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THE
BOOK OF BALLADS

EDITED BY

BON GAULTIER

(PROFESSOR AYTOUN AND THEODORE MARTIN)

AND

FIRMILIAN

A

SPASMODIC TRAGEDY

BY

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L'Envoi.

COME, buy my lays, and read them if you list;
My pensive public, if you list not, buy.
Come, for you know me. I am he who sung
Of Mister Colt, and I am he who framed
Of Widdicomb the mild and wond'rous song.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
How Wordsworth, battling for the laureate
wreath,
Bore to the dust the terrible Fitzball;
How N. P. Willis, for his country's good,
In complete steel, all bowie-knived at point,
Took lodgings in the Snapping Turtle's mouth.
Come, listen to my lays, and you shall hear
The mingled music of all modern bards
Floating aloft in such peculiar strains,
As strike themselves with envy and amaze;
For you "bright-harped" Tennyson shall sing;
Macaulay chant a more than Roman lay;
And Bulwer Lytton, Lytton Bulwer erst,
Unseen amidst a metaphysic fog,
Bawl melancholy homage to the man:
For you once more Montgomery shall rave
In all his rapt rabidity of rhyme;
Nankeen'd Cockaigne shall pipe his puny note,
And our Young England's penny trumpet blow



SPANISH BALLADS.

The Broken Pitcher.

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well.
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight from the town of
Oviedo—
Alphonzo Guzman was he hight, the Count of Desparedo.

“Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden? why sitt'st thou by the
spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me, with eyes so large and
wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy
side?”

“I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon
swell.

“ My pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is,—
 A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss,
 I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I
 spoke,
 But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was
 broke.

“ My uncle, the Alcaydè, he waits for me at home,
 And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come.
 I cannot bring him water—the pitcher is in pieces—
 And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his
 nieces.”

“ Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! wilt thou be ruled
 by me!
 So wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me kisses
 three;
 And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous
 lady,
 To carry home the water to thy uncle, the Alcaydè.”

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a
 tree—
 He lowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
 “ To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a
 sin!”
 He knelt him at the fountain, and he dipped his helmet in.

Up rose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she
 steals,
 And caught Alphonzo Guzman up tightly by the heels;

She tipped him in, and held him down beneath the bubbling water,—

“Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet’s daughter!”

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Desparedo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell,
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.



Don Fernando Gomersalez.

FROM THE SPANISH OF ASTLEY'S.

DON FERNANDO GOMERSALEZ! basely have they borne
thee down;

Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious body
thrown;

Fetters have they bound upon thee—iron fetters fast
and sure;

Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to the Moor!

Long within a sable dungeon pined that brave and noble
knight,

For the Saracenic warriors well they knew and feared
his might;

Long he lay and long he languished on his dripping bed
of stone,

Till the cankered iron fetters ate their way into his bone.

On the twentieth day of August—'t was the feast of
false Mahound—

Came the Moorish population from the neighboring cities
round;

There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance and
there to sing,
And to pay their yearly homage to Al-Widdicomb, the
King!

First they wheeled their supple coursers, wheeled them
at their utmost speed,
Then they galloped by in squadrons, tossing far the light
jereed;
Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow
flies,
Did they spurn the yellow saw-dust in the rapt specta-
tors' eyes.

Proudly did the Moorish monarch every passing warrior
greet,
As he sat enthroned above them, with the lamps beneath
his feet;
“Tell me, thou black-bearded Cadi! are there any in
the land,
That against my janissaries dare one hour in combat
stand?”

Then the bearded Cadi answered—“Be not wroth, my
lord, the King,
If thy faithful slave shall venture to observe one little
thing;
Valiant, doubtless, are thy warriors, and their beards
are long and hairy,
And a thunderbolt in battle is each bristly janissary:

“But I cannot, O my sovereign, quite forgot that fearful
day,
When I saw the Christian army in its terrible array ;
When they charged across the footlights like a torrent
down its bed,
With the red cross floating o’er them, and Fernando at
their head !

“Don Fernando Gomersalez ! matchless chieftain he in
war,
Mightier than Don Sticknejo, braver than the Cid
Bavar !
Not a cheek within Grenada, O my King, but wan and
pale is,
When they hear the dreaded name of Don Fernando
Gomersalez !”

“Thou shalt see thy champion, Cadi ! hither quick the
captive bring !”
Thus in wrath and deadly anger spoke Al-Widdicomb,
the King ;
“Paler than a maiden’s forehead is the Christian’s hue I
ween,
Since a year within the dungeons of Grenada he hath
been !”

Then they brought the Gomersalez, and they led the
warrior in,
Weak and wasted seemed his body, and his face was
pale and thin ;

But the ancient fire was burning, unallayed, within his
eye,
And his step was proud and stately, and his look was
stern and high.

Scarcely from tumultuous cheering could the galleried
crowd refrain,
For they knew Don Gomersalez and his prowess in the
plain;
But they feared the grizzly despot and his myrmidons
in steel,
So their sympathy descended in the fruitage of Seville.

“Wherefore, monarch, hast thou brought me from the
dungeon dark and drear,
Where these limbs of mine have wasted in confinement
for a year?
Dost thou lead me forth to torture?—Rack and pincers
I defy—
Is it that thy base grotesquos may behold a hero
die?”

“Hold thy peace, thou Christian caitiff! and attend to
what I say :
Thou art called the starkest rider of the Spanish curs’
array—
If thy courage be undaunted, as they say it was of
yore,
Thou may’st yet achieve thy freedom,—yet regain thy
native shore.

“Courses three within this circus 'gainst my warriors
shalt thou run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon
muslin sun ;
Victor—thou shalt have thy freedom ; but if stretched
upon the plain,
To thy dark and dreary dungeon they shall bear thee
back again.”

“Give me but the armor, monarch, I have worn in many
a field,
Give me but a trusty helmet, give me but my dinted
shield ;
And my old steed, Bavieca, swiftest courser in the
ring,
And I rather should imagine that I 'll do the business,
King !”

Then they carried down the armor from the garret where
it lay,
O ! but it was red and rusty, and the plumes were shorn
away ;
And they led out Bavieca, from a foul and filthy van,
For the conqueror had sold him to a Moorish dogs-meat
man.

When the steed beheld his master, then he whinned loud
and free,
And, in token of subjection, knelt upon each broken
knee ;

And a tear of walnut largeness to the warrior's eyelids
rose,
As he fondly picked a beanstraw from his coughing
courser's nose.

“Many a time, O Bavioca, hast thou borne me through
the fray!

Bear me but again as deftly through the listed ring this
day;

Or if thou art worn and feeble, as may well have come
to pass,

Time it is, my trusty charger, both of us were sent to
grass!”

Then he seized his lance, and vaulting in the saddle, sate
upright,

Marble seemed the noble courser, iron seemed the
mailed knight;

And a cry of admiration burst from every Moorish
lady—

“Five to four on Don Fernando!” cried the sable-
bearded Cadi.

Warriors three from Alcantara burst into the listed space,
Warriors three, all bred in battle, of the proud Alham
bra race:

Trumpets sounded, coursers bounded, and the foremost
straight went down,

Tumbling, like a sack of turnips, just before the jeering
Clown.

In the second chieftain galloped, and he bowed him to
the King,
And his saddle-girths were tightened by the Master of
the Ring;
Through three blazoned hoops he bounded ere the des-
perate fight began—
Don Fernando! bear thee bravely!—'tis the Moor Ab-
dorrhoman!

Like a double streak of lightning, clashing in the sul-
phurous sky,
Met the pair of hostile heroes, and they made the saw-
dust fly;
And the Moslem spear so stiffly smote on Don Fernan-
do's mail,
That he reeled, as if in liquor, back to Bavioca's tail.

But he caught the mace beside him, and he griped it
hard and fast,
And he swung it starkly upwards as the foeman bound-
ed past;
And the deadly stroke descended through the skull and
through the brain,
As ye may have seen a poker cleave a cocoa-nut in
twain.

Sore astonished was the monarch, and the Moorish war-
riors all,
Save the third bold chief, who tarried and beheld his
brethren fall;

And the Clown in haste arising from the footstool where
 he set,
Notified the first appearance of the famous Acrobat!

Never on a single charger rides that stout and stalwart
 Moor,
Five beneath his stride so stately bear him o'er the
 trembling floor;
Five Arabians, black as midnight—on their necks the
 rein he throws,
And the outer and the inner feel the pressure of his
 toes.

Never wore that chieftain armor; in a knot himself he
 ties,
With his grizzly head appearing in the centre of his
 thighs.
Till the petrified spectator asks in paralyzed alarm—
Where may be the warrior's body,—which is leg, and
 which is arm?

“Sound the charge!” the coursers started; with a yell
 and furious vault,
High in air the Moorish champion cut a wondrous
 somersault;
O'er the head of Don Fernando like a tennis-ball he
 sprung,
Caught him tightly by the girdle, and behind the crup
 per hung.

Then his dagger Don Fernando plucked from out its
jewelled sheath,
And he struck the Moor so fiercely, as he grappled him
beneath,
That the good Damascus weapon sunk within the folds
of fat,
And, as dead as Julius Cæsar, dropped the Gordian
Acrobat.

Meanwhile, fast the sun was sinking,—it had sunk be-
neath the sea,
Ere Fernando Gomersalez smote the latter of the three;
And Al-Widdicomb, the monarch, pointed with a bitter
smile,
To the deeply-darkening canvass—blacker grew it all
the while.

“Thou hast slain my warriors, Spaniard! but thou hast
not kept thy time;
Only two had sunk before thee ere I heard the curfew
chime;
Back thou goest to thy dungeon, and thou may’st be
wondrous glad,
That thy head is on thy shoulders for thy work to-day,
my lad!

“Therefore, all thy boasted valor, Christian dog, of no
avail is!”
Dark as midnight grew the brow of Don Fernando
Gomersalez;—

Stiffly sate he in his saddle, grimly looked around the
ring,
Laid his lance within the rest, and shook his gauntlet at
the King.

“O, thou foul and faithless traitor! wouldst thou play
me false again?
Welcome death and welcome torture, rather than the
captive's chain!
But I give thee warning, caitiff! Look thou sharply to
thine eye—
Unavenged, at least in harness, Gomersalez shall not
die!”

Thus he spoke, and Bavioca like an arrow forward flew,
Right and left the Moorish squadron wheeled to let the
hero through;
Brightly gleamed the light of vengeance—fiercely sped
the fatal thrust—
From his throne the Moorish monarch tumbled lifeless
in the dust.

Speed thee, speed thee, Bavioca! speed thee faster than
the wind!
Life and freedom are before thee, deadly foes give chase
behind!
Speed thee up the sloping spring-board; o'er the bridge
that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of
canvas trees.

Close before thee, Pampeluna spreads her painted paste-
board gate !

Speed thee onward, gallant courser, speed thee with thy
knightly freight—

Victory ! the town receives them !—Gentle ladies, this
the tale is,

Which I learned in Astley's Circus, of Fernando Gomer
salez !

The Courtship of our Cid.

WHAT a pang of sweet emotion
 Thrilled the Master of the Ring,
 When he first beheld the lady,
 Through the stabled portal spring!
 Midway in his wild grimacing
 Stopped the piebald-visaged Clown:
 And the thunders of the audience
 Nearly brought the gallery down

Donna Inez Woolfordinez!
 Saw ye ever such a maid,
 With the feathers swaling o'er her,
 And her spangled rich brocade?
 In her fairy hand a horsewhip,
 On her foot a buskin small,
 So she stepped, the stately damsel,
 Through the scarlet grooms and all.

And she beckoned for her courser,
 And they brought a milk-white mare;
 Proud, I ween, was that Arabian
 Such a gentle freight to bear:

And the Master moved towards her,
With a proud and stately walk ;
And, in reverential homage,
Rubbed her soles with virgin chalk

Round she flew, as Flora flying
Spans the circle of the year ;
And the youth of London sighing,
Half forgot the ginger beer—
Quite forgot the maids beside them ;
As they surely well might do,
When she raised two Roman candles,
Shooting fireballs red and blue !

Swifter than the Tartar's arrow,
Lighter than the lark in flight,
On the left foot now she bounded,
Now she stood upon the right.
Like a beautiful Bacchante,
Here she soars, and there she kneels,
While amid her floating tresses,
Flash two whirling Catherine wheels

Hark ! the blare of yonder trumpet !
See the gates are open wide !
Room, there, room for Gomersalez,—
Gomersalez in his pride !
Rose the shouts of exultation,
Rose the cat's triumphant call,
As he bounded, man and courser,
Over Master, Clown, and all !

Donna Inez Woolfordinez !

Why those blushes on thy cheek ?
 Doth thy trembling bosom tell thee,
 He hath come thy love to seek ?
 Fleet thy Arab—but behind thee
 He is rushing like a gale ;
 One foot on his coal black's shoulders,
 And the other on his tail !

Onward, onward, panting maiden !

He is faint and fails—for now,
 By the feet he hangs suspended
 From his glistening saddle-bow.
 Down are gone both cap and feather,
 Lance and gonfalon are down !
 Trunks, and cloak, and vest of velvet,
 He has flung them to the Clown.

Faint and failing ! Up he vaulteth,

Fresh as when he first began ;
 All in coat of bright vermilion,
 'Quipped as Shaw, the Life-guardsmān.
 Right and left his whizzing broadsword,
 Like a sturdy flail, he throws ;
 Cutting out a path unto thee
 Through imaginary foes.

Woolfordinez ! speed thee onward !

He is hard upon thy track,—
 Paralyzed is Widdicombez,
 Nor his whip can longer crack ;

He has flung away his broadsword,
'Tis to clasp thee to his breast.
Onward!—see he bares his bosom,
Tears away his scarlet vest;

Leaps from out his nether garments,
And his leathern stock unties—
As the flower of London's dustmen,
Now in swift pursuit he flies.
Nimble now he cuts and shuffles,
O'er the buckle, heel and toe!
And with hands deep in his pockets
Winks to all the throng below!

Onward, onward rush the coursers;
Woolfordinez, peerless girl,
O'er the garters lightly bounding
From her steed with airy whirl!
Gomersalez, wild with passion,
Danger—all but her—forgets;
Wheresoe'er she flies, pursues her,
Casting clouds of somersets!

Onward, onward rush the coursers;
Bright is Gomersalez' eye;
Saints protect thee, Woolfordinez,
For his triumph, sure, is nigh!
Now his courser's flanks he lashes,
O'er his shoulder flings the rein,
And his feet aloft he tosses,
Holding stoutly by the mane!

Then his feet once more regaining,
Doffs his jacket, doffs his smalls ;
And in graceful folds around him
A bespangled tunic falls.
Pinions from his heels are bursting,
His bright locks have pinions o'er them ;
And the public sees with rapture
Maia's nimble son before them.

Speed thee, speed thee, Woolfordinez !
For a panting god pursues ;
And the chalk is very nearly
Rubbed from thy white satin shoes ;
Every bosom throbs with terror,
You might hear a pin to drop ;
All was hushed, save where a starting
Cork gave out a casual pop.

One smart lash across his courser,
One tremendous bound and stride,
And our noble Cid was standing
By his Woolfordinez' side !
With a god's embrace he clasped her,
Raised her in his manly arms ;
And the stables' closing barriers
Hid his valor, and her charms !

AMERICAN BALLADS.

The Fight with the Snapping Turtle.

OR, THE AMERICAN ST. GEORGE.

FYTTÉ FIRST.

HAVE you heard of Philip Slingsby,
Slingsby of the manly chest ;
How he slew the Snapping Turtle
In the regions of the West ?

Every day the huge Cawana
Lifted up its monstrous jaws ;
And it swallowed Langton Bennett,
And digested Rufus Dawes.

Riled, I ween, was Philip Slingsby,
Their untimely deaths to hear ;
For one author owed him money,
And the other loved him dear.

“Listen, now, sagacious Tyler,
Whom the loafers all obey;
What reward will Congress give me,
If I take this pest away?”

Then sagacious Tyler answered,
“You’re the ring-tailed squealer! Less
Than a hundred heavy dollars
Won’t be offered you, I guess!

“And a lot of wooden nutmegs
In the bargain, too, we’ll throw—
Only you just fix the criter—
Won’t you liquor ere you go?”

Straightway leaped the valiant Slingsby
Into armor of Seville,
With a strong Arkansas toothpick
Screwed in every joint of steel.

“Come thou with me, Cullen Bryant,
Come with me as squire, I pray;
Be the Homer of the battle
That I go to wage to-day.”

So they went along careering
With a loud and martial tramp,
Till they neared the Snapping Turtle
In the dreary Swindle Swamp.

But when Slingsby saw the water,
Somewhat pale, I ween, was he.

“If I come not back, dear Bryant,
Tell the tale to Melanie!

“Tell her that I died devoted,
Victim to a noble task !
Ha’n’t you got a drop of brandy
In the bottom of your flask ?”

As he spoke, an alligator
Swam across the sullen creek ;
And the two Columbians started
When they heard the monster shriek :

For a snout of huge dimensions
Rose above the waters high,
And took down the alligator,
As a trout takes down a fly.

“Tarnal death ! the Snapping Turtle !”
Thus the squire in terror cried ;
But the noble Slingsby straightway
Drew the toothpick from his side.

“Fare thee well !” he cried, and dashing
Through the waters, strongly swam :
Meanwhile Cullen Bryant, watching,
Breathed a prayer and sucked a dram.

Sudden from the slimy bottom
Was the snout again upreared,
With a snap as loud as thunder,—
And the Slingsby disappeared.

Like a mighty steam-ship foundering,
Down the monstrous vision sank ;
And the ripple, slowly rolling,
Plashed and played upon the bank.

Still and stiller grew the water,
 Hushed the canes within the brake;
 There was but a kind of coughing
 At the bottom of the lake.

Bryant wept as loud and deeply
 As a father for a son—
 "He's a finished 'coon, is Slingsby,
 And the brandy's nearly done!"

 FYTTE SECOND.

IN a trance of sickening anguish,
 Cold, and stiff, and sore and damp,
 For two days did Bryant linger
 By the dreary Swindle Swamp:

Always peering at the water,
 Always waiting for the hour,
 When those monstrous jaws should open
 As he saw them ope before.

Still in vain;—the alligators
 Scrambled through the marshy brake,
 And the vampire leeches gaily
 Sucked the garfish in the lake.

But the Snapping Turtle never
 Rose for food or rose for rest,
 Since he lodged the steel deposit
 In the bottom of his chest.

Only always from the bottom
Violent sounds of coughing rolled,
Just as if the huge Cawana
Had a most confounded cold.

On the bank lay Cullen Bryant,
As the second moon arose ;
Gouging on the sloping green sward
Some imaginary foes.

When the swamp began to tremble
And the canes to rustle fast,
As if some stupendous body
Through their roots was crushing past.

And the water boiled and bubbled,
And in groups of twos and threes,
Several alligators bounded,
Smart as squirrels up the trees.

Then a hideous head was lifted,
With such huge distended jaws,
That they might have held Goliath
Quite as well as Rufus Dawes.

Paws of elephantine thickness
Dragged its body from the bay,
And it glared at Cullen Bryant
In a most unpleasant way.

