wickedness  
 Even with a sister's woe. I knew  
 What to the evil world is due,  
 And therefore sternly did refuse  
 To link me with the infamy  
 Of one so lost as Helen. Now  
 Bewildered by my dire despair,  
 Wondering I blush and weep that thou  
 Shouldst love me still,—thou only !—There,  
 Let us sit on that grey stone,  
 Till our mournful talk be done.

HELEN.

Alas ! not there ; I cannot bear  
 The murmur of this lake to hear.  
 A sound from thee, Rosalind dear,  
 Which never yet I heard elsewhere  
 But in our native land, recurs,  
 Even here where now we meet. It stirs  
 Too much of suffocating sorrow !  
 In the dell of yon dark chesnut wood  
 Is a stone seat, a solitude  
 Less like our own. The ghost of peace  
 Will not desert this spot. To-morrow,  
 If thy kind feelings should not cease,  
 We may sit here.

ROSALIND.

Thou lead, my sweet,  
 And I will follow.

HENRY.

'Tis Fenici's seat  
 Where you are going ? This is not the way,  
 Mama ; it leads behind those trees that grow  
 Close to the little river.

HELEN.

Yes ; I know ;  
 I was bewildered. Kiss me, and be gay,  
 Dear boy, why do you sob ?

HENRY.

I do not know :  
 But it might break any one's heart to see  
 You and the lady cry so bitterly.

HELEN.

It is a gentle child, my friend. Go home,  
 Henry, and play with Lilla till I come.  
 We only cried with joy to see each other ;  
 We are quite merry now—Good night.

The boy

Lifted a sudden look upon his mother,  
 And in the gleam of forced and hollow joy  
 Which lightened o'er her face, laughed with the gleam  
 Of light and unsuspecting infancy,  
 And whispered in her ear, " Bring home with you  
 That sweet, strange lady-friend." Then off he  
 flew,  
 But stopped, and beckoned with a meaning smile,  
 Where the road turned. Pale Rosalind the while,  
 Hiding her face, stood weeping silently.

In silence then they took the way .  
 Beneath the forest's solitude.  
 It was a vast and antique wood,  
 Through which they took their way ;

And the grey shades of evening  
 O'er that green wilderness did fling  
 Still deeper solitude.  
 Pursuing still the path that wound  
 The vast and knotted trees around,  
 Through which slow shades were wandering,  
 To a deep lawnly dell they came,  
 To a stone seat beside a spring,  
 O'er which the columned wood did frame  
 A roofless temple, like the fane  
 Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,  
 Man's early race once knelt beneath  
 The overhanging deity.  
 O'er this fair fountain hung the sky,  
 Now spangled with rare stars. The snake,  
 The pale snake, that with eager breath  
 Creeps here his noontide thirst to slake,  
 Is beaming with many a mingled hue,  
 Shed from yon dome's eternal blue,  
 When he floats on that dark and lucid flood  
 In the light of his own loveliness ;  
 And the birds that in the fountain dip  
 Their plumes with fearless fellowship  
 Above and round him wheel and hover.  
 The fitful wind is heard to stir  
 One solitary leaf on high ;  
 The chirping of the grasshopper  
 Fills every pause. There is emotion  
 In all that dwells at noontide here :  
 Then, through the intricate wild wood,  
 A maze of life and light and motion  
 Is woven. But there is stillness now ;  
 Gloom, and the trance of Nature now :  
 The snake is in his cave asleep ;  
 The birds are on the branches dreaming ;  
 Only the shadows creep ;  
 Only the glow-worm is gleaming ;  
 Only the owls and the nightingales  
 Wake in this dell when day-light fails,  
 And grey shades gather in the woods ;  
 And the owls have all fled far away  
 In a merrier glen to hoot and play,  
 For the moon is veiled and sleeping now.  
 The accustomed nightingale still broods  
 On her accustomed bough,  
 But she is mute ; for her false mate  
 Has fled and left her desolate.

This silent spot tradition old  
 Had peopled with the spectral dead.  
 For the roots of the speaker's hair felt cold  
 And stiff, as with tremulous lips he told  
 That a hellish shape at midnight led  
 The ghost of a youth with hoary hair,  
 And sate on the seat beside him there,  
 Till a naked child came wandering by,  
 When the fiend would change to a lady fair !  
 A fearful tale ! The truth was worse :  
 For here a sister and a brother  
 Had solemnised a monstrous curse,  
 Meeting in this fair solitude :  
 For beneath yon very sky,  
 Had they resigned to one another  
 Body and soul. The multitude,  
 Tracking them to the secret wood,  
 Tore limb from limb their innocent child,  
 And stabbed and trampled on its mother ;  
 But the youth, for God's most holy grace,  
 A priest saved to burn in the market-place.

Duly at evening Helen came  
 To this lone silent spot,  
 From the wrecks of a tale of wilder sorrow  
 So much of sympathy to borrow  
 As soothed her own dark lot.  
 Duly each evening from her home,  
 With her fair child would Helen come  
 To sit upon that antique seat,  
 While the hues of day were pale ;  
 And the bright boy beside her feet  
 Now lay, lifting at intervals  
 His broad blue eyes on her ;  
 Now, where some sudden impulse calls  
 Following. He was a gentle boy  
 And in all gentle sports took joy ;  
 Oft in a dry leaf for a boat,  
 With a small feather for a sail,  
 His fancy on that spring would float,  
 If some invisible breeze might stir  
 Its marble calm : and Helen smiled  
 Through tears of awe on the gay child,  
 To think that a boy as fair as he,  
 In years which never more may be,  
 By that same fount, in that same wood,  
 The like sweet fancies had pursued ;  
 And that a mother, lost like her,  
 Had mournfully sate watching him.  
 Then all the scene was wont to swim  
 Through the mist of a burning tear.

For many months had Helen known  
 This scene ; and now she thither turned  
 Her footsteps, not alone.  
 The friend whose falsehood she had mourned,  
 Sate with her on that seat of stone.  
 Silent they sate ; for evening,  
 And the power its glimpses bring  
 Had, with one awful shadow, quelled  
 The passion of their grief. They sate  
 With linked hands, for unrepelled  
 Had Helen taken Rosalind's.  
 Like the autumn wind, when it unbinds  
 The tangled locks of the nightshade's hair,  
 Which is twined in the sultry summer air  
 Round the walls of an outworn sepulchre,  
 Did the voice of Helen, sad and sweet,  
 And the sound of her heart that ever beat,  
 As with sighs and words she breathed on her,  
 Unbind the knots of her friend's despair,  
 Till her thoughts were free to float and flow ;  
 And from her labouring bosom now,  
 Like the bursting of a prisoned flame,  
 The voice of a long-pent sorrow came.

## ROSALIND.

I saw the dark earth fall upon  
 The coffin ; and I saw the stone  
 Laid over him whom this cold breast  
 Had pillowed to his nightly rest !  
 Thou knowest not, thou canst not know  
 My agony. Oh ! I could not weep :  
 The sources whence such blessings flow  
 Were not to be approached by me !  
 But I could smile, and I could sleep,  
 Though with a self-accusing heart,  
 In morning's light, in evening's gloom,  
 I watched,—and would not thence depart,—  
 My husband's unlamented tomb.  
 My children knew their sire was gone  
 But when I told them, " he is dead,"

They laughed aloud in frantic glee,  
 They clapped their hands and leaped about,  
 Answering each other's ecstasy  
 With many a prank and merry shout,  
 But I sat silent and alone,  
 Wrapped in the mock of mourning weed.

They laughed, for he was dead ; but I  
 Sate with a hard and fearless eye,  
 And with a heart which would deny  
 The secret joy it could not quell,  
 Low muttering o'er his loathed name ;  
 Till from that self-contention came  
 Remorse where sin was none ; a hell  
 Which in pure spirits should not dwell.

I'll tell thee truth. He was a man  
 Hard, selfish, loving only gold,  
 Yet full of guile : his pale eyes ran  
 With tears, which each some falsehood told,  
 And oft his smooth and bridled tongue  
 Would give the lie to his flushing cheek :  
 He was a coward to the strong ;  
 He was a tyrant to the weak,  
 On whom his vengeance he would wreak :  
 For scorn, whose arrows search the heart,  
 From many a stranger's eye would dart,  
 And on his memory cling, and follow  
 His soul to its home so cold and hollow.  
 He was a tyrant to the weak,  
 And we were such, alas the day !  
 Oft, when my little ones at play,  
 Were in youth's natural lightness gay,  
 Or if they listened to some tale  
 Of travellers, or of fairy land,—  
 When the light from the wood-fire's dying brand  
 Flashed on their faces,—if they heard  
 Or thought they heard upon the stair  
 His footstep, the suspended word  
 Died on my lips : we all grew pale ;  
 The babe at my bosom was hushed with fear  
 If it thought it heard its father near ;  
 And my two wild boys would near my knee  
 Cling, cowed and cowering fearfully.

I'll tell the truth : I loved another.  
 His name in my ear was ever ringing,  
 His form to my brain was ever clinging ;  
 Yet if some stranger breathed that name,  
 My lips turned white, and my heart beat fast :  
 My nights were once haunted by dreams of flame,  
 My days were dim in the shadow cast,  
 By the memory of the same !  
 Day and night, day and night,  
 He was my breath and life and light,  
 For three short years, which soon were past.  
 On the fourth, my gentle mother  
 Led me to the shrine, to be  
 His sworn bride eternally.  
 And now we stood on the altar stair,  
 When my father came from a distant land,  
 And with a loud and fearful cry,  
 Rushed between us suddenly.  
 I saw the stream of his thin grey hair,  
 I saw his lean and lifted hand,  
 And heard his words,—and live ! O God !  
 Wherefore do I live ?—" Hold, hold !"  
 He cried,—" I tell thee 'tis her brother !  
 Thy mother, boy, beneath the sod

Of yon church-yard rests in her shroud so cold,  
 I am now weak, and pale, and old :  
 We were once dear to one another,  
 I and that corpse ! Thou art our child !"  
 Then with a laugh both long and wild  
 The youth upon the pavement fell :  
 They found him dead ! All looked on me,  
 The spasms of my despair to see ;  
 But I was calm. I went away ;  
 I was clammy-cold like clay !  
 I did not weep—I did not speak ;  
 But day by day, week after week,  
 I walked about like a corpse alive !  
 Alas ! sweet friend, you must believe  
 This heart is stone—it did not break.

My father lived a little while,  
 But all might see that he was dying,  
 He smiled with such a woeful smile !  
 When he was in the church-yard lying  
 Among the worms, we grew quite poor,  
 So that no one would give us bread ;  
 My mother looked at me, and said  
 Faint words of cheer, which only meant  
 That she could die and be content ;  
 So I went forth from the same church door  
 To another husband's bed.  
 And this was he who died at last,  
 When weeks and months and years had past,  
 Through which I firmly did fulfil  
 My duties, a devoted wife,  
 With the stern step of vanquished will,  
 Walking beneath the night of life,  
 Whose hours extinguished, like slow rain  
 Falling for ever, pain by pain,  
 The very hope of death's dear rest ;  
 Which, since the heart within my breast  
 Of natural life was dispossent,  
 Its strange sustainer there had been.

When flowers were dead, and grass was green  
 Upon my mother's grave,—that mother  
 Whom to outlive, and cheer, and make  
 My wan eyes glitter for her sake,  
 Was my vowed task, the single care  
 Which once gave life to my despair,—  
 When she was a thing that did not stir,  
 And the crawling worms were cradling her  
 To a sleep more deep and so more sweet  
 Than a baby's rocked on its nurse's knee,  
 I lived ; a living pulse then beat  
 Beneath my heart that awakened me.  
 What was this pulse so warm and free ?  
 Alas ! I knew it could not be  
 My own dull blood : 'twas like a thought  
 Of liquid love, that spread and wrought  
 Under my bosom and in my brain,  
 And crept with the blood through every vein ;  
 And hour by hour, day after day,  
 The wonder could not charm away,  
 But laid in sleep my wakeful pain,  
 Until I knew it was a child,  
 And then I wept. For long, long years  
 These frozen eyes had shed no tears :  
 But now—'twas the season fair and mild  
 When April has wept itself to May :  
 I sate through the sweet sunny day  
 By my window bowered round with leaves,  
 And down my cheeks the quick tears ran

Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves,  
 When warm spring showers are passing o'er :  
 O Helen, none can ever tell  
 The joy it was to weep once more !

I wept to think how hard it were  
 To kill my babe, and take from it  
 The sense of light, and the warm air,  
 And my own fond and tender care,  
 And love and smiles ; ere I knew yet  
 That these for it might, as for me,  
 Be the masks of a grinning mockery.  
 And haply, I would dream, 'twere sweet  
 To feed it from my faded breast,  
 Or mark my own heart's restless beat  
 Rock it to its unfroubled rest ;  
 And watch the growing soul beneath  
 Dawn in faint smiles ; and hear its breath,  
 Half interrupted by calm sighs ;  
 And search the depth of its fair eyes  
 For long departed memories !  
 And so I lived till that sweet load  
 Was lightened. Darkly forward flowed  
 The stream of years, and on it bore  
 Two shapes of gladness to my sight ;  
 Two other babes, delightful more  
 In my lost soul's abandoned night,  
 Than their own country ships may be  
 Sailing towards wrecked mariners,  
 Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea.  
 For each, as it came, brought soothing tears,  
 And a loosening warmth, as each one lay  
 Sucking the sullen milk away,  
 About my frozen heart did play,  
 And weaned it, oh how painfully !—  
 As they themselves were weaned each one  
 From that sweet food,—even from the thirst  
 Of death, and nothingness, and rest,  
 Strange inmate of a living breast !  
 Which all that I had undergone  
 Of grief and shame, since she, who first  
 The gates of that dark refuge closed,  
 Came to my sight, and almost burst  
 The seal of that Lethæan spring ;  
 But these fair shadows interposed :  
 For all delights are shadows now !  
 And from my brain to my dull brow  
 The heavy tears gather and flow :  
 I cannot speak—Oh let me weep !

The tears which fell from her wan eyes  
 Glimmered among the moonlight dew !  
 Her deep hard sobs and heavy sighs  
 Their echoes in the darkness threw.  
 When she grew calm, she thus did keep  
 The tenor of her tale :—

He died,  
 I know not how. He was not old,  
 If age be numbered by its years ;  
 But he was bowed and bent with fears,  
 Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,  
 Which, like fierce fever, left him weak ;  
 And his strait lip and bloated cheek  
 Were warped in spasms by hollow sneers ;  
 And selfish cares with barren plough,  
 Not age, had lined his narrow brow,  
 And foul and cruel thoughts, which fed  
 Upon the withering life within,

Like vipers on some poisonous weed.  
Whether his ill were death or sin  
None knew, until he died indeed,  
And then men owned they were the same.

Seven days within my chamber lay  
That corpse, and my babes made holiday :  
At last, I told them what is death :  
The eldest, with a kind of shame,  
Came to my knees with silent breath,  
And sate awe-stricken at my feet ;  
And soon the others left their play,  
And sate there too. It is unmeet  
To shed on the brief flower of youth  
The withering knowledge of the grave ;  
From me remorse then wrung that truth.  
I could not bear the joy which gave  
Too just a response to mine own.  
In vain. I dared not feign a groan ;  
And in their artless looks I saw,  
Between the mists, of fear and awe,  
That my own thought was theirs ; and they  
Expressed it not in words, but said,  
Each in its heart, How every day  
Will pass in happy work and play,  
Now he is dead and gone away !

After the funeral all our kin  
Assembled, and the will was read.  
My friend, I tell thee, even the dead  
Have strength, their putrid shrouds within,  
To blast and torture. Those who live  
Still fear the living, but a corpse  
Is merciless, and power doth give  
To such pale tyrants half the spoil  
He rends from those who groan and toil,  
Because they blush not with remorse  
Among their crawling worms. Behold,  
I have no child ! my tale grows old  
With grief, and staggers : let it reach  
The limits of my feeble speech,  
And languidly at length recline  
On the brink of its own grave and mine.

Thou knowest what a thing is Poverty  
Among the fallen on evil days :  
'Tis Crime, and Fear, and Infamy,  
And houseless Want in frozen ways  
Wandering ungarmented, and Pain,  
And, worse than all, that inward stain,  
Foul Self-contempt, which drowns in sneers  
Youth's star-light smile, and makes its tears  
First like hot gall, then dry for ever !  
And well thou knowest a mother never  
Could doom her children to this ill,  
And well he knew the same. The will  
Imported, that if e'er again  
I sought my children to behold,  
Or in my birth-place did remain  
Beyond three days, whose hours were told,  
They should inherit nought : and he,  
To whom next came their patrimony,  
A sallow lawyer, cruel and cold,  
Aye watched me, as the will was read,  
With eyes askance, which sought to see  
The secrets of my agony ;  
And with close lips and anxious brow  
Stood canvassing still to and fro  
The chance of my resolve, and all  
The dead man's caution just did call ;

For in that killing lie 'twas said—  
"She is adulterous, and doth hold  
In secret that the Christian creed  
Is false, and therefore is much need  
That I should have a care to save  
My children from eternal fire."  
Friend, he was sheltered by the grave,  
And therefore dared to be a liar !  
In truth, the Indian on the pyre  
Of her dead husband, half-consumed,  
As well might there be false, as I  
To those abhorred embraces doomed,  
Far worse than fire's brief agony.  
As to the Christian creed, if true  
Or false, I never questioned it :  
I took it as the vulgar do :  
Nor my vext soul had leisure yet  
To doubt the things men say, or deem  
That they are other than they seem.

All present who those crimes did hear,  
In feigned or actual scorn and fear,  
Men, women, children, slunk away,  
Whispering with self-contented pride,  
Which half suspects its own base lie.  
I spoke to none, nor did abide,  
But silently I went my way.  
Nor noticed I where joyously  
Sate my two younger babes at play,  
In the court-yard through which I past ;  
But went with footsteps firm and fast  
Till I came to the brink of the ocean green,  
And there, a woman with grey hairs,  
Who had my mother's servant been,  
Kneeling, with many tears and prayers,  
Made me accept a purse of gold,  
Half of the earnings she had kept  
To refuge her when weak and old.

With woe, which never sleeps or slept,  
I wander now. 'Tis a vain thought—  
But on yon alp, whose snowy head  
'Mid the azure air is islanded  
(We see it o'er the flood of cloud,  
Which sunrise from its eastern caves  
Drives, wrinkling into golden waves,  
Hung with its precipices proud,  
From that grey stone where first we met),  
There, now who knows the dead feel nought !  
Should be my grave ; for he who yet  
Is my soul's soul, once said : " 'Twere sweet  
'Mid stars and lightnings to abide,  
And winds and lulling snows, that beat  
With their soft flakes the mountain wide,  
When weary meteor lamps repose,  
And languid storms their pinions close :  
And all things strong and bright and pure,  
And ever-during, aye endure :  
Who knows, if one were buried there,  
But these things might our spirits make,  
Amid the all-surrounding air,  
Their own eternity partake !"  
Then 'twas a wild and playful saying  
At which I laughed or seemed to laugh :  
They were his words : now heed my praying,  
And let them be my epitaph.  
Thy memory for a term may be  
My monument. Wilt remember me ?  
I know thou wilt, and canst forgive  
Whilst in this erring world to live



My soul disdained not, that I thought  
Its lying forms were worthy aught,  
And much less thee.

HELEN.

O speak not so,  
But come to me and pour thy woe  
Into this heart, full though it be,  
Aye overflowing with its own :  
I thought that grief had severed me  
From all beside who weep and groan ;  
Its likeness upon earth to be,  
Its express image ; but thou art  
More wretched. Sweet ! we will not part  
Henceforth, if death be not division ;  
If so, the dead feel no contrition.  
But wilt thou hear, since last we parted  
All that has left me broken-hearted ?

ROSALIND.

Yes, speak. The faintest stars are scarcely shorn  
Of their thin beams, by that delusive morn  
Which sinks again in darkness, like the light  
Of early love, soon lost in total night.

HELEN.

Alas ! Italian winds are mild,  
But my bosom is cold—wintry cold—  
When the warm air weaves, among the fresh leaves  
Soft music, my poor brain is wild,  
And I am weak like a nursing child,  
Though my soul with grief is grey and old.

ROSALIND.

Weep not at thine own words, tho' they must make  
Me weep. What is thy tale ?

HELEN.

I fear 'twill shake  
Thy gentle heart with tears. Thou well  
Rememberest when we met no more,  
And, though I dwelt with Lionel,  
That friendless caution pierced me sore  
With grief—a wound my spirit bore  
Indignantly ; but when he died,  
With him lay dead both hope and pride.

Alas ! all hope is buried now.  
But then men dreamed the aged earth  
Was labouring in that mighty birth,  
Which many a poet and a sage  
Has aye foreseen—the happy age  
When truth and love shall dwell below  
Among the works and ways of men ;  
Which on this world not power but will  
Even now is wanting to fulfil.  
Among mankind what thence befel  
Of strife, how vain, is known too well ;  
When Liberty's dear pean fell  
'Mid murderous howls. To Lionel,  
Thought of great wealth and lineage high,  
Yet through those dungeon walls there came  
Thy thrilling light, O Liberty !  
And as the meteor's midnight flame  
Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth  
Flashed on his visionary youth,  
And filled him, not with love, but faith,  
And hope, and courage mute in death ;  
For love and life in him were twins,

Born at one birth : in every other  
First life, then love its course begins,  
Though they be children of one mother ;  
And so through this dark world they fleet  
Divided, till in death they meet :  
But he loved all things ever. Then  
He passed amid the strife of men,  
And stood at the throne of armed power  
Pleading for a world of woe :  
Secure as one on a rock-built tower  
O'er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,  
'Mid the passions wild of human kind  
He stood, like a spirit calming them ;  
For, it was said, his words could bind  
Like music the lulled crowd, and stem  
That torrent of unquiet dream  
Which mortals truth and reason deem,  
But is revenge and fear, and pride.  
Joyous he was ; and hope and peace  
On all who heard him did abide,  
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,  
As where the evening star may walk  
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,  
Liquid mists of splendour quiver.

His very gestures touched to tears  
The unpersuaded tyrant, never  
So moved before : his presence stung  
The torturers with their victims' pain,  
And none knew how ; and through their ears,  
The subtle witchcraft of his tongue  
Unlocked the hearts of those who keep  
Gold, the world's bond of slavery.  
Men wondered and some sneered to see  
One sow what he could never reap :  
For he is rich, they said, and young,  
And might drink from the depths of luxury.  
If he seeks fame, fame never crowned  
The champion of a trampled creed :  
If he seeks power, power is enthroned  
'Mid ancient rights and wrongs, to feed  
Which hungry wolves with praise and spoil,  
Those who would sit near power must toil ;  
And such, there sitting, all may see.  
What seeks he ? All that others seek  
He casts away, like a vile weed  
Which the sea casts unreturningly.

That poor and hungry men should break  
The laws which wreak them toil and scorn,  
We understand ; but Lionel  
We know is rich and nobly born.  
So wondered they ; yet all men loved  
Young Lionel, though few approved ;  
All but the priests, whose hatred fell  
Like the unseen blight of a smiling day,  
The withering honey-dew, which clings  
Under the bright green buds of May,  
Whilst they unfold their emerald wings :  
For he made verses wild and queer  
On the strange creeds priests hold so dear,  
Because they bring them land and gold.  
Of devils and saints and all such gear,  
He made tales which whoso heard or read  
Would laugh till he were almost dead.  
So this grew a proverb : " Don't get old  
Till Lionel's ' banquet in hell ' you hear,  
And then you will laugh yourself young again."  
So the priests hated him, and he  
Repaid their hate with cheerful glee.

Ah ! smiles and joyance quickly died,  
 For public hope grew pale and dim  
 In an altered time and tide,  
 And in its wasting withered him,  
 As a summer flower that blows too soon  
 Droops in the smile of the waning moon,  
 When it scatters through an April night  
 The frozen dews of wrinkling blight.  
 None now hoped more. Grey Power was seated  
 Safely on her ancestral throne ;  
 And Faith, the Python, undefeated,  
 Even to its blood-stained steps dragged on  
 Her foul and wounded train ; and men  
 Were trampled and deceived again,  
 And words and shows again could bind  
 The wailing tribes of humankind  
 In scorn and famine. Fire and blood  
 Raged round the raging multitude,  
 To fields remote by tyrants sent  
 To be the scorned instrument,  
 With which they drag from mines of gore  
 The chains their slaves yet ever wore ;  
 And in the streets men met each other,  
 And by old altars and in halls,  
 And smiled again at festivals.  
 But each man found in his heart's brother  
 Cold cheer ; for all, though half deceived,  
 The outworn creeds again believed,  
 And the same round anew began,  
 Which the weary world yet ever ran.

Many then wept, not tears, but gall,  
 Within their hearts, like drops which fall  
 Wasting the fountain-stone away.  
 And in that dark and evil day  
 Did all desires and thoughts, that claim  
 Men's care—ambition, friendship, fame,  
 Love, hope, though hope was now despair—  
 Indue the colours of this change,  
 As from the all-surrounding air  
 The earth takes hues obscure and strange,  
 When storm and earthquake linger there.

And so, my friend, it then befel  
 To many, most to Lionel,  
 Whose hope was like the life of youth  
 Within him, and when dead, became  
 A spirit of unresting flame,  
 Which goaded him in his distress  
 Over the world's vast wilderness.  
 Three years he left his native land,  
 And on the fourth, when he returned,  
 None knew him : he was stricken deep  
 With some disease of mind, and turned  
 Into aught unlike Lionel.  
 On him—on whom, did he pause in sleep,  
 Serenest smiles were wont to keep,  
 And, did he wake, a winged band  
 Of bright persuasions, which had fed  
 On his sweet lips and liquid eyes,  
 Kept their swift pinions half outspread,  
 To do on men his least command—  
 On him, whom once 'twas paradise  
 Even to behold, now misery lay :  
 In his own heart 'twas merciless,  
 To all things else none may express  
 Its innocence and tenderness.

'Twas said that he had refuge sought  
 In love from his unquiet thought

In distant lands, and been deceived  
 By some strange show ; for there were found,  
 Blotted with tears, as those relieved  
 By their own words are wont to do,  
 These mournful verses on the ground,  
 By all who read them blotted too.

"How am I changed ! my hopes were once like fire :  
 I loved, and I believed that life was love.  
 How am I lost ! on wings of swift desire  
 Among Heaven's winds my spirit once did move.  
 I slept, and silver dreams did aye inspire  
 My liquid sleep. I woke, and did approve  
 All nature to my heart, and thought to make  
 A paradise of earth for one sweet sake.  
 I love, but I believe in love no more :  
 I feel desire, but hope not. O, from sleep  
 Most vainly must my weary brain implore  
 Its long-lost flattery now. I wake to weep,  
 And sit through the long day gnawing the core  
 Of my bitter heart, and, like a miser, keep,  
 Since none in what I feel take pain or pleasure,  
 To my own soul its self-consuming treasure."

He dwelt beside me near the sea ;  
 And oft in evening did we meet,  
 When the waves, beneath the star-light, flee  
 O'er the yellow sands with silver feet,  
 And talked. Our talk was sad and sweet,  
 Till slowly from his mien there passed  
 The desolation which it spoke ;  
 And smiles,—as when the lightning's blast  
 Has parched some heaven-delighting oak,  
 The next spring shows leaves pale and rare,  
 But like flowers delicate and fair,  
 On its rent boughs—again, arrayed  
 His countenance in tender light :  
 His words grew subtle fire, which made  
 The air his hearers breathed delight :  
 His motions, like the winds, were free,  
 Which bend the bright grass gracefully,  
 Then fade away in circlets faint :  
 And winged Hope, on which upborne  
 His soul seemed hovering in his eyes,  
 Like some bright spirit newly-born  
 Floating amid the sunny skies,  
 Sprang forth from his rent heart anew.  
 Yet o'er his talk, and looks, and mien,  
 Tempering their loveliness too keen,  
 Past woe its shadow backward threw,  
 Till like an exhalation, spread  
 From flowers half drunk with evening dew,  
 They did become infectious : sweet  
 And subtle mists of sense and thought  
 Which rapt us soon, when we might meet,  
 Almost from our own looks, and aught  
 The wide world holds. And so, his mind  
 Was healed, while mine grew sick with fear :  
 For ever now his health declined,  
 Like some frail bark which cannot bear  
 The impulse of an altered wind,  
 Though prosperous ; and my heart grew full  
 'Mid its new joy of a new care :  
 For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,  
 As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are ;  
 And soon his deep and sunny hair,  
 In this alone less beautiful,  
 Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare.  
 The blood in his translucent veins  
 Beat, not like animal life, but love

Seemed now its sullen springs to move,  
 When life had failed, and all its pains ;  
 And sudden sleep would seize him oft  
 Like death, so calm, but that a tear,  
 His pointed eye-lashes between,  
 Would gather in the light serene  
 Of smiles, whose lustre bright and soft  
 Beneath lay undulating there.  
 His breath was like inconstant flame,  
 As eagerly it went and came ;  
 And I hung o'er him in his sleep,  
 Till, like an image in the lake  
 Which rains disturb, my tears would break  
 The shadow of that slumber deep ;  
 Then he would bid me not to weep,  
 And say, with flattery false, yet sweet,  
 That death and he could never meet,  
 If I would never part with him.  
 And so we loved, and did unite  
 All that in us was yet divided :  
 For when he said, that many a rite,  
 By men to bind but once provided,  
 Could not be shared by him and me,  
 Or they would kill him in their glee,  
 I shuddered, and then laughing said,  
 " We will have rites our faith to bind,  
 But our church shall be the starry night,  
 Our altar the grassy earth outspread,  
 And our priest the muttering wind."

'Twas sunset as I spoke : one star  
 Had scarce burst forth, when from afar  
 The ministers of misrule sent,  
 Seized upon Lionel, and bore  
 His chained limbs to a dreary tower,  
 In the midst of a city vast and wide.  
 For he, they said, from his mind had bent  
 Against their gods keen blasphemy,  
 For which, though his soul must roasted be  
 In hell's red lakes immortally,  
 Yet even on earth must he abide  
 The vengeance of their slaves—a trial,  
 I think, men call it. What avail  
 Are prayers and tears, which chase denial  
 From the fierce savage, nursed in hate ?  
 What the knit soul that pleading and pale  
 Makes wan the quivering cheek, which late  
 It painted with its own delight ?  
 We were divided. As I could,  
 I stilled the tingling of my blood,  
 And followed him in their despite,  
 As a widow follows, pale and wild,  
 The murderers and corpse of her only child ;  
 And when we came to the prison door,  
 And I prayed to share his dungeon floor  
 With prayers which rarely have been spurned,  
 And when men drove me forth and I  
 Stared with blank frenzy on the sky,  
 A farewell look of love he turned,  
 Half-calming me ; then gazed awhile,  
 As if through that black and massy pile,  
 And through the crowd around him there,  
 And through the dense and murky air,  
 And the thronged streets, he did espy  
 What poets knew and prophecy ;  
 And said, with voice that made them shiver,  
 And elung like music in my brain,  
 And which the mute walls spoke again  
 Prolonging it with deepened strain—  
 " Fear not the tyrants shall rule for ever,

Or the priests of the bloody faith ;  
 They stand on the brink of that mighty river,  
 Whose waves they have tainted with death :  
 It is fed from the depths of a thousand dells,  
 Around them it foams, and rages, and swells,  
 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
 Like wrecks, in the surge of eternity."

I dwelt beside the prison gate,  
 And the strange crowd that out and in  
 Passed, some, no doubt, with mine own fate,  
 Might have fretted me with its ceaseless din,  
 But the fever of care was louder within.  
 Soon, but too late, in penitence  
 Or fear, his foes released him thence :  
 I saw his thin and languid form,  
 As leaning on the jailer's arm,  
 Whose hardened eyes grew moist the while,  
 To meet his mute and faded smile,  
 And hear his words of kind farewell,  
 He tottered forth from his damp cell.  
 Many had never wept before,  
 From whom fast tears then gushed and fell :  
 Many will relent no more,  
 Who sobbed like infants then ; aye, all  
 Who thronged the prison's stony hall,  
 The rulers or the slaves of law  
 Felt with a new surprise and awe  
 That they were human, till strong shame  
 Made them again become the same.  
 The prison blood-hounds, huge and grim,  
 From human looks the infection caught,  
 And fondly crouched and fawned on him ;  
 And men have heard the prisoners say,  
 Who in their rotting dungeons lay,  
 That from that hour, throughout one day,  
 The fierce despair and hate, which kept  
 Their trampled bosoms, almost slept :  
 When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding  
 On each heart's wound, wide torn and bleeding,  
 Because their jailer's rule, they thought,  
 Grew merciful, like a parent's sway.

I know not how, but we were free :  
 And Lionel sate alone with me,  
 As the carriage drove through the streets apace ;  
 And we looked upon each other's face ;  
 And the blood in our fingers intertwined  
 Ran like the thoughts of a single mind,  
 As the swift emotions went and came  
 Through the veins of each united frame.  
 So through the long long streets we past  
 Of the million-peopled city vast ;  
 Which is that desert, where each one  
 Seeks his mate yet is alone,  
 Beloved and sought and mourned of none ;  
 Until the clear blue sky was seen,  
 And the grassy meadows bright and green,  
 And then I sunk in his embrace,  
 Enclosing there a mighty space  
 Of love : and so we travelled on  
 By woods, and fields of yellow flowers,  
 And towns, and villages, and towers,  
 Day after day of happy hours.  
 It was the azure time of June,  
 When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,  
 And the warm and fitful breezes shake  
 The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row brier ;  
 And there were odours then to make  
 The very breath we did respire  
 A liquid element, whereon

Our spirits, like delighted things  
 That walk the air on subtle wings,  
 Floated and mingled far away,  
 'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.  
 And when the evening star came forth  
 Above the curve of the new bent moon,  
 And light and sound ebbed from the earth,  
 Like the tide of the full and weary sea  
 To the depths of its own tranquillity,  
 Our natures to its own repose  
 Did the earth's breathless sleep attune :  
 Like flowers, which on each other close  
 Their languid leaves when day-light's gone,  
 We lay, till new emotions came,  
 Which seemed to make each mortal frame  
 One soul of interwoven flame,  
 A life in life, a second birth,  
 In worlds diviner far than earth,  
 Which, like two strains of harmony  
 That mingle in the silent sky,  
 Then slowly disunite, past by  
 And left the tenderness of tears,  
 A soft oblivion of all fears,  
 A sweet sleep : so we travelled on  
 Till we came to the home of Lionel,  
 Among the mountains wild and lone,  
 Beside the hoary western sea,  
 Which near the verge of the echoing shore  
 The massy forest shadowed o'er.

The ancient steward, with hair all hoar,  
 As we alighted, wept to see  
 His master changed so fearfully ;  
 And the old man's sobs did waken me  
 From my dream of unremitting gladness ;  
 The truth flashed o'er me like quick madness  
 When I looked, and saw that there was death  
 On Lionel : yet day by day  
 He lived, till fear grew hope and faith,  
 And in my soul I dared to say,  
 Nothing so bright can pass away :  
 Death is dark, and foul, and dull,  
 But he is—O how beautiful !  
 Yet day by day he grew more weak,  
 And his sweet voice, when he might speak,  
 Which ne'er was loud, became more low ;  
 And the light which flashed through his waxen cheek  
 Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow  
 From sunset o'er the Alpine snow :  
 And death seemed not like death in him,  
 For the spirit of life o'er every limb  
 Lingered, a mist of sense and thought.  
 When the summer wind faint odours brought  
 From mountain flowers, even as it passed,  
 His cheek would change, as the noon-day sea  
 Which the dying breeze sweeps fitfully.  
 If but a cloud the sky o'ercast,  
 You might see his colour come and go,  
 And the softest strain of music made  
 Sweet smiles, yet sad, arise and fade  
 Amid the dew of his tender eyes ;  
 And the breath, with intermitting flow,  
 Made his pale lips quiver and part.  
 You might hear the beatings of his heart,  
 Quick, but not strong ; and with my tresses  
 When oft he playfully would bind  
 In the bowers of mossy loneliness  
 His neck, and win me so to mingle  
 In the sweet depth of woven caresses,  
 And our faint limbs were intertwined,

Alas ! the unquiet life did tingle  
 From mine own heart through every vein,  
 Like a captive in dreams of liberty,  
 Who beats the walls of his stony cell.  
 But his, it seemed already free,  
 Like the shadow of fire surrounding me !  
 On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell  
 That spirit as it passed, till soon,  
 As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,  
 Beneath its light invisible,  
 Is seen when it folds its grey wings again  
 To alight on midnight's dusky plain,  
 I lived and saw, and the gathering soul  
 Passed from beneath that strong control,  
 And I fell on a life which was sick with fear  
 Of all the woe that now I bear.

Amid a bloomless myrtle wood,  
 On a green and sea-girt promontory,  
 Not far from where we dwelt, there stood  
 In record of a sweet sad story,  
 An altar and a temple bright  
 Circled by steps, and o'er the gate  
 Was sculptured, "To Fidelity ;"  
 And in the shrine an image sate,  
 All veiled : but there was seen the light  
 Of smiles, which faintly could express  
 A mingled pain and tenderness,  
 Through that ethereal drapery.  
 The left hand held the head, the right—  
 Beyond the veil, beneath the skin,  
 You might see the nerves quivering within—  
 Was forcing the point of a barbed dart  
 Into its side-convulsing heart.  
 An unskilled hand, yet one informed  
 With genius, had the marble warmed  
 With that pathetic life. This tale  
 It told : A dog had from the sea,  
 When the tide was raging fearfully,  
 Dragged Lionel's mother, weak and pale,  
 Then died beside her on the sand,  
 And she that temple thence had planned ;  
 But it was Lionel's own hand  
 Had wrought the image. Each new moon  
 That lady did, in this lone fane,  
 The rites of a religion sweet,  
 Whose god was in her heart and brain :  
 The seasons' loveliest flowers were strewn  
 On the marble floor beneath her feet,  
 And she brought crowns of sea-buds white,  
 Whose odour is so sweet and faint,  
 And weeds, like branching chrysolite,  
 Woven in devices fine and quaint,  
 And tears from her brown eyes did stain  
 The altar : need but look upon  
 That dying statue, fair and wan,  
 If tears should cease, to weep again :  
 And rare Arabian odours came,  
 Through the myrtle copses, steaming thence  
 From the hissing frankincense,  
 Whose smoke, wool-white as ocean foam,  
 Hung in dense flocks beneath the dome,  
 That ivory dome, whose azure night  
 With golden stars, like heaven, was bright  
 O'er the split cedars' pointed flame ;  
 And the lady's harp would kindle there  
 The melody of an old air,  
 Softer than sleep ; the villagers  
 Mixt their religion up with hers,  
 And as they listened round, shed tears.

One eve he led me to this fane :  
 Daylight on its last purple cloud  
 Was lingering grey, and soon her strain  
 The nightingale began ; now loud,  
 Climbing in circles the windless sky,  
 Now dying music ; suddenly  
 'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,  
 And now to the hushed ear it floats  
 Like field-smells known in infancy,  
 Then failing, soothes the air again.  
 We sate within that temple lone,  
 Pavilioned round with Parian stone:  
 His mother's harp stood near, and oft  
 I had awakened music soft  
 Amid its wires: the nightingale  
 Was pausing in her heaven-taught tale:  
 " Now drain the cup," said Lionel,  
 " Which the poet-bird has crowned so well  
 With the wine of her bright and liquid song !  
 Heardst thou not sweet words among  
 That heaven-resounding minstrelsy !  
 Heardst thou not, that those who die  
 Awake in a world of ecstasy ?  
 That love, when limbs are interwoven,  
 And sleep, when the night of life is cloven,  
 And thought, to the world's dim boundaries  
 clinging,

And music, when one beloved is singing,  
 Is death ! Let us drain right joyously  
 The cup which the sweet bird fills for me."

He paused, and to my lips he bent  
 His own: like spirit his words went  
 Through all my limbs with the speed of fire ;  
 And his keen eyes, glittering through mine,  
 Filled me with the flame divine,  
 Which in their orbs was burning far,  
 Like the light of an unmeasured star,  
 In the sky of midnight dark and deep:  
 Yes, 'twas his soul that did inspire  
 Sounds, which my skill could ne'er awaken ;  
 And first, I felt my fingers sweep  
 The harp, and a long quivering cry  
 Burst from my lips in symphony :  
 The dusk and solid air was shaken,  
 As swift and swifter the notes came  
 From my touch, that wandered like quick flame,  
 And from my bosom, labouring  
 With some unutterable thing :  
 The awful sound of my own voice made  
 My faint lips tremble ; in some mood  
 Of wordless thought Lionel stood  
 So pale, that even beside his cheek  
 The snowy column from its shade  
 Caught whiteness : yet his countenance  
 Raised upward, burned with radiance  
 Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,  
 Like the moon struggling through the night  
 Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break  
 With beams that might not be confined.

I paused, but soon his gestures kindled  
 New power, as by the moving wind  
 The waves are lifted, and my song  
 To low soft notes now changed and dwindled,  
 And from the twinkling wires among,  
 My languid fingers drew and flung  
 Circles of life-dissolving sound,  
 Yet faint : in aery rings they bound  
 My Lionel, who, as every strain  
 Grew fainter but more sweet, his mien

Sunk with the sound relaxedly ;  
 And slowly now he turned to me,  
 As slowly faded from his face  
 That awful joy: with looks serene  
 He was soon drawn to my embrace,  
 And my wild song then died away  
 In murmurs: words, I dare not say,  
 We mixed, and on his lips mine fed  
 Till they methought felt still and cold:  
 " What is it with thee, love ?" I said ;  
 No word, no look, no motion ! yes,  
 There was a change, but spare to guess,  
 Nor let that moment's hope be told.  
 I looked, and knew that he was dead,  
 And fell, as the eagle on the plain  
 Falls when life deserts her brain,  
 And the mortal lightning is veiled again.  
 O that I were now dead ! but such,  
 Did they not, love, demand too much,  
 Those dying murmurs ? He forbade.  
 O that I once again were mad !  
 And yet, dear Rosalind, not so,  
 For I would live to share thy woe.  
 Sweet boy ! did I forget thee too !  
 Alas, we know not what we do  
 When we speak words.

No memory more  
 Is in my mind of that sea-shore.  
 Madness came on me, and a troop  
 Of misty shapes did seem to sit  
 Beside me, on a vessel's poop,  
 And the clear north-wind was driving it.  
 Then I heard strange tongues, and saw strange  
 flowers,  
 And the stars methought grew unlike ours,  
 And the azure sky and the stormless sea  
 Made me believe that I had died,  
 And waked in a world, which was to me  
 Drear hell, though heaven to all beside.  
 Then a dead sleep fell on my mind,  
 Whilst animal life many long years  
 Had rescued from a chasm of tears ;  
 And when I woke, I wept to find  
 That the same lady, bright and wise,  
 With silver locks and quick brown eyes,  
 The mother of my Lionel,  
 Had tended me in my distress,  
 And died some months before. Nor less  
 Wonder, but far more peace and joy,  
 Brought in that hour my lovely boy ;  
 For through that trance my soul had well  
 The impress of thy being kept ;  
 And if I waked, or if I slept,  
 No doubt, though memory faithless be,  
 Thy image ever dwelt on me ;  
 And thus, O Lionel ! like thee  
 Is our sweet child. 'Tis sure most strange  
 I knew not of so great a change,  
 As that which gave him birth, who now  
 Is all the solace of my woe.

That Lionel great wealth had left  
 By will to me, and that of all  
 The ready lies of law bereft,  
 My child and me might well befall.  
 But let me think not of the scorn,  
 Which from the meanest I have borne,  
 When, for my child's beloved sake,  
 I mixed with slaves, to vindicate

The very laws themselves do make :  
 Let me not say scorn is my fate,  
 Lest I be proud, suffering the same  
 With those who live in deathless fame.

She ceased.—“ Lo, where red morning thro’ the  
 woods

Is burning o’er the dew !” said Rosalind.  
 And with these words they rose, and towards the  
 flood

Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind  
 With equal steps and fingers intertwined :  
 Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore  
 Is shadowed with rocks, and cypresses  
 Cleave with their dark green cones the silent  
 skies,

And with their shadows the clear depths below,  
 And where a little terrace from its bowers,  
 Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,  
 Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o’er  
 The liquid marble of the windless lake ;  
 And where the aged forest’s limbs look hoar,  
 Under the leaves which their green garments  
 make,

They come: ’tis Helen’s home, and clean and  
 white,

Like one which tyrants spare on our own land  
 In some such solitude, its casements bright  
 Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning  
 sun,

And even within ’twas scarce like Italy.  
 And when she saw how all things there were  
 planned,

As in an English home, dim memory  
 Disturbed poor Rosalind : she stood as one  
 Whose mind is where his body cannot be,  
 Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,  
 And said, “ Observe, that brow was Lionel’s,  
 Those lips were his, and so he ever kept  
 One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.  
 You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells  
 Of liquid love : let us not wake him yet.”  
 But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept  
 A shower of burning tears, which fell upon  
 His face, and so his opening lashes shone  
 With tears unlike his own, as he did leap  
 In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.

So Rosalind and Helen lived together  
 Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again,  
 Such as they were, when o’er the mountain heather  
 They wandered in their youth, through sun and  
 rain.

And after many years, for human things  
 Change even like the ocean and the wind,  
 Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,  
 And in their circle thence some visitings  
 Of joy ’mid their new calm would intervene :  
 A lovely child she was, of looks serene,  
 And motions which o’er things indifferent shed  
 The grace and gentleness from whence they came.  
 And Helen’s boy grew with her, and they fed  
 From the same flowers of thought, until each mind  
 Like springs which mingle in one flood became,  
 And in their union soon their parents saw  
 The shadow of the peace denied to them.  
 And Rosalind,—for when the living stem  
 Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,—  
 Died ere her time ; and with deep grief and awe  
 The pale survivors followed her remains  
 Beyond the region of dissolving rains,  
 Up the cold mountain she was wont to call  
 Her tomb ; and on Chiavenna’s precipice  
 They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,  
 Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,  
 Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,  
 The last, when it had sunk ; and through the night  
 The charioteers of Arctos wheeled round  
 Its glittering point, as seen from Helen’s home,  
 Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,  
 With willing steps climbing that rugged height,  
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound  
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime’s  
 despite,

Filled the froze air with unaccustomed light :  
 Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom  
 Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,  
 Whose sufferings too were less, death slower led  
 Into the peace of his dominion cold :  
 She died among her kindred, being old ;  
 And know, that if love die not in the dead  
 As in the living, none of mortal kind  
 Are blest, as now Helen and Rosalind.

## LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS.

MANY a green isle needs must be  
 In the deep wide sea of misery,  
 Or the mariner, worn and wan,  
 Never thus could voyage on  
 Day and night, and night and day,  
 Drifting on his dreary way,  
 With the solid darkness black  
 Closing round his vessel's track ;  
 Whilst above, the sunless sky,  
 Big with clouds, hangs heavily,  
 And behind the tempest fleet  
 Hurries on with lightning feet,  
 Riving sail, and cord, and plank,  
 Till the ship has almost drank  
 Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;  
 And sinks down, down, like that sleep  
 When the dreamer seems to be  
 Weltering through eternity ;  
 And the dim low line before  
 Of a dark and distant shore  
 Still recedes, as ever still  
 Longing with divided will ;  
 But no power to seek or shun,  
 He is ever drifted on  
 O'er the unrepousing wave,  
 To the haven of the grave.  
 What, if there no friends will greet ;  
 What, if there no heart will meet  
 His with love's impatient beat ;  
 Wander wheresoe'er he may,  
 Can he dream before that day  
 To find refuge from distress  
 In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?  
 Then 'twill wreak him little woe  
 Whether such there be or no :  
 Senseless is the breast, and cold,  
 Which relenting love would fold ;  
 Bloodless are the veins and chill  
 Which the pulse of pain did fill ;  
 Every little living nerve  
 That from bitter words did swerve  
 Round the tortured lips and brow,  
 Are like sapless leaflets now  
 Frozen upon December's bough.

On the beach of a northern sea  
 Which tempests shake eternally,  
 As once the wretch there lay to sleep,  
 Lies a solitary heap,  
 One white skull and seven dry bones,  
 On the margin of the stones,  
 Where a few grey rushes stand,  
 Boundaries of the sea and land :  
 Nor is heard one voice of wail  
 But the sea-mews, as they sail  
 O'er the billows of the gale ;  
 Or the whirlwind up and down  
 Howling, like a slaughtered town,

When a king in glory rides  
 Through the pomp of fratricides :  
 Those unburied bones around  
 There is many a mournful sound ;  
 There is no lament for him,  
 Like a sunless vapour, dim,  
 Who once clothed with life and thought  
 What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie  
 In the waters of wide Agony :  
 To such a one this morn was led  
 My bark, by soft winds piloted.  
 'Mid the mountains Euganean,  
 I stood listening to the pæan  
 With which the legioned rooks did hail  
 The sun's uprise majestical ;  
 Gathering round with wings all hoar,  
 Through the dewy mist they soar  
 Like grey shades, till the eastern heaven  
 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,  
 Flecked with fire and azure, lie  
 In the unfathomable sky,  
 So their plumes of purple grain,  
 Starred with drops of golden rain,  
 Gleam above the sunlight woods,  
 As in silent multitudes  
 On the morning's fitful gale  
 Through the broken mist they sail ;  
 And the vapours cloven and gleaming  
 Follow down the dark steep streaming,  
 Till all is bright, and clear, and still,  
 Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea  
 The waveless plain of Lombardy,  
 Bounded by the vaporous air,  
 Islanded by cities fair ;  
 Underneath day's azure eyes,  
 Ocean's nursing, Venice lies,—  
 A peopled labyrinth of walls,  
 Amphitrite's destined halls,  
 Which her hoary sire now paves  
 With his blue and beaming waves.  
 Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,  
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reined  
 On the level quivering line  
 Of the waters crystalline ;  
 And before that chasm of light,  
 As within a furnace bright,  
 Column, tower, and dome, and spire,  
 Shine like obelisks of fire,  
 Pointing with inconstant motion  
 From the altar of dark ocean  
 To the sapphire-tinted skies ;  
 As the flames of sacrifice  
 From the marble shrines did rise  
 As to pierce the dome of gold  
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been  
 Ocean's child, and then his queen ;  
 Now is come a darker day,  
 And thou soon must be his prey,  
 If the power that raised thee here  
 Hallow so thy watery bier.  
 A less drear ruin than now,  
 With thy conquest-branded brow  
 Stooping to the slave of slaves  
 From thy throne among the waves,  
 Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew  
 Flies, as once before it flew,  
 O'er thine isles deppopulate,  
 And all is in its ancient state,  
 Save where many a palace-gate  
 With green sea-flowers overgrown  
 Like a rock of ocean's own,  
 Topples o'er the abandon'd sea  
 As the tides change sullenly.  
 The fisher on his watery way,  
 Wandering at the close of day,  
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar,  
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,  
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep  
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,  
 Lead a rapid masque of death  
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold  
 Quivering through aerial gold,  
 As I now behold them here,  
 Would imagine not they were  
 Sepulchres, where human forms,  
 Like pollution-nourish'd worms,  
 To the corpse of greatness cling,  
 Murdered and now mouldering :  
 But if Freedom should awake  
 In her omnipotence, and shake  
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold  
 All the keys of dungeons cold,  
 Where a hundred cities lie  
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,  
 Thou and all thy sister band  
 Might adorn this sunny land,  
 Twining memories of old time  
 With new virtues more sublime ;  
 If not, perish thou and they ;  
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day  
 By her sun consumed away,  
 Earth can spare ye ; while like flowers,  
 In the waste of years and hours,  
 From your dust new nations spring  
 With more kindly blossoming.

Perish ! let there only be  
 Floating o'er thy heartless sea,  
 As the garment of thy sky  
 Clothes the world immortally,  
 One remembrance, more sublime  
 Than the tattered pall of Time,  
 Which scarce hides thy visage wan :  
 That a tempest-cleaving swan  
 Of the songs of Albion,  
 Driven from his ancestral streams,  
 By the might of evil dreams,  
 Found a nest in thee ; and Ocean  
 Welcomed him with such emotion  
 That its joy grew his, and sprung  
 From his lips like music flung

O'er a mighty thunder-fit,  
 Chastening terror : what though yet  
 Poesy's unfailing river,  
 Which through Albion winds for ever,  
 Lashing with melodious wave  
 Many a sacred poet's grave,  
 Mourn its latest nursing fled !  
 What though thou with all thy dead  
 Scarce can for this fame repay  
 Aught thine own,—oh, rather say,  
 Though thy sins and slaveries foul  
 Overcloud a sunlike soul !  
 As the ghost of Homer clings  
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;  
 As divinest Shakspeare's might  
 Fills Avon and the world with light,  
 Like omniscient power, which he  
 Imaged 'mid mortality ;  
 As the love from Petrarch's urn,  
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,  
 A quenchless lamp, by which the heart  
 Sees things unearthly ; so thou art,  
 Mighty spirit : so shall be  
 The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky,  
 Like thought-winged Liberty,  
 Till the universal light  
 Seems to level plain and height ;  
 From the sea a mist has spread,  
 And the beams of morn lie dead  
 On the towers of Venice now,  
 Like its glory long ago.  
 By the skirts of that grey cloud  
 Many-domed Padua proud  
 Stands, a peopled solitude,  
 'Mid the harvest shining plain,  
 Where the peasant heaps his grain  
 In the garner of his foe,  
 And the milk-white oxen slow  
 With the purple vintage strain,  
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,  
 That the brutal Celt may swill  
 Drunken sleep with savage will ;  
 And the sickle to the sword  
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,  
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,  
 Overgrows this region's foison,  
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come  
 To destruction's harvest-home :  
 Men must reap the things they sow,  
 Force from force must ever flow,  
 Or worse ; but 'tis a bitter woe  
 That love or reason cannot change  
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls  
 Those mute guests at festivals,  
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,  
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,  
 Till Death cried, " I win, I win !"  
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,  
 But Death promised, to assuage her,  
 That he would petition for  
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,  
 When the destined years were o'er,  
 Over all between the Po  
 And the eastern Alpine snow,  
 Under the mighty Austrian.



Sin smiled so as Sin only can,  
 And since that time, ay, long before,  
 Both have ruled from shore to shore,  
 That incestuous pair, who follow  
 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,  
 As Repentance follows Crime,  
 And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,  
 Padua, now no more is burning ;  
 Like a meteor, whose wild way  
 Is lost over the grave of day,  
 It gleams betrayed and to betray :  
 Once remotest nations came  
 To adore that sacred flame,  
 When it lit not many a hearth  
 On this cold and gloomy earth ;  
 Now new fires from Antique light  
 Spring beneath the wide world's might ;  
 But their spark lies dead in thee,  
 Trampled out by tyranny.  
 As the Norway woodman quells,  
 In the depth of piny dells,  
 One light flame among the brakes,  
 While the boundless forest shakes,  
 And its mighty trunks are torn  
 By the fire thus lowly born ;  
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,  
 He starts to see the flames it fed  
 Howling through the darkened sky  
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,  
 And sinks down in fear : so thou,  
 O tyranny ! beholdest now  
 Light around thee, and thou hearest  
 The loud flames ascend, and fearest :  
 Grovel on the earth ; ay, hide  
 In the dust thy purple pride !

Noon descends around me now :  
 'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,  
 When a soft and purple mist  
 Like a vaporous amethyst,  
 Or an air-dissolved star  
 Mingling light and fragrance, far  
 From the curved horizon's bound  
 To the point of heaven's profound,  
 Fills the overflowing sky ;  
 And the plains that silent lie  
 Underneath ; the leaves unsodden  
 Where the infant frost has trodden  
 With his morning-winged feet,  
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;  
 And the red and golden vines,  
 Piercing with their trellised lines  
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;  
 The dun and bladed grass no less,  
 Pointing from this hoary tower  
 In the windless air ; the flower  
 Glimmering at my feet ; the line  
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine  
 In the south dimly islanded ;  
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread  
 High between the clouds and sun ;  
 And of living things each one ;

And my spirit, which so long  
 Darkened this swift stream of song,  
 Interpenetrated lie  
 By the glory of the sky ;  
 Be it love, light, harmony,  
 Odour, or the soul of all  
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,  
 Or the mind which feeds this verse  
 Peopling the lone universe.  
 Noon descends, and after noon  
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,  
 Leading the infantine moon,  
 And that one star, which to her  
 Almost seems to minister  
 Half the crimson light she brings  
 From the sunset's radiant springs :  
 And the soft dreams of the morn  
 (Which like winged winds had borne  
 To that silent isle, which lies  
 'Mid remembered agonies,  
 The frail bark of this lone being),  
 Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,  
 And its ancient pilot, Pain,  
 Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be  
 In the sea of life and agony :  
 Other spirits float and flee  
 O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,  
 On some rock the wild wave wraps,  
 With folding wings they waiting sit  
 For my bark, to pilot it  
 To some calm and blooming cove,  
 Where for me, and those I love,  
 May a windless bower be built,  
 Far from passion, pain, and guilt,  
 In a dell 'mid lawny hills,  
 Which the wild sea-murmur fills,  
 And soft sunshine, and the sound  
 Of old forests echoing round,  
 And the light and smell divine  
 Of all flowers that breathe and shine.  
 We may live so happy there,  
 That the spirits of the air,  
 Envyng us, may even entice  
 To our healing paradise  
 The polluting multitude ;  
 But their rage would be subdued  
 By that clime divine and calm,  
 And the winds whose wings rain balm  
 On the uplifted soul, and leaves  
 Under which the bright sea heaves ;  
 While each breathless interval  
 In their whisperings musical  
 The inspired soul supplies  
 With its own deep melodies ;  
 And the love which heals all strife  
 Circling, like the breath of life,  
 All things in that sweet abode  
 With its own mild brotherhood.  
 They, not it, would change ; and soon  
 Every sprite beneath the moon  
 Would repent its envy vain,  
 And the earth grow young again.

## JULIAN AND MADDALO :

## A Conversation.

The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,  
The goats with the green leaves of budding spring,  
Are saturated not—nor Love with tears.

VIRGIL'S GALLUS.

COUNT MADDALO is a Venetian nobleman of ancient family and of great fortune, who, without mixing much in the society of his countrymen, resides chiefly at his magnificent palace in that city. He is a person of the most consummate genius; and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men, and, instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentrated and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much; and there is

an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.

Julian is an Englishman of good family, passionately attached to those philosophical notions which assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may yet be susceptible. Without concealing the evil in the world, he is for ever speculating how good may be made superior. He is a complete infidel, and a scoffer at all things reputed holy; and Maddalo takes a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion. What Maddalo thinks on these matters is not exactly known. Julian, in spite of his heterodox opinions, is conjectured by his friends to possess some good qualities. How far this is possible the pious reader will determine. Julian is rather serious.

Of the Maniac I can give no information. He seems by his own account to have been disappointed in love. He was evidently a very cultivated and amiable person when in his right senses. His story, told at length, might be like many other stories of the same kind: the unconnected exclamations of his agony will perhaps be found a sufficient comment for the text of every heart.

I RODE one evening with Count Maddalo  
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow  
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand  
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,  
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,  
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,  
Is this, an uninhabited sea-side,  
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,  
Abandons; and no other object breaks  
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes  
Broken and unrepared, and the tide makes  
A narrow space of level sand thereon,  
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.  
This ride was my delight. I love all waste  
And solitary places; where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:  
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore  
More barren than its billows: and yet more

Than all, with a remembered friend I love  
To ride as then I rode—for the winds drove  
The living spray along the sunny air  
Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,  
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north:  
And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth  
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent  
Into our hearts aerial merriment.