Then it writhed as if in torture,
And it staggered to and fro ;
And its very shell was shaken,
In the anguish of its throe :

And its cough grew loud and louder,
 And its sob more husky thick ;
 For, indeed, it was apparent
 That the beast was very sick.

Till at last a violent vomit
 Shook its carcass through and through,
 And, as if from out a cannon,
 All in armor Slingsby flew.

Bent and bloody was the bowie,
 Which he held within his grasp ;
 And he seemed so much exhausted
 That he scarce had strength to gasp—

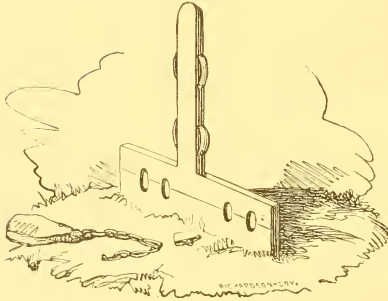
“Gouge him, Bryant ! darn ye, gouge him !
 Gouge him while he’s on the shore !”
 And his thumbs were straightway buried
 Where no thumbs had pierced before.

Right from out their bony sockets,
 Did he scoop the monstrous balls ;
 And, with one convulsive shudder,
 Dead the Snapping Turtle falls !

* * * *

“Post the tin, sagacious Tyler !”
 But the old experienced file,
 Leering first at Clay and Webster,
 Answered, with a quiet smile—

Since you dragged the 'tarnal crittur
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here's the hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian Bonds!"



"The only Good American Securities."

The Lay of Mr. Colt.

[THE story of Mr. Colt, of which our Lay contains merely the sequel, is this: A New York printer, of the name of Adams, had the effrontery to call upon him one day for the payment of an account, which the independent Colt settled by cutting his creditor's head to fragments with an axe. He then packed his body in a box, sprinkling it with salt, and despatched it to a packet, bound for New Orleans. Suspicious having been excited, he was seized, and tried before Judge Kent. The trial is, perhaps, the most disgraceful upon the records of any country. The ruffian's mistress was produced in court, and examined in disgusting detail, as to her connexion with Colt, and his movements during the days and nights succeeding the murder. The head of the murdered man was bandied to and fro in the court, handed up to the jury, and commented on by witnesses and counsel; and to crown the horrors of the whole proceeding, the wretch's own counsel, a Mr. Emmet, commencing the defence with a cool admission that his client took the life of Adams, and following it up by a detail of the whole circumstances of this most brutal murder in the first person, as though he himself had been the murderer, ended by telling the jury, that his client was "*entitled to the sympathy of a jury of his country,*" as "*a young man just entering into life, whose prospects, probably have been permanently blasted.*" Colt was found guilty, but a variety of exceptions were taken to the charge by the judge, and after a long series of appeals, which *occupied more than a year from the date of the conviction*, the sentence of death was ratified by Governor Seward. The rest of Colt's story is told in our ballad.]

STREAK THE FIRST.

* * * *

AND now the sacred rite was done, and the marriage
 knot was tied,
 And Colt withdrew his blushing wife a little way aside;

“Let ’s go,” he said, “into my cell, let ’s go alone, my
dear ;

I fain would shelter that sweet face from the sheriff’s
odious leer.

The gaoler and the hangman, they are waiting both for
me,—

I cannot bear to see them wink so knowingly at thee!

Oh, how I loved thee, dearest! They say that I am
wild,

That a mother dares not trust me with the weasand of
her child,

They say my bowie knife is keen to sliver into halves
The carcass of my enemy, as butchers slay their calves.
They say that I am stern of mood, because, like salted
beef,

I packed my quartered foreman up, and marked him
‘prime tariff’;

Because I thought to palm him on the simple-souled John
Bull,

And clear a small per centage on the sale at Liverpool;
It may be so, I do not know—these things, perhaps, may
be ;

But surely I have always been a gentleman to thee!

Then come, my love, into my cell, short bridal space is
ours,—

Nay, sheriff, never look thy watch—I guess there’s good
two hours.

We ’ll shut the prison doors and keep the gaping world
at bay,

For love is long as ’tarnity, though I must die to-day !”

STREAK THE SECOND.

THE clock is ticking onward,
 It nears the hour of doom,
 And no one yet hath entered
 Into that ghastly room.

The gaoler and the sheriff
 They are walking to and fro ;
 And the hangman sits upon the steps,
 And smokes his pipe below.

In grisly expectation
 The prison all is bound,
 And save expectation,
 You cannot hear a sound.

The turnkey stands and ponders,
 His hand upon the bolt,—
 “In twenty minutes more, I guess,
 ’T will all be up with Colt!”

But see, the door is opened !
 Forth comes the weeping bride ;
 The courteous sheriff lifts his hat,
 And saunters to her side,—

“I beg your pardon, Mrs. C.,
 But is your husband ready ?”
 “I guess you’d better ask himself,”
 Replied the woful lady.

The clock is ticking onward,
 The minutes almost run,
 The hangman’s pipe is nearly out,
 ’T is on the stroke of one.

At every grated window
 Unshaven faces glare ;
 There's Puke, the judge of Tennessee,
 And Lynch, of Delaware ;
 And Batter, with the long black beard,
 Whom Hartford's maids know well ;
 And Winkinson, from Fish Kill Reach,
 The pride of New Rochelle ;
 Elkanah Nutts, from Tarry Town,
 The gallant gouging boy ;
 And coon-faced Bushwhack, from the hills
 That frown o'er modern Troy ;
 Young Wheezer, whom our Willis loves,
 Because, 't is said, that he,
 One morning from a bookstall filched
 The tale of "Melanie ;"
 And Skunk, who fought his country's fight
 Beneath the stripes and stars,—
 All thronging at the windows stood,
 And gazed between the bars.

The little boys that stood behind
 (Young thievish imps were they !)
 Displayed considerable *nous*
 On that eventful day ;
 For bits of broken looking-glass
 They held aslant on high,
 And there a mirrored gallows-tree
 Met their delighted eye.*

*A Fact.

The clock is ticking onward ;
Hark ! Hark ! it striketh one !
Each felon draws a whistling breath,
“Time ’s up with Colt ; he ’s done !”

The sheriff looks his watch again,
Then puts it in his fob,
And turns him to the hangman,—
“Get ready for the job.”
The gaoler knocketh loudly,
The turnkey draws the bolt.
And pleasantly the sheriff says,
“We ’re waiting, Mister Colt !”

No answer ? No ! no answer !
All ’s still as death within ;
The sheriff eyes the gaoler,
The gaoler strokes his chin.
“I should n’t wonder, Nahum, if
It were as you suppose.”
The hangman looked unhappy, and
The turnkey blew his nose.

They entered. On his pallet
The noble convict lay,—
The bridegroom on his marriage bed,
But not in trim array.
His red right hand a razor held,
Fresh sharpened from the hone,
And his ivory neck was severed,
And gashed into the bone.

* * * *

And when the lamp is lighted
In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
At the shucking of the maize ;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
Go round from hand to hand ;
When slap-jacks, maple-sugared,
Are hissing in the pan,
And cider, with a dash of gin,
Foams in the social can ;
When the good man wets his whistle,
And the good wife scolds the child ;
And the girls exclaim convulsively,
“ Have done, or I'll be riled ! ”
When the loafer sitting next them
Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, “ Oh ! you 'possum,
You 've fixed my heart, I guess ! ”
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale,
How Colt his foreman quartered,
And died within the gaol.

The Death Of Jabez Dallar.

[Before the following poem, which originally appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," could have reached America, intelligence was received in this country of an affray in Congress, very nearly the counterpart of that which the Author has here imagined in jest. It was very clear, to any one who observed the state of public manners in America, that such occurrences *must* happen sooner or later. The Americans apparently felt the force of the satire, as the poem was widely reprinted throughout the States. It subsequently returned to this country, embodied in an American work on American manners, where it characteristically appeared as the writer's *own* production; and it afterwards went the round of British newspapers, as an amusing satire by an American, of his countrymen's foibles!]

THE Congress met, the day was wet, Van Buren took
the chair,

On either side, the statesman pride of fair Kentuck was
there.

With moody frown, there sat Calhoun, and slowly in
his cheek

His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, as Webster
rose to speak.

Upon that day, near gifted Clay, a youthful member sat,
And like a free American upon the floor he spat;

Then turning round to Clay, he said, and wiped his
manly chin,

"What kind of Locofoco's that, as wears the painter's
skin?"

“Young man,” quoth Clay, “avoid the way of Slick
of Tennessee,

Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest
gouger he.

He chews and spits as there he sits, and whittles at the
chairs,

And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife he
bears.

“Avoid that knife! In frequent strife its blade, so long
and thin,

Has found itself a resting-place his rival’s ribs within.”

But coward fear came never near young Jabez Dollar’s
heart,

“Were he an alligator, I would rile him pretty
smart!”

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked toward
the chair,

He saw the stately stripes and stars—our country’s flag
was there!

His heart beat high, with savage cry upon the floor he
sprang,

Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his
first harangue.

“Who sold the nutmegs made of wood—the clocks that
wouldn’t figure?

Who grinned the bark off gum-trees dark,—the ever-
lasting nigger?

For twenty cents, ye Congress gents, through 'tarnity
I'll kick
That man, I guess, though nothing less than coon-faced
Colonel Slick!"

The colonel smiled—with frenzy wild,—his very beard
waxed blue,—
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathly riled he
grew;
He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon his seat
below—
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his toe,—
“ Oh! waken, snakes, and walk your chalks!” he cried,
with ire elate;
“ Darn my old mother, but I will in wild cats whip my
weight!
Oh! 'tarnal death I'll spoil your breath, young Dollar,
and your chaffing,—
Look to your ribs, for here is that will tickle them with-
out laughing!”

His knife he raised—with fury crazed, he sprang across
the hall;
He cut a caper in the air—he stood before them all:
He never stopped to look or think if he the deed should
do,
But spinning sent the President, and on young Dollar
flew.

They met—they closed—they sunk—they rose,—in vain
young Dollar strove—

For, like a streak of lightning greased, the infuriate
colonel drove

His bowie blade deep in his side, and to the ground
they rolled,

And, drenched in gore, wheeled o'er and o'er, locked in
other's hold.

With fury dumb—with nail and thumb—they struggled
and they thrust,—

The blood ran red from Dollar's side, like rain, upon
the dust;

He nerved his might for one last spring, and as he sunk
and died,

Reft of an eye, his enemy fell groaning at his side.

Thus did he fall within the hall of Congress, that brave
youth;

The bowie-knife had quenched his life of valor and of
truth;

And still among the statesmen throng at Washington
they tell

How nobly Dollar gouged his man—how gallantly he
fell!

The Alabama Duel.

“YOUNG chaps, give ear,—the case is clear. You, Silas
Fixings, you
Pay Mister Nehemiah Dodge, them dollars as you ’re
due,
You are a bloody cheat,—you are. But spite of all
your tricks, it
Is not in you, Judge Lynch to do. No! no how you
can fix it!”

Thus spake Judge Lynch, as there he sat in Alabama’s
forum,
Around he gazed with legs upraised upon the bench high
o’er him ;
And, as he gave this sentence stern to him who stood
beneath,
Still, with his gleaming bowie-knife he slowly picked his
teeth.

It was high noon, the month was June, and sultry was
the air,
A cool gin-sling stood by his hand, his coat hung o’er
his chair ;
All naked were his manly arms, and, shaded by his hat,
Like an old Senator of Rome, that simple Archon sat.

“A bloody cheat?—Oh, legs and feet!” in wrath young
Silas cried;

And, springing high into the air, he jerked his quid
aside.—

“No man shall put my dander up, or with my feelings
trifle,

As long as Silas Fixings wears a bowie-knife and rifle.”

“If your shoes pinch,” replied Judge Lynch, “you ’ll
very soon have ease,

I ’ll give you satisfaction, squire, in any way you
please;

Where are your weapons?—knife or gun?—at both I ’m
pretty spry!”

“Oh! ’tarnal death, you ’re spry, you are?” quoth
Silas; “so am I!”

Hard by the town a forest stands, dark with the shades
of time,

And they have sought that forest dark at morning’s
early prime;

Lynch, backed by Nehemiah Dodge, and Silas with a
friend,

And half the town in glee came down, to see that con-
test’s end.

They led their men two miles apart, they measured out
the ground;

A belt of that vast wood it was, they notched the trees
around;

Into the tangled brake they turned them off, and neither
knew

Where he should seek his waged foe, how get him into
view.

With stealthy tread, and stooping head, from tree to
tree they passed,

They crept beneath the crackling furze, they held their
rifles fast:

Hour passed on hour, the noon-day sun smote fiercely
down, but yet

No sound to the expectant crowd proclaimed that they
had met.

And now the sun was going down, when, hark! a rifle's
crack!

Hush—hush! another strikes the air, and all their breath
drew back,—

Then crashing on through bush and briar, the crowd from
either side

Rushed in to see whose rifle sure with blood the moss
had dyed.

Weary with watching up and down, brave Lynch con-
ceived a plan,

An artful dodge whereby to take at unawares his
man;

He hung his hat upon a bush, and hid himself
hard by,

Young Silas thought he had him fast, and at the hat
let fly.

It fell; up sprung young Silas,—he hurled his gun away;
Lynch fixed him with his rifle from the ambush where
he lay.

The bullet pierced his manly breast—yet, valiant to the
last,

He drew his fatal bowie-knife, and up his foptail* cast.

With tottering steps and glazing eye he cleared the space
between,

And stabbed the air as, in Macbeth, still stabs the
younger Kean;

Brave Lynch received him with a bang that stretched
him on the ground,

Then sat himself serenely down till all the crowd drew
round.

They hailed him with triumphant cheers—in him each
loafer saw

The bearing bold that could uphold the majesty of law;
And, raising him aloft, they bore him homewards at his
ease,—

That noble judge, whose daring hand enforced his own
decrees.

They buried Silas Fixings in the hollow where he fell,
And gum-trees wave above his grave—that tree he loved
so well;

And the 'coons sit chattering o'er him when the nights
are long and damp,

But he sleeps well in that lonely dell, the Dreary
'Possum Swamp.

* The Yankee substitute for the *chapeau de soir*.

The American's Apostrophe to Boz.

[Rapidly as oblivion dees its work now-a-days, the burst of amiable indignation with which enlightened America received the issue of Boz's "Notes," can scarcely yet be forgotten. Not content with waging a universal rivalry in the piracy of the work, Columbia showered upon its author the riches of its own choice vocabulary of abuse; while some of her more fiery spirits threw out playful hints as to the propriety of gouging the "stranger," and furnishing him with a permanent suit of tar and feathers, in the very improbable event of his paying them a second visit. The perusal of these animated expressions of free opinion suggested the following lines, which those who remember Boz's book, and the festivities with which he was all but hunted to death, will at once understand. We hope we have done justice to the bitterness and "immortal hate" of these thin-skinned sons of freedom.]

SNEAK across the wide Atlantic, worthless London's
 puling child,
 Better that its waves should bear thee, than the land
 thou hast reviled;
 Better in the stifling cabin, on the sofa should'st thou
 lie,
 Sickening as the fetid nigger bears the greens and bacon
 by.
 Better, when the midnight horrors haunt the strained
 and creaking ship,
 Thou should'st yell in vain for brandy with a fever
 sodden lip;

When amid the deepening darkness and the lamp's
 expiring shade,
From the bagman's berth above thee comes the boun-
 tiful cascade.
Better than upon the Broadway thou should'st be at
 noon-day seen,
Smirking like a Tracy Tupman with a Mantalini mien,
With a rivulet of satin falling o'er thy puny chest,
Worse than even N. P. Willis for an evening party
 dressed!

We received thee warmly—kindly—though we knew
 thou wert a quiz,
Partly for thyself it may be, chiefly for the sake of
 Phiz!
Much we bore and much we suffered, listening to
 remorseless spells
Of that Smike's unceasing drivellings, and these ever-
 lasting Nells.
When you talk of babes and sunshine, fields, and all
 that sort of thing,
Each Columbian inly chuckled, as he slowly sucked his
 sling;
And though all our sleeves were bursting, from the
 many hundreds near,
Not one single scornful titter rose on thy complacent ear.

Then to show thee to the ladies, with our usual want of
 sense
We engaged the place in Park Street at a ruinous
 expense;

Ev'n our own three-volumed Cooper waived his old pre-
scriptive right,
And deluded Dickens figured first on that eventful
night.
Clusters of uncoated Yorkers, vainly striving to be cool,
Saw thee desperately plunging through the perils of La
Poule;
And their muttered exclamation drowned the tenor of
the tune,—
“Don't he beat all natur hollow? Don't he foot it like
a 'coon?”
Did we spare our brandy-cocktails, stint thee of our
whisky-grogs?
Half the juleps that we gave thee would have floored a
Newman Noggs;
And thou took'st them in so kindly, little was there then
to blame,
To thy parched and panting palate sweet as mother's
milk they came.
Did the hams of old Virginny find no favor in thine
eyes?
Came no soft compunction o'er thee at the thought of
pumpkin pies?
Could not all our care and coddling teach thee how to
draw it mild?
But, no matter, we deserve it. Serves us right! We
spoil the child!
You, forsooth, must come crusading, boring us with
broadest hints
Of your own peculiar losses by American reprints.

Such an impudent remonstrance never in our face was
flung;

Lever stands it, so does Ainsworth; *you*, I guess, may
hold your tongue.

Down our throats you'd cram your projects, thick and
hard as pickled salmon,

That, I s'pose, you call free-trading, I pronounce it utter
gammon.

No, my lad, a cuter vision than your own might soon
have seen,

That a true Columbian ogle carries little that is green.

Quite enough we pay, I reckon, when we stump a cent
or two

For the voyages and travels of a freshman such as you.

I have been at Niagara, I have stood beneath the
Falls,

I have marked the water twisting over its rampagious
walls;

But "a holy calm sensation," one, in fact, of perfect
peace,

Was as much my first idea as the thought of Christmas
geese.

As for "old familiar faces," looking through the misty
air,

Surely you were strongly liquored when you saw your
Chuckster there.

One familiar face, however, you will very likely see,

If you'll only treat the natives to a call in Tennessee,

Of a certain individual, true Columbian every inch,

In a high judicial station, called by 'mancipators, Lynch.

Half-an-hour of conversation with his worship in a wood.
Would, I strongly notion, do you an infernal deal of
good.

Then you'd understand more clearly than you ever did
before,

Why an independent patriot freely spits upon the floor,
Why he gouges when he pleases, why he whittles at the
chairs,

Why for swift and deadly combat still the bowie-knife
he bears :—

Why he sneers at the Old Country with republican
disdain,

And, unheedful of the negro's cry, still tighter draws his
chain.

All these things the judge shall teach thee of the land
thou hast reviled ;

Get thee o'er the wide Atlantic, worthless London's
puling child !

MISCELLANEOUS BALLADS.

The Student of Jena.

ONCE,—’t was when I lived at Jena,—
At a Wirthshaus’ door I sat ;
And in pensive contemplation,
Eat the sausage thick and fat ;
Eat the kraut, that never sourer
Tasted to my lips than here ;
Smoked my pipe of strong canaster,
Sipped my fifteenth jug of beer ;
Gazed upon the glancing river,
Gazed upon the tranquil pool,
Whence the silver-voiced Undine,
When the nights were calm and cool,
As the Baron Fouqué tells us,
Rose from out her shelly grot,
Casting glamor o’er the waters,
Witching that enchanted spot.
From the shadow which the coppice
Flings across the rippling stream,

Did I hear a sound of music—

Was it thought or was it dream?

There, beside a pile of linen,

Stretched along the dais'd sward,

Stood a young and blooming maiden—

'T was her thrush-like song I heard,
Evermore within the eddy

Did she plunge the white chemise ;
And her robes were loosely gathered

Rather far above her knees ;

Then my breath at once forsook me,

For too surely did I deem

That I saw the fair Undine

Standing in the glancing stream—

And I felt the charm of knighthood ;

And from that remembered day,
Every evening to the Wirthshaus

Took I my enchanted way.

Shortly to relate my story,

Many a week of summer long,
Came I there, when beer-o'ertaken,

With my lute and with my song ;
Sang in mellow-toned soprano,

All my love and all my wo,
Till the river-maiden answered,

Lilting in the stream below :—

“Fair Undine ! sweet Undine !

Dost thou love as I love thee ?”

“Love is free as running water,”

Was the answer made to me.

Thus, in interchange seraphic,
Did I woo my phantom fay,
Till the nights grew long and chilly,
Short and shorter grew the day ;
Till at last—'t was dark and gloomy,
Dull and starless was the sky,
And my steps were all unsteady,
For a little flushed was I,—
To the well accustomed signal
No response the maiden gave ;
But I heard the waters washing,
And the moaning of the wave.

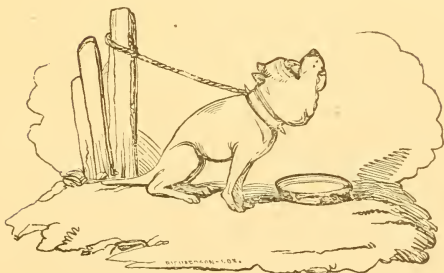
Vanished was my own Undine,
All her linen, too, was gone ;
And I walked about, lamenting,
On the river bank alone.

Idiot that I was, for never
Had I asked the maiden's name.
Was it Lieschen—was it Gretchen ?
Had she tin—or whence she came ?

So I took my trusty meerschaum,
And I took my lute likewise ;
Wandered forth in minstrel fashion,
Underneath the lowering skies ;
Sang before each comely Wirthshaus,
Sang beside each purling stream,
That same ditty which I chanted
When Undine was my theme,

Singing, as I sang at Jena,
When the shifts were hung to dry,
"Fair Undine! young Undine!
Dost thou love as well as I?"

But, alas! in field or village,
Or beside the pebbly shore,
Did I see those glancing ankles,
And the white robe nevermore;
And no answer came to greet me,
No sweet voice to mine replied;
But I heard the waters rippling,
And the moaning of the tide.



"The moaning of the TIED."

The Lay of the Exile.

THERE is a sound that's dear to me.
 It haunts me in my sleep ;
 I wake, and, if I hear it not,
 I cannot choose but weep.
 Above the roaring of the wind,
 Above the river's flow,
 Methinks I hear the mystic cry
 Of " Clo !—Old Clo !"

The exile's song, it thrills among
 The dwellings of the free,
 Its sound is strange to English ears,
 But 't is not strange to me ;
 For it hath shook the tented field
 In ages long ago,
 And hosts have quailed before the cry
 Of " Clo !—Old Clo !"

Oh, lose it not ! forsake it not !
 And let no time efface
 The memory of that solemn sound,
 The watchword of our race.

For not by dark and eagle eye
The Hebrew shall you know,
So well as by the plaintive cry
Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,
Or Sidon's sunny walls,
Where, dial-like, to portion time,
The palm-tree's shadow falls,
The pilgrims, wending on their way,
Will linger as they go,
And listen to the distant cry
Of "Clo!—Old Clo!"



Bursch Groggenburg.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SCHILLER.

“BURSCH! if foaming beer content ye,
Come and drink your fill;
In our cellars there is plenty;
Himmel! how you swill!
That the liquor hath allurance,
Well I understand;
But 't is really past endurance,
When you squeeze my hand!”

And he heard her as if dreaming,
Heard her half in awe;
And the meërschaum's smoke came streaming
From his open jaw:
And his pulse beat somewhat quicker
Than it did before,
And he finished off his liquor,
Staggered through the door;

Bolted off direct to Munich,
And within the year
Underneath his German tunic
Stowed whole butts of beer.
And he drank like fifty fishes,
Drank till all was blue ;
For he felt extremely vicious—
Somewhat thirsty too.

But at length this dire deboshing
Drew towards an end ;
Few of all his silber-groschen
Had he left to spend.
And he knew it was not prudent
Longer to remain ;
So, with weary feet, the student
Wended home again.

At the tavern's well known portal,
Knocks he as before,
And a waiter, rather mortal,
Hiccups through the door,—
“Masters 's sleeping in the kitchen ;
You 'll alarm the house ;
Yesterday the Jungfrau Fritchen
Married baker Kraus !”

Like a fiery comet bristling,
Rose the young man's hair,
And, poor soul ! he fell a-whistling,
Out of sheer despair.

Down the gloomy street in silence,
Savage-calm he goes ;
But he did no deed of vi'lence—
Only blew his nose.

Then he hired an airy garret
Near her dwelling-place ;
Grew a beard of fiercest carrot,
Never washed his face ;
Sate all day beside the casement,
Sate a dreary man ;
Found in smoking such an easement
As the wretched can ;

Stared for hours and hours together,
Stared yet more and more ;
Till in fine and sunny weather.
At the baker's door,
Stood, in apron white and mealy,
That belovéd dame,
Counting out the loaves so freely,
Selling of the same.

Then like a volcano puffing,
Smoked he out his pipe ;
Sigh'd and supp'd on ducks and stuffing,
Ham, and kraut, and tripe ;
Went to bed, and in the morning,
Waited as before,
Still his eyes in anguish turning
To the baker's door ;

Till, with apron white and mealy,
Came the lovely dame,
Counting out the loaves so freely,
Selling of the same.

So, one day—the fact 's amazing!—
On his post he died;
And they found the body gazing
At the baker's bride.

Night and Morning.

NOT BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

“THY coffee, Tom, ’s untasted,
And thy egg is very cold;
Thy cheeks are wan and wasted,
Not rosy as of old.
My boy what has come o’er ye,
You surely are not well!
Try some of that ham before ye,
And then, Tom, ring the bell!”

“I cannot eat, my mother,
My tongue is parched and bound,
And my head somehow or other,
Is swimming round and round.
In my eyes there is a fulness,
And my pulse is beating quick;
On my brain is a weight of dulness;
Oh, mother, I am sick!”

“These long, long nights of watching
Are killing you outright ;
The evening dews are catching,
And you 're out every night.
Why does that horrid grumbler,
Old Inkpen, work you so ?”

TOM (*lene susurrans*)

“My head ! Oh, that tenth tumbler !
'T was that wihch wrought my wo !”

The Biter Bit.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing
fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the
air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the
sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with
me!

They are going to the church, mother,—I hear the
marriage bell;
It booms along the upland,—oh! it haunts me like a
knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering
step,
And closely to his side she clings,—she does, the
demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft
have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the
wood;

And the boughs, that wout to murmur back the words
that won my ear,

Wave their silver branches o'er him, as he leads his
bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my
hand he pressed,

By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion
he confessed ;

And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again
and yet again ;

But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted
Jane !

He said that I was proud, mother, that I looked for rank
and gold,

He said I did not love him,—he said my words were
cold ;

He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher
game,—

And it may be that I did, mother ; but who has n't done
the same ?

I did not know my heart, mother,—I know it now too
late ;

I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler
mate ;

But no nobler suitor sought me,—and he has taken
wing,

And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted
thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother,—my head is
throbbing sore ;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired
before ;
And, if you 'd please, my mother dear, your poor des-
ponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother. draw it
mild !



“ Love gone to pot.”

The Convict and the Australian Lady.

THY skin is dark as jet, ladye,
Thy cheek is sharp and high,
And there's a cruel leer, love,
Within thy rolling eye!
These tangled ebon tresses
No comb hath e'er gone through;
And thy forehead it is furrowed by
The elegant tattoo!

I love thee,—oh, I love thee,
Thou strangely feeding maid!
Nay, lift not thus thy boomerang.
I meant not to upbraid!
Come, let me taste those yellow lips
That ne'er were tasted yet,
Save when the shipwrecked mariner
Pass'd through them for a whet.

Nay, squeeze me not so tightly!
For I am gaunt and thin,
There's little flesh to tempt thee
Beneath a convict's skin.

I came not to be eaten,
I sought thee, love, to woo ;
Besides, bethink thee, dearest,
Thou 'st dined on cockatoo !

Thy father is a chieftain ;
Why that's the very thing !
Within my native country
I, too, have been a king.
Behold this branded letter,
Which nothing can efface !
It is the royal emblem,
The token of my race !

But rebels rose against me,
And dared my power disown—
You've heard, love, of the judges' ;
They drove me from my throne.
And I have wandered hither,
Across the stormy sea,
In search of glorious freedom,
In search, my sweet, of thee !

The bush is now my empire,
The knife my sceptre keen ;
Come with me to the desert wild,
And be my dusky queen.
I cannot give thee jewels,
I have nor sheep nor cow,
Yet there are kangaroos, love,
And colonists enow.

We'll meet the unwary settler,
As whistling home he goes,
And I'll take tribute from him,
His money and his clothes.
Then on his bleeding carcass
Thou'lt lay thy pretty paw,
And lunch upon him roasted,
Or, if you like it, raw !

Then come with me, my princess,
My own Australian dear,
Within this grove of gum trees,
We'll hold our bridal cheer !
Thy heart with love is beating,
I feel it through my side :—
Hurran then, for the noble pair,
The Convict and his bride !

The Doleful Lay of the Honorable I. O. Uwins.

COME and listen, lords and ladies,
 To a woful lay of mine;
 He whose tailor's bill unpaid is,
 Let him now his ear incline!
 Let him hearken to my story,
 How the noblest of the land
 Pined long time in dreary duress
 'Neath a sponging bailiff's hand.

I. O. Uwins! I. O. Uwins!
 Baron's son although thou be,
 Thou must pay for thy misdoings
 In the country of the free!
 None of all thy sire's retainers
 To thy rescue now may come;
 And there lie some score detainers,
 With Abednego, the bum.

Little reck'd he of his prison
 Whilst the sun was in the sky:
 Only when the moon was risen,
 Did you hear the captive's cry,

For, till then, cigars and claret
Lull'd him in oblivion sweet ;
And he much preferr'd a garret,
For his drinking, to the street.

But the moonlight, pale and broken,
Pain'd at soul the Baron's son ;
For he knew, by that soft token,
That the larking had begun ;—
That the stout and valiant Marquis
Then was leading forth his swells,
Mangling some policeman's carcass,
Or purloining private bells.

So he sat, in grief and sorrow,
Rather drunk than otherwise,
Till the golden gush of morrow
Dawned once more upon his eyes .
Till the sponging bailiff's daughter,
Lightly tapping at the door,
Brought his draught of soda water,
Brandy-bottom'd as before.

“Sweet Rebecca ! has your father,
Think you, made a deal of brass ?”
And she answered—“Sir, I rather
Should imagine that he has.”
Uwins then, his whiskers scratching,
Leer'd upon the maiden's face,
And, her hand with ardor catching,
Folded her in close embrace.

“La, Sir! let alone—you fright me!”

Said the daughter of the Jew:

“Dearest, how those eyes delight me!

Let me love thee, darling, do!”

“Vat is dish?” the Bailiff mutter’d,

Rushing in with fury wild;

“Ish your muffins so vell butter’d

Dat you darsh insult ma shild?”

“Honorable my intentions,

Good Abednego, I swear!

And I have some small pretensions,

For I am a Baron’s heir.

If you’ll only clear my credit,

And advance a *thou** or so,

She’s a peeress—I have said it:

Don’t you twig, Abednego?”

“Datsh a very different matter,”

Said the Bailiff, with a leer;

“But you musht not cut it fatter

Than ta slish will shtand, ma tear!

If you seeksh ma approbation,

You musht quite give up your rigsh;

Alsho you musht join our nashun,

And renounsh ta flesh of pigsh.”

Fast as one of Fagin’s pupils,

I. O. \$Uwins did agree!

Little plagued with holy scruples

From the starting post was he.

* The fashionable abbreviation for a thousand pounds

But at times a baleful vision
 Rose before his trembling view,
 For he knew that circumcision
 Was expected from a Jew.

At a meeting of the Rabbis
 Held about the Whitsuntide,
 Was this thorough-paced Barabbas
 Wedded to his Hebrew bride.
 All his former debts compounded,
 From the spunging house he came,
 And his father's feelings wounded
 With reflections on the same.

But the sire his son accosted—
 “Split my wig! if any more
 Such a double-dyed apostate
 Shall presume to cross my door!
 Not a penny-piece to save ye
 From the kennel or the spout;—
 Dinner, John! the pig and gravy!—
 Kick this dirty scoundrel out!”

Forth rush'd I. O. Uwins faster
 Than all winking—much afraid,
 That the orders of the master
 Would be punctually obeyed:
 Sought his club, and then the sentence
 Of expulsion first he saw;
 No one dared to own acquaintance
 With a bailiff's son-in-law.

Uselessly down Bond-street strutting
Did he greet his friends of yore :
Such a universal cutting
Never man received before :
Till at last his pride revolted—
Pale, and lean, and stern he grew ;
And his wife Rebecca bolted
With a missionary Jew.

Ye who read this doleful ditty,
Ask ye where is Uwins now ?
Wend your way through London city,
Climb to Holborn's lofty brow.
Near the sign-post of the " Nigger,"
Near the baked-potato shed,
You may see a ghastly figure
With three hats upon his head, .

When the evening shades are dusky,
Then the phantom form draws near,
And, with accents low and husky,
Pours effluvium in your ear :
Craving an immediate barter
Of your trousers or surtout,
And you know the Hebrew martyr,
Once the peerless I. O. U.

The Knyghte and the Taylzeour's Daughter.

DID you ever hear the story—
Old the legend is and true—
How a knyghte of fame and glory
All aside his armor threw ;
Spouted spear and pawned habergeon,
Pledged his sword and surcoat gay,
Sate down cross-legged on the shop-board
Sate and stitched the livelong day ?

“Taylzeour ! not one single shilling
Does my breeches' pocket hold :
I to pay am really willing,
If I only had the gold.
Farmers none can I encounter,
Graziers there are none to kill ;
Therefore, prithee, gentle taylzeour,
Bother not about thy bill.”

“Good Sir Knyghte, just once too often
Have you tried that slippery trick ;
Hearts like mine you cannot soften,
Vair'y do you ask for tick.

Christmas and its bills are coming,
 Soon will they be showering in ;
 Therefore, once for all, my rum 'un,
 I expect you 'll post the tin.

“ Mark, Sir Knyghte, that gloomy bayliffe,
 In the palmer's amice brown ;
 He shall lead you unto jail, if
 Instantly you stump not down.”
 Deeply swore the young crusader,
 But the taylzeour would not hear ;
 And the gloomy bearded bayliffe
 Evermore kept sneaking near.

“ Neither groat nor maravedi
 Have I got my soul to bless ;
 And I feel extremely seedy,
 Languishing in vile duresse.
 Therefore listen, ruthless taylzeour ;
 Take my steed and armor free,
 Pawn them at thy Hebrew uncle's,
 And I'll work the rest for thee.”

Lightly leaped he on the shop-board,
 Lightly crooked his manly limb,
 Lightly drove the glancing needle
 Through the growing doublet's rim.
 Gaberdines in countless number
 Did the taylzeour-knyghte repair !
 And the cabbage and cucumber
 Were his sole and simple fare.

Once his weary task beguiling
 With a low and plaintive song,
 That good knyghte o'er miles of broadcloth
 Drove the hissing goose along ;
 From her lofty lattice window,
 Looked the taylzeour's daughter down,
 And she instantly discovered
 That her heart was not her own.

“Canst thou love me, gentle stranger ?”
 Blushing like a rose she stood—
 And the knyghte at once admitted,
 That he rather thought he could.
 “He who weds me shall have riches,
 Gold, and lands, and houses free.”
 “For a single pair of—*small clothes*,
 I would roam the world with thee !”

Then she flung him down the tickets—
 Well the knyghte their import knew—
 “Take this gold, and win thy armor,
 From the unbelieving Jew.
 Though in garments mean and lowly,
 Thou wouldst roam the world with me,
 Only as a belted warrior,
 Stranger, will I wed with thee !”

At the feast of good Saint Alban,
 In the middle of the Spring,
 There was some superior jousting
 By the order of the king.

“Valiant knyghtes!” exclaimed the monarch,
“You will please to understand,
He who bears himself most bravely,
Shall obtain my daughter’s hand.”

Well and bravely did they bear them,
Bravely battled, one and all;
But the bravest in the tourney
Was a warrior stout and tall.
None could tell his name or lineage,
None could meet him in the field,
And a goose regardant proper
Hissed along his azure shield.

“Warrior, thou hast won my daughter!”
But the champion bowed his knee,
“Princely blood may not be wasted
On a simple knyghte like me.
She I love is meek and lowly;
But her heart is high and frank;
And there must be tin forthcoming,
That will do as well as rank.”

Slowly rose that nameless warrior,
Slowly turned his steps aside,
Passed the lattice where the princess
Sate in beauty, sate in pride.
Passed the row of noble ladies,
Hied him to an humbler seat,
And in silence laid the chaplet
At the taylzeour’s daughter’s feet.

The Midnight Visit.

It was the Lord of Castlereagh, he sat within his room,
His arms were crossed upon his breast, his face was
marked with gloom ;

They said that St. Helena's Isle had rendered up its
charge,

That France was bristling high in arms,—the Emperor
at large.

'Twas midnight! all the lamps were dim, and dull as
death the street,

It might be that the watchman slept that night upon his
beat,

When, lo! a heavy foot was heard to creak upon the
stair,

The door revolved upon its hinge,—Great Heaven!—
What enters there?

A little man, of stately mien, with slow and solemn
stride ;

His hands are crossed upon his back, his coat is opened
wide :

And on his vest of green he wears an eagle and a
 star,—
 Saint George! protect us! 't is THE MAN—the thunder-
 bolt of war!

Is that the famous hat that waved along Marengo's
 ridge?

Are these the spurs of Austerlitz—the boots of Lodi's
 bridge?

Leads he the conscript swarm again from France's hornet
 hive?

What seeks the fell usurper here, in Britain, and alive?

Pale grew the Lord of Castlereagh, his tongue was
 parched and dry,

As in his brain he felt the glare of that tremendous eye;
 What wonder if he shrunk in fear, for who could meet
 the glance

Of him who reared, 'mid Russian snows, the gonfalon
 of France?

From the side-pocket of his vest, a pinch the despot
 took,

Yet not a whit did he relax the sternness of his look,—
 “Thou thought'st the lion was afar, but he hath burst
 the chain—

The watchword for to-night is France—the answer, St.
 Helène.

“And didst thou deem the barren isle, or ocean waves,
 could bind

The master of the universe—the monarch of mankind?