So, as we rode, we talked; and the swift thought,  
Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,  
But flew from brain to brain,—such glee was ours,  
Charged with light memories of remembered hours,  
None slow enough for sadness: till we came  
Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.  
This day had been cheerful but cold, and now  
The sun was sinking, and the wind also.  
Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be  
Talk interrupted with such railery

As mocks itself, because it cannot scorn  
 The thoughts it would extinguish :—'twas forlorn,  
 Yet pleasing ; such as once, so poets tell,  
 The devils held within the dales of hell,  
 Concerning God, freewill, and destiny.  
 Of all that Earth has been, or yet may be ;  
 All that vain men imagine or believe,  
 Or hope can paint, or suffering can achieve,  
 We descanted ; and I (for ever still  
 Is it not wise to make the best of ill ?)  
 Argued against despondency ; but pride  
 Made my companion take the darker side.  
 The sense that he was greater than his kind  
 Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind  
 By gazing on its own exceeding light.  
 Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight  
 Over the horizon of the mountains—Oh !  
 How beautiful is sunset, when the glow  
 Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,  
 Thou paradise of exiles, Italy !  
 Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the  
 towers,  
 Of cities they encircle !—It was ours  
 To stand on thee, beholding it : and then,  
 Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men  
 Were waiting for us with the gondola.  
 As those who pause on some delightful way,  
 Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood  
 Looking upon the evening and the flood,  
 Which lay between the city and the shore,  
 Paved with the image of the sky : the hoar  
 And airy Alps, towards the north, appeared,  
 Thro' mist, a heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared  
 Between the east and west ; and half the sky  
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
 Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew  
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent  
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent  
 Among the many-folded hills—they were  
 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,  
 As seen from Lido through the harbour piles,  
 The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—  
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been  
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen  
 Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,  
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came  
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made  
 Their very peaks transparent. " Ere it fade,"  
 Said my companion, " I will show you soon  
 A better station." So, o'er the lagune  
 We glided ; and from that funereal bark  
 I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark  
 How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,  
 Its temples and its palaces did seem  
 Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven.  
 I was about to speak, when—" We are even  
 Now at the point I meant," said Maddalo,  
 And bade the gondolieri cease to row.  
 " Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well  
 If you hear not a deep and heavy bell."  
 I looked, and saw between us and the sun  
 A building on an island, such a one  
 As age to age might add, for uses vile,—  
 A windowless, deformed, and dreary pile ;  
 And on the top an open tower, where hung  
 A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung,  
 We could just hear its coarse and iron tongue :  
 The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled  
 In strong and black relief—" What we behold

Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,"—  
 Said Maddalo ; " and even at this hour,  
 Those who may cross the water hear that bell,  
 Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,  
 To vespers."—" As much skill as need to pray,  
 In thanks or hope for their dark lot have they,  
 To their stern maker," I replied.—" O, ho !  
 You talk as in years past," said Maddalo.  
 "'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still  
 Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,  
 A wolf for the meek lambs : if you can't swim,  
 Beware of providence." I looked on him,  
 But the gay smile had faded from his eye.  
 " And such," he cried, " is our mortality ;  
 And this must be the emblem and the sign  
 Of what should be eternal and divine ;  
 And like that black and dreary bell, the soul,  
 Hung in a heaven-illuminated tower, must toll  
 Our thoughts and our desires to meet below  
 Round the rent heart, and pray—as madmen do ;  
 For what ? they know not, till the night of death,  
 As sunset that strange vision, severeth  
 Our memory from itself, and us from all  
 We sought, and yet were baffled." I recall  
 The sense of what he said, although I mar  
 The force of his expressions. The broad star  
 Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill ;  
 And the black bell became invisible ;  
 And the red tower looked grey ; and all between,  
 The churches, ships, and palaces, were seen  
 Huddled in gloom ; into the purple sea  
 The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.  
 We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola  
 Conveyed me to my lodging by the way.

The following morn was rainy, cold, and dim :  
 Ere Maddalo arose I called on him,  
 And whilst I waited with his child I played ;  
 A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made ;  
 A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being ;  
 Graceful without design, and unforeseeing ;  
 With eyes—Oh ! speak not of her eyes ! which  
 Twin mirrors of Italian Heaven, yet gleam [seem  
 With such deep meaning as we never see  
 But in the human countenance. With me  
 She was a special favourite : I had nursed  
 Her fine and feeble limbs, when she came first  
 To this bleak world ; and yet she seemed to know  
 On second sight her ancient playfellow,  
 Less changed than she was by six months or so.  
 For, after her first shyness was worn out,  
 We sat there, rolling billiard balls about,  
 When the Count entered. Salutations passed :  
 " The words you spoke last night might well have  
 A darkness on my spirit :—if man be [cast  
 The passive thing you say, I should not see  
 Much harm in the religions and old saws,  
 (Tho' I may never own such leaden laws)  
 Which break a teachless nature to the yoke :  
 Mine is another faith."—Thus much I spoke,  
 And, noting he replied not, added—" See  
 This lovely child ; blithe, innocent, and free ;  
 She spends a happy time, with little care ;  
 While we to such sick thoughts subjected are,  
 As came on you last night. It is our will  
 Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.  
 We might be otherwise ; we might be all  
 We dream of, happy, high, majestic.  
 Where is the beauty, love, and truth, we seek,  
 But in our minds ? And, if we were not weak,

Should we be less in deed than in desire?"—  
 —"Ay, if we were not weak,—and we aspire,  
 How vainly! to be strong," said Maddalo:  
 "You talk Utopian"—

"It remains to know,"  
 I then rejoined, "and those who try, may find  
 How strong the chains are which our spirit bind:  
 Brittle perchance as straw. We are assured  
 Much may be conquered, much may be endured,  
 Of what degrades and crushes us. We know  
 That we have power over ourselves to do  
 And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try;  
 But something nobler than to live and die:  
 So taught the kings of old philosophy,  
 Who reigned before religion made men blind;  
 And those who suffer with their suffering kind,  
 Yet feel this faith, religion."

"My dear friend,"  
 Said Maddalo, "my judgment will not bend  
 To your opinion, though I think you might  
 Make such a system refutation-tight,  
 As far as words go. I knew one like you,  
 Who to this city came some months ago,  
 With whom I argued in this sort,—and he  
 Is now gone mad—and so he answered me,  
 Poor fellow!—But if you would like to go,  
 We'll visit him, and his wild talk will show  
 How vain are such aspiring theories."—

"I hope to prove the induction otherwise,  
 And that a want of that true theory still,  
 Which seeks a soul of goodness in things ill,  
 Or in himself or others, has thus bowed  
 His being:—there are some by nature proud,  
 Who, patient in all else, demand but this—  
 To love and be beloved with gentleness:—  
 And being scorned, what wonder if they die  
 Some living death? This is not destiny,  
 But man's own wilful ill."

As thus I spoke,  
 Servants announced the gondola, and we  
 Through the fast-falling rain and high-wrought sea  
 Sailed to the island where the madhouse stands.  
 We disembarked. The clap of tortured hands,  
 Fierce yells and howlings, and lamentings keen,  
 And laughter where complaint had merrier been,  
 Accosted us. We climbed the oozy stairs  
 Into an old court-yard. I heard on high,  
 Then, fragments of most touching melody,  
 But looking up saw not the singer there.—  
 Thro' the black bars in the tempestuous air  
 I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,  
 Long tangled locks flung wildly forth and flowing,  
 Of those on a sudden who were beguiled  
 Into strange silence, and looked forth and smiled,  
 Hearing sweet sounds. Then I:

"Methinks there were  
 A cure of these with patience and kind care,  
 If music can thus move. But what is he,  
 Whom we seek here?"

"Of his sad history  
 I know but this," said Maddalo: "he came  
 To Venice a dejected man, and fame  
 Said he was wealthy, or he had been so.  
 Some thought the loss of fortune wrought him woe;

But he was ever talking in such sort  
 As you do,—but more sadly;—he seemed hurt,  
 Even as a man with his peculiar wrong,  
 To hear but of the oppression of the strong,  
 Or those absurd deceits (I think with you  
 In some respects, you know) which carry through  
 The excellent impostors of this earth  
 When they outface detection. He had worth,  
 Poor fellow! but a humourist in his way."—

—"Alas, what drove him mad?"

"I cannot say:  
 A lady came with him from France, and when  
 She left him and returned, he wandered then  
 About yon lonely isles of desert sand,  
 Till he grew wild. He had no cash nor land  
 Remaining:—the police had brought him here—  
 Some fancy took him, and he would not bear  
 Removal, so I fitted up for him  
 Those rooms beside the sea, to please his whim;  
 And sent him busts, and books, and urns for  
 flowers,  
 Which had adorned his life in happier hours,  
 And instruments of music. You may guess  
 A stranger could do little more or less  
 For one so gentle and unfortunate—  
 And those are his sweet strains which charm the  
 weight  
 From madmen's chains, and make this hell appear  
 A heaven of sacred silence, hushed to hear."

"Nay, this was kind of you,—he had no claim,  
 As the world says."

"None but the very same  
 Which I on all mankind, were I, as he,  
 Fallen to such deep reverse. His melody  
 Is interrupted now: we hear the din  
 Of madmen, shriek on shriek, again begin:  
 Let us now visit him: after this strain,  
 He ever communes with himself again,  
 And sees and hears not any."

Having said  
 These words, we called the keeper, and he led  
 To an apartment opening on the sea—  
 There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully  
 Near a piano, his pale fingers twined  
 One with the other; and the ooze and wind  
 Rushed through an open casement, and did sway  
 His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray:  
 His head was leaning on a music-book,  
 And he was muttering; and his lean limbs shook.  
 His lips were pressed against a folded leaf,  
 In hue too beautiful for health, and grief  
 Smiled in their motions as they lay apart,  
 As one who wrought from his own fervid heart  
 The eloquence of passion: soon he raised  
 His sad meek face, and eyes lustrous and glazed,  
 And spoke,—sometimes as one who wrote, and  
 thought  
 His words might move some heart that heeded not,  
 If sent to distant lands;—and then as one  
 Reproaching deeds never to be undone,  
 With wondering self-compassion;—then his speech  
 Was lost in grief, and then his words came each  
 Unmodulated and expressionless,—  
 But that from one jarred accent you might guess

It was despair made them so uniform :  
And all the while the loud and gusty storm  
Hisssed through the window, and we stood behind,  
Stealing his accents from the envious wind,  
Unseen. I yet remember what he said  
Distinctly, such impression his words made.

“ Month after month,” he cried, “ to bear this  
load,

And, as a jade urged by the whip and goad,  
To drag life on—which like a heavy chain  
Lengthens behind with many a link of pain,  
And not to speak my grief—O, not to dare  
To give a human voice to my despair ;  
But live, and move, and, wretched thing ! smile on,  
As if I never went aside to groan,  
And wear this mask of falsehood even to those  
Who are most dear—not for my own repose.  
Alas ! no scorn, nor pain, nor hate, could be  
So heavy as that falsehood is to me—  
But that I cannot bear more altered faces  
Than needs must be, more changed and cold  
embraces,

More misery, disappointment, and mistrust,  
To own me for their father. Would the dust  
Were covered in upon my body now !  
That the life ceased to toil within my brow !  
And then these thoughts would at the last be fled :  
Let us not fear such pain can vex the dead.

“ What Power delights to torture us ? I know  
That to myself I do not wholly owe  
What now I suffer, though in part I may.  
Alas ! none strewed fresh flowers upon the way  
Where, wandering heedlessly, I met pale Pain,  
My shadow, which will leave me not again.  
If I have erred, there was no joy in error,  
But pain, and insult, and unrest, and terror ;  
I have not, as some do, bought penitence  
With pleasure, and a dark yet sweet offence ;  
For then if love, and tenderness, and truth,  
Had overlived Hope’s momentary youth,  
My creed should have redeemed me from repenting ;  
But loathed scorn and outrage unrelenting  
Met love excited by far other seeming  
Until the end was gained:—as one from dreaming  
Of sweetest peace, I woke, and found my state  
Such as it is—

“ O thou, my spirit’s mate !  
Who, for thou art compassionate and wise,  
Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes  
If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see ;  
My secret groans must be unheard by thee ;  
Thou wouldst weep tears, bitter as blood, to know  
Thy lost friend’s incommunicable woe.  
Ye few by whom my nature has been weighed  
In friendship, let me not that name degrade,  
By placing on your hearts the secret load  
Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road  
To peace, and that is truth, which follow ye !  
Love sometimes leads astray to misery.  
Yet think not, though subdued (and I may well  
Say that I am subdued)—that the full hell  
Within me would infect the untainted breast  
Of sacred nature with its own unrest ;  
As some perverted beings think to find  
In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind  
Which scorn or hate hath wounded.—O, how vain !  
The dagger heals not, but may rend again.

Believe that I am ever still the same  
In creed as in resolve ; and what may tame  
My heart, must leave the understanding free,  
Or all would sink under this agony.—  
Nor dream that I will join the vulgar eye,  
Or with my silence sanction tyranny,  
Or seek a moment’s shelter from my pain  
In any madness which the world calls gain ;  
Ambition, or revenge, or thoughts as stern  
As those which make me what I am, or turn  
To avarice, or misanthropy, or lust :  
Heap on me soon, O grave, thy welcome dust !  
Till then the dungeon may demand its prey ;  
And Poverty and Shame may meet and say,  
Halting beside me in the public way,—  
‘ That love-devoted youth is ours : let’s sit  
Beside him : he may live some six months yet.’—  
Or the red scaffold, as our country bends,  
May ask some willing victim ; or ye, friends,  
May fall under some sorrow, which this heart  
Or hand may share, or vanquish, or avert ;  
I am prepared, in truth, with no proud joy,  
To do or suffer aught, as when a boy  
I did devote to justice, and to love,  
My nature, worthless now.

“ I must remove  
A veil from my pent mind. ’Tis torn aside !  
O ! pallid as death’s dedicated bride,  
Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,  
Am I not wane like thee ? At the grave’s call  
I haste, invited to thy wedding-ball,  
To meet the ghastly paramour, for whom  
Thou hast deserted me,—and made the tomb  
Thy bridal bed. But I beside thy feet  
Will lie, and watch ye from my winding-sheet  
Thus—wide awake though dead—Yet stay, O, stay !  
Go not so soon—I know not what I say—  
Hear but my reasons—I am mad, I fear,  
My fancy is o’erwrought—thou art not here,  
Pale art thou ’tis most true—but thou art gone—  
Thy work is finished ; I am left alone.

“ Nay was it I who wo’d thee to this breast  
Which like a serpent thou envenomest  
As in repayment of the warmth it lent ?  
Didst thou not seek me for thine own content ?  
Did not thy love awaken mine ? I thought  
That thou wert she who said ‘ You kiss me not  
Ever ; I fear you do not love me now.’  
In truth I loved even to my overthrow  
Her who would fain forget these words, but they  
Cling to her mind, and cannot pass away.

“ You say that I am proud ; that when I speak,  
My lip is tortured with the wrongs, which break  
The spirit it expresses.—Never one  
Humbled himself before, as I have done ;  
Even the instinctive worm on which we tread  
Turns, though it wound not—then, with prostrate  
head,  
Sinks in the dust, and writhes like me—and dies :  
—No:—wears a living death of agonies ;  
As the slow shadows of the pointed grass  
Mark the eternal periods, its pangs pass  
Slow, ever-moving, making moments be  
As mine seem,—each an immortality ;

\* \* \* \* \*

"That you had never seen me! never heard  
My voice! and more than all had ne'er endured  
The deep pollution of my loathed embrace;  
That your eyes ne'er had lied love in my face!  
That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out  
The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root  
With mine own quivering fingers! so that ne'er  
Our hearts had for a moment mingled there,  
To disunite in horror! These were not  
With thee like some suppressed and hideous thought,  
Which flits athwart our musings, but can find  
No rest within a pure and gentle mind—  
Thou sealedst them with many a bare broad word,  
And sear'dst my memory o'er them,—for I heard  
And can forget not—they were ministered,  
One after one, those curses. Mix them up  
Like self-destroying poisons in one cup;  
And they will make one blessing, which thou ne'er  
Didst imprecate for on me—death!

"It were

A cruel punishment for one most cruel,  
If such can love, to make that love the fuel  
Of the mind's hell—hate, scorn, remorse, despair:  
But *me*, whose heart a stranger's tear might wear  
As water-drops the sandy fountain stone;  
Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan  
For woes which others hear not, and could see  
The absent with the glass of phantasy,  
And near the poor and trampled sit and weep,  
Following the captive to his dungeon deep;  
*Me*, who am as a nerve o'er which do creep  
The else-unfelt oppressions of this earth,  
And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,  
When all beside was cold:—that thou on me  
Should rain these plagues of blistering agony—  
Such curses are from lips once eloquent  
With love's too partial praise! Let none relent  
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name  
Henceforth, if an example for the same  
They seek:—for thou on me lookedst so and so,  
And didst speak thus and thus. I live to show  
How much men bear and die not.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thou wilt tell,

With the grimace of hate, how horrible  
It was to meet my love when thine grew less;  
Thou wilt admire how I could e'er address  
Such features to love's work . . . This taunt,  
though true,  
(For indeed Nature nor in form nor hue  
Bestowed on me her choicest workmanship)  
Shall not be thy defence: for since thy life  
Met mine first, years long past,—since thine eye  
kindled  
With soft fire under mine,—I have not dwindled,  
Nor changed in mind, or body, or in aught  
But as love changes what it loveth not  
After long years and many trials.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How vain

Are words; I thought never to speak again,  
Not even in secret, not to my own heart—  
But from my lips the unwilling accents start,  
And from my pen the words flow as I write,  
Dazzling my eyes with scalding tears—my sight

Is dim to see that chartered in vain,  
On this unfeeling leaf, which burns the brain  
And eats into it, blotting all things fair,  
And wise and good, which time had written there.  
Those who inflict must suffer, for they see  
The work of their own hearts, and that must be  
Our chastisement or recompense.—O child!  
I would that thine were like to be more mild  
For both our wretched sakes,—for thine the most,  
Who feel'st already all that thou hast lost,  
Without the power to wish it thine again.  
And, as slow years pass, a funeral train,  
Each with the ghost of some lost hope or friend  
Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend  
No thought on my dead memory?

\* \* \* \* \*

"Alas, love!

Fear me not: against thee I'd not move  
A finger in despite. Do I not live  
That thou mayst have less bitter cause to grieve?  
I give thee tears for scorn, and love for hate;  
And, that thy lot may be less desolate  
Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain  
From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.  
Then—when thou speakest of me—never say,  
'He could forgive not.'—Here I cast away  
All human passions, all revenge, all pride;  
I think, speak, act no ill; I do but hide  
Under these words, like embers, every spark  
Of that which has consumed me. Quick and dark  
The grave is yawning:—as its roof shall cover  
My limbs with dust and worms, under and over,  
So let oblivion hide this grief.—The air  
Closes upon my accents as despair  
Upon my heart—let death upon my care!"

He ceased, and overcome, leant back awhile;  
Then rising, with a melancholy smile,  
Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept  
A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept,  
And muttered some familiar name, and we  
Wept without shame in his society.  
I think I never was impressed so much!  
The man, who was not, must have lacked a touch  
Of human nature.—Then we lingered not,  
Although our argument was quite forgot;  
But, calling the attendants, went to dine  
At Maddalo's;—yet neither cheer nor wine  
Could give us spirits, for we talked of him,  
And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim.  
And we agreed it was some dreadful ill  
Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,  
By a dear friend; some deadly change in love  
Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of;  
For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot,  
Of falsehood in his mind, which flourished not  
But in the light of all-beholding truth;  
And having stamped this canker on his youth,  
She had abandoned him:—and how much more  
Might be his woe, we guessed not;—he had store  
Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess  
From his nice habits and his gentleness:  
These now were lost—it were a grief indeed  
If he had changed one unsustaining reed  
For all that such a man might else adorn.  
The colours of his mind seemed yet unworn;  
For the wild language of his grief was high—  
Such as in measure were called poetry.  
And I remember one remark, which then  
Maddalo made: he said—"Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong :  
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

If I had been an unconnected man,  
I, from the moment, should have formed some  
plan

Never to leave sweet Venice : for to me  
It was delight to ride by the lone sea :  
And then the town is silent—one may write  
Or read in gondolas, by day or night,  
Having the little brazen lamp alight,  
Unseen, uninterrupted :—books are there,  
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair  
Which were twin-born with poetry !—and all  
We seek in towns, with little to recall  
Regret for the green country :—I might sit  
In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit  
And subtle talk would cheer the winter night,  
And make me know myself :—and the fire light  
Would flash upon our faces, till the day  
Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay.  
But I had friends in London too. The chief  
Attraction here was that I sought relief  
From the deep tenderness that maniac wrought  
Within me—'twas perhaps an idle thought,  
But I imagined that if, day by day,  
I watched him, and seldom went away,  
And studied all the beatings of his heart  
With zeal, as men study some stubborn art  
For their own good, and could by patience find  
An entrance to the caverns of his mind,  
I might reclaim him from his dark estate.  
In friendships I had been most fortunate,  
Yet never saw I one whom I would call  
More willingly my friend :—and this was all  
Accomplished not ;—such dreams of baseless good  
Oft come and go, in crowds or solitude,  
And leave no trace !—but what I now designed  
Made, for long years, impression on my mind.  
The following morning urged by my affairs,  
I left bright Venice.

After many years,  
And many changes, I returned : the name  
Of Venice, and its aspect was the same ;  
But Maddalo was travelling, far away,  
Among the mountains of Armenia.  
His dog was dead : his child had now become  
A woman, such as it has been my doom  
To meet with few ; a wonder of this earth,  
Where there is little of transcendent worth,—  
Like one of Shakspeare's women. Kindly she,  
And with a manner beyond courtesy,  
Received her father's friend ; and, when I asked,  
Of the lorn maniac, she her memory tasked,  
And told, as she had heard, the mournful tale :  
" That the poor sufferer's health began to fail  
Two years from my departure : but that then  
The lady, who had left him, came again,  
Her mien had been imperious, but she now  
Looked meek ; perhaps remorse had brought  
her low.  
Her coming made him better ; and they stayed  
Together at my father's,—for I played,  
As I remember, with the lady's shawl ;  
I might be six years old :—But, after all,  
She left him."—

" Why her heart must have been tough ;  
How did it end ?"

" And was not this enough ?  
They met, they parted."

" Child, is there no more ?"

" Something within that interval which bore  
The stamp of *why* they parted, *how* they met ;—  
Yet, if thine aged eyes disdain to wet  
Those wrinkled cheeks with youth's remembered  
Ask me no more ; but let the silent years [tears,  
Be closed and ceded over their memory,  
As yon mute marble where their corpses lie."  
I urged and questioned still : she told me how  
All happened—but the cold world shall not know.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,  
To the whisper of the Apennine,  
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,  
Or like the sea on a northern shore,  
Heard in its raging ebb and flow  
By the captives pent in the cave below.  
The Apennine in the light of day  
Is a mighty mountain dim and grey,  
Which between the earth and sky doth lay ;  
But when night comes, a chaos dread  
On the dim starlight then is spread,  
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

May 4th, 1818.

## THE PAST.

WILT thou forget the happy hours  
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,  
Heaping over their corpses cold  
Blossoms and leaves instead of mould ?  
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,  
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

Forget the dead, the past ! O yet  
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it ;  
Memories that make the heart a tomb,  
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,  
And with ghastly whispers tell  
That joy, once lost, is pain.

## THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A WOODMAN, whose rough heart was out of tune  
(I think such hearts yet never came to good),  
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood  
Satiated the hungry dark with melody ;—  
And, as a vale is watered by a flood,

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky  
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose  
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,  
The singing of that happy nightingale  
In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening till the star of dawn may fail,  
Was interfused upon the silentness ;  
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss  
Of heaven with all its planets ; the dull ear  
Of the night-cradled earth ; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters,—every sphere  
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,  
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,  
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,  
And every silver moth, fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle—ever from below  
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,  
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproached star,  
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,  
Unconscious as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high, beyond all height  
The heaven where it would perish !—and every form  
That worshipped in the temple of the night

Was awed into delight, and by the charm  
Girt as with an interminable zone,  
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion  
Out of their dreams ; harmony became love  
In every soul but one. . . .

And so this man returned with axe and saw  
At evening close from killing the tall tree,  
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green  
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,  
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jagged leaves,—and from the forest tops  
Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping oft  
Fast showers of aerial water drops,

Into their mother's bosom, sweet and soft,  
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness ;—  
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness  
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers  
Hang like moist clouds: or where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,  
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,  
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

All overwrought with branch-like traceries  
In which there is religion—and the mute  
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odours and gleams and murmurs, which the lute  
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast  
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves ere it has past  
To such brief unison as on the brain  
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.

## TO MARY —.

O MARY dear, that you were here  
With your brown eyes bright and clear,  
And your sweet voice, like a bird  
Singing love to its lone mate  
In the ivy bower disconsolate ;  
Voice the sweetest ever heard !  
And your brow more \* \* \*  
Than the \* \* \* sky  
Of this azure Italy.  
Mary dear, come to me soon,  
I am not well whilst thou art far ;  
As sunset to the sphered moon,  
As twilight to the western star,  
Thou, beloved, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here !  
The Castle echo whispers " Here ! "

ESTR, *September*, 1818.

## ON A FADED VIOLET.

THE colour from the flower is gone,  
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me ;  
The odour from the flower is flown,  
Which breathed of thee and only thee !

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not.  
I sigh—it breathes no more on me ;  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.



## MISERY.—A FRAGMENT.

COME, be happy !—sit near me,  
Shadow-vested Misery :  
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,  
Mourning in thy robe of pride,  
Desolation—deified !

Come, be happy !—sit near me :  
Sad as I may seem to thee,  
I am happier far than thou,  
Lady, whose imperial brow  
Is endiamed with woe.

Misery ! we have known each other,  
Like a sister and a brother  
Living in the same lone home,  
Many years—we must live some  
Hours or ages yet to come.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet  
Let us make the best of it ;  
If love can live when pleasure dies,  
We two will love, till in our eyes  
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

Come, be happy !—lie thee down  
On the fresh grass newly mown,  
Where the grasshopper doth sing  
Merrily—one joyous thing  
In a world of sorrowing !

There our tent shall be the willow,  
And mine arm shall be thy pillow ;  
Sounds and odours, sorrowful  
Because they once were sweet, shall lull  
Us to slumber deep and dull.

Ha ! thy frozen pulses flutter  
With a love thou dar'st not utter.  
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—  
Is thine icy bosom leaping  
While my burning heart lies sleeping ?

Kiss me ;—oh ! thy lips are cold ;  
Round my neck thine arms enfold—  
They are soft, but chill and dead ;  
And thy tears upon my head  
Burn like points of frozen lead.

Hasten to the bridal bed—  
Underneath the grave 'tis spread :  
In darkness may our love be hid,  
Oblivion be our coverlid—  
We may rest, and none forbid.

Clasp me, till our hearts be grown  
Like two shadows into one ;  
Till this dreadful transport may  
Like a vapour fade away  
In the sleep that lasts alway.

We may dream in that long sleep,  
That we are not those who weep ;  
Even as Pleasure dreams of thee,  
Life-deserting misery,  
Thou mayest dream of her with me.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,  
At the shadows of the earth,  
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,  
Which, like spectres wrapt in shrouds,  
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

All the wide world, beside us  
Show like multitudinous  
Puppets passing from a scene ;  
What but mockery can they mean,  
Where I am—where thou hast been ?

## STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,  
The waves are dancing fast and bright,  
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear  
The purple noon's transparent light,  
The breath of the moist air is light,  
Around its unexpanded buds ;  
Like many a voice of one delight,  
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,  
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,  
Nor peace within nor calm around,  
Nor that content surpassing wealth  
The sage in meditation found,  
And walked with inward glory crowned—  
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.  
Others I see whom these surround—  
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;  
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,  
Even as the winds and waters are ;  
I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away the life of care  
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,  
Till death like sleep might steal on me,  
And I might feel in the warm air  
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea  
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,  
As I when this sweet day is gone,  
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,  
Insults with this untimely moan ;  
They might lament—for I am one  
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,  
Unlike this day, which, when the sun  
Shall on its stainless glory set,  
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory  
[yet.

December, 1818.

2/ MAZENGIHI.\*

O ! FOSTER-NURSE of man's abandoned glory  
 Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour,  
 Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,  
 As Ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender :—  
 The light-invested angel Poesy  
 Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught  
 By loftiest meditations ; marble knew  
 The sculptor's fearless soul—and, as he wrought,  
 The grace of his own power and freedom grew.  
 And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,  
 Thou wert among the false—was this thy crime ?

Yes ; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine  
 Of direst weeds hangs garlanded—the snake  
 Inhabits its wrecked palaces ;—in thine  
 A beast of subtler venom now doth make  
 Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,  
 And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,  
 And love and freedom blossom but to wither ;  
 And good and ill like vines entangled are,  
 So that their grapes may oft be plucked together ;—  
 Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make  
 Thy heart rejoice for dead Mazenghi's sake.

No record of his crime remains in story,  
 But if the morning bright as evening shone,  
 It was some high and holy deed, by glory  
 Pursued into forgetfulness, which won  
 From the blind crowd he made secure and free  
 The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

For when by sound of trumpet was declared  
 A price upon his life, and there was set  
 A penalty of blood on all who shared  
 So much of water with him as might wet  
 His lips, which speech divided not—he went  
 Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,  
 He hid himself, and hunger, cold, and toil,  
 Month after month endured ; it was a feast  
 Whene'er he found those globes of deep red gold  
 Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,  
 Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,  
 Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,  
 All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,  
 And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,  
 And where the huge and speckled aloe made,  
 Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

\* This fragment refers to an event, told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Republiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province. The opening stanzas are addressed to the conquering city.—M. S.

He housed himself. There is a point of strand  
 Near Vada's tower and town ; and on one side  
 The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,  
 Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide ;  
 And on the other creeps eternally,  
 Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

NAPLES, 1818.

SONG FOR TASSO.

I LOVED—alas ! our life is love ;  
 But when we cease to breathe and move,  
 I do suppose love ceases too.  
 I thought, but not as now I do,  
 Keen thoughts and bright of linked lore,  
 Of all that men had thought before,  
 And all that Nature shows, and more.

And still I love, and still I think,  
 But strangely, for my heart can drink  
 The dregs of such despair, and live,  
 And love ;  
 And if I think, my thoughts come fast ;  
 I mix the present with the past,  
 And each seems uglier than the last.

Sometimes I see before me flee  
 A silver spirit's form, like thee,  
 O Leonora, and I sit  
 [ ] still watching it,  
 Till by the grated casement's ledge  
 It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge  
 Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

SONNET.

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live  
 Call Life ; though unreal shapes be pictured  
 there,  
 And it but mimic all we would believe  
 With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear  
 And Hope, twin Destinies ; who ever weave  
 Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and  
 drear.

I knew one who had lifted it—he sought,  
 For his lost heart was tender, things to love,  
 But found them not, alas ! nor was there aught  
 The world contains, the which he could approve.  
 Through the unheeding many he did move,  
 A splendour among shadows, a bright blot  
 Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove  
 For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

## NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1818.

BY THE EDITOR.

ROSALIND AND HELEN was begun at Marlow, and thrown aside—till I found it; and, at my request, it was completed. Shelley had no care for any of his poems that did not emanate from the depths of his mind, and develop some high or abstruse truth. When he does touch on human life and the human heart, no pictures can be more faithful, more delicate, more subtle, or more pathetic. He never mentioned Love, but he shed a grace, borrowed from his own nature, that scarcely any other poet has bestowed, on that passion. When he spoke of it as the law of life, which inasmuch as we rebel against, we err and injure ourselves and others, he promulgated that which he considered an irrefragable truth. In his eyes it was the essence of our being, and all woe and pain arose from the war made against it by selfishness, or insensibility, or mistake. By reverting in his mind to this first principle, he discovered the source of many emotions, and could disclose the secret of all hearts, and his delineations of passion and emotion touch the finest chords of our nature.

Rosalind and Helen was finished during the summer of 1818, while we were at the Baths of Lucca. Thence Shelley visited Venice, and circumstances rendering it eligible that we should remain a few weeks in the neighbourhood of that city, he accepted the offer of Lord Byron, who lent him the use of a villa he rented near Este; and he sent for his family from Lucca to join him.

I Capuccini was a villa built on the site of a Capuchin convent, demolished when the French suppressed religious houses; it was situated on the very over-hanging brow of a low hill at the foot of a range of higher ones. The house was cheerful and pleasant; a vine-trellised walk, a Pergola, as it is called in Italian, led from the hall door to a summer-house at the end of the garden, which Shelley made his study, and in which he began the Prometheus; and here also, as he mentions in a letter, he wrote Julian and Maddalo; a slight ravine, with a road in its depth, divided the garden from the hill, on which stood the ruins of the ancient castle of Este, whose dark massive wall gave forth an echo, and from whose ruined crevices, owls

and bats flitted forth at night, as the crescent moon sunk behind the black and heavy battlements. We looked from the garden over the wide plain of Lombardy, bounded to the west by the far Apennines, while to the east, the horizon was lost in misty distance. After the picturesque but limited view of mountain, ravine, and chesnut wood at the Baths of Lucca, there was something infinitely gratifying to the eye in the wide range of prospect commanded by our new abode.

Our first misfortune, of the kind from which we soon suffered even more severely, happened here. Our little girl, an infant in whose small features I fancied that I traced great resemblance to her father, showed symptoms of suffering from the heat of the climate. Teething increased her illness and danger. We were at Este, and when we became alarmed, hastened to Venice for the best advice. When we arrived at Fusina, we found that we had forgotten our passport, and the soldiers on duty attempted to prevent our crossing the laguna; but they could not resist Shelley's impetuosity at such a moment. We had scarcely arrived at Venice, before life fled from the little sufferer, and we returned to Este to weep her loss.

After a few weeks spent in this retreat, which were interspersed by visits to Venice, we proceeded southward. We often hear of persons disappointed by a first visit to Italy. This was not Shelley's case—the aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms; of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble marble-built cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art were full enjoyment and wonder; he had not studied pictures or statues before, he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of antique grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy. As I have said, he wrote long letters during the first year of our residence in this country, and these, when published,

will be the best testimonials of his appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful in art and nature, and his delicate taste in discerning and describing them\*.

Our winter was spent at Naples. Here he wrote the fragments of *Mafengi* and the *Woodman* and the *Nightingale*, which he afterwards threw aside. At this time Shelley suffered greatly in health. He put himself under the care of a medical man, who promised great things, and made him endure severe bodily pain, without any good results. Constant and poignant physical suffering exhausted him; and though he preserved the appearance of cheerfulness, and often greatly enjoyed our wanderings in the environs of Naples, and our excursions on its sunny sea, yet many hours were passed when his thoughts, shadowed by illness, became gloomy, and then he escaped to solitude, and in verses, which he hid from fear of wounding me, poured forth morbid but too natural bursts of discontent and sadness. One looks back with unspeakable regret and gnawing remorse to such periods; fancying that had one been more alive to the nature of his feelings, and more attentive to soothe them, such would not have existed—and yet enjoying, as he appeared to do, every sight or influence of earth or sky, it was difficult to imagine that any melancholy he showed was aught but the effect of the constant pain to which he was a martyr.

We lived in utter solitude—and such is often not the nurse of cheerfulness; for then, at least with those who have been exposed to adversity, the mind broods over its sorrows too intently; while the society of the enlightened, the witty, and the wise, enables us to forget ourselves by making

\* These letters, together with various essays, translations, and fragments, being the greater portion of the prose writings left by Shelley, are now in the press.—*M. S.*

us the sharers of the thoughts of others, which is a portion of the philosophy of happiness. Shelley never liked society in numbers, it harassed and wearied him; but neither did he like loneliness, and usually when alone sheltered himself against memory and reflection, in a book. But with one or two whom he loved, he gave way to wild and joyous spirits, or in more serious conversation expounded his opinions with vivacity and eloquence. If an argument arose, no man ever argued better—he was clear, logical, and earnest, in supporting his own views; attentive, patient, and impartial, while listening to those on the adverse side. Had not a wall of prejudice been raised at this time between him and his countrymen, how many would have sought the acquaintance of one, whom to know was to love and to revere! how many of the more enlightened of his contemporaries have since regretted that they did not seek him! how very few knew his worth while he lived, and of those few, several were withheld by timidity or envy from declaring their sense of it. But no man was ever more enthusiastically loved—more looked up to as one superior to his fellows in intellectual endowments and moral worth, by the few who knew him well, and had sufficient nobleness of soul to appreciate his superiority. His excellence is now acknowledged; but even while admitted, not duly appreciated. For who, except those who were acquainted with him, can imagine his unwearied benevolence, his generosity, his systematic forbearance? And still less is his vast superiority in intellectual attainments sufficiently understood—his sagacity, his clear understanding, his learning, his prodigious memory; all these, as displayed in conversation, were known to few while he lived, and are now silent in the tomb:

Ahi orbo mondo ingrato,  
Gran cagion hai di dover pianger meco.  
Che quel ben ch'era in te, perduto' hai seco.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXIX.

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### THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY.

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I.

As I lay asleep in Italy,  
There came a voice from over the sea,  
And with great power it forth led me  
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

II.

I met Murder on the way—  
He had a mask like Castlereagh—  
Very smooth he looked, yet grim ;  
Seven bloodhounds followed him :

III.

All were fat ; and well they might  
Be in admirable plight,  
For one by one, and two by two,  
He tossed them human hearts to chew,  
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

IV.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,  
Like Lord E——, an ermine gown ;  
His big tears, for he wept well,  
Turned to mill-stones as they fell ;

V.

And the little children, who  
Round his feet played to and fro,  
Thinking every tear a gem,  
Had their brains knocked out by them.

VI.

Clothed with the bible as with light,  
And the shadow of the night,  
Like S \* \* \* next, Hypocrisy,  
On a crocodile came by.

VII.

And many more Destructions played  
In this ghastly masquerade,  
All disguised, even to the eyes,  
Like bishops, lawyers, peers, or spies.

VIII.

Last came Anarchy ; he rode  
On a white horse splashed with blood ;  
He was pale even to the lips,  
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

IX.

And he wore a kingly crown ;  
In his hand a sceptre shone ;  
On his brow this mark I saw—  
“ I am God, and King, and Law ! ”

X.

With a pace stately and fast,  
Over English land he past,  
Trampling to a mire of blood  
The adoring multitude.

XI.

And a mighty troop around,  
With their trampling shook the ground,  
Waving each a bloody sword,  
For the service of their Lord.

XII.

And, with glorious triumph, they  
Rode through England, proud and gay,  
Drunk as with intoxication  
Of the wine of desolation.

XIII.

O'er fields and towns, from sea to sea,  
Passed the pageant swift and free,  
Tearing up, and trampling down,  
Till they came to London town.

XIV.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,  
Felt his heart with terror sicken,  
Hearing the tremendous ery  
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

XV.

For with pomp to meet him came,  
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,  
The hired murderers who did sing,  
“ Thou art God, and Law, and King.

XVI.

“ We have waited, weak and lone,  
For thy coming, Mighty One !  
Our purses are empty, our swords are cold,  
Give us glory, and blood, and gold.”

## XVII.

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,  
To the earth their pale brows bowed,  
Like a bad prayer not over loud,  
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God!"

## XVIII.

Then all cried with one accord,  
"Thou art King, and Law, and Lord;  
Anarchy, to thee we bow,  
Be thy name made holy now!"

## XIX.

And Anarchy, the skeleton,  
Bowed and grinned to every one,  
As well as if his education  
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

## XX.

For he knew the palaces  
Of our kings were nightly his;  
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,  
And the gold-inwoven robe.

## XXI.

So he sent his slaves before  
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,  
And was proceeding with intent  
To meet his pensioned parliament,

## XXII.

When one fled past, a maniac maid,  
And her name was Hope, she said:  
But she looked more like Despair;  
And she cried out in the air:

## XXIII.

"My father, Time is weak and grey  
With waiting for a better day;  
See how idiot-like he stands,  
Trembling with his palsied hands!"

## XXIV.

"He has had child after child,  
And the dust of death is piled  
Over every one but me—  
Misery! oh, Misery!"

## XXV.

Then she lay down in the street,  
Right before the horses' feet,  
Expecting with a patient eye,  
Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy.

## XXVI.

When between her and her foes  
A mist, a light, an image rose,  
Small at first, and weak and frail  
Like the vapour of the vale:

## XXVII.

Till as clouds grow on the blast,  
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,  
And glare with lightnings as they fly,  
And speak in thunder to the sky,

## XXVIII.

It grew—a shape arrayed in mail  
Brighter than the viper's scale,  
And upborne on wings whose grain  
Was like the light of sunny rain.

## XXIX.

On its helm, seen far away,  
A planet, like the morning's, lay;  
And those plumes it light rained through,  
Like a shower of crimson dew.

## XXX.

With step as soft as wind it passed  
O'er the heads of men—so fast  
That they knew the presence there,  
And looked—and all was empty air.

## XXXI.

As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,  
As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,  
As waves arise when loud winds call,  
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.

## XXXII.

And the prostrate multitude  
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,  
Hope, that maiden most serene,  
Was walking with a quiet mien:

## XXXIII.

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,  
Lay dead earth upon the earth;  
The Horse of Death, tameless as wind,  
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind  
To dust the murderers thronged behind.

## XXXIV.

A rushing light of clouds and splendour,  
A sense, awakening and yet tender,  
Was heard and felt—and at its close  
These words of joy and fear arose:

## XXXV.

As if their own indignant earth,  
Which gave the sons of England birth,  
Had felt their blood upon her brow,  
And shuddering with a mother's throes,

## XXXVI.

Had turned every drop of blood,  
By which her face had been bedewed,  
To an accent unwithstood,  
As if her heart had cried aloud:

## XXXVII.

"Men of England, Heirs of Glory,  
Heroes of unwritten story,  
Nurslings of one mighty mother,  
Hopes of her, and one another!"

## XXXVIII.

"Rise, like lions after slumber,  
In unvanquishable number,  
Shake your chains to earth like dew,  
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.  
Ye are many, they are few.

XXXIX.

"What is Freedom? Ye can tell  
That which Slavery is too well,  
For its very name has grown  
To an echo of your own.

XL.

"Tis to work, and have such pay  
As just keeps life from day to day  
In your limbs as in a cell  
For the tyrants' use to dwell:

XLI.

"So that ye for them are made,  
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade;  
With or without your own will, bent  
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

"Tis to see your children weak  
With their mothers pine and peak,  
When the winter winds are bleak:—  
They are dying whilst I speak.

XLIII.

"Tis to hunger for such diet,  
As the rich man in his riot  
Casts to the fat dogs that lie  
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

XLIV.

"Tis to let the Ghost of Gold  
Take from toil a thousand-fold  
More than e'er its substance could  
In the tyrannies of old:

XLV.

"Paper coin—that forgery  
Of the title deeds, which ye  
Hold to something of the worth  
Of the inheritance of Earth.

XLVI.

"Tis to be a slave in soul,  
And to hold no strong controul  
Over your own wills, but be  
All that others make of ye.

XLVII.

"And at length when ye complain,  
With a murmur weak and vain,  
'Tis to see the tyrant's crew  
Ride over your wives and you:—  
Blood is on the grass like dew!

XLVIII.

"Then it is to feel revenge,  
Fiercely thirsting to exchange  
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong:  
Do not thus when ye are strong!

XLIX.

"Birds find rest in narrow nest,  
When weary of their winged quest;  
Beasts find fare in woody lair,  
When storm and snow are in the air.

L.

"Horses, oxen, have a home,  
When from daily toil they come;  
Household dogs, when the wind roars,  
Find a home within warm doors.

LI.

"Asses, swine, have litter spread,  
And with fitting food are fed;  
All things have a home but one:  
Thou, O Englishman, hast none!

LII.

"This is slavery—savage men,  
Or wild beasts within a den,  
Would endure not as ye do:  
But such ills they never knew.

LIII.

"What art thou, Freedom? Oh! could slaves  
Answer from their living graves  
This demand, tyrants would flee  
Like a dream's dim imagery.

LIV.

"Thou art not, as impostors say,  
A shadow soon to pass away,  
A superstition, and a name  
Echoing from the cave of Fame.

LV.

"For the labourer thou art bread  
And a comely table spread,  
From his daily labour come,  
In a neat and happy home.

LVI.

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food  
Of the trampled multitude:  
No—in countries that are free  
Such starvation cannot be,  
As in England now we see.

LVII.

"To the rich thou art a check;  
When his foot is on the neck  
Of his victim, thou dost make  
That he treads upon a snake.

LVIII.

"Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold  
May thy righteous laws be sold,  
As laws are in England:—thou  
Shieldest alike the high and low.

LIX.

"Thou art Wisdom—freemen never  
Dream that God will doom for ever  
All who think those things untrue,  
Of which priests make such ado.

LX.

"Thou art Peace—never by thee  
Would blood and treasure wasted be,  
As tyrants wasted them, when all  
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

LXI.  
 "What if English toil and blood  
 Was poured forth, even as a flood?  
 It availed,—O Liberty!  
 To dim—but not extinguish thee.

LXII.  
 "Thou art Love—the rich have kist  
 Thy feet; and like him following Christ,  
 Given their substance to the free,  
 And through the rough world followed thee.

LXIII.  
 "Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make  
 War for thy beloved sake,  
 On wealth and war and fraud; whence they  
 Drew the power which is their prey.

LXIV.  
 "Science, and Poetry, and Thought,  
 Are thy lamps; they make the lot  
 Of the dwellers in a cot  
 Such, they curse their maker not.

LXV.  
 "Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,  
 All that can adorn and bless,  
 Art thou: let deeds, not words, express  
 Thine exceeding loveliness.

LXVI.  
 "Let a great assembly be  
 Of the fearless and the free,  
 On some spot of English ground,  
 Where the plains stretch wide around.

LXVII.  
 "Let the blue sky overhead,  
 The green earth on which ye tread,  
 All that must eternal be,  
 Witness the solemnity.

LXVIII.  
 "From the corners uttermost  
 Of the bounds of English coast;  
 From every hut, village, and town,  
 Where those who live and suffer, moan  
 For others' misery, or their own:

LXIX.  
 "From the workhouse and the prison,  
 Where pale as corpses newly risen,  
 Women, children, young, and old,  
 Groan for pain, and weep for cold;

LXX.  
 "From the haunts of daily life,  
 Where is waged the daily strife  
 With common wants and common cares,  
 Which sow the human heart with tares.

LXXI.  
 "Lastly, from the palaces,  
 Where the murmur of distress  
 Echoes, like the distant sound  
 Of a wind, alive around;

LXXII.  
 "Those prison-halls of wealth and fashion,  
 Where some few feel such compassion  
 For those who groan, and toil, and wail,  
 As must make their brethren pale;

LXXIII.  
 "Ye who suffer woes untold,  
 Or to feel, or to behold  
 Your lost country bought and sold  
 With a price of blood and gold.

LXXIV.  
 "Let a vast assembly be,  
 And with great solemnity  
 Declare with ne'er said words, that ye  
 Are, as God has made ye, free.

LXXV.  
 "Be your strong and simple words  
 Keen to wound as sharpened swords,  
 And wide as targets let them be,  
 With their shade to cover ye.

LXXVI.  
 "Let the tyrants pour around  
 With a quick and startling sound,  
 Like the loosening of a sea,  
 Troops of armed emblazonry.

LXXVII.  
 "Let the charged artillery drive,  
 Till the dead air seems alive  
 With the clash of clanging wheels,  
 And the tramp of horses' heels.

LXXVIII.  
 "Let the fixed bayonet  
 Gleam with sharp desire to wet  
 Its bright point in English blood,  
 Looking keen as one for food.

LXXIX.  
 "Let the horsemen's scimitars  
 Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars.  
 Thirsting to eclipse their burning  
 In a sea of death and mourning.

LXXX.  
 "Stand ye calm and resolute,  
 Like a forest close and mute,  
 With folded arms, and looks which are  
 Weapons of an unvanquished war.

LXXXI.  
 "And let Panic, who outspeeds  
 The career of armed steeds,  
 Pass, a disregarded shade,  
 Through your phalanx undismayed.

LXXXII.  
 "Let the laws of your own land,  
 Good or ill, between ye stand,  
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot,  
 Arbiters of the dispute.



LXXXIII.

"The old laws of England—they  
Whose reverend heads with age are grey,  
Children of a wiser day;  
And whose solemn voice must be  
Thine own echo—Liberty!

LXXXIV.

"On those who first should violate  
Such sacred heralds in their state,  
Rest the blood that must ensue;  
And it will not rest on you.

LXXXV.

"And if then the tyrants dare,  
Let them ride among you there;  
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew;  
What they like, that let them do.

LXXXVI.

"With folded arms and steady eyes,  
And little fear, and less surprise,  
Look upon them as they slay,  
Till their rage has died away:

LXXXVII.

"Then they will return with shame,  
To the place from which they came,  
And the blood thus shed will speak  
In hot blushes on their cheek:

LXXXVIII.

"Every woman in the land  
Will point at them as they stand—  
They will hardly dare to greet  
Their acquaintance in the street:

LXXXIX.

"And the bold true warriors,  
Who have hugged danger in the wars,  
Will turn to those who would be free,  
Ashamed of such base company:

XC.

"And that slaughter to the nation  
Shall steam up like inspiration,  
Eloquent, oracular,  
A volcano heard afar:

XCI.

"And these words shall then become  
Like Oppression's thundered doom,  
Ringing through each heart and brain,  
Heard again—again—again!

XCII.

"Rise, like lions after slumber  
In unvanquishable number!  
Shake your chains to earth, like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you:  
Ye are many—they are few!"

## PETER BELL THE THIRD.

BY

MICHING MALLECHO, ESQ.

Is it a party in a parlour,  
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,  
Some sipping punch—some sipping tea ;  
But, as you by their faces see,  
All silent, and all—damned !

*Peter Bell, by W. WORDSWORTH.*

OPHELIA.—What means this, my lord ?

HAMLET.—Marry, this is Miching Mallecho ; it means mischief.  
SHAKESPEARE.

### DEDICATION.

TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQ., THE YOUNGER, H.F.

DEAR TOM,

Allow me to request you to introduce Mr. Peter Bell to the respectable family of the Fudges ; although he may fall short of those very considerable personages in the more active properties which characterize the Rat and the Apostate, I suspect that even you, their historian, will confess that he surpasses them in the more peculiarly legitimate qualification of intolerable dullness.

You know Mr. Examiner Hunt ; well—it was he who presented me to two of the Mr. Bells. My intimacy with the younger Mr. Bell naturally sprung from this introduction to his brothers. And in presenting him to you, I have the satisfaction of being able to assure you that he is considerably the dullest of the three.

There is this particular advantage in an acquaintance with any one of the Peter Bells, that if you know one Peter Bell, you know three Peter Bells ; they are not one, but three ; not three, but one. An awful mystery, which, after having caused torrents of blood, and having been hymned by groans enough to deafen the music of the spheres, is at length illustrated to the satisfaction of all parties in the theological world, by the nature of Mr. Peter Bell.

Peter is a polyhedric Peter, or a Peter with many sides. He changes colours like aameleon, and his coat like a snake. He is a Proteus of a Peter. He was at first sublime, pathetic, impressive, profound ; then dull ; then prosy and dull ; and now dull—O, so very dull ! it is an ultra-legitimate dullness.

You will perceive that it is not necessary to consider Hell and the Devil as supernatural machinery. The whole scene of my epic is in "this world which is"—So Peter informed us before his conversion to *White Obi*—

—The world of all of us, and where  
*We find our happiness, or not at all.*

Let me observe that I have spent six or seven days in composing this sublime piece ; the orb of my moon-like genius has made the fourth part of its revolution round the dull earth which you inhabit, driving you mad, while it has retained its calmness and its splendour, and I have been fitting this its last phase "to occupy a permanent station in the literature of my country."

Your works, indeed, dear Tom, sell better ; but mine are far superior. The public is no judge ; posterity sets all to rights.

Allow me to observe that so much has been written of Peter Bell, that the present history can be considered only, like the Iliad, as a continuation of that series of cyclic poems, which have already been candidates for bestowing immortality upon, at the same time that they receive it from, his character and adventures. In

this point of view, I have violated no rule of syntax in beginning my composition with a conjunction; the full stop which closes the poem continued by me, being, like the full stops at the end of the Iliad and Odyssey, a full stop of a very qualified import.

Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo-Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their

broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians,

I remain, dear Tom,

Yours sincerely

MICHING MALLECHO.

December 1, 1819.

P.S.—Pray excuse the date of place; so soon as the profits of the publication come in, I mean to hire lodgings in a more respectable street.

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PROLOGUE.

PETER BELLS, one, two and three,  
O'er the wide world wandering be.—  
First, the antenatal Peter,  
Wrapt in weeds of the same metre,  
The so long predestined raiment  
Clothed, in which to walk his way meant  
The second Peter; whose ambition  
Is to link the proposition,  
As the mean of two extremes—  
(This was learnt from Aldric's themes)  
Shielding from the guilt of schism  
The orthodoxal syllogism;  
The First Peter—he who was  
Like the shadow in the glass  
Of the second, yet unripe,  
His substantial antitype.—  
Then came Peter Bell the Second,  
Who henceforward must be reckoned  
The body of a double soul,  
And that portion of the whole  
Without which the rest would seem  
Ends of a disjointed dream.—  
And the Third is he who has  
O'er the grave been forced to pass

To the other side, which is,—  
Go and try else,—just like this.

Peter Bell the First was Peter  
Smugger, milder, softer, neater,  
Like the soul before it is  
Born from *that* world into *this*.  
The next Peter Bell was he,  
Predevote, like you and me,  
To good or evil as may come;  
His was the severer doom,—  
For he was an evil Cotter,  
And a polygamic Potter.\*  
And the last is Peter Bell,  
Damned since our first parents fell,  
Damned eternally to Hell—  
Surely he deserves it well!

\* The oldest scholiasts read—

A *dodecagamic* Potter.

This is at once more descriptive and more megalophonous,  
—but the alliteration of the text had captivated the  
vulgar ear of the herd of later commentators.

## PART THE FIRST.

## Death.

AND Peter Bell, when he had been  
 With fresh-imported Hell-fire warmed,  
 Grew serious—from his dress and mien  
 'Twas very plainly to be seen  
 Peter was quite reformed.

His eyes turned up, his mouth turned down ;  
 His accent caught a nasal twang ;  
 He oiled his hair,\* there might be heard  
 The grace of God in every word  
 Which Peter said or sang.

But Peter now grew old, and had  
 An ill no doctor could unravel ;  
 His torments almost drove him mad ;—  
 Some said it was a fever bad—  
 Some swore it was the gravel.

His holy friends then came about,  
 And with long preaching and persuasion,  
 Convinced the patient that, without  
 The smallest shadow of a doubt,  
 He was predestined to damnation.

They said—" Thy name is Peter Bell ;  
 Thy skin is of a brimstone hue ;  
 Alive or dead—aye, sick or well—  
 The one God made to rhyme with hell ;  
 The other, I think, rhymes with you."

Then Peter set up such a yell !—  
 The nurse, who with some water gruel  
 Was climbing up the stairs, as well  
 As her old legs could climb them—fell,  
 And broke them both—the fall was cruel.

The Parson from the casement leapt  
 Into the lake of Windermere—  
 And many an eel—though no adept  
 In God's right reason for it—kept  
 Gnawing his kidneys half a year.

\* To those who have not duly appreciated the distinction between *Whale* and *Russia* oil, this attribute might rather seem to belong to the Dandy than the Evangelic. The effect, when to the windward, is indeed so similar, that it requires a subtle naturalist to discriminate the animals. They belong, however, to distinct genera.

And all the rest rushed through the door,  
 And tumbled over one another,  
 And broke their skulls.—Upon the floor  
 Meanwhile sat Peter Bell, and swore,  
 And cursed his father and his mother ;

And raved of God, and sin, and death,  
 Blaspheming like an infidel ;  
 And said, that with his clenched teeth,  
 He'd seize the earth from underneath,  
 And drag it with him down to hell.

As he was speaking came a spasm,  
 And wrenched his gnashing teeth asunder ;  
 Like one who sees a strange phantasm  
 He lay,—there was a silent chasm  
 Between his upper jaw and under.

And yellow death lay on his face ;  
 And a fixed smile that was not human  
 Told, as I understand the case,  
 That he was gone to the wrong place :—  
 I heard all this from the old woman.

Then there came down from Langdale Pike  
 A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail ;  
 It swept over the mountains like  
 An ocean,—and I heard it strike  
 The woods and crags of Grasmere vale.

And I saw the black storm come  
 Nearer, minute after minute ;  
 Its thunder made the cataracts dumb ;  
 With hiss, and clash, and hollow hum,  
 It neared as if the Devil was in it.

The Devil *was* in it :—he had bought  
 Peter for half-a-crown ; and when  
 The storm which bore him vanished, nought  
 That in the house that storm had caught  
 Was ever seen again.

The gaping neighbours came next day—  
 They found all vanished from the shore :  
 The Bible, whence he used to pray,  
 Half scorched under a hen-coop lay ;  
 Smashed glass—and nothing more !

## PART THE SECOND.

*The Devil.*

THE DEVIL, I safely can aver,  
Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting ;  
Nor is he, as some sages swear,  
A spirit, neither here nor there,  
In nothing—yet in everything.

He is—what we are ; for sometimes  
The Devil is a gentleman ;  
At others a bard bartering rhymes  
For sack ; a statesman spinning crimes ;  
A swindler, living as he can ;

A thief, who cometh in the night,  
With whole boots and net pantaloons,  
Like some one whom it were not right  
To mention ;—or the luckless wight,  
From whom he steals nine silver spoons.

But in this case he did appear  
Like a slop-merchant from Wapping,  
And with smug face, and eye severe,  
On every side did perk and peer  
Till he saw Peter dead or napping.

He had on an upper Benjamin  
(For he was of the driving schism)  
In the which he wrapt his skin  
From the storm he travelled in,  
For fear of rheumatism.

He called the ghost out of the corse ;—  
It was exceedingly like Peter,—  
Only its voice was hollow and hoarse—  
It had a queerish look of course—  
Its dress too was a little neater.

The Devil knew not his name and lot ;  
Peter knew not that he was Bell :  
Each had an upper stream of thought,  
Which made all seem as it was not ;  
Fitting itself to all things well.

Peter thought he had parents dear,  
Brothers, sisters, cousins, cronies,  
In the fens of Lincolnshire ;  
He perhaps had found them there  
Had he gone and boldly shown his

Solemn phiz in his own village ;  
Where he thought oft when a boy  
He'd clomb the orchard walls to pillage  
The produce of his neighbour's tillage,  
With marvellous pride and joy.

And the Devil thought he had,  
'Mid the misery and confusion  
Of an unjust war, just made  
A fortune by the gainful trade  
Of giving soldiers rations bad—  
The world is full of strange delusion.

That he had a mansion planned  
In a square like Grosvenor-square,  
That he was aping fashion, and  
That he now came to Westmorland  
To see what was romantic there.

And all this, though quite ideal,—  
Ready at a breath to vanish,—  
Was a state not more unreal  
Than the peace he could not feel,  
Or the care he could not banish.

After a little conversation,  
The Devil told Peter, if he chose,  
He'd bring him to the world of fashion  
By giving him a situation  
In his own service—and new clothes.

And Peter bowed, quite pleased and proud,  
And after waiting some few days  
For a new livery—dirty yellow  
Turned up with black—the wretched fellow  
Was bowled to Hell in the Devil's chaise.

## PART THE THIRD.

## Hell.

HELL is a city much like London—  
 A populous and a smoky city ;  
 There are all sorts of people undone,  
 And there is little or no fun done ;  
 Small justice shown, and still less pity.

There is a Castles, and a Canning,  
 A Cobbett, and a Castlereagh ;  
 All sorts of caitiff corpses planning,  
 All sorts of cozening for trepanning  
 Corpses less corrupt than they.

There is a \* \* \*, who has lost  
 His wits, or sold them, none knows which ;  
 He walks about a double ghost,  
 And though as thin as Fraud almost—  
 Ever grows more grim and rich.

There is a Chancery Court ; a King ;  
 A manufacturing mob ; a set  
 Of thieves who by themselves are sent  
 Similar thieves to represent ;  
 An army ; and a public debt.

Which last is a scheme of paper money,  
 And means—being interpreted—  
 Bees, “ keep your wax—give us the honey,  
 And we will plant, while skies are sunny,  
 Flowers, which in winter serve instead.”

There is great talk of revolution—  
 And a great chance of despotism—  
 German soldiers—camps—confusion—  
 Tumults—lotteries—rage—delusion—  
 Gin—suicide—and methodism.

Taxes too, on wine and bread,  
 And meat, and beer, and tea, and cheese,  
 From which those patriots pure are fed,  
 Who gorge before they reel to bed  
 The tenfold essence of all these,

There are mincing women, mewing,  
 (Like cats, who *amant misère*,\*)  
 Of their own virtue, and pursuing  
 Their gentler sisters to that ruin,  
 Without which—what were chastity.†

\* One of the attributes in Linnæus's description of the Cat. To a similar cause the caterwauling of more than one species of this genus is to be referred ;—except, indeed, that the poor quadruped is compelled to quarrel with its own pleasures, whilst the biped is supposed only to quarrel with those of others.