I tell thee, fool! the world itself is all too small for me,
I laugh to scorn thy bolts and bars—I burst them, and
am free.

“Thou think’st that England hates me! Mark!—This
very night my name
Was thundered in its capital with tumult and acclaim!
They saw me, knew me, owned my power—Proud lord!
I say, beware!
There be men within the Surrey side, who know to do
and dare!

“To-morrow, in thy very teeth, my standard will I rear—
Ay, well that ashen cheek of thine may blanch and
shrink with fear!
To-morrow night another town shall sink in ghastly
flames;
And as I crossed the Bōrodin, so shall I cross the
Thames!

“Thou ’lt seize me, wilt thou, ere the dawn? Weak
lordling, do thy worst?
These hands ere now have broke thy chains, thy fetters
they have burst.
Yet, wouldst thou know my resting-place? Behold ’t is
written there!
And let thy coward myrmidons approach me if they
dare!”

Another pinch, another stride—he passes through the
door—

“Was it a phantom or a man was standing on the floor?”

And could that be the Emperor that moved before my
eyes?

Ah, yes! too sure it was himself, for here the paper
lies!"

With trembling hands, Lord Castlereagh undid the mys-
tic scroll,

With glassy eye essayed to read, for fear was on his
soul—

What's here?—'At Astley's, every night, the play of
MOSCOW'S FALL!

NAPOLEON for the thousandth time, by Mr. GOMERSAL!"



The Lay of the Lovelorn.

COMRADES, you may pass the rosy. With permission
of the chair,

I shall leave you for a little, for I'd like to take the air.

Whether 't was the sauce at dinner, or that glass of gin-
ger beer,

Or these strong cheroots, I know not, but I feel a little
queer.

Let me go. Now, Chuckster, blow me, 'pon my soul,
this is too bad!

When you want me, ask the waiter, he knows where
I'm to be had.

Whew! This is a great relief now! Let me but undo
my stock,

Resting here beneath the porch, my nerves will steady
like a rock.

In my ears I hear the singing of a lot of favorite tunes—
Bless my heart, how very odd! Why, surely there's a
brace of moons!

See! the stars! how bright they twinkle, winking with
a frosty glare,

Like my faithless cousin Amy when she drove me to
despair.

O, my cousin, spider-hearted! Oh, my Amy! No,
confound it!

I must wear the mournful willow,—all around my hat
I've bound it.

Falsier than the Bank of Fancy,—frailer than a shilling
glove,

Puppet to a father's anger,—minion to a nabob's love!

Is it well to wish thee happy? Having known me,
could you ever

Stoop to marry half a heart, and little more than half a
liver?

Happy! Damme! Thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,

Changing from the best of China to the commonest of
clay.

As the husband is, the wife is,—he is stomach-plagued
and old;

And his curry soups will make thy cheek the color of
his gold.

When his feeble love is sated, he will hold thee surely
then

Something lower than his hookah,—something less than
his cayenne.

What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was't the claret?

Oh, no, no,—

Bless your soul, it was the salmon,—salmon always
makes him so.

Take him to thy dainty chamber—soothe him with thy
lightest fancies,

He will understand thee, won't he?—pay thee with a
lover's glances?

Louder than the loudest trumpet, harsh as harshest
ophicleide,

Nasal respirations answer the endearments of his bride.

Sweet response, delightful music! Gaze upon thy noble
charge

Till the spirit fill thy bosom that inspired the meek
Laffarge.

Better thou wert dead before me,—better, better that I
stood

Looking on thy murdered body, like the injured Daniel
Good!

Better, thou and I were lying, cold and timber-stiff and
dead,

With a pan of burning charcoal underneath our nuptial
bed!

Cursed be the bank of England's notes, that tempt the
soul to sin!

Cursed be the want of acres,—doubly cursed the want
of tin!

Cursed be the marriage contract, that enslaved thy soul
to greed!

Cursed be the sallow lawyer, that prepared and drew
the deed!

Cursed be his foul apprentice, who the loathsome fees
did earn!

Cursed be the clerk and parson,—cursed be the whole
concern!

* * * *

Oh, 't is well that I should bluster,—much I'm like to
make of that;

Better comfort have I found in singing "All Around my
Hat."

But that song, so wildly plaintive, palls upon my British
ears.

'T will not do to pine for ever,—I am getting up in
years.

Can't I turn the honest penny, scribbling for the weekly
press,

And in writing Sunday libels drown my private wretch-
edness?

Oh, to feel the wild pulsation that in manhood's dawn I
knew,

When my days were all before me, and my years were
twenty-two.

When I smoked my independent pipe along the Quad-
rant wide,

With the many larks of London flaring up on every
side.

When I went the pace so wildly, caring little what might
come,

Coffee-milling care and sorrow, with a nose-adapted
thumb.

Felt the exquisite enjoyment, tossing nightly off, oh
heavens!

Brandy at the Cider Cellars, kidneys smoking-hot at
Evans'!

Or in the Adelphi sitting, half in rapture, half in tears,
Saw the glorious melo-drama conjure up the shades of
years!

Saw Jack Sheppard, noble stripling, act his wondrous
feats again,

Snapping Newgate's bars of iron, like an infant's daisy
chain.

Might was right, and all the terrors which had held the
world in awe

Were despised, and priggish prospered, spite of Laurie,
spite of law.

In such scenes as these I triumphed, ere my passion's
edge was rusted,

And my cousin's cold refusal left me very much dis-
gusted!

Since, my heart is sere and withered, and I do not care
a curse

Whether worse shall be the better, or the better be the
worse.

Hark ! my merry comrades call me, bawling for another
jorum ;

They would mock me in derision, should I thus appear
before 'em.

Womankind no more shall vex me, such at least, as go
arrayed

In the most expensive satins, and the newest silk brocade.

I'll to Afric, lion-haunted, where the giant forest yields
Rarer robes and finer tissue than are sold at Spital
fields.

Or to burst all chains of habit, flinging habit's self
aside,

I shall walk the tangled jungle in mankind's primeval
pride ;

Feeding on the luscious berries and the rich cassava
root,

Lots of dates and lots of guavas, clusters of forbidden
fruit.

Never comes the trader thither, never o'er the purple
main

Sounds the oath of British commerce, or the accents of
Cockaigne.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment, where no envirous
rule prevents;

Sink the steamboats! cuss the railways! rot, O rot the
Three per Cents!

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have space
to breathe, my cousin!

I will take some savage woman—nay, I 'll take at least
a dozen.

There I 'll rear my young mulattoes, as no Bond Street
brats are reared:

They shall dive for aligators, catch the wild goats by the
beard—

Whistle to the cockatoos, and mock the hairy-faced
baboon,

Worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of
the Moon.

I myself, in far Timbuctoo, leopard's blood will daily
quaff,

Ride a tiger-hunting, mounted on a thorough-bred giraffe.

Fiercely shall I shout the war-whoop, as some sullen
stream he crosses,

Startling from their noon-day slumbers, iron-bound rhino-
ceroses.

Fool! again the dream, the fancy! But I know my
words are mad,

For I hold the grey barbarian lower than the Christian
cad.

I the swell—the city dandy! I to seek such horrid
places,—

I to haunt with squalid negroes, blubber-lips, and mon-
key faces.

I to wed with Corömantees! I, who managed—very
near—

To secure the heart and fortune of the widow Shilli-
beer!

Stuff and nonsense! let me never fling a single chance
away,

Maids ere now, I know, have loved me, and another
maiden may.

“Morning Post,” (“The Times” won’t trust me) help
me, as I know you can;

I will pen an advertisement,—that ’s a never-failing
plan.

“WANTED—By a bard in wedlock, some young inter-
esting woman:

Looks are not so much an object, if the shiners be forth-
coming!

“Hymen’s chains, the advertiser vows, shall be but silken
fettters,

Please address to A. T., Chelsea. N. B.—You must pay
the letters.”

That ’s the sort of thing to do it. Now I ’ll go and
taste the balmy,—

Rest thee with thy yellow nabob, spider-hearted cousin
Amy!

My Wife's Cousin.

DECKED with shoes of blackest polish,
And with shirt as white as snow,
After matutinal breakfast
To my daily desk I go ;
First a fond salute bestowing
On my Mary's ruby lips,
Which, perchance, may be rewarded
With a pair of playful nips.

All day long across the ledger
Still my patient pen I drive,
Thinking what a feast awaits me
In my happy home at five ;
In my small, one-storied Eden,
Where my wife awaits my coming,
And our solitary handmaid
Mutton chops with care is crumbing.

When the clock proclaims my freedom,
Then my hat I seize and vanish ;
Every trouble from my bosom,
Every anxious care I banish.

Swiftly brushing o'er the pavement,
At a furious pace I go,
Till I reach my darling dwelling
In the wilds of Pimlico.

"Mary, wife, where art thou, dearest?"
Thus I cry, while yet afar;
Ah! what scent invades my nostrils?—
'T is the smoke of a cigar!
Instantly into the parlor
Like a maniac I haste,
And I find a young Life-Guardsman,
With his arm round Mary's waist.

And his other hand is playing
Most familiarly with hers;
And I think my Brussels carpet
Somewhat damaged by his spurs.
"Fire and furies! what the blazes?"
Thus in frenzied wrath I call;
When my spouse her arms upraises,
With a most astounding squall.

"Was there ever such a monster:
Ever such a wretched wife?
Ah! how long must I endure it:
How protract this hateful life?
All day long quite unprotected,
Does he leave his wife at home;
And she cannot see her cousins,
Even when they kindly come!"

Then the young Life-Guardsman, rising,
 Scarce vouchsafes a single word,
 But with look of deadly menace,
 Claps his hand upon his sword;
 And in fear I faintly falter—
 “This your cousin, then he ’s mine!
 Very glad, indeed, to see you,—
 Won’t you stop with us, and dine?”

Won’t a ferret suck a rabbit?—
 As a thing of course he stops;
 And, with most voracious swallow
 Walks into my mutton chops.
 In the twinkling of a bed-post,
 Is each savoury platter clear,
 And he shows uncommon science
 In his estimate of beer.

Half-and-half goes down before him,
 Gurgling from the pewter-pot;
 And he moves a counter motion
 For a glass of something hot.
 Neither chops nor beer I grudge him,
 Nor a moderate share of goes;
 But I know not why he’s always
 Treading upon Mary’s toes.

Evermore, when home returning,
 From the counting house I come,
 Do I find the young Life-Guardsman
 Smoking pipes and drinking rum.

Evermore he stays to dinner,
Evermore devours my meal ;
For I have a wholesome horror
Both of powder and of steel.

Yet I know he 's Mary's cousin,
For my only son and heir
Much resembles that young Guardsman,
With the self-same curly hair .
But I wish he would not always
Spoil my carpet with his spurs ;
And I 'd rather see his fingers
In the fire, than touching hers.

The Queen in France.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

PART I.

It fell upon the August month,
When landsmen bide at hame,
That our gude Queen went out to sail
Upon the saut-sea faen.

And she has ta'en the silk and gowd,
The like was never seen ;
And she has ta'en the Prince Albert,
And the bauld Lord Aberdeen.

“Ye'se bide at hame, Lord Wellington :
Ye daurna gang wi' me :
For ye hae been ance in the land o' France,
And that 's enuch for ye.”

“Ye'se bide at hame, Sir Robert Peel,
To gather the red and the white monie ;
And see that my men dinna eat me up
At Windsor wi' their gluttonie.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,—
 A league, but barely twa,
 When the lift grew dark, and the waves grew wan,
 And the wind began to blaw.

“O weel, weel may the waters rise,
 In welcome o’ their Queen;
 What gars ye look sae white, Albert?
 What makes your e’e sae green?”

“My heart is sick, my heid is sair:
 Gie me a glass o’ gude brandie:
 To set my foot on the braid green sward.
 I’d gie the half o’ my yearly fee.

“It’s sweet to hunt the sprightly hare
 On the bonny slopes o’ Windsor lea,
 But O, it’s ill to bear the thud
 And pitching o’ the saut, saut sea!”

And aye they sailed, and aye they sailed,
 Till England sank behind,
 And over to the coast of France
 They drave before the wind.

Then up and spak the King o’ France,
 Was birling at the wine;

“O wha may be the gay ladye
 That owns that ship sae fine?”

“And wha may be that bonny lad,
 That looks sae pale and wan?
 I’il wad my lands o’ Picardie
 That he’s nae Englishman.”

Then up and spak an auld French lord,
Was sitting beneath his knee,
“It is the Queen o’ braid England
That’s come across the sea.”

“And O an it be England’s Queen,
She’s welcome here the day;
I ’d rather hae her for a friend
Than for a deadly fae.

“Gae, kill the eerock in the yard,
The auld sow in the stye,
And bake for her the brockit calf,
But and the puddock-pie!”

And he has gane until the ship,
As sune as it drew near,
And he has ta’en her by the hand—
“Ye ’re kindly welcome here!”

And syne he kissed her on ae cheek,
And syne upon the ither;
And he ca’ed her his sister dear,
And she ca’ed him her brither.

“Light down, light down now, layde mine,
Light down upon the shore;
Nae English king has trodden here,
This thousand years and more.”

“And gin I lighted on your land,
As light fu’ weel I may,
O am I free to feast wi’ you,
And free to come and gae?”

And he has sworn by the Haly Rood,
And the black stane o' Dumblane,
That she is free to come and gae
Till twenty days are gane.

"I 've lippened to a Frenchman's aith,"
Said gude Lord Aberdeen ;
"But I 'll never lippen to it again
Sae lang 's the grass is green.

"Yet gae your ways, my sovereign liege,
Since better may na be ;
The wee bit bairns are safe at hame,
By the blessing o' Marie!"

Then doun she lighted frae the ship,
She lighted safe and sound ;
And glad was our good Prince Albert
To step upon the ground.

"Is that your Queen, My Lord," she said,
"That auld and buirdly dame ?
I see the crown upon her heid ;
But I dinna ken her name."

And she has kissed the Frenchman's Queen,
And eke her daughters three,
And gi'en her hand to the young Princess
That louted upon the knee.

And she has gane to the proud castle,
That 's biggit beside the sca :
But aye, when she thought o' the bairns at hame,
The tear was in her e'e.

She gied the King the Cheshire cheese,
 But and the porter fine ;
 And he gied her the puddock-pies,
 But and the blude-red wine.

Then up and spak the dourest prince,
 An Admiral was he ;
 "Let 's keep the Queen o' England here,
 Sin' better may na be !

"O mony is the dainty king
 That we hae trappit here ;
 And mony is the English yerl
 That 's in our dungeons drear !"

"You lee, you lee, ye graceless loon,
 Sae loud 's I hear ye lee !
 There never yet was Englishman
 That came to skaith by me.

"Gae out, gae out, ye fause traitor !
 Gae out until the street ;
 It 's shame that Kings and Queens should sit
 Wi' sic a knave at meat !"

Then up and raise the young French lord,
 In wrath and hie disdain—

"O ye may sit, and ye may eat
 Your puddock-pies alane !

"But were I in my ain gude ship,
 And sailing wi' the wind,
 And did I meet wi' auld Napier,
 I 'd tell him o' my mind."

O then the Queen leuch loud and lang,
 And her color went and came;
 "Gin ye met wi' Charlie on the sea
 Ye 'd wish yersell at hame!"

And aye they birlit at the wine,
 And drank right merrilie,
 Till the auld cock crawed in the castle-yard,
 And the abbey bell struck three.

The Queen she gaed until her bed,
 And Prince Albert likewise;
 And the last word that gay ladye said
 Was—"O thae puddock-pies!"

PART II.

The sun was high within the lift
 Afore the French King raise;
 And syne he louped intil his saris,
 And warslit on his claes.

"Gae up, gae up, my little foot-page,
 Gae up until the toun;
 And gin ye meet wi' the auld harper,
 Be sure ye bring him down."

And he has met wi' the auld harper;
 O but his e'en were red;
 And the bizzing o' a swarm o' bees
 Was singing in his heid.

“Alack! alack!” the harper said,
 “That this should e’er hae been!
 I daurna gang before my liege,
 For I was fou yestreen.”

“It ’s ye maun come, ye auld harper:
 Ye daurna tarry lang;
 The King is just dementit-like
 For wanting o’ a sang.”

And when he came to the King’s chamber,
 He loutit on his knee,
 “O what may be your gracious will
 Wi’ an auld frail man like me?”

“I want a sang, harper,” he said,
 “I want a sang richt speedilie;
 And gin ye dinna make a sang,
 I’ll hang ye up on the gallows-tree.”

“I cannot do ’t, my liege,” he said,
 “Hae mercy on my auld gray hair!
 But gin that I had got the words,
 I think that I might mak the air.”

“And wha ’s to mak the words, fause loon,
 When minstrels we have barely twa;
 And Lamartine is in Paris toun,
 And Victor Hugo far awa?”

“The deil may gang for Lamartine,
 And flie awa wi’ auld Hugo,
 For a better minstrel than them baith
 Within this very toun I know.

“O kens my liege the gude Walter,—
 At hame they ca’ him BON GAULTIER?
 He ’ll rhyme ony day wi’ True Thomas,
 And he is in the castle here.”

The French King first he lauchit loud,
 And syne did he begin to sing;
 “My e’en are auld, and my heart is cauld,
 Or I suld hae known the minstrels’ King.

“Gae take to him this ring o’ gowd,
 And this mantle o’ the silk sae fine,
 And bid him mak a maister sang
 For his sovereign ladye’s sake and mine.”

“I winna take the gowden ring,
 Nor yet the mantle fine:
 But I’ll mak the sang for my ladye’s sake,
 And for a cup of wine.”

The Queen was sitting at the cards,
 The King ahint her back;
 And aye she dealed the red honors,
 And aye she dealed the black;

And syne unto the dourest Prince
 She spak richt courteouslie:—
 “Now will ye play, Lord Admiral,
 Now will ye play wi’ me?”

The dourest prince he bit his lip,
 And his brow was black as glaur:
 “The only game that e’er I play
 Is the bluidy game o’ war!”

“ And gin ye play at that, young man,
It weel may cost ye sair ;
Ye ’d better stick to the game at cards,
For you ’ll win nae honors there !”

The King he leuch, and the Queen she leuch,
Till the tears ran blithely down ;
But the Admiral he raved and swore,
Till they kicked him frae the room.

The Harper came, and the Harper sang,
And O but they were fain ;
For when he had sung the gude sang twice,
They called for it again.

It was the sang o’ the Field o’ Gowd,
In the days of auld lang syne ;
When bauld King Henry crossed the seas,
Wi’ his brither King to dine.

And aye he harped, and aye he carped,
Till up the Queen she sprang—
“ I ’ll wad a County Palatine,
Gude Walter made that sang.”

Three days had come, three days had gane,
The fourth began to fa’,
When our gude Queen to the Frenchman said,
“ It ’s time I was awa !

“ O, bonny are the fields o’ France,
And saftly draps the rain :
But my bairnies are in Windsor Tower,
And greeting a’ their lane.

“ Now ye maun come to me, Sir King,
As I have come to ye ;
And a benison upon your heid
For a’ your courtesie !

“ Ye maun come, and bring your ladye fere :
Ye sall na say me no ;
And ye ’se mind, we have aye a bed to spare
For your wily friend Guizot.”

Now he has ta’en her lily white hand,
And put it to his lip,
And he has ta’en her to the strand,
And left her in her ship.

“ Will ye come back, sweet bird,” he cried,
“ Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the lavrocks sing,
In the spring-time o’ the year ?”

“ It ’s I would blithely come, my Lord,
To see ye in the spring ;
It ’s I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing.

“ It is na that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I lo’e the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies !”

The Massacre of the Macpherson.

FROM THE GAELIC.

I.

F'HAIRSTON swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish;
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafhish:
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four and twenty men,
And five and thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

III.

‘Fery coot!’ cried Fhairshon,
 “So my clan disgraced is;
 Lads, we ’ll need to fight
 Pefore we touch the peasties.
 Here ’s Mhic-Mac-Methusalen
 Coming wi’ his fassals,
 Gillies seventy-three,
 And sixty Dhuinéwassails!”

IV.

“Coot tay to you, sir;
 Are not you ta Fhairshon?
 Was you coming here
 To visit any person?
 You are a plackguard, sir!
 It is now six hundred
 Coot long years, and more,
 Since my glen was plundered.”

V.

Fat is tat you say?
 Dar you cock your peaver?
 I will teach you, sir,
 Fat is coot behavior!
 You shall not exist
 For another day more;
 I will shot you, sir,
 Or stap you with my claymore!”

VI.

"I am fery glad
 To learn what you mention,
 Since I can prevent
 Any such intention."
 So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
 Gave some warlike howls.
 Trew his skhian-dhu,
 An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
 Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
 Who was always thought
 A superior person.
 Fhairshon had a son,
 Who married Noah's daughter,
 And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
 By trinking up ta water.

VIII.

Which he would have done,
 I at least believe it,
 Had ta mixture peen
 Only half Glenlivet.
 This is all my tale:
 Sirs, I hope 't is new t' ye!
 Here 's your fery good healths,
 And tamn ta whusky tuty!

The Young Stockbroker's Bride

"O SWIFTLY speed the gallant bark!—
 I say, you mind my luggage, porter!
 I do not heed yon storm-cloud dark,
 I go to wed old Jenkin's daughter.
 I go to claim my own Mariar,
 The fairest flower that blooms in Harwich
 My panting bosom is on fire,
 And all is ready for the marriage."

Thus spoke young Mivins, as he stepped
 On board the "Firefly," Harwich packet;
 The bell rung out, the paddles swept
 Plish-plashing round with noisy racket.
 The lowering clouds young Mivins saw,
 But fear, he felt, was only folly;
 And so he smoked a fresh cigar,
 Then fell to whistling—"Nix my dolly!"

The wind it roared; the packet's hulk
 Rocked with a most unpleasant motion;
 Young Mivins leant him o'er a bulk,
 And poured his sorrows to the ocean.

Tints—blue and yellow—signs of wo—
 Flushed. rainbow-like, his noble face in,
 As suddenly he rushed below,
 Crying, “Steward, steward, bring a basin!”

On sped the bark : the howling storm
 The funnel’s tapering smoke did blow far ;
 Unmoved, young Mivins’ lifeless form
 Was stretched upon a hair-cloth sofar.
 All night he moaned, the steamer groaned,
 And he was hourly getting fainter ;
 When it came bump against the pier,
 And there was fastened by the painter.

Young Mivins rose, and blew his nose,
 Caught wildly at his small portmanteau
 He was unfit to lie or sit,
 And found it difficult to stand, too.
 He sought the deck, he sought the shore,
 He sought the lady’s house like winking,
 And asked, low tapping at the door,
 “Is this the house of Mr. Jenkin?”

A short man came—he told his name—
 Mivins was short—he cut him shorter,
 For in a fury, he exclaimed,
 “Are you the man as vants my darter ?
 Vot kim’d on you last night, young squire ?”
 “It was the steamer, rot and scuttle her !”
 “Mayhap it vos, but our Mariar,
 Valked off last night vith Bill the butler.

“And so you ’ve kim’d a post too late.”

“It was the packet, sir, miscarried!”

“Vy, does you think a gal can vait

As sets ’er ’art on being married?

Last night she vowed she ’d be a bride,

And ’ave a spouse for vuss or better :

So Bill struck in; the knot vos tied,

And now I vishes you may get her!”

Young Mivins turned him from the spot,

Bewilder’d with the dreadful ströke, her

Perfidy came like a shot—

He was a thunderstruck stockbroker.

“A curse on steam and steamers too!

By their delays I ’ve been undone!”

He cried, as, looking very blue,

He rode a bachelor to London.

The Laureates' Tourney.

BY THE HON. T—— B—— M'A——.

[THIS and the five following poems were among those forwarded to the Home Secretary, by the unsuccessful competitors for the Laureateship, on its becoming vacant by the death of Southey. How they came in our possession is a matter between Sir James Graham and ourselves. The result of the contest could never have been doubtful, least of all the great poet who then succeeded to the bays. His own sonnet on the subject, is full of the serene consciousness of superiority, which does not even admit the idea of rivalry, far less of defeat.

Bays, which in former days have graced the brow
 Of some, who lived and loved, and sung and died;
 Leaves, that were gathered on the pleasant side
 Of old Parnassus from Apollo's bough;
 With palpitating hand I take ye now,
 Since worthier minstrel there is none beside,
 And with a thrill of song half deified,
 I bind them proudly on my locks of snow,
 There shall they bide, till he who follows next,
 Of whom I cannot even guess the name,
 Shall by Court favor, or some vain pretext
 Of fancied merit, desecrate the same,—
 And think, perchance, he wears them quite as well
 As the sole bard who sang of Peter Bell !]

FYTTE THE FIRST.

“WHAT news, what news, thou pilgrim grey, what news
 from southern land ?
 How fare the bold Conservatives, how is it with Ferrand ?

How does the little Prince of Wales—how looks our
 lady Queen;
 And tell me, is the gentle Brough* once more at Windsor
 seen?"

"I bring no tidings from the court, nor from St. Stephen's
 hall;
 I've heard the thundering tramp of horse, and the
 trumpet's battle call;
 And these old eyes have seen a fight, which England
 ne'er hath seen,
 Since fell King Richard sobbed his soul through blood
 on Bosworth Green.

"He's dead, he's dead, the Laureate's dead!" 'Twas
 thus the cry began,
 And straightway every garret roof gave up its minstrel
 man;
 From Grub Street, and from Houndsditch, and from
 Farringdon Within,
 The poets all towards Whitehall poured on with eldritch
 din.

Loud yelled they for Sir James the Graham: but sore
 afraid was he;
 A hardy knight were he that might face such a min-
 strelsie.

* For the convenience of future commentators it may be mentioned, that the "gentle Brough" was the Monthly Nurse who attended her Majesty on the occasion of the birth of the Princess Royal.

“Now by St. Giles of Netherby, my patron saint, I
swear,
I ’d rather by a thousand crowns Lord Palmerston were
here!—

“What is ’t ye seek, ye rebel knaves, what make you
there beneath?”

“The bays, the bays! we want the bays! we seek the
laureate wreath!

We seek the butt of generous wine that cheers the sons
of song:

Choose thou among us all, Sir Knight—we may not
tarry long!”

Loud laughed the good Sir James in scorn—“Rare jest
it were, I think,

But one poor butt of Xeres, and a thousand rogues to
drink!

An’ if it flowed with wine or beer, ’t is easy to be seen
That dry within the hour would be the well of Hippo-
crene.

“Tell me, if on Parnassus’ heights there grow a thou-
sand sheaves:

Or has Apollo’s laurel bush yet borne ten hundred
leaves?

Or if so many leaves were there, how long would they
sustain

The ravage and the glutton bite of such a locust
train?

“No! get ye back into your dens, take counsel for the
 night,
 And choose me out two champions to meet in deadly
 fight;
 To-morrow’s dawn shall see the lists marked out in
 Spitalfields,
 And he who wins shall have the bays, and he shall die
 who yields!”

Down went the window with a crash,—in silence and in
 fear
 Each ragged bard looked anxiously upon his neighbor
 near;
 Then up and spake young Tennyson—“Who ’s here that
 fears for death?
 ’T were better one of us should die, than England lose
 the wreath!

“Let’s cast the lots among us now, which two shall fight
 to-morrow;—
 For armor bright we ’ll club our mite, and horses we
 can borrow.
 ’T were shame that bards of France should sneer, and
 German *Dichters* too,
 If none of British song might dare a deed of *derring-do*!”

“The lists of love are mine,” said Moore, “and not the
 lists of Mars;”
 Said Hunt, “I seek the jars of wine, but shun the com-
 bat’s jars!”

“I ’m old,” quoth Samuel Rogers.—“Faith,” says
Campbell, “so am I!”

“And I ’m in holy orders, sir!” quoth Tom of Ingoldsby.

“Now out upon ye, craven loons!” cried Moxon, good
at need,—

“Bide, if ye will, secure at home, and sleep while others
bleed.

I second Alfred’s motion, boys,—let ’s try the chance of
lot;

And monks shall sing, and bells shall ring, for him that
goes to pot.”

Eight hundred minstrels slunk away—two hundred
stayed to draw,—

Now heaven protect the daring wight that pulls the
longest straw!

’T is done! ’t is done! And who hath won? Keep
silence, one and all,—

The first is William Wordsworth hight, the second Ned
Fitzball!”

FYTTE THE SECOND.

QH, bright and gay hath dawned the day on lordly
Spitalfields,—

How flash the rays with ardent blaze from polished
helms and shields!

On either side the chivalry of England throng the
green,

And in the middle balcony appears our gracious Queen.

With iron fists, to keep the lists, two valiant knights
appear,
The Marquis Hal of Waterford, and stout Sir Aubrey
Vere.

“What ho, there, herald, blow the trump! Let’s see
who comes to claim
The butt of golden Xeres, and the Laureate’s honored
name!”

That instant dashed into the lists, all armed from head
to heel,
On courser brown, with vizer down, a warrior sheathed
in steel;
Then said our Queen—“Was ever seen so stout a knight
and tall?
His name—his race?”—“An’t please your grace, it is
the brave Fitzball.

“Oft in the Melodrama line his prowess hath been
shown,
And well throughout the Surrey side his thirst for blood
is known.
But see, the other champion comes!”—Then rung the
startled air
With shouts of “Wordsworth, Wordsworth, ho! the
bard of Rydal’s there.”

And lo! upon a little steed, unmeet for such a
course,
Appeared the honored veteran; but weak seemed man
and horse.

Then shook their ears the sapient peers,—“That joust
will soon be done :

My Lord of Brougham, I 'll back Fitzball, and give you
two to one !”

“Done,” quoth the Brougham,—“and done with you !”

“Now, Minstrels, are you ready ?”

Exclaimed the Lord of Waterford,—“You 'd better
both sit steady.

Blow, trumpets, blow the note of charge ! and forward
to the fight !”

“Amen !” said good Sir Aubrey Vere ; “Saint Schism
defend the right !”

As sweeps the blast against the mast, when blows the
furious squall,

So started at the trumpet's sound, the terrible Fitz-
ball ;

His lance he bore his breast before,—Saint George pro-
tect the just,

Or Wordsworth's hoary head must roll along the shame-
ful dust !

“Who threw that calthrop ? Seize the knave !” Alas
the deed is done ;

Down went the steed, and o'er his head flew bright
Apollo's son.

“Undo his helmet ! cut the lace ! pour water on his
head !”

“It ain't no use at all, my lord ; 'cos vy ? the covey 's
dead !”

Above him stood the Rydal bard—his face was full of
wo—

“Now there thou liest, stiff and stark, who never feared
a foe :

A braver knight, or more renowned in tourney and in
hall,

Ne'er brought the upper gallery down, than terrible
Fitzball !”

They led our Wordsworth to the Queen—she crowned
him with the bays,

And wished him many happy years, and many quarter-
days,—

And if you 'd have the story told by abler lips than
mine,

You 've but to call at Rydal Mount, and taste the
Laureate's wine !

The Royal Banquet.

BY THE HON. G—— S—— S——

THE Queen, she kept high festival in Windsor's lordly
hall,
And round her sat the gartered knights, and ermined
nobles all ;
There drank the valiant Wellington, there fed the wary
Peel,
And at the bottom of the board, Prince Albert carved
the veal.

“ What, pantler, ho ! remove the cloth ! Ho ! cellarer,
the wine,
And bid the royal nurse bring in the hope of Brunswick's
line ! ”
Then rose, with one tumultuous shout, the band of
British peers,
“ God bless her sacred Majesty ! Let 's see the little
dears ! ”

Now by Saint George, our patron saint, 't was a touch
ing sight to see
That iron warrior gently place the Princess on his
knee ;
To hear him hush her infant fears, and teach her how to
gape
With rosy mouth expectant for the raisin and the
grape!

They passed the wine, the sparkling wine—they filled
the goblets up,
Even Brougham, the cynic anchorite, smiled blandly on
the cup ;
And Lyndhurst, with a noble thirst, that nothing could
appease,
Proposed the immortal memory of King William on his
knees.

“What want we here, my gracious liege,” cried good
Lord Aberdeen,
“Save gladsome song and minstrelsy to flow our cups
between ?
I ask not now for Goulburn's voice or Knatchbull's
warbling lay,
But where 's the Poet Laureate to grace our board to-
day ?”

Loud laughed the Knight of Netherby, and scornfully he
cried,
“Or art thou mad with wine, Lord Earl, or art thyself
beside ?

Eight hundred Bedlam bards have claimed the Laureate's
vacant crown,

And now like frantic Bacchanals run wild through Lon-
don town !”

“Now glory to our gracious Queen !” a voice was heard
to cry,

And dark Macaulay stood before them all with frenzied
eye ;

“Now glory to our gracious Queen, and all her glorious
race,

A boon, a boon, my sovran liege ! Give me the Lau-
reate's place !

“'T was I that sang the might of Rome, the glories of
Navarre ;

And who could swell the fame so well of Britain's Isles
afar ?

The hero of a hundred fights—” Then Wellington up
sprung,

“Ho, silence in the ranks, I say ! Sit down, and hold
your tongue.

“By heaven thou shalt not twist my name into a jingling
lay,

Or mimic in thy puny song the thunders of Assaye !

'T is hard that for thy lust of place in peace we cannot
dine.

Nurse, take her Royal Highness here ! Sir Robet, pass
the wine !”

“No laureate need we at our board!” then spoke the
Lord of Vaux;

“Here ’s many a voice to charm the ear with minstrel
song, I know.

Even I, myself—” Then rose the cry—“A song, a song
from Brougham!”

He sang,—and straightway found himself alone within
the room.

The Bard of Erin's Lament.

BY T—— M——RE, ESQ.

OH, weep for the hours when the little blind boy
Wove round me the spells of his Paphian bower ;
When I dipp'd my light wings in the nectar of joy,
And soar'd in the sunshine, the moth of the hour !
From beauty to beauty, I pass'd like the wind ;
Now fondled the lily, now toy'd with the rose ;
And the fair, that at morn had enchanted my mind,
Was forsook for another ere evening's close.

I sighed not for honor, I cared not for fame,
While Pleasure sat by me, and Love was my guest ;
They twined a fresh wreath for each day as it came,
And the bosom of beauty still pillowed my rest ;
And the harp of my country—neglected it slept—
In hall or by greenwood unheard were its songs ;
From Love's Sylarite dreams I aroused me, and swept
Its chord to the tale of her glories and wrongs.

But weep for the hour!—Life's summer is past,
And the snow of its winter lies cold on my brow;
And my soul, as it shrinks from each stroke of the blast,
Cannot turn to a fire that glows inwardly now.
No, its ashes are dead—and, alas! Love or Song
No charm to Life's lengthening shadows can lend,
Like a cup of old wine, rich, mellow, and strong,
And a seat by the fire *tête-à-tête* with a friend.

The Laureate.

BY A——— T———.

WHO would not be
 The Laureate bold
 With his butt of sherry
 To keep him merry,
 And nothing to do but to pocket his gold

'Tis I would be the Laureate bold!
 When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
 I 'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
 With her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
 I 'd care not a pin for the waiting-lord;
 But I 'd lie on my back on the smooth green sward,
 With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
 And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,
 And I 'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
 And watch the clouds as listless as I,

Lazily, lazily!

And I 'd pick the moss and daisies white,
 And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite;
 And I 'd let my fancies roam abroad
 In search of a hint for a birth-day ode,

Crazily, crazily!

Oh, that would be the life for me,
 With plenty to get and nothing to do,
 But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
 And whistle all day to the Queen's cockatoo,
 Trance-somely, trance-somely,
 Then the chambermaids, that clean the rooms,
 Would come to the windows and rest on their brooms,
 With their saucy caps, and their crisped hair,
 And they 'd toss their heads in the fragrant air,
 And say to each other—"Just look down there,
 At the nice young man, so tidy and small,
 Who is paid for writing on nothing at all,
 Handsomely, handsomely!"

They would pelt me with matches and sweet pastilles,
 And crumpled up balls of the royal bills,
 Giggling and laughing, and screaming with fun,
 As they 'd see me start, with a leap and a run,
 From the broad of my back to the point of my toes,
 When a pellet of paper hit my nose,

Teazingly, sneezingly.

Then I 'd fling them bunches of garden flowers,
 And hyacinths plucked from the Castle bowers;
 And I 'd challenge them all to come down to me,
 And I 'd kiss them all till they kissed me,
 Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh, would not that be a merry life,
Apart from care, and apart from strife,
With the Laureate's wine, and the Laureate's pay,
And no deductions at quarter-day?
Oh, that would be the post for me!
With plenty to get and nothing to do
But to deck a pet poodle with ribbons of blue,
And whistle a tune to the Queen's cockatoo,
And scribble of verses remarkably few,
And at evening empty a bottle or two,
Quaffingly, quaffingly!

'T is I would be
The Laureate bold,
With my butt of sherry
To keep me merry,
And nothing to do but to pocket my gold!

A Midnight Meditation.

BY SIR E——— B——— L———

FILL me once more the foaming pewter up!

Another board of oysters, ladye mine!

To-night Lucullus with himself shall sup.

These mute inglorious Miltons are divine;

And as I here in slippered ease recline,

Quaffing of Perkins' Entire my fill,

I sigh not for the lymph of Aganippe's rill.

A nobler inspiration fires my brain,

Caught from Old England's fine time-hallowed drink;

I snatch the pot again and yet again,

And as the foaming fluids shrink and shrink,

Fill me once more, I say, up to the brink!

This makes strong hearts—strong heads attest its charm—

This nerves the might that sleeps in Britain's brawny
arm!

But these remarks are neither here nor there.

Where was I? Oh, I see—old Southey's dead!

They'll want some bard to fill the vacant chair,

And drain the annual butt—and oh, what head

More fit with laurel to be garlanded!

Than this, which, curled in many a fragrant coil,
Breathes of Castalia's streams, and best Macassar oil ?

I know a grace is seated on my brow,
Like young Apollo's with his golden beams ;
There should Apollo's bays be budding now :
And in my flashing eyes the radiance beams
That marks the poet in his waking dreams,
When as his fancies cluster thick and thicker,
He feels the trance divine of poesy and liquor.