† What would this husk and excuse for a virtue be

Lawyers—judges—old hobnobbers  
 Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—  
 Bishops—great and little robbers—  
 Rhymesters—pamphleteers—stock-jobbers—  
 Men of glory in the wars,—

Things whose trade is, over ladies  
 To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,  
 Till all that is divine in woman  
 Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,  
 Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

Thrusting, toiling, wailing, moiling,  
 Frowning, preaching—such a riot !  
 Each with never-ceasing labour,  
 Whilst he thinks he cheats his neighbour,  
 Cheating his own heart of quiet.

And all these meet at levees ;—  
 Dinners convivial and political ;—  
 Suppers of epic poets ;—teas,  
 Where small talk dies in agonies ;—  
 Breakfasts professional and critical ;

Lunches and snacks so aldermanic  
 That one would furnish forth ten dinners,  
 Where reigns a Cretan-tongued panic,  
 Lost news Russ, Dutch, or Alemannic  
 Should make some losers, and some winners

At conversazioni—balls—  
 Conventicles—and drawing-rooms—  
 Courts of law—committees—calls  
 Of a morning—clubs—book-stalls—  
 Churches—masquerades—and tombs.

And this is Hell—and in this smother  
 All are damnable and damned ;  
 Each one damning, damns the other ;  
 They are damned by one another,  
 By none other are they damned.

'Tis a lie to say, “ God damns !” \*  
 Where was Heaven's Attorney General  
 When they first gave out such flames ?  
 Let there be an end of shams,  
 They are mines of poisonous mineral.

without its kernel prostitution, or the kernel prostitution without this husk of a virtue ? I wonder the women of the town do not form an association, like the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for the support of what may be called the “ King, Church, and Constitution ” of their order. But this subject is almost too horrible for a joke.

\* This libel on our national oath, and this accusation of

Statesmen damn themselves to be  
 Cursed ; and lawyers damn their souls  
 To the auction of a fee ;  
 Churchmen damn themselves to see  
 God's sweet love in burning coals.

The rich are damned, beyond all cure,  
 To taunt, and starve, and trample on  
 The weak and wretched ; and the poor  
 Damn their broken hearts to endure  
 Stripe on stripe, with groan on groan.

Sometimes the poor are damned indeed  
 To take,—not means for being blest,—  
 But Cobbett's snuff, revenge ; that weed  
 From which the worms that it doth feed  
 Squeeze less than they before possessed.

And some few, like we know who,  
 Damned—but God alone knows why—  
 To believe their minds are given  
 To make this ugly Hell a Heaven ;  
 In which faith they live and die.

Thus, as in a town, plague-stricken,  
 Each man be he sound or no  
 Must indifferently sicken ;  
 As when day begins to thicken,  
 None knows a pigeon from a crow,—

So good and bad, sane and mad,  
 The oppressor and the oppressed ;  
 Those who weep to see what others  
 Smile to inflict upon their brothers ;  
 Lovers, haters, worst and best ;

All are damned—they breathe an air,  
 Thick, infected, joy-dispelling ;  
 Each pursues what seems most fair,  
 Mining like moles, through mind, and there  
 Scoop palace-caverns vast, where Care  
 In throned state is ever dwelling.

---

PART THE FOURTH.

Sir.

Lo, Peter in Hell's Grosvenor-square,  
 A footman in the devil's service !  
 And the misjudging world would swear  
 That every man in service there  
 To virtue would prefer vice.

But Peter, though now damned, was not  
 What Peter was before damnation.  
 Men oftentimes prepare a lot  
 Which ere it finds them, is not what  
 Suits with their genuine station.

All things that Peter saw and felt  
 Had a peculiar aspect to him ;  
 And when they came within the belt  
 Of his own nature, seemed to melt,  
 Like cloud to cloud, into him.

And so the outward world uniting  
 To that within him, he became  
 Considerably uninventing  
 To those, who meditation slighting,  
 Were moulded in a different frame.

And he scorned them, and they scorned him ;  
 And he scorned all they did ; and they  
 Did all that men of their own trim  
 Are wont to do to please their whim,  
 Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

Such were his fellow-servants ; thus  
 His virtue, like our own, was built  
 Too much on that indignant fuss  
 Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us  
 To bully out another's guilt.

He had a mind which was somehow  
 At once circumference and centre  
 Of all he might or feel or know ;  
 Nothing went ever out, although  
 Something did ever enter.

He had as much imagination  
 As a pint-pot ;—he never could  
 Fancy another situation,  
 From which to dart his contemplation,  
 Than that wherein he stood.

Yet his was individual mind,  
 And new created all he saw  
 In a new manner, and refined  
 Those new creations, and combined  
 Them, by a master-spirit's law.

Thus—though unimaginative—  
 An apprehension clear, intense,  
 Of his mind's work, had made alive  
 The things it wrought on ; I believe  
 Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift  
 To be a kind of moral eunuch,  
 He touched the hem of nature's shift,  
 Felt faint—and never dared uplift  
 The closest, all-concealing tunic.

---

all our countrymen of being in the daily practice of solemnly asseverating the most enormous falsehood, I fear deserves the notice of a more active Attorney General than that here alluded to.

She laughed the while, with an arch smile,  
 And kissed him with a sister's kiss,  
 And said—" My best Diogenes,  
 I love you well—but, if you please,  
 Tempt not again my deepest bliss.

" 'Tis you are cold—for I, not coy,  
 Yield love for love, frank, warm and true ;  
 And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy—  
 His errors prove it—knew my joy  
 More, learned friend, than you.

" *Bocca bacciata non perde ventura  
 Anzi rinnova come fa la luna :—*  
 So thought Boccaccio, whose sweet words might  
 cure a  
 Male prude, like you, from what you now  
 endure, a  
 Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant laguna."

Then Peter rubbed his eyes severe,  
 And smoothed his spacious forehead down,  
 With his broad palm ;—'twixt love and fear,  
 He looked, as he no doubt felt, queer,  
 And in his dream sate down.

The Devil was no uncommon creature ;  
 A leaden-witted thief—just huddled  
 Out of the dross and scum of nature ;  
 A toad-like lump of limb and feature,  
 With mind, and heart, and fancy muddled.

He was that heavy, dull, cold thing,  
 The spirit of evil well may be :  
 A drone too base to have a sting ;  
 Who gluts, and grimes his lazy wing,  
 And calls lust, luxury.

Now he was quite the kind of wight  
 Round whom collect, at a fixed æra,  
 Venison, turtle, hock, and claret,—  
 Good cheer—and those who come to share it—  
 And best East Indian madeira !

It was his fancy to invite  
 Men of science, wit, and learning,  
 Who came to lend each other light ;  
 He proudly thought that his gold's might  
 Had set those spirits burning.

And men of learning, science, wit,  
 Considered him as you and I  
 Think of some rotten tree, and sit  
 Lounging and dining under it,  
 Exposed to the wide sky.

And all the while, with loose fat smile,  
 The willing wretch sat winking there,  
 Believing 'twas his power that made  
 That jovial scene—and that all paid  
 Homage to his unnoticed chair.

Though to be sure this place was Hell ;  
 He was the Devil—and all they—  
 What though the claret circled well,  
 And wit, like ocean, rose and fell ?—  
 Were damned eternally.

## PART THE FIFTH.

### Grace.

AMONG the guests who often staid  
 Till the Devil's petits-soupers,  
 A man there came, fair as a maid,  
 And Peter noted what he said,  
 Standing behind his master's chair.

He was a mighty poet—and  
 A subtle-souled psychologist ;  
 All things he seemed to understand,  
 Of old or new—of sea or land—  
 But his own mind—which was a mist.

This was a man who might have turned  
 Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness  
 A Heaven unto himself have earned ;  
 But he in shadows undiscerned  
 Trusted,—and damned himself to madness.

He spoke of poetry, and how  
 " Divine it was—a light—a love—  
 A spirit which like wind doth blow  
 As it listeth, to and fro ;  
 A dew rained down from God above.

" A power which comes and goes like dream,  
 And which none can ever trace— [beam."  
 Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest  
 And when he ceased there lay the gleam  
 Of those words upon his face.

Now Peter, when he heard such talk,  
 Would, heedless of a broken pate,  
 Stand like a man asleep, or baulk  
 Some wishing guest of knife or fork,  
 Or drop and break his master's plate.

At night he oft would start and wake  
 Like a lover, and began  
 In a wild measure songs to make  
 On moor, and glen, and rocky lake,  
 And on the heart of man.

And on the universal sky—  
 And the wide earth's bosom green,—  
 And the sweet, strange mystery  
 Of what beyond these things may lie,  
 And yet remain unseen.



For in his thought he visited  
The spots in which, ere dead and damned,  
He his wayward life had led;  
Yet knew not whence the thoughts were fed,  
Which thus his fancy crammed.

And these obscure remembrances  
Stirred such harmony in Peter,  
That whensoever he should please,  
He could speak of rocks and trees  
In poetic metre.

For though it was without a sense  
Of memory, yet he remembered well  
Many a ditch and quick-set fence;  
Of lakes he had intelligence,  
He knew something of heath, and fell.

He had also dim recollections  
Of pedlars tramping on their rounds;  
Milk-pans and pails; and odd collections  
Of saws, and proverbs; and reflections  
Old parsons make in burying-grounds.

But Peter's verse was clear, and came  
Announcing from the frozen hearth  
Of a cold age, that none might tame  
The soul of that diviner flame  
It augured to the Earth.

Like gentle rains, on the dry plains,  
Making that green which late was grey,  
Or like the sudden moon, that stains  
Some gloomy chamber's window panes  
With a broad light like day.

For language was in Peter's hand,  
Like clay, while he was yet a potter;  
And he made songs for all the land,  
Sweet both to feel and understand,  
As pikins late to mountain Cotter.

And Mr. ———, the bookseller,  
Gave twenty pounds for some;—then  
scorning  
A footman's yellow coat to wear,  
Peter, too proud of heart, I fear,  
Instantly gave the Devil warning.

Whereat the Devil took offence,  
And swore in his soul a great oath then,  
"That for his damned impertinence,  
He'd bring him to a proper sense  
Of what was due to gentlemen!"—

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## PART THE SIXTH.

### Damnation.

"O THAT mine enemy had written  
A book!"—cried Job:—a fearful curse;  
If to the Arab, as the Briton,  
'Twas galling to be critic-bitten:—  
The Devil to Peter wished no worse.

When Peter's next new book found vent,  
The devil to all the first Reviews  
A copy of it silyly sent,  
With five-pound note as compliment,  
And this short notice—"Pray abuse."

Then *seriatim*, month and quarter,  
Appeared such mad tirades.—One said—  
"Peter seduced Mrs. Foy's daughter,  
Then drowned the mother in Ullswater,  
The last thing as he went to bed."

Another—"Let him shave his head!  
Where's Dr. Willis?—Or is he joking?  
What does the rascal mean or hope,  
No longer imitating Pope,  
In that barbarian Shakspeare poking?"

One more, "Is incest not enough?  
And must there be adultery too?  
Grace after meat? Miscreant and Liar!  
Thief! Blackguard! Scoundrel! Fool! Hell-fire  
Is twenty times too good for you.

"By that last book of yours we think  
You've double damned yourself to scorn;  
We warned you whilst yet on the brink  
You stood. From your black name will shrink  
The babe that is unborn."

All these Reviews the Devil made  
Up in a parcel, which he had  
Safe to Peter's house conveyed.  
For carriage, ten-pence Peter paid—  
Untied them—read them—went half mad.

"What!" cried he, "this is my reward  
For nights of thought, and days of toil!  
Do poets, but to be abhorred  
By men of whom they never heard,  
Consume their spirits' oil!

"What have I done to them?—and who  
Is Mrs. Foy? 'Tis very cruel  
To speak of me and Emma so!  
Adultery! God defend me! Oh!  
I've half a mind to fight a duel.

"Or," cried he, a grave look collecting,  
"Is it my genius, like the moon,  
Sets those who stand her face inspecting,  
That face within their brain reflecting,  
Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune?"

For Peter did not know the town,  
But thought, as country readers do,  
For half a guinea or a crown,  
He bought oblivion or renown  
From God's own voice \* in a review.

All Peter did on this occasion  
Was, writing some sad stuff in prose.  
It is a dangerous invasion  
When poets criticise ; their station  
Is to delight, not pose.

The Devil then sent to Leipsic fair,  
For Born's translation of Kant's book ;  
A world of words, tail foremost, where  
Right—wrong—false—true—and foul—and fair,  
As in a lottery-wheel are shook.

Five thousand crammed octavo pages  
Of German psychologies,—he  
Who his *furor verborum* assuages  
Thereon, deserves just seven months' wages  
More than will e'er be due to me.

I looked on them nine several days,  
And then I saw that they were bad ;  
A friend, too, spoke in their dispraise,—  
He never read them ;—with amaze  
I found Sir William Drummond had.

When the book came, the Devil sent  
It to P. Verbovale,† Esquire,  
With a brief note of compliment,  
By that night's Carlisle mail. It went,  
And set his soul on fire.

Fire, which *ex luce præbens fumum*,  
Made him beyond the bottom see  
Of truth's clear well—when I and you Ma'am,  
Go, as we shall do, *subter humum*,  
We may know more than he.

Now Peter ran to seed in soul  
Into a walking paradox ;  
For he was neither part nor whole,  
Nor good, nor bad—nor knave nor fool,  
—Among the woods and rocks.

Furious he rode, where late he ran,  
Lashing and spurring his tame hobby ;  
Turned to a formal puritan,  
A solemn and unsexual man,—  
He half believed *White Obi*.

This steed in vision he would ride,  
High trotting over nine-inch bridges,  
With Flibbertigibbet, imp of pride,  
Mocking and mowing by his side—  
A mad-brained goblin for a guide—  
Over corn-fields, gates, and hedges.

\* *Vox populi, vox dei*. As Mr. Godwin truly observes of a more famous saying, of some merit as a popular maxim, but totally destitute of philosophical accuracy.

† Quasi, *Qui valet verba* :—i. e. all the words which have been, are, or may be expended by, for, against, with, or on him. A sufficient proof of the utility of this history. Peter's progenitor who selected this name seems to have possessed a pure anticipated cognition of the nature and modesty of this ornament of his posterity.

After these ghastly rides, he came  
Home to his heart, and found from thence  
Much stolen of its accustom'd flame ;  
His thoughts grew weak, drowsy, and lame  
Of their intelligence.

To Peter's view, all seemed one hue ;  
He was no whig, he was no tory ;  
No Deist and no Christian he ;—  
He got so subtle, that to be  
Nothing, was all his glory.

One single point in his belief  
From his organisation sprung,  
The heart-enrooted faith, the chief  
Ear in his doctrines' blighted sheaf,  
That "happiness is wrong ;"

So thought Calvin and Dominic ;  
So think their fierce successors, who  
Even now would neither stint nor stick  
Our flesh from off our bones to pick,  
If they might "do their do."

His morals thus were undermined :—  
The old Peter—the hard, old Potter  
Was born anew within his mind ;  
He grew dull, harsh, sly, unrefined,  
As when he tramped beside the Otter \*.

In the death hues of agony  
Lambently flashing from a fish,  
Now Peter felt amused to see  
Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,  
Mixed with a certain hungry wish.†

So in his Country's dying face  
He looked—and lovely as she lay,  
Seeking in vain his last embrace,  
Wailing her own abandoned case,  
With hardened sneer he turned away :

And coolly to his own soul said ;—  
"Do you not think that we might make  
A poem on her when she's dead :—  
Or, no—a thought is in my head—  
Her shroud for a new sheet I'll take.

"My wife wants one.—Let who will bury  
This mangled corpse ! And I and you,  
My dearest Soul, will then make merry,  
As the Prince Regent did with Sherry,—  
Ay—and at last desert me too."

\* A famous river in the new Atlantis of the Dynastophytic Pantisocratisists.

† See the description of the beautiful colours produced during the agonising death of a number of trout, in the fourth part of a long poem in blank verse, published within a few years. That poem contains curious evidence of the gradual hardening of a strong but circumscribed sensibility, of the perversion of a penetrating but panic-stricken understanding. The author might have derived a lesson which he had probably forgotten from these sweet and sublime verses.

This lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

‡ Nature.

And so his Soul would not be gay,  
But moaned within him ; like a fawn  
Moaning within a cave, it lay  
Wounded and wasting, day by day,  
Till all its life of life was gone.

As troubled skies stain waters clear,  
The storm in Peter's heart and mind  
Now made his verses dark and queer :  
They were the ghosts of what they were,  
Shaking dim grave-clothes in the wind.

For he now raved enormous folly,  
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and Graves,  
'Twould make George Colman melancholy,  
To have heard him, like a male Molly,  
Chaunting those stupid staves.

Yet the Reviews, who heaped abuse  
On Peter while he wrote for freedom,  
So soon as in his song they spy,  
The folly which soothes tyranny,  
Praise him, for those who feed 'em.

"He was a man, too great to scan ;—  
A planet lost in truth's keen rays :—  
His virtue, awful and prodigious ;—  
He was the most sublime, religious,  
Pure-minded Poet of these days."

As soon as he read that, cried Peter,  
"Eureka ! I have found the way  
To make a better thing of metre  
Than e'er was made by living creature  
Up to this blessed day."

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil ;—  
In one of which he meekly said :  
"May Carnage and Slaughter,  
Thy niece and thy daughter,  
May Rapine and Famine,  
Thy gorge ever cramming,  
Glut thee with living and dead !

"May death and damnation,  
And consternation,  
Flit up from hell with pure intent !  
Slash them at Manchester,  
Glasgow, Leeds and Chester ;  
Drench all with blood from Avon to Trent.

"Let thy body-guard yeomen  
Hew down babes and women,  
And laugh with bold triumph till Heaven  
be rent,  
When Moloch in Jewry,  
Munched children with fury,  
It was thou, Devil, dining with pure intent."\*

## PART THE SEVENTH.

### Double Damnation.

THE Devil now knew his proper cue.—  
Soon as he read the ode, he drove  
To his friend Lord Mac Murderhouse's,  
A man of interest in both houses,  
And said :—"For money or for love,

"Pray find some cure or sinecure ;  
To feed from the superfluous taxes,  
A friend of ours—a poet—fewer  
Have fluttered tamer to the lure  
Than he." His lordship stands and racks his

Stupid brains, while one might count  
As many beads as he had boroughs,—  
At length replies ; from his mean front,  
Like one who rubs out an account,  
Smoothing away the unmeaning furrows :

"It happens fortunately, dear Sir,  
I can. I hope I need require  
No pledge from you, that he will stir  
In our affairs ;—like Oliver,  
That he'll be worthy of his hire."

These words exchanged, the news sent off  
To Peter, home the Devil hied,—  
Took to his bed ; he had no cough,  
No doctor,—meat and drink enough,—  
Yet that same night he died.

The Devil's corpse was leaded down ;  
His decent heirs enjoyed his pelf,  
Mourning-coaches, many a one,  
Followed his hearse along the town :—  
Where was the devil himself ?

When Peter heard of his promotion,  
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss :  
There was a bow of sleek devotion,  
Engendering in his back ; each motion  
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.

He hired a house, bought plate, and made  
A genteel drive up to his door,  
With sifted gravel neatly laid,—  
As if defying all who said,  
Peter was ever poor.

\* It is curious to observe how often extremes meet. Cobbett and Peter use the same language for a different purpose: Peter is indeed a sort of metrical Cobbett. Cobbett is, however, more mischievous than Peter, because he pollutes a holy and now unconquerable cause with the principles of legitimate murder; whilst the other only makes a bad one ridiculous and odious.

If either Peter or Cobbett should see this note, each will feel more indignation at being compared to the other than at any censure implied in the moral perversion laid to their charge.

But a disease soon struck into  
 The very life and soul of Peter—  
 He walked about—slept—had the hue  
 Of health upon his cheeks—and few  
 Dug better—none a heartier eater.

And yet a strange and horrid curse  
 Clung upon Peter, night and day,  
 Month after month the thing grew worse,  
 And deadlier than in this my verse,  
 I can find strength to say.

Peter was dull—he was at first  
 Dull—O, so dull—so very dull !  
 Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed—  
 Still with this dulness was he cursed—  
 Dull—beyond all conception—dull.

No one could read his books—no mortal,  
 But a few natural friends, would hear him ;  
 The parson came not near his portal ;  
 His state was like that of the immortal  
 Described by Swift—no man could bear him.

His sister, wife, and children yawned,  
 With a long, slow, and drear ennuï,  
 All human patience far beyond ;  
 Their hopes of Heaven each would have pawned,  
 Any where else to be.

But in his verse, and in his prose,  
 The essence of his dulness was  
 Concentred and compressed so close,  
 'Twould have made Guatimozin doze  
 On his red gridiron of brass.

A printer's boy, folding those pages,  
 Fell slumbrously upon one side ;  
 Like those famed seven who slept three ages,  
 To wakeful frenzy's vigil rages,  
 As opiates, were the same applied.

Even the Reviewers who were hired  
 To do the work of his reviewing,  
 With adamantine nerves, grew tired ;—  
 Gaping and torpid they retired,  
 To dream of what they should be doing.

And worse and worse, the drowsy curse  
 Yawned in him, till it grew a pest—  
 A wide contagious atmosphere,  
 Creeping like cold through all things near ;  
 A power to infect and to infest.

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull ;  
 His kitten, late a sportive elf,  
 The woods and lakes, so beautiful,  
 Of dim stupidity were full,  
 All grew dull as Peter's self.

The earth under his feet—the springs,  
 Which lived within it a quick life,  
 The air, the winds of many wings,  
 That fan it with new murmurings,  
 Were dead to their harmonious strife.

The birds and beasts within the wood,  
 The insects, and each creeping thing,  
 Were now a silent multitude ;  
 Love's work was left unwrought—no brood  
 Near Peter's house took wing.

And every neighbouring cottager  
 Stupidly yawned upon the other :  
 No jack-ass brayed ; no little cur  
 Cocked up his ears ;—no man would stir  
 To save a dying mother.

Yet all from that charmed district went  
 But some half-idiot and half-knave,  
 Who rather than pay any rent,  
 Would live with marvellous content,  
 Over his father's grave.

No bailiff dared within that space,  
 For fear of the dull charm, to enter ;  
 A man would bear upon his face,  
 For fifteen months in any case,  
 The yawn of such a venture.

Seven miles above—below—around—  
 This pest of dulness holds its sway ;  
 A ghastly life without a sound ;  
 To Peter's soul the spell is bound—  
 How should it ever pass away ?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LINES,

WRITTEN DURING THE CASTLEREAGH  
ADMINISTRATION.

CORPSES are cold in the tomb,  
Stones on the pavement are dumb,  
Abortions are dead in the womb,  
And their mothers look pale—like the white shore  
Of Albion, free no more.

Her sons are as stones in the way—  
They are masses of senseless clay—  
They are trodden and move not away,—  
The abortion, with which she travaileth,  
Is Liberty—smitten to death.

Then trample and dance, thou Oppressor,  
For thy Victim is no redressor,  
Thou art sole lord and possessor  
Of her corpses, and clods, and abortions—they pave  
Thy path to the grave.

Hearst thou the festival din,  
Of death, and destruction, and sin,  
And wealth, crying Havoc ! within—  
'Tis the Bacchanal triumph, which makes truth  
Thine Epithalamium. [dumb,

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife !  
Let fear, and disquiet, and strife  
Spread thy couch in the chamber of life,  
Marry Ruin, thou tyrant ! and God be thy guide  
To the bed of the bride.

## SONG

TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England, wherefore plough  
For the lords who lay ye low ?  
Wherefore weave with toil and care,  
The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
From the cradle to the grave,  
Those ungrateful drones who would  
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood !

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
That these stingless drones may spoil  
The forced produce of your toil ?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm !  
Or what is it ye buy so dear  
With your pain and with your fear !

The seed ye sow, another reaps ;  
The wealth ye find, another keeps ;  
The robes ye weave, another wears ;  
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap ;  
Find wealth,—let no impostor heap ;  
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear ;  
Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells ;  
In halls ye deck, another dwells.  
Why shake the chains ye wrought ? Ye see  
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
England be your sepulchre.

## SIMILES,

FOR TWO POLITICAL CHARACTERS OF 1819.

As from an ancestral oak  
Two empty ravens sound their clarion,  
Yell by yell, and croak by croak,  
When they scent the noonday smoke  
Of fresh human carrion :—

As two gibbering night-birds flit,  
From their bowers of deadly hue,  
Through the night to frighten it,  
When the morn is in a fit,  
And the stars are none or few :—

As a shark and dog-fish wait  
Under an Atlantic isle,  
For the negro-ship, whose freight  
Is the theme of their debate,  
Wrinkling their red gills the while—

Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,  
Two scorpions under one wet stone,  
Two bloodless wolves whose dry throats rattle,  
Two crows perched on the murrained cattle,  
Two vipers tangled into one.

## AN ODE,

TO THE ASSERTORS OF LIBERTY.

ARISE, arise, arise !

There is blood on the earth that denies ye bread ;  
 Be your wounds like eyes  
 To weep for the dead, the dead, the dead.  
 What other grief were it just to pay ?  
 Your sons, your wives, your brethren, were they ;  
 Who said they were slain on the battle day !

Awaken, awaken, awaken !

The slave and the tyrant are twin-born foes ;  
 Be the cold chains shaken  
 To the dust, where your kindred repose, repose :  
 Their bones in the grave will start and move,  
 When they hear the voices of those they love,  
 Most loud in the holy combat above.

Wave, wave high the banner !

When Freedom is riding to conquest by :  
 Though the slaves that fan her  
 Be famine and toil, giving sigh for sigh.  
 And ye who attend her imperial car,  
 Lift not your hands in the banded war,  
 But in her defence whose children ye are.

Glory, glory, glory,

To those who have greatly suffered and done !  
 Never name in story

Was greater than that which ye shall have won.  
 Conquerors have conquered their foes alone,  
 Whose revenge, pride, and power, they have over-  
 thrown :  
 Ride ye, more victorious, over your own.

Bind, bind every brow

With crownals of violet, ivy, and pine :  
 Hide the blood-stains now

With hues which sweet nature has made divine,  
 Green strength, azure hope, and eternity.  
 But let not the pansy among them be ;  
 Ye were injured, and that means memory.

## ENGLAND IN 1819.

An old, mad, blind, despised, and dying king,—  
 Princes, the dregs of their dull race, who flow  
 Through public scorn—mud from a muddy  
 spring,—  
 Rulers, who neither see, nor feel, nor know,  
 But leech-like to their fainting country cling,  
 Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow,—  
 A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,—  
 An army, which liberticide and prey  
 Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield,  
 Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay,—  
 Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed ;  
 A Senate—Time's worst statute unrepealed,—  
 Are graves, from which a glorious Phantom may  
 Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day.

## ODE TO HEAVEN.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

PALACE-ROOF of cloudless nights !  
 Paradise of golden lights !  
 Deep, immeasurable, vast,  
 Which art now, and which wert then !  
 Of the present and the past,  
 Of the eternal where and when,  
 Presence-chamber, temple, home,  
 Ever-canopying dome,  
 Of acts and ages yet to come !

Glorious shapes have life in thee,  
 Earth, and all earth's company ;  
 Living globes which ever throng  
 Thy deep chasms and wildernesses ;  
 And green worlds that glide along ;  
 And swift stars with flashing tresses ;  
 And icy moons most cold and bright,  
 And mighty suns beyond the night,  
 Atoms of intensest light.

Even thy name is as a god,  
 Heaven ! for thou art the abode  
 Of that power which is the glass  
 Wherein man his nature sees.  
 Generations as they pass  
 Worship thee with bended knees.  
 Their unremaining gods and they  
 Like a river roll away ;  
 Thou remainest such always.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Thou art but the mind's first chamber,  
 Round which its young fancies clamber,  
 Like weak insects in a cave,  
 Lighted up by stalactites ;  
 But the portal of the grave,  
 Where a world of new delights  
 Will make thy best glories seem  
 But a dim and noonday gleam  
 From the shadow of a dream !

THIRD SPIRIT.

Peace ! the abyss is wreathed with scorn  
 At your presumption, atom-born !  
 What is heaven ! and what are ye  
 Who its brief expanse inherit ?  
 What are suns and spheres which flee  
 With the instinct of that spirit  
 Of which ye are but a part ?  
 Drops which Nature's mighty heart  
 Drives through thinnest veins. Depart !

What is heaven ? a globe of dew,  
 Filling in the morning new  
 Some eyed flower, whose young leaves waken  
 On an unimagined world :  
 Constellated suns unshaken,  
 Orbits measureless, are furled  
 In that frail and fading sphere,  
 With ten millions gathered there,  
 To tremble, gleam, and disappear.

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND.\*

## I.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;  
Destroyer and preserver ; hear, oh hear !

## II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's com-  
motion,  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the doom of a vast sepulchre,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh hear!

## III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baix's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

\*This poem was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset, with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions.

The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathises with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them ! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves : Oh hear !

## IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh ! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !  
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

## V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :  
What if my leaves are falling like its own !  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,  
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth ;  
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

## AN EXHORTATION.

CAMELEONS feed on light and air :

Poets' food is love and fame :  
If in this wide world of care

Poets could but find the same  
With as little toil as they,

Would they ever change their hue  
As the light cameleons do,

Suiting it to every ray  
Twenty times a-day ?

Poets are on this cold earth,  
 As cameleons might be,  
 Hidden from their early birth  
 In a cave beneath the sea ;  
 Where light is, cameleons change !  
 Where love is not, poets do :  
 Fame is love disguised : if few  
 Find either, never think it strange  
 That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power  
 A poet's free and heavenly mind :  
 If bright cameleons should devour  
 Any food but beams and wind,  
 They would grow as earthly soon  
 As their brother lizards are.  
 Children of a sunnier star,  
 Spirits from beyond the moon,  
 Oh, refuse the boon !

---

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

(With what truth I may say—  
 Roma ! Roma ! Roma !  
 Non è piu come era prima !)

My lost William, thou in whom  
 Some bright spirit lived, and did  
 That decaying robe consume  
 Which its lustre faintly hid,  
 Here its ashes find a tomb,  
 But beneath this pyramid  
 Thou art not—if a thing divine  
 Like thee can die, thy funeral shrine  
 Is thy mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child ?  
 Let me think thy spirit feeds,  
 Within its life intense and mild,  
 The love of living leaves and weeds,  
 Among these tombs and ruins wild ;—  
 Let me think that through low seeds  
 Of the sweet flowers and sunny grass,  
 Into their hues and scents may pass,  
 A portion—

June, 1819.

ON

THE MEDUSA OF LEONARDO DA VINCI,  
 IN THE FLORENTINE GALLERY.

It lieth, gazing on the midnight sky,  
 Upon the cloudy mountain peak supine ;  
 Below, far lands are seen tremblingly ;  
 Its horror and its beauty are divine.  
 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie  
 Loveliness like a shadow, from which shrine,  
 Fiery and lurid, struggling underneath,  
 The agonies of anguish and of death.

Yet it is less the horror than the grace  
 Which turns the gazer's spirit into stone ;  
 Whereon the lineaments of that dead face  
 Are graven, till the characters be grown  
 Into itself, and thought no more can trace ;  
 'Tis the melodious hue of beauty thrown  
 Athwart the darkness and the glare of pain,  
 Which humanize and harmonize the strain.

And from its head as from one body grow,  
 As [ ] grass out of a watery rock,  
 Hairs which are vipers, and they curl and flow,  
 And their long tangles in each other lock,  
 And with unending involutions show  
 Their mailed radiance, as it were to mock  
 The torture and the death within, and saw  
 The solid air with many a ragged jaw.

And from a stone beside, a poisonous eft  
 Peeps idly into these Gorgonian eyes ;  
 Whilst in the air a ghastly bat, bereft  
 Of sense, has flitted with a mad surprise  
 Out of the cave this hideous light hath cleft,  
 And he comes hastening like a moth that hies  
 After a taper ; and the midnight sky  
 Flares, a light more dread than obscurity.

'Tis the tempestuous loveliness of terror ;  
 For from the serpents gleams a brazen glare  
 Kindled by that inextricable error,  
 Which makes a thrilling vapour of the air  
 Become a [ ] and ever-shifting mirror  
 Of all the beauty and the terror there—  
 A woman's countenance, with serpent locks,  
 Gazing in death on heaven from those wet  
 rocks.

FLORENCE, 1819.



## NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1819.

BY THE EDITOR.

THOUGH Shelley's first eager desire to excite his countrymen to resist openly the oppressions existent during "the good old times" had faded with early youth, still his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican, and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature, the necessaries of life, when fairly earned by labour, and intellectual instruction. His hatred of any despotism, that looked upon the people as not to be consulted or protected from want and ignorance, was intense. He was residing near Leghorn, at Villa Valsovano, writing *The Cenci*, when the news of the Manchester Massacre reached us; it roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion. The great truth that the many, if accordant and resolute, could control the few, as was shown some years after, made him long to teach his injured countrymen how to resist. Inspired by these feelings, he wrote the *Masque of Anarchy*, which he sent to his friend, Leigh Hunt, to be inserted in the *Examiner*, of which he was then the Editor.

"I did not insert it," Leigh Hunt writes in his valuable and interesting preface to this poem, when he printed it in 1832, "because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kindheartedness of his spirit, that walked in this flaming robe of verse." Days of outrage have passed away, and with them the exasperation that would cause such an appeal to the many to be injurious. Without being aware of them, they at one time acted on his suggestions, and gained the day; but they rose when human life was respected by the minister in power; such was not the case during the administration which excited Shelley's abhorrence.

The poem was written for the people, and is therefore in a more popular tone than usual; portions strike as abrupt and unpolished, but many stanzas are all his own. I heard him repeat, and admired those beginning,—

My Father Time is old and grey,

before I knew to what poem they were to belong. But the most touching passage is that which describes the blessed effects of liberty; they might make a patriot of any man, whose heart was not wholly closed against his humbler fellow-creatures.

Shelley loved the people, and respected them as often more virtuous, as always more suffering, and, therefore, more deserving of sympathy, than the great. He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems adapted expressly to commemorate their circumstances and wrongs—he wrote a few, but in those days of prosecution for libel they could not be printed. They are not among the best of his productions, a writer being always shackled when he endeavours to write down to the comprehension of those who could not understand or feel a highly imaginative style; but they show his earnestness, and with what heartfelt compassion he went home to the direct point of injury—that oppression is detestable, as being the parent of starvation, nakedness, and ignorance. Besides these outpourings of compassion and indignation, he had meant to adorn the cause he loved with loftier poetry of glory and triumph—such is the scope of the *Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*. He sketched also a new version of our national anthem, as addressed to Liberty.

God prosper, speed, and save,  
 God raise from England's grave  
     Her murdered Queen!  
 Pave with swift victory  
 The steps of Liberty,  
 Whom Britons own to be  
     Immortal Queen.

See, she comes throned on high,  
 On swift Eternity!  
     God save the Queen!

Millions on millions wait  
 Firm, rapid, and elate,  
 On her majestic state!  
     God save the Queen!

She is thine own pure soul  
Moulding the mighty whole,  
God save the Queen !  
She is thine own deep love  
Rained down from heaven above,  
Wherever she rest or move,  
God save our Queen !

Wilder her enemies  
In their own dark disguise,  
God save our Queen !  
All earthly things that dare  
Her sacred name to bear,  
Strip them, as kings are, bare ;  
God save the Queen !

Be her eternal throne  
Built in our hearts alone,  
God save the Queen !  
Let the oppressor hold  
Canopied seats of gold ;  
She sits enthroned of old  
O'er our hearts Queen.

Lips touched by seraphim  
Breathe out the choral hymn  
God save the Queen !  
Sweet as if Angels sang,  
Loud as that trumpet's clang  
Wakening the world's dead gang,  
God save the Queen !

Shelley had suffered severely from the death of our son during this summer. His heart, attuned to every kind affection, was full of burning love for his offspring. No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. In his first resentment against the Chancellor, on the passing of the decree, he had written a curse, in which there breathes, besides haughty indignation, all the tenderness of a father's love, which could imagine and fondly dwell upon its loss and the consequences. It is as follows :—

#### TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Thy country's curse is on thee, darkest Crest  
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm,  
Which rends our Mother's bosom—Priestly Pest !  
Masked Resurrection of a buried form ! \*

Thy country's curse is on thee ! Justice sold,  
Truth trampled, Nature's land-marks overthrowen,  
And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,  
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

And whilst that slow sure Angel, which aye stands,  
Watching the beck of Mutability,  
Delays to execute her high commands,  
And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee ;

O let a father's curse be on thy soul,  
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb,  
And both on thy grey head, a leaden cowl,  
To weigh thee down to thine approaching doom !

\* The Star Chamber.

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,  
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,  
By gentle feelings thou couldst never pr ve,  
By griefs which thy stern nature never crost :

By those infantine smiles of happy light,  
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,  
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night,  
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth :

By those unpractised accents of young speech,  
Which he who is a father thought to frame  
To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach ;  
Thou strike the lyre of mind ! O grief and shame !

By all the happy see in children's growth,  
That undeveloped flower of budding years,  
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,  
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears :

By all the days under a hireling's care  
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—  
O wretched ye, if ever any were,  
Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless !

By the false cant, which on their innocent lips,  
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,  
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse  
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb :

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terrors,  
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt  
Of thine impostures, which must be their errors,  
That sand on which thy crumbling Power is built ;

By thy complicity with lust and hate,  
Thy thirst for tears, thy hunger after gold,  
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait, •  
The servile arts in which thou hast grown old ;

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile,  
By all the acts and snares of thy black den,  
And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile,—  
By thy false tears—those millstones braining men ;

By all the hate which checks a father's love,  
By all the scorn which kills a father's care,  
By those most impious hands that dared remove  
Nature's high bounds—by thee—and by despair !

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,  
And cry, my children are no longer mine ;  
The blood within those veins may be mine own,  
But, Tyrant, their polluted souls are thine.

I curse thee, though I hate thee not ; O slave !  
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming hell  
Of which thou art a dæmon, on thy grave  
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well !

At one time, while the question was still pending, the Chancellor had said some words that seemed to intimate that Shelley should not be permitted the care of any of his children, and for a moment he feared that our infant son would be torn from us. He did not hesitate to resolve, if such were menaced, to abandon country, fortune, everything, and to escape with his child ; and I find some unfinished stanzas addressed to this son, whom

afterwards we lost at Rome, written under the idea that we might suddenly be forced to cross the sea, so to preserve him. This poem, as well as the one previously quoted, were not written to exhibit the pangs of distress to the public; they were the spontaneous outbursts of a man who brooded over his wrongs and woes, and was impelled to shed the grace of his genius over the uncontrollable emotions of his heart:—

The billows on the beach are leaping around it,  
The bark is weak and frail,  
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it  
Darkly strew the gale.  
Come with me, thou delightful child,  
Come with me, though the wave is wild,  
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,  
Or the slaves of law may rend thee away.

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,  
They have made them unfit for thee;  
They have withered the smile and dried the tear,  
Which should have been sacred to me.  
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime  
They have bound them slaves in youthly time,  
And they will curse my name and thee,  
Because we fearless are and free.

Come thou, beloved as thou art,  
Another sleepeth still,  
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,  
Which thou with joy wilt fill;  
With fairest smiles of wonder thrown  
On that which is indeed our own,  
And which in distant lands will be  
The dearest playmate unto thee.

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,  
Or the priests of the evil faith;  
They stand on the brink of that raging river,  
Whose waves they have tainted with death.  
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,  
Around them it foams and rages and swells;  
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,  
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

Rest, rest, shriek not, thou gentle child!  
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,  
And the cold spray and the clamour wild?  
There sit between us two, thou dearest;  
Me and thy mother—well we know  
The storm at which thou tremblest so,  
With all its dark and hungry graves,  
Less cruel than the savage slaves  
Who hunt thee o'er these sheltering waves.

This hour will in thy memory  
Be a dream of days forgotten;  
We soon shall dwell by the azure sea  
Of serene and golden Italy,  
Or Greece, the Mother of the free.  
And I will teach thine infant tongue  
To call upon their heroes old  
In their own language, and will mould  
Thy growing spirit in the flame  
Of Grecian lore; that by such name  
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim.

I ought to observe that the fourth verse of this effusion is introduced in *Rosalind and Helen*.

When afterwards this child died at Rome, he wrote, apropos of the English burying-ground in that city, "This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child lies buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections."

In this new edition I have added to the poems of this year, "Peter Bell the Third." A critique on Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* reached us at Leghorn, which amused Shelley exceedingly and suggested this poem.

I need scarcely observe that nothing personal to the Author of *Peter Bell* is intended in this poem. No man ever admired Wordsworth's poetry more;—he read it perpetually, and taught others to appreciate its beauties. This poem is, like all others written by Shelley, ideal. He conceived the idealism of a poet—a man of lofty and creative genius,—quitting the glorious calling of discovering and announcing the beautiful and good, to support and propagate ignorant prejudices and pernicious errors; imparting to the unenlightened, not that ardour for truth and spirit of toleration which Shelley looked on as the sources of the moral improvement and happiness of mankind; but false and injurious opinions, that evil was good, and that ignorance and force were the best allies of purity and virtue. His idea was that a man gifted even as transcendently as the Author of *Peter Bell*, with the highest qualities of genius, must, if he fostered such errors, be infected with dulness. This poem was written, as a warning—not as a narration of the reality. He was unacquainted personally with Wordsworth or with Coleridge, (to whom he alludes in the fifth part of the poem,) and therefore, I repeat, his poem is purely ideal;—it contains something of criticism on the compositions of these great poets, but nothing injurious to the men themselves.

No poem contains more of Shelley's peculiar views, with regard to the errors into which many of the wisest have fallen, and of the pernicious effects of certain opinions on society. Much of it is beautifully written—and though, like the burlesque drama of *Swellfoot*, it must be looked on as a plaything, it has so much merit and poetry—so much of *himself* in it, that it cannot fail to interest greatly, and by right belongs to the world for whose instruction and benefit it was written.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXX.

### THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

#### PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;  
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss  
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,  
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers and the tulip tall,  
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked, under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light, slanting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry river-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance  
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across,  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,  
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,  
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,  
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unsustaining wings  
Shed the music of many murmuring ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;

The plumed insects swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,  
Which, like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,  
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,  
Move, as reeds in a single stream ;

Each and all like ministering angels were  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,  
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep.

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were  
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ; [drowned  
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress  
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,  
And snatches of its Elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;  
A sweet child weary of its delight,  
The feeblest and yet the favourite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

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## PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,  
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace  
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,  
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :  
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,  
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,  
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,  
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face  
Told whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,  
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake  
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,  
As if yet around her he lingering were,  
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest :  
You might hear, by the heaving of her breast,  
That the coming and the going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;  
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,  
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;  
If the flowers had been her own infants, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,  
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,  
The freshest her gentle hands could pull  
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,  
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that  
kiss  
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she  
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,  
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,  
She left clinging round the smooth and dark  
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature from earliest spring  
Thus moved through the garden ministering  
All the sweet season of summer tide,  
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died !

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## PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the noon is awakened, were,  
Or the waves of the Baiae, ere luminous  
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant  
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,  
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,  
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,  
And the silent motions of passing death,  
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,  
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,  
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;  
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,  
And sate in the pines and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,  
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul :  
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,  
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap  
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,  
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,  
Though the noon-day sun looked clear and bright,  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,  
Paved the turf and the moss below.  
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,  
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,  
Leaf after leaf, day by day,  
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,  
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;  
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds  
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,  
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,  
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;  
And the eddies drove them here and there,  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks  
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;  
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers  
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a  
speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,  
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,  
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,  
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,  
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,  
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,  
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;  
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead  
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,  
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,  
And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes  
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-  
snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,  
The vapours arose which have strength to kill :  
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,  
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray  
Crept and flitted in broad noon-day  
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit  
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,  
Wept, and the tears within each lid  
Of its folded leaves which together grew,  
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon  
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;  
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip ;  
One choppy finger was on his lip :  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles ;

His breath was a chain which without a sound  
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;  
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death,  
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath :  
Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant  
The moles and the dormice died for want :  
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,  
And were caught in the branches naked and  
bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,  
And its dull froze froze on the boughs again,  
Then there steamed up a freezing dew  
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about  
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,  
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,  
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,  
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;  
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and  
darnels,  
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

## CONCLUSION.

WHETHER the Sensitive Plant, or that  
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,  
Ere its outward form had known decay,  
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,  
No longer with the form combined  
Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life  
Of error, ignorance and strife,  
Where nothing is, but all things seem,  
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant, if one considers it,  
To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odours there,  
Which have never passed away :  
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed ! not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,  
There is no death nor change ; their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.

## A VISION OF THE SEA.

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail  
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale :  
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is  
driven,  
And when lightning is loosed like a deluge from  
heaven,  
She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,  
And bend, as if heaven was ruining in,  
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible  
mass  
As if ocean had sunk from beneath them : they  
pass  
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of  
sound,  
And the waves and the thunders, made silent  
around,  
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now tossed  
Through the low trailing rack of the tempest, is  
lost  
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud : now down the  
sweep  
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep  
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale  
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the  
gale,  
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about ;  
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout  
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing  
iron,  
With splendour and terror the black ship environ ;

Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale  
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire [fire,  
The pyramid-billows, with white points of brine,  
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,  
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.

The great ship seems splitting ! it cracks as a tree,  
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the  
blast  
Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has  
past.  
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from  
heaven  
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and  
riven.  
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk  
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,  
Like a corpse on the clay which is hung'ring to  
fold  
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the  
hold,  
One deck is burst up from the waters below,  
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes  
blow  
O'er the lakes of the desert ! Who sit on the other ?  
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,  
Like the dead in a breach, round the foremast ?  
Are those  
Twin tigers, who burst, when the waters arose,  
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold  
(What now makes them tame, is what then made  
them bold)  
Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a  
crank,  
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating  
Are these all ? [plank ?

Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain  
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,  
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at  
noon,  
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the  
moon,  
Till a lead-coloured fog gathered up from the deep,  
Whose breath was quick pestilence ; then, the cold  
sleep  
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field  
of corn,  
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,  
With their hammocks for coffins the seamen  
aghast  
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades  
cast  
Down the deep, which closed on them above and  
around,  
And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes  
unbound,  
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained  
down  
From God on their wilderness. One after one  
The mariners died ; on the eve of this day,  
When the tempest was gathering in cloudy array,  
But seven remained. Six the thunder had smitten,  
And they lie black as mummies on which Time has  
written  
His scorn of the embalmer ; the seventh, from the  
deck  
An oak splinter pierced through his breast and his  
back,  
And hung out to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck.

No more? At the helm sits a woman more fair  
Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided  
hair,

It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.  
She clasps a bright child on her upgathered knee,  
It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed  
thunder

Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder  
It is beckoning the tigers to rise and come near,  
It would play with those eyes where the radiance  
of fear

Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,  
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye;  
Whilst its mother's is lustreless. "Smile not, my  
child,

But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled  
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,  
So dreadful since thou must divide it with me!  
Dream, sleep! This pale bosom, thy cradle and  
bed,

Will it rock thee not, infant? 'Tis beating with  
dread!

Alas! what is life, what is death, what are we,  
That when the ship sinks we no longer may be?  
What! to see thee no more, and to feel thee no  
more?

To be after life what we have been before? [eyes,  
Not to touch those sweet hands, not to look on those  
Those lips, and that hair, all that smiling disguise  
Thou yet wearest, sweet spirit, which I, day by  
day,

Have so long called my child, but which now fades  
away

Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower?"

Lo! the ship

Is settling, it topples, the leeward ports dip;  
The tigers leap up when they feel the slow brine  
Crawling inch by inch on them; hair, ears, limbs,  
and eyne,

Stand rigid with horror; a loud, long, hoarse cry  
Burst at once from their vitals tremendously,  
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the  
wave,

Rebounding, like thunder, from crag to cave,  
Mixed with the clash of the lashing rain,  
Hurried on by the might of the hurricane:  
The hurricane came from the west, and past on  
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,  
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm;  
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form  
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the  
waste.

Black as a cormorant the screaming blast,  
Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past,  
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the  
world

Which, based on the sea and to heaven upcurled,  
Like columns and walls did surround and sustain  
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,  
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous  
crag;

And the dense clouds in many a ruin and rag,  
Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has  
past,

Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;  
They are scattered like foam on the torrent; and  
where

The wind has burst out through the chasm, from  
the air

Of clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in,  
Unimpeded, keen, golden, and crystalline,  
Banded armies of light and of air; at one gate  
They encounter, but interpenetrate.

And that breach in the tempest is widening away,  
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the day,  
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings,  
Lulled by the motion and murmurings,  
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea,  
And over head glorious, but dreadful to see,  
The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,  
Are consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves  
behold,

The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,  
And, like passions made still by the presence of  
Love,

Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide  
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide  
From the Andes to Atlas, round mountain and isle,  
Round sea-birds and wrecks, paved with heaven's  
azure smile,

The wide world of waters is vibrating.

Where

Is the ship? On the verge of the wave where it lay  
One tiger is mingled in ghastly affray [battle  
With a sea-snake. The foam and the smoke of the  
Stain the clear air with sunbows; the jar, and the  
rattle

Of solid bones crushed by the infinite stress  
Of the snake's adamantine voluninousness;  
And the hum of the hot blood that spouts and rains  
Where the gripe of the tiger has wounded the  
veins,

Swollen with rage, strength, and effort; the whirl  
and the splash

As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash  
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder! the  
screams

And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean-  
streams,

Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion,  
A blue shark is hanging within the blue ocean,  
The fin-winged tomb of the victor. The other  
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother,  
To his own with the speed of despair. Lo! a boat  
Advances; twelve rowers with the impulse of  
thought

Urge on the keen keel, the brine foams. At the stern  
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets  
burn

In the breast of the tiger, which yet bears him on  
To his refuge and ruin. One fragment alone,  
'Tis dwindling and sinking, 'tis now almost gone,  
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea.  
With her left hand she grasps it impetuously,  
With her right she sustains her fair infant. Death,  
Fear,

Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere,  
Which trembles and burns with the fervour of  
dread

Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her  
head,

Like a meteor of light o'er the waters! her child  
Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring: so  
smiled

The false deep ere the storm. Like a sister and  
brother

The child and the ocean still smile on each other,  
Whilst—



## THE CLOUD.

i.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
 From the seas and the streams ;  
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid  
 In their noon-day dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
 And whiten the green plains under,  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

ii.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
 And their great pines groan aghast ;  
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
 Lightning my pilot sits,  
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
 It struggles and howls at fits ;  
 Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,  
 This pilot is guiding me,  
 Lured by the love of the genii that move  
 In the depths of the purple sea ;  
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
 Over the lakes and the plains,  
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
 The Spirit he loves remains ;  
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

iii.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
 And his burning plumes outspread,  
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
 When the morning star shines dead.  
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
 An eagle alit one moment may sit  
 In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea  
 beneath,  
 Its ardours of rest and of love,  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
 From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
 As still as a brooding dove.

iv.

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
 Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
 Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
 Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

v.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,  
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
 Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march,  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my  
 Is the million-coloured bow ; [chair,  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

vi.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
 And the nursing of the sky:  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,  
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex  
 Build up the blue dome of air, [gleams,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the  
 I arise and unbuild it again. [tomb,

## LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river,  
 And the rivers with the ocean,  
 The winds of heaven mix for ever  
 With a sweet emotion ;  
 Nothing in the world is single ;  
 All things by a law divine  
 In one another's being mingle—  
 Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
 And the waves clasp one another ;  
 No sister flower would be forgiven  
 If it disdained its brother :  
 And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea ;—  
 What are all these kissings worth,  
 If thou kiss not me ?

January, 1820.

TO

I FEAR thy kisses, gentle maiden,  
 Thou needest not fear mine ;  
 My spirit is too deeply laden  
 Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion,  
 Thou needest not fear mine ;  
 Innocent is the heart's devotion  
 With which I worship thine.

## TO A SKYLARK.

I.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
 Bird thou never wert,  
 That from heaven, or near it,  
 Pourest thy full heart  
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher,  
 From the earth thou springest  
 Like a cloud of fire ;  
 The blue deep thou wingest,  
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning  
 Of the sunken sun,  
 O'er which clouds are brightening,  
 Thou dost float and run ;  
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight ;  
 Like a star of heaven,  
 In the broad day-light  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

V.

Keen as are the arrows  
 Of that silver sphere,  
 Whose intense lamp narrows  
 In the white dawn clear,  
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

VI.

All the earth and air  
 With thy voice is loud,  
 As, when night is bare,  
 From one lonely cloud  
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art we know not ;  
 What is most like thee ?  
 From rainbow clouds there flow not  
 Drops so bright to see,  
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

VIII.

Like a poet hidden  
 In the light of thought,  
 Singing hymns unbidden,  
 Till the world is wrought  
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

IX.

Like a high-born maiden  
 In a palace tower,  
 Soothing her love-laden  
 Soul in secret hour  
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her  
 bower:

X.

Like a glow-worm golden  
 In a dell of dew,  
 Scattering unbeholden  
 Its aerial hue  
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from  
 the view:

XI.

Like a rose embowered  
 In its own green leaves,  
 By warm winds deflowered,  
 Till the scent it gives  
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-  
 winged thieves.

XII.

Sound of vernal showers  
 On the twinkling grass,  
 Rain-awakened flowers,  
 All that ever was  
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
 What sweet thoughts are thine:  
 I have never heard  
 Praise of love or wine  
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,  
 Or triumphal chaunt,  
 Matched with thine would be all  
 But an empty vaunt—  
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains  
 Of thy happy strain ?  
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
 What shapes of sky or plain ?  
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of  
 pain ?

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance  
 Languor cannot be:  
 Shadow of annoyance  
 Never came near thee:  
 Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,  
 Thou of death must deem  
 Things more true and deep  
 Than we mortals dream,  
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

XVIII.

We look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught ;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
 thought.

## xix.

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

## xx.

Better than all measures  
Of delightful sound,  
Better than all treasures  
That in books are found,  
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

## xxi.

Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know,  
Such harmonious madness  
From my lips would flow,  
The world should listen then, as I am listening  
now.

## ODE TO LIBERTY.

Yet freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,  
Streams like a thunder-storm against the wind.

BYRON.

## I.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again  
The lightning of the nations : Liberty,  
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er  
Spain,  
Scattering contagious fire into the sky,  
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,  
And, in the rapid plumes of song,  
Clothed itself sublime and strong ;  
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,  
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;  
Till from its station in the heaven of fame  
The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray  
Of the remotest sphere of living flame  
Which paves the void, was from behind it flung,  
As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came  
A voice out of the deep ; I will record the  
same.

## II.

The Sun and the sereneest Moon sprang forth ;  
The burning stars of the abyss were hurl'd  
Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,  
That island in the ocean of the world,  
Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :  
But this divinest universe  
Was yet a chaos and a curse,  
For thou wert not : but power from worst producing  
worse,  
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,  
And of the birds, and of the watery forms,  
And there was war among them and despair  
Within them, raging without truce or terms :  
The bosom of their violated nurse  
Groaned, for beasts warred on beasts, and worms  
on worms, [storms.  
And men on men; each heart was as a hell of

## III.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied  
His generations under the pavilion  
Of the sun's throne : palace and pyramid,  
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,  
Were, as to mountain-wolves their ragged caves.  
This human living multitude  
Was savage, cunning, blind and rude,  
For thou wert not ; but o'er the populous solitude,  
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves,  
Hung tyranny ; beneath, sate deified  
The sister-pest, congregator of slaves ;  
Into the shadow of her pinions wide,  
Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,  
Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,  
Drove the astonished herds of men from every  
side.

## IV.

The nodding promontories, and blue isles,  
And cloud-like mountains, and dividual waves  
Of Greece, basked glorious in the open smiles  
Of favouring heaven : from their enchanted caves  
Prophetic echoes flung dim melody  
On the unapprehensive wild.  
The vine, the corn, the olive mild,  
Grew, savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;  
And like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,  
Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,  
Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,  
Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein  
Of Parian stone ; and yet a speechless child,  
Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain  
Her lidless eyes for thee ; when o'er the Ægean  
main

## V.

Athens arose : a city such as vision  
Builds from the purple crags and silver towers  
Of battlemented cloud, as in derision  
Of kingliest masonry : the ocean floors  
Pave it ; the evening sky pavilions it ;  
Its portals are inhabited  
By thunder-zoned winds, each head  
Within its cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,  
A divine work ! Athens diviner yet  
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will  
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set ;  
For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill  
Peopled, with forms that mock the eternal dead  
In marble immortality, that hill  
Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

## VI.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river  
Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay  
Immoveably unquiet, and for ever  
It trembles, but it cannot pass away !  
The voices of thy bards and sages thunder  
With an earth-awakening blast  
Through the caverns of the past ;  
Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :  
A winged sound of joy, and love, and wonder,  
Which soars where Expectation never flew,  
Rending the veil of space and time asunder !  
One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and  
dew ;  
One sun illumines Heaven ; one spirit vast  
With life and love makes chaos ever new,  
As Athens doth the world with thy delight  
renew.

## VII.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,  
Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Mænad\*,  
She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest  
From that Elysian food was yet unweaned ;  
And many a deed of terrible uprightiness  
By thy sweet love was sanctified ;  
And in thy smile, and by thy side,  
Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died. [ness,  
But when tears stained thy robe of vestal white-  
And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,  
Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,  
The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone  
Slaves of one tyrant. Palatinus sighed  
Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone  
Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

## VIII.

From what Hyrcanian glen or frozen hill,  
Or piny promontory of the Arctic main,  
Or utmost islet inaccessible,  
Didst thou lament the ruin of thy reign,  
Teaching the woods and waves, and desert rocks,  
And every Naiad's ice-cold urn,  
To talk in echoes sad and stern,  
Of that sublimest lore which man had dared unlearn ?  
For neither didst thou watch the wizard Druid's  
Of the Scald's dreams, nor haunt the Druid's  
sleep. [locks,  
What if the tears rained through thy shattered  
Were quickly dried ? for thou didst groan, not  
When from its sea of death to kill and burn, [weep,  
The Galilean serpent forth did creep,  
And made thy world an undistinguishable heap.

## IX.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou ?  
And then the shadow of thy coming fell  
On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow :  
And many a warrior-peopled citadel,  
Like rocks, which fire lifts out of the flat deep,  
Arose in sacred Italy,  
Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea  
Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned  
That multitudinous anarchy did sweep, [majesty ;  
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,  
Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep,  
Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb  
Dissonant arms ; and Art which cannot die,  
With divine want traced on our earthly home  
Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

## X.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon ! thou terror  
Of the world's wolves ! thou bearer of the quiver,  
Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,  
As light may pierce the clouds when they dissever  
In the calm regions of the orient day !  
Luther caught thy wakening glance :  
Like lightning from his leaden lance  
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance  
In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay ;  
And England's prophets hailed thee as their  
In songs whose music cannot pass away, [queen,  
Though it must flow for ever : not unseen  
Before the spirit-sighted countenance  
Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene  
Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

\* See the Bacchæ of Euripides.

## XI.

The eager hours and reluctant years  
As on a dawn-illumined mountain stood,  
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears  
Darkening each other with their multitude,  
And cried aloud, Liberty ! Indignation  
Answered Pity from her cave ;  
Death grew pale within the grave,  
And desolation howled to the destroyer, Save !  
When, like heaven's sun, girt by the exhalation  
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,  
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation  
Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies  
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,  
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,  
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

## XII.

Thou heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee  
In ominous eclipse ? A thousand years, [then,  
Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,  
Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,  
Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away ;  
How like Bacchanals of blood  
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood  
Destruction's scythered slaves, and Folly's mitred  
brood !  
When one, like them, but mightier far than they,  
The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers,  
Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,  
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred  
Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued, [bowers  
Rests with those dead but unforgotten hours,  
Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ances-  
tral towers.