They throng around me now, those things of air,
That from my fancy took their being's stamp :
There Pelham sits and twirls his glossy hair,
There Clifford leads his pals upon the tramp ;
Their pale Zanoni, bending o'er his lamp,
Roams through the starry wilderness of thought,
Where all is everything, and everything is nought.

Yes, I am he, who sung how Aram won
The gentle ear of pensive Madeline !
How love and murder hand in hand may run,
Cemented by philosophy serene,
And kisses bless the spot where gore has been !
Who breathed the melting sentiment of crime,
And for the assassin waked a sympathy sublime !

Yes, I am he, who on the novel shed
Obscure philosophy's enchanting light !
Until the public, wildered as they read,
Believed they saw that which was not in sight—
Of course 't was not for me to set them right ;

For in my nether heart convinced I am,
Philosophy 's as good as any other bam.

Novels three-volumed I shall write no more—

Somehow or other now they will not sell ;
And to invent new passions is a bore—

I find the Magazines pay quite as well.

Translating 's simple, too, as I can tell,
Who 've hawked at Schiller on his lyric throne,
And given the astonished bard a meaning all my own.

Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, their best days are
grassed ;

Battered and broken are their early lyres.

Rogers, a pleasant memory of the past,

Warmed his young hands at Smithfield's martyr fires,
And, worth a plum, nor bays, nor butt desires.

But these are things would suit me to the letter,

For though this Stout is good, old Sherry 's greatly
better.

A fico for your small poetic ravers,

Your Hunts, your Tennysons, your Milnes, and these !
Shall they compete with him who wrote "Maltravers,"

Prologue to "Alice or the Mysteries?"

No ! Even now, my glance prophetic sees

My own high brow girt with the bays about.

What ho, within there, ho ! another pint of Stout !

Montgomery.

A POEM.

LIKE one who, waking from a troublous dream,
Pursues with force his meditative theme ;
Calm as the ocean in its halcyon still,
Calm as the sunlight sleeping on the hill :
Calm as at Ephesus great Paul was seen
To rend his robes in agonies serene ;
Calm as the love that radiant Luther bore
To all that lived behind him, and before ;
Calm as meek Calvin, when, with holy smile,
He sang the mass around Servetus' pile,—
So once again I snatch this harp of mine,
To breathe rich incense from a mystic shrine.
Not now to whisper to the ambient air
The sound of Satan's Universal Prayer ;
Not now to sing in sweet domestic strife
That woman reigns the Angel of our life ;
But to proclaim the wish, with pious art,
Which thrills through Britain's universal heart,—
That on this brow, with native honors graced,
The Laureate's chaplet should at length be placed !

Fear not, ye maids, who love to hear me speak ;
Let no desponding tears bedim your cheek !
No gust of envy, no malicious scorn,
Hath this poor heart of mine with frenzy torn.
There are who move so far above the great,
Their very look disarms the glance of hate ;
Their thoughts, more rich than emerald or gold,
Enwrap them like the prophet's mantle's fold.
Fear not for me, nor think that this our age,
Blind though it be, hath yet no Archimage.
I, who have bathed in bright Castalia's tide,
By classic Isis and more classic Clyde ;
I, who have handled in my lofty strain,
All things divine, and many things profane ;
I, who have trod where seraphs fear to tread ;
I, who on mountain—honey dew have fed ;
I, who undaunted broke the mystic seal,
And left no page for prophets to reveal ;
I, who in shade portentous Dante threw ;
I, who have done what Milton dared not do,—
I fear no rival for the vacant throne ;
No mortal thunder shall eclipse my own !

Let dark Macaulay chaunt his Roman lays,
Let Monekton Milnes go moulder for the bays,
Let Simmons call on great Napoleon's shade,
Let Lytton Bulwer seek his Aram's aid,
Let Wordsworth ask for help from Peter Bell,
Let Campbell carol Copenhagen's knell,
Let Delta warble through his Delphic groves,
Let Elliot shout for pork and penny loaves,—

I care not, I! resolved to stand or fall ;
One down, another on, I 'll smash them all !

Back, ye profane ! this hand alone hath power
To pluck the laurel from its sacred bower ;
This brow alone is privileged to wea.
The ancient wreath o'er hyacinthine hair ;
These lips alone may quaff the sparkling wine,
And make its mortal juice once more divine.
Back, ye profane ! And thou, fair queen, rejoice :
A nation's praise shall consecrate thy choice.
Thus, then, I kneel where Spencer knelt before,
On the same spot perchance, of Windsor's floor ;
And take, while awe-struck millions round me stand,
The hallowed wreath from great Victoria's hand.

The Death of Space.

[WHY has Satan's own Laureate never given to the world his marvellous threnody on "The Death of Space?" Who knows where the bays might have fallen, had he forwarded that mystic manuscript to the Home Office? If unwonted modesty withholds it from the public eye, the public will pardon the boldness that tears from blushing obscurity the following fragments of this unique poem.]

ETERNITY shall raise her funeral pile
In the vast dungeon of the extinguish'd sky,
And, clothed in dim barbaric splendor, smile,
And murmur shouts of elegiac joy.

While those that dwell beyond the realms of space,
And those that people all that dreary void,
When old Time's endless heir hath run his race,
Shall live for aye, enjoying and enjoy'd.

And 'mid the agony of unsullied bliss,
Her Demogorgon's doom shall Sin bewail,
The undying serpent at the spheres shall hiss,
And lash the empyrean with his tail.

And Hell, inflated with supernal wrath,
Shall open wide her thunder-bolted jaws,
And shout into the dull cold ear of Death,
That he must pay his debt to Nature's laws.

And when the King of Terrors breathes his last,
Infinity shall creep into her shell,
Cause and effect shall from their thrones be cast,
And end their strife with suicidal yell.

While from their ashes, burnt with pomp of Kings
'Mid incense floating to the vanished skies,
Nonentity, on circumambient wings,
An everlasting Phoenix shall arise.

Little John and the Red Friar.

A LAY OF SHERWOOD.

FYTTÉ THE FIRST.

'THE deer may leap within the glade ;
The fawns may follow free—
For Robin is dead, and his bones are laid
Beneath the greenwood tree.

And broken are his merry, merry men,
That goodlie companie ;
There 's some have ta'en the northern road
With Jem of Netherbee.

The best and bravest of the band
With Derby Ned are gone ;
But Earlie Gray and Charlie Wood,
They staid with Little John.

Now Little John was an outlaw proud,
A prouder ye never saw ;
Through Nottingham and Leicester shires
He thought his word was law,
And he strutted through the greenwood wide
Like a pestilent jack-daw.

He swore that none, but with leave of him,
Should set foot on the turf so free.
And he thought to spread his cutter's rule,
All over the south countrie.

"There 's never a knave in the land," he said,
"But shall pay his toll to me!"

And Charlie Wood was a taxman good
As ever stepped the ground,
He levied mail, like a sturdy thief,
From all the yeomen round.

"Nay, stand!" quoth he, "thou shalt pay to me,
Seven pence from every pound!"

Now word has come to Little John,
As he lay upon the grass,
That a friar red was in merry Sherwood
Without his leave to pass.

"Come hither, come hither, my little foot-page!
Ben Hawes, come tell to me,
What manner of man is this burly frere
Who walks the wood so free!"

"My master good!" the little page said,
"His name I wot not well,
But he wears on his head a hat so red,
With a monstrous scallop-shell.

"He says he is Prior of Copmanshurst,
And Bishop of London town,
And he comes with a rope from our father, the Pope
To put the outlaws down.

“I saw him ride but yester-tide
With his jolly chaplains three;
And he swears that he has an open pass
From Jem of Netherbee!”

Little John has ta'en an arrow so broad,
And broke it o'er his knee;
“Now I may never strike doe again,
But this wrong avenged shall be!

“And has he dared, this greasy frere,
To trespass in my bound,
Nor asked for leave from Little John
To range with hawk and hound?”

“And has he dared to take a pass
From Jem of Netherbee,
Forgetting that the Sherwood shaws
Pertain of right to me?”

“O were he but a simple man
And not a slip-shod fiere!
I'd hang him up by his own waist-ropes
Above yon tangled brere.

“O did he come alone from Jem
And not from our father the Pope,
I'd bring him in to Copmanshurst,
With the noose of a hempen rope!”

“But since he has come from our father the Pope,
And sailed across the sea,
And since he has power to bind and loose,
His life is safe for me ;
But a heavy penance he shall do
Beneath the greenwood tree !”

“O tarry yet,” quoth Charlie Wood,
“O tarry, master mine !
It’s ill to shear a yearling hog,
Or twist the wool of swine !

“It’s ill to make a bonny silk purse
From the ear of a bristly boar ;
It’s ill to provoke a shaveling’s curse,
When the way lies him before.

“I’ve walked the forest for twenty years,
In weather wet and dry,
And never stopped a good fellowe
Who had no coin to buy.

“What boots it to search a beggarman’s bags
When no silver groat he has ?
So, master mine, I rede you well,
E’en let the Friar pass !”

“Now cease thy prate,” quoth Little John,
“Thou japest but in vain ;
An he have not a groat within his pouch
We may find a silver chain.

“ But were he as bare as a new-flayed buck,
 As truly he may be,
 He shall not tread the Sherwood shaws
 Without the leave of me !”

“ Little John has taken his arrows and bow,
 His sword and buckler strong,
 And lifted up his quarter-staff,
 Was full three cloth yards long

And he has left his merry men
 At the trysting-tree behind,
 And gone into the gay greenwood,
 This burly frere to find.

O'er holt and hill, thro' brake and brere
 He took his way alone —
 Now, Lordlings, list and you shall hear
 This geste of Little John.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in gay greenwood,
 When the little birds are singing,
 When the buck is belling in the fern
 And the hare from the thicket springing!

'T is merry to hear the waters clear
 As they splash in the pebbly fall;
 And the ouzel whistling to his mate
 As he lights on the stones so small.

But small pleasaunce took little John
 In all he heard and saw ;
 Till he reached the cave of a hermit old
 Who wonned within the shaw.

“ *Ora pro nobis !*” quoth Little John—
 His Latin was somewhat rude—
 “ Now, holy Father, hast thou seen
 A frere within the wood ?

“ By his scarlet hose, and his ruddy nose,
 I guess you may know him well ;
 And he wears on his head a hat so red,
 And monstrous scallop shell.”

“ I have served Saint Pancras,” the hermit said,
 “ In this cell for thirty year,
 Yet never saw I, in the forest bounds,
 The face of such a frere !

“ And if ye find him, master mine,
 E’er take an old man’s advice,
 And raddle him well, till he roar again,
 Lest ye fail to meet him twice !”

“ Trust me for that !” quoth Little John—
 “ Trust me for that !” quoth he with a laugh,
 “ There never was man of woman born,
 That ask’d twice for the taste of my quarter-staff !”

Then Little John, he strutted on,
 'Till he came to an open bound,
And he was aware of a Red Friar
 Was sitting upon the ground.

His shoulders they were broad and strong,
 And large was he of limb:
Few yeomen in the north countrie
 Would care to mell with him.

He heard the rustling of the boughs,
 As Little John drew near;
But never a single word he spoke,
 Of welcome or of cheer.

I like not his looks! thought Little John,
 Nor his staff of the oaken tree.
Now may our Lady be my help,
 Else beaten I well may be!

“What dost thou here, thou strong Friar,
 In Sherwood’s merry round,
Without the leave of Little John,
 To range with hawk and hound?”

“Small thought have I,” quoth the Red Friar,
 “Of any leave, I trow.
That Little John is an outlawed thief,
 And so, I ween, art thou!”

“Know, I am Prior of Copmanshurst,
And Bishop of London town,
And I bring a rope from our father the Pope,
To put the outlaws down.”

Then out spoke Little John in wrath,
“I tell thee, burly frere,
The Pope may do as he likes at home,
But he sends no Bishops here!

“Up, and away, Red Friar!” he said,
“Up, and away, right speedilie;
An it were not for that cowl of thine,
Avenged on thy body I would be!”

“Nay, heed not that,” said the Red Friar,
“And let my cowl no hindrance be;
I warrant that I can give as good
As ever I think to take from thee!”

Little John he raised his quarter-staff,
And so did the burly priest,
And they fought beneath the greenwood tree,
A stricken hour at least.

But Little John was weak of fence,
And his strength began to fail,
Whilst the Friar's blows came thundering down,
Like the strokes of a threshing flail.

“Now, hold thy hand,” thou stalwart Friar,
“Now rest beneath the thorn,
Until I gather breath enow,
For a blast at my bugle horn!”

“I ’ll hold my hand,” the Friar said,
“Since that is your propine,
But, an you sound your bugle horn,
I ’ll even blow on mine!”

Little John he wound a blast so shrill
That it rung o’er rock and linn,
And Charlie Wood and his merry men all
Came lightly bounding in.

The Friar he wound a blast so strong
That it shook both bush and tree,
And to his side came Witless Will
And Jem of Netherbee ;
With all the worst of Robin’s band,
And many a Rapparee !

Little John he wist not what to do,
When he saw the others come ;
So he twisted his quarter-staff between
His fingers and his thumb.

“There ’s some mistake, good Friar!” he said,
“There ’s some mistake ’twixt thee and me ;
I know thou art Prior of Copmanshurst,
But not beneath the greenwood tree.

“And if you will take some other name,
 You shall have ample leave to bide;
 With pasture also for your Bulls,
 And power to range the forest wide.”

“There ’s no mistake!” the Friar said,
 “I ’ll call myself just what I please.
 My doctrine is that chalk is chalk,
 And cheese is nothing else than caese.”

“So be it then!” quoth Little John;
 “But surely you will not object,
 If I and all my merry men
 Should treat you with reserved respect?”

“We can’t call you Prior of Copmanshurst,
 Nor Bishop of London town,
 Nor on the grass, as you chance to pass,
 Can we very well kneel down.

“But you ’ll send the Pope my compliments,
 And say, as a further hint,
 That, within the Sherwood bounds, you saw
 Little John, who is the son-in-law
 Of his friend, old Mat-o’-the-Mint!”

So ends this geste of Little John—
 God save our noble Queen!
 But, Lordlings, say—is Sherwood now
 What Sherwood once hath been?

The Rhyme of Sir Lancelot Bogle.

A LEGEND OF GLASGOW.

BY MRS. E----- F----- B-----.

THERE 's a pleasant place of rest, near a City of the
West,

Where its bravest and its best find their grave.

Below the willows weep, and their hoary branches steep
In the waters still and deep,

Not a wave!

And the old Cathedral Wall, so scathed, and gray, and
tall,

Like a priest surveying all, stands beyond.

And the ringing of its bell, when the ringers ring it well,
Makes a kind of tidal swell

On the pond!

And there it was I lay, on a beauteous summer's day,

With the odor of the hay floating by ;

And I heard the blackbirds sing, and the bells demurely
ring,

'hime by chime, ting by ting,

Droppingly.

Then my thoughts went wandering back on a very
beaten track

To the confine deep and black of the tomb,
And I wondered who he was, that is laid beneath the
grass,

Where the dandelion has

Such a bloom.

Then I straightway did espy, with my slantly sloping
eye,

A carv'd stone hard by, somewhat worn;
And I read in letters cold—*Here lyes Launcelot ye boldc,*
Off ye race off Bogile old,

Glasgow borne.

He wals aue baipaunt knychte maist terrible in fychte. . .

Here the letters failed outright, but I knew
That a stout crusading lord, who had crossed the Jordan's
ford,

Lay there beneath the sword,

Wet with dew.

Time and tide they passed away, on that pleasant sum-
mer's day,

And around me as I lay, all grew old:
Sank the chimneys from the town, and the clouds of
vapor brown

No longer, like a crown,

O'er it rolled.

Sank the great Saint Polix stalk, like a pile of diugy
chalk

Disappeared the cypress walk, and the flowers.
And a donjon keep arose, that might baffle any foes,
With its men-at-arms in rows,
On its towers.

And the flag that flaunted there, showed the grim and
grizzly bear,

Which the Boggles always wear for their crest.
And I heard the warder call, as he stood upon the wall.
“Wake ye up! my comrades all,
From your rest!

“For by the blessed rood, there’s a glimpse of armor good
In the deep Cowcaddens wood, o’er the stream;
And I hear the stifled hum, of a multitude that come,
Though they have not beat the drum
It would seem!

“Go tell it to my Lord, lest he wish to man the ford
With partizan and sword, just beneath;
Ho, Gilkison and Nares! He, Provan of Cowlairs!
We ’ll back the bonny bears
To the death!”

To the tower above the moat, like one who heedeth not.
Came the bold Sir Launcelot, half undressed;
On the outer rim he stood, and peered into the wood,
With his arms across him glued
On his breast.

And he muttered "Foe accurst! has thou daied to seek
me first?

George of Gorbals, do thy worst—for I swear,
O'er thy gory corpse to ride, ere thy sister and my
bride,
From my undesevered side,
Thou shalt tear!

"Ho! herald mine, Brownlee! ride forth, I pray and
see,
Who, what, and whence is he, foe or friend!
Sir Roderick Dalgleish, and my foster-brother Neish
With his bloodhounds in the leash,
Shall attend."

Forth went the herald stout, o'er the drawbridge and
without,
Then a wild and savage shout rose amain,
Six arrows sped their force, and, a pale and bleeding
corse,
He sank from off his horse
On the plain!

Back drew the bold Dalgleish, back started stalwart
Neish,
With his bloodhounds in the leash, from Brownlee.
"Now shame be to the sword that made thee knight
and lord,
Thou caitiff thrice abhorred,
Shame on thee!

“Ho, bowmen, bend your bows! Discharge upon the
foes,

For with no end of those heavy bolts.

Three angels to the brave who finds the foe a grave,

And a gallows for the slave

Who revolts!”

Ten days the combat lasted; but the bold defenders
fasted,

While the foemen, better pastied, fed their host;

You might hear the savage cheers of the hungry Gorbali-
liers,

As at night they dressed the steers

For the roast.

And Sir Launcelot grew thin, and Provan's double chin

Showed sundry folds of skin down beneath;

In silence and in grief found Gilkison relief,

Nor did Neish the spellword, beef,

Dare to breathe.

To the ramparts Edith came, that fair and youthful
dame,

With the rosy evening flame on her face.

She sighed, and looked around on the soldiers on the
ground,

Who but little penance found,

Saying grace!

And she said unto her lord, as he leaned upon his
sword,

“One short and iittle word may i speak?

I cannot bear to view those eyes so ghastly blue,

Or mark the sallow hue

Of thy cheek!

“I know the rage and wrath that my furious brother
hath

Is less against us both than at me.

Then, dearest, let me go, to find among the foe

An arrow from the bow,

Like Brownlee!”

“I would soil my father’s name, I would lose my trea-
sured fame,

Ladye mine, should such a shame on me light:

While I wear a belted brand, together still we
stand,

Heart to heart, hand to hand!”

Said the knight.

“All our chances are not lost, as your brother and his
host

Shall discover to their cost rather hard!

Ho, Provan! take this key—hoist up the Malvoisie.

And heap it, d’ ye see,

In the yard.

“Of usquebaugh and rum, you will find I reckon
 some,
 Besides the beer and mum, extra stout ;
 Go straightway to your tasks, and roll me all the
 casks,
 As also range the flasks,
 Just without.