## XIII.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?  
Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder  
Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold  
Snow-crag by its reply are cloven in sunder :  
O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle  
From Pithecusa to Pelorus  
Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus : [us.  
They cry, Be dim, ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er  
Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile  
And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of  
Till bit to dust, by virtue's keenest file. [steel,  
Twins of a single destiny ! appeal  
To the eternal years enthroned before us,  
In the dim West ; impress us from a seal,  
All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare  
conceal.

## XIV.

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead  
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,  
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head !  
Thy victory shall be his epitaph,  
Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,  
King-deluded Germany,  
His dead spirit lives in thee.  
Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !  
And thou, lost Paradise of this divine  
And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !  
Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine  
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,  
Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,  
Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress  
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred  
palaces.

xv.

O that the free would stamp the impious name  
Of \* \* \* \* into the dust ; or write it there,  
So that this blot upon the page of fame  
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air  
Erases, and the flat sands close behind !

Ye the oracle have heard :

Lift the victory-flashing sword,  
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,  
Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind  
Into a mass, irrefragably firm,  
The axes and the rods which awe mankind ;  
The sound has poison in it, 'tis the sperm  
Of what makes life foul, cankerous, and abhorred ;  
Disdain not thou, at thine appointed term,  
To set thine armed heel on this reluctant worm.

xvi.

O that the wise from their bright minds would kindle  
Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,  
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and  
dwindle

Into the hell from which it first was hurled,  
A scoff of impious pride from fiends impure  
Till human thoughts might kneel alone,  
Each before the judgment-throne  
Of its own aweless soul, or of the power unknown !  
O that the words which make the thoughts obscure  
From which they spring, as clouds of glimmer-  
ing dew  
From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,  
Were stript of their thin masks and various hue,  
And frowns and smiles and splendours not their own,  
Till in the nakedness of false and true  
They stand before their Lord, each to receive its  
due.

xvii.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever  
Can be between the cradle and the grave,  
Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour !  
If on his own high will a willing slave,  
He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.  
What if earth can clothe and feed  
Amplest millions at their need,  
And power in thought be as the tree within the  
Or what if art, an ardent intercessor, [seed ?  
Diving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,  
Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,  
And cries, give me, thy child, dominion  
Over all height and depth ? if Life can breed [groan,  
New wants, and wealth from those who toil and  
Reud of thy gifts and hers a thousandfold for one.

xviii.

Come thou, but lead out of the inmost cave  
Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star  
Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,  
Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car  
Self-moving like cloud charioted by flame ;  
Comes she not, and come ye not,  
Rulers of eternal thought,  
To judge with solemn truth life's ill-apportioned lot ?  
Blind Love, and equal Justice, and the Fame  
Of what has been, the Hope of what will be ?  
O, Liberty ! if such could be thy name  
Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from  
If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought [thee :  
By blood or tears, have not the wise and free  
Wept tears, and blood like tears ? The solemn  
harmony

xix.

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing  
To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn ;  
Then as a wild swan, when sublimely winging  
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,  
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light  
On the heavy sounding plain,  
When the bolt has pierced its brain ;  
As summer clouds dissolve unburthened of their  
As a far taper fades with fading night ; [rain ;  
As a brief insect dies with dying day,  
My song its pinions disarrayed of might,  
Drooped ; o'er it closed the echoes far away  
Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,  
As waves which lately paved his watery way  
Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous  
play.

## ARETHUSA.

ARETHUSA arose  
From her couch of snows  
In the Acroceraunian mountains,—  
From cloud and from crag,  
With many a jag,  
Shepherding her bright fountains.  
She leapt down the rocks  
With her rainbow locks  
Streaming among the streams ;—  
Her steps paved with green  
The downward ravine  
Which slopes to the western gleams :  
And gliding and springing,  
She went, ever singing,  
In murmurs as soft as sleep ;  
The earth seemed to love her,  
And Heaven smiled above her,  
As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,  
On his glacier cold,  
With his trident the mountains strook ;  
And opened a chasm  
In the rocks ;—with the spasm  
All Erymanthus shook.  
And the black south wind  
It concealed behind  
The urns of the silent snow,  
And earthquake and thunder  
Did rend in sunder  
The bars of the springs below :  
The beard and the hair  
Of the river God were  
Seen through the torrent's sweep,  
As he followed the light  
Of the fleet nymph's flight  
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

“ Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !  
And bid the deep hide me,  
For he grasps me now by the hair ! ”  
The loud Ocean heard,  
To its blue depth stirred,  
And divided at her prayer ;  
And under the water  
The Earth's white daughter

Fled like a sunny beam ;  
 Behind her descended  
 Her billows, unblended  
 With the brackish Dorian stream :  
 Like a gloomy stain  
 On the emerald main  
 Alpheus rushed behind,—  
 As an eagle pursuing  
 A dove to its ruin  
 Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers  
 Where the Ocean Powers  
 Sit on their pearled thrones :  
 Through the coral woods  
 Of the weltering floods,  
 Over heaps of unvalued stones ;  
 Through the dim beams  
 Which amid the streams  
 Weave a net-work of coloured light ;  
 And under the caves,  
 Where the shadowy waves  
 Are as green as the forest's night :—  
 Outspeeding the shark,  
 And the sword-fish dark,  
 Under the ocean foam,  
 And up through the rifts  
 Of the mountain cliffs  
 They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains  
 In Enna's mountains,  
 Down one vale where the morning basks,  
 Like friends once parted  
 Grown single-hearted,  
 They ply their watery tasks.  
 At sunrise they leap  
 From their cradles steep  
 In the cave of the shelving hill ;  
 At noon-tide they flow  
 Through the woods below  
 And the meadows of Asphodel ;  
 And at night they sleep  
 In the rocking deep  
 Beneath the Ortygian shore ;—  
 Like spirits that lie  
 In the azure sky  
 When they love but live no more.

PISA, 1820.

### SONG OF PROSERPINE,

WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNA.

SACRED Goddess, Mother Earth,  
 Thou from whose immortal bosom,  
 Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,  
 Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,  
 Breathe thine influence most divine  
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew  
 Thou dost nourish these young flowers  
 Till they grow, in scent and hue,  
 Fairest children of the hours,  
 Breathe thine influence most divine  
 On thine own child, Proserpine.

### HYMN OF APOLLO.

THE sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie,  
 Curtained with star-enwoven tapestries,  
 From the broad moonlight of the sky,  
 Fanning the busy dreams from my dim eyes,—  
 Waken me when their Mother, the grey Dawn,  
 Tells them that dreams and that the moon is gone.

Then I arise, and climbing Heaven's blue dome,  
 I walk over the mountains and the waves,  
 Leaving my robe upon the ocean foam ;  
 My footsteps pave the clouds with fire ; the caves  
 Are filled with my bright presence, and the air  
 Leaves the green earth to my embraces bare.

The sunbeams are my shafts, with which I kill  
 Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day ;  
 All men who do or even imagine ill  
 Fly me, and from the glory of my ray  
 Good minds and open actions take new might,  
 Until diminished by the reign of night.

I feed the clouds, the rainbows, and the flowers,  
 With their ethereal colours ; the Moon's globe  
 And the pure stars in their eternal bowers  
 Are circined with my power as with a robe ;  
 Whatever lamps on Earth or Heaven may shine  
 Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of Heaven,  
 Then with unwilling steps I wander down  
 Into the clouds of the Atlantic even ;  
 For grief that I depart they weep and frown :  
 What look is more delightful than the smile  
 With which I soothe them from the western isle ?

I am the eye with which the Universe  
 Beholds itself and knows itself divine ;  
 All harmony of instrument or verse,  
 All prophecy, all medicine are mine,  
 All light of art or nature ;—to my song  
 Victory and praise in their own right belong.

### HYMN OF PAN.

FROM the forests and highlands  
 We come, we come ;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
 Where loud waves are dumb  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
 The bees on the bells of thyme,  
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
 The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass,  
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus \* was,  
 Listening to my sweet pipings.  
 Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
 And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
 The light of the dying day,

\* This and the former poem were written at the request of a friend, to be inserted in a drama on the subject of Midas. Apollo and Pan contended before Tmolus for the prize in music.

Speeded with my sweet pipings,  
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,  
And the nymphs of the woods and waves,  
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
And the brink of the dewy caves,  
And all that did then attend and follow,  
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,  
I sang of the dædal Earth,  
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,  
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—  
And then I changed my pipings,—  
Singing how down the vale of Menalus  
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed :  
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed :  
All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

### THE QUESTION.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,  
And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream,

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,  
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets ;  
Faint oxlips ; tender blue bells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that  
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears, [wets  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,  
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-coloured May,  
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;  
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray ;  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prankt with  
And starry river buds among the sedge, [white,  
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours  
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it !—Oh ! to whom ?

### THE TWO SPIRITS.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIRST SPIRIT.

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire  
Wouldst float above the earth, beware !  
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire—  
Night is coming !  
Bright are the regions of the air,  
And among the winds and beams  
It were delight to wander there—  
Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

The deathless stars are bright above :  
If I would cross the shade at night,  
Within my heart is the lamp of love,  
And that is day !  
And the moon will smile with gentle light  
On my golden plumes where'er they move ;  
The meteors will linger round my flight,  
And make night day.

FIRST SPIRIT.

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken  
Hail, and lightning, and stormy rain ;  
See the bounds of the air are shaken—  
Night is coming !  
The red swift clouds of the hurricane  
Yon declining sun have overtaken,  
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—  
Night is coming !

SECOND SPIRIT.

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;  
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,  
With the calm within and the light around  
Which makes night day :  
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,  
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,  
My moonlight flight thou then may'st mark  
On high, far away.

Some say there is a precipice  
Where one vast pine is frozen to ruin  
O'er piles of snow and chasms of ice  
Mid Alpine mountains ;  
And that the languid storm pursuing  
That winged shape, for ever flies  
Round those hoar branches, aye renewing  
Its æry fountains.

Some say when nights are dry and clear,  
And the death-dews sleep on the morass,  
Sweet whispers are heard by the traveller,  
Which makes night day :  
And a silver shape like his early love doth pass  
Upborne by her wild and glittering hair,  
And when he awakes on the fragrant grass,  
He finds night day.

## LETTER

TO MARIA GISBORNE.

LEIGHORN, July 1, 1820.

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be  
 In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;  
 The silkworm in the dark-green mulberry leaves  
 His winding-sheet and cradle ever weaves !  
 So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,  
 Sit spinning still round this decaying form,  
 From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—  
 No net of words in garish colours wrought,  
 To catch the idle buzzers of the day—  
 But a soft cell, where, when that fades away,  
 Memory may clothe in wings my living name  
 And feed it with the asphodels of fame,  
 Which in those hearts which most remember me  
 Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,  
 Would think I were a mighty mechanist,  
 Bent with sublime Archimedean art  
 To breathe a soul into the iron heart  
 Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,  
 Which by the force of figured spells might win  
 Its way over the sea, and sport therein ;  
 For round the walls are hung dread engines, such  
 As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch  
 Ixion or the Titan :—or the quick  
 Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,  
 To convince Atheist, Turk, or Heretic ;  
 Or those in philosophic councils met,  
 Who thought to pay some interest for the debt  
 They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,  
 By giving a faint foretaste of damnation  
 To Shakspeare, Sidney, Spenser, and the rest  
 Who made our land an island of the blest,  
 When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire  
 On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire :—  
 With thumb-screws, wheels, with tooth and spike  
 and jag,  
 With fishes found under the utmost crag  
 Of Cornwall, and the storm-encompassed isles,  
 Where to the sky the rude sea seldom smiles  
 Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn  
 When the exulting elements in scorn  
 Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay  
 Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,  
 As panthers sleep :—and other strange and dread  
 Magical forms the brick-floor overspread—  
 Proteus transformed to metal did not make  
 More figures, or more strange ; nor did he take  
 Such shapes of unintelligible brass,  
 Or heap himself in such a horrid mass  
 Of tin and iron not to be understood,  
 And forms of unimaginable wood,  
 To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood :  
 Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and grooved  
 blocks,  
 The elements of what will stand the shocks  
 Of wave and wind and time.—Upon the table  
 More knacks and quips there be than I am able  
 To catalogue in this verse of mine :—  
 A pretty bowl of wood—not full of wine,  
 But quicksilver ; that dew which the gnomes drink  
 When at their subterranean toil they swink,

Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who  
 Reply to them in lava-cry, halloo !  
 And call out to the cities o'er their head,—  
 Roofs, towns, and shrines,—the dying and the dead  
 Crash through the chinks of earth—and then all  
 quaff

Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.  
 This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within  
 The walnut-bowl it lies, veined and thin,  
 In colour like the wake of light that stains  
 The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains  
 The inmost shower of its white fire—the breeze  
 Is still—blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.  
 And in this bowl of quicksilver—for I  
 Yield to the impulse of an infancy  
 Outlasting manhood—I have made to float  
 A rude idealism of a paper boat—  
 A hollow screw with cogs—Henry will know  
 The thing I mean, and laugh at me,—if so  
 He fears not I should do more mischief.—Next  
 Lie bills and calculations much perplext,  
 With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint  
 Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.  
 Then comes a range of mathematical  
 Instruments, for plans nautical and statical,  
 A heap of rosin, a green broken glass  
 With ink in it ;—a china cup that was  
 What it will never be again, I think,  
 A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink  
 The liquor doctors rail at—and which I  
 Will quaff in spite of them—and when we die  
 We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,  
 And cry out,—heads or tails ? where'er we be.  
 Near that a dusty paint-box, some old books,  
 A half burnt match, an ivory block, three books,  
 Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,  
 To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,  
 Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray  
 Of figures,—disentangle them who may.  
 Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,  
 And some odd volumes of old chemistry.  
 Near them a most inexplicable thing,  
 With least in the middle—I'm conjecturing  
 How to make Henry understand ;—but—no,  
 I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,  
 This secret in the pregnant womb of time,  
 Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,  
 Plotting dark spells, and devilish enginery,  
 The self impelling steam-wheels of the mind  
 Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind  
 The gentle spirit of our meek reviews  
 Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,  
 Ruffling the ocean of their self-content ;—  
 I sit—and smile or sigh as is my bent,  
 But not for them—Libeccio rushes round  
 With an inconstant and an idle sound,  
 I heed him more than them—the thunder-smoke  
 Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak  
 Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare ;  
 The ripe corn under the undulating air  
 Undulates like an ocean ;—and the vines  
 Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines ;—  
 The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill  
 The empty pauses of the blast ;—the hill  
 Looks hoary through the white electric rain,  
 And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain  
 The interrupted thunder howls ; above  
 One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye of love



On the unquiet world ;—while such things are,  
How could one worth your friendship heed the war  
Of worms ! The shriek of the world's carrion  
jays,  
Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise ?

You are not here ! The quaint with Memory sees  
In vacant chairs your absent images,  
And points where once you sat, and now should be,  
But are not.—I demand if ever we  
Shall meet as then we met ;—and she replies,  
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes,  
“ I know the past alone—but summon home  
My sister Hope, she speaks of all to come.”  
But I, an old diviner, who know well  
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,  
Turned to the sad enchantress once again,  
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,  
In acting every passage o'er and o'er  
Of our communion.—How on the sea shore  
We watched the ocean and the sky together,  
Under the roof of blue Italian weather ;  
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,  
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm  
Upon my cheek : and how we often made  
Treats for each other, where good will outweighed  
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,  
As it well might, were it less firm and clear  
Than ours must ever be ;—and how we spun  
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun  
Of this familiar life, which seems to be  
But is not,—or is but quaint mockery  
Of all we would believe ; or sadly blame  
The jarring and inexplicable frame  
Of this wrong world :—and then anatomize  
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes  
Were closed in distant years ;—or widely guess  
The issue of the earth's great business,  
When we shall be as we no longer are ;  
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war  
Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ; or how  
You listened to some interrupted flow  
Of visionary rhyme ;—in joy and pain  
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,  
With little skill perhaps ;—or how we sought  
Those deepest wells of passion or of thought  
Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,  
Staining the sacred waters with our tears ;  
Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed !  
Or how I, wisest lady ! then induced  
The language of a land which now is free,  
And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty,  
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,  
And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,  
“ My name is Legion !”—that majestic tongue,  
Which Calderon over the desert flung  
Of ages and of nations ; and which found  
An echo in our hearts, and with the sound  
Startled oblivion ;—thou wert then to me  
As is a nurse—when inarticulately  
A child would talk as its grown parents do.  
If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,  
If hawks chase doves through the aerial way,  
Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,  
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast  
Out of the forest of the pathless past  
These recollected pleasures ?

You are now  
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow

At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore  
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.  
Yet in its depth what treasures ! You will see  
Your old friend Godwin, greater none than he ;  
Though fallen on evil times, yet will he stand,  
Among the spirits of our age and land,  
Before the dread tribunal of To-come  
The foremost, whilst rebuke stands pale and dumb.  
You will see Coleridge ; he who sits obscure  
In the exceeding lustre and the pure  
Intense irradiation of a mind,  
Which, with its own internal lustre blind,  
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—  
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,  
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.  
You will see Hunt ; one of those happy souls  
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom  
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb ;  
Who is, what others seem ;—his room no doubt  
Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,  
With graceful flowers, tastefully placed about ;  
And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,  
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung,  
The gifts of the most learned among some dozens  
Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.  
And there is he with his eternal puns,  
Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns  
Thundering for money at a poet's door ;  
Alas ! it is no use to say, “ I'm poor ! ”  
Or off in graver mood, when he will look  
Things wiser than were ever said in book,  
Except in Shakspeare's wisest tenderness.  
You will see H—, and I cannot express  
His virtues, though I know that they are great,  
Because he locks, then barricades, the gate  
Within which they inhabit ;—of his wit,  
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.  
He is a pearl within an oyster-shell,  
One of the richest of the deep. And there  
Is English P— with his mountain Fair  
Turned into a Flamingo,—that shy bird  
That gleams 't the Indian air. Have you not heard  
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,  
His best friends hear no more of him ? but you  
Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,  
With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope  
Matched with his camelopard his fine wit  
Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it ;  
A strain too learned for a shallow age,  
Too wise for selfish bigots ;—let his page,  
Which charms the chosen spirits of the age,  
Fold itself up for a serener clime  
Of years to come, and find its recompense  
In that just expectation. Wit and sense,  
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might  
Make this dull world a business of delight,  
Are all combined in Horace Smith.—And these,  
With some exceptions, which I need not tease  
Your patience by descanting on, are all  
You and I know in London.

I recall  
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night :  
As water does a sponge, so the moonlight  
Fills the void, hollow, universal air.  
What see you ?—Unpavilioned heaven is fair,  
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,  
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan  
Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep ;  
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,

Piloted by the many-wandering blast,  
And the rare stars rush through them, dim and  
fast.

All this is beautiful in every land.  
But what see you beside? A shabby stand  
Of hackney-coaches—a brick house or wall  
Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl  
Of our unhappy politics;—or worse—  
A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse  
Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,  
You must accept in place of serenade—  
Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring  
To Henry, some unutterable thing.

I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit  
Built round dark caverns, even to the root  
Of the living stems who feed them; in whose  
bowers

There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers;  
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn  
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne  
In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,  
Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance  
Pale in the open moonshine; but each one  
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,  
A meteor tamed; a fixed star gone astray  
From the silver regions of the Milky-way.  
Afar the Contadino's song is heard,  
Rude, but made sweet by distance;—and a bird  
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet  
I know none else that sings so sweet as it  
At this late hour;—and then all is still:—  
Now Italy or London, which you will!

Next winter you must pass with me; I'll have  
My house by that time turned into a grave  
Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,  
And all the dreams which our tormentors are.  
O that Hunt and ——— were there,  
With every thing belonging to them fair!—  
We will have books; Spanish, Italian, Greek,  
And ask one week to make another week  
As like his father, as I'm unlike mine.  
Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,  
Yet let's be merry; we'll have tea and toast;  
Custards for supper, and an endless host  
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,  
And other such lady-like luxuries,—  
Feasting on which we will philosophise.  
And we'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's  
wood,

To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.  
And then we'll talk;—what shall we talk about?  
Oh! there are themes enough for many a bout  
Of thought-entangled descant; as to nerves  
With cones and parallelograms and curves,  
I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare  
To bother me,—when you are with me there.  
And they shall never more sip laudanum  
From Helicon or Himeros; \*—well, come,  
And in spite of \* \* \* and of the devil,  
Will make our friendly philosophic revel  
Outlast the leafless time;—till buds and flowers  
Warn the obscure inevitable hours  
Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew:—  
“To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

\* *Ἴμερος*, from which the river Himeras was named,  
is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonyme of  
Love.

## TO MARY,

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE  
SCORE OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST.)

### I.

How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten,  
(For vipers kill, though dead,) by some review,  
That you condemn these verses I have written,  
Because they tell no story, false or true!  
What, though no mice are caught by a young kitten,  
May it not leap and play as grown cats do,  
Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,  
Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

### II.

What hand would crush the silken-winged fly,  
The youngest of inconstant April's minions,  
Because it cannot climb the purest sky,  
Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions?  
Not thine. Thou knowest 'tis its doom to die,  
When day shall hide within her twilight pinions,  
The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile,  
Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

### III.

To thy fair feet a winged Vision came,  
Whose date should have been longer than a day,  
And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,  
And in thy sight its fading plumes display;  
The watery bow burned in the evening flame,  
But the shower fell, the swift Sun went his way—  
And that is dead.— O, let me not believe  
That any thing of mine is fit to live!

### IV.

Wordsworth informs us he was nineteen years  
Considering and retouching Peter Bell;  
Watering his laurels with the killing tears  
Of slow, dull care, so that their roots to hell  
Might pierce, and their wide branches blot the  
spheres  
Of heaven, with dewy leaves and flowers; this well  
May be, for Heaven and Earth conspire to foil  
The over-busy gardener's blundering toil.

### V.

My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature  
As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise  
Clothes for our grandsons—but she matches Peter,  
Though he took nineteen years, and she three  
days  
In dressing. Light the vest of flowing metre  
She wears; he, proud as dandy with his stays,  
Has hung upon his wiry limbs a dress  
Like King Lear's “looped and windowed ragged-  
ness.”

### VI.

If you strip Peter, you will see a fellow,  
Scorched by Hell's hyper-equatorial climate  
Into a kind of a sulphureous yellow:  
A lean mark, hardly fit to fling a rhyme at;  
In shape a Scaramouch, in hue Ôthello,  
If you unveil my Witch, no priest nor primate  
Can shrive you of that sin,—if sin there be  
In love, when it becomes idolatry.

## THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

I.

BEFORE those cruel Twins, whom at one birth  
Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,  
Error and Truth, had hunted from the earth  
All those bright natures which adorned its  
prime,  
And left us nothing to believe in, worth  
The pains of putting into learned rhyme,  
A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain  
Within a cavern by a secret fountain.

II.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides :  
The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden  
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas  
So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden  
In the warm shadow of her loveliness ;—  
He kissed her with his beams, and made all  
golden  
The chamber of grey rock in which she lay—  
She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

III.

'Tis said, she was first changed into a vapour,  
And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,  
Like splendour-winged moths about a taper,  
Round the red west when the sun dies in it :  
And then into a meteor, such as caper  
On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit ;  
Then, into one of those mysterious stars  
Which hide themselves between the Earth and  
Mars.

IV.

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent  
Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden  
With that bright sign the billows to indent  
The sea-deserted sand : like children chidden,  
At her command they ever came and went :—  
Since in that cave a dew splendour hidden,  
Took shape and motion : with the living form  
Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

V.

A lovely lady garmented in light  
From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are  
Two openings of unfathomable night  
Seen through a tempest's cloven roof ;—her hair  
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,  
Picturing her form ;—her soft smiles shone afar,  
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew  
All living things towards this wonder new.

VI.

And first the spotted camelopard came,  
And then the wise and fearless elephant ;  
Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame  
Of his own volumes interwolved ;—all gaunt  
And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.  
They drank before her at her sacred fount ;  
And every beast of beating heart grew bold,  
Such gentleness and power even to behold.

VII.

The brindled lioness led forth her young,  
That she might teach them how they should forego  
Their inborn thirst of death ; the pard unstrung  
His sinews at her feet, and sought to know  
With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue  
How he might be as gentle as the doe.  
The magic circle of her voice and eyes  
All savage natures did imparadise.

VIII.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick  
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew  
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick  
Cicadæ are, drunk with the noonday dew :  
And Driope and Faunus followed quick,  
Teazing the God to sing them something new,  
Till in this cave they found the lady lone,  
Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

IX.

And universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,  
And though none saw him,—through the adamant  
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,  
And through those living spirits, like a want,  
He passed out of his everlasting lair  
Where the quick heart of the great world doth  
And felt that wondrous lady all alone,— [phant,  
And she felt him upon her emerald throne.

X.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,  
And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,  
Who drives her white waves over the green sea ;  
And Ocean, with the brine on his grey locks,  
And quaint Priapus with his company, [rocks  
All came, much wondering how the enwombed  
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth ;—  
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

XI.

The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,  
And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant—  
Their spirits shook within them, as a flame  
Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt :  
Pigmies, and Polyphemes, by many a name,  
Centaur and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt  
Wet clefts,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,  
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.

XII.

For she was beautiful : her beauty made  
The bright world dim, and everything beside  
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade :  
No thought of living spirit could abide,  
Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,  
On any object in the world so wide,  
On any hope within the circling skies,  
But on her form, and in her inmost eyes.

XIII.

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle  
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three  
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle  
The clouds and waves and mountains with, and she  
As many star-beams, ere their lamps could dwindle  
In the belated moon, wound skilfully ;  
And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—  
A shadow for the splendour of her love.

## XIV.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling  
 Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,  
 Which had the power all spirits of compelling,  
 Folded in cells of crystal silence there ;  
 Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling  
 Will never die—yet ere we are aware,  
 The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,  
 And the regret they leave remains alone.

## XV.

And there lay visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,  
 Each in its thin sheath like a chrysalis ;  
 Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint  
 With the soft burthen of intensest bliss :  
 It is its work to bear to many a saint  
 Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,  
 Even Love's—and others white, green, grey, and  
 And of all shapes—and each was at her beck. [black,

## XVI.

And odours in a kind of aviary  
 Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,  
 Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy  
 Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet  
 As bats at the wired window of a dairy, [slept ;  
 They beat their vans ; and each was an adept,  
 When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,  
 To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined minds.

## XVII.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might  
 Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,  
 And change eternal death into a night  
 Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep  
 Could make their tears all wonder and delight,  
 She in her crystal vials did closely keep :  
 If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said  
 The living were not envied of the dead.

## XVIII.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device,  
 The works of some Saturnian Archimage,  
 Which taught the expiations at whose price  
 Men from the Gods might win that happy age  
 Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice ; [rage  
 And which might quench the earth-consuming  
 Of gold and blood—till men should live and move  
 Harmonious as the sacred stars above.

## XIX.

And how all things that seem untameable,  
 Not to be checked and not to be confined,  
 Obey the spells of wisdom's wizard skill ;  
 Time, Earth, and Fire—the Ocean and the Wind,  
 And all their shapes—and man's imperial will ;  
 And other scrolls whose writings did unbind  
 The inmost lore of Love—let the profane  
 Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

## XX.

And wondrous works of substances unknown,  
 To which the enchantment of her father's power  
 Had changed those ragged blocks of savage stone,  
 Were heaped in the recesses of her bower ;  
 Carved lamps and chalices, and phials which shone  
 In their own golden beams—each like a flower,  
 Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light  
 Under a cypress in a starless night.

## XXI.

At first she lived alone in this wild home,  
 And her thoughts were each a minister,  
 Clothing themselves or with the ocean-foam,  
 Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,  
 To work whatever purposes might come  
 Into her mind : such power her mighty Sire  
 Had girt them with, whether to fly or run,  
 Through all the regions which he shines upon.

## XXII.

The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,  
 Oreads and Naiads with long weedy locks,  
 Offered to do her bidding through the seas,  
 Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,  
 And far beneath the matted roots of trees,  
 And in the garbled heart of stubborn oaks,  
 So they might live for ever in the light  
 Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

## XXIII.

" This may not be," the wizard maid replied ;  
 " The fountains where the Naiades bedew  
 Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried ;  
 The solid oaks forget their strength, and strew  
 Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide ;  
 The boundless ocean, like a drop of dew  
 Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must  
 Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

## XXIV.

" And ye with them will perish one by one :  
 If I must sigh to think that this shall be,  
 If I must weep when the surviving Sun  
 Shall smile on your decay—Oh, ask not me  
 To love you till your little race is run ;  
 I cannot die as ye must—over me [ye dwell  
 Your leaves shall glance—the streams in which  
 Shall be my paths henceforth, and so farewell !"

## XXV.

She spoke and wept : the dark and azure well  
 Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,  
 And every little circlet where they fell,  
 Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres  
 And intertangled lines of light :—a knell  
 Of sobbing voices came upon her ears  
 From those departing Forms, o'er the serene  
 Of the white streams and of the forest green.

## XXVI.

All day the wizard lady sat aloof,  
 Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity,  
 Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof ;  
 Or brodering the pictured poesy  
 Of some high tale upon her growing woof,  
 Which the sweet splendour of her smiles could dye  
 In hues outshining heaven—and ever she  
 Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

## XXVII.

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece  
 Of sandal-wood, rare gums, and cinnamon ;  
 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is,  
 Each flame of it is as a precious stone  
 Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this  
 Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.  
 The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand  
 She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

XXVIII.

This lady never slept, but lay in trance  
 All night within the fountain—as in sleep.  
 Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance :  
 Through the green splendour of the water deep  
 She saw the constellations reel and dance  
 Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep  
 The tenour of her contemplations calm,  
 With open eyes, closed feet, and folded palm.

XXIX.

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended  
 From the white pinnacles of that cold hill,  
 She passed at dewfall to a space extended,  
 Where, in a lawn of flowering asphodel  
 Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,  
 There yawned an inextinguishable well  
 Of crimson fire, full even to the brim,  
 And overflowing all the margin trim.

XXX.

Within the which she lay when the fierce war  
 Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor  
 In many a mimic moon and bearded star,  
 O'er woods and lawns—the serpent heard it flicker  
 In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar—  
 And when the windless snow descended thicker  
 Than autumn leaves, she watched it as it came  
 Melt on the surface of the level flame.

XXXI.

She had a Boat which some say Vulcan wrought  
 For Venus, as the chariot of her star ;  
 But it was found too feeble to be fraught  
 With all the ardours in that sphere which are,  
 And so she sold it, and Apollo bought  
 And gave it to this daughter: from a car  
 Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat  
 Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

XXXII.

And others say, that, when but three hours old,  
 The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,  
 And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,  
 And like a horticultural adept,  
 Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,  
 And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept  
 Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,  
 And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

XXXIII.

The plant grew strong and green—the snowy flower  
 Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began  
 To turn the light and dew by inward power  
 To its own substance: woven tracery ran  
 Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er  
 The solid rind, like a leaf's veined fan,  
 Of which Love scooped this boat, and with soft  
 Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean. [motion

XXXIV.

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit  
 A living spirit within all its frame,  
 Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.  
 Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,  
 One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit ;  
 Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame,  
 Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought,—  
 In joyous expectation lay the boat.

XXXV.

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow  
 Together, tempering the repugnant mass  
 With liquid love—all things together grow  
 Through which the harmony of love can pass ;  
 And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow  
 A living Image, which did far surpass  
 In beauty that bright shape of vital stone  
 Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

XXXVI.

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth  
 It seemed to have developed no defect  
 Of either sex, yet all the grace of both,—  
 In gentleness and strength its limbs were decked ;  
 The bosom lightly swelled with its full youth,  
 The countenance was such as might select  
 Some artist that his skill should never die,  
 Imaging forth such perfect purity.

XXXVII.

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,  
 Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere,  
 Tipt with the speed of liquid lightnings,  
 Dyed in the ardours of the atmosphere :  
 She led her creature to the boiling springs  
 Where the light boat was moored, and said—"Sit  
 And pointed to the prow, and took her seat [here!]"  
 Beside the rudder with opposing feet.

XXXVIII.

And down the streams which clove those mountains  
 Around their inland islets, and amid [vast  
 The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast  
 Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid  
 In melancholy gloom, the pinnace passed ;  
 By many a star-surrounded pyramid  
 Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,  
 And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

XXXIX.

The silver noon into that winding dell,  
 With slanted gleam athwart the forest tops,  
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;  
 A green and glowing light, like that which drops  
 From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,  
 When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;  
 Between the severed mountains lay on high  
 Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

XL.

And ever as she went, the Image lay  
 With folded wings and unawakened eyes ;  
 And o'er its gentle countenance did play  
 The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,  
 Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,  
 And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs  
 Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,  
 They had aroused from that full heart and brain.

XLI.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud  
 Upon a stream of wind, the pinnace went :  
 Now lingering on the pools, in which abode  
 The calm and darkness of the deep content  
 In which they paused ; now o'er the shallow road  
 Of white and dancing waters, all besprent  
 With sand and polished pebbles:—mortal boat  
 In such a shallow rapid could not float.

## XLII.

And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver  
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,  
 Or under chasms unfathomable ever  
 Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear  
 A subterranean portal for the river,  
 It fled—the circling sunbows did upbear  
 Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,  
 Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

## XLIII.

And when the wizard lady would ascend  
 The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,  
 Which to the inmost mountain upward tend—  
 She called “Hermaphroditus!” and the pale  
 And heavy hue which slumber could extend  
 Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale  
 A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,  
 Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

## XLIV.

And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions,  
 With stars of fire spotting the stream below;  
 And from above into the Sun’s dominions  
 Flung a glory, like the golden glow  
 In which spring clothes her emerald-winged  
 All interwoven with fine feathery snow [minions,  
 And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,  
 With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

## XLV.

And then it winnowed the Elysian air  
 Which ever hung about that lady bright,  
 With its ethereal vans—and speeding there,  
 Like a star up the torrent of the night,  
 Or a swift eagle in the morning glare  
 Breasting the whirlwind with impetuous flight;  
 The pinnacle, oared by those enchanted wings,  
 Clove the fierce streams towards their uppersprings.

## XLVI.

The water flashed like sunlight by the prow  
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven;  
 The still air seemed as if its waves did flow  
 In tempest down the mountains,—loosely driven  
 The lady’s radiant hair streamed to and fro;  
 Beneath, the billows having vainly striven  
 Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel  
 The swift and steady motion of the keel.

## XLVII.

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,  
 Or in the noon of interlunar night,  
 The lady-witch in visions could not chain  
 Her spirit; but sailed forth under the light  
 Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain  
 His storm-outsweeping wings, th’ Hermaphrodite;  
 She to the Austral waters took her way,  
 Beyond the fabulous Thamondocona.

## XLVIII.

Where, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,  
 Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,  
 With the Antarctic constellations paven,  
 Canopus and his crew, lay th’ Austral lake—  
 There she would build herself a windless haven  
 Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make  
 The bastions of the storm, when through the sky  
 The spirits of the tempest thundered by.

## XLIX.

A haven, beneath whose translucent floor  
 The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,  
 And around which the solid vapours hoar,  
 Based on the level waters, to the sky  
 Lifted their dreadful crags; and like a shore  
 Of wintry mountains, inaccessible  
 Hemmed in with rifts and precipices grey,  
 And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

## L.

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash  
 Of the winds’ scourge, foamed like a wounded  
 And the incessant hail with stony clash [thing;  
 Ploughed up the waters, and the flagging wing  
 Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash  
 Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering  
 Fragment of inky thunder-smoke—this haven  
 Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.

## LI.

On which that lady played her many pranks,  
 Circling the image of a shooting star,  
 Even as a tiger on Hydaspes’ banks  
 Outspeeds the Antelopes which speediest are,  
 In her light boat; and many quips and cranks  
 She played upon the water; till the car  
 Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,  
 To journey from the misty east began.

## LII.

And then she called out of the hollow turrets  
 Of those high clouds, white, golden, and vermilion,  
 The armies of her ministering spirits—  
 In mighty legions million after million  
 They came, each troop emblazoning its merits  
 On meteor flags; and many a proud pavilion,  
 Of the intertexture of the atmosphere,  
 They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.

## LIII.

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen  
 Of woven exhalations, underlaid  
 With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen  
 A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid  
 With crimson silk—cressets from the serene  
 Hung there, and on the water for her tread,  
 A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,  
 Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

## LIV.

And on a throne o’erlaid with starlight, caught  
 Upon those wandering isles of aery dew,  
 Which highest shoals of mountain shipwreck not,  
 She sat, and heard all that had happened new  
 Between the earth and moon since they had brought  
 The last intelligence—and now she grew  
 Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night—  
 And now she wept, and now she laughed outright.

## LV.

These were tame pleasures.—She would often climb  
 The steepest ladder of the crudded rack  
 Up to some beaked cape of cloud sublime,  
 And like Arion on the dolphin’s back  
 Ride singing through the shoreless air. Oft time  
 Following the serpent lightning’s winding track,  
 She ran upon the platforms of the wind,  
 And laughed to hear the fire-balls roar behind.

## LVII.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air,  
Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,  
She would ascend, and win the spirits there  
To let her join their chorus. Mortals found  
That on those days the sky was calm and fair,  
And mystic snatches of harmonious sound  
Wandered upon the earth where'er she passed,  
And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

## LVIII.

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,  
To glide adown old Nilus, when he threads  
Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep  
Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,  
Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,  
His waters on the plain: and crested heads  
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,  
And many a vapour-belted pyramid.

## LVIII.

By Mœris and the Mareotid lakes, [floors;  
Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber  
Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,  
Or charioteering ghastly alligators,  
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes  
Of those huge forms:—within the brazen doors  
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,  
Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

## LIX.

And where within the surface of the river  
The shadows of the massy temples lie,  
And never are erased—but tremble ever  
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,  
Through lotus-pav'n canals, and wheresoever  
The works of man pierced that serene sky  
With tombs, and towers, and fane, 'twas her delight  
To wander in the shadow of the night.

## LX.

With motion like the spirit of that wind  
Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet  
Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,  
Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,  
Through fane and palace-court and labyrinth mined  
With many a dark and subterranean street  
Under the Nile; through chambers high and deep  
She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

## LXI.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see  
Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.  
Here lay two sister-twins in infancy;  
There a lone youth who in his dreams did weep;  
Within, two lovers linked innocently  
In their loose locks which over both did creep  
Like ivy from one stem;—and there lay calm,  
Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

## LXII.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,  
Not to be mirrored in a holy song,  
Distortions foul of supernatural awe,  
And pale imaginings of visioned wrong,  
And all the code of custom's lawless law  
Written upon the brows of old and young:  
"This," said the wizard maiden, "is the strife  
Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

## LXIII.

And little did the sight disturb her soul—  
We, the weak mariners of that wide lake,  
Where'er its shores extend or billows roll,  
Our course unplotted and starless make  
O'er its wide surface to an unknown goal,—  
But she in the calm depths her way could take,  
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide,  
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

## LXIV.

And she saw princes crouched under the glow  
Of sunlike gems; and round each temple-court  
In dormitories ranged, row after row,  
She saw the priests asleep,—all of one sort,  
For all were educated to be so.  
The peasants in their huts, and in the port  
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,  
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

## LXV.

And all the forms in which those spirits lay,  
Were to her sight like the diaphanous  
Veils, in which those sweet ladies of array  
Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us  
Only their scorn of all concealment: they  
Move in the light of their own beauty thus.  
But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,  
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

## LXVI.

She all those human figures breathing there  
Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes  
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,  
And often through a rude and worn disguise  
She saw the inner form most bright and fair—  
And then,—she had a charm of strange device,  
Which, murmured on mute lips with tender tone,  
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

## LXVII.

Alas, Aurora! what wouldst thou have given  
For such a charm, when Tithon became grey?  
Or how much, Venus, of thy silver heaven  
Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina  
Had half (oh! why not all!) the debt forgiven  
Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,  
To any witch who would have taught you it?  
The Heliod doth not know its value yet.

## LXVIII.

'Tis said in after times her spirit free  
Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—  
But holy Dian could not chaster be  
Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,  
Than now this lady—like a sexless bee  
Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none—  
Among those mortal forms, the wizard-maiden  
Passed with an eye serene and heart unladen.

## LXIX.

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave  
Strange panacea in a crystal bowl.  
They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,  
And lived thenceforth as if some control,  
Mightier than life, were in them; and the grave  
Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,  
Was a green and over-arching bower  
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

## LXX.

For on the night that they were buried, she  
 Restored the embalmers' ruining, and shook  
 The light out of the funeral lamps, to be  
 A mimic day within that deathly nook ;  
 And she unwound the woven imagery  
 Of second childhood's swaddling bands, and took  
 The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,  
 And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

## LXXI.

And there the body lay, age after age,  
 Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecaying,  
 Like one asleep in a green hermitage,  
 With gentle sleep about its eyelids playing,  
 And living in its dreams beyond the rage  
 Of death or life ; while they were still arraying  
 In liveries ever new the rapid, blind,  
 And fleeting generations of mankind.

## LXXII.

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain  
 Of those who were less beautiful, and make  
 All harsh and crooked purposes more vain  
 Than in the desert is the serpent's wake  
 Which the sand covers,—all his evil gain  
 The miser in such dreams would rise and shake  
 Into a beggar's lap ;—the lying scribe  
 Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

## LXXIII.

The priests would write an explanation full,  
 Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,  
 How the god Apis really was a bull,  
 And nothing more ; and bid the herald stick  
 The same against the temple doors, and pull  
 The old cant down ; they licensed all to speak  
 Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,  
 By pastoral letters to each diocese.

## LXXIV.

The king would dress an ape up in his crown  
 And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,  
 And on the right hand of the sunlike throne  
 Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat  
 The chatterings of the monkey.—Every one  
 Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet  
 Of their great Emperor when the morning came ;  
 And kissed—alas, how many kiss the same !

## LXXV.

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths,  
 Walked out of quarters in sonnambulism, [and  
 Round the red anvils you might see them stand  
 Like Cyclopes in Vulcan's sooty abyss,  
 Beating their swords to ploughshares ;—in a band  
 The gaolers sent those of the liberal schism  
 Free through the streets of Memphis ; much, I wis,  
 To the annoyance of king Amasis.

## LXXVI.

And timid lovers who had been so coy,  
 They hardly knew whether they loved or not,  
 Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,  
 To the fulfilment of their inmost thought ;  
 And when next day the maiden and the boy  
 Met one another, both, like sinners caught,  
 Blushed at the thing which each believed was  
 Only in fancy—till the tenth moon shone ; [done

## LXXVII.

And then the Witch would let them take no ill :  
 Of many thousand schemes which lovers find  
 The Witch found one,—and so they took their fill  
 Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.  
 Friends who, by practice of some envious skill,  
 Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from  
 She did unite again with visions clear [mind !  
 Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

## LXXVIII.

These were the pranks she played among the cities  
 Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites  
 And Gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties,  
 To do her will, and show their subtle slights,  
 I will declare another time ; for it is  
 A tale more fit for the weird winter nights—  
 Than for these garish summer days, when we  
 Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

## ODE TO NAPLES\*.

## EPODE I. a.

I stood within the city disinterr'd † ;  
 And heard the autumnal leaves like light foot-  
 falls  
 Of spirits passing through the streets ; and heard  
 The Mountain's slumberous voice at intervals  
 Thrill through those roofless halls ;  
 The oracular thunder penetrating shooak  
 The listening soul in my suspended blood ;  
 I felt that Earth out of her deep heart spoke—  
 I felt, but heard not :—through white columns  
 The isle-sustaining Ocean flood, [glowed  
 A plane of light between two heavens of azure :  
 Around me gleamed many a bright sepulchre  
 Of whose pure beauty, Time, as if his pleasure  
 Were to spare Death, had never made erasure ;  
 But every living lineament was clear  
 As in the sculptor's thought ; and there  
 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,  
 Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow,  
 Seemed only not to move and grow  
 Because the crystal silence of the air  
 Weighed on their life ; even as the Power divine,  
 Which then lulled all things, brooded upon mine.

## EPODE II. a.

Then gentle winds arose,  
 With many a mingled close  
 Of wild Æolian sound and mountain odour keen ;  
 And where the Baian ocean  
 Welters with air-like motion,  
 Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,  
 Moving the sea-flowers in those purple caves,  
 Even as the ever stormless atmosphere  
 Floats o'er the Elysian realm,  
 It bore me like an Angel, o'er the waves  
 Of sunlight, whose swift pinnacle of dewy air

\* The Author has connected many recollections of his visit to Pompeii and Baie with the enthusiasm excited by the intelligence of the proclamation of a Constitutional Government at Naples. This has given a tinge of picturesque and descriptive imagery to the introductory Epodes, which depict the scenes and some of the majestic feelings permanently connected with the scene of this animating event.—*Author's Note.*

† Pompeii.



No storm can overwhelm ;  
I sailed where ever flows  
Under the calm Serene  
A spirit of deep emotion,  
From the unknown graves  
Of the dead kings of Melody\*.

Shadowy Aornos darkened o'er the helm  
The horizontal æther ; heaven stript bare  
Its depths over Elysium, where the prow  
Made the invisible water white as snow ;  
From that Typhæan mount, Inarime,  
There streamed a sunlike vapour, like the standard  
Of some ethereal host ;  
Whilst from all the coast,  
Louder and louder, gathering round, there wandered  
Over the oracular woods and divine sea  
Prophecys which grew articulate—  
They seize me—I must speak them ;—be they fate !

## STROPHE α. 1.

NAPLES ! thou Heart of men, which ever pantest  
Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven !  
Elysian City, which to calm enchantest  
The mutinous air and sea ! they round thee, even  
As sleep round Love, are driven !  
Metropolis of a ruined Paradise  
Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained !  
Bright Altar of the bloodless sacrifice,  
Which armed Victory offers up unstained  
To Love, the flower-enchained !  
Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,  
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be free,  
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail.  
Hail, hail, all hail !

## STROPHE β. 2.

Thou youngest giant birth,  
Which from the groaning earth  
Leap'st, clothed in armour of impenetrable scale !  
Last of the Intercessors  
Who 'gainst the Crowned Transgressors  
Pleadest before God's love ! Arrayed in Wisdom's  
mail,  
Wave thy lightning lance in mirth ;  
Nor let thy high heart fail,  
Though from their hundred gates the leagued  
Oppressors,  
With hurried legions move !  
Hail, hail, all hail !

## ANTISTROPHE α.

What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme  
Freedom and thee ? thy shield is as a mirror  
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce  
gleam  
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer ;  
A new Actæon's error  
Shall theirs have been—devoured by their own  
Be thou like the imperial Basilisk, [hounds !  
Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds !  
Gaze on oppression, till at that dread risk  
Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk :  
Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,  
And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.  
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice may avail,  
Thou shalt be great.—All hail !

## ANTISTROPHE β. 2.

From Freedom's form divine,  
From Nature's inmost shrine,

\* Homer and Virgil.

Strip every impious gawd, rend Error veil by veil :  
O'er Ruin desolate,  
O'er Falsehood's fallen state,  
Sit thou sublime, unawed ; be the Destroyer pale !  
And equal laws be thine,  
And winged words let sail,  
Freighted with truth even from the throne of God :  
That wealth, surviving fate,  
Be thine.—All hail !

## ANTISTROPHE α. γ.

Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan  
From land to land re-echoed solemnly,  
Till silence became music ? From the Ææan\*  
To the cold Alps, eternal Italy  
Starts to hear thine ! The Sea  
Which paves the desert streets of Venice, laughs  
In light and music ; widowed Genoa wan,  
By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,  
Murmuring, where is Doria ? fair Milan,  
Within whose veins long ran  
The viper's † palsyng venom, lifts her heel  
To bruise his head. The signal and the seal  
(If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail)  
Art Thou of all these hopes.—O hail !

## ANTISTROPHE β. γ.

Florence ! beneath the sun,  
Of cities fairest one,  
Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expecta-  
From eyes of quenchless hope [tion :  
Rome tears the priestly cope,  
As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,  
An athlete stript to run  
From a remoter station  
For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore :—  
As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,  
So now may Fraud and Wrong ! O hail !

## EPODE I. β.

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms  
Arrayed against the ever-living Gods ?  
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms  
Bursting their inaccessible abodes  
Of crags and thunder clouds ?  
See ye the banners blazoned to the day,  
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride ?  
Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,  
The Serene Heaven which wraps our Eden wide  
With iron light is dyed,  
The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions  
Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating ;  
An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions  
And lawless slaveries,—down the aerial regions  
Of the white Alps, desolating,  
Famished wolves that bide no waiting,  
Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,  
Trampling our columned cities into dust,  
Their dull and savage lust  
On Beauty's corse to sickness satiating— [hoary  
They come ! The fields they tread look black and  
With fire—from their red feet the streams run  
gory !

## EPODE II. β.

Great Spirit, deepest Love !  
Which rulest and dost move

\* Ææa, the Island of Circe.

† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

All things which live and are, within the Italian  
 Who spreadest heaven around it, [shore ;  
 Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it ;  
 Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,  
 Spirit of beauty ! at whose soft command  
 The sunbeams and the showers distil its foison !  
 From the Earth's bosom chill ;  
 O bid those beams be each a blinding brand  
 Of lightning ! bid those showers be dews of poison !  
 Bid the Earth's plenty kill !  
 Bid thy bright Heaven above  
 Whilst light and darkness bound it,  
 Be their tomb who planned  
 To make it ours and thine !  
 Or, with thine harmonizing ardours fill  
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon  
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—  
 Be man's high hope and unextinct desire  
 The instrument to work thy will divine !  
 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leo-  
 And frowns and fears from Thee, [pards,  
 Would not more swiftly flee,  
 Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.—  
 Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine  
 Thou yieldest or withholdest, Oh let be  
 This City of thy worship, ever free !

---

AUTUMN :

A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is falling, the bleak wind is wailing,  
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are  
 And the year [dying,  
 On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves  
 Is lying. [dead,  
 Come, months, come away,  
 From November to May,  
 In your saddest array ;  
 Follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,  
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling  
 For the year ;  
 The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each  
 gone  
 To his dwelling ;  
 Come, months, come away ;  
 Put on white, black, and grey,  
 Let your light sisters play—  
 Ye, follow the bier  
 Of the dead cold year,  
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

---

THE WANING MOON.

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose up in the murky earth,  
 A white and shapeless mass.

DEATH.

DEATH is here, and death is there,  
 Death is busy everywhere,  
 All around, within, beneath,  
 Above is death—and we are death.

Death has set his mark and seal  
 On all we are and all we feel,  
 On all we know and all we fear,

\* \* \* \* \*

First our pleasures die—and then  
 Our hopes, and then our fears—and when  
 These are dead, the debt is due,  
 Dust claims dust—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,  
 Like ourselves, must fade and perish ;  
 Such is our rude mortal lot—  
 Love itself would, did they not.

---

LIBERTY.

THE fiery mountains answer each other ;  
 Their thunderings are echoed from zone to zone ;  
 The tempestuous oceans awake one another,  
 And the ice-rocks are shaken round winter's  
 zone,  
 When the clarion of the Typhoon is blown.

From a single cloud the lightning flashes,  
 Whilst a thousand isles are illumined around,  
 Earthquake is tramping one city to ashes,  
 An hundred are shuddering and tottering ; the  
 sound  
 Is bellowing underground.

But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,  
 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp ;  
 Thou deafenest the rage of the ocean ; thy stare  
 Makes blind the volcanoes ; the sun's bright lamp  
 To thine is a fen-fire damp.

From billow and mountain and exhalation  
 The sunlight is darted through vapour and blast ;  
 From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,  
 From city to hamlet, thy dawning is cast,—  
 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night  
 In the van of the morning light.

---

TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness  
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
 Wandering companionless  
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—  
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object worth its constancy !

## SUMMER AND WINTER.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon—and the stainless sky  
Opens beyond them like eternity.  
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,  
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds ;  
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die  
In the deep forests ; and the fishes lie  
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes  
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick ; and when,  
Among their children, comfortable men  
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold :  
Alas ! then for the homeless beggar old !

## THE TOWER OF FAMINE\*.

AMID the desolation of a city,  
Which was the cradle, and is now the grave,  
Of an extinguished people ; so that pity  
Weeps o'er the shipwrecks of oblivion's wave,  
There stands the Tower of Famine. It is built  
Upon some prison-homes, whose dwellers rave  
For bread, and gold, and blood : pain, linked to  
Agitates the light flame of their hours, [guilt,  
Until its vital oil is spent or spilt :  
There stands the pile, a tower amid the towers  
And sacred domes ; each marble-ribbed roof,  
The brazen-gated temples, and the bowers  
Of solitary wealth ! the tempest-proof  
Pavilions of the dark Italian air  
Are by its presence dimmed—they stand aloof,  
And are withdrawn—so that the world is bare,  
As if a spectre, wrapt in shapeless terror,  
Amid a company of ladies fair  
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror  
Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue,  
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,  
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

## AN ALLEGORY.

A PORTAL as of shadowy adamant  
Stands yawning on the highway of the life  
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt ;  
Around it rages an unceasing strife  
Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt  
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high  
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky.

\* At Pisa there still exists the prison of Ugolino, which goes by the name of "La Torre della Fame:" in the adjoining building the galley-slaves are confined. It is situated near the Ponte al Mare on the Arno.

And many passed it by with careless tread,  
Not knowing that a shadowy [ ]  
Tracks every traveller even to where the dead  
Wait peacefully for their companion new ;  
But others, by more curious humour led,  
Pause to examine,—these are very few,  
And they learn little there, except to know  
That shadows follow them where'er they go.

## THE WORLD'S WANDERERS.

TELL me, thou star, whose wings of light  
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,  
In what cavern of the night  
Will thy pinions close now ?

Tell me, moon, thou pale and grey  
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,  
In what depth of night or day  
Seekest thou repose now ?

Weary wind, who wanderest  
Like the world's rejected guest,  
Hast thou still some secret nest  
On the tree or billow ?

## SONNET.

YE hasten to the dead ! What seek ye there,  
Ye restless thoughts and busy purposes  
Of the idle brain, which the world's livery wear ?  
O thou quick Heart, which pantest to possess  
All that anticipation feigneth fair !  
Thou vainly curious mind which wouldst guess  
Whence thou didst come, and whither thou mayest go,  
And that which never yet was known wouldst  
know—  
Oh, whither hasten ye, that thus ye press  
With such swift feet life's green and pleasant path,  
Seeking alike from happiness and woe  
A refuge in the cavern of grey death !  
O heart, and mind, and thoughts ! What thing  
do you  
Hope to inherit in the grave below ?

## LINES TO A REVIEWER.

ALAS ! good friend, what profit can you see  
In hating such a hateless thing as me ?  
There is no sport in hate where all the rage  
Is on one side. In vain would you assuage  
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile,  
In which not even contempt lurks, to beguile  
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.  
Oh conquer what you cannot satiate !  
For to your passion I am far more coy  
Than ever yet was coldest maid or boy  
In winter noon. Of your antipathy  
If I am the Narcissus, you are free  
To pine into a sound with hating me.

## NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1820.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE spent the latter part of the year 1819 in Florence, where Shelley passed several hours daily in the Gallery, and made various notes on its ancient works of art. His thoughts were a good deal taken up also by the project of a steam-boat, undertaken by a friend, an engineer, to ply between Leghorn and Marseilles, for which he supplied a sum of money. This was a sort of plan to delight Shelley, and he was greatly disappointed when it was thrown aside.

There was something in Florence that disagreed excessively with his health, and he suffered far more pain than usual; so much so that we left it sooner than we intended, and removed to Pisa, where we had some friends, and, above all, where we could consult the celebrated Vaccà, as to the cause of Shelley's sufferings. He, like every other medical man, could only guess at that, and gave little hope of immediate relief; he enjoined him to abstain from all physicians and medicine, and to leave his complaint to nature. As, he had vainly consulted medical men of the highest repute in England, he was easily persuaded to adopt this advice. Pain and ill-health followed him to the end, but the residence at Pisa agreed with him better than any other, and there in consequence we remained.

In the spring we spent a week or two near Leghorn, borrowing the house of some friends, who were absent on a journey to England.—It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes, whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fire-flies, that we heard the carolling of the sky-lark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems. He addressed the letter to Mrs. Gisborne from this house, which was hers; he had made his study of the workshop of her son, who was an engineer. Mrs. Gisborne had been a friend of my father in her younger days. She was a lady of great accomplishments, and

charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind, after a life of considerable adversity. As a favourite friend of my father we had sought her with eagerness, and the most open and cordial friendship was established between us.

We spent the summer at the baths of San Giuliano, four miles from Pisa. These baths were of great use to Shelley in soothing his nervous irritability. We made several excursions in the neighbourhood. The country around is fertile; and diversified and rendered picturesque by ranges of near hills and more distant mountains. The peasantry are a handsome, intelligent race, and there was a glad some sunny heaven spread over us, that rendered home and every scene we visited cheerful and bright. During some of the hottest days of August, Shelley made a solitary journey on foot to the summit of Monte San Pelegrino—a mountain of some height, on the top of which there is a chapel, the object, during certain days in the year, of many pilgrimages. The excursion delighted him while it lasted, though he exerted himself too much, and the effect was considerable lassitude and weakness on his return. During the expedition he conceived the idea and wrote, in the three days immediately succeeding to his return, the *Witch of Atlas*. This poem is peculiarly characteristic of his tastes—wildly fanciful, full of brilliant imagery, and discarding human interest and passion, to revel in the fantastic ideas that his imagination suggested.

The surpassing excellence of *The Cenci* had made me greatly desire that Shelley should increase his popularity, by adopting subjects that would more suit the popular taste, than a poem conceived in the abstract and dreamy spirit of the *Witch of Atlas*. It was not only that I wished him to acquire popularity as redounding to his

fame; but I believed that he would obtain a greater mastery over his own powers, and greater happiness in his mind, if public applause crowned his endeavours. The few stanzas that precede the poem were addressed to me on my representing these ideas to him. Even now I believe that I was in the right. Shelley did not expect sympathy and approbation from the public; but the want of it took away a portion of the ardour that ought to have sustained him while writing. He was thrown on his own resources, and on the inspiration of his own soul, and wrote because his mind overflowed, without the hope of being appreciated. I had not the most distant wish that he should truckle in opinion, or submit his lofty aspirations for the human race to the low ambition and pride of the many, but I felt sure, that if his poems were more addressed to the common feelings of men, his proper rank among the writers of the day would be acknowledged; and that popularity as a poet would enable his countrymen to do justice to his character and virtues; which, in those days, it was the mode to attack with the most flagitious calumnies and insulting abuse. That he felt these things deeply cannot be doubted, though he armed himself with the consciousness of acting from a lofty and heroic sense of right. The truth burst from his heart sometimes in solitude, and he would write a few unfinished verses that showed that he felt the sting; among such I find the following:—

Alas! this is not what I thought life was.  
I knew that there were crimes and evil men,  
Misery and hate; nor did I hope to pass  
Untouched by suffering, through the rugged glen.  
In mine own heart I saw as in a glass  
The hearts of others. . . . And when  
I went among my kind, with triple brass  
Of calm endurance my weak breast I armed,  
To bear scorn, fear, and hate, a woful mass!

I believed that all this morbid feeling would vanish, if the chord of sympathy between him and his countrymen were touched. But my persuasions were vain, the mind could not be bent from its natural inclination. Shelley shrunk instinctively from portraying human passion, with its mixture of good and evil, of disappointment and disquiet. Such opened again the wounds of his own heart, and he loved to shelter himself rather in the airiest flights of fancy, forgetting love and hate, and regret and lost hope, in such imaginations as borrowed their hues from sunrise or sunset, from the yellow moonshine or paly twilight, from the aspect of the far ocean or the shadows of

the woods; which celebrated the singing of the winds among the pines, the flow of a murmuring stream, and the thousand harmonious sounds which nature creates in her solitudes. These are the materials which form the Witch of Atlas; it is a brilliant congregation of ideas, such as his senses gathered, and his fancy coloured, during his rambles in the sunny land he so much loved.

Our stay at the baths of San Giuliano was shortened by an accident. At the foot of our garden ran the canal that communicated between the Serchio and the Arno. The Serchio overflowed its banks, and breaking its bounds, this canal also overflowed; all this part of the country is below the level of its rivers, and the consequence was, that it was speedily flooded. The rising waters filled the square of the baths, in the lower part of which our house was situated. The canal overflowed in the garden behind; the rising waters on either side at last burst open the doors, and meeting in the house, rose to the height of six feet. It was a picturesque sight at night, to see the peasants driving the cattle from the plains below, to the hills above the baths. A fire was kept up to guide them across the ford; and the forms of the men and the animals showed in dark relief against the red glare of the flame, which was reflected again in the waters that filled the square.

We then removed to Pisa, and took up our abode there for the winter. The extreme mildness of the climate suited Shelley, and his solitude was enlivened by an intercourse with several intimate friends. Chance cast us, strangely enough, on this quiet, half-unpeopled town; but its very peace suited Shelley,—its river, the near mountains, and not distant sea, added to its attractions, and were the objects of many delightful excursions. We feared the south of Italy and a hotter climate, on account of our child; our former bereavement inspiring us with terror. We seemed to take root here, and moved little afterwards; often, indeed, entertaining projects for visiting other parts of Italy, but still delaying. But for our fears, on account of our child, I believe we should have wandered over the world, both being passionately fond of travelling. But human life, besides its great unalterable necessities, is ruled by a thousand lilliputian ties, that shackle at the time, although it is difficult to account afterwards for their influence over our destiny.

# POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXXI.

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## EPIPSYCHIDION :

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE NOBLE AND UNFORTUNATE

LADY EMILIA V——.

NOW IMPRISONED IN THE CONVENT OF ——.

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“L'anima amante si slancia furio del creato, e si crea nel infinito un Mondo tutto per essa, diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.”—*Her own words.*

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My Song, I fear that thou wilt find but few  
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,  
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain ;  
Whence, if by misadventure, chance should bring  
Thee to base company (as chance may do),  
Quite unaware of what thou dost contain,  
I prithee comfort thy sweet self again,  
My last delight ! tell them that they are dull,  
And bid them own that thou art beautiful.

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### ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of the following lines died at Florence, as he was preparing for a voyage to one of the wildest of the Sporades, which he had bought, and where he had fitted up the ruins of an old building, and where it was his hope to have realised a scheme of life, suited perhaps to that happier and better world of which he is now an inhabitant, but hardly practicable in this. His life was singular ; less on account of the romantic vicissitudes which diversified it, than the ideal tinge which it received from his own character and feelings. The present Poem, like the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates ; and to a certain other class it must

ever remain incomprehensible, from a defect of a common organ of perception for the ideas of which it treats. Not but that, *gran vergogna sarebbe a colui, che rimasse cosa sotto veste di figura, o di colore rettorico : e domandato non sapesse denudare le sue parole da cotai veste, in guisa che avessero verace intendimento.*

The present poem appears to have been intended by the writer as the dedication to some longer one. The stanza on the above page is almost a literal translation from Dante's famous canzone

*Voi ch' intendendo, il terzo ciel movete, &c.*

The presumptuous application of the concluding lines to his own composition will raise a smile at the expense of my unfortunate friend : be it a smile not of contempt, but pity.

S.

## EPIPSYCHIDION.

SWEET Spirit ! Sister of that orphan one,  
Whose empire is the name thou weepst on,  
In my heart's temple I suspend to thee  
These votive wreaths of withered memory.

Poor captive bird ! who, from thy narrow cage,  
Poorest such music, that it might assuage  
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,  
Were they not deaf to all sweet melody ;  
This song shall be thy rose : its petals pale  
Are dead, indeed, my adored Nightingale !  
But soft and fragrant is the faded blossom,  
And it has no thorn left to wound thy bosom.

High, spirit-winged Heart ! who dost for ever  
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,  
Till those bright plumes of thought, in which  
arrayed

It over-soared this low and worldly shade,  
Lie shattered ; and thy panting wounded breast  
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest !  
I weep vain tears : blood would less bitter be,  
Yet poured forth gladlier, could it profit thee.

Seraph of Heaven ! too gentle to be human,  
Veiling beneath that radiant form of Woman  
All that is insupportable in thee  
Of light, and love, and immortality !  
Sweet Benediction in the eternal Curse !  
Veiled glory of this lampless Universe !  
Thou Moon beyond the clouds ! Thou living  
Form

Among the Dead ! Thou Star above the Storm !  
Thou Wonder, and thou Beauty, and thou Terror !  
Thou Harmony of Nature's art ! Thou Mirror  
In whom, as in the splendour of the Sun,  
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on !  
Ay, even the dim words which obscure thee now  
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow ;  
I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song  
All of its much mortality and wrong,  
With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew  
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens  
through,  
Weeping, till sorrow becomes ecstasy :  
Then smile on it, so that it may not die.

I never thought before my death to see  
Youth's vision thus made perfect : Emily,  
I love thee ; though the world by no thin name  
Will hide that love, from its unvalued shame.  
Would we two had been twins of the same mother !  
Or, that the name my heart lent to another  
Could be a sister's bond for her and thee,  
Blending two beams of one eternity !  
Yet were one lawful and the other true,  
These names, though dear, could paint not, as is due,  
How beyond refuge I am thine. Ah me !  
I am not thine : I am a part of thee.

Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like Muse has burnt its  
wings,  
Or, like a dying swan who soars and sings,  
Young Love should teach Time, in his own grey style,  
All that thou art. Art thou not void of guile,  
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?  
A well of sealed and secret happiness,  
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,  
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ? A Star  
Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone ?  
A smile amid dark frowns ? a gentle tone  
Amid rude voices ? a beloved light ?  
A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight ?  
A lute, which those whom love has taught to play  
Make music on, to soothe the roughest day  
And lull fond grief asleep ? a buried treasure ?  
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure ?  
A violet-shrouded grave of Woe !—I measure  
The world of fancies, seeking one like thee,  
And find—alas ! mine own infirmity.

She met me, Stranger, upon life's rough way,  
And lured me towards sweet Death ; as Night by  
Day,  
Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,  
Led into light, life, peace. An antelope,  
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
Were less ethereally light : the brightness  
Of her divinest presence trembles through  
Her limbs, as underneath a cloud of dew  
Embodied in the windless heaven of June,  
Amid the splendour-winged stars, the Moon  
Burns inextinguishably beautiful :  
And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full  
Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,  
Killing the sense with passion : sweet as stops  
Of planetary music heard in trance.  
In her mild lights the starry spirits dance,  
The sunbeams of those wells which ever leap  
Under the lightning of the soul—too deep  
For the brief fathom-line of thought or sense.  
The glory of her being, issuing thence,  
Stains the dead, blank, cold air with a warm shade  
Of unentangled intermixture, made  
By Love, of light and motion ; one intense  
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence,  
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing  
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing  
With the unintermitted blood, which there  
Quivers, (as in a fleece of snow-like air  
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver,)  
Continuously prolonged, and ending never,  
Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled  
Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world ;  
Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.  
Warm fragrance seems to fall from her light dress,  
And her loose hair ; and where some heavy tress  
The air of her own speed has disintwined,  
The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;

And in the soul a wild odour is felt,  
 Beyond the sense, like fiery dew that melt  
 Into the bosom of a frozen bud.  
 See where she stands ! a mortal shape indued  
 With love and life and light and deity,  
 And motion which may change but cannot die ;  
 An image of some bright Eternity ;  
 A shadow of some golden dream ; a Splendour  
 Leaving the third sphere pilotless ; a tender  
 Reflection on the eternal Moon of Love,  
 Under whose motions life's dull billows move ;  
 A Metaphor of Spring and Youth and Morning ;  
 A vision like incarnate April, warning,  
 With smiles and tears, Frost the Anatomy  
 Into his summer grave.

Ah ! woe is me !

What have I dared ? where am I lifted ? how  
 Shall I descend, and perish not ? I know  
 That Love makes all things equal : I have heard  
 By mine own heart this joyous truth averred :  
 The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,  
 In love and worship, blends itself with God.

Spouse ! Sister ! Angel ! Pilot of the Fate  
 Whose course has been so starless ! O too late  
 Beloved ! O too soon adored, by me !  
 For in the fields of immortality  
 My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,  
 A divine presence in a place divine ;  
 Or should have moved beside it on this earth,  
 A shadow of that substance, from its birth ;  
 But not as now :—I love thee ; yes, I feel  
 That on the fountain of my heart a seal  
 Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright  
 For thee, since in those *tears* thou hast delight.  
 We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,  
 For one another, though dissimilar ;  
 Such difference without discord, as can make  
 Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake,  
 As trembling leaves in a continuous air ?

Thy wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare  
 Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreckt.  
 I never was attached to that great sect,  
 Whose doctrine is, that each one should select  
 Out of the crowd a mistress or a friend,  
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
 To cold oblivion, though it is in the code  
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road  
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread,  
 Who travel to their home among the dead  
 By the broad highway of the world, and so  
 With one chained friend, perhaps a jealous foe,  
 The dreariest and the longest journey go.

True Love in this differs from gold and clay,  
 That to divide is not to take away.  
 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,  
 Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like the light,  
 Imagination ! which, from earth and sky,  
 And from the depths of human phantasy,  
 As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills  
 The Universe with glorious beams, and kills  
 Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow  
 Of its reverberated lightning. Narrow  
 The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,  
 The life that wears, the spirit that creates  
 One object, and one form, and builds thereby  
 A sepulchre for its eternity.

Mind from its object differs most in this :  
 Evil from good ; misery from happiness ;  
 The baser from the nobler ; the impure  
 And frail, from what is clear and must endure.  
 If you divide suffering and dross, you may  
 Diminish till it is consumed away ;  
 If you divide pleasure and love and thought,  
 Each part exceeds the whole ; and we know not  
 How much, while any yet remains unshared,  
 Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared :  
 This truth is that deep well, whence sages draw  
 The unenvied light of hope ; the eternal law  
 By which those live, to whom this world of life  
 Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife  
 Tills for the promise of a later birth  
 The wilderness of this Elysian earth.

There was a Being whom my spirit oft  
 Met on its visioned wanderings, far aloft,  
 In the clear golden prime of my youth's dawn,  
 Upon the fairy isles of sunny lawn,  
 Amid the enchanted mountains, and the caves  
 Of divine sleep, and on the air-like waves  
 Of wonder-level dream, whose tremulous floor  
 Paved her light steps ;—on an imagined shore,  
 Under the grey beak of some promontory  
 She met me, robed in such exceeding glory,  
 That I beheld her not. In solitudes  
 Her voice came to me through the whispering woods,  
 And from the fountains, and the odours deep  
 Of flowers, which, like lips murmuring in their sleep  
 Of the sweet kisses which had lulled them there,  
 Breathed but of *her* to the enamoured air ;  
 And from the breezes whether low or loud,  
 And from the rain of every passing cloud,  
 And from the singing of the summer-birds,  
 And from all sounds, all silence. In the words  
 Of antique verse and high romance,—in form,  
 Sound, colour—in whatever checks that Storm  
 Which with the shattered present chokes the past ;  
 And in that best philosophy, whose taste  
 Makes this cold common hell, our life, a doom  
 As glorious as a fiery martyrdom ;  
 Her Spirit was the harmony of truth.—

Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth  
 I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire,  
 And towards the loadstar of my one desire,  
 I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight  
 Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light,  
 When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere  
 A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,  
 As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—  
 But She, whom prayers or tears then could not tame,  
 Past, like a God throned on a winged planet,  
 Whose burning plumes to tenfold swiftness fan it,  
 Into the dreary cone of our life's shade ;  
 And as a man with mighty loss dismayed,  
 I would have followed, though the grave between  
 Yawned like a gulf whose spectres are unseen :  
 Whena voice said :—"O Thou of hearts the weakest,  
 The phantom is beside thee whom thou seekest."  
 Then I—"Where?" the world's echo answered  
 "where!"  
 And in that silence, and in my despair,  
 I questioned every tongueless wind that flew  
 Over my tower of mourning, if it knew  
 Whither 'twas fled, this soul out of my soul ;  
 And murmured names and spells which have  
 controul



Over the sightless tyrants of our fate ;  
 But neither prayer nor verse could dissipate  
 The night which closed on her ; nor uncreate  
 That world within this Chaos, mine and me,  
 Of which she was the veiled Divinity,  
 The world I say of thoughts that worshipped  
 her :

And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear.  
 And every gentle passion sick to death,  
 Feeding my course with expectation's breath,  
 Into the wintry forest of our life ;  
 And struggling through its error with vain strife,  
 And stumbling in my weakness and my haste,  
 And half bewildered by new forms, I past  
 Seeking among those untaught foresters  
 If I could find one form resembling hers,  
 In which she might have masked herself from  
 me.

There,—One, whose voice was venom'd melody  
 Sate by a well, under blue night-shade bowers ;  
 The breath of her false mouth was like faint  
 flowers,

Her touch was as electric poison,—flame  
 Out of her looks into my vitals came,  
 And from her living cheeks and bosom flew  
 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew  
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay  
 Upon its leaves ; until, as hair grown grey  
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime  
 With ruins of unseasonable time.

In many mortal forms I rashly sought  
 The shadow of that idol of my thought.  
 And some were fair—but beauty dies away :  
 Others were wise—but honeyed words betray :  
 And One was true—oh ! why not true to me ?  
 Then, as a hunted deer that could not flee,  
 I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,  
 Wounded, and weak, and panting ; the cold day  
 Trembled, for pity of my strife and pain,  
 When, like a noon-day dawn, there shone again  
 Deliverance. One stood on my path who seemed  
 As like the glorious shape which I had dreamed,  
 As is the Moon, whose changes ever run  
 Into themselves, to the eternal Sun ;  
 The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright  
 isles,

Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles.  
 That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame  
 Which ever is transformed, yet still the same,  
 And warms not but illumines. Young and fair  
 As the descended Spirit of that sphere,  
 She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night  
 From its own darkness, until all was bright  
 Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,  
 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,  
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,  
 And sat beside me, with her downward face  
 Illumining my slumbers, like the Moon  
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion.  
 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,  
 And all my being became bright or dim  
 As the Moon's image in a summer sea,  
 According as she smiled or frowned on me ;  
 And there I lay, within a chaste cold bed :  
 Alas, I then was nor alive nor dead :—  
 For at her silver voice came Death and Life,  
 Unmindful each of their accustomed strife,  
 Masked like twin babes, a sister and a brother,  
 The wandering hopes of one abandoned mother,

And through the cavern without wings they flew,  
 And cried, " Away ! he is not of our crew."  
 I wept, and, though it be a dream, I weep.

What storms then shook the ocean of my sleep,  
 Blotting that Moon, whose pale and waning lips  
 Then shrank as in the sickness of eclipse ;—  
 And how my soul was as a lampless sea,  
 And who was then its Tempest ; and when She,  
 The Planet of that hour, was quenched, what frost  
 Crept o'er those waters, till from coast to coast  
 The moving billows of my being fell  
 Into a death of ice, immovable ;—  
 And then—what earthquakes made it gape and split,  
 The white Moon smiling all the while on it,  
 These words conceal :—If not, each word would be  
 The key of staunchless tears. Weep not for me !

At length, into the obscure forest came  
 The vision I had sought through grief and shame.  
 Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns  
 Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's,  
 And from her presence life was radiated  
 Through the grey earth and branches bare and  
 dead ;

So that her way was paved, and roofed above  
 With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love ;  
 And music from her respiration spread  
 Like light,—all other sounds were penetrated  
 By the small, still, sweet spirit of that sound,  
 So that the savage winds hung mute around ;  
 And odours warm and fresh fell from her hair  
 Dissolving the dull cold in the froze air :  
 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,  
 When light is changed to love, this glorious One  
 Floated into the cavern where I lay,  
 And called my Spirit, and the dreaming clay  
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below  
 As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow  
 I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night  
 Was penetrating me with living light :  
 I knew it was the Vision veiled from me  
 So many years—that it was Emily.

Thin Spheres of light who rule this passive Earth,  
 This world of love, this *me* ; and into birth  
 Awaken all its fruits and flowers, and dart  
 Magnetic might into its central heart ;  
 And lift its billows and its mists, and guide  
 By everlasting laws each wind and tide  
 To its fit cloud, and its appointed cave ;  
 And lull its storms, each in the craggy grave  
 Which was its cradle, luring to faint bowers  
 The armies of the rainbow-winged showers ;  
 And, as those married lights, which from the  
 towers  
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe  
 In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe ;  
 And all their many-mingled influence blend,  
 If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;—  
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway,  
 Govern my sphere of being, night and day !  
 Thou, not disdaining even a borrowed might ;  
 Thou, not eclipsing a remoter light ;  
 And, through the shadow of the seasons three,  
 From Spring to Autumn's sere maturity,  
 Light it into the Winter of the tomb,  
 Where it may ripen to a brighter bloom.  
 Thou too, O Comet, beautiful and fierce,  
 Who drew the heart of this frail Universe

Towards thine own; till, wreckt in that convulsion,  
 Alternating attraction and repulsion,  
 Thine went astray, and that was rent in twain;  
 Oh, float into our azure heaven again!  
 Be there love's folding-star at thy return;  
 The living Sun will feed thee from its urn  
 Of golden fire; the Moon will veil her horn  
 In thy last smiles; adoring Even and Morn  
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath  
 And lights and shadows; as the star of Death  
 And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild  
 Called Hope and Fear—upon the heart are piled  
 Their offerings,—of this sacrifice divine  
 A World shall be the altar.

Lady mine,

Scorn not these flowers of thought, the fading birth  
 Which from its heart of hearts that plant puts  
 forth,  
 Whose fruit, made perfect by thy sunny eyes,  
 Will be as of the trees of Paradise.

The day is come, and thou wilt fly with me.  
 To whatsoe'er of dull mortality  
 Is mine, remain a vestal sister still;  
 To the intense, the deep, the imperishable,  
 Not mine, but me, henceforth be thou united  
 Even as a bride, delighting and delighted.  
 The hour is come:—the destined Star has risen  
 Which shall descend upon a vacant prison.  
 The walls are high, the gates are strong, thick set  
 The sentinels—but true love never yet  
 Was thus constrained: it overleaps all fence:  
 Like lightning, with invisible violence  
 Piercing its continents: like Heaven's free breath,  
 Which he who grasps can hold not; liker Death,  
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way  
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array  
 Of arms: more strength has Love than he or they;  
 For he can burst his charnel, and make free  
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,  
 The soul in dust and chaos.

Emily,

A ship is floating in the harbour now,  
 A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;  
 There is a path on the sea's azure floor,  
 No keel has ever ploughed that path before;  
 The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;  
 The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles;  
 The merry mariners are bold and free:  
 Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?  
 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest  
 Is a far Eden of the purple East;  
 And we between her wings will sit, while Night,  
 And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,  
 Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,  
 Treading each other's heels, unheededly.  
 It is an isle under Ionian skies,  
 Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,  
 And, for the harbours are not safe and good,  
 This land would have remained a solitude  
 But for some pastoral people native there,  
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air  
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,  
 Simple and spirited; innocent and bold.  
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,  
 With ever-changing sound and light and foam,  
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;  
 And all the winds wandering along the shore

Undulate with the undulating tide:  
 There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;  
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,  
 As clear as elemental diamond,  
 Or serene morning air; and far beyond,  
 The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer  
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but once a  
 year.)

Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls  
 Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls  
 Illumining, with sound that never fails,  
 Accompany the noonday nightingales;  
 And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;  
 The light clear element which the isle wears  
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,  
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,  
 And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep;  
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,  
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain  
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain.  
 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,  
 With that deep music is in unison:  
 Which is a soul within the soul—they seem  
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.—  
 It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,  
 Cradled, and hung in clear tranquillity;  
 Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,  
 Washed by the soft blue Oceans of young air.  
 It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,  
 Pestilence, War, and Earthquake, never light  
 Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they  
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way:  
 The winged storms, chaunting their thunder-psalm  
 To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm  
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,  
 From which its fields and woods ever renew  
 Their green and golden immortality.  
 And from the sea there rise, and from the sky  
 There fall clear exhalations, soft and bright,  
 Veil after veil, each hiding some delight.  
 Which Sun or Moon or zephyr draw aside,  
 Till the isle's beauty, like a naked bride  
 Glowing at once with love and loveliness,  
 Blushes and trembles at its own excess:  
 Yet, like a buried lamp, a Soul no less  
 Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,  
 An atom of the Eternal, whose own smile  
 Unfolds itself, and may be felt not seen  
 O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and forests green,  
 Filling their bare and void interstices.—  
 But the chief marvel of the wilderness  
 Is a lone dwelling, built by whom or how  
 None of the rustic island-people know;  
 'Tis not a tower of strength, though with its height  
 It overtops the woods; but, for delight,  
 Some wise and tender Ocean-King, ere crime  
 Had been invented, in the world's young prime,  
 Reared it, a wonder of that simple time,  
 An envy of the isles, a pleasure-house  
 Made sacred to his sister and his spouse.  
 It scarce seems now a wreck of human art,  
 But, as it were, Titanic; in the heart  
 Of Earth having assumed its form, then grown  
 Out of the mountains, from the living stone,  
 Lifting itself in caverns light and high:  
 For all the antique and learned imagery  
 Has been erased, and in the place of it  
 The ivy and the wild vine interknit  
 The volumes of their many-twining stems;  
 Parasite flowers illumine with dewy gems

The lampless halls, and when they fade, the sky  
Peeps through their winter-woof of tracery  
With moonlight patches, or star atoms keen,  
Or fragments of the day's intense serene ;  
Working mosaic on their Parian floors.  
And, day and night, aloof, from the high towers  
And terraces, the Earth and Ocean seem  
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream  
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all  
that we  
Read in their smiles, and call reality.

This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed  
Thee to be lady of the solitude.

And I have fitted up some chambers there  
Looking towards the golden Eastern air,  
And level with the living winds, which flow  
Like waves above the living waves below.  
I have sent books and music there, and all  
Those instruments with which high spirits call  
The future from its cradle, and the past  
Out of its grave, and make the present last  
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,  
Folded within their own eternity.  
Our simple life wants little, and true taste  
Hires not the pale drudge Luxury to waste  
The scene it would adorn, and therefore still,  
Nature, with all her children, haunts the hill.  
The ring-dove, in the embowering ivy, yet  
Keeps up her love-lament, and the owls flit  
Round the evening tower, and the young stars  
glance

Between the quick bats in their twilight dance ;  
The spotted deer bask in the fresh moonlight  
Before our gate, and the slow silent night  
Is measured by the pants of their calm sleep.  
Be this our home in life, and when years heap  
Their withered hours, like leaves, on our decay,  
Let us become the overhanging day,  
The living soul of this Elysian isle,  
Conscious, inseparable, one. Meanwhile  
We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,  
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,  
And wander in the meadows, or ascend  
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens  
bend

With lightest winds, to touch their paramour ;  
Or linger, where the pebble-paven shore,  
Under the quick faint kisses of the sea  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—  
Possessing and possessed by all that is  
Within that calm circumference of bliss,  
And by each other, till to love and live  
Be one :—or, at the noontide hour, arrive

Where some old cavern hoar seems yet to keep  
The moonlight of the expired night asleep,  
Through which the awakened day can never peep ;  
A veil for our seclusion, close as Night's,  
Where secure sleep may kill thine innocent lights ;  
Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain  
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.  
And we will talk, until thought's melody  
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die  
In words, to live again in looks, which dart  
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,  
Harmonising silence without a sound.  
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,  
And our veins beat together ; and our lips,  
With other eloquence than words, eclipse  
The soul that burns between them ; and the wells  
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,  
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be  
Confused in passion's golden purity,  
As mountain-springs under the morning Sun.  
We shall become the same, we shall be one  
Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore two ?  
One passion in twin-hearts, which grows and grew  
Till like two meteors of expanding flame,  
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,  
Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still  
Burning, yet ever inconsumable :  
In one another's substance finding food,  
Like flames too pure and light and unimbued  
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,  
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away :  
One hope within two wills, one will beneath  
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,  
One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,  
And one annihilation. Woe is me !  
The winged words on which my soul would pierce  
Into the height of love's rare Universe,  
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.—  
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire !

Weak verses, go, kneel at your Sovereign's feet,  
And say :—" We are the masters of thy slave ;  
" What wouldest thou with us and ours and thine !"  
Then call your sisters from Oblivion's cave,  
All singing loud : " Love's very pain is sweet,  
But its reward is in the world divine,  
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave."  
So shall ye live when I am there. Then haste  
Over the hearts of men, until ye meet  
Marina, Vanna, Primus, and the rest,  
And bid them love each other, and be blest :  
And leave the troop which errs, and which reproves,  
And come and be my guest,—for I am Love's.

## ADONAIS;

## AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,

AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION, ETC.

Ἄσπῆρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπεσ ἐνὶ ζῴοισιν ἑῷος.  
 Νῦν δὲ θανὼν, λάμπεϊσ ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

PLATO.

## PREFACE.

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, βίῳ, ποτὶ σὸν στόμα, φάρμακον εἶδες·  
 Πᾶσ τευ τοῖς χεῖλεσσι ποτὲδραμε, κοῦκ ἐγλυκάνθη;  
 Τίς δὲ βροτὸς τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κεράσαι τοι,  
 \*Ἡ δοῦναι λαλόοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἔκφυγεν φθάν.

MOSCHUS, EPITAPH. BION.

It is my intention to subjoin to the London edition of this poem, a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, prove at least that I am an impartial judge. I consider the fragment of "Hyperion," as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats died at Rome, of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the 27th of December, 1820, and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where canker-worms abound, what wonder, if its young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his "Endymion," which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued; and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned

shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's, composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled calumniator. As to "Endymion," was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barret, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men, who in their venal good-nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the Elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of "Endymion" was exasperated at the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect, to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name!

## ADONAIS.

I.

I WEEP for ADONAIS—he is dead !  
 Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
 Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head !  
 And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
 To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
 And teach them thine own sorrow ; say : with me  
 Died Adonais ; till the Future dares  
 Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
 An echo and a light unto eternity !

II.

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
 When thy son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
 In darkness ? where was lorn Urania  
 When Adonais died ? With veiled eyes,  
 'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
 She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,  
 Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse  
 beneath,  
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead !  
 Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep !  
 Yet wherefore ? Quench within their burning bed  
 Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,  
 Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep ;  
 For he is gone, where all things wise and fair  
 Descend :—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
 Will yet restore him to the vital air ;  
 Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our  
 despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again !  
 Lament anew, Urania !—He died,  
 Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
 Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride  
 The priest, the slave, and the libertine,  
 Trampled and mocked with many a loathed rite  
 Of lust and blood ; he went, unterrified,  
 Into the gulf of death ; but his clear Sprite  
 Yet reigns o'er earth ; the third among the sons of  
 light.

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Not all to that bright station dared to climb :  
 And happier they their happiness who knew,  
 Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time  
 In which suns perished ; others more sublime,  
 Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,  
 Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime ;  
 And some yet live, treading the thorny road,  
 Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's  
 serene abode.

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one, has perished,  
 The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
 Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
 And fed with true love tears instead of dew ;  
 Most musical of mourners, weep anew !  
 Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
 The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew  
 Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste ;  
 The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
 Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
 He came ; and bought, with price of purest  
 breath,  
 A grave among the eternal.—Come away !  
 Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day  
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof ! while still  
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay ;  
 Awake him not ! surely he takes his fill  
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !  
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace  
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place ;  
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
 So fair a prey, till darkness and the law  
 Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain  
 draw.

IX.

Oh, weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,  
 The passion-winged Ministers of thought,  
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
 The love which was its music, wander not  
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
 But droop there, whence they sprung ; and mourn  
 their lot  
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
 They ne'er will gather strength, nor find a home  
 again.

X.

And one with trembling hand clasps his cold head,  
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,  
 " Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead ;  
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."  
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise !  
 She knew not 'twas her own ; as with no stain  
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwep't its  
 rain.

## XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs, as if embalming them ;  
Another elipt her profuse locks, and threw,  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ;  
Another in her wilful grief would break  
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem  
A greater loss with one which was more weak ;  
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

## XII.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,  
That mouth whence it was wont to draw the breath  
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,  
And pass into the panting heart beneath  
With lightning and with music: the damp death  
Quenched its caress upon its icy lips ;  
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,  
It flashed through his pale limbs, and passed to its  
eclipse.

## XIII.

And others came,—Desires and Adorations,  
Winged Persuasions, and veiled Destinies,  
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies ;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp ;—the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

## XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought  
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day ;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their  
dismay.

## XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young green  
spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day ;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain they pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen  
hear.

## XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were, [down  
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?  
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou Adonais ; wan they stand and sere  
Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to sighing  
ruth.

## XVII.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain ;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth, with morning doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albion wails for thee : the curse of Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest !

## XVIII.

Ah woe is me ! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year ;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone ;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows, re-appear ;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons'  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake, [bier ;  
And build their mossy homes in field and brere ;  
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

## XIX.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and  
Ocean,  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when first  
God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed,  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light ;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst ;  
Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

## XX.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender,  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour  
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,  
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ;  
Nought we know dies. Shall that alone which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning ? th' intense atom glows  
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

## XXI.

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal ! Woe is me !  
Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene  
The actors or spectators ? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must  
borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year  
to sorrow.

## XXII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more !  
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise  
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,  
A wound more fierce than his tears and sighs."  
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,  
And all the echoes whom their sister's song  
Had held in holy silence, cried, "Arise !"  
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,  
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour  
sprung.

XXIII.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
Has left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear  
So struck, so roused, so rapt, Urania,  
So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
Of stormy mist ; so swept her on her way,  
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped, [steel,  
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and  
And human hearts, which to her airy tread  
Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell ;  
And barbed tongues, and thoughts more sharp than  
Rent the soft Form they never could repel, [they  
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,  
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light [delight.  
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear  
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
As silent lightning leaves the starless night !  
Leave me not !" cried Urania : her distress  
Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her  
vain caress.

XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile ! speak to me once again ;  
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;  
And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art,  
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart !

XXVII.

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?  
Defenceless as thou wert, oh ! where was then  
Wisdom the mirror'd shield, or scorn the spear ?  
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like  
deer.

XXVIII.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue ;  
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead ;  
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,  
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
And whose wings rain contagion ;—how they fled,  
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow,  
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
And smiled !—The spoilers tempt no second blow,  
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying  
low.

XXIX.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn ;  
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again ;  
So it is in the world of living men :  
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX.

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came,  
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent ;  
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow ; from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And love taught grief to fall like music from his  
tongue.

XXXI.

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
A phantom among men, companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,  
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,  
Acteon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their  
prey.

XXXII.

A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—  
A love in desolation masked ;—a Power  
Girt round with weakness ;—it can scarce uplift  
The weight of the superincumbent hour ;  
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
A breaking billow ;—even whilst we speak  
Is it not broken ? On the withering flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly : on a cheek  
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart  
may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies over-blown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue ;  
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy-tresses grew  
Yet dripping with the forest's noon-day dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it ; of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart ;  
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears ; well knew that gentle  
Who in another's fate now wept his own ; [band  
As in the accents of an unknown land  
He sang new sorrow ; sad Urania scanned  
The Stranger's mien, and murmured : "Who art  
He answered not, but with a sudden hand [thou ?"  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's. Oh ! that it  
should be so !

XXXV.

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?  
 Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown ?  
 What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
 In mockery of monumental stone,  
 The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?  
 If it be he, who, gentling of the wise,  
 Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one ;  
 Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs,  
 The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh !  
 What deaf and viperous murderer could crown  
 Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?  
 The nameless worm would now itself disown :  
 It felt, yet could escape the magic tone  
 Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,  
 But what was howling in one breast alone,  
 Silent with expectation of the song,  
 Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre un-  
 strung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame !  
 Live ! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
 Thou noteless blot on a remembered name !  
 But be thyself, and know thyself to be !  
 And ever at thy season be thou free  
 To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow :  
 Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee ;  
 Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
 Far from these carrion-kites that scream below :  
 He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead ;  
 Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.  
 Dust to the dust ! but the pure spirit shall flow  
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
 A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
 Through time and change, unquenchably the same,  
 Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of  
 shame.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—  
 'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife  
 Invulnerable nothings—*We* decay  
 Like corpses in a charnel ; fear and grief  
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living  
 clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;  
 Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
 Can touch him not and torture not again ;  
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
 He is secure, and now can never mourn  
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;  
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he ;  
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee  
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone ;  
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !  
 Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
 Which like a morning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

XLII.

He is made one with Nature : there is heard  
 His voice in all her music, from the moan  
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird ;  
 He is a presence to be felt and known  
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;  
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,  
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
 Which once he made more lovely : he doth bear  
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling  
 All new successions to the forms they wear [there  
 Torturing th'unwilling dross that checks its flight  
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;  
 And bursting in its beauty and its might  
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heavens'  
 light.

XLIV.

The splendours of the firmament of time  
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not :  
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
 And love and life contend in it, for what  
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,  
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
 Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal  
 Far in the unapparent. Chatterton [thought,  
 Rose pale, his solemn agony had not  
 Yet faded from him ; Sidney, as he fought  
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved,  
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
 Arose ; and Lucan, by his death approved ;  
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark.  
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
 Rose, robbed in dazzling immortality.  
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry ;  
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
 Silent alone amid a Heaven of song.  
 Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our  
 throng !"



## XLVII.

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth,  
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.  
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;  
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light  
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
Sate the void circumference: then shrink  
Even to a point within our day and night;  
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink  
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the  
brink.

## XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,  
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought  
That ages, empires, and religions, there  
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not  
Glory from those who made the world their prey;  
And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their times' decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

## XLIX.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness:  
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness  
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

## L.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished  
breath.

## LI.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,

Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find  
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

## LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost  
seek!  
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,  
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

## LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my  
Heart?  
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here  
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!  
A light is past from the revolving year,  
And man, and woman; and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near:  
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

## LIV.

That light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which through the web of being blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

## LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## TO E\*\*\* V\*\*\*.

MADONNA, wherefore hast thou sent to me  
 Sweet-basil and mignonette ?  
 Embleming love and health, which never yet  
 In the same wreath might be.  
 Alas, and they are wet !  
 Is it with thy kisses or thy tears ?  
 For never rain or dew  
 Such fragrance drew  
 From plant or flower—the very doubt endears  
 My sadness ever new,  
 The sighs I breathe, the tears I shed for thee.

March, 1821.

## TIME.

UNFATHOMABLE Sea ! whose waves are years,  
 Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
 Are brackish with the salt of human tears !  
 Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
 Claspest the limits of mortality !  
 And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,  
 Vomited thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore ;  
 Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
 Who shall put forth on thee,  
 Unfathomable Sea !

## FROM THE ARABIC.

## AN IMITATION.

My faint spirit was sitting in the light  
 Of thy looks, my love ;  
 It panted for thee like the hind at noon  
 For the brooks, my love.  
 Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,  
 Bore thee far from me ;  
 My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,  
 Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleetest far than fleetest storm or steed,  
 Or the death they bear,  
 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove  
 With the wings of care ;  
 In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,  
 Shall mine cling to thee,  
 Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,  
 It may bring to thee.

## TO NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night !  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where all the long and lone daylight,  
 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
 Which make thee terrible and dear,—  
 Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
 Star-inwrought !  
 Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,  
 Kiss her until she be wearied out,  
 Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,  
 Touching all with thine opiate wand—  
 Come, long-sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,  
 I sighed for thee ;  
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,  
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,  
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,  
 Lingered like an unloved guest,  
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,  
 Wouldst thou me ?  
 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,  
 Murmured like a noon-tide bee,  
 Shall I nestle near thy side ?  
 Wouldst thou me ?—And I replied,  
 No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,  
 Soon, too soon—  
 Sleep will come when thou art fled ;  
 Of neither would I ask the boon  
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—  
 Swift be thine approaching flight,  
 Come soon, soon !

## TO ———

MUSIC, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory—  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on.

## MUTABILITY.

THE flower that smiles to-day  
 To-morrow dies ;  
 All that we wish to stay,  
 Tempts and then flies ;  
 What is this world's delight ?  
 Lightning that mocks the night,  
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !  
 Friendship too rare !  
 Love, how it sells poor bliss  
 For proud despair !  
 But we, though soon they fall,  
 Survive their joy and all  
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
 Whilst flowers are gay,  
 Whilst eyes that change ere night  
 Make glad the day ;  
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
 Then wake to weep.

## THE FUGITIVES.

I.

THE waters are flashing,  
 The white hail is dashing,  
 The lightnings are glancing,  
 The hoar-spray is dancing—  
 Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,  
 The thunder is tolling,  
 The forest is swinging,  
 The minster bells ringing—  
 Come away !

The Earth is like Ocean,  
 Wreck-strewn and in motion :  
 Bird, beast, man, and worm,  
 Have crept out of the storm—  
 Come away !

II.

“ Our boat has one sail,  
 And the helmsman is pale ;—  
 A bold pilot I trow,  
 Who should follow us now,”—  
 Shouted He—

And she cried : “ Ply the oar ;  
 Put off gaily from shore ! ”—  
 As she spoke, bolts of death  
 Mixed with hail, specked their path  
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower, and rock,  
 The blue beacon-cloud broke,  
 Though dumb in the blast,  
 The red cannon flashed fast  
 From the lee.

III.

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?  
 And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?  
 And drive we not free  
 O'er the terrible sea,  
 I and thou ? ”

One boat-cloak did cover  
 The loved and the lover—  
 Their blood beats one measure,  
 They murmur proud pleasure  
 Soft and low ;—

While around the lashed Ocean,  
 Like mountains in motion,  
 Is withdrawn and uplifted,  
 Sunk, shattered, and shifted,  
 To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress  
 Beside the pale portress,  
 Like a blood-hound well beaten  
 The bridegroom stands, eaten  
 By shame ;

On the topmost watch-turret,  
 As a death-boding spirit,  
 Stands the grey tyrant father,  
 To his voice the mad weather  
 Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild  
 As e'er cling to child,  
 He devotes to the blast  
 The best, loveliest, and last,  
 Of his name !

## LINES.

FAR, far away, O ye  
 Halcyons of memory !  
 Seek some far calmer nest  
 Than this abandoned breast ;—  
 No news of your false spring  
 To my heart's winter bring ;  
 Once having gone, in vain  
 Ye come again.

Vultures, who build your bowers  
 High in the Future's towers,  
 Withered hopes on hopes are spread,  
 Dying joys choked by the dead,  
 Will serve your beaks for prey  
 Many a day.

TO ———

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed ;  
 Yes, I was firm—thus wert not thou ;—  
 My baffled looks did fear yet dread  
 To meet thy looks—I could not know  
 How anxiously they sought to shine  
 With soothing pity upon mine.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage  
 Which preys upon itself alone ;  
 To curse the life which is the cage  
 Of fettered grief that dares not groan,  
 Hiding from many a careless eye  
 The scorned load of agony.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,  
 The [ ] thou alone should be,  
 To spend years thus, and be rewarded,  
 As thou, sweet love, requited me  
 When none were near—Oh ! I did wake  
 From torture for that moment's sake.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet  
 Of peace and pity fell like dew  
 On flowers half dead ;—thy lips did meet  
 Mine tremblingly ; thy dark eyes threw  
 Their soft persuasion on my brain,  
 Charming away its dream of pain.

We are not happy, sweet ! our state  
 Is strange and full of doubt and fear ;  
 More need of words that ill abate ;—  
 Reserve or censure come not near  
 Our sacred friendship, lest there be  
 No solace left for thou and me.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,  
 Nor can I live if thou appear  
 Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart  
 Away from me, or stoop to wear  
 The mask of scorn, although it be  
 To hide the love thou feel'st for me.

SONG.

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight !  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night ?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again ?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false ! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure,  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure.  
 Pity then will cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
 Spirit of Delight !  
 The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,  
 And the starry night ;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost ;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Every thing almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good ;  
 Between thee and me  
 What difference ! but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee,  
 But, above all other things,  
 Spirit, I love thee—  
 Thou art love and life ! O come,  
 Make once more my heart thy home.

TO ———

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,  
 If tenderness and truth could last  
 Or live, whilst all wild feelings keep  
 Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,  
 I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see  
 Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,  
 And dream the rest—and burn and be  
 The secret food of fires unseen,  
 Couldst thou but be as thou hast been.

After the slumber of the year  
 The woodland violets re-appear ;  
 All things revive in field or grove,  
 And sky and sea, but two, which move,  
 And for all others, life and love.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF  
NAPOLEON.

WHAT! alive and so bold, O Earth!  
Art thou not over-bold?  
What! leapest thou forth as of old  
In the light of thy morning mirth,  
The last of the flock of the starry fold?  
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?  
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,  
And canst thou more, Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?  
What spark is alive on thy hearth?  
How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?  
And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?  
Thou wert warning thy fingers old  
O'er the embers covered and cold  
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled—  
What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

“Who has known me of old,” replied Earth,  
“Or who has my story told?  
It is thou who art over bold.”  
And the lightning of scorn laughed forth  
As she sung, “To my bosom I fold  
All my sons when their knell is knolled,  
And so with living motion all are fed,  
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

“Still alive and still bold,” shouted Earth,  
“I grow bolder, and still more bold.  
The dead fill me ten thousandfold  
Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth;  
I was cloudy, and sullen and cold,  
Like a frozen chaos unrolled,  
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead  
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

“Ay, alive and still bold,” muttered Earth,  
“Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,  
In terror, and blood, and gold,  
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.  
Leave the millions who follow to mould  
The metal before it be cold,  
And weave into his shame, which like the dead  
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled.”

## A FRAGMENT.

As a violet's gentle eye  
Gazes on the azure sky,  
Until its hue grows like what it beholds;  
As a grey and empty mist  
Lies like solid Amethyst,  
Over the western mountain it enfolds,  
When the sunset sleeps  
Upon its snow.

As a strain of sweetest sound  
Wraps itself the wind around,  
Until the voiceless wind be music too;  
As aught dark, vain and dull,  
Basking in what is beautiful,  
Is full of light and love.

## GINEVRA.\*

WILD, pale, and wonder-stricken, even as one  
Who staggers forth into the air and sun  
From the dark chamber of a mortal fever,  
Bewildered, and incapable, and ever  
Fancying strange comments in her dizzy brain  
Of usual shapes, till the familiar train  
Of objects and of persons passed like things  
Strange as a dreamer's mad imaginings,  
Genevra from the nuptial altar went;  
The vows to which her lips had sworn assent  
Rung in her brain still with a jarring din,  
Deafening the lost intelligence within.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,  
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,  
And deepened the faint crimson of her mouth,  
And darkened her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—  
And of the gold and jewels glittering there  
She scarce felt conscious,—but the weary glare  
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,  
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.  
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud  
Was less heavenly fair—her face was bowed,  
And as she passed, the diamonds in her hair  
Were mirrored in the polished marble stair  
Which led from the cathedral to the street;  
And even as she went her light fair feet  
Erased these images.

The bride-maidens who round her thronging came,  
Some with a sense of self-rebuke and shame,  
Envyng the unenviable; and others  
Making the joy which should have been another's  
Their own by gentle sympathy; and some  
Sighing to think of an unhappy home;  
Some few admiring what can ever lure  
Maidens to leave the heaven serene and pure  
Of parents' smiles for life's great cheat; a thing  
Bitter to taste, sweet in imagining.

But they are all dispersed—and lo! she stands  
Looking in idle grief on her white hands,  
Alone within the garden now her own;  
And through the sunny air, with jangling tone,  
The music of the merry marriage-bells,  
Killing the azure silence, sinks and swells;—  
Absorbed like one within a dream who dreams  
That he is dreaming, until slumber seems  
A mockery of itself—when suddenly  
Antonio stood before her, pale as she.  
With agony, with sorrow, and with pride,  
He lifted his wan eyes upon the bride,  
And said—“Is this thy faith?” and then as one  
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun  
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise  
And look upon his day of life with eyes  
Which weep in vain that they can dream no more,  
Genevra saw her lover, and forbore  
To shriek or faint, and checked the stifling blood  
Rushing upon her heart, and unsubdued  
Said—“Friend, if earthly violence or ill,  
Suspicion, doubt, or the tyrannic will

\* This fragment is part of a poem which Shelley intended to write, founded on a story to be found in the first volume of a book entitled “L' Osservatore Fiorentino.”

Of parents, chance, or custom, time, or change,  
 Or circumstance, or terror, or revenge,  
 Or wildered looks, or words, or evil speech,  
 With all their stings and venom, can impeach  
 Our love,—we love not:—if the grave, which hides  
 The victim from the tyrant, and divides  
 The cheek that whitens from the eyes that dart  
 Imperious inquisition to the heart  
 That is another's, could dissever ours,  
 We love not."—"What! do not the silent hours  
 Beckon thee to Gherardi's bridal bed?  
 Is not that ring?"—a pledge, he would have said,  
 Of broken vows, but she with patient look  
 The golden circle from her finger took,  
 And said—"Accept this token of my faith,  
 The pledge of vows to be absolved by death;  
 And I am dead or shall be soon—my knell  
 Will mix its music with that merry bell;  
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,  
 'We toll a corpse out of the marriage bed?'  
 The flowers upon my bridal chamber strewn  
 Will serve unfaded for my bier—so soon  
 That even the dying violet will not die  
 Before Ginevra." The strong fantasy  
 Had made her accents weaker and more weak,  
 And quenched the crimson life upon her cheek,  
 And glazed her eyes, and spread an atmosphere  
 Round her, which chilled the burning noon with  
 fear,

Making her but an image of the thought,  
 Which, like a prophet or a shadow, brought  
 News of the terrors of the coming time.  
 Like an accuser branded with the crime  
 He would have cast on a beloved friend,  
 Whose dying eyes reproach not to the end  
 The pale betrayer—he then with vain repentance  
 Would share, he cannot now avert, the sentence—  
 Antonio stood and would have spoken, when  
 The compound voice of women and of men  
 Was heard approaching; he retired, while she  
 Was led amid the admiring company  
 Back to the palace,—and her maidens soon  
 Changed her attire for the afternoon,  
 And left her at her own request to keep  
 An hour of quiet and rest:—like one asleep  
 With open eyes and folded hands she lay,  
 Pale in the light of the declining day.

Meanwhile the day sinks fast, the sun is set,  
 And in the lighted hall the guests are met;  
 The beautiful looked lovelier in the light  
 Of love, and admiration, and delight,  
 Reflected from a thousand hearts and eyes  
 Kindling a momentary Paradise.  
 This crowd is safer than the silent wood,  
 Where love's own doubts disturb the solitude;  
 On frozen hearts the fiery rain of wine  
 Falls, and the dew of music more divine  
 Tempers the deep emotions of the time  
 To spirits cradled in a sunny clime:—  
 How many meet, who never yet have met,  
 To part too soon, but never to forget?  
 How many saw the beauty, power, and wit  
 Of looks and words which ne'er enchanted yet!  
 But life's familiar veil was now withdrawn,  
 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,  
 And unprophetic of the coming hours,  
 The matin winds from the expanded flowers  
 Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken  
 The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken

From every living heart which it possesses,  
 Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,  
 As if the future and the past were all  
 Treasured in the instant;—so Gherardi's hall  
 Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festival,  
 Till some one asked—"Where is the Bride?" And  
 A bride's-maid went, and ere she came again [then  
 A silence fell upon the guests—a pause  
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes  
 All hearts with its approach, though unbelied;  
 Then wonder, and then fear that wonder quelled;—  
 For whispers passed from mouth to ear which drew  
 The colour from the hearer's cheeks, and flew  
 Louder and swifter round the company;  
 And then Gherardi entered with an eye  
 Of ostentatious trouble, and a crowd  
 Surrounded him, and some were weeping loud.

They found Ginevra dead! if it be death,  
 To lie without motion, or pulse, or breath,  
 With waxen cheeks, and limbs cold, stiff, and white,  
 And open eyes, whose fixed and glassy light  
 Mocked at the speculation they had owned.  
 If it be death, when there is felt around  
 A smell of clay, a pale and icy glare,  
 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair  
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were  
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,  
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth,  
 And leaving as swift lightning in its flight  
 Ashes, and smoke, and darkness: in our night  
 Of thought we know thus much of death,—no more  
 Than the unborn dream of our life before  
 Their barks are wrecked on its inhospitable shore.  
 The marriage feast and its solemnity  
 Was turned to funeral pomp—the company,  
 With heavy hearts and looks, broke up; nor they  
 Who loved the dead went weeping on their way  
 Alone, but sorrow mixed with sad surprise  
 Loosened the springs of pity in all eyes,  
 On which that form, whose fate they weep in vain,  
 Will never, thought they, kindle smiles again.  
 The lamps which, half extinguished in their haste,  
 Gleamed few and faint o'er the abandoned feast,  
 Showed as it were within the vaulted room  
 A cloud of sorrow hanging, as if gloom  
 Had passed out of men's minds into the air.  
 Some few yet stood around Gherardi there,  
 Friends and relations of the dead,—and he,  
 A loveless man, accepted torpidly  
 The consolation that he wanted not,  
 Awe in the place of grief within him wrought.  
 Their whispers made the solemn silence seem  
 More still—some wept, [ ]  
 Some melted into tears without a sob,  
 And some with hearts that might be heard to throb  
 Leant on the table, and at intervals  
 Shuddered to hear through the deserted halls  
 And corridors the thrilling shrieks which came  
 Upon the breeze of night, that shook the flame  
 Of every torch and taper as it swept  
 From out the chamber where the women kept;—  
 Their tears fell on the dear companion cold  
 Of pleasures now departed; then was knolled  
 The bell of death, and soon the priests arrived,  
 And finding death their penitent had shrived,  
 Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon  
 A vulture has just feasted to the bone.  
 And then the mourning women came.—

\* \* \* \* \*



THE BOAT,  
ON THE SERCHIO.

OUR boat is asleep on Serchio's stream,  
Its sails are folded like thoughts in a dream,  
The helm sways idly, hither and thither ;  
Dominic, the boat-man, has brought the mast,  
And the oars and the sails ; but 'tis sleeping fast.  
Like a beast, unconscious of its tether.

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,  
And the thin white moon lay withering there,  
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,  
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.  
Day had kindled the dewy woods  
And the rocks above and the stream below,  
And the vapours in their multitudes,  
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,  
And clothed with light of aery gold  
The mists in their eastern caves uprolled.

Day had awakened all things that be,  
The lark and the thrush and the swallow free ;  
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,  
And the matin-bell and the mountain bee :  
Fire-flies were quenched on the dewy corn,  
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,  
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim :  
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,  
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :  
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,  
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,  
Fled from the brains which are their prey,  
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

All rose to do the task He set to each,  
Who shaped us to his ends and not our own ;  
The million rose to learn, and one to teach  
What none yet ever knew or can be known.

And many rose

Whose woe was such that fear became desire ;—  
Melchior and Lionel were not among those ;  
They from the throng of men had stepped aside,  
And made their home under the green hill side.  
It was that hill, whose intervening brow  
Screens Luca from the Pisan's envious eye,  
Which the circumfluous plain waving below,  
Like a wide lake of green fertility,  
With streams and fields and marshes bare,  
Divides from the far Apennines—which lie  
Islanded in the immeasurable air.

"What think you, as she lies in her green cove,  
Our little sleeping boat is dreaming of ?  
If morning dreams are true, why I should guess  
That she was dreaming of our idleness,  
And of the miles of watery way  
We should have led her by this time of day."—

—"Never mind," said Lionel,  
"Give care to the winds, they can bear it well  
About yon poplar tops ; and see !  
The white clouds are driving merrily,  
And the stars we miss this morn will light  
More willingly our return to-night.—"

List, my dear fellow, the breeze blows fair ;  
How it scatters Dominic's long black hair !  
Singing of us, and our lazy motions,  
If I can guess a boat's emotions."—

The chain is loosed, the sails are spread,  
The living breath is fresh behind,  
As, with dews and sunrise fed,  
Comes the laughing morning wind ;—  
The sails are full, the boat makes head  
Against the Serchio's torrent fierce,  
Then flags with intermitting course,  
And hangs upon the wave,  
Which fervid from its mountain source  
Shallow, smooth, and strong, doth come,—  
Swift as fire, tempestuously  
It sweeps into the affrighted sea ;  
In morning's smile its eddies coil,  
Its billows sparkle, toss, and boil,  
Torturing all its quiet light  
Into columns fierce and bright.

The Serchio, twisting forth  
Between the marble barriers which it clove  
At Ripafratta, leads through the dread chasm  
The wave that died the death which lovers love,  
Living in what it sought ; as if this spasm  
Had not yet past, the topping mountains cling,  
But the clear stream in full enthusiasm  
Pours itself on the plain, until wandering,  
Down one clear path of effluence crystalline  
Sends its clear waves, that they may fling  
At Arno's feet tribute of corn and wine :  
Then, through the pestilential deserts wild  
Of tangled marsh and woods of stunted fir,  
It rushes to the Ocean.

July, 1821.

THE AZIOLA.

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry ?  
Methinks she must be nigh,"  
Said Mary, as we sate  
In dusk, ere the stars were lit, or candles brought ;  
And I, who thought  
This Aziola was some tedious woman,  
Asked, "Who is Aziola ?" How elate  
I felt to know that it was nothing human,  
No mockery of myself to fear and hate !  
And Mary saw my soul,  
And laughed and said, "Disquiet yourself not,  
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola ! many an eventide  
Thy music I had heard  
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain side,  
And fields and marshes wide,—  
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,  
The soul ever stirred ;  
Unlike and far sweeter than they all :  
Sad Aziola ! from that moment I  
Loved thee and thy sad cry.



## A FRAGMENT.

THEY were two cousins, almost like two twins,  
 Except that from the catalogue of sins  
 Nature had razed their love—which could not be  
 But by dissevering their nativity.  
 And so they grew together, like two flowers  
 Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers  
 Lull or awaken in their purple prime,  
 Which the same hand will gather—the same clime  
 Shake with decay. This fair day smiles to see  
 All those who love,—and who ever loved like thee,  
 Fiordispina? Scarcely Cosimo,  
 Within whose bosom and whose brain now glow  
 The ardours of a vision which obscure  
 The very idol of its portraiture ;  
 He faints, dissolved into a sense of love ;  
 But thou art as a planet sphered above,  
 But thou art Love itself—ruling the motion  
 Of his subjected spirit—such emotion  
 Must end in sin or sorrow, if sweet May  
 Had not brought forth this morn—your wedding-  
 day.

TO ———

ONE word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it.  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And Pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow ?

## GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT ? ah ! no ; the hour is ill  
 Which severs those it should unite ;  
 Let us remain together still,  
 Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good,  
 Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?  
 Be it not said, thought, understood,  
 Then it will be *good* night.

To hearts which near each other move  
 From evening close to morning light,  
 The night is good ; because, my love,  
 They never *say* good-night.

## LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I ARISE from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low,  
 And the stars are shining bright.  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Has led me—who knows how ?  
 To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint  
 On the dark, the silent stream—  
 The champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;  
 The nightingale's complaint,  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must die on thine,  
 O beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !  
 I die, I faint, I fail !  
 Let thy love in kisses rain  
 On my lips and eyelids pale.  
 My cheek is cold and white, alas !  
 My heart beats loud and fast,  
 Oh ! press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last.

## MUSIC.

I PANT for the music which is divine,  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;  
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower ;  
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,  
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

Let me drink of the spirit of that sweet sound,  
 More, O more !—I am thirsting yet,  
 It loosens the serpent which care has bound  
 Upon my heart, to stifle it ;  
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
 Passes into my heart and brain.

As the scent of a violet withered up,  
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,  
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,  
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—  
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew  
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue—

As one who drinks from a charmed cup  
 Of foaming, and sparkling, and murmuring wine,  
 Whom, a mighty Enchantress filling up,  
 Invites to love with her kiss divine.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## TO ———

## I.

The serpent is shut out from paradise.  
The wounded deer must seek the herb no more  
In which its heart-cure lies :  
The widowed dove must cease to haunt a-bower,  
Like that from which its mate with feigned sighs  
Fled in the April hour.  
I too, must seldom seek again  
Near happy friends a mitigated pain.

## II.

Of hatred I am proud,—with scorn content ;  
Indifference, that once hurt me, now is grown  
Itself indifferent.  
But, not to speak of love, pity alone  
Can break a spirit already more than bent.  
The miserable one  
Turns the mind's poison into food,—  
Its medicine is tears,—its evil good.

## III.

Therefore if now I see you seldomer,  
Dear friends, dear *friend* ! know that I only fly  
Your looks because they stir  
Griefs that should sleep, and hopes that cannot die:  
The very comfort that they minister  
I scarce can bear ; yet I,  
So deeply is the arrow gone,  
Should quickly perish if it were withdrawn.

## IV.

When I return to my cold home, you ask  
Why I am not as I have ever been ?  
*You* spoil me for the task  
Of acting a forced part on life's dull scene.—  
Of wearing on my brow the idle mask  
Of author, great or mean,  
In the world's Carnival. I sought  
Peace thus, and but in you I found it not.

## V.

Full half an hour, to-day, I tried my lot  
With various flowers, and every one still said,  
" She loves me, — loves me not \*." <sup>2</sup>  
And if this meant a vision long since fled—  
If it meant fortune, fame, or peace of thought—  
If it meant—but I dread  
To speak what you may know too well :  
Still there was truth in the sad oracle.

## VI.

The crane o'er seas and forests seeks her home ;  
No bird so wild, but has its quiet nest,  
When it no more would roam ;  
The sleepless billows on the ocean's breast  
Break like a bursting heart, and die in foam,  
And thus, at length, find rest :  
Doubtless there is a place of peace  
Where *my* weak heart and all its throbs will cease.

## VII.

I asked her, yesterday, if she believed  
That I had resolution. One who *had*  
Would ne'er have thus relieved  
His heart with words,—but what his judgment bade  
Would do, and leave the scorner unrelieved.  
These verses are too sad  
To send to you, but that I know,  
Happy yourself, you feel another's woe.

\* See *Faust*.

## A LAMENT.

O WORLD ! O life ! O time !  
On whose last steps I climb,  
Trembling at that where I had stood before ;  
When will return the glory of your prime !  
No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night  
A joy has taken flight :  
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
No more—Oh, never more !

## SONNET.

## POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,  
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,  
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame ;  
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts :  
History is but the shadow of their shame ;  
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts  
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,  
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery  
Of their own likeness. What are numbers, knit  
By force or custom ? Man who man would be,  
Must rule the empire of himself ! in it  
Must be supreme, establishing his throne  
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy  
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

## DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep !  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep:  
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day ;  
Solemn hours ! wail aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-swung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the year :—be calm and mild,  
Trembling hours ; she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave ;  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave,  
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

## NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1821.

BY THE EDITOR.

My task becomes inexpressibly painful as the year draws near that which sealed our earthly fate; and each poem and each event it records, has a real or mysterious connexion with the fatal catastrophe. I feel that I am incapable of putting on paper the history of those times. The heart of the man, abhorred of the poet,

Who could peep and botanize upon his mother's grave, does not appear to me less inexplicably framed than that of one who can dissect and probe past woes, and repeat to the public ear the groans drawn from them in the throes of their agony.

The year 1821 was spent in Pisa, or at the baths of San Giuliano. We were not, as our wont had been, alone—friends had gathered round us. Nearly all are dead; and when memory recurs to the past, she wanders among tombs: the genius with all his blighting errors and mighty powers; the companion of Shelley's ocean-wanderings, and the sharer of his fate, than whom no man ever existed more gentle, generous, and fearless; and others, who found in Shelley's society, and in his great knowledge and warm sympathy, delight, instruction and solace, have joined him beyond the grave. A few survive who have felt life a desert since he left it. What misfortune can equal death? Change can convert every other into a blessing, or heal its sting—death alone has no cure; it shakes the foundations of the earth on which we tread, it destroys its beauty, it casts down our shelter, it exposes us bare to desolation; when those we love have passed into eternity, "life is the desert and the solitude," in which we are forced to linger—but never find comfort more.

There is much in the Adonais which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself, than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned. The poetic view he takes of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a

prophecy on his own destiny, when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

Shelley's favourite taste was boating; when living near the Thames, or by the lake of Geneva, much of his life was spent on the water. On the shore of every lake, or stream, or sea, near which he dwelt, he had a boat moored. He had latterly enjoyed this pleasure again. There are no pleasure-boats on the Arno, and the shallowness of its waters except in winter time, when the stream is too turbid and impetuous for boating, rendered it difficult to get any skiff light enough to float. Shelley, however, overcame the difficulty; he, together with a friend, contrived a boat such as the huntsmen carry about with them in the Maremma, to cross the sluggish but deep streams that intersect the forests, a boat of laths and pitched canvas; it held three persons, and he was often seen on the Arno in it, to the horror of the Italians, who remonstrated on the danger, and could not understand how any one could take pleasure in an exercise that risked life. "Ma va per la vita!" they exclaimed. I little thought how true their words would prove. He once ventured with a friend, on the glassy sea of a calm day, down the Arno and round the coast, to Leghorn, which by keeping close in shore was very practicable. They returned to Pisa by the canal, when, missing the direct cut, they got entangled among weeds, and the boat upset; a wetting was all the harm done, except that the intense cold of his drenched clothes made Shelley faint. Once I went down with him to the mouth of the Arno, where the stream, then high and swift, met the tideless sea and disturbed its sluggish waters; it was a waste and dreary scene; the desert sand stretched into a point surrounded by waves that broke idly though perpetually around; it was a

scene very similar to Lido, of which he had said,—

I love all waste  
And solitary places; where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be;  
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore  
More barren than its billows.