“If I know the Gorbaliens, they are sure to dip their
 ears
 In the very inmost tiers of the drink.
 Let them win the outer-court, and hold it for their sport,
 Since their time is rather short,
 I should think !”

With a loud triumphant yell, as the heavy drawbridge
 fell,
 Rushed the Gorbaliens pell-mell, wild as Druids ;
 Mad with thirst for human gore, how they threatened
 and they swore,
 Till they stumbled on the floor,
 O'er the fluids !

Down their weapons then they threw, and each savage
 soldier drew
 From his belt an iron screw, in his fist :
 George of Gorbals found it vain their excitement to
 restrain,
 And indeed was rather fain
 To assist.

With a beaker in his hand, in the midst he took his
stand,

And silence did command all below—

“Ho! Launcelot the bold, ere thy lips are icy cold,
In the centre of thy hold,

Pledge me now!

“Art surly, brother mine? In this cup of rosy
wine,

I drink to the decline of thy race!

Thy proud career is done, thy sand is nearly run,

Never more shall setting sun

Gild thy face!

‘The pilgrim in amaze, shall see a goodly blaze,

Ere the pallid morning rays flicker up.

And perchance he may espy certain corpses swinging
high!

What, brother! art thou dry?

Fill my cup!”

Dumb as death stood Launcelot, as though he heard
him not,

But his bosom Provan smote, and he swore:

And Sir Roderick Dalgleish, remarked aside to
Neish,

“Never sure did thirsty fish

Swallow more!”

“Thirty casks are nearly done, yet the revel ’s scarce
begun,

It were knightly sport and fun to strike in!”

“Nay, tarry till they come,” quoth Neish, “unto the
rum—

They are working at the mum,

And the gin!”

Then straight there did appear to each gallant Gorbaliar

Twenty castles dancing near, all around,

The solid earth did shake, and the stones beneath them
quake,

And sinuous as a snake

Moved the ground.

Why and wherefore they had come, seemed intricate to
some,

But all agreed the rum was divine.

And they looked with bitter scorn on their leader highly
born,

Who preferred to fill his horn

Up with wine!

Then said Launcelot the tall, “Bring the chargers from
their stall;

Lead them straight unto the hall, down below :

Draw your weapons from your side, fling the gates
asunder wide,

And together we shall ride

On the foe!”

Then Provan knew full well, as he leaped into his
selle,

That few would 'scape to tell how they fared,
And Gilkison and Nares, both mounted on their mares,
Looked terrible as bears,

All prepared.

With his bloodhounds in the leash, stood the iron-sinew-
ed Neish,

And the falchion of Dalgleish glittered bright—
“Now, wake the trumpet's blast; and, comrades, follow
fast;

Smite them down unto the last!”

Cried the knight.

In the cumbered yard without, there was shriek, and
yell, and shout,

As the warriors wheeled about, all in mail.

On the miserable kerne, fell the death-strokes stiff and
stern,

As the deer treads down the fern,

In the vale!

Saint Mungo be my guide! It was goodly in that
tide

To see the Bogle ride in his haste;

He accompanied each blow, with a cry of “Ha!” or
“Ho!”

And always cleft the foe

To the waist.

“George of Gorbals—craven lord! thou didst threat me
with the cord,

·Come forth and brave my sword, if you dare!”

But he met with no reply, and never could descry

The glitter of his eye

Anywhere.

Ere the dawn of morning shone, all the Gorbaliens were
down,

Like a field of barley mown in the ear:

It had done a soldier good, to see how Provan stood,

With Neish all bathed in blood,

Panting near.

“Now ply ye to your tasks—go carry down those
casks,

And place the empty flasks on the floor.

George of Gorbals scarce will come, with trumpet and
with drum,

To taste our beer and rum

Any more!

So they plied them to their tasks, and they carried down
the casks,

And replaced the empty flasks on the floor;

But pallid for a week was the cellar master's cheek,

For he swore he heard a shriek

Through the door.

When the merry Christmas came, and the Yule-log lent
its flame

To the face of squire and dame in the hall,
The cellarer went down to tap October brown,
Which was rather of renown
'Mongst them ali.

He placed the spigot low, and gave the cask a blow.

But his liquor would not flow through the pin.
"Sure, 't is sweet as honeysuckles!" so he rapped it
with his knuckles,
But a sound as if of buckles,
Clashed within.

"Bring a hatchet, varlets, here!" and they cleft the
cask of beer;

What a spectacle of fear met their sight!
There George of Gorbals lay, skull and bones all blanched
and grey,
In the arms he bore the day
Of the fight!

I have sung this ancient tale, not, I trust, without avail,
Though the moral ye may fail to perceive,
Sir Launcelot is dust, and his gallant sword is rust,
And now, I think, I must
Take my leave!

The Lay of the Lover's Friend.

[AIR—"The days we went a gipsying."]

I WOULD all womankind were dead,
 Or banished o'er the sea ;
 For they have been a bitter plague
 These last six weeks to me :
 It is not that I 'm touched myself,
 For that I do not fear ;
 No female face hath shown me grace
 For many a bygone year.
 But 't is the most infernal bore,
 Of all the bores I know,
 To have a friend who 's lost his heart
 A short time ago.

Whene'er we steam it to Blackwall,
 Or down to Greenwich run,
 To quaff the pleasant cider cup,
 And feed on fish and fun ;

Or climb the slopes of Richmond Hill,
 To catch a breath of air :
 Then, for my sins, he straight begins
 To rave about his fair.
 Oh, 't is the most tremendous bore,
 Of all the bores I know,
 To have a friend who 's lost his heart
 A short time ago.

In vain you pour into his ear
 Your own confiding grief ;
 In vain you claim his sympathy,
 In vain you ask relief ;
 In vain you try to rouse him by
 Joke, repartee, or quiz ;
 His sole reply 's a burning sigh
 And " What a mind it is !"
 O Lord ! it is the greatest bore,
 Of all the bores I know,
 To have a friend who 's lost his heart
 A short time ago.

I've heard her thoroughly described
 A hundred times, I 'm sure ;
 And all the while I 've tried to smile,
 And patiently endure ;
 He waxes strong upon his pangs,
 And potters o'er his grog ;
 And still I say, in a playful way—
 ' Why you 're a lucky dog !'

But oh ! it is the heaviest bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

I really wish he'd do like me
When I was young and strong ;
I formed a passion every week,
But never kept it long.
But he has not the sportive mood
That always rescued me,
And so I would all women could
Be banished o'er the sea.
For 't is the most egregious bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago.

Fraucesca Da Rimini.

TO BON GAULTIER.

ARGUMENT.—An impassioned pupil of Leigh Hunt, having met Bon Gaultier at a Fancy Ball, declares the destructive consequences thus.]

DIDST thou not praise me, Gaultier, at the ball,
Ripe lips, trim boddice, and a waist so small,
With clipsome lightness, dwindling ever less,
Beneath the robe of pea-y greeniness ?
Dost thou remember, when with stately prance,
Our heads went crosswise in the country dance ;
How soft, warm fingers, tipp'd like buds of balm,
Trembled within the squeezing of thy palm ;
And how a cheek grew flush'd and peachy-wise
At the frank lifting of thy cordial eyes ?
Ah, me ! that night there was one gentle thing,
Who like a dovè, with its scarce-feather'd wing,
Flutter'd at the approach of thy quaint swaggering !

There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
 An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,—
 A crispy-cheekiness, if so I dare
 Describe the swaling of a jaunty air ;
 And thus, when swirling from the waltz's wheel,
 You craved my hand to grace the next quadrille,
 That smiling voice, although it made me start,
 Boil'd in the meek o'erlifting of my heart ;
 And, picking at my flowers, I said with free
 And usual tone, " Oh yes, sir, certainly !"

Like one that swoons, 'twixt sweet amaze and fear,
 I heard the music burning in my ear,
 And felt I cared not, so thou wert with me,
 If Gurth or Wamba were our vis-à-vis.
 So, when a tall Knight Templar ringing came,
 And took his place against us with his dame,
 I neither turned away, nor bashful shrunk
 From the stern survey of the soldier-monk,
 Though rather more than full three-quarters drunk
 But threading through the figure, first in rule,
 I paused to see thee plunge into La Poule.

Ah, what a sight was that ? Not prurient Mars,
 Pointing his toe through ten celestial bars—
 Not young Apollo, beamily array'd
 In tripsome guise for Juno's masquerade—
 Not smartest Hermes, with his pinion girth,
 Jerking with freaks and snatches down to earth,
 Look'd half so bold, so beautiful and strong,
 As thou when pranking thro' the glittering throng !

How the calm'd ladies looked with eyes of love
On thy trim velvet doublet laced above ;
The hem of gold, that, like a wavy river,
Flowed down into thy back with glancing shiver !
So bare was thy fine throat, and curls of black
So lightsomely dropp'd on thy lordly back,
So crisply swaled the feather in thy bonnet,
So glanced thy thigh, and spanning palm upon it,
That my weak soul took instant flight to thee,
Lost in the fondest gush of that sweet witchery !

But when the dance was o'er, and arm in arm,
(The full heart beating 'gainst the elbow warm,)
We pass'd into the great refreshment hall,
Where the heap'd cheese-cakes and the comfits small
Lay, like a hive of sunbeams, brought to burn
Around the margin of the negus urn ;
When my poor quivering hand you finger'd twice,
And, with enquiring accents, whisper'd "Ice,
Water, or cream ?" I could no more dissemble,
But dropp'd upon the couch all in a tremble.
A swimming faintness misted o'er my brain,
The corks seem'd starting from the brisk champagne,
The custards fell untouch'd upon the floor,
Thine eyes met mine. That night we danced no more !

The Cadi's Daughter.

A LEGEND OF THE BOSPHORUS.

How beauteous is the star of night
 Within the eastern skies,
Like the twinkling glance of the Toorkinan's lance.
 Or the antelope's azure eyes!
A lamp of love in the heaven above,
 That star is fondly streaming;
And the gay kiosk and the shadowy mosque
 In the Golden Horn are gleaming.
Young Leila sits in her jasmine bower,
 And she hears the bulbul sing,
As it thrills its throat to the first full note,
 That anthems the flowery spring.
She gazes still, as a maiden will,
 On that beauteous eastern star:
You might see the throb of her bosom's sob
 Beneath the white cymar!

She thinks of him who is far away,—
 Her own brave Galiongee,—
Where the billows foam and the breezes roam,
 On the wild Carpathian sea.

She thinks of the oath that bound them both
 Beside the stormy water ;
 And the words of love, that in Athens' grove
 He spake to the Cadi's daughter.

“ My Selim ! ” thus the maiden said,
 “ Though severed thus we be,
 By the raging deep and the mountains' steep,
 My soul still yearns to thee.
 Thy form so dear is mirror'd here
 In my heart's pellucid well,
 As the rose looks up to Phingari's orb,
 Or the moth to the gay gazelle.

“ I think of the time, when the Kaftan's crime
 Our love's young joys o'ertook,
 And thy name still floats in the plaintive notes
 Of my silver-toned chibouque.
 Thy hand is red with the blood it has shed,
 Thy soul it is heavy laden ;
 Yet come, my Giaour, to thy Leila's bower ;
 Oh, come to thy Turkish maiden ! ”

A light step trode on the dewy sod,
 And a voice was in her ear,
 And an arm embraced young Leila's waist—
 “ Belovéd ! I am here ! ”
 Like the phantom form that rules the storm,
 Appeared the pirate lover,
 And his fiery eye was like Zatanai,
 As he fondly bent above her.

“Speak, Leila, speak ! for my light caïque
Rides proudly in yonder bay ;
I have come from my rest to her I love best,
To carry thee, love, away.

The breast of thy lover shall shield thee, and cover
My own jemscheed from harm ;
Think'st thou I fear the dark vizier,
Or the mufti's vengeful arm ?

“Then droop not, love, nor turn away
From this rude hand of mine !”

And Leila looked in her lover's eyes,
And murmured—“I am thine !”

But a gloomy man with a yataghan
Stole through the acacia blossoms,
And the thrust he made with his gleaming blade
Had pierced through both their bosoms.

“There ! there ! thou curséd caitiff Giacour !
There, there, thou false one, lie !”

Remorseless Hassan stands above,
And he smiles to see them die.
They sleep beneath the fresh green turf,
The lover and the lady—
And the maidens wail to hear the tale
Of the daughter of the Cadi !

Eastern Serenade.

THE minarets wave on the plain of Stamboul,
 And the breeze of the evening blows freshly and cool ;
 The voice of the musnud is heard from the west,
 And kaftan and kalpac have gone to their rest,
 The notes of the kislar re-echo no more,
 And the waves of Al Sirat fall light on the shore.

Where art thou, my beauty ; where art thou, my bride ?
 Oh, come and repose by the dragoon's side !
 I wait for thee still by the flowery tophaik—
 I have broken my Eblis for Zuleima's sake.
 But the heart that adores thee is faithful and true,
 Though it beats 'neath the folds of a Greek Allah-hu !

Oh, wake thee, my dearest ! the muftis are still.
 And the tschocadars sleep on the Franguestan hill ;
 No sullen aleikoum—no derveesh is here,
 And the mosques are all watching by lonely Kashmere !
 Oh, come in the gush of thy beauty so full,
 I have waited for thee, my adored attar-gul !

I see thee—I hear thee—thy antelope foot
Treads lightly and soft on the velvet cheroot ;
The jewelled amaun of thy zemzem is bare,
And the folds of thy palampore wave in the air.
Come, rest on the bosom that loves thee so well,
My dove! my phingari! my gentle gazelle!

Nay, tremble not, dearest! I feel thy heart throb,
'Neath the sheltering shroud of thy snowy kiebaub ;
Lo, there shines Muezzin, the beautiful star !
Thy lover is with thee, and danger afar :
Say, is it the glance of the haughty vizier,
Or the bark of the distant effendi, you fear ?

Oh, swift fly the hours in the garden of bliss !
And sweeter than balm of Gehenna, thy kiss !
Wherever I wander—wherever I roam,
My spirit flies back to its beautiful home :
It dwells by the lake of the limpid Stamboul,
With thee, my adored one ! my own attar-gul !



The Death of Duval.

BY W———H———A———TH, ESQ.

“Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand! I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity! What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace! I see him at the tree! the whole circle are in tears! even butchers weep!”—BEGGAR’S OPERA.

A LIVING sea of eager human faces,
 A thousand bosoms, throbbing all as one,
 Walls, windows, balconies, all sorts of places,
 Holding their crowds of gazers to the sun:
 Through the hushed groups low buzzing murmurs run;
 And on the air, with slow reluctant swell,
 Comes the dull funeral boom of old Sepulchre’s bell.

Oh, joy in London now! in festal measure
 Be spent the evening of this festive day!
 For thee is opening now a high-strung pleasure
 Now, even now, in yonder press-yard they
 Strike from his limbs the fetters loose away!
 A little while, and he, the brave Duval,
 Will issue forth, serene, to glad and greet you all.

“Why comes he not? say, wherefore doth he tarry?”
 Starts the enquiry loud from every tongue.
 “Surely,” they cry, “that tedious Ordinary
 His tedious psalms must long ere this have sung,—
 Tedious to him that’s waiting to be hung!”
 But hark! old Newgate’s doors fly wide apart.
 “He comes, he comes!” A thrill shoots through each
 gazer’s heart.

Join’d in the stunning cry ten thousand voices,
 All Smithfield answered to the loud acclaim.
 “He comes, he comes!” and every breast rejoices,
 As down Snow Hill the shout tumultuous came,
 Bearing to Holborn’s crowd the welcome fame.
 “He comes, he comes!” and each holds back his
 breath,—
 Some ribs are broke and some few scores are crush’d to
 death.

With step majestic to the cart advances
 The dauntless Claude, and springs into his seat.
 He feels that on him now are fix’d the glances
 Of many a Britain bold and maiden sweet,
 Whose hearts responsive to his glories beat.
 In him the honor of “The Road” is centred,
 And all the hero’s fire into his bosom enter’d.

His was the transport—his the exultation
 Of Rome’s great generals, when from afar,
 Up to the Capitol, in the ovation,

They bore with them in the triumphal car,
 Rich gold and gems, the spoils of foreign war.
Io Triumphe! They forgot their clay.
 E'en so Duval who rode in glory on his way.

His laced cravat, his kids of purest yellow,
 The many-tinted nosegay in his hand,
 His large black eyes, so fiery, yet so mellow,
 Like the old vintages of Spanish land,
 Locks clustering o'er a brow of high command,
 Subdue all hearts; and, as up Holborn's steep
 Toils the slow car of death, e'en cruel butchers weep.

He saw it, but he heeded not. His story,
 He knew, was graven on the page of Time.
 Tyburn to him was as a field of glory,
 Where he must stoop to death his head sublime,
 Hymn'd in full many an elegiac rhyme.
 He left his deeds behind him, and his name—
 For he, like Cæsar, had lived long enough for fame.

He quail'd not, save when, as he raised the chalice,—
 St. Giles's bowl,—filled with the mildest ale,
 To pledge the crowd, on her—his beauteous Alice—
 His eye alighted, and his cheek grew pale.
 She, whose sweet breath was like the spicy gale,
 She, whom he fondly deem'd his own dear girl,
 Stood with a tall dragoon, drinking long draughts of
 purl.

He bit his lip—it quiver'd but a moment—

Then pass'd his hand across his flashing brows :

He could have spared so forcible a comment

Upon the constancy of woman's vows.

One short, sharp pang his hero-soul allows ;

But in the bowl he drowned the stinging pain,

And on his pilgrim-course went calmly forth again.

A princely group of England's noble daughters

Stood in a balcony suffused with grief,

Diffusing fragrance round them, of strong waters,

And waving many a snowy handkerchief.

Then glow'd the prince of highwayman and thief !

His soul was touched with a seraphic gleam :—

That woman could be false was but a mocking dream.

And now, his bright career of triumph ended,

His chariot stood beneath the triple tree.

The law's grim finisher to its boughs ascended,

And fix'd the hempen bandages, while he

Bow'd to the throng, then bade the car go free.

The car roll'd on, and left him dangling there

Like famed Mahommed's tomb, uphung midway in air

As droops the cup of the surcharged lily

Beneath the buffets of the surly storm,

Or the soft petals of the daffodilly,

When Sirius is uncomfortably warm,

So drooped his head upon his manly form,

While floated in the breeze his tresses brown.

He hung the stated time, and then they cut him down.

With soft and tender care the trainbands bore him,
Just as they found him, nightcap, rope, and all,
And placed this neat though plain inscription o'er him,
Among the otomies in Surgeon's Hall :

“THESE ARE THE BONES OF THE RENOWN'D DUVAL!”

There still they tell us, from their glassy case,
He was the last, the best of all that noble race !

♂

The Dirge of the Drinker.

BY W—— E—— A——, ESQ.

BROTHERS, spare awhile your liquor, lay your final tum-
bler down ;

He has dropp'd—that star of honor—on the field of his
renown !

Raise the wail, but raise it softly, lowly bending on your
knees,

If you find it more convenient, you may hiccup if you
please.

Sons of Pantagruel, gently let your hip-hurraing sink,
Be your manly accents clouded, half with sorrow, half
with drink !