Our little boat was of greater use, unaccompanied by any danger, when we removed to the baths. Some friends lived at the village of Pugnano, four miles off, and we went to and fro to see them, in our boat, by the canal; which, fed by the Serchio, was though an artificial, a full and picturesque stream, making its way under verdant banks sheltered by trees that dipped their boughs into the murmuring waters. By day, multitudes of ephemera darted to and fro on the surface; at night, the fire-flies came out among the shrubs on the banks; the cicale at noon day kept up their hum: the aziola cooed in the quiet evening. It was a pleasant summer, bright in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits; yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us. Sometimes he projected taking a farm, situated on the height of one of the near hills, surrounded by chesnut and pine woods, and overlooking a wide extent of country; or of settling still further in the maritime Apennines, at Massa. Several of his slighter and unfinished poems were inspired by these scenes, and by the companions around us. It is the nature of that poetry however which overflows from the soul oftener to express sorrow and regret than joy; for it is when oppressed by the weight of life, and away from those he loves, that the poet has recourse to the solace of expression in verse.

Still Shelley's passion was the ocean; and he wished that our summers, instead of being passed among the hills near Pisa, should be spent on the

shores of the sea. It was very difficult to find a spot. We shrank from Naples from a fear that the heats would disagree with Percy; Leghorn had lost its only attraction, since our friends who had resided there were returned to England; and Monte Nero being the resort of many English, we did not wish to find ourselves in the midst of a colony of chance travellers. No one then thought it possible to reside at Via Reggio, which latterly has become a summer resort. The low lands and bad air of Maremma stretch the whole length of the western shores of the Mediterranean, till broken by the rocks and hills of Spezia. It was a vague idea; but Shelley suggested an excursion to Spezia, to see whether it would be feasible to spend a summer there. The beauty of the bay enchanted him—we saw no house to suit us—but the notion took root, and many circumstances, enchaind as by fatality, occurred to urge him to execute it.

He looked forward this autumn with great pleasure to the prospect of a visit from Leigh Hunt. When Shelley visited Lord Byron at Ravenna, the latter had suggested his coming out, together with the plan of a periodical work, in which they should all join. Shelley saw a prospect of good for the fortunes of his friend, and pleasure in his society, and instantly exerted himself to have the plan executed. He did not intend himself joining in the work; partly from pride, not wishing to have the air of acquiring readers for his poetry by associating it with the compositions of more popular writers; and, also, because he might feel shackled in the free expression of his opinions, if any friends were to be compromised; by those opinions, carried even to their utmost extent, he wished to live and die, as being in his conviction not only true, but such as alone would conduce to the moral improvement and happiness of mankind. The sale of the work might, meanwhile, either really or supposedly, be injured by the free expression of his thoughts, and this evil he resolved to avoid.

## POEMS WRITTEN IN MDCCCXXII.

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### THE ZUCCA\*.

SUMMER was dead and Autumn was expiring,  
 And infant Winter laughed upon the land  
 All cloudlessly and cold ;—when I, desiring  
 More in this world than any understand,  
 Wept o'er the beauty, which, like sea retiring,  
 Had left the earth bare as the wave-worn sand  
 Of my poor heart, and o'er the grass and flowers  
 Pale for the falsehood of the flattering hours.

Summer was dead, but I yet lived to weep  
 The instability of all but weeping ;  
 And on the earth lulled in her winter sleep  
 I woke, and envied her as she was sleeping.  
 Too happy Earth ! over thy face shall creep  
 The wakening vernal airs, until thou, leaping  
 From unremembered dreams shalt [            ] see  
 No death divide thy immortality.

I loved—O no, I mean not one of ye,  
 Or any earthly one, though ye are dear  
 As human heart to human heart may be ;—  
 I loved, I know not what—but this low sphere,  
 And all that it contains, contains not thee,  
 Thou, whom, seen nowhere, I feel everywhere,  
 Dim object of my soul's idolatry.

By Heaven and Earth, from all whose shapes thou  
 flowest,  
 Neither to be contained, delayed, or hidden,  
 Making divine the loftiest and the lowest,  
 When for a moment thou art not forbidden  
 To live within the life which thou bestowest,  
 And leaving noblest things, vacant and chidden,  
 Cold as a corpse after the spirit's flight,  
 Blank as the sun after the birth of night.

In winds, and trees, and streams, and all things  
 common,  
 In music, and the sweet unconscious tone  
 Of animals, and voices which are human,  
 Meant to express some feelings of their own ;  
 In the soft motions and rare smile of woman,  
 In flowers and leaves, and in the fresh grass shown,  
 Or dying in the autumn, I the most  
 Adore thee present, or lament thee lost.

\* Pumpkin.

And thus I went lamenting, when I saw  
 A plant upon the river's margin lie,  
 Like one who loved beyond his Nature's law,  
 And in despair had cast him down to die ;  
 Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw  
 Had blighted as a heart which hatred's eye  
 Can blast not, but which pity kills ; the dew  
 Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true.

The Heavens had wept upon it, but the Earth  
 Had crushed it on her unmaternal breast

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

I bore it to my chamber, and I planted  
 It in a vase full of the lightest mould ;  
 The winter beams which out of Heaven slanted  
 Fell through the window panes, disrobed of cold,  
 Upon its leaves and flowers ; the star which parted  
 In evening for the Day, whose car has rolled  
 Over the horizon's wave, with looks of light  
 Smiled on it from the threshold of the night.

The mitigated influences of air  
 And light revived the plant, and from it grew  
 Strong leaves and tendrils, and its flowers fair,  
 Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,  
 O'erflowed with golden colours ; an atmosphere  
 Of vital warmth, infolded it anew,  
 And every impulse sent to every part  
 The unbeheld pulsations of its heart.

Well might the plant grow beautiful and strong,  
 Even if the sun and air had smiled not on it ;  
 For one wept o'er it all the winter long  
 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, which fell upon it  
 Hour after hour ; for sounds of softest song  
 Mixed with the stringed melodies that won it  
 To leave the gentle lips on which it slept,  
 Had loosed the heart of him who sat and wept.

Had loosed his heart, and shook the leaves and  
 flowers

On which he wept, the while the savage storm  
 Waked by the darkest of December's hours  
 Was raving round the chamber hushed and warm ;  
 The birds were shivering in their leafless bowers,  
 The fish were frozen in the pools, the form  
 Of every summer plant was dead [            ]  
 Whilst this            \*            \*            \*

## TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

ARIEL to Miranda :—Take  
 This slave of music, for the sake  
 Of him, who is the slave of thee ;  
 And teach it all the harmony  
 In which thou canst, and only thou,  
 Make the delighted spirit glow,  
 Till joy denies itself again,  
 And, too intense, is turned to pain.  
 For by permission and command  
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
 Of more than ever can be spoken ;  
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who  
 From life to life must still pursue  
 Your happiness, for thus alone  
 Can Ariel ever find his own ;  
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
 As the mighty verses tell,  
 To the throne of Naples he  
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
 Flitting on, your prow before,  
 Like a living meteor.  
 When you die, the silent Moon,  
 In her interlunar swoon,  
 Is not sadder in her cell  
 Than deserted Ariel ;  
 When you live again on earth,  
 Like an unseen Star of birth,  
 Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
 Of life from your nativity :  
 Many changes have been run  
 Since Ferdinand and you begun  
 Your course of love, and Ariel still  
 Has tracked your steps and served your will.  
 Now in humbler, happier lot,  
 This is all remembered not ;  
 And now, alas ! the poor sprite is  
 Imprisoned for some fault of his  
 In a body like a grave—  
 From you, he only dares to crave,  
 For his service and his sorrow,  
 A smile to-day, a song-to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought,  
 To echo all harmonious thought,  
 Felled a tree, while on the steep  
 The woods were in their winter sleep,  
 Rocked in that repose divine  
 On the wind-swept Apennine :  
 And dreaming, some of autumn past.  
 And some of spring approaching fast,  
 And some of April buds and showers,  
 And some of songs in July bowers,  
 And all of love ; and so this tree,—  
 O that such our death may be !—  
 Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
 To live in happier form again :  
 From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,  
 The artist wrought this loved Gutar,  
 And taught it justly to reply,  
 To all who question skilfully,  
 In language gentle as thine own ;  
 Whispering in enamoured tone

Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
 And summer winds in sylvan cells ;  
 For it had learnt all harmonies  
 Of the plains and of the skies,  
 Of the forests and the mountains,  
 And the many-voiced fountains ;  
 The clearest echoes of the hills,  
 The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
 And airs of evening ; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard mysterious sound,  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our world enkindles on its way—  
 All this it knows, but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The spirit that inhabits it ;  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions ; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day.  
 But, sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our beloved friend alone.

THE MAGNETIC LADY TO HER  
PATIENT.

“SLEEP, sleep on ! forget thy pain ;  
 My hand is on thy brow,  
 My spirit on thy brain ;  
 My pity on thy heart, poor friend ;  
 And from my fingers flow  
 The powers of life, and like a sign,  
 Seal thee from thine hour of woe ;  
 And brood on thee, but may not blend  
 With thine.

“Sleep, sleep on ! I love thee not ;  
 But when I think that *he*  
 Who made and makes my lot  
 As full of flowers, as thine of weeds,  
 Might have been lost like thee ;  
 And that a hand which was not mine  
 Might then have chased his agony  
 As I another's—my heart bleeds  
 For thine.

“Sleep, sleep, and with the slumber of  
 The dead and the unborn  
 Forget thy life and love ;  
 Forget that thou must wake for ever ;  
 Forget the world's dull scorn ;  
 Forget lost health, and the divine  
 Feelings which died in youth's brief morn ;  
 And forget me, for I can never  
 Be thine.

"Like a cloud big with a May shower,  
My soul weeps healing rain  
On thee, thou withered flower,  
It breathes mute music on thy sleep,  
Its odour calms thy brain!  
Its light within thy gloomy breast  
Spreads like a second youth again.  
By mine thy being is to its deep  
Possess.

"The spell is done. How feel you now?"  
"Better—Quite well," replied  
The sleeper,—“What would do  
You good when suffering and awake?  
What cure your head and side?—”  
“’Twould kill me what would cure my pain;  
And as I must on earth abide  
Awhile, yet tempt me not to break  
My chain.”

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

THE following fragments are part of a Drama, undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have preserved a sketch of the story as far as it had been shadowed in the poet's mind.

An Enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a Pirate, a man

of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamoured of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for awhile returns her passion; but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the enchanted island and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the Enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her island.

*Scene, before the Cavern of the Indian Enchantress.  
The Enchantress comes forth.*

ENCHANTRESS.

He came like a dream in the dawn of life,  
He fled like a shadow before its noon;  
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,  
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.  
O sweet Echo, wake,  
And for my sake  
Make answer the while my heart shall break!

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,  
Though tender and true, yet can answer not,  
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse  
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;  
Sweet lips! he who hath  
On my desolate path  
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death!

*The Enchantress makes her spell: she is answered by a Spirit.*

SPIRIT.

Within the silent centre of the earth  
My mansion is; where I have lived insphered  
From the beginning, and around my sleep  
Have woven all the wondrous imagery  
Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world;  
Infinite depths of unknown elements  
Massed into one impenetrable mask;  
Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins  
Of gold, and stone, and adamantine iron.  
And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven  
I have wrought mountains, seas, waves, and clouds,  
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns  
In the dark space of interstellar air.

A good Spirit, who watches over the Pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the En-

chanted Isle. She is accompanied by a youth, who loves her, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle.

INDIAN YOUTH AND LADY.

INDIAN.

And if my grief should still be dearer to me  
Than all the pleasures in the world beside,  
Why would you lighten it?—

LADY.

I offer only  
That which I seek, some human sympathy  
In this mysterious island.

INDIAN.

Oh! my friend,  
My sister, my beloved! What do I say?  
My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether  
I speak to thee or her.

LADY.

Peace, perturbed heart!  
I am to thee only as thou to mine,  
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,  
And may strike cold into the breast at night,  
Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,  
Or long soothe could it linger.

INDIAN.

But you said  
You also loved?

LADY.

Loved! Oh, I love. Methinks  
This word of love is fit for all the world,  
And that for gentle hearts another name  
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns  
I have loved.

INDIAN.

And thou lovest not? If so  
Young as thou art, thou canst afford to weep.

LADY.

Oh! would that I could claim exemption  
From all the bitterness of that sweet name.  
I loved, I love, and when I love no more  
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair  
To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,  
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,  
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;  
The shadow of his presence made my world  
A paradise. All familiar things he touched,  
All common words he spoke, became to me  
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.  
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,  
As terrible and lovely as a tempest;  
He came, and went, and left me what I am.  
Alas! Why must I think how oft we two  
Have sat together near the river springs,  
Under the green pavilion which the willow  
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,  
Strewn by the nurslings that linger there,  
Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,  
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson  
snow,  
Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,  
Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own.

INDIAN.

Your breath is like soft music, your words are  
The echoes of a voice which on my heart

Sleeps like a melody of early days.  
But as you said—

LADY.

He was so awful, yet  
So beautiful in mystery and terror,  
Calming me as the loveliness of heaven  
Soothes the unquiet sea:—and yet not so,  
For he seemed stormy, and would often seem  
A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds;  
For such his thoughts, and even his actions were;  
But he was not of them, nor they of him,  
But as they hid his splendour from the earth.  
Some said he was a man of blood and peril,  
And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips.  
More need was there I should be innocent,  
More need that I should be most true and kind,  
And much more need that there should be found one  
To share remorse, and scorn, and solitude,  
And all the ills that wait on those who do  
The tasks of ruin in the world of life.  
He fled, and I have followed him.

INDIAN.

Such a one  
Is he who was the winter of my peace.  
But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart  
From the far hills, where rise the springs of India,  
How didst thou pass the intervening sea?

LADY.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,  
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

TO \_\_\_\_\_

The keen stars were twinkling,  
And the fair moon was rising among them,  
Dear \* \* \* !  
The guitar was tinkling,  
But the notes were not sweet till you sung them  
Again.  
As the moon's soft splendour  
O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven  
Is thrown,  
So your voice most tender  
To the strings without soul had then given  
Its own.

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later,  
To-night;  
No leaf will be shaken  
Whilst the dews of your melody scatter  
Delight.  
Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again, with your dear voice revealing  
A tone  
Of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

THE INVITATION.

BEST and brightest, come away,  
Fairer far than this fair day,  
Which like thee to those in sorrow,  
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
To the rough year just awake  
In its cradle on the brake.  
The brightest hour of unborn spring,  
Through the winter wandering,  
Found it seems the halcyon morn,  
To hoar February born;  
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
It kissed the forehead of the earth,  
And smiled upon the silent sea,  
And bade the frozen streams be free;  
And waked to music all their fountains,  
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
And like a prophetess of May,  
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
Making the wintry world appear  
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
To the wild wood and the downs—  
To the silent wilderness  
Where the soul need not repress



Its music, lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.  
 I leave this notice on my door  
 For each accustomed visitor :—  
 " I am gone into the fields  
 To take what this sweet hour yields ;—  
 Reflection, you may come to-morrow,  
 Sit by the fireside of Sorrow.—  
 You with the unpaid bill, Despair,  
 You, tiresome verse-reciter, Care,  
 I will pay you in the grave,  
 Death will listen to your stave.—  
 Expectation too, be off !  
 To-day is for itself enough ;  
 Hope in pity mock not woe  
 With smiles, nor follow where I go ;  
 Long having lived on thy sweet food,  
 At length I find one moment good  
 After long pain—with all your love,  
 This you never told me of."

Radiant Sister of the Day,  
 Awake ! arise ! and come away !  
 To the wild woods and the plains,  
 To the pools where winter rains  
 Image all their roof of leaves,  
 Where the pine its garland weaves  
 Of sapless green, and ivy dun,  
 Round stems that never kiss the sun,  
 Where the lawns and pastures be  
 And the sandhills of the sea.  
 Where the melting hoar-frost wets  
 The daisy-star that never sets,  
 And wind-flowers and violets,  
 Which yet join not scent to hue,  
 Crown the pale year weak and new ;  
 When the night is left behind  
 In the deep east, dim and blind,  
 And the blue noon is over us,  
 And the multitudinous  
 Billows murmur at our feet,  
 Where the earth and ocean meet,  
 And all things seem only one,  
 In the universal sun.

#### THE RECOLLECTION.

Now the last day of many days,  
 All beautiful and bright as thou,  
 The loveliest and the last, is dead,  
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !  
 Up to thy wonted work ! come, trace  
 The epitaph of glory dead,  
 For now the Earth has changed its face,  
 A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

#### i.

We wandered to the pine Forest  
 That skirts the Ocean foam,  
 The lightest wind was in its nest,  
 The tempest in its home.

The whispering waves were half asleep,  
 The clouds were gone to play,  
 And on the bosom of the deep,  
 The smile of Heaven lay ;  
 It seemed as if the hour were one  
 Sent from beyond the skies,  
 Which scattered from above the sun  
 A light of Paradise.

#### ii.

We paused amid the pines that stood  
 The giants of the waste,  
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude  
 As serpents interlaced.  
 And soothed by every azure breath,  
 That under heaven is blown,  
 To harmonies and hues beneath,  
 As tender as its own ;  
 Now all the tree tops lay asleep,  
 Like green waves on the sea,  
 As still as in the silent deep  
 The ocean woods may be.

#### iii.

How calm it was !—the silence there  
 By such a chain was bound,  
 That even the busy wood-pecker  
 Made stiller by her sound  
 The inviolable quietness ;  
 The breath of peace we drew  
 With its soft motion made not less  
 The calm that round us grew.  
 There seemed from the remotest seat  
 Of the wide mountain waste,  
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,  
 A magic circle traced,  
 A spirit interfused around  
 A thrilling silent life,  
 To momentary peace it bound  
 Our mortal nature's strife :—  
 And still I felt the centre of  
 The magic circle there,  
 Was one fair form that filled with love  
 The lifeless atmosphere.

#### iv.

We paused beside the pools that lie  
 Under the forest bough,  
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky  
 Gulfed in a world below ;  
 A firmament of purple light,  
 Which in the dark earth lay,  
 More boundless than the depth of night,  
 And purer than the day—  
 In which the lovely forests grew,  
 As in the upper air,  
 More perfect both in shape and hue  
 Than any spreading there.  
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,  
 And through the dark green wood  
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn  
 Out of a speckled cloud.  
 Sweet views which in our world above  
 Can never well be seen,  
 Were imaged by the water's love  
 Of that fair forest green.  
 And all was interfused beneath  
 With an Elysian glow  
 An atmosphere without a breath,  
 A softer day below.

Like one beloved the scene had lent  
 To the dark water's breast,  
 Its every leaf and lineament  
 With more than truth exprest,  
 Until an envious wind crept by,  
 Like an unwelcome thought,  
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye  
 Blots one dear image out.  
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,  
 The forests ever green,  
 Less oft is peace in S —'s mind,  
 Than calm in waters seen.

February 2, 1822.

— ● —  
 A SONG.

A WIDOW bird sate mourning for her love  
 Upon a wintry bough ;  
 The frozen wind crept on above,  
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
 No flower upon the ground,  
 And little motion in the air  
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

— ● —  
 LINES.

WHEN the lamp is shattered,  
 The light in the dust lies dead—  
 When the cloud is scattered,  
 The rainbow's glory is shed.  
 When the lute is broken,  
 Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
 When the lips have spoken,  
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour  
 Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
 The heart's echoes render  
 No song when the spirit is mute :—  
 No song but sad dirges,  
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
 Or the mournful surges  
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,  
 Love first leaves the well-built nest ;  
 The weak one is singled  
 To endure what it once possest.  
 O, Love ! who bewailest  
 The frailty of all things here,  
 Why choose you the frailest  
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier !

Its passions will rock thee,  
 As the storms rock the ravens on high :  
 Bright reason will mock thee,  
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.  
 From thy nest every rafter  
 Will rot, and thine eagle home  
 Leave thee naked to laughter,  
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

— ● —  
 THE ISLE.

THERE was a little lawny islet  
 By anemone and violet,  
 Like mosaic, paven :  
 And its roof was flowers and leaves  
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,  
 Where nor sun nor showers nor breeze  
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,  
 Each a gem engraven.  
 Girt by many an azure wave  
 With which the clouds and mountains pave  
 A lake's blue chasm.

## CHARLES THE FIRST.

## A Fragment.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*The Pageant to celebrate the arrival of the Queen.*

A PURSUIVANT.

PLACE for the Marshal of the Masque !

FIRST SPEAKER.

What thinkest thou of this quaint masque, which  
turns  
Like morning from the shadow of the night,  
The night to day, and London to a place  
Of peace and joy !

SECOND SPEAKER.

And Hell to Heaven.

Eight years are gone,  
And they seem hours, since in this populous street  
I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,  
For the red plague kept state within that palace  
Where now reigns vanity—in nine years more  
The roots will be refreshed with civil blood ;  
And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven  
That sin and wrongs wound as an orphan's cry,  
The patience of the great Avenger's ear.

THIRD SPEAKER (*a youth*).

Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,  
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden  
By God or man ;—'tis like the bright procession  
Of skiey visions in a solemn dream  
From which men wake as from a paradise,  
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.  
If God be good, wherefore should this be evil ?  
And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw  
Unseasonable poison from the flowers  
Which bloom so rarely in this barren world ?  
Oh, kill these bitter thoughts which make the  
present  
Dark as the future !—

\* \* \* \* \*  
When avarice and tyranny, vigilant fear,

And open-eyed conspiracy, lie sleeping  
As on Hell's threshold ; and all gentle thoughts  
Waken to worship him who giveth joys  
With his own gift.

SECOND SPEAKER.

How young art thou in this old age of time !  
How green in this grey world ! Canst thou not think  
Of change in that low scene, in which thou art  
Not a spectator but an actor ?  
The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,  
Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done ;  
Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found  
My inn of lasting rest, but thou must still  
Be journeying on in this inclement air.

\* \* \* \* \*

FIRST SPEAKER.

That  
Is the Archbishop.

SECOND SPEAKER.

Rather say the Pope.  
London will be soon his Rome : he walks  
As if he trod upon the heads of men.  
He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold ;—  
Beside him moves the Babylonian woman  
Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,  
Mitled adulterer ! he is joined in sin,  
Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.

ANOTHER CITIZEN (*lifting up his eyes*).

Good Lord ! rain it down upon him.  
Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,  
As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.  
There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,  
Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,  
And others who made base their English breed  
By vile participation of their honours  
With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.  
When lawyers mask 'tis time for honest men  
To strip the vizor from their purposes.

\* \* \* \* \*

FOURTH SPEAKER (*a pursuivant*).

Give place, give place !  
 You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,  
 And then attend the Marshal of the Masque  
 Into the Royal presence.

FIFTH SPEAKER (*a law student*).

What thinkest thou  
 Of this quaint show of ours, my aged friend ?

## FIRST SPEAKER.

I will not think but that our country's wounds  
 May yet be healed—The king is just and gracious,  
 Though wicked counsels now pervert his will :  
 These once cast off—

## SECOND SPEAKER.

As adders cast their skins  
 And keep their venom, so kings often change ;  
 Councils and councillors hang on one another,  
 Hiding the loathsomeness [ ]  
 Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

## THIRD SPEAKER.

Oh, still those dissonant thoughts—List, loud music  
 Grows on the enchanted air ! And see, the torches  
 Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided  
 Like waves before an admiral's prow.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANOTHER SPEAKER.

Give place—  
 To the Marshal of the Masque !

## THIRD SPEAKER.

How glorious ! See those thronging chariots  
 Rolling like painted clouds before the wind :  
 Some are  
 Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths  
 Of Indian seas ; some like the new-born moon ;  
 And some like ears in which the Romans climbed  
 (Canopied by Victory's eagle-wings outspread)  
 The Capitolian—See how gloriously  
 The mettled horses in the torchlight stir  
 Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,  
 Like shapes of some diviner element !

## SECOND SPEAKER.

Aye, there they are—  
 Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,  
 Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,  
 On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows,  
 Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,  
 Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.  
 These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,  
 Who toil not, neither do they spin,—unless  
 It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.  
 Here is the surfeit which to them who earn  
 The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves  
 The tithe that will support them till they crawl  
 Back to its cold hard bosom. Here is health  
 Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,  
 Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,  
 And England's sin by England's punishment.  
 And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,  
 Lo, giving substance to my words, behold

At once the sign and the thing signified—  
 A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,  
 Horsed upon stumbling shapes, carted with dung,  
 Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins  
 And rotten hiding-places, to bring up the moral  
 Of this presentiment, and print up the rear  
 Of painted pomp with misery !

## SPEAKER.

'Tis but  
 The anti-masque, and serves as discords do  
 In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers  
 If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw ;  
 Or day unchanged by night ; or joy itself  
 Without the touch of sorrow ?

\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE II.

*A Chamber in Whitehall.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, LAUD, WENTWORTH, and ARCHY.*

## KING.

Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept  
 This token of your service : your gay masque  
 Was performed gallantly.

## QUEEN.

And, gentlemen,  
 Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint  
 pageant

Rose on me like the figures of past years,  
 Treading their still path back to infancy,  
 More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer  
 The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept  
 To think I was in Paris, where these shows  
 Are well devised—such as I was ere yet  
 My young heart shared with [ ] the task,  
 The careful weight of this great monarchy.  
 There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure  
 And that which it regards, no clamour lifts  
 Its proud interposition.

\* \* \* \* \*

## KING.

My lord of Canterbury.

## ARCHY.

The fool is here.

## LAUD.

I crave permission of your Majesty  
 To order that this insolent fellow be  
 Chastised : he mocks the sacred character,  
 Scoffs at the stake, and—

## KING.

What, my Archy !  
 He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,  
 Yet with a quaint and graceful licence—Prithee  
 For this once do not as Pryne would, were he  
 Primate of England.  
 He lives in his own world ; and, like a parrot,  
 Hung in his gilded prison from the window

Of a queen's bower over the public way,  
Blasphemes with a bird's mind :—his words, like  
arrows  
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,  
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.

QUEEN.

Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence  
Ten minutes in the rain : be it your penance  
To bring news how the world goes there. Poor  
Archy !  
He weaves about himself a world of mirth  
Out of this wreck of ours.

LAUD.

I take with patience, as my Master did,  
All scoffs permitted from above.

KING.

My lord,  
Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words  
Had wings, but these have talons.

QUEEN.

And the lion  
That wears them must be tamed. My dearest  
lord,  
I see the new-born courage in your eye  
Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Do thou persist : for, faint but in resolve,  
And it were better thou hadst still remained  
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs  
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer ;  
And Opportunity, that empty wolf,  
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions  
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,  
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel ;  
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,  
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,  
And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,  
As when she keeps the company of rebels,  
Who think that she is fear. This do, lest we  
Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle  
In a bright dream, and wake as from a dream  
Out of our worshipped state.

\* \* \* \* \*

LAUD.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And if this suffice not,  
Unleash the sword and fire, that in their thirst  
They may lick up that scum of schismatics.  
I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring  
What we possess, still prate of christian peace,  
As if those dreadful messengers of wrath,  
Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,  
Should be let loose against innocent sleep  
Of templed cities and the smiling fields,  
For some poor argument of policy  
Which touches our own profit or our pride,  
Where indeed it were christian charity  
To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand :  
And when our great Redeemer, when our God  
Is scorned in his immediate ministers,  
They talk of peace !  
Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now.

\* \* \* \* \*

QUEEN.

My beloved lord,  
Have you not noted that the fool of late  
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words  
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears ?  
What can it mean ? I should be loth to think  
Some factious slave had tutored him.

KING.

It partly is,  
That our minds piece the vacant intervals  
Of his wild words with their own fashioning ;  
As in the imagery of summer clouds,  
Or coals in the winter fire, idlers find  
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts.  
And partly, that the terrors of the time  
Are sown by wandering Rumour in all spirits ;  
And in the lightest and the least, may best  
Be seen the current of the coming wind.

QUEEN.

Your brain is overwrought with these deep  
thoughts.  
Come, I will sing to you ; let us go try  
These airs from Italy,—and you shall see  
A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,  
Stamped on the heart by never-erring love ;  
Liker than any Vandyke ever made,  
A pattern to the unborn age of thee,  
Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy  
A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,  
Did I not think that after we were dead  
Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that  
The cares we waste upon our heavy crown  
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath  
Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

KING.

Dear Henrietta !  
\* \* \* \* \*

## SCENE III.

HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, and the younger VANE.

HAMPDEN.

England, farewell ! thou, who hast been my cradle,  
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave !  
I held what I inherited in thee  
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom  
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile :—  
How can I call thee England, or my country ?  
Does the wind hold ?

VANE.

The vanes sit steady  
Upon the Abbey-towers. The silver lightnings  
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,  
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.  
Mark too that flock of fleecy-winged clouds  
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

HAMPDEN.

Hail, fleet herald  
Of tempest ! that wild pilot who shall guide  
Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,

Beyond the shot of tyranny ! And thou,  
 Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,  
 Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,  
 Bright as the path to a beloved home,  
 O light us to the isles of th' evening land !  
 Like floating Edens, cradled in the glimmer  
 Of sunset, through the distant mist of years  
 Tinged by departing Hope, they gleam ! Lone  
 regions,  
 Where power's [poor dupes and victims] yet have  
 never  
 Propitiated the savage fear of kings  
 With purest blood of noblest hearts ; whose dew  
 Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake  
 To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns ;  
 Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo  
 Of formal blasphemies ; nor impious rites  
 Wrest man's free worship from the God who loves  
 Towards the worm, who envies us his love,  
 Receive thou, young [ ] of Paradise,  
 These exiles from the old and sinful world !

This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights  
 Dart mitigated influence through the veil  
 Of pale-blue atmosphere ; whose tears keep green  
 The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth ;  
 This vaporous horizon, whose dim round  
 Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,  
 Repelling invasion from the sacred towers ;  
 Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,  
 A low dark roof, a damp and narrow vault :  
 The mighty universe becomes a cell  
 Too narrow for the soul that owns no master.

While the loathliest spot  
 Of this wide prison, England, is a nest  
 Of cradled peace built on the mountain tops,  
 To which the eagle-spirits of the free,  
 Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn  
 the storm  
 Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,  
 Return to brood over the [ ] thoughts  
 That cannot die, and may not be repelled.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task  
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth  
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—  
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows  
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,  
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.  
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,  
Swinging their censers in the element,  
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent  
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air ;  
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear  
The form and character of mortal mould,  
Rise as the sun their father rose, to bear

Their portion of the toil, which he of old  
Took as his own and then imposed on them :  
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem  
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep  
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep  
Of a green Apennine : before me fled  
The night ; behind me rose the day ; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,  
When a strange trance over my fancy grew  
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came through  
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn  
O'er evening hills they glimmer ; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn,  
Bathed in the same cold dew my brow and hair,  
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there  
The birds, the fountains, and the ocean hold  
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,  
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,  
This was the tenour of my waking dream :—  
Methought I sate beside a public way

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream  
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,  
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know  
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why  
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky  
One of the million leaves of summer's bier ;  
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy,

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear :  
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some  
Seeking the object of another's fear ;

And others as with steps towards the tomb,  
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,  
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked and called it death ;  
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,  
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath :

But more with motions, which each other crost,  
Pursued or spurned the shadows the clouds threw,  
Or birds within the noon-day ether lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,  
And weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,  
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst ;  
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told  
Of grassy paths and wood, lawn-interspersed,

With over-arching elms and caverns cold,  
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they  
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way  
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June  
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare intenser than the noon,  
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light  
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon

When on the sunlit limits of the night  
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,  
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might,

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear  
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form  
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm  
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape  
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,  
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb,  
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ethereal gloom  
Tempering the light upon the chariot beam ;  
A Janus-visaged shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-winged team ;  
The shapes which drew it in thick lightnings  
Were lost:—I heard alone on the air's soft  
stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.  
All the four faces of that charioteer  
Had their eyes banded ; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,  
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun  
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the  
sphere

Of all that is, has been, or will be done ;  
So ill was the car guided—but it past  
With solemn speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,  
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,  
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder's blast,

The million with fierce song and maniac dance  
Raging around—such seemed the jubilee  
As when, to meet some conqueror's advance,

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea  
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,  
When [ ] upon the free

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stooped to bear.  
Nor wanted here the just similitude  
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude  
Was driven ;—all those who had grown old in power  
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour  
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,  
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower ;—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow  
Till the great winter lay the form and name  
Of this green earth with them for ever low ;—

All but the sacred few who could not tame  
Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon  
As they had touched the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,  
Or those who put aside the diadem  
Of earthly thrones or gems [ ]

Were there of Athens or Jerusalem,  
Were neither 'mid the mighty captives seen,  
Nor 'mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.  
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those  
Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose  
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure  
To savage music, wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,  
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun  
Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,  
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming  
hair ;  
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air  
As their feet twinkle ; they recede, and now  
Bending within each other's atmosphere

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,  
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,  
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled  
That shake the mountains when their lightnings  
mingle  
And die in rain—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps—the shock still may tingle ;  
One falls and then another in the path  
Senseless—nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where*—the chariot hath  
Past over them—nor other trace I find  
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert shore ;—behind,  
Old men and women foully disarrayed,  
Shake their grey hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,  
Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still  
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

But not the less with impotence of will  
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose  
Round them and round each other, and fulfil

Their part, and in the dust from whence they rose  
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,  
And past in these performs what [ ] in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,  
Half to myself I said—And what is this ?  
Whose shape is that within the car ? And why—

I would have added—is all here amiss ?—  
But a voice answered—“ Life ! ”—I turned, and knew  
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness !)



That what I thought was an old root which grew  
To strange distortion out of the hill side,  
Was indeed one of those deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide  
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,  
And that the holes it vainly sought to hide,

Were or had been eyes:—"If thou canst, forbear  
To join the dance, which I had well forborne!"  
Said the grim Feature of my thought: "A ware,

"I will unfold that which to this deep scorn  
Led me and my companions, and relate  
The progress of the pageant since the morn;

"If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,  
Follow it thou even to the night, but I  
Am weary."—Then like one who with the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily  
He paused; and, ere he could resume, I cried,  
"First, who art thou?"—"Before thy memory,

"I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died,  
And if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit  
Had been with purer sentiment supplied,

"Corruption would not now thus much inherit  
Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise  
Stained that which ought to have disdained to  
wear it;

"If I have been extinguished, yet there rise  
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore?"—  
"And who are those chained to the car?"—"The  
wise,

"The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore  
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,  
Signs of thought's empire over thought—their lore

"Taught them not this, to know themselves; their  
Could not repress the mystery within, [might  
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

"Caught them ere evening."—"Who is he with chin  
Upon his breast, and hands erost on his chain?"—  
"The Child of a fierce hour; he sought to win

"The world, and lost all that it did contain  
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and more  
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain

"Without the opportunity which bore  
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak  
From which a thousand climbers have before

"Fallen, as Napoleon fell."—I felt my cheek  
Alter to see the shadow pass away,  
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak,

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay;  
And much I grieved to think how power and will  
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable  
Good and the means of good; and for despair  
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were  
And scarce have ceased to be.—"Dost thou behold,"  
Said my guide, "those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

"Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,  
And hoary anarchists, demagogues, and sage—  
— names which the world thinks always old,

"For in the battle life and they did wage,  
She remained conqueror. I was overcome  
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

"Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb  
Could temper to its object."—"Let them pass,"  
I cried, "the world and its mysterious doom

"Is not so much more glorious than it was,  
That I desire to worship those who drew  
New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded."—"Figures ever new  
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;  
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

"Our shadows on it as it past away.  
But mark how chained to the triumphal chair  
The mighty phantoms of an elder day;

"All that is mortal of great Plato there  
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not:  
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

"And life, where long that flower of Heaven  
grew not,  
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,  
Or age, or sloth, or slavery, could subdue not.

"And near him walk the [ ] twain,  
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion  
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

"The world was darkened beneath either pinion  
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors  
Fame singled out for her thunder-bearing minion;

"The other long outlived both woes and wars,  
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept  
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,

"If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt  
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled  
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

"To wake, and lead him to the caves that held  
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.  
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

"The passions which they sung, as by their strain  
May well be known: their living melody  
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

"Of those who are infected with it—I  
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain,  
And so my words have seeds of misery!"—

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

[There is a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill up. It appears from the context, that other shapes pass, and that Rousseau still stood beside the dreamer, as]

—— he pointed to a company,  
 'Midst whom I quickly recognised the heirs  
 Of Cæsar's crime, from him to Constantine;  
 The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,  
 And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad:  
 And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God;  
 Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,  
 Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched—"Their power was  
 But to destroy," replied the leader:—"I [given  
 Am one of those who have created, even

If it be but a world of agony."—  
 "Whence comest thou? and whither goest thou?  
 How did thy course begin?" I said, "and why?

"Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow  
 Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—  
 Speak!"—"Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

"And how and by what paths I have been brought  
 To this dread pass, methinks even thou may'st  
 guess;—  
 Why this should be, my mind can compass not;

"Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less;—  
 But follow thou, and from spectator turn  
 Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

"And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn  
 From thee. Now listen:—In the April prime,  
 When all the forest tips began to burn

"With kindling green, touched by the azure clime  
 Of the young year's dawn, I was laid asleep  
 Under a mountain, which from unknown time

"Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep;  
 And from it came a gentle rivulet,  
 Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

"Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet  
 The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the  
 grove  
 With sounds, which whose hears must needs forget

"All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,  
 Which they had known before that hour of rest;  
 A sleeping mother then would dream not of

"Her only child who died upon her breast  
 At eventide—a king would mourn no more  
 The crown of which his brows were dispossesed

"When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor,  
 To gild his rival's new prosperity.  
 Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

"Ills, which if ill can find no cure from thee,  
 The thought of which no other sleep will quell,  
 Nor other music blot from memory,

"So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell;  
 And whether life had been before that sleep  
 The heaven which I imagine, or a hell

"Like this harsh world in which I wake to  
 weep,  
 I know not. I arose, and for a space  
 The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

"Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace  
 Of light diviner than the common sun  
 Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

"Was filled with magic sounds woven into one  
 Oblivious melody, confusing sense  
 Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun;

"And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence  
 Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,  
 And the sun's image radiantly intense

"Burned on the waters of the well that glowed  
 Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze  
 With winding paths of emerald fire; there stood

"Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze  
 Of his own glory, on the vibrating  
 Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

"A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling  
 Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,  
 And the invisible rain did ever sing

"A silver music on the mossy lawn;  
 And still before me on the dusky grass,  
 Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn:

"In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,  
 Mantling with bright Nepenthe; the fierce splendour  
 Fell from her as she moved under the mass

"Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender,  
 Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow;  
 She glided along the river, and did bend her

"Head under the dark boughs, till, like a willow,  
 Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream  
 That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

"As one enamoured is upborne in dream  
 O'er lily-paven lakes 'mid silver mist,  
 To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

"Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed  
 The dancing foam; partly to glide along  
 The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

"Or the faint morning beams that fell among  
 The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;  
 And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

"Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and  
 bees,  
 And falling drops moved to a measure new,  
 Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

"Up from the lake a shape of golden dew  
 Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,  
 Dances? the wind, where never eagle flew;

" And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune  
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot  
The thoughts of him who gazed on them ; and soon

" All that was, seemed as if it had been not ;  
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath  
Her feet like embers ; and she, thought by thought,

" Trampled its sparks into the dust of death ;  
As day upon the threshold of the east  
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

" Of darkness re-illumine even the least  
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,  
Making the night a dream ; and ere she ceased

" To move, as one between desire and shame  
Suspended, I said—If, as it doth seem,  
Thou comest from the realm without a name,

" Into this valley of perpetual dream,  
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—  
Pass not away upon the passing stream.

" Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply.  
And as a shut lily, stricken by the wand  
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

" I rose ; and, bending at her sweet command,  
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,  
And suddenly my brain became as sand,

" Where the first wave had more than half erased  
The track of deer on desert Labrador ;  
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,

" Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,  
Until the second bursts ;—so on my sight  
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

" And the fair shape waned in the coming light,  
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops  
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

" Of sun-rise, ere it tinge the mountain tops ;  
And as the presence of that fairest planet,  
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

" That his day's path may end as he began it,  
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent  
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

" Or the soft note in which his dear lament  
The Brescian shepherd breathes, or the caress  
That turned his weary slumber to content ;<sup>1</sup>

" So knew I in that light's severe excess  
The presence of that shape which on the stream  
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

" More dimly than a day-appearing dream,  
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;  
A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

" Through the sick day in which we wake to weep,  
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost ;  
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

<sup>1</sup> The favourite song, " Stanco di pascolar le peccorelle," is a Brescian national air.

" Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ;  
But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,  
With solemn speed and stunning music, crost

" The forest, and as if from some dread war  
Triumphantly returning, the loud million  
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

" A moving arch of victory, the vermilion  
And green and azure plumes of Iris had  
Built high over her wind-winged pavilion,

" And underneath ethereal glory clad  
The wilderness, and far before her flew  
The tempest of the splendour, which forbade

" Shadow to fall from leaf and stone ; the crew  
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance  
Within a sunbeam ;—some upon the new

" Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance  
The grassy vesture of the desert, played,  
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance ;

" Others stood gazing, till within the shade  
Of the great mountain its light left them dim ;  
Others outsped it ; and others made

" Circles around it, like the clouds that swim  
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ;  
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

" The chariot and the captives fettered there :—  
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood  
Fell into the same track at last, and were

" Borne onward. I among the multitude  
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long ;  
Me, not the shadow nor the slat ;

" Me, not that falling stream's Lethæan song ;  
Me, not the phantom of that early form,  
Which moved upon its motion—but among

" The thickest billows of that living storm  
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime  
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

" Before the chariot had begun to climb  
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,  
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

" Of him who from the lowest depths of hell,  
Through every paradise and through all glory,  
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

" The words of hate and care ; the wondrous story  
How all things are transfigured except Love ;  
For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

" The world can hear not the sweet notes that move  
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—  
A wonder worthy of his rhyme—the grove

" Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,  
The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air  
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

" A flock of vampire-bats before the glare  
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,  
Strange night upon some Indian vale ;—thus were

"Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling  
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,  
Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing

"Were lost in the white day; others like elves  
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes  
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

"And others sate chattering like restless apes  
On vulgar hands, \* \* \*  
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

"Of kingly mantles; some across the tire  
Of pontiffs rode, like demons; others played  
Under the crown which girt with empire

"A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made  
Their nests in it. The old anatomies  
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

"Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes  
To re-assume the delegated power,  
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchise,

"Who made this earth their charnel. Others more  
Humble, like falcons, sat upon the fist  
Of common men, and round their heads did soar;

"Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist  
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow  
Of lawyers, statesmen, priest, and theorist;—

"And others, like discoloured flakes of snow  
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,  
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

"Which they extinguished; and, like tears, they were  
A veil to those from whose faint lids they rained  
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

"Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stain'd  
The track in which we moved. After brief space,  
From every form the beauty slowly waned;

"From every firmest limb and fairest face  
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left  
The action and the shape without the grace

"Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft  
With care; and in those eyes where once hopeshone,  
Desire, like a lioness bereft

"Of her last eub, glared ere it died; each one  
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly  
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

"In autumn evening from a poplar tree,  
Each like himself and like each other were  
At first; but some distorted seemed to be

"Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;  
And of this stuff the car's creative ray  
Wrapt all the busy phantoms that were there,

"As the sun shapes the clouds; thus on the way  
Mask after mask fell from the countenance  
And form of all; and long before the day

"Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance  
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;  
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

"And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-side;—  
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,  
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

"Then, what is life! I cried."—

## FRAGMENTS.\*

TO —.

HERE, my dear friend, is a new book for you ;  
 I have already dedicated two  
 To other friends, one female and one male,  
 What you are, is a thing that I must veil ;  
 What can this be to those who praise or rail ?  
 I never was attached to that great sect  
 Whose doctrine is that each one should select  
 Out of the world a mistress or a friend,  
 And all the rest, though fair and wise, commend  
 To cold oblivion—though it is the code  
 Of modern morals, and the beaten road  
 Which those poor slaves with weary footsteps tread  
 Who travel to their home among the dead,  
 By the broad highway of the world—and so  
 With one sad friend, and many a jealous foe,  
 The dreariest and the longest journey go.

Free love has this, different from gold and clay,  
 That to divide is not to take away.  
 Like ocean, which the general north wind breaks  
 Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes  
 A mirror of the moon ; like some great glass,  
 Which did distort whatever form might pass,  
 Dashed into fragments by a playful child,  
 Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild,  
 Giving for one, which it could ne'er express,  
 A thousand images of loveliness.

If I were one whom the loud world held wise,  
 I should disdain to quote authorities  
 In the support of this kind of love ;—  
 Why there is first the God in heaven above,  
 Who wrote a book called Nature, 'tis to be  
 Reviewed I hear in the next Quarterly ;  
 And Socrates, the Jesus Christ of Greece ;  
 And Jesus Christ himself did never cease  
 To urge all living things to love each other,  
 And to forgive their mutual faults, and smother  
 The Devil of disunion in their souls.

It is a sweet thing friendship, a dear balm,  
 A happy and auspicious bird of calm,  
 Which rides o'er life's ever tumultuous Ocean ;  
 A God that broods o'er chaos in commotion ;

\* These fragments do not properly belong to the poems of 1822. They are gleanings from Shelley's manuscript books and papers ; preserved not only because they are beautiful in themselves, but as affording indications of his feelings and virtues.

A flower which fresh as Lapland roses are,  
 Lifts its bold head into the world's pure air,  
 And blooms most radiantly when others die,  
 Health, hope, and youth, and brief prosperity ;  
 And, with the light and odour of its bloom,  
 Shining within the dungeon and the tomb ;  
 Whose coming is as light and music are  
 'Mid dissonance and gloom—a star  
 Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone,  
 A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone  
 Among rude voices, a beloved light,  
 A solitude, a refuge, a delight.

If I had but a friend ! why I have three,  
 Even by my own confession ; there may be  
 Some more, for what I know ; for 'tis my mind  
 To call my friends all who are wise and kind,  
 And these, Heaven knows, at best are very few,  
 But none can ever be more dear than you.  
 Why should they be ? my muse has lost her wings,  
 Or like a dying swan who soars and sings  
 I should describe you in heroic style,  
 But as it is—are you not void of guile ?  
 A lovely soul, formed to be blessed and bless ;  
 A well of sealed and secret happiness ;  
 A lute, which those whom love has taught to play  
 Make music on, to cheer the roughest day !

## II.

## MUSIC.

I pant for the music which is divine,  
 My heart in its thirst is a dying flower ;  
 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,  
 Loosen the notes in a silver shower,  
 Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,  
 I gasp, I faint, till they wake again.

As the scent of a violet withered up,  
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake,  
 When the hot noon had drained its dewy cup,  
 And tank there was none its thirst to slake ;  
 And the violet lay dead, whilst the odour flew  
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.

Let me drink of the spirit of the sweet sound,  
 More, O more ;—I am thirsting yet !  
 It loosens the serpent which care had bound  
 Upon my heart to stifle it.  
 The dissolving strain, through every vein,  
 Passes into my heart and brain.

## III.

A gentle story of two lovers young,  
 Who met in innocence and died in sorrow,  
 And of one selfish heart, whose rancour clung  
 Like curses on them ; are ye slow to borrow  
 The lore of truth from such a tale ?  
 Or in this world's deserted vale,  
 Do ye not see a star of gladness  
 Pierce the shadows of its sadness,  
 When ye are cold, that love is a light sent  
 From heaven, which none shall quench, to cheer the  
 innocent ?

## IV.

I am drunk with the honey wine  
 Of the moon-unfolded eglantine,  
 Which fairies catch in hyacinth buds :—  
 The bats, the dormice, and the moles  
 Sleep in the walls or under the sward  
 Of the desolate Castle yard ;  
 And when 'tis spilt on the summer earth  
 Or its fumes arise among the dew,  
 Their jocund dreams are full of mirth,  
 They gibber their joy in sleep ; for few  
 Of the fairies bear those bowls so new !

## V.

And who feels discord now or sorrow !  
 Love is the universe to-day—  
 These are the slaves of dim to-morrow,  
 Darkening Life's labyrinthine way.

## VI.

## TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.

Thy little footsteps on the sands  
 Of a remote and lonely shore ;  
 The twinkling of thine infant hands  
 Where now the worm will feed no more :  
 Thy mingled look of love and glee  
 When we returned to gaze on thee.

## VII.

The world is dreary,  
 And I am weary  
 Of wandering on without thee, Mary ;  
 A joy was erewhile  
 In thy voice and thy smile,  
 And 'tis gone, when I should be gone too, Mary.  
*July, 1819.*

## VIII.

My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,  
 And left me in this dreary world alone !  
 Thy form is here indeed—a lovely one—  
 But thou art fled, gone down the dreary road,  
 That leads to Sorrow's most obscure abode ;  
 Thou sittest on the hearth of pale despair,  
 Where  
 For thine own sake I cannot follow thee.  
*July, 1819.*

## IX.

And where is truth ! On tombs ! for such to thee  
 Has been my heart—and thy dead memory  
 Has lain from childhood, many a changeful year—  
 Unchangingly preserved and buried there.

## X.

When a lover clasps his fairest,  
 Then be our dread sport the rarest.  
 Their caresses were like the chaff  
 In 'the tempest, and be our laugh  
 His despair—her epitaph !

When a mother clasps her child,  
 Watch till dusty Death has piled  
 His cold ashes on the clay ;  
 She has loved it many a day—  
 She remains,—it fades away.

## XI.

One sung of thee who left the tale untold,  
 Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting :  
 Like empty cups of wrought and dædal gold,  
 Which mock the lips with air, when they are  
 thirsting.

## XII.

Ye gentle visitations of calm thought—  
 Moods like the memories of happier earth,  
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,  
 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrought,  
 But that the clouds depart and stars remain,  
 While they remain, and ye, alas, depart !

## XIII.

In the cave which wild weeds cover  
 Wait for thine ethereal lover ;  
 For the pallid moon is waning,  
 O'er the spiral cypress hanging  
 And the moon no cloud is staining.

It was once a Roman's chamber,  
 Where he kept his darkest revels,  
 And the wild weeds twine and clamber ;  
 It was then a chasm for devils.

## XIV.

Rome has fallen, ye see it lying  
 Heaped in undistinguished ruin :  
 Nature is alone undying.

## XV.

How sweet it is to sit and read the tales  
 Of mighty poets, and to hear the while  
 Sweet music, which when the attention fails  
 Fills the dim pause—

## XVI.

Wake the serpent not—lest he  
 Should not know the way to go,—  
 Let him crawl which yet lies sleeping  
 Through the deep grass of the meadow !  
 Not a bee shall hear him creeping,  
 Not a may-fly shall awaken,  
 From its cradling blue-bell shaken,  
 Not the starlight as he's sliding  
 Through the grass with silent gliding.

## XVII.

The fitful alternations of the rain,  
 When the chill wind, languid as with pain  
 Of its own heavy moisture, here and there  
 Drives through the grey and beamless atmosphere.

## XVIII.

There is a warm and gentle atmosphere  
About the form of one we love, and thus  
As in a tender mist our spirits are  
Wrapt in the——of that which is to us  
The health of life's own life.

## XIX.

What men gain fairly—that they should possess,  
And children may inherit idleness,  
From him who earns it—This is understood ;  
Private injustice may be general good.  
But he who gains by base and armed wrong,  
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,  
May be despoiled ; even as a stolen dress  
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he  
Left in the nakedness of infamy.

## XX.

I would not be a king—enough  
Of woe it is to love ;  
The path to power is steep and rough,  
And tempests reign above.

I would not climb the imperial throne ;  
'Tis built on ice which fortune's sun  
Thaws in the height of noon.  
Then farewell, king, yet were I one,  
Care would not come so soon.  
Would he and I were far away  
Keeping flocks on Himelay !

## XXI.

O thou immortal deity  
Whose throne is in the depth of human thought,  
I do adjure thy power and thee  
By all that man may be, by all that he is not,  
By all that he has been and yet must be !

## XXII.

## ON KEATS,

WHO DESIRED THAT ON HIS TOMB SHOULD BE INSCRIBED—

“ Here lieth One whose name was writ on water !”  
But ere the breath that could erase it blew,  
Death, in remorse for that fell slaughter,  
Death, the immortalising winter flew,  
Athwart the stream, and time's monthless torrent  
A scroll of crystal, blazoning the name [grew  
Of Adonais !—

## XXIII.

He wanders, like a day-appearing dream,  
Through the dim wildernesses of the mind ;  
Through desert woods and tracts, which seem  
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.

## XXIV.

The rude wind is singing  
The dirge of the music dead,  
The cold worms are clinging  
Where kisses were lately fed.

## XXV.

What art thou, Presumptuous, who profanest  
The wreath to mighty poets only due,  
Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou wanest ?  
Touch not those leaves which for the eternal few,  
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,  
In sacred dedication ever grew,—  
One of the crowd thou art without a name.  
Ah, friend, 'tis the false laurel that I wear ;  
Bright though it seem, it is not the same  
As that which bound Milton's immortal hair ;  
Its dew is poison and the hopes that quicken  
Under its chilling shade, though seeming fair,  
Are flowers which die almost before they sicken.

## XXVI.

When soft winds and sunny skies  
With the green earth harmonize,  
And the young and dewy dawn,  
Bold as an unhunted fawn,  
Up the windless heaven is gone—  
Laugh—for ambushed in the day,  
Clouds and whirlwinds watch their prey.

## XXVII.

The babe is at peace within the womb,  
The corpse is at rest within the tomb,  
We begin in what we end.

## XXVIII.

## EPITAPH.

—  
These are two friends whose lives were undivided ;  
So let their memory be, now they have glided  
Under their grave ; let not their bones be parted,  
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

## NOTE ON THE POEMS OF 1822.

BY THE EDITOR.

This morn thy gallant bark  
 Sailed on a sunny sea,  
 'Tis noon, and tempests dark  
 Have wrecked it on the lee.  
 Ah woe! ah woe!  
 By spirits of the deep  
 Thou'rt cradled on the billow,  
 To thy eternal sleep.

Thou sleep'st upon the shore  
 Beside the knelling surge,  
 And sea-nymphs evermore  
 Shall sadly chant thy dirge.  
 They come! they come,

The spirits of the deep,  
 While near thy sea-weed pillow  
 My lonely watch I keep.

From far across the sea  
 I hear a loud lament,  
 By echo's voice for thee,  
 From ocean's caverns sent.  
 O list! O list,  
 The spirits of the deep;  
 They raise a wail of sorrow  
 While I for ever weep.

WITH this last year of the life of Shelley these Notes end. They are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the Beloved and the Lost; my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past—full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows, contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write, and these again produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself, but cannot help apologising to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings\*.

\* I at one time feared that the correction of the press might be less exact through my illness; but, I believe that it is nearly free from error. No omissions have been made in this edition; (in the last of 1839 they were confined to certain passages of "Queen Mab"); some asterisks occur in a few pages, as they did in the volume of Posthumous Poems, either because they refer to private concerns, or because the original manuscript was left imperfect. Did any one see the papers from which I drew that volume, the wonder would be how any eyes or patience were capable of extracting it from so confused a mass,

The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring, after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought, divested from human interest, which he best loved, I cannot tell; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for one of the most mystical of his poems, "The Triumph of Life," on which he was employed at the last.

His passion for boating was fostered at this time by having among our friends several sailors; his favourite companion, Edward Ellerker Williams, of the 8th Light Dragoons, had begun his life

interlined and broken into fragments, so that the sense could only be deciphered and joined by guesses, which might seem rather intuitive than founded on reasoning. Yet I believe no mistake was made.



in the navy, and had afterwards entered the army; he had spent several years in India, and his love for adventure and manly exercises accorded with Shelley's taste. It was their favourite plan to build a boat such as they could manage themselves, and, living on the sea-coast, to enjoy at every hour and season the pleasure they loved best. Captain Roberts, R.N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the Bolivar for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dock-yards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and that it was never sea-worthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Only one was to be found at all suitable; however, a trifle such as not finding a house could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a good deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April.

The bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point, and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of Sant' Arenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door, a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his malady prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had, and this to the Italians had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness, rooted up the olives on the hill side, and planted forest trees; these were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye, with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty; the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Porto Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged foot-path towards Lerici, and none on the other side; the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle,—formed a picture such as one sees in Salvator Rosa's landscapes only: sometimes the sunshine vanished when the scirocco raged—the ponente, the wind

was called on that shore. The gales and squalls, that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unremittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of Italian heaven bathed the scene in bright and ever-varying tints.

The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours, of Sant' Arenzo, were more like savages than any people I ever before lived among. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing or rather howling, the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and even there the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have felt ourselves further from civilisation and comfort; but where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, May 12th, it came. Williams records the long-wished-for fact in his journal: "Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called, and after dinner and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her; and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer."—It was thus that shortsighted mortals welcomed death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water, when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa; they had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boat by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of

danger. When the weather was unfavourable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other, for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the "Triumph of Life" was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him.

The heats set in, in the middle of June; the days became excessively hot, but the sea breeze cooled the air at noon, and extreme heat always put Shelley in spirits: a long drought had preceded the heat, and prayers for rain were being put up in the churches, and processions of relics for the same effect took place in every town. At this time we received letters announcing the arrival of Leigh Hunt at Pisa. Shelley was very eager to see him. I was confined to my room by severe illness, and could not move; it was agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in the boat. Strange that no fear of danger crossed our minds! Living on the seashore, the ocean became as a plaything: as a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest and spreads destruction over all, so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger, and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. Our Italian neighbours even trusted themselves as far as Massa in the skiff; and the running down the line of coast to Leghorn, gave no more notion of peril than a fair-weather inland navigation would have done to those who had never seen the sea. Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay, and the open sea beyond; but Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do.

On the 1st of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. During the whole of our stay at Lerici, an intense presentiment of coming evil brooded over my mind, and covered this beautiful place, and genial summer, with the shadow of coming misery—I had vainly struggled with these emotions—they seemed accounted for by my illness, but at this hour of separation they recurred with renewed violence. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day

was calm and clear, and a fine breeze rising at twelve they weighed for Leghorn; they made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half: the Bolivar was in port, and the regulations of the health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat.

They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiment, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible, was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible, but not unfelt, prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess: the distance we were at from all signs of civilisation, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever in our ears,—all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from every-day life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us, and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger.

The spell snapped, it was all over; an interval of agonising doubt—of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root, even as they were more baseless—were changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore.

There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore; but by the quarantine laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them—the laws, with respect to everything cast on land by the sea, being, that such should be burned, to prevent the possibility of any remnant bringing the plague into Italy; and no representation could alter the law. At length, through the kind and unwearied exertions of Mr. Dawkins, our *Chargé d'Affaires* at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies were consumed. Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task: he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral pyre, and by touching the burnt relics

as he placed them in the receptacles prepared for the purpose. And there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good,—to be buried with him!

The concluding stanzas of the *Adonais* pointed out where the remains ought to be deposited; in addition to which our beloved child lay buried in the cemetery at Rome. Thither Shelley's ashes were conveyed, and they rest beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers that recur at intervals in the circuit of the massy ancient wall of Rome. The vignette of the title page, is taken from a sketch made on the spot by Captain Roberts. He selected the hallowed place himself; there is the

Sepulchre,

O, not of him, but of our joy!—

\* \* \* \* \*

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Could sorrow for the lost, and shuddering anguish at the vacancy left behind, be soothed by poetic imaginations, there was something in Shelley's fate to mitigate pangs, which yet alas! could not be so mitigated; for hard reality brings too miserably home to the mourner, all that is lost of happiness, all of lonely unsolaced struggle that remains. Still though dreams and hues of poetry cannot blunt grief, it invests his fate with a sublime

fitness, which those less nearly allied may regard with complacency. A year before, he had poured into verse all such ideas about death as give it a glory of its own. He had, as it now seems, almost anticipated his own destiny; and when the mind figures his skiff wrapped from sight by the thunder-storm, as it was last seen upon the purple sea; and then, as the cloud of the tempest passed away, no sign remained of where it had been\*—who but will regard as a prophecy the last stanza of the "*Adonais*!"

The breath, whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of *Adonais*, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

\* Captain Roberts watched the vessel with his glass from the top of the light-house of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They were off *Via Reggio*, at some distance from shore, when a storm was driven over the sea. It enveloped them and several larger vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every other vessel sailing on the ocean except their little schooner, which had vanished. From that time he could scarcely doubt the fatal truth; yet he fancied that they might have been driven towards *Elba*, or *Corsica*, and so be saved. The observation made as to the spot where the boat disappeared, caused it to be found, through the exertions of *Trelawny*, for that effect. It had gone down in ten fathom water; it had not capsized, and, except such things as had floated from her, everything was found on board exactly as it had been placed when they sailed. The boat itself was uninjured. Roberts possessed himself of her, and decked her, but she proved not sea-worthy, and her shattered planks now lie rotting on the shore of one of the *Ionian* islands, on which she was wrecked.

*Putney, May 1st, 1839.*



## PREFACE

TO THE VOLUME OF POSTHUMOUS POEMS,

PUBLISHED IN 1824.

In nobil sangue, vita umile e queta,  
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;  
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,  
E in aspetto pensoso, anima lieta.—PETRARCA.

It had been my wish, on presenting the public with the Posthumous Poems of *SHELLEY*, to have accompanied them by a biographical notice: as it appeared to me, that at this moment a narration of the events of my husband's life would come more gracefully from other hands than mine, I applied to *LEIGH HUNT*. The distinguished friendship that *SHELLEY* felt for him, and the enthusiastic affection with which *LEIGH HUNT* clings to his friend's memory, seemed to point him out as the person best calculated for such an undertaking. His absence from this country, which prevented our mutual explanation, has unfortunately rendered my scheme abortive. I do not doubt but that on some other occasion he will pay this tribute to his lost friend, and sincerely regret that the volume which I edit has not been honoured by its insertion.

The comparative solitude in which *SHELLEY* lived, was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he, to the endeavour of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable: the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone for ever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him: to see

him was to love him; and his presence, like *Ithuriel's* spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician: without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the waterfall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers; and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must frequently have weighed upon his spirits; those beautiful and affecting "*Lines*, written in dejection at Naples," were composed at such an interval; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. "*Prometheus Unbound*" was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed "*The Witch of Atlas*," "*Adonais*," and "*Hellas*." In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his play-

mates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter wrote "The Triumph of Life," the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest which he had ever known: his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome LEIGH HUNT to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind, and I remained awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices toward his friends, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with WILLIAMS, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea by its restless moaning seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:—but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of those moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever portrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament, and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed and each countenance demon-

strated for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever: his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes; they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and "the world's sole monument" is enriched by his remains.

I must add a few words concerning the contents of this volume. "Julian and Maddalo," "The Witch of Atlas," and most of the Translations, were written some years ago; and, with the exception of "The Cyclops," and the Scenes from the "Magico Prodigioso," may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections. "The Triumph of Life" was his last work, and was left in so unfinished a state, that I arranged it in its present form with great difficulty. All his poems which were scattered in periodical works are collected in this volume, and I have added a reprint of "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude:"—the difficulty with which a copy can be obtained is the cause of its republication. Many of the Miscellaneous Poems, written on the spur of the occasion, and never retouched, I found among his manuscript books, and have carefully copied. I have subjoined, whenever I have been able, the date of their composition.

I do not know whether the critics will reprehend the insertion of some of the most imperfect among them; but I frankly own that I have been more actuated by the fear lest any monument of his genius should escape me, than the wish of presenting nothing but what was complete to the fastidious reader. I feel secure that the Lovers of SHELLEY'S Poetry (who know how more than any poet of the present day every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty) will pardon and thank me: I consecrate this volume to them.

The size of this collection has prevented the insertion of any prose pieces. They will hereafter appear in a separate publication.

MARY W. SHELLEY.

LONDON, June 1st, 1824.

TRANSLATIONS.





## TRANSLATIONS.

### HYMNS OF HOMER.

#### HYMN TO MERCURY.

I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,  
The Herald-child, king of Arcadia  
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love  
Having been interwoven, modest May  
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme—an antique grove  
Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay  
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,  
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II.

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,  
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,  
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,  
A schemer subtle beyond all belief ;  
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,  
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,  
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,  
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day ;  
He began playing on the lyre at noon,  
And the same evening did he steal away  
Apollo's herds ;—the fourth day of the moon  
On which him bore the venerable May,  
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,  
Nor long could in the sacred eradle keep,  
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV.

Out of the lofty cavern wandering  
He found a tortoise, and cried out—"A treasure!"  
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)  
The beast before the portal at his leisure  
The flowery herbage was depasturing,  
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure  
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son  
Eyeing him laughed, and laughing thus begun :—

V.

"A useful god—send are you to me now,  
King of the dance, companion of the feast,  
Lovely in all your nature ! Welcome, you [beast,  
Excellent plaything ! Where, sweet mountain  
Got you that speckled shell ? Thus much I know,  
You must come home with me and be my guest ;  
You will give joy to me, and I will do  
All that is in my power to honour you.

VI.

"Better to be at home than out of door ;  
So come with me, and though it has been said  
That you alive defend from magic power,  
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."  
Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,  
Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,  
And grasping it in his delighted hold,  
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII.

Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel,  
He bored the life and soul out of the beast—  
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal  
Darts through the tumult of a human breast  
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter wheel  
The flashes of its torture and unrest  
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son  
All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard strong skin  
At proper distances small holes he made,  
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,  
And with a piece of leather overlaid  
The open space and fixed the cubits in,  
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all  
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical.

## IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,  
 He tried the chords, and made division meet  
 Preluding with the plectrum, and there went  
 Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet  
 Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent  
 A strain of unpremeditated wit  
 Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may  
 Hear among revellers on a holiday.

## X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal  
 Dallied in love not quite legitimate ;  
 And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,  
 And naming his own name, did celebrate ;  
 His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all  
 In plastic verse, her household stuff and state,  
 Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan—  
 But singing he conceived another plan.

## XI.

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,  
 He in his sacred crib deposited  
 The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet  
 Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's  
 head,  
 Revolving in his mind some subtle feat  
 Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might  
 Devise in the lone season of dun night.

## XII.

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has  
 Driven steeds and chariot—the child meanwhile  
 strode  
 O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,  
 Where the immortal oxen of the God  
 Are pastured in the flowering unown meadows,  
 And safely stalled in a remote abode—  
 The archer Argicide, elate and proud,  
 Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud.

## XIII.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,  
 But, being ever mindful of his craft,  
 Backward and forward drove he them astray,  
 So that the tracks, which seemed before, were aft:  
 His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,  
 And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft  
 Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,  
 And bound them in a lump with withy twigs.

## XIV.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,  
 The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray  
 His track ; and then, a self-sufficing wight,  
 Like a man hastening on some distant way,  
 He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight ;  
 But an old man perceived the infant pass  
 Down green Onchestus, heaped like beds with  
 grass.

## XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine :  
 "Halloo ! old fellow with the crooked shoulder!  
 You grub those stumps? Before they will bear wine  
 Methinks even you must grow a little older :  
 Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,  
 As you would 'scape what might appal a bolder—  
 Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—  
 If you have understanding—understand."

## XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast ;  
 O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,  
 And flower-paven plains, great Hermes past ;  
 Till the black night divine, which favouring fell  
 Around his steps, grew grey, and morning fast  
 Wakened the world to work, and from her cell,  
 Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime  
 Into her watch-tower just began to climb.

## XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all  
 The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun ;  
 They came unwearied to the lofty stall  
 And to the water troughs which ever run  
 Through the fresh fields—and when with rushgrass  
 Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one [tall  
 Had pastured been, the Great God made them move  
 Towards the stall in a collected drove.

## XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped,  
 And having soon conceived the mystery  
 Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript  
 The bark, and rubbed them in his palms,—on high  
 Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt,  
 And the divine child saw delightedly—  
 Mercury first found out for human weal  
 Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint, and steel.

## XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerable  
 He gathered in a delve upon the ground—  
 And kindled them—and instantaneous  
 The strength of the fierce flame was breathed  
 around :  
 And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus  
 Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,  
 Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,  
 Close to the fire—such might was in the God.

## XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw  
 The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,  
 And bored their lives out. Without more ado  
 He cut up fat and flesh, and down before  
 The fire on spits of wood he placed the two,  
 Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore  
 Pursed in the bowels ; and while this was done  
 He stretched their hides over a craggy stone.

## XXI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then  
 Cut it up after long consideration,—  
 But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen  
 Drew the fat spoils to the more open station  
 Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them ; and  
 He had by lot assigned to each a ration [when  
 Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware  
 Of all the joys which in religion are.

## XXII.

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat  
 Tempted him, though immortal. Nathelesse  
 He checked his haughty will and did not eat,  
 Though what it cost him words can scarce express,  
 And every wish to put such morsels sweet  
 Down his most sacred throat, he did repress ;  
 But soon within the lofty portalled stall  
 He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII.

And every trace of the fresh butchery  
 And cooking, the God soon made disappear,  
 As if it all had vanished through the sky; [hair,—  
 He burned the hoofs and horns and head and  
 The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily ;—  
 And when he saw that everything was clear,  
 He quenched the coals and trampled the black dust,  
 And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed.

XXIV.

All night he worked in the serene moonshine—  
 But when the light of day was spread abroad  
 He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine.  
 On his long wandering, neither man nor god  
 Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,  
 Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road ;  
 Now he obliquely through the key-hole passed,  
 Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast.

XXV.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave  
 He went with soft light feet—as if his tread  
 Fell not on earth ; no sound their falling gave ;  
 Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread  
 The swaddling-clothes about him ; and the knave  
 Lay playing with the covering of the bed,  
 With his left hand about his knees—the right  
 Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.

XXVI.

There he lay innocent as a new-born child,  
 As gossips say ; but, though he was a god,  
 The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled  
 Knew all that he had done, being abroad ;  
 " Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,  
 You cunning rogue, and where have you abode  
 All the long night, clothed in your impudence ?  
 What have you done since you departed hence ?

XXVII.

" Apollo soon will pass within this gate,  
 And bind your tender body in a chain  
 Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,  
 Unless you can delude the God again,  
 Even when within his arms—ah, runaway !  
 A pretty torment both for gods and men  
 Your father made when he made you !"—" Dear  
 mother,"  
 Replied sly Hermes, " wherefore scold and bother ?

XXVIII.

" As if I were like other babes as old,  
 And understood nothing of what is what ;  
 And cared at all to hear my mother scold.  
 I in my subtle brain a scheme have got, [rolled,  
 Which, whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are  
 Will profit you and me—nor shall our lot  
 Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,  
 To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

XXIX.

" But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave,  
 And live among the Gods, and pass each day  
 In high communion, sharing what they have  
 Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey  
 And, from the portion which my father gave  
 To Phoebus, I will snatch my share away,  
 Which if my father will not—nathelless I,  
 Who am the king of robbers, can but try.

XXX.

" And, if Latona's son should find me out,  
 I'll countermine him by a deeper plan ;  
 I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,  
 And sack the fane of everything I can—  
 Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,  
 Each golden cup and polished brazen pan,  
 All the wrought tapestries and garments gay."—  
 So they together talked ;—meanwhile the Day

XXXI.

Ethereal born, arose out of the flood  
 Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men.  
 Apollo past toward the sacred wood,  
 Which from the inmost depths of its green glen  
 Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood  
 On the same spot in green Onchestus then  
 That same old animal, the vine-dresser,  
 Who was employed hedging his vineyard there.

XXXII.

Latona's glorious Son began :—" I pray  
 Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,  
 Whether a drove of kine has past this way,  
 All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been  
 Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,  
 Where a black bull was fed apart, between  
 Two woody mountains in a neighbouring glen,  
 And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as  
 men.

XXXIII.

" And, what is strange, the author of this theft  
 Has stolen the fatted heifers every one,  
 But the four dogs and the black bull are left :—  
 Stolen they were last night at set of sun,  
 Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft—  
 Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,  
 Have you seen any one pass with the cows ?"—  
 To whom the man of overhanging brows,—

XXXIV.

" My friend, it would require no common skill  
 Justly to speak of everything I see ;  
 On various purposes of good or ill  
 Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me  
 'Tis difficult to know the invisible  
 Thoughts, which in all those many minds may  
 Thus much alone I certainly can say, [be :—  
 I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

XXXV.

" And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak  
 With certainty of such a wondrous thing,  
 A child, who could not have been born a week,  
 Those fair-horned cattle closely following,  
 And in his hand he held a polished stick :  
 And, as on purpose, he walked wavering  
 From one side to the other of the road,  
 And with his face opposed the steps he trod."

XXXVI.

Apollo, hearing this, passed quickly on—  
 No winged omen could have shown more clear  
 That the deceiver was his father's son.  
 So the God wraps a purple atmosphere  
 Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone  
 To famous Pylus, seeking his kine there,  
 And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,  
 And cried—" What wonder do mine eyes behold!

## XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the horned herd  
Turned back towards their fields of asphodel ;—  
But these ! are not the tracks of beast or bird,  
Grey wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,  
Or maned Centaur—sand was never stirred  
By man or woman thus ! Inexplicable !  
Who with unweared feet could e'er impress  
The sand with such enormous vestiges ?

## XXXVIII.

"That was most strange—but this is stranger still !"  
Thus having said, Phœbus impetuously  
Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,  
And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,  
And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will  
Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury—  
And a delighted odour from the dew  
Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

## XXXIX.

And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof  
Arched over the dark cavern :—Maia's child  
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,  
About the cows of which he had been beguiled,  
And over him the fine and fragrant woof  
Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled—  
As among firebrands lies a burning spark  
Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark.

## XL.

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill,  
And now was newly washed and put to bed,  
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will  
And gathered in a lump hands, feet, and head,  
He lay, and his beloved tortoise still  
He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade ;  
Phœbus the lovely mountain goddess knew,  
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

## XLI.

Lay swathed in his sly siles. Round every crook  
Of the ample cavern, for his kine Apollo  
Looked sharp ; and when he saw them not, he took  
The glittering key, and opened three great hollow  
Recesses in the rock—where many a nook  
Was filled with the sweet food immortalsswallow,  
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold  
Were piled within—a wonder to behold !

## XLII.

And white and silver robes, all overwrought  
With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet—  
Except among the Gods there can be nought  
In the wide world to be compared with it.  
Latona's offspring, after having sought  
His herds in every corner, thus did greet  
Great Hermes :—"Little cradled rogue, declare,  
Of my illustrious heifers, where they are !

## XLIII.

"Speak quickly ! or a quarrel between us  
Must rise, and the event will be, that I  
Shall haul you into dismal Tartarus,  
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally !  
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose  
The bars of that black dungeon—utterly  
You shall be cast out from the light of day,  
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

## XLIV.

To whom thus Hermes sily answered :—"Son  
Of great Latona, what a speech is this !  
Why come you here to ask me what is done  
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss !  
I have not seen them, nor from any one  
Have heard a word of the whole business ;  
If you should promise an immense reward,  
I could not tell more than you now have heard.

## XLV.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,  
And I am but a little new-born thing,  
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong :—  
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling  
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—  
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,  
And to be washed in water clean and warm,  
And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

## XLVI.

"Oh, let not e'er this quarrel be averred !  
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er  
You should allege a story so absurd,  
As that a new-born infant forth could fare  
Out of his home after a savage herd.  
I was born yesterday—my small feet are  
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough :—  
And if you think that this is not enough,

## XLVII.

"I swear a great oath, by my father's head,  
That I stole not your cows, and that I know  
Of no one else who might, or could, or did.—  
Whatever things cows are I do not know,  
For I have only heard the name."—This said,  
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow  
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,  
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

## XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said :—"Aye, aye,—  
You cunning little rascal, you will bore  
Many a rich man's house, and your array  
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,  
Silent as night, in night ; and many a day  
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore  
That you or yours, having an appetite,  
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night !

## XLIX.

"And this among the Gods shall be your gift,  
To be considered as the lord of those [lift ;—  
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-  
But now if you would not your last sleep doze,  
Crawl out !"—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift  
The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes,  
And in his arms, according to his wont,  
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont.

## L.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And sneezed and shuddered—Phœbus on the grass  
Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed  
He did perform—eager although to pass,  
Apollo darted from his mighty mind  
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff :  
"Do not imagine this will get you off,

LII.

" You little swaddled child of Jove and May !"  
And seized him :—" By this omen I shall trace  
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."—  
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,  
Like one in earnest haste to get away,  
Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face,  
Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew  
His swaddling clothes, and—" What mean you to do

LIII.

" With me, you unkind God ?"—said Mercury :  
" Is it about these cows you tease me so ?  
I wish the race of cows were perished !—I  
Stole not your cows—I do not even know  
What things cows are. Alas ! I well may sigh,  
That, since I came into this world of woe,  
I should have ever heard the name of one—  
But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury  
Talked without coming to an explanation,  
With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he  
Sought not revenge, but only information,  
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery  
To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion  
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—  
He paced on first over the sandy ground.

LIV.

He of the Silver Bow, the child of Jove,  
Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire  
Came both his children—beautiful as Love,  
And from his equal balance did require  
A judgment in the cause wherein they strove.  
O'er odorous Olympus and its snows  
A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

LV.

And from the folded depths of the great Hill,  
While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood  
Before Jove's throne, the indestructible  
Immortals rushed in mighty multitude ;  
And, whilst their seats in order due they fill,  
The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood  
To Phœbus said :—" Whence drive you this sweet  
This herald-baby, born but yesterday ?— [prey,

LVI.

" A most important subject, trifter, this  
To lay before the Gods !"—" Nay, father, nay,  
When you have understood the business,  
Say not that I alone am fond of prey.  
I found this little boy in a recess  
Under Cyllene's mountains far away—  
A manifest and most apparent thief,  
A scandal-monger beyond all belief.

LVII.

" I never saw his like either in heaven  
Or upon earth for knavery or craft :—  
Out of the field my cattle yester-even,  
By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,  
He right down to the river-ford had driven ;  
And mere astonishment would make you daft  
To see the double kind of footsteps strange  
He has impressed wherever he did range.

LVIII.

" The cattle's track on the black dust full well  
Is evident, as if they went towards  
The place from which they came—that asphodel  
Meadow, in which I feed my many herds ;  
His steps were most incomprehensible—  
I know not how I can describe in words  
Those tracks—he could have gone along the sands  
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands ;—

LIX.

" He must have had some other stranger mode  
Of moving on : those vestiges immense,  
Far as I traced them on the sandy road,  
Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings :—but thence  
No mark nor track denoting where they trod  
The hard ground gave :—but, working at his fence,  
A mortal hedger saw him as he past  
To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste.

LX.

" I found that in the dark he quietly  
Had sacrificed some cows, and before light  
Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly  
About the road—then, still as gloomy night,  
Had crept into his cradle, either eye  
Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight.  
No eagle could have seen him as he lay  
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

" I taxed him with the fact, when he averred  
Most solemnly that he did neither see  
Nor even had in any manner heard  
Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be ;  
Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,  
Not even who could tell of them to me."  
So speaking, Phœbus sate ; and Hermes then  
Addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men :

LXII.

" Great Father, you know clearly beforehand  
That all which I shall say to you is sooth ;  
I am a most veracious person, and  
Totally unacquainted with untruth.  
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band  
Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath  
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,  
And saying that I must show him where they are,

LXIII.

" Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss.  
I know that every Apollonian limb  
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,  
As a green bank with flowers—but unlike him  
I was born yesterday, and you may guess  
He well knew this when he indulged the whim  
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing  
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV.

" Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine ?  
Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,  
This driving of the herds is none of mine ;  
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,  
So may I thrive ! I reverence the divine  
Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care  
Even for this hard accuser—who must know  
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals—  
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might)  
Through which the multitude of the Immortals  
Pass and repass for ever, day and night,  
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—  
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,  
Although mine enemy be great and strong,  
His cruel threat—do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont  
Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted:—  
And Jupiter, according to his wont,  
Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted  
Infant give such a plausible account,  
And every word a lie. But he remitted  
Judgment at present—and his exhortation  
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration.

LXVII.

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden  
To go forth with a single purpose both,  
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:  
And Mercury with innocence and truth  
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden  
The mighty heifers.—Hermes, nothing loth,  
Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he  
Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII.

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord  
Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide  
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,  
Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied  
With silent growth. Whilst Hermes drove the herd  
Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied  
The hides of those the little babe had slain,  
Stretched on the precipice above the plain.

LXIX.

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,  
"That you, a little child, born yesterday,  
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,  
Could two prodigious heifers ever slay?  
E'en I myself may well hereafter dread  
Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,  
When you grow strong and tall."—He spoke, and  
Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around. [bound

LXX.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild;  
The withy bands, though starkly interknit,  
Fell at the feet of the immortal child,  
Loosened by some device of his quick wit.  
Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,  
And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or  
Looking askance and winking fast as thought, [pit,  
Where he might hide himself, and not be caught.

LXXI.

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill  
Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might  
Of winning music, to his mightier will;  
His left hand held the lyre, and in his right  
The plectrum struck the chords—unconquerable  
Up from beneath his hand in circling flight  
The gathering music rose—and sweet as Love  
The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo—he  
Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.  
Close to his side stood harping fearlessly  
The unabashed boy; and to the measure  
Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free  
His joyous voice; for he unlocked the treasure  
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth  
Of the bright Gods and the dark desert Earth:

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one  
A portion was assigned of all that is;  
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son  
Clothe in the light of his loud melodies;—  
And, as each God was born or had begun,  
He in their order due and fit degrees  
Sung of his birth and being—and did move  
Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were winged with his swift delight:  
"You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you  
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite  
Such minstrelries as I have heard even now.  
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,  
One of your secrets I would gladly know,  
Whether the glorious power you now show forth  
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired  
The power of unpremeditated song!  
Many divinest sounds have I admired  
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;  
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,  
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong  
Yet did I never hear except from thee,  
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI.

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,  
What exercise of subtlest art, has given [choose  
Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may  
From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,  
Delight, and love, and sleep, sweet sleep, whose dew  
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even:—  
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo  
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow:

LXXVII.

"And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise  
Of song and everflowing poesy;  
And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice  
Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly;  
But never did my inmost soul rejoice  
In this dear work of youthful revelry,  
As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove;  
Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love.

LXXVIII.

"Now since thou hast, although so very small,  
Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,—  
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,  
Witness between us what I promise here,—  
That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,  
Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,  
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,  
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee."

LXXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech :—  
 “ Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill :  
 I envy thee no thing I know to teach  
 Even this day :—for both in word and will  
 I would be gentle with thee ; thou canst reach  
 All things in thy wise spirit, and thy skill  
 Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,  
 Who loves thee in the fulness of his love.

LXXX.

“ The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee  
 Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude  
 Of his profuse exhaustless treasury ;  
 By thee, ’tis said, the depths are understood  
 Of his far voice ; by thee the mystery  
 Of all oracular fates,—and the dread mood  
 Of the diviner is breathed up, even I—  
 A child—perceive thy might and majesty—

LXXXI.

“ Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit  
 Can find or teach ;—yet since thou wilt, come, take  
 The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—  
 Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake  
 Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit  
 Of tranced sound—and with fleet fingers make  
 Thy liquid-voiced comrade talk with thee,—  
 It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

“ Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,  
 Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,  
 A joy by night or day—for those endowed  
 With art and wisdom who interrogate  
 It teaches, babbling in delightful mood,  
 All things which make the spirit most elate,  
 Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,  
 Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII.

“ To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,  
 Though they should question most impetuously  
 Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—  
 Some senseless and impertinent reply.  
 But thou who art as wise as thou art strong,  
 Can compass all that thou desirest. I  
 Present thee with this music-flowing shell,  
 Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

“ And let us two henceforth together feed  
 On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain,  
 The herds in litigation—they will breed  
 Quickly enough to recompense our pain,  
 If to the bulls and cows we take good heed ;—  
 And thou, though somewhat overfond of gain,  
 Grudge me not half the profit.”—Having spoke,  
 The shell he proffered, and Apollo took.

LXXXV.

And gave him in return the glittering lash,  
 Installing him as herdsman ;—from the look  
 Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash ;  
 And then Apollo with the plectrum strook  
 The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash  
 Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook  
 The soul with sweetness, and like an adept  
 His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI.

The herd went wandering o’er the divine mead,  
 Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter  
 Won their swift way up to the snowy head  
 Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre  
 Soothing their journey ; and their father dread  
 Gathered them both into familiar  
 Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,  
 Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII.

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,  
 Which skillfully he held and played thereon.  
 He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded  
 The echo of his pipings ; every one  
 Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,  
 While he conceived another piece of fun,  
 One of his old tricks—which the God of Day  
 Perceiving, said :—“ I fear thee, Son of May ;—

LXXXVIII.

“ I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,  
 Lest thou should steal my lyre and crooked bow ;  
 This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,  
 To teach all craft upon the earth below ;  
 Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit  
 To make all mortal business ebb and flow  
 By roguery :—now, Hermes, if you dare  
 By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear,

LXXXIX.

“ That you will never rob me, you will do  
 A thing extremely pleasing to my heart.”  
 Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,  
 That he would never steal his bow or dart,  
 Or lay his hands on what to him was due,  
 Or ever would employ his powerful art  
 Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore  
 There was no God or man whom he loved more.

XC.

“ And I will give thee as a good-will token  
 The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness ;  
 A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,  
 Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless ;  
 And whatsoever by Jove’s voice is spoken  
 Of earthly or divine from its recess,  
 It like a loving soul to thee will speak,  
 And more than this do thou forbear to seek :

XCI.

“ For, dearest child, the divinations high  
 Which thou requir’st, ’tis unlawful ever  
 That thou, or any other deity,  
 Should understand—and vain were the endeavour ;  
 For they are hidden in Jove’s mind, and I,  
 In trust of them, have sworn that I would never  
 Betray the counsels of Jove’s inmost will  
 To any God—the oath was terrible.

XCII.

“ Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not  
 To speak the fates by Jupiter designed ;  
 But be it mine to tell their various lot  
 To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.  
 Let good to these and ill to those be wrought  
 As I dispense—but he who comes consigned  
 By voice and wings of perfect augury  
 To my great shrine, shall find avail in me.

z

xciii.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist ;  
 But he who comes relying on such birds  
 As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist  
 The purpose of the Gods with idle words,  
 And deems their knowledge light he shall have mist  
 His road—whilst I among my other hoards  
 His gifts deposit. Yet, O son of May,  
 I have another wondrous thing to say :

xciv.

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who,  
 Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,  
 Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,  
 Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings  
 Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true  
 Vaticinations of remotest things.  
 My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,  
 They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

xcv.

"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow  
 Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter  
 With earnest willingness the truth they know ;  
 But, if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter

All plausible delusions ;—these to you  
 I give ;—if you enquire, they will not stutter ;  
 Delight your own soul with them :—any man  
 You would instruct may profit if he can.

xcvi.

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child—  
 O'er many a horse and toil enduring mule,  
 O'er jagged-jawed lions, and the wild  
 White-tusked boars, o'er all, by field or pool,  
 Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild  
 Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule—  
 Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift—  
 Thou givest not—yet this is a great gift."

xcvii.

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May  
 In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy.  
 Hermes with Gods and men even from that day  
 Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,  
 And little profit, going far astray  
 Through the dun night. Farewell, delightful Boy,  
 Of Jove and Maia sprung,—never by me,  
 Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

#### TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

YE wild-eyed Muses, sing the Twins of Jove,  
 Whom the fair-angled Leda mixed in love  
 With mighty Saturn's heaven-obscuring Child,  
 On Taygetus, that lofty mountain wild,  
 Brought forth in joy, mild Pollux void of blame,  
 And steel-subduing Castor, heirs of fame.  
 These are the Powers who earth-born mortals

save

And ships, whose flight is swift along the wave.  
 When wintry tempests o'er the savage sea  
 Are raging, and the sailors tremblingly  
 Call on the Twins of Jove with prayer and vow,  
 Gathered in fear upon the lofty prow,  
 And sacrifice with snow-white lambs, the wind  
 And the huge billow bursting close behind,  
 Even then beneath the weltering waters bear  
 The staggering ship—they suddenly appear,  
 On yellow wings rushing athwart the sky,  
 And lull the blasts in mute tranquillity,  
 And strew the waves on the white ocean's bed,  
 Fair omen of the voyage ; from toil and dread,  
 The sailors rest, rejoicing in the sight,  
 And plough the quiet sea in safe delight.

#### TO THE MOON.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, whose voice is melody,  
 Muses, who know and rule all minstrelsy !  
 Sing the wide-winged Moon. Around the earth,  
 From her immortal head in Heaven shot forth,  
 Far light is scattered—boundless glory springs,  
 Where'er she spreads her many-beaming wings  
 The lampless air glows round her golden crown.

But when the Moon divine from Heaven is gone  
 Under the sea, her beams within abide,  
 Till, bathing her bright limbs in Ocean's tide,  
 Clothing her form in garments glittering far,  
 And having yoked to her immortal car  
 The beam-invested steeds, whose necks on high  
 Curve back, she drives to a remoter sky  
 A western Crescent, borne impetuously.  
 Then is made full the circle of her light,  
 And as she grows, her beams more bright and bright,  
 Are poured from Heaven, where she is hovering  
 A wonder and a sign to mortal men. [then,

The Son of Saturn with this glorious Power  
 Mingled in love and sleep—to whom she bore,  
 Pandeia, a bright maid of beauty rare  
 Among the Gods, whose lives eternal are.

Hail Queen, great Moon, white-armed Divinity,  
 Fair-haired and favourable, thus with thee,  
 My song beginning, by its music sweet  
 Shall make immortal many a glorious feat  
 Of demigods, with lovely lips, so well  
 Which minstrels, servants of the muses, tell.



## TO THE SUN.

OFFSPRING of Jove, Calliope, once more  
 To the bright Sun, thy hymn of music pour ;  
 Whom to the child of star-clad Heaven and Earth  
 Euryphaessa, large-eyed nymph, brought forth ;  
 Euryphaessa, the famed sister fair,  
 Of great Hyperion, who to him did bear  
 A race of loveliest children ; the young Morn,  
 Whose arms are like twin roses newly born,  
 The fair-haired Moon, and the immortal Sun,  
 Who, borne by heavenly steeds his race doth run  
 Unconquerably, illuming the abodes  
 Of mortal men and the eternal gods.

Fiercely look forth his awe-inspiring eyes,  
 Beneath his golden helmet, whence arise  
 And are shot forth afar, clear beams of light ;  
 His countenance with radiant glory bright,  
 Beneath his graceful locks far shines around,  
 And the light vest with which his limbs are bound,  
 Of woof ethereal, delicately twined  
 Glows in the stream of the uplifting wind.  
 His rapid steeds soon bear him to the west ;  
 Where their steep flight his hands divine arrest,  
 And the fleet car with yoke of gold, which he  
 Sends from bright heaven beneath the shadowy sea.

## TO THE EARTH, MOTHER OF ALL.

O UNIVERSAL mother, who dost keep  
 From everlasting thy foundations deep,  
 Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing of thee ;  
 All shapes that have their dwelling in the sea,  
 All things that fly, or on the ground divine  
 Live, move, and there are nourished—these are  
 thine ;  
 These from thy wealth thou dost sustain ; from thee  
 Fair babes are born, and fruits on every tree  
 Hang ripe and large, revered Divinity !

The life of mortal men beneath thy sway  
 Is held ; thy power both gives and takes away !  
 Happy are they whom thy mild favours nourish,  
 All things unstinted round them grow and flourish.  
 For them, endures the life sustaining field  
 Its load of harvest, and their cattle yield  
 Large increase, and their house with wealth is filled,  
 Such honoured dwell in cities fair and free,  
 The homes of lovely women, prosperously ;  
 Their sons exult in youth's new budding gladness,  
 And their fresh daughters free from care or sad-  
 With bloom-inwoven dance and happy song, [ness,  
 On the soft flowers the meadow-grass among,  
 Leapround them sporting—such delights by thee  
 Are given, rich Power, revered Divinity.

Mother of gods, thou wife of starry Heaven,  
 Farewell ! be thou propitious, and be given  
 A happy life for this brief melody,  
 Nor thou nor other songs shall unremembered be.

## TO MINERVA.

I SING the glorious Power with azure eyes,  
 Athenian Pallas ! tameless, chaste, and wise,  
 Trilogenia, town-preserving maid,  
 Revered and mighty ; from his awful head  
 Whom Jove brought forth, in warlike armour drest,  
 Golden, all radiant ! wonder strange possessed  
 The everlasting Gods that shape to see,  
 Shaking a javelin keen, impetuously  
 Rush from the crest of Ægis-bearing Jove ;  
 Fearfully Heaven was shaken, and did move  
 Beneath the might of the Cerulean-eyed ;  
 Earth dreadfully resounded, far and wide,  
 And lifted from its depths, the sea swelled high  
 In purple billows, the tide suddenly  
 Stood still, and great Hyperion's son long time  
 Checked his swift steeds, till where she stood sub-  
 Pallas from her immortal shoulders threw [lime,  
 The arms divine ; wise Jove rejoiced to view.  
 Child of the Ægis-bearer, hail to thee, [be,  
 Nor thine nor others' praise shall unremembered

## THE CYCLOPS;

A Satyric Drama.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF EURIPIDES.

SILENUS.  
CHORUS OF SATYRS.OLYSSSES.  
THE CYCLOPS.

SILENUS.

O BACCHUS, what a world of toil, both now  
 And ere these limbs were overworn with age,  
 Have I endured for thee! First, when thou fled'st  
 The mountain-nymphs who nursed thee, driven afar  
 By the strange madness Juno sent upon thee;  
 Then in the battle of the sons of Earth,  
 When I stood foot by foot close to thy side,  
 No unpropitious fellow combatant,  
 And, driving through his shield my winged spear,  
 Slew vast Enceladus. Consider now,  
 Is it a dream of which I speak to thee?  
 By Jove it is not, for you have the trophies!  
 And now I suffer more than all before.  
 For, when I heard that Juno had devised  
 A tedious voyage for you, I put to sea  
 With all my children quaint in search of you,  
 And I myself stood on the beaked prow  
 And fixed the naked mast; and all my boys,  
 Leaning upon their oars, with splash and strain  
 Made white with foam the green and purple sea,—  
 And so we sought you, king. We were sailing  
 Near Malea, when an eastern wind arose,  
 And drove us to this wild Ætnean rock;  
 The one-eyed children of the Ocean God,  
 The man-destroying Cyclopes inhabit,  
 On this wild shore, their solitary caves;  
 And one of these, named Polypheme, has caught us  
 To be his slaves; and so, for all delight  
 Of Bacchic sports, sweet dance and melody,  
 We keep this lawless giant's wandering flocks.  
 My sons indeed, on far declivities,  
 Young things themselves, tend on the youngling  
 But I remain to fill the water casks, [sheep,  
 Or sweeping the hard floor, or ministering  
 Some impious and abominable meal  
 To the fell Cyclops. I am wearied of it!  
 And now I must scrape up the littered floor  
 With this great iron rake, so to receive  
 My absent master and his evening sheep

In a cave neat and clean. Even now I see  
 My children tending the flocks hitherward.  
 Ha! what is this? are your Sicinnian measures  
 Even now the same as when with dance and song  
 You brought young Bacchus to Athea's halls?

\* \* \* \* \*

CHORUS OF SATYRS.

STROPHE.

Where has he of race divine  
 Wandered in the winding rocks?  
 Here the air is calm and fine  
 For the father of the flocks;—  
 Here the grass is soft and sweet,  
 And the river-eddies meet  
 In the trough beside the cave,  
 Bright as in their fountain wave.—  
 Neither here, nor on the dew  
 Of the lawny uplands feeding?  
 Oh, you come!—a stone at you  
 Will I throw to mend your breeding;—  
 Get along, you horned thing,  
 Wild, seditious, rambling!

EPODE.\*

An Iacchic melody  
 To the golden Aphrodite  
 Will I lift, as erst did I  
 Seeking her and her delight  
 With the Mænads, whose white feet  
 To the music glance and fleet.  
 Bacchus, O beloved, where,  
 Shaking wide thy yellow hair,  
 Wanderest thou alone, afar?  
 To the one-eyed Cyclops, we,  
 Who by right thy servants are,  
 Minister in misery,  
 In these wretched goat-skins clad,  
 Far from thy delights and thee.

The Antistrophe is omitted

SILENUS.

Be silent, sons; command the slaves to drive  
The gathered flocks into the rock-roofed cave.

CHORUS.

Go! But what needs this serious haste, O father?

SILENUS.

I see a Grecian vessel on the coast,  
And thence the rowers, with some general,  
Approaching to this cave. About their necks  
Hang empty vessels, as they wanted food,  
And water-flasks.—O miserable strangers!  
Whence come they, that they know not what and who  
My master is, approaching in ill hour  
The inhospitable roof of Polypheme,  
And the Cyclopiian jaw-bone, man-destroying?  
Be silent, Satyrs, while I ask and hear,  
Whence coming, they arrive the Ætnean hill.

ULYSSES.

Friends, can you show me some clear water spring,  
The remedy of our thirst? Will any one  
Furnish with food seamen in want of it?  
Ha! what is this? We seem to be arrived  
At the blithe court of Bacchus. I observe  
This sportive band of Satyrs near the caves.  
First let me greet the elder.—Hail!

SILENUS.

Hail thou,  
O Stranger! Tell thy country and thy race.

ULYSSES.

The Ithacan Ulysses and the king  
Of Cephalonia.

SILENUS.

Oh! I know the man,  
Wordy and shrewd, the son of Sisypheus.

ULYSSES.

I am the same, but do not rail upon me.—

SILENUS.

Whence sailing do you come to Sicily?

ULYSSES.

From Ilion, and from the Trojan toils.

SILENUS.

How touched you not at your paternal shore?

ULYSSES.

The strength of tempests bore me here by force.

SILENUS.

The self-same accident occurred to me.

ULYSSES.

Were you then driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS.

Following the Pirates who had kidnapped Bacchus.

ULYSSES.

What land is this, and who inhabit it?—

SILENUS.

Ætna, the loftiest peak in Sicily.

ULYSSES.

And are there walls, and tower-surrounded towns?

SILENUS.

There are not.—These lone rocks are bare of men.

ULYSSES.

And who possess the land? the race of beasts?

SILENUS.

Cyclops, who live in caverns, not in houses.

ULYSSES.

Obeying whom? Or is the state popular?

SILENUS.

Shepherds: no one obeys any in aught.

ULYSSES.

How live they? do they sow the corn of Ceres?

SILENUS.

On milk and cheese, and on the flesh of sheep.

ULYSSES.

Have they the Bromian drink from the vine's stream?

SILENUS.

Ah! no; they live in an ungracious land.

ULYSSES.

And are they just to strangers?—hospitable?

SILENUS.

They think the sweetest thing a stranger brings,  
Is his own flesh.

ULYSSES.

What! do they eat man's flesh?

SILENUS.

No one comes here who is not eaten up.

ULYSSES.

The Cyclops now—where is he? Not at home?

SILENUS.

Absent on Ætna, hunting with his dogs.

ULYSSES.

Know'st thou what thou must do to aid us hence?

SILENUS.

I know not: we will help you all we can.

ULYSSES.

Provide us food, of which we are in want.

SILENUS.

Here is not any thing, as I said, but meat.

ULYSSES.

But meat is a sweet remedy for hunger.

SILENUS.

Cow's milk there is, and store of curdled cheese.

ULYSSES.

Bring out:—I would see all before I bargain.

SILENUS.

But how much gold will you engage to give?

ULYSSES.

I bring no gold, but Bacchic juice.

SILENUS.

O joy!

'Tis long since these dry lips were wet with wine.

ULYSSES.  
 Maron, the son of the God, gave it me.  
 SILENUS.  
 Whom I have nursed a baby in my arms.  
 ULYSSES.  
 The son of Bacchus, for your clearer knowledge.  
 SILENUS.  
 Have you it now?—or is it in the ship?  
 ULYSSES.  
 Old man, this skin contains it, which you see.  
 SILENUS.  
 Why this would hardly be a mouthful for me.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Nay, twice as much as you can draw from thence.  
 SILENUS.  
 You speak of a fair fountain, sweet to me.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Would you first taste of the unmingled wine?  
 SILENUS.  
 'Tis just—tasting invites the purchaser.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Here is the cup, together with the skin.  
 SILENUS.  
 Pour: that the draught may fillip my remembrance.  
 ULYSSES.  
 See!  
 SILENUS.  
 Papiapæx! what a sweet smell it has!  
 ULYSSES.  
 You see it then?—  
 SILENUS.  
 By Jove, no! but I smell it.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Taste, that you may not praise it in words only.  
 SILENUS.  
 Babai! Great Bacchus calls me forth to dance!  
 Joy! joy!  
 ULYSSES.  
 Did it flow sweetly down your throat?  
 SILENUS.  
 So that it tingled to my very nails.  
 ULYSSES.  
 And in addition I will give you gold.  
 SILENUS.  
 Let gold alone! only unlock the cask.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Bring out some cheeses now, or a young goat.  
 SILENUS.  
 That will I do, despising any master.  
 Yes, let me drink one cup, and I will give  
 All that the Cyclops feed upon their mountains.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

CHORUS.  
 Ye have taken Troy, and laid your hands on Helen!  
 ULYSSES.  
 And utterly destroyed the race of Priam.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 SILENUS.  
 The wanton wretch! She was bewitched to see  
 The many-coloured anklets and the chain  
 Of woven gold which girt the neck of Paris,  
 And so she left that good man Menelaus.  
 There should be no more women in the world  
 But such as are reserved for me alone.—  
 See, here are sheep, and here are goats, Ulysses;  
 Here are unsparing cheeses of pressed milk;  
 Take them; depart with what good speed ye may;  
 First leaving my reward, the Bacchic dew  
 Of joy-inspiring grapes.  
 ULYSSES.  
 Ah me! Alas!  
 What shall we do? the Cyclops is at hand!  
 Old man, we perish! whither can we fly?  
 SILENUS.  
 Hide yourselves quick within that hollow rock.  
 ULYSSES.  
 'Twere perilous to fly into the net.  
 SILENUS.  
 The cavern has recesses numberless;  
 Hide yourselves quick.  
 ULYSSES.  
 That will I never do!  
 The mighty Troy would be indeed disgraced  
 If I should fly one man. How many times  
 Have I withstood with shield immoveable,  
 Ten thousand Phrygians!—If I needs must die,  
 Yet will I die with glory;—if I live,  
 The praise which I have gained will yet remain.  
 SILENUS.  
 What, ho! assistance, comrades, haste, assistance!  
*The Cyclops, SILENUS, ULYSSES; CHORUS.*  
 CYCLOPS.  
 What is this tumult? Bacchus is not here,  
 Nor tympanies nor brazen castanets.  
 How are my young lambs in the cavern? Milking  
 Their dams, or playing by their sides? And is  
 The new cheese pressed into the bull-rush baskets?  
 Speak! I'll beat some of you till you rain tears—  
 Look up, not downwards, when I speak to you.  
 SILENUS.  
 See! I now gape at Jupiter himself,  
 I stare upon Orion and the stars.  
 CYCLOPS.  
 Well, is the dinner fitly cooked and laid?  
 SILENUS.  
 All ready, if your throat is ready too.  
 CYCLOPS.  
 Are the bowls full of milk besides?  
 SILENUS.  
 O'erbrimming;  
 So you may drink a tunful if you will.

CYCLOPS.

Is it ewe's milk, or cow's milk, or both mixed?—

SILENUS.

Both, either; only pray don't swallow me.

CYCLOPS.

By no means.—

\* \* \* \* \*

What is this crowd I see beside the stalls?  
Outlaws or thieves? for near my cavern home  
I see my young lambs coupled two by two  
With willow bands; mixed with my cheeses lie  
Their implements; and this old fellow here  
Has his bald head broken with stripes.

SILENUS.

Ah me!

I have been beaten till I burn with fever.

CYCLOPS.

By whom? Who laid his fist upon your head?

SILENUS.

Those men, because I would not suffer them  
To steal your goods.

CYCLOPS.

Did not the rascals know  
I am a God, sprung from the race of heaven?

SILENUS.

I told them so, but they bore off your things,  
And ate the cheese in spite of all I said,  
And carried out the lambs—and said, moreover,  
They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,  
And pull your vitals out through your one eye,  
Torture your back with stripes; then, binding you,  
Throw you as ballast into the ship's hold,  
And then deliver you, a slave, to move  
Enormous rocks, or found a vestibule.

CYCLOPS.

In truth? Nay, haste, and place in order quickly  
The cooking knives, and heap upon the hearth,  
And kindle it, a great faggot of wood.—  
As soon as they are slaughtered, they shall fill  
My belly, broiling warm from the live coals,  
Or boiled and seethed within the bubbling  
cauldron.

I am quite sick of the wild mountain game;  
Of stags and lions I have gorged enough,  
And I grow hungry for the flesh of men.

SILENUS.

Nay, master, something new is very pleasant  
After one thing for ever, and of late  
Very few strangers have approached our cave.

ULYSSES.

Hear, Cyclops, a plain tale on the other side.  
We, wanting to buy food, came from our ship  
Into the neighbourhood of your cave, and here  
This old Silenus gave us in exchange  
These lambs for wine, the which he took and drank,  
And all by mutual compact, without force.  
There is no word of truth in what he says,  
For silyly he was selling all your store.

SILENUS.

I! May you perish, wretch—

ULYSSES.

If I speak false!

SILENUS.

Cyclops, I swear by Neptune who begot thee,  
By mighty Triton and by Nereus old,  
Calypso and the glaucous ocean Nymphs,  
The sacred waves and all the race of fishes—  
Be these the witnesses, my dear sweet master,  
My darling little Cyclops, that I never  
Gave any of your stores to these false strangers.—  
If I speak false may those whom most I love,  
My children, perish wretchedly!

CHORUS.

There stop!

I saw him giving these things to the strangers.  
If I speak false, then may my father perish,  
But do not thou wrong hospitality.

CYCLOPS.

You lie! I swear that he is juster far  
Than Rhadamanthus—I trust more in him.  
But let me ask, whence have ye sailed, O strangers?  
Who are you? and what city nourished ye!

ULYSSES.

Our race is Ithacan.—Having destroyed  
The town of Troy, the tempests of the sea  
Have driven us on thy land, O Polypheme.

CYCLOPS.

What, have ye shared in the unenvied spoil  
Of the false Helen, near Scamander's stream?

ULYSSES.

The same, having endured a woeful toil.

CYCLOPS.

O basest expedition! Sailed ye not  
From Greece to Phrygia for one woman's sake!

ULYSSES.

'Twas the Gods' work—no mortal was in fault.  
But, O great offspring of the Ocean King!  
We pray thee and admonish thee with freedom,  
That thou dost spare thy friends who visit thee,  
And place no impious food within thy jaws.  
For in the depths of Greece we have upreared  
Temples to thy great father, which are all  
His homes. The sacred bay of Tænarus  
Remains inviolate, and each dim recess  
Scooped high on the Malean promontory,  
And aery Sunium's silver-veined crag,  
Which divine Pallas keeps unprofaned ever,  
The Gerastian asylums, and whate'er  
Within wide Greece our enterprise has kept  
From Phrygian contumely; and in which  
You have a common care, for you inhabit  
The skirts of Grecian land, under the roots  
Of Ætna and its crags, spotted with fire.  
Turn then to converse under human laws;  
Receive us shipwrecked suppliants, and provide  
Food, clothes, and fire, and hospitable gifts;  
Nor, fixing upon oxen-piercing spits  
Our limbs, so fill your belly and your jaws.  
Priam's wide land has widowed Greece enough;  
And weapon-winged murder heaped together  
Enough of dead, and wives are husbandless,  
And ancient women and grey fathers wail  
Their childless age;—if you should roast the rest,

And 'tis a bitter feast that you prepare,  
Where then would any turn! Yet be persuaded;  
Forego the lust of your jaw-bone; prefer  
Pious humanity to wicked will;  
Many have bought too dear their evil joys.

## SILENUS.

Let me advise you; do not spare a morsel  
Of all his flesh. If you should eat his tongue  
You would become most eloquent, O Cyclops.

## CYCLOPS.

Wealth, my good fellow, is the wise man's God;  
All other things are a pretence and boast.  
What are my father's ocean promontories,  
The sacred rocks whereon he dwells, to me?  
Stranger, I laugh to scorn Jove's thunderbolt,  
I know not that his strength is more than mine.  
As to the rest I care not.—When he pours  
Rain from above, I have a close pavilion  
Under this rock, in which I lie supine,  
Feasting on a roast calf or some wild beast,  
And drinking pans of milk, and gloriously  
Emulating the thunder of high heaven.  
And when the Thracian wind pours down the  
snow,

I wrap my body in the skins of beasts,  
Kindle a fire, and bid the snow whirl on.  
The earth by force, whether it will or no,  
Bringing forth grass, fattens my flocks and herds,  
Which, to what other God but to myself  
And this great belly, first of deities,  
Should I be bound to sacrifice? I well know  
The wise man's only Jupiter is this,  
To eat and drink during his little day,  
And give himself no care. And as for those  
Who complicate with laws the life of man,  
I freely give them tears for their reward.  
I will not cheat my soul of its delight,  
Or hesitate in dining upon you:—  
And that I may be quit of all demands,  
These are my hospitable gifts;—fierce fire  
And yon ancestral cauldron, which o'erbubbling  
Shall finely cook your miserable flesh.  
Creep in!—

\* \* \* \* \*

## ULYSSES.

Ay, ay! I have escaped the Trojan toils,  
I have escaped the sea, and now I fall  
Under the cruel grasp of one impious man.  
O Pallas, mistress, Goddess, sprung from Jove,  
Now, now, assist me! Mightier toils than Troy  
Are these;—I totter on the chasms of peril;—  
And thou who inhabitest the thrones  
Of the bright stars, look, hospitable Jove,  
Upon this outrage of thy deity,  
Otherwise he considered as no God.

CHORUS (*alone*).

For your gaping gulf and your gullet wide  
The ravine is ready on every side;  
The limbs of the strangers are cooked and done,  
There is boiled meat, and roast meat, and meat  
from the coal,  
You may chop it, and tear it, and gnash it for fun,  
A hairy goat's skin contains the whole.  
Let me but escape, and ferry me o'er  
The stream of your wrath to a safer shore.

The Cyclops Ætnean is cruel and bold,  
He murders the strangers  
That sit on his hearth,  
And dreads no avengers  
To rise from the earth.

He roasts the men before they are cold,  
He snatches them broiling from the coal,  
And from the cauldron pulls them whole,  
And minces their flesh and gnaws their bone  
With his cursed teeth, till all be gone.

Farewell, foul pavilion!

Farewell, rites of dread!

The Cyclops vermilion,  
With slaughter uncloying,  
Now feasts on the dead,  
In the flesh of strangers joying!

## ULYSSES.

O Jupiter! I saw within the cave  
Horrible things; deeds to be feigned in words,  
But not believed as being done.

## CHORUS.

What! sawest thou the impious Polypheme  
Feasting upon your loved companions now!

## ULYSSES.

Selecting two, the plumpest of the crowd,  
He grasped them in his hands.—

## CHORUS.

Unhappy man!

\* \* \* \* \*

## ULYSSES.

Soon as we came into this craggy place,  
Kindling a fire, he cast on the broad hearth  
The knotty limbs of an enormous oak,  
Three waggon-loads at least, and then he strewed  
Upon the ground, beside the red fire light,  
His couch of pine leaves; and he milked the cows,  
And pouring forth the white milk, filled a bowl  
Three cubits wide and four in depth, as much  
As would contain four amphore, and bound it  
With ivy wreaths; then placed upon the fire  
A brazen pot to boil, and make red hot  
The points of spits, not sharpened with the sickle,  
But with a fruit-tree bough, and with the jaws  
Of axes for Ætnean slaughterings\*.  
And when this God-abandoned cook of hell  
Had made all ready, he seized two of us,  
And killed them in a kind of measured manner;  
For he flung one against the brazen rivets  
Of the huge cauldron, and seized the other  
By the foot's tendon, and knocked out his brains  
Upon the sharp edge of the craggy stone:  
Then peeled his flesh with a great cooking knife,  
And put him down to roast. The other's limbs  
He chopped into the cauldron to be boiled.  
And I, with the tears raining from my eyes,  
Stood near the Cyclops, ministering to him;  
The rest, in the recesses of the cave,  
Clung to the rock like bats, bloodless with fear.  
When he was filled with my companions' flesh,  
He threw himself upon the ground, and sent  
A loathsome exhalation from his maw.  
Then a divine thought came to me. I filled  
The cup of Maron, and I offered him

\* I confess I do not understand this.—*Note of the Author.*

To taste, and said :—" Child of the Ocean-God,  
Behold what drink the vines of Greece produce,  
The exultation and the joy of Bacchus."  
He, satiated with his unnatural food,  
Received it, and at one draught drank it off  
And taking my hand, praised me :—" Thou hast  
given  
A sweet draught after a sweet meal, dear guest."  
And I, perceiving that it pleased him, filled  
Another cup, well knowing that the wine  
Would wound him soon and take a sure revenge.  
And the charm fascinated him, and I  
Plied him cup after cup, until the drink  
Had warmed his entrails, and he sang aloud  
In concert with my wailing fellow-seamen  
A hideous discord—and the cavern rung.  
I have stolen out, so that if you will  
You may achieve my safety and your own.  
But say, do you desire, or not, to fly  
This uncompanionable man, and dwell,  
As was your wont, among the Grecian nymphs,  
Within the fanes of your beloved God?  
Your father there within agrees to it,  
But he is weak and overcome with wine,  
And caught as if with birdlime by the cup,  
He claps his wings and crows in doating joy.  
You who are young escape with me, and find  
Bacchus your ancient friend ; unsuited he  
To this rude Cyclops.

CHORUS.

O my dearest friend,  
That I could see that day, and leave for ever  
The impious Cyclops.

\* \* \* \* \*

Listen then what a punishment I have  
For this fell monster, how secure a flight  
From your hard servitude.

CHORUS.

Oh sweeter far  
Than is the music of an Asian lyre  
Would be the news of Polypheme destroyed.

\* ULYSSES.

Delighted with the Bacchic drink, he goes  
To call his brother Cyclops—who inhabit  
A village upon Ætina not far off.

CHORUS.

I understand : catching him when alone,  
You think by some measure to despatch him,  
Or thrust him from the precipice.

ULYSSES.

O no ;  
Nothing of that kind ; my device is subtle.

CHORUS.

How then ? I heard of old that thou wert wise.

ULYSSES.

I will dissuade him from this plan, by saying  
It were unwise to give the Cyclopes  
This precious drink, which if enjoyed alone  
Would make life sweeter for a longer time.  
When vanquished by the Bacchic power, he  
sleeps,

There is a trunk of olive-wood within,  
Whose point, having made sharp with this good  
sword,  
I will conceal in fire, and when I see  
It is alight, will fix it, burning yet,  
Within the socket of the Cyclops' eye,  
And melt it out with fire—as when a man  
Turns by its handle a great auger round,  
Fitting the frame-work of a ship with beams,  
So will I in the Cyclops' fiery eye  
Turn round the brand, and dry the pupil up.

CHORUS.

Joy ! I am mad with joy at your device.

ULYSSES.

And then with you, my friends, and the old man,  
We'll load the hollow depth of our black ship,  
And row with double strokes from this dread  
shore.

CHORUS.

May I, as in libations to a God,  
Share in the blinding him with the red brand ?  
I would have some communion in his death.

ULYSSES.

Doubtless ; the brand is a great brand to hold.

CHORUS.

Oh ! I would lift a hundred waggon-loads,  
If like a wasp's nest I could scoop the eye out  
Of the detested Cyclops.

ULYSSES.

Silence now !

Ye know the close device—and when I call,  
Look ye obey the masters of the craft.  
I will not save myself and leave behind  
My comrades in the cave : I might escape,  
Having got clear from that obscure recess,  
But 'twere unjust to leave in jeopardy  
The dear companions who sailed here with me.

CHORUS.

Come ! who is first, that with his hand  
Will urge down the burning brand  
Through the lids, and quench and pierce  
The Cyclops' eye so fiery fierce ?

SEMI-CHORUS I. *Song within.*

Listen ! listen ! he is coming,  
A most hideous discord humming,  
Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,  
Far along his rocky dwelling ;  
Let us with some comic spell  
Teach the yet unteachable,  
By all means he must be blinded,  
If my counsel be but minded.

SEMI-CHORUS II.

Happy those made odorous  
With the dew which sweet grapes weep,  
To the village hastening thus,  
Seek the vines that soothe to sleep,  
Having first embraced thy friend,  
There in luxury without end,  
With the strings of yellow hair,  
Of thy voluptuous leman fair,  
Shalt sit playing on a bed !—  
Speak, what door is opened ?

CYCLOPS.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! I'm full of wine,  
Heavy with the joy divine,  
With the young feast oversated.  
Like a merchant's vessel freighted  
To the water's edge, my crop  
Is laden to the gullet's top.  
The fresh meadow grass of spring  
Tempt's me forth, thus wandering  
To my brothers on the mountains,  
Who shall share the wine's sweet fountains.  
Bring the cask, O stranger, bring !

CHORUS.

One with eyes the fairest  
Cometh from his dwelling ;  
Some one loves thee, rarest,  
Bright beyond my telling.  
In thy grace thou shinest  
Like some nymph divinest,  
In her caverns dewy ;—  
All delights pursue thee,  
Soon pied flowers, sweet-breathing,  
Shall thy head be wreathing.

ULYSSES.

Listen, O Cyclops, for I am well skilled  
In Bacchus, whom I gave thee of to drink.

CYCLOPS.

What sort of God is Bacchus then accounted ?

ULYSSES.

The greatest among men for joy of life.

CYCLOPS.

I gulpt him down with very great delight.

ULYSSES.

This is a god who never injures men.

CYCLOPS.

How does the God like living in a skin ?

ULYSSES.

He is content wherever he is put.

CYCLOPS.

Gods should not have their body in a skin.

ULYSSES.

If he give joy, what is his skin to you ?

CYCLOPS.

I hate the skin, but love the wine within.

ULYSSES.

Stay here ; now drink, and make your spirit glad.

CYCLOPS.

Should I not share this liquor with my brothers ?

ULYSSES.

Keep it yourself, and be more honoured so.

CYCLOPS.

I were more useful, giving to my friends.

ULYSSES.

But village mirth breeds contests, broils, and blows.

CYCLOPS.

When I am drunk none shall lay hands on me.—

ULYSSES.

A drunken man is better within doors.

CYCLOPS.

He is a fool, who drinking loves not mirth.

ULYSSES.

But he is wise, who drunk, remains at home.

CYCLOPS.

What shall I do, Silenus ? Shall I stay ?

SILENUS.

Stay—for what need have you of pot companions ?

CYCLOPS.

Indeed this place is closely carpeted  
With flowers and grass.

SILENUS.

And in the sun-warm noon  
'Tis sweet to drink. Lie down beside me now,  
Placing your mighty sides upon the ground.

CYCLOPS.

What do you put the cup behind me for ?

SILENUS.

That no one here may touch it.

CYCLOPS.

Thievish one !

You want to drink ;—here place it in the midst.  
And thou, O stranger, tell how art thou called ?

ULYSSES.

My name is Nobody. What favour now  
Shall I receive to praise you at your hands ?

CYCLOPS.

I'll feast on you the last of your companions.

ULYSSES.

You grant your guest a fair reward, O Cyclops.

CYCLOPS.

Ha ! what is this ? Stealing the wine, you rogue !

SILENUS.

It was this stranger kissing me, because  
I looked so beautiful.

CYCLOPS.

You shall repent

For kissing the coy wine that loves you not.

SILENUS.

By Jupiter ! you said that I am fair.

CYCLOPS.

Pour out, and only give me the cup full.

SILENUS.

How is it mixed ? Let me observe.

CYCLOPS.

Curse you !

Give it me so.

SILENUS.

Not till I see you wear

That coronal, and taste the cup to you.

CYCLOPS.

Thou wily traitor !

SILENUS.

But the wine is sweet.

Aye, you will roar if you are caught in drinking.

CYCLOPS.

See now, my lip is clean and all my beard.



SILENUS.  
Now put your elbow right, and drink again.  
As you see me drink—

CYCLOPS.  
How now ?

SILENUS.  
Ye Gods, what a delicious gulp !

CYCLOPS.  
Guest, take it ;—you pour out the wine for me.

ULYSSES.  
The wine is well accustomed to my hand.

CYCLOPS.  
Pour out the wine !

ULYSSES.  
I pour ; only be silent.

CYCLOPS.  
Silence is a hard task to him who drinks.

ULYSSES.  
Take it and drink it off ; leave not a dreg.  
Oh, that the drinker died with his own draught !

CYCLOPS.  
Papai ! the vine must be a sapient plant.

ULYSSES.  
If you drink much after a mighty feast,  
Moistening your thirsty maw, you will sleep well ;  
If you leave aught, Bacchus will dry you up.

CYCLOPS.  
Ho ! ho ! I can scarce rise. What pure delight !  
The heavens and earth appear to whirl about  
Confusedly. I see the throne of Jove  
And the clear congregation of the Gods.  
Now if the Graces tempted me to kiss,  
I would not, for the loveliest of them all  
I would not leave this Ganymede.

SILENUS.  
I am the Ganymede of Jupiter. Polypheme,

CYCLOPS.  
By Jove you are ; I bore you off from Dardanus.

ULYSSES and the CHORUS.

ULYSSES.  
Come, boys of Bacchus, children of high race,  
This man within is folded up in sleep,  
And soon will vomit flesh from his fell maw ;  
The brand under the shed thrusts out its smoke,  
No preparation needs, but to burn out  
The monster's eye ;—but bear yourselves like  
men.

CHORUS.  
We will have courage like the adamant rock.  
All things are ready for you here ; go in,  
Before our father shall perceive the noise.

ULYSSES.  
Vulcan, Ætnean king ! burn out with fire  
The shining eye of this thy neighbouring monster !  
And thou, O Sleep, nursing of gloomy night,  
Descend unmixed on this God-hated beast,  
And suffer not Ulysses and his comrades,  
Returning from their famous Trojan toils,  
To perish by this man, who cares not either

For God or mortal ; or I needs must think  
That Chance is a supreme divinity,  
And things divine are subject to her power.

CHORUS.  
Soon a crab the throat will seize  
Of him who feeds upon his guest,  
Fire will burn his lamp-like eyes  
In revenge of such a feast !  
A great oak stump now is lying  
In the ashes yet undying.

Come, Maron, come !  
Raging let him fix the doom,  
Let him tear the eyelid up,  
Of the Cyclops—that his cup  
May be evil !  
Oh, I long to dance and revel  
With sweet Bromian, long desired,  
In loved ivy-wreaths attired ;  
Leaving this abandoned home—  
Will the moment ever come ?

ULYSSES.  
Be silent, ye wild things ! Nay, hold your peace,  
And keep your lips quite close ; dare not to  
breathe,  
Or spit, or e'en wink, lest ye wake the monster,  
Until his eye be tortured out with fire.

CHORUS.  
Nay, we are silent, and we chew the air.

ULYSSES.  
Come now, and lend a hand to the great stake  
Within—it is delightfully red hot.

CHORUS.  
You then command who first should seize the stake  
To burn the Cyclops' eye, that all may share  
In the great enterprise.

SEMI-CHORUS I.  
We are too few ;  
We cannot at this distance from the door  
Thrust fire into his eye.

SEMI-CHORUS II.  
And we just now  
Have become lame ; cannot move hand nor foot.

CHORUS.  
The same thing has occurred to us ;—our ancles  
Are sprained with standing here, I know not how.

ULYSSES.  
What, sprained with standing still ?

CHORUS.  
And there is dust  
Or ashes in our eyes, I knew not whence.

ULYSSES.  
Cowardly dogs ! ye will not aid me, then ?

CHORUS.  
With pitying my own back and my back-bone,  
And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,  
This cowardice comes of itself—but stay,  
I know a famous Orphic incantation  
To make the brand stick of its own accord  
Into the skull of this one-eyed son of Earth.

ULYSSES.  
Of old I knew ye thus by nature ; now  
I know ye better.—I will use the aid

Of my own comrades—yet though weak of hand  
 Speak cheerfully, that so ye may awaken  
 The courage of my friends with your blithe words.

CHORUS.

This I will do with peril of my life,  
 And blind you with my exhortations, Cyclops.

Hasten and thrust,  
 And parch up to dust,  
 The eye of the beast,  
 Who feeds on his guest.  
 Burn and blind  
 The Ætnean hind !  
 Scoop and draw,  
 But beware lest he claw  
 Your limbs near his maw.

CYCLOPS.

Ah me ! my eye-sight is parched up to cinders.

CHORUS.

What a sweet pean ! sing me that again !

CYCLOPS.

Ah me ! indeed, what woe has fallen upon me !  
 But, wretched nothings, think ye not to flee  
 Out of this rock ; I, standing at the outlet,  
 Will bar the way, and catch you as you pass.

CHORUS.

What are you roaring out, Cyclops ?

CYCLOPS.

I perish !

CHORUS.

For you are wicked.

CYCLOPS.

And besides miserable.

CHORUS.

What, did you fall into the fire when drunk ?

CYCLOPS.

'Twas Nobody destroyed me.

CHORUS.

Why then no one

Can be to blame.

CYCLOPS.

I say 'twas Nobody

Who blinded me.

CHORUS.

Why then, you are not blind !

CYCLOPS.

I wish you were as blind as I am.

CHORUS.

Nay,

It cannot be that no one made you blind.

CYCLOPS.

You jeer me ; where, I ask, is Nobody ?

CHORUS.

No where, O Cyclops \* \* \*

CYCLOPS.

It was that stranger ruined me :—the wretch  
 First gave me wine, and then burnt out my eye,  
 For wine is strong and hard to struggle with.  
 Have they escaped, or are they yet within ?

CHORUS.

They stand under the darkness of the rock,  
 And cling to it.

CYCLOPS.

At my right hand or left ?

CHORUS.

Close on your right.

CYCLOPS.

Where ?

CHORUS.

Near the rock itself.

You have them.

CYCLOPS.

Oh, misfortune on misfortune !

I've crack'd my skull.

CHORUS.

Now they escape you there.

CYCLOPS.

Not there, although you say so.

CHORUS.

Not on that side.

CYCLOPS.

Where then ?

CHORUS.

They creep about you on your left.

CYCLOPS.

Ah ! I am mocked ! They jeer me in my ills.

CHORUS.

Not there ! he is a little there beyond you.

CYCLOPS.

Detested wretch ! where are you ?

ULYSSES.

Far from you

I keep with care this body of Ulysses.

CYCLOPS.

What do you say ? You proffer a new name.

ULYSSES.

My father named me so ; and I have taken  
 A full revenge for your unnatural feast ;  
 I should have done ill to have burned down Troy,  
 And not revenged the murder of my comrades.

CYCLOPS.

Ai ! ai ! the ancient oracle is accomplished ;  
 It said that I should have my eyesight blinded  
 By you coming from Troy, yet it foretold  
 That you should pay the penalty for this  
 By wandering long over the homeless sea.

ULYSSES.

I bid thee weep—consider what I say,  
 I go towards the shore to drive my ship  
 To mine own land, o'er the Sicilian wave.

CYCLOPS.

Not so, if whelming you with this huge stone  
 I can crush you and all your men together ;  
 I will descend upon the shore, though blind,  
 Groping my way adown the steep ravine.

CHORUS.

And we, the shipmates of Ulysses now,  
 Will serve our Bacchus all our happy lives.

## EPIGRAMS.

## SPIRIT OF PLATO.

FROM THE GREEK.

EAGLE! why soarest thou above that tomb?  
 To what sublime and star-y-paven home  
 Floatest thou?  
 I am the image of swift Plato's spirit,  
 Ascending heaven—Athens does inherit  
 His corpse below.

## FROM THE GREEK.

A MAN who was about to hang himself,  
 Finding a purse, then threw away his rope;  
 The owner coming to reclaim his pelf,  
 The halter found and used it. So is Hope  
 Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,  
 We take the other. Under heaven's high cope  
 Fortune is God—all you endure and do  
 Depends on circumstance as much as you.

## TO STELLA.

FROM PLATO.

THOU wert the morning star among the living,  
 Ere thy fair light had fled;—  
 Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving  
 New splendour to the dead.

## FROM PLATO.

KISSING Helena, together  
 With my kiss, my soul beside it  
 Came to my lips, and there I kept it,—  
 For the poor thing had wandered thither,  
 To follow where the kiss should guide it,  
 O, cruel I, to intercept it!

## SONNETS FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

τὰν ἄλα τὰν γλαυκὰν ἄταν ἔνεμος ἀτρέμα βάλλη, — κ. τ. λ.

I.

WHEN winds that move not its calm surface sweep  
 The azure sea, I love the land no more:  
 The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep  
 Tempt my unquiet mind.—But when the roar  
 Of ocean's grey abyss resounds, and foam  
 Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,  
 I turn from the drear aspect to the home  
 Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,  
 When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody;  
 Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,  
 Whose prey, the wandering fish, an evil lot  
 Has chosen.—But I my languid limbs will fling  
 Beneath the plane, where the brook's murmuring  
 Moves the calm spirit but disturbs it not.

II.

PAN loved his neighbour Echo—but that child  
 Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;  
 The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild  
 The bright nymph Lyda—and so the three went  
 weeping.  
 As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr;  
 The Satyr, Lyda—and thus love consumed  
 them.—  
 And thus to each—which was a woeful matter—  
 To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them;  
 For, inasmuch as each might hate the lover,  
 Each, loving, so was hated.—Ye that love not  
 Be warned—in thought turn this example over,  
 That, when ye love, the like return ye prove not.

## SONNET FROM THE ITALIAN OF DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI TO GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

GUIDO, I would that Lappo, thou, and I,  
 Led by some strong enchantment, might ascend  
 A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly  
 With winds at will where'er our thoughts might  
 So that no change, nor any evil chance, [wend,  
 Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be,

That even satiety should still enhance  
 Between our hearts their strict community;  
 And that the bounteous wizard then would place  
 Vanna and Bice and my gentle love,  
 Companions of our wandering, and would grace  
 With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,  
 Our time, and each were as content and free  
 As I believe that thou and I should be.

## SCENES

FROM

## THE "MAGICO PRODIGIOSO" OF CALDERON.

CYPRIAN as a Student ; CLARIN and MOSCON as poor  
Scholars, with books.

CYPRIAN.

In the sweet solitude of this calm place,  
This intricate wild wilderness of trees  
And flowers and undergrowth of odorous plants,  
Leave me ; the books you brought out of the house  
To me are ever best society.  
And whilst with glorious festival and song  
Antioch now celebrates the consecration  
Of a proud temple to great Jupiter,  
And bears his image in loud jubilee  
To its new shrine, I would consume what still  
Lives of the dying day, in studious thought,  
Far from the throng and turmoil. You, my friends,  
Go and enjoy the festival ; it will  
Be worth the labour, and return for me  
When the sun seeks its grave among the billows,  
Which among dim grey clouds on the horizon  
Dance like white plumes upon a hearse ;—and here  
I shall expect you.

MOSCON.

I cannot bring my mind,  
Great as my haste to see the festival  
Certainly is, to leave you, Sir, without  
Just saying some three or four hundred words.  
How is it possible that on a day  
Of such festivity, you can bring your mind  
To come forth to a solitary country  
With three or four old books, and turn your back  
On all this mirth ?

CLARIN.

My master's in the right ;  
There is not anything more tiresome  
Than a procession day, with troops of men,  
And dances, and all that.

MOSCON.

From first to last,  
Clarín, you are a temporizing flatterer ;  
You praise not what you feel, but what he does ;—  
Toad-eater !

CLARIN.

You lie—under a mistake—  
For this is the most civil sort of lie  
That can be given to a man's face. I now  
Say what I think.

CYPRIAN.

Enough, you foolish fellows.  
Puffed up with your own doting ignorance,  
You always take the two sides of one question.  
Now go, and as I said, return for me  
When night falls, veiling in its shadows wide  
This glorious fabric of the universe.

MOSCON.

How happens it, although you can maintain  
The folly of enjoying festivals,  
That yet you go there ?

CLARIN.

Nay, the consequence  
Is clear :—who ever did what he advises  
Others to do !—

MOSCON.

Would that my feet were wings,  
So would I fly to Livia.

[Exit.]

CLARIN.

To speak truth,  
Livia is she who has surprised my heart ;  
But he is more than half way there.—Soho !  
Livia, I come ; good sport, Livia, soho !

[Exit.]

CYPRIAN.

Now since I am alone, let me examine  
The question which has long disturbed my mind  
With doubt, since first I read in Plinius  
The words of mystic import and deep sense  
In which he defines God. My intellect  
Can find no God with whom these marks and signs  
Fity agree. It is a hidden truth  
Which I must fathom.

[Reads.]

Enter the DEVIL, as a fine Gentleman.

DEMON.

Search even as thou wilt,  
But thou shalt never find what I can hide.

CYPRIAN.

What noise is that among the boughs ? Whom moves ?  
What art thou ?—

DEMON.

'Tis a foreign gentleman.  
Even from this morning I have lost my way

In this wild place, and my poor horse, at last  
Quite overcome, has stretched himself upon  
The enamelled tapestry of this mossy mountain,  
And feeds and rests at the same time. I was  
Upon my way to Antioch upon business  
Of some importance, but wrapt up in cares  
(Who is exempt from this inheritance?)  
I parted from my company, and lost  
My way, and lost my servants and my comrades.

CYPRIAN.

'Tis singular, that, even within the sight  
Of the high towers of Antioch, you could lose  
Your way. Of all the avenues and green paths  
Of this wild wood there is not one but leads,  
As to its centre, to the walls of Antioch;  
Take which you will you cannot miss your road.

DEMON.

And such is ignorance! Even in the sight  
Of knowledge it can draw no profit from it.  
But, as it still is early, and as I  
Have no acquaintances in Antioch,  
Being a stranger there, I will even wait  
The few surviving hours of the day,  
Until the night shall conquer it. I see,  
Both by your dress and by the books in which  
You find delight and company, that you  
Are a great student;—for my part, I feel  
Much sympathy with such pursuits.

CYPRIAN.

Studied much?—

Have you

DEMON.

No;—and yet I know enough  
Not to be wholly ignorant.

CYPRIAN.

Pray, Sir,  
What science may you know?—

DEMON.

Many.

CYPRIAN.

Much pains must we expend on one alone,  
And even then attain it not;—but you  
Have the presumption to assert that you  
Know many without study.

DEMON.

And with truth.

For, in the country whence I come, sciences  
Require no learning,—they are known.

CYPRIAN.

Oh, would

I were of that bright country! for in this  
The more we study, we the more discover  
Our ignorance.

DEMON.

It is so true that I

Had so much arrogance as to oppose  
The chair of the most high Professorship,  
And obtained many votes, and though I lost,  
The attempt was still more glorious than the  
failure

Could be dishonourable: if you believe not,

Let us refer it to dispute respecting  
That which you know best, and although I  
Know not the opinion you maintain, and though  
It be the true one, I will take the contrary.

CYPRIAN.

The offer gives me pleasure. I am now  
Debating with myself upon a passage  
Of Plinius, and my mind is racked with doubt  
To understand and know who is the God  
Of whom he speaks.

DEMON.

It is a passage, if

I recollect it right, couched in these words:  
"God is one supreme goodness, one pure essence,  
One substance, and one sense, all sight, all hands."

CYPRIAN.

'Tis true.

DEMON.

What difficulty find you here?

CYPRIAN.

I do not recognize among the Gods  
The God defined by Plinius: if he must  
Be supreme goodness, even Jupiter  
Is not supremely good; because we see  
His deeds are evil, and his attributes  
Tainted with mortal weakness. In what manner  
Can supreme goodness be consistent with  
The passions of humanity?

DEMON.

The wisdom

Of the old world masked with the names of Gods  
The attributes of Nature and of Man;  
A sort of popular philosophy.

CYPRIAN.

This reply will not satisfy me, for  
Such awe is due to the high name of God,  
That ill should never be imputed. Then,  
Examining the question with more care,  
It follows, that the gods should always will  
That which is best, were they supremely good.  
How then does one will one thing—one another?  
And you may not say that I allege  
Poetical or philosophic learning:—  
Consider the ambiguous responses  
Of their oracular statues; from two shrines  
Two armies shall obtain the assurance of  
One victory. Is it not indisputable  
That two contending wills can never lead  
To the same end? And, being opposite,  
If one be good is not the other evil?  
Evil in God is inconceivable;  
But supreme goodness fails among the gods  
Without their union.

DEMON.

I deny your major.

These responses are means towards some end  
Unfathomed by our intellectual beam.  
They are the work of providence, and more  
The battle's loss may profit those who lose,  
Than victory advantage those who win.

CYPRIAN.

That I admit, and yet that God should not  
(Falsehood is incompatible with deity)

Assure the victory, it would be enough  
To have permitted the defeat ; if God  
Be all sight,—God, who beheld the truth,  
Would not have given assurance of an end  
Never to be accomplished ; thus, although  
The Deity may according to his attributes  
Be well distinguished into persons, yet,  
Even in the minutest circumstance,  
His essence must be one.

DÆMON.

To attain the end,  
The affections of the actors in the scene  
Must have been thus influenced by his voice.

CYPRIAN.

But for a purpose thus subordinate  
He might have employed genii, good or evil,—  
A sort of spirits called so by the learned,  
Who roam about inspiring good or evil,  
And from whose influence and existence we  
May well infer our immortality :—  
Thus God might easily, without descending  
To a gross falsehood in his proper person,  
Have moved the affections by this mediation  
To the just point.

DÆMON.

These trifling contradictions  
Do not suffice to impugn the unity  
Of the high gods ; in things of great importance  
They still appear unanimous ; consider  
That glorious fabric—man, his workmanship,  
Is stamped with one conception.

CYPRIAN.

Who made man  
Must have, methinks, the advantage of the others.  
If they are equal, might they not have risen  
In opposition to the work, and being  
All hands, according to our author here,  
Have still destroyed even as the other made ?  
If equal in their power, and only unequal  
In opportunity, which of the two  
Will remain conqueror ?

DÆMON.

On impossible  
And false hypothesis, there can be built  
No argument. Say, what do you infer  
From this ?

CYPRIAN.

That there must be a mighty God  
Of supreme goodness and of highest grace,  
All sight, all hands, all truth, infallible,  
Without an equal and without a rival ;  
The cause of all things and the effect of nothing,  
One power, one will, one substance, and one essence.  
And in whatever persons, one or two,  
His attributes may be distinguished, one  
Sovereign power, one solitary essence,  
One cause of all cause.

[They rise.

DÆMON.

How can I impugn  
So clear a consequence ?

CYPRIAN.

Do you regret  
My victory ?

DÆMON.

Who but regrets a check  
In rivalry of wit? I could reply  
And urge new difficulties, but will now  
Depart, for I hear steps of men approaching,  
And it is time that I should now pursue  
My journey to the city.

CYPRIAN.

Go in peace !

DÆMON.

Remain in peace ! Since thus it profits him  
To study, I will wrap his senses up  
In sweet oblivion of all thought but of  
A piece of excellent beauty ; and as I  
Have power given me to wage enmity  
Against Justina's soul, I will extract  
From one effect two vengeancees.

[Exit.

CYPRIAN.

I never  
Met a more learned person. Let me now  
Revolve this doubt again with careful mind.

[He reads.

Enter LELIO and FLORO.

LELIO.

Here stop. Those toppling rocks and tangled  
Impenetrable by the noonday beam, [boughs,  
Shall be sole witnesses of what we—

FLORO.

Draw !

If there were words, here is the place for deeds.

LELIO.

Thou needest not instruct me ; well I know  
That in the field the silent tongue of steel  
Speaks thus.

[They fight.

CYPRIAN.

Ha ! what is this ? Lelio, Floro,  
Be it enough that Cyprian stands between you,  
Although unarmed.

LELIO.

Whence comest thou, to stand  
Between me and my vengeance ?

FLORO.

From what rocks

And desert cells ?

Enter MOSCON and CLARIN.

MOSCON.

Run, run ! for where we left my master,  
We hear the clash of swords.

CLARIN.

I never  
Run to approach things of this sort, but only  
To avoid them. Sir ! Cyprian ! sir !

CYPRIAN.

Be silent, fellows ! What ! two friends who are  
In blood and fame the eyes and hope of Antioch ;  
One of the noble men of the Colatti,  
The other son of the Governor, adventure  
And cast away, on some slight cause no doubt,  
Two lives, the honour of their country !

LELIO.

Cyprian,  
Although my high respect towards your person  
Holds now my sword suspended, thou canst not  
Restore it to the slumber of its scabbard.  
Thou knowest more of science than the duel ;  
For when two men of honour take the field,  
No counsel nor respect can make them friends,  
But one must die in the pursuit.

FLORO.

I pray  
That you depart hence with your people, and  
Leave us to finish what we have begun  
Without advantage.

CYPRIAN.

Though you may imagine  
That I know little of the laws of duel,  
Which vanity and valour instituted,  
You are in error. By my birth I am  
Held no less than yourselves to know the limits  
Of honour and of infamy, nor has study  
Quenched the free spirit which first ordered them ;  
And thus to me, as one well experienced  
In the false quicksands of the sea of honour,  
You may refer the merits of the case ;  
And if I should perceive in your relation  
That either has the right to satisfaction  
From the other, I give you my word of honour  
To leave you.

LELIO.

Under this condition then  
I will relate the cause, and you will cede  
And must confess th' impossibility  
Of compromise ; for the same lady is  
Beloved by Floro and myself.

FLORO.

It seems  
Much to me that the light of day should look  
Upon that idol of my heart—but he—  
Leave us to fight, according to thy word.

CYPRIAN.

Permit one question further : is the lady  
Impossible to hope or not ?

LELIO.

She is  
So excellent, that if the light of day  
Should excite Floro's jealousy, it were  
Without just cause, for even the light of day  
Trembles to gaze on her.

CYPRIAN.

Would you for your  
Part marry her ?

FLORO.

Such is my confidence.

CYPRIAN.

And you ?

LELIO.

O, would that I could lift my hope  
So high ! for though she is extremely poor,  
Her virtue is her dowry.

CYPRIAN.

And if you both  
Would marry her, is it not weak and vain,  
Culpable and unworthy, thus beforehand  
To slur her honour ? What would the world say  
If one should slay the other, and if she  
Should afterwards espouse the murderer ?

[The rivals agree to refer their quarrel to CYPRIAN ;  
who in consequence visits JUSTINA, and becomes  
enamoured of her: she disdains him, and he retires  
to a solitary sea-shore.

## SCENE II.

CYPRIAN.

O memory ! permit it'not  
That the tyrant of my thought  
Be another soul that still  
Holds dominion o'er the will ;  
That would refuse, but can no more,  
To bend, to tremble, and adore.  
Vain idolatry !—I saw,  
And gazing became blind with error ;  
Weak ambition, which the awe  
Of her presence bound to terror !  
So beautiful she was—and I,  
Between my love and jealousy,  
Am so convulsed with hope and fear,  
Unworthy as it may appear ;—  
So bitter is the life I live,  
That, hear me, Hell ! I now would give  
To thy most detested spirit  
My soul, for ever to inherit,  
To suffer punishment and pine,  
So this woman may be mine.  
Hear'st thou, Hell ! dost thou reject it ?  
My soul is offered !

DEMON (*unseen*).

I accept it.

[*Tempest, with thunder and lightning.*]

CYPRIAN.

What is this ! ye heavens, for ever pure,  
At once intensely radiant and obscure !  
Athwart the ethereal halls  
The lightning's arrow and the thunder-balls  
The day affright,  
As from the horizon round,  
Burst with earthquake sound,  
In mighty torrents the electric fountains ;—  
Clouds quench the sun, and thunder smoke  
Strangles the air, and fire eclipses heaven.  
Philosophy, thou canst not even  
Compel their causes underneath thy yoke,  
From yonder clouds even to the waves below  
The fragments of a single ruin choke  
Imagination's flight ;  
For, on flakes of surge, like feathers light,  
The ashes of the desolation cast  
Upon the gloomy blast,  
Tell of the footsteps of the storm.  
And nearer see the melancholy form  
Of a great ship, the outcast of the sea,  
Drives miserably !  
And it must fly the pity of the port,  
Or perish, and its last and sole resort  
Is its own raging enemy.

A A

The terror of the thrilling cry  
 Was a fatal prophecy  
 Of coming death, who hovers now  
 Upon that shattered prow,  
 That they who die not may be dying still.  
 And not alone the insane elements  
 Are populous with wild portents,  
 But that sad ship is as a miracle  
 Of sudden ruin, for it drives so fast  
 It seems as if it had arranged its form  
 With the headlong storm.  
 It strikes—I almost feel the shock,—  
 It stumbles on a jagged rock,—  
 Sparkles of blood on the white foam are cast.

*A tempest—All exclaim within*

We are all lost !

DEMON (*within*).

Now from this plank will I  
 Pass to the land, and thus fulfil my scheme.

CYPRIAN.

As in contempt of the elemental rage  
 A man comes forth in safety, while the ship's  
 Great form is in a watery eclipse  
 Obliterated from the Ocean's page,  
 And round its wreck the huge sea-monsters sit,  
 A horrid conclave, and the whistling wave  
 Are heaped over its carcase, like a grave.

*The DEMON enters as escaped from the sea.*

DEMON (*aside*).

It was essential to my purposes  
 To wake a tumult on the sapphire ocean,  
 That in this unknown form I might at length  
 Wipe out the blot of the discomfiture  
 Sustained upon the mountain, and assail  
 With a new war the soul of Cyprian,  
 Forging the instruments of his destruction  
 Even from his love and from his wisdom.—O  
 Beloved earth, dear mother, in thy bosom  
 I seek a refuge from the monster who  
 Precipitates itself upon me.

CYPRIAN.

Friend,

Collect thyself; and be the memory  
 Of thy late suffering, and thy greatest sorrow  
 But as a shadow of the past,—for nothing  
 Beneath the circle of the moon but flows  
 And changes, and can never know repose.

DEMON.

And who art thou, before whose feet my fate  
 Has prostrated me ?

CYPRIAN.

One who, moved with pity,  
 Would soothe its stings.

DEMON.

Oh ! that can never be !  
 No solace can my lasting sorrows find.

CYPRIAN.

Wherefore ?

DEMON.

Because my happiness is lost.  
 Yet I lament what has long ceased to be  
 The object of desire or memory,  
 And my life is not life.

CYPRIAN.

Now, since the fury  
 Of this earthquaking hurricane is still,  
 And the crystalline heaven has reassumed  
 Its windless calm so quickly, that it seems  
 As if its heavy wrath had been awakened  
 Only to overwhelm that vessel,—speak,  
 Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

DEMON.

Far more  
 My coming hither cost than thou hast seen,  
 Or I can tell. Among my misadventures  
 This shipwreck is the least. Wilt thou hear ?

CYPRIAN.

Speak.

DEMON.

Since thou desirest, I will then unveil  
 Myself to thee ;—for in myself I am  
 A world of happiness and misery ;  
 This I have lost, and that I must lament  
 For ever. In my attributes I stood  
 So high and so heroically great,  
 In lineage so supreme, and with a genius  
 Which penetrated with a glance the world  
 Beneath my feet, that won by my high merit  
 A king—whom I may call the King of kings,  
 Because all others tremble in their pride  
 Before the terrors of his countenance,  
 In his high palace roofed with brightest gems  
 Of living light—call them the stars of Heaven—  
 Named me his counsellor. But the high praise  
 Stung me with pride and envy, and I rose  
 In mighty competition, to ascend  
 His seat, and place my foot triumphantly  
 Upon his subject thrones. Chastised, I know  
 The depth to which ambition falls ; too mad  
 Was the attempt, and yet more mad were now  
 Repentance of the irrevocable deed :—  
 Therefore I chose this ruin with the glory  
 Of not to be subdued, before the shame  
 Of reconciling me with him who reigns  
 By coward cession.—Nor was I alone,  
 Nor am I now, nor shall I be alone ;  
 And there was hope, and there may still be hope,  
 For many suffrages among his vassals  
 Hailed me their lord and king, and many still  
 Are mine, and many more perchance shall be.  
 Thus vanquished, though in fact victorious,  
 I left his seat of empire, from mine eye  
 Shooting forth poisonous lightning, while my words  
 With inauspicious thunderings shook Heaven,  
 Proclaiming vengeance, public as my wrong,  
 And imprecating on his prostrate slaves  
 Rapine and death, and outrage. Then I sailed  
 Over the mighty fabric of the world,  
 A pirate ambushed in its pathless sands,  
 A lynx crouched watchfully among its caves  
 And craggy shores ; and I have wandered over  
 The expanse of these wide wildernesses  
 In this great ship, whose bulk is now dissolved  
 In the light breathings of the invisible wind,  
 And which the sea has made a dustless ruin,  
 Seeking ever a mountain, through whose forests  
 I seek a man, whom I must now compel  
 To keep his word with me. I came arrayed  
 In tempest, and, although my power could well  
 Bridle the forest winds in their career,



For other causes I forbore to soothe  
 Their fury to Favonian gentleness ;  
 I could and would not : (thus I wake in him [*Aside*  
 A love of magic art.) Let not this tempest,  
 Nor the succeeding calm excite thy wonder ;  
 For by my art the sun would turn as pale  
 As his weak sister with unwonted fear ;  
 And in my wisdom are the orbs of Heaven  
 Written as in a record. I have pierced  
 The flaming circles of their wondrous spheres,  
 And know them as thou knowest every corner  
 Of this dim spot. Let it not seem to thee  
 That I boast vainly ; wouldst thou that I work  
 A charm over this waste and savage wood,  
 This Babylon of crags and aged trees,  
 Filling its leafy coverts with a horror  
 Thrilling and strange ! I am the friendless guest  
 Of these wild oaks and pines—and as from thee  
 I have received the hospitality  
 Of this rude place, I offer thee the fruit  
 Of years of toil in recompense ; whate'er  
 Thy wildest dream presented to thy thought  
 As object of desire, that shall be thine.

\* \* \* \*

And thenceforth shall so firm an amity  
 Twixt thou and me be, that neither fortune,  
 The monstrous phantom which pursues success,  
 That careful miser, that free prodigal,  
 Who ever alternates with changeful hand  
 Evil and good, reproach and fame ; nor Time,  
 That loadstar of the ages, to whose beam  
 The winged years speed o'er the intervals  
 Of their unequal revolutions ; nor  
 Heaven itself, whose beautiful bright stars  
 Rule and adorn the world, can ever make  
 The least division between thee and me,  
 Since now I find a refuge in thy favour.

### SCENE III.

*The DEMON tempts JUSTINA, who is a Christian.*

DEMON.

Abyss of Hell ! I call on thee,  
 Thou wild misrule of thine own anarchy !  
 From thy prison-house set free  
 The spirits of voluptuous death,  
 That with their mighty breath  
 They may destroy a world of virgin thoughts ;  
 Let her chaste mind with fancies thick as motes  
 Be peopled from thy shadowy deep,  
 Till her guiltless phantasy  
 Full to overflowing be !  
 And, with sweetest harmony,  
 Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move  
 To love, only to love.  
 Let nothing meet her eyes  
 But signs of Love's soft victories ;  
 Let nothing meet her ear  
 But sounds of Love's sweet sorrow ;  
 So that from faith no succour may she borrow,  
 But, guided by my spirit blind  
 And in a magic snare entwined,  
 She may now seek Cyprian.  
 Begin, while I in silence bind  
 My voice, when thy sweet song thou hast begun.

A VOICE WITHIN.

What is the glory far above  
 All else in human life ?

ALL.

Love ! love !

*[While these words are sung, the DEMON goes out at  
 one door, and JUSTINA enters at another.]*

THE FIRST VOICE.

There is no form in which the fire  
 Of love its traces has impressed not.  
 Man lives far more in love's desire  
 Than by life's breath soon possessed not.  
 If all that lives must love or die,  
 All shapes on earth, or sea, or sky,  
 With one consent to Heaven cry  
 That the glory far above  
 All else in life is—

ALL.

Love ! O love !

JUSTINA.

Thou melancholy thought, which art  
 So fluttering and so sweet, to thee  
 When did I give the liberty  
 Thus to afflict my heart ?  
 What is the cause of this new power  
 Which doth my fevered being move,  
 Momently raging more and more ?  
 What subtle pain is kindled now  
 Which from my heart doth overflow  
 Into my senses !—

ALL.

Love, O love !

JUSTINA.

'Tis that enamoured nightingale  
 Who gives me the reply :  
 He ever tells the same soft tale  
 Of passion and of constancy  
 To his mate, who rapt, and fond,  
 Listening sits, a bough beyond.

Be silent, Nightingale !—No more  
 Make me think, in hearing thee  
 Thus tenderly thy love deplore,  
 If a bird can feel his so,  
 What a man would feel for me.  
 And, voluptuous vine, O thou  
 Who seekest most when least pursuing,—  
 To the trunk thou interlaced  
 Art the verdure which embraces,  
 And the weight which is its ruin,—  
 No more, with green embraces, vine,  
 Make me think on what thou lovest,—  
 For whilst thou thus thy boughs entwine,  
 I fear lest thou shouldst teach me, sophist,  
 How arms might be entangled too.

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou  
 Who gazest ever true and tender  
 On the sun's revolving splendour,  
 Follow not his faithless glance  
 With thy faded countenance,  
 Nor teach my beating heart to fear,  
 If leaves can mourn without a tear,  
 How eyes must weep ! O Nightingale,  
 Cease from thy enamoured tale,—

Leafy vine, unwreath thy bower,  
Restless sunflower, cease to move,—  
Or tell me all, what poisonous power  
Ye use against me.—

ALL.  
Love! love! love!

JUSTINA.  
It cannot be! Whom have I ever loved!  
Trophies of my oblivion and disdain,  
Floro and Lelio did I not reject?  
And Cyprian?—

[*She becomes troubled at the name of CYPRIAN.*]

Did I not requite him  
With such severity, that he has fled  
Where none has ever heard of him again?—  
Alas! I now begin to fear that this  
May be the occasion whence desire grows bold,  
As if there were no danger. From the moment  
That I pronounced to my own listening heart,  
Cyprian is absent, O miserable me!  
I know not what I feel! [*More calmly.*]

It must be pity  
To think that such a man, whom all the world  
Admired, should be forgot by all the world,  
And I the cause. [*She again becomes troubled.*]

And yet if it were pity,  
Floro and Lelio might have equal share,  
For they are both imprisoned for my sake. [*Calmly.*]  
Alas! what reasonings are these? It is  
Enough I pity him, and that, in vain,  
Without this ceremonious subtlety,  
And woe is me! I know not where to find him now,  
Even should I seek him through this wide world.

Enter DEMON.

DEMON.  
Follow, and I will lead thee where he is.

JUSTINA.  
And who art thou, who hast found entrance hither,  
Into my chamber through the doors and locks?  
Art thou a monstrous shadow which my madness  
Has formed in the idle air?

DEMON.  
No. I am one  
Called by the thought which tyrannises thee  
From his eternal dwelling; who this day  
Is pledged to bear thee unto Cyprian.

JUSTINA.  
So shall thy promise fail. This agony  
Of passion which afflicts my heart and soul  
May sweep imagination in its storm;  
The will is firm.

DEMON.  
Already half is done  
In the imagination of an act.  
The sin incurred, the pleasure then remains;  
Let not the will stop half way on the road.

JUSTINA.  
I will not be discouraged, nor despair,  
Although I thought it, and although 'tis true  
That thought is but a prelude to the deed:—  
Thought is not in my power, but action is:  
I will not move my foot to follow thee.

DEMON.  
But a far mightier wisdom than thine own  
Exerts itself within thee, with such power  
Compelling thee to that which it inclines  
That it shall force thy step; how wilt thou then  
Resist, Justina?

JUSTINA.  
By my free-will.

DEMON. I  
Must force thy will.

JUSTINA.  
It is invincible;  
It were not free if thou hadst power upon it.  
[*He draws, but cannot move her.*]

DEMON.  
Come, where a pleasure waits thee.

JUSTINA. I  
Too dear. It were bought

DEMON.  
'Twill soothe thy heart to softest peace.

JUSTINA.  
'Tis dread captivity.

DEMON.  
'Tis joy, 'tis glory.

JUSTINA.  
'Tis shame, 'tis torment, 'tis despair.

DEMON. But how  
Canst thou defend thyself from that or me,  
If my power drags thee onward?

JUSTINA. My defence  
Consists in God.

[*He vainly endeavours to force her, and at last releases her.*]

DEMON.  
Woman, thou hast subdued me,  
Only by not owning thyself subdued.  
But since thou thus findest defence in God,  
I will assume a feigned form, and thus  
Make thee a victim of my baffled rage.  
For I will mask a spirit in thy form  
Who will betray thy name to infamy,  
And doubly shall I triumph in thy loss,  
First by dishonouring thee, and then by turning  
False pleasure to true ignominy. [*Exit*]

JUSTINA. I  
Appeal to Heaven against thee! so that Heaven  
May scatter thy delusions, and the blot  
Upon my fame vanish in idle thought,  
Even as flame dies in the envious air,  
And as the flow'ret wanes at morning frost,  
And thou shouldst never—But, alas! to whom  
Do I still speak?—Did not a man but now  
Stand here before me?—No, I am alone,  
And yet I saw him. Is he gone so quickly?  
Or can the heated mind engender shapes  
From its own fear! Some terrible and strange  
Peril is near. Lisander! father! lord!  
Livia!—

Enter LISANDER and LIVIA.

LISANDER.

O my daughter; what?

LIVIA.

What?

JUSTINA.

Saw you

A man go forth from my apartment now?—  
I scarce sustain myself!

LISANDER.

A man here!

JUSTINA.

Have you not seen him?

LIVIA.

No, lady.

JUSTINA.

I saw him.

LISANDER.

'Tis impossible; the doors  
Which led to this apartment were all locked.

LIVIA (*aside*).

I dare say it was Moscon whom she saw,  
For he was locked up in my room.

LISANDER.

It must  
Have been some image of thy phantasy.  
Such melancholy as thou feedest is  
Skilful in forming such in the vain air  
Out of the motes and atoms of the day.

LIVIA.

My master's in the right.

JUSTINA.

Oh, would it were

Delusion! but I fear some greater ill.  
I feel as if out of my bleeding bosom  
My heart was torn in fragments; aye,  
Some mortal spell is wrought against my frame;  
So potent was the charm, that had not God  
Shielded my humble innocence from wrong,  
I should have sought my sorrow and my shame  
With willing steps.—Livia, quick, bring my cloak,  
For I must seek refuge from these extremes  
Even in the temple of the highest God  
Which secretly the faithful worship.

LIVIA.

Here.

JUSTINA (*putting on her cloak*).

In this, as in a shroud of snow, may I  
Quench the consuming fire in which I burn,  
Wasting away!

LISANDER.

And I will go with thee.

LIVIA.

When I once see them safe out of the house,  
I shall breathe freely.

JUSTINA.

So do I confide

In thy just favour, Heaven!

LISANDER.

Let us go.

JUSTINA.

Thine is the cause, great God! Turn, for my sake  
And for thine own, mercifully to me!

## SCENES

### FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

#### PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

*The Lord and the Host of Heaven.*

*Enter Three Archangels.*

RAPHAEL.

THE sun makes music as of old  
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,  
On its predestined circle rolled  
With thunder speed: the Angels even  
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,  
Though none its meaning fathom may;—  
The world's unwithered countenance  
Is bright as at creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift and swift, with rapid lightness,  
The adorned Earth spins silently,  
Alternating Elysian brightness  
With deep and dreadful night; the sea  
Foams in broad billows from the deep  
Up to the rocks; and rocks and ocean,  
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,  
Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL.

And tempests in contention roar  
From land to sea, from sea to land;  
And, raging, weave a chain of power  
Which girds the earth as with a band.  
A flashing desolation there  
Flames before the thunder's way;  
But thy servants, Lord, revere  
The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE.

The Angels draw strength from thy glance,  
Though no one comprehend thee may:—  
Thy world's unwithered countenance  
Is bright as on creation's day.\*

\* RAPHAEL.

The sun sounds, according to ancient custom,  
In the song of emulation of his brother-spheres,  
And its fore-written circle  
Fulfills with a step of thunder.  
Its countenance gives the Angels strength,  
Though no one can fathom it.  
The incredible high works  
Are excellent as at the first day.

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As thou, O Lord, once more art kind enough  
To interest thyself in our affairs—  
And ask, "How goes it with you there below?"  
And as indulgently at other times  
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,  
Thou seest me here once more among thy household.  
Though I should scandalize this company,  
You will excuse me if I do not talk  
In the high style which they think fashionable;  
My pathos certainly would make you laugh too,  
Had you not long since given over laughing.  
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;  
I observe only how men plague themselves;—  
The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp.  
As wonderful as on creation's day:—  
A little better would he live, hadst thou  
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light  
Which he calls reason, and employs it only  
To live more beastly than any beast.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and inconceivably swift  
The adornment of earth winds itself round,  
And exchanges Paradise-clearness  
With deep dreadful night.  
The sea foams in broad waves  
From its deep bottom up to the rocks,  
And rocks and sea are torn on together  
In the eternal swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL.

And storms roar in emulation  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
And make, raging, a chain  
Of deepest operation round about.  
There flames a flashing destruction  
Before the path of the thunderbolt.  
But thy servants, Lord, revere  
The gentle alternations of thy day.

CHORUS.

Thy countenance gives the Angels strength,  
Though none can comprehend thee:  
And all thy lofty works  
Are excellent as at the first day.

Such is the literal translation of this astonishing Chorus; it is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a caput mortuum.—*Author's Note.*

With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,  
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers  
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever  
The same old song i' the grass. There let him lie,  
Burying his nose in every heap of dung.

THE LORD.

Have you no more to say? Do you come here  
Always to scold, and cavil, and complain?  
Seems nothing ever right to you on earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord; I find all there, as ever, bad at best.  
Even I am sorry for man's days of sorrow;  
I could myself almost give up the pleasure  
Of plaguing the poor things.

THE LORD.

Knowest thou Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor?

THE LORD.

Ay; my servant Faust.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth  
He serves you in a fashion quite his own,  
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.  
His aspirations bear him on so far  
That he is half aware of his own folly,  
For he demands from Heaven its fairest star,  
And from the earth the highest joy it bears;  
Yet all things far, and all things near, are vain  
To calm the deep emotions of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though he now serves me in a cloud of error,  
I will soon lead him forth to the clear day.  
When trees look green, full well the gardener knows  
That fruits and blooms will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet?—now I am sure of winning—  
Only observe you give me full permission  
To lead him softly on my path.

THE LORD.

As long  
As he shall live upon the earth, so long  
Is nothing unto thee forbidden.—Man  
Must err till he has ceased to struggle.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks.  
And that is all I ask; for willingly  
I never make acquaintance with the dead.  
The full fresh cheeks of youth are food for me,  
And if a corpse knocks, I am not at home.  
For I am like a cat—I like to play  
A little with the mouse before I eat it.

THE LORD.

Draw thou  
His spirit from its springs; as thou find'st power,  
Seize him and lead him on thy downward path;  
And stand ashamed when failure teaches thee  
That a good man, even in his darkest longings,  
Is well aware of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well and good.  
I am not in much doubt about my bet,

And, if I lose, then 'tis your turn to crow;  
Enjoy your triumph then with a full breast.  
Ay; dust shall he devour, and that with pleasure,  
Like my old paramour, the famous Snake.

THE LORD.

Pray come here when it suits you; for I never  
Had much dislike for people of your sort.  
And, among all the Spirits who rebelled,  
The knave was ever the least tedious to me.  
The active spirit of man soon sleeps, and soon  
He seeks unbroken quiet; therefore I  
Have given him the Devil for a companion,  
Who may provoke him to some sort of work,  
And must create for ever.—But ye, pure  
Children of God, enjoy eternal beauty;—  
Let that which ever operates and lives  
Clasp you within the limits of its love;  
And seize with sweet and melancholy thoughts  
The floating phantoms of its loveliness.

[Heaven closes; the Archangels exult.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

From time to time I visit the old fellow,  
And I take care to keep on good terms with him.  
Civil enough is this same God Almighty,  
To talk so freely with the Devil himself.

## SCENE.

MAY-DAY NIGHT.

*The Hartz Mountain, a desolate Country.*

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Would you not like a broomstick? As for me  
I wish I had a good stout ram to ride;  
For we are still far from th' appointed place.

FAUST.

This knotted staff is help enough for me,  
Whilst I feel fresh upon my legs. What good  
Is there in making short a pleasant way?  
To creep along the labyrinths of the vales,  
And climb those rocks, where ever-babbling springs  
Precipitate themselves in waterfalls,  
In the true sport that seasons such a path.  
Already Spring kindles the birchen spray,  
And the hoar pines already feel her breath:  
Shall she not work also within our limbs?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nothing of such an influence do I feel.  
My body is all wintry, and I wish  
The flowers upon our path were frost and snow.  
But see, how melancholy rises now,  
Dimly uplifting her belated beam,  
The blank unwelcome round of the red moon,  
And gives so bad a light, that every step  
One stumbles 'gainst some crag. With your permis-  
I'll call an Ignis-fatuus to our aid: [sion  
I see one yonder burning jollily.  
Halloo, my friend! may I request that you  
Would favour us with your bright company?  
Why should you blaze away there to no purpose?  
Pray be so good as light us up this way.

## IGNIS-FATUUS.

With reverence be it spoken, I will try  
To overcome the lightness of my nature ;  
Our course, you know, is generally zig-zag.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ha, ha ! your worship thinks you have to deal  
With men. Go straight on in the Devil's name,  
Or I shall puff your flickering life out.

## IGNIS-FATUUS.

Well,

I see you are the master of the house ;  
I will accommodate myself to you.  
Only consider that to-night this mountain  
Is all-enchanted, and if Jack-a-lantern  
Shows you his way, though you should miss your own,  
You ought not to be too exact with him.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and IGNIS-FATUUS in alternate  
Chorus.

The limits of the sphere of dream,  
The bounds of true and false, are past.  
Lead us on, thou wandering Gleam,  
Lead us onward, far and fast,  
To the wide, the desert waste.  
But see, how swift advance and shift  
Trees behind trees, row by row,—  
How, cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift  
Their frowning foreheads as we go.  
The giant-snouted crags, ho ! ho !  
How they snort, and how they blow !

Through the mossy sods and stones,  
Stream and streamlet hurry down,  
A rushing throng ! A sound of song  
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown !  
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones  
Of this bright day, sent down to say  
That Paradise on Earth is known,  
Resound around, beneath, above,  
All we hope and all we love  
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,  
Which wakens hill and wood and rill,  
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,  
And which Echo, like the tale  
Of old times, repeats again.

To-who ! to-who ! near, nearer now  
The sound of song, the rushing throng !  
Are the screech, the lapwing and the jay,  
All awake as if 'twere day ?  
See, with long legs and belly wide,  
A salamander in the brake !  
Every root is like a snake,  
And along the loose hill side,  
With strange contortions through the night,  
Curls, to seize or to affright ;  
And animated, strong, and many,  
They dart forth polypus-antenne,  
To blister with their poison spume  
The wanderer. Through the dazzling gloom  
The many-coloured mice that thread  
The dewy turf beneath our tread,  
In troops each other's motions cross,  
Through the heath and through the moss ;  
And in legions interangled,  
The fire-flies flit, and swarm, and throng,  
Till all the mountain depths are spangled.

Tell me, shall we go or stay ?  
Shall we onward ? Come along !  
Everything around is swept  
Forward, onward, far away !  
Trees and masses intercept  
The sight, and wisps on every side  
Are puffed up and multiplied.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now vigorously seize my skirt, and gain  
This pinnacle of isolated crag.  
One may observe with wonder from this point  
How Mammon glows among the mountains.

## FAUST.

Ay—

And strangely through the solid depth below  
A melancholy light, like the red dawn,  
Shoots from the lowest gorge of the abyss  
Of mountains, lighting hitherward ; there, rise  
Pillars of smoke ; here, clouds float gently by ;  
Here the light burns soft as the enkindled air,  
Or the illumined dust of golden flowers ;  
And now it glides like tender colours spreading ;  
And now bursts forth in fountains from the  
earth ;  
And now it winds one torrent of broad light,  
Through the far valley with a hundred veins ;  
And now once more within that narrow corner  
Masses itself into intensest splendour.  
And near us see sparks spring out of the ground,  
Like golden sand scattered upon the darkness ;  
The pinnacles of that black wall of mountains  
That hems us in are kindled.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rare, in faith !

Does not Sir Mammon gloriously illuminate  
His palace for this festival—it is  
A pleasure which you had not known before.  
I spy the boisterous guests already.

## FAUST.

How

The children of the wind rage in the air !  
With what fierce strokes they fall upon my neck !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cling tightly to the old ribs of the crag.  
Beware ! for if with them thou warrest  
In their fierce flight towards the wilderness,  
Their breath will sweep thee into dust, and drag  
Thy body to a grave in the abyss.  
A cloud thickens the night.  
Hark ! how the tempest crashes through the forest !  
The owls fly out in strange affright ;  
The columns of the evergreen palaces  
Are split and shattered ;  
The roots creak, and stretch, and groan ;  
And ruinously overthrown,  
The trunks are crushed and shattered  
By the fierce blast's unconquerable stress.  
Over each other crack and crash they all  
In terrible and interangled fall ;  
And through the ruins of the shaken mountain  
The airs hiss and howl—  
It is not the voice of the fountain,  
Nor the wolf in his midnight prowl.

Dost thou not hear ?  
 Strange accents are ringing  
 Aloft, afar, anear ;  
 The witches are singing !  
 The torrent of a raging wizard's song  
 Streams the whole mountain along.

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,  
 Now to the Brocken the witches go ;  
 The mighty multitude here may be seen  
 Gathering, wizard and witch, below.  
 Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air ;  
 Hey over stock ! and hey over stone !  
 'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done ?  
 Tell it who dare ! tell it who dare !

## A VOICE.

Upon a sow-swine, whose fattows were nine,  
 Old Baubo rideth alone.

## CHORUS.

Honour her to whom honour is due,  
 Old mother Baubo, honour to you !  
 An able sow with old Baubo upon her,  
 Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour !  
 The legion of witches is coming behind,  
 Darkening the night and outspeeding the wind—

## A VOICE.

Which way comest thou ?

## A VOICE.

Over Ilsenstein ;  
 The owl was awake in the white moon-shine ;  
 I saw her at rest in her downy nest,  
 And she stared at me with her broad bright eyne.

## VOICES.

And you may now as well take your course on to  
 Hell,  
 Since you ride by so fast on the headlong blast.

## A VOICE.

She dropt poison upon me as I past.  
 Here are the wounds—

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come away ! come along !  
 The way is wide, the way is long,  
 But what is that for a Bedlam throng ?  
 Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom.  
 The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,  
 And the mother is clapping her hands.—

## SEMI-CHORUS OF WIZARDS I.

We glide in  
 Like snails when the women are all away ;  
 And from a house once given over to sin  
 Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

## SEMI-CHORUS II.

A thousand steps must a woman take,  
 Where a man but a single spring will make.

## VOICES ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felunsee.

## VOICES BELOW.

With what joy would we fly through the upper sky ;  
 We are washed, we are 'nointed, stark naked are we !  
 But our toil and our pain are for ever in vain.

## BOTH CHORUSSES.

The wind is still, the stars are fled,  
 The melancholy moon is dead ;  
 The magic notes, like spark on spark,  
 Drizzle, whistling through the dark.  
 Come away !

## VOICES BELOW.

Stay, oh stay !

## VOICES ABOVE.

Out of the crannies of the rocks  
 Who calls ?

## VOICES BELOW.

Oh, let me join your flocks !  
 I, three hundred years have striven  
 To catch your skirt and mount to Heaven,—  
 And still in vain. Oh, might I be  
 With company akin to me !

## BOTH CHORUSSES.

Some on a ram and some on a prong,  
 On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along ;  
 Forlorn is the wight who can rise not to-night.

## A HALF WITCH BELOW.

I have been tripping this many an hour :  
 Are the others already so far before ?  
 No quiet at home, and no peace abroad !  
 And less methinks is found by the road.

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Come onward, away ! aroint thee, aroint !  
 A witeh to be strong must anoint—anooint—  
 Then every trough will be boat enough ;  
 With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky,  
 Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly ?

## BOTH CHORUSSES.

We cling to the skirt, and we strike on the ground ;  
 Witch-legions thicken around and around ;  
 Wizard-swarms cover the heath all over.

[*They descend.*]

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling !  
 What whispering, babbling, hissing, bustling !  
 What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning !  
 As Heaven and earth were overturning.  
 There is a true witch element about us ;  
 Take hold on me, or we shall be divided :—  
 Where are you ?

FAUST (*from a distance*).

Here !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

What !  
 I must exert my authority in the house.  
 Place for young Volland ! Pray make way, good  
 people.  
 Take hold on me, doctor, and with one step  
 Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd :  
 They are too mad for people of my sort.  
 Just there shines a peculiar kind of light—  
 Something attracts me in those bushes.—Come  
 This way ; we shall slip down there in a minute.

## FAUST.

Spirit of Contradiction ! Well, lead on—  
 'Twere a wise feat indeed to wander out  
 Into the Brocken upon May-day night,  
 And then to isolate oneself in scorn,  
 Disgusted with the humours of the time.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame  
A merry-club is huddled all together :  
Even with such little people as sit there  
One would not be alone.

## FAUST.

Would that I were  
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke  
Where the blind million rush impetuously  
To meet the evil ones ; there might I solve  
Many a riddle that torments me !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

## Yet

Many a riddle there is tied anew  
Inextricably. Let the great world rage !  
We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.  
'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built  
Their own small world in the great world of all.  
I see young witches naked there, and old ones  
Wisely attired with greater decency.  
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy  
A pound of pleasure with a dram of trouble.  
I hear them tune their instruments—one must  
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll  
lead you  
Among them ; and what there you do and see,  
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.

How say you now ? this space is wide enough—  
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—  
A hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they  
Who throng around them seem innumerable :  
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,  
And cooking, are at work. Now tell me, friend,  
What is there better in the world than this ?

## FAUST.

In introducing us, do you assume  
The character of wizard or of devil ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

In truth, I generally go about  
In strict incognito ; and yet one likes  
To wear one's orders upon gala days.  
I have no ribbon at my knee ; but here  
At home the cloven foot is honourable.  
See you that snail there ?—she comes creeping up,  
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out some-  
thing :

I could not, if I would, mask myself here.  
Come now we'll go about from fire to fire :  
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the lover.

*[To some old Women, who are sitting round a heap  
of glimmering coals.]*

Old gentlewomen, what do you do out here ?  
You ought to be with the young rioters  
Right in the thickest of the revelry—  
But every one is best content at home.

## GENERAL.

Who dare confide in right or a just claim ?  
So much as I had done for them ! and now—  
With women and the people 'tis the same,  
Youth will stand foremost ever,—age may go  
To the dark grave unhonoured.

## MINISTER.

Now-a-days  
People assert their rights ; they go too far ;  
But, as for me, the good old times I praise.  
Then we were all in all ; 'twas something worth  
One's while to be in place and wear a star ;  
That was indeed the golden age on earth.

## PARVENU\*.

We too are active, and we did and do  
What we ought not perhaps ; and yet we now  
Will seize, whilst all things are whirled round and  
round,  
A spoke of Fortune's wheel, and keep our ground.

## AUTHOR.

Who now can taste a treatise of deep sense  
And ponderous volume ? 'Tis impertinence  
To write what none will read, therefore will I  
To please the young and thoughtless people try.

MEPHISTOPHELES. (*Who at once appears to have  
grown very old.*)

I find the people ripe for the last day,  
Since I last came up to the wizard mountain ;  
And as my little cask runs turbid now,  
So is the world drained to the dregs.

## PEDLAR-WITCH.

## Look here,

Gentlemen ; do not hurry on so fast,  
And lose the chance of a good pennyworth.  
I have a pack full of the choicest wares  
Of every sort, and yet in all my bundle  
Is nothing like what may be found on earth ;  
Nothing that in a moment will make rich  
Men and the world with fine malicious mischief.—  
There is no dagger drunk with blood ; no bowl  
From which consuming poison may be drained  
By innocent and healthy lips ; no jewel,  
The price of an abandoned maiden's shame ;  
No sword which cuts the bond it cannot loose,  
Or stabs the wearer's enemy in the back ;  
No—

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gossip, you know little of these times.  
What has been, has been ; what is done, is past.  
They shape themselves into the innovations  
They breed, and innovation drags us with it.  
The torrent of the crowd sweeps over us ;  
You think to impel, and are yourself impelled.

## FAUST.

Who is that yonder ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her well. It is

Lilith.

## FAUST.

Who ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lilith, the first wife of Adam.  
Beware of her fair hair, for she excels  
All women in the magic of her locks ;  
And when she winds them round a young man's  
neck,  
She will not ever set him free again.

\* A sort of fundholder.



FAUST.

There sit a girl and an old woman—they  
Seem to be fired with pleasure and with play.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There is no rest to-night for any one :  
When one dance ends another is begun ;  
Come, let us to it. We shall have rare fun.

[FAUST dances and sings with a Girl, and MEPHISTOPHELES with an old Woman.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

What is this cursed multitude about ?  
Have we not long since proved to demonstration  
That ghosts move not on ordinary feet !  
But these are dancing just like men and women.

THE GIRL.

What does he want then at our ball ?

FAUST.

Oh ! he

Is far above us all in his conceit :  
Whilst we enjoy, he reasons of enjoyment ;  
And any step which in our dance we tread,  
If it be left out of his reckoning,  
Is not to be considered as a step.  
There are few things that scandalise him not ;  
And, when you whirl round in the circle now,  
As he went round the wheel in his old mill,  
He says that you go wrong in all respects,  
Especially if you congratulate him  
Upon the strength of the resemblance.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

Fly !

Vanish ! Unheard-of impudence ! What, still there !  
In this enlightened age too, since you have been  
Proved not to exist !—But this infernal brood  
Will hear no reason and endure no rule.  
Are we so wise, and is the *pond* still haunted ?  
How long have I been sweeping out this rubbish  
Of superstition, and the world will not  
Come clean with all my pains !—it is a case  
Unheard of !

THE GIRL.

Then leave off teasing us so.

BROCTO-PHANTASMIST.

I tell you, spirits, to your faces now,  
That I should not regret this despotism  
Of spirits, but that mine can wield it not.  
To-night I shall make poor work of it,  
Yet I will take a round with you and hope  
Before my last step in the living dance  
To beat the poet and the devil together.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At last he will sit down in some foul puddle ;  
That is his way of solacing himself ;  
Until some leech, diverted with his gravity,  
Cures him of spirits and the spirit together.

[To FAUST, who has succeeded from the dance.

Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,  
Who sang so sweetly to you in the dance ?

FAUST.

A red mouse in the middle of her singing  
Sprang from her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That was all right, my friend :  
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.  
Do not disturb your hour of happiness  
With close consideration of such trifles.

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Seest thou not a pale  
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away ?  
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,  
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet :  
I cannot overcome the thought that she  
Is like poor Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let it be—pass on—  
No good can come of it—it is not well  
To meet it—it is an enchanted phantom,  
A lifeless idol ; with its numbing look,  
It freezes up the blood of man ; and they  
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,  
Like those who saw Medusa.

FAUST.

O, too true !  
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse  
Which no beloved hand has closed. Alas !  
That is the breast which Margaret yielded to me—  
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is all magic, poor deluded fool !  
She looks to every one like his first love.

FAUST.

O what delight ! what woe ! I cannot turn  
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.  
How strangely does a single blood-red line,  
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,  
Adorn her lovely neck !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay, she can carry  
Her head under her arm upon occasion ;  
Perseus has cut it off for her. These pleasures  
End in delusion.—Gain this rising ground,  
It is as airy here as in a [ ]  
And if I am not mightily deceived,  
I see a theatre.—What may this mean ?

ATTENDANT.

Quite a new piece, the last of seven, for 'tis  
The custom now to represent that number.  
'Tis written by a Dilettante, and  
The actors who perform are Dilettanti ;  
Excuse me, gentlemen ; but I must vanish.  
I am a Dilettante curtain-lifter.

THE END.

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