Lightly to the sofa pillow lift his head from off the floor ;
See, how calm he sleeps, unconscious as the dearest nail
in door !

Widely o'er the earth I've wander'd ; where the drink
most freely flow'd,

I have ever reel'd the foremost, foremost to the beaker
strode.

Deep in shady Cider Cellars I have dream'd o'er heavy
wet,
By the fountains of Damascus I have quaff'd the rich
Sherbet,
Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its native rock,
On Johannis' sunny mountain frequent hiccup'd o'er my
hock ;
I have bathed in butts of Xeres deeper than did e'er
Monsoon,
Sangaree'd with bearded Tartars in the Mountains of the
Moon ;
In beer-swilling Copenhagen I have drunk your Danes-
man blind,
I have kept my feet in Jena, when each bursch to earth
declined ;
Glass for glass, in fierce Jamaica, I have shared the
planter's rum,
Drank with Highland dhuinie-wassels, till each gibbering
Gael grew dumb ;
But a stouter, bolder drinker—one that loved his liquor
more—
Never yet did I encounter than our friend upon the
floor !
Yet the best of us are mortal, we to weakness all are heir,
He has fallen, who rarely stagger'd—let the rest of us
beware !
We shall leave him, as we found him,—lying where his
manhood fell,
'Mong the trophies of the revel, for he took his tipples
well.

Better 't were we loosed his neckcloth, laid his throat
and bosom bare,
Pulled his Hobies off, and turn'd his toes to taste the
breezy air.
Throw the sofa cover o'er him, dim the flaring of the
gas,
Calmly, calmly let him slumber, and, as by the bar we
pass,
We shall bid that thoughtful waiter place beside him,
near and handy,
Large supplies of soda water, tumbler's bottomed well
with brandy,
So when waking, he shall drain them, with that deathless
thirst of his,
Clinging to the hand that smote him, like a good 'un as
he is!

Dame Fredegonde.

WHEN folks with headstrong passion blind,
To play the fool make up their mind,
They 're sure to come with phrases nice,
And modest air, for your advice.
But, as a truth unfailing make it,
They ask, but never mean to take it.
'T is not advice they want, in fact,
But confirmation in their act.
Now mark what did, in such a case,
A worthy priest who knew the race.

A dame more buxsome, blithe and free,
Than Fredegonde you scarce would see.
So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
Ne'er hostess offer'd juice of grape,
Could for her trade wish better sign ;
Her looks gave flavor to her wine,
And each guest feels it, as he sips,
Smack of the ruby of her lips.
A smile for all, a welcome glad,—
A jovial coaxing way she had ;

And,—what was more her fate than blame,—
 A nine months' widow was our dame.
 But toil was hard, for trade was good,
 And gallants sometimes will be rude.
 "And what can a lone woman do?
 The nights are long, and eerie too.
 Now, Guillot there 's a likely man.
 None better draws or taps a can;
 He 's just the man, I think, to suit,
 If I could bring my courage to 't."
 With thoughts like these her mind is cross'd:
 The dame, they say, who doubts is lost.
 "But then the risk? I'll beg a slice
 Of Father Raulin's good advice."

Prankt in her best, with looks demure,
 She seeks the priest; and, to be sure,
 Asks if he thinks she ought to wed:
 "With such a business on my head,
 I'm worried off my legs with care,
 And need some help to keep things square.
 I've thought of Guillot, truth to tell!
 He 's steady, knows his business well.
 What do you think?" When thus he met her:
 "Oh, take him, dear, you can't do better!"
 'But then the danger, my good pastor,
 If of the man I make the master.
 There is no trusting to these men."
 'Well, well, my dear, don't have him then!"
 "But help I must have, there 's the curse.
 I may go farther and fare worse."

"Why, take him then!" "But if he should
 Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good,—
 In drink and riot waste my all,
 And rout me out of house and hall?"
 "Don't have him, then! But I've a plan
 To clear your doubts, if any can.
 The bells a peal are ringing,—hark!
 Go straight, and what they tell you mark.
 If they say 'Yes!' wed, and be blest—
 If 'No,' why—do as you think best."

The bells rung out a triple bob :
 Oh, how our widow's heart did throb,
 As thus she heard their burden go,
 "Marry, mar-marry, mar-Guillot!"
 Bells were not then left to hang idle :
 A week,—and the rang for her bridal.
 But, woe the while, they might as well
 Have rung the poor dame's parting knell.
 The rosy dimples left her cheek,
 She lost her beauties plump and sleek ;
 For Guillot oftener kicked than kiss'd
 And back'd his orders with his fist,
 Proving by deeds as well as words,
 That servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the priest, her ire to wreak,
 And speaks as angry women speak,
 With tiger looks, and bosom swelling,
 Cursing the hour she took his telling.

To all, his calm reply was this,—
“I fear you ’ve read the bells amiss.
If they have led you wrong in aught,
Your wish, not they, inspired the thought.
Just go, and mark well what they say.”
Off trudged the dame upon her way,
And sure enough their chime went so,—
“Don’t have that knave, that knave Guillot!”

“Too true,” she cried, “there ’s not a doubt:
What could my ears have been about!”
She had forgot, that, as fools think,
The bell is ever sure to clink.

The Death of Ishmael

[This and the six following poems are examples of that new achievement of modern song—which, blending the *utile* with the *dulce*, symbolizes at once the practical and spiritual characteristics of the age,—and is called familiarly “the puff poetical.”]

DIED the Jew ? “The Hebrew died.
 On the pavement cold he lay,
 Around him closed the living tide ;
 The butcher’s cad set down his tray :
 The pot-boy from the Dragon Green
 No longer for his pewter calls ;
 The Nereid rushes in between,
 Nor more her ‘ Fine live mackerel ! ’ bawls.”

Died the Jew ? “The Hebrew died.
 They raised him gently from the stone,
 They flung his coat and neckcloth wide—
 But linen had that Hebrew none.
 They raised the pile of hats that pressed
 His noble head, his locks of snow ;
 But, ah, that head, upon his breast,
 Sank down with an expiring ‘ Clo ! ’ ”

Died the Jew? "The Hebrew died,
Struck with overwhelming qualms,
From the flavor spreading wide
Of some fine Virginia Hams.
Would you know the fatal spot,
Fatal to that child of sin?
These fine-flavored hams are bought
At 50, BISHOPSGATE WITHIN!"

Harr's Life Pills.

'T WAS in the town of Lubeck
A hundred years ago.
An old man walk'd into the church
With beard as white as snow ;
Yet were his cheeks not wrinkled,
Nor dim his eagle eye :
There's many a knight that steps the street,
Might wonder, should he chance to meet
That man erect and high !

When silenced was the organ,
And hush'd the vespers loud,
The Sacristan approached the sire,
And drew him from the crowd—
“ There's something in thy visage,
On which I dare not look,
And when I rang the passing bell,
A tremor that I may not tell,
My very vitals shook.

“ Who art thou, awful stranger ?
Our ancient annals say,
That twice two hundred years ago
Another passed this way,
Like thee in face and feature ;
And, if the tale be true,
'T is writ, that in this very year
Again the stranger shall appear.
Art thou the wandering Jew ?”

“ The wandering Jew, thou dotard !”
The wondrous phantom cried—
'T is several centuries ago
Since that poor stripling died.
He would not use my nostrums—
See, shaveling, here they are !
These put to flight all human ills,
These conquer death—unfailing pills,
And I 'm the inventor, PARR !”

Tarquin and the Augur.

GINGERLY is good King Tarquin shaving,
 Gently glides the razor o'er his chin,
 Near him stands a grim Haruspex raving,
 And with nasal whine he pitches in
 Church Extension hints,
 Till the monarch squints,
 Snicks his chin, and swears—a deadly sin!

“Jove confound thee, thou bare-legg'd impostor!
 From my dressing-table get thee gone!
 Dost thou think my flesh is double Glo'ster?
 There again! That cut was to the bone!
 Get ye from my sight;
 I'll believe you 're right
 When my razor cuts the sharpening hone!”

Thus spoke Tarquin with a deal of dryness;
 But the Augur, eager for his fees,
 Answered—“Try it, your Imperial Highness,
 Press a little harder, if you please.

There ! the deed is done !"
Through the solid stone
Went the steel as glibly as through cheese.

So the Augur touch'd the tin of Tarquin,
Who suspected some celestial aid :
But he wronged the blameless Gods ; for hearken !
Ere the monarch's bet was rashly laid,
With his seaching eye
Did the priest espy
RODGERS' name engraved upon the blade.

La Mort D'Arthur.

NOT BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

SLOWLY, as one who bears a mortal hurt,
Through which the fountain of his life runs dry,
Crept good King Arthur down unto the lake.
A roughening wind was bringing in the waves
With cold, dull splash and plunging to the shore,
And a great bank of clouds came sailing up
Athwart the aspect of the gibbous moon,
Leaving no glimpse save starlight, as he sank,
With a short stagger, senseless on the stones.

No man yet knows how long he lay in swound ;
But long enough it was to let the rust
Lick half the surface of his polished shield ;
For it was made by far inferior hands
Than forged his helm, his breastplate, and his greaves,
Whereon no canker lighted, for they bore
The magic stamp of MECHT'S SILVER STEEL.

Jupiter and the Indian Ale.

“TAKE away this clammy nectar !”
Said the king of gods and men ;
“Never at Olympus’ table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery !
Quick—invent some other drink ;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Coeytus’ sulphury brink !”

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Paly grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove’s tremendous toes ;
When a bright idea struck him—
“Dash my thyrsus ! I ’ll be bail—
For you never were in India—
That you know not HODGSON’S ALE !”

“Bring it!” quoth the Cloud-compeller,
And the wine-god brought the beer---
“Port and Claret are like water
To the noble stuff that’s here!”
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of HODGSON rise!



The Lay of the Doudney Brothers.

COATS at five-and-forty shillings! trousers ten-and-six a pair!

Summer waistcoats, three a sovereign, light and comfortable wear!

Taglionis, black or colored, Chesterfield and velveteen!
The old English shooting-jacket,—doeskins, such as ne'er were seen!

Army cloaks and riding-habits, Alberts at a trifling cost!
Do you want an annual contract? Write to DOUDNEY'S by the post.

DOUDNEY BROTHERS! DOUDNEY BROTHERS! Not the men that drive the van,

Plaster'd o'er with advertisements, heralding some paltry plan,

How, by base mechanic measure, and by pinching of their backs,

Slim attorneys' clerks may manage to retrieve their Income-tax:

But the old established business—where the best of clothes are given

At the very lowest prices—Fleet-street, Number Ninety-seven.

Would'st thou know the works of DOUDNEY? Hie thee
to the thronged Arcade,
To the Park upon a Sunday, to the terrible Parade.
There, amid the bayonets bristling, and the flashing of
the steel,
When the household troops in squadrons round the bold
field-marshal's wheel,
Should'st thou see an aged warrior in a plain blue morn
ing frock,
Peering at the proud battalion o'er the margin of his
stock,—
Should thy throbbing heart then tell thee, that the vete
ran, worn an gray,
Curbed the course of Bonaparte, rolled the thunders of
Assaye—
Let it tell thee, stranger, likewise, that the goodly garb
he wears
Started into shape and being from the DOUDNEY BRO
THERS' shears!
Seek thou next the rooms of Willis—mark, where
D'Orsay's Count is bending,
See the trousers' undulation from his graceful hip
descending;
Hath the earth another trouser so compact and love
compelling?
Thou canst find it, stranger, only, if thou seek'st the
DOUDNEYS' dwelling.
Hark, from Windsor's royal palace, what sweet voice
enchants the ear?
“Goodness, what a lovely waistcoat? Oh, who made
it, Albert, dear?

'T is the very prettiest pattern! You must get a dozen others!"

And the Prince, in rapture, answers—" 'T is the work of DOUDNEY BROTHERS!"

Paris and Helen.

As the youthful Paris presses
Helen to his ivory breast,
Sporting with her golden tresses,
Close and ever closer pressed,

He said : "So let me quaff the nectar,
Which thy lips of ruby yield ;
Glory I can leave to Hector,
Gathered in the tented field.

"Let me ever gaze upon thee,
Look into thine eyes so deep ;
With a daring hand I won thee,
With a faithful heart I'll keep.

"Oh, my Helen, thou bright wonder
Who was ever like to thee ?
Jove would lay aside his thunder,
So he might be blest like me.

“How mine eyes so fondly linger
 On thy soft and pearly skin ;
 Scan each round and rosy finger,
 Drinking draughts of beauty in !

“Tell me, whence thy beauty, fairest !
 Whence thy cheek’s enchanting bloom ?
 Whence the rosy hue thou wearest,
 Breathing round thee rich perfume ?”

Thus he spoke, with heart that panted,
 Clasped her fondly to his side,
 Gazed on her with look enchanted,
 While his Helen thus replied :

“Be no discord, love, between us,
 If I not the secret tell !
 ’T was a gift I had of Venus,—
 Venus, who hath loved me well.

“And she told me as she gave it,
 ‘Let not e’er the charm be known,
 O’er thy person freely lave it,
 Only when thou art alone.’

“’T is enclosed in yonder casket—
 Here behold its golden key ;
 But its name—love, do not ask it,
 Tell ’t, I may not, even to thee !”

Long with vow and kiss he plied her,
Still the secret did she keep,
Till at length he sank beside her,
Seemed as he had dropped to sleep.

Soon was Helen laid in slumber,
When her Paris, rising slow,
Did his fair neck disencumber
From her rounded arms of snow ;

Then her heedless fingers oping,
Takes the key and steals away,
To the eben table groping,
Where the wondrous casket lay :

Eagerly the lid uncloses,
Sees within it, laid aslope,
PEAR'S LIQUID BLOOM OF ROSES,
Cakes of his TRANSPARENT SOAP !

Song of the Eunuch.

I 'm weary, and sick, and disgusted
With Britain's mechanical din ;
Where I 'm much too well known to be trusted,
And plaguily pestered for tin ;
Where love has two eyes for your banker,
And one chilly glance for yourself ;
Where souls can afford to be franker,
But when they 're well garnished with pelf.

I 'm sick of the whole race of poets,
Emasculate, missy, and fine ;
They brew their small beer, and don't know its
Distinction from full-bodied wine.
I 'm sick of the prozers, that house up
At drowsy St. Stephen's,—ain't you ?
I want some strong spirits to rouse up
A good revolution or two !

I 'm sick of a land, where each morrow
Repeats the dull tale of to-day,
Where you can't even find a new sorrow,
To chase your stale pleasures away.

I 'm sick of blue-stockings horrific,
Steam, railroads, gas, scrip, and consols ;
So I 'll off where the golden Pacific
Round islands of paradise rolls.

There the passions shall revel unfettered,
And the heart never speak but in truth,
And the intellect wholly unlettered,
Be bright with the freedom of youth ;
There the earth can rejoice in her blossoms,
Unsullied by vapor or soot,
And there chimpanzees and opossums
Shall playfully pelt me with fruit.

There I 'll sit with my dark Orianas,
In groves by the murmuring sea,
And they 'll give, as I suck the bananas,
Their kisses, nor ask them from me.
They 'll never torment me for sonnets,
Nor bore me to death with their own ;
They 'll ask not for shawls nor for bonnets,
For milliners there are unknown.

There my couch shall be earth's freshest flowers,
My curtains the night and the stars,
And my spirit shall gather new powers,
Uncramped by conventional bars.
Love for love, truth for truth ever giving,
My days shall be manfully sped ;
I shall know that I 'm loved while I 'm living,
And be wept by fond eyes when I 'm dead !

Caroline.

BRIGHTSOME, brightsome, cousin mine .

Easy, breezy Caroline !

With thy locks all raven-shaded,

From thy merry brow up-braided,

And thine eyes of laughter full,

Brightsome cousin mine !

Thou in chains of love hast bound me—

Wherefore dost thou flit around me.

Laughter-loving Caroline ?

When I fain would go to sleep

In my easy chair,

Wherefore on my slumbers creep—

Wherefore start me from repose,

Tickling of my hookéd nose,

Pulling of my hair ?

Wherefore, then, if thou dost love me,

So to words of anger move me,

Corking of this face of mine,

Tricksy cousin Caroline !

When a sudden sound I hear,
Much my nervous system suffers,
 Shaking through and through,—
Cousin Caroline, I fear,
 'T was no other, now, but you
Put gunpowder in the snuffers,
 Springing such a mine!
Yes, it was your tricky self,
Wicked-trickéd, little elf,
 Naughty cousin Caroline!

Pins she sticks into my shoulder,
 Places needles in my chair,
And, when I begin to scold her,
 Tosses back her combèd hair,
 With so saucy-vexed an air,
That the pitying beholder
Cannot brook that I should scold her:
Then again she comes, and bolder,
 Blacks anew this face of mine,
 Artful cousin Caroline!

Would she only say she 'd love me,
 Winsome tinsome Caroline,
Unto such excess 't would move me,
 Teasing, pleasing, cousin mine!
That she might the live-long day
Undermine the snuffer tray,
Tickle still my hookéd nose,
Startle me from calm repose

With her pretty persecution ;
Throw the tongs against my shins,
Run me through and through with pins,
Like a piercéd cushion ;
Would she only say she 'd love me,
Darning needles should not move me ;
But reclining back, I 'd say,
" Dearest ! there 's the snuffer tray ;
Pinch, O pinch those legs of mine !
Cork me, cousin Caroline !"

In a Forget-Me-Not.

FOUND IN MY EMPORIUM OF LOVE TOKENS.

SWEET flower, that with thy soft blue eye
Did'st once look up in shady spot,
To whisper to the passer-by
Those tender words—Forget-me-not!

Though withered now, thou art to me
The minister of gentle thought,—
And I could weep to gaze on thee,
Love's faded pledge—Forget-me-not!

Thou speak'st of hours when I was young,
And happiness arose unsought,
When she, the whispering woods among,
Gave me thy bloom—Forget-me-not!

What rapturous hour with that dear maid
From memory's page no time shall blot,
When, yielding to my kiss, she said,
“Oh, Theodore—Forget-me-not!”

Alas, for love ! alas, for truth !

Alas for man's uncertain lot !

Alas for all the hopes of youth

That fade like thee—Forget-me-not !

Alas ! for that one image fair,

With all my brightest dreams inwrought !

That walks beside me everywhere,

Still whispering—Forget-me-not !

Oh, memory ! thou art but a sigh

For friendships dead and loves forgot ;

And many a cold and altered eye,

That once did say—Forget-me-not !

And I must bow me to thy laws,

For—odd although it may be thought—

I can't tell who the deuce it was

That gave me this Forget-me-not !

The Mishap.

“WHY art thou weeping, sister?
Why is thy cheek so pale?
Look up, dear Jane, and tell me
What is it thou dost ail?”

“I know thy will is froward,
Thy feelings warm and keen,
And that *that* Augustus Howard
For weeks has not been seen.

“I know how much you loved him;
But I know thou dost not weep
For him;—for though his passion be,
His purse is noways deep.

“Then tell me why those teardrops;
What means this woful mood?
Say, has the tax-collector
Been calling, and been rude?”

“ Or has that hateful grocer,
The slave ! been here to-day ?
Of course he had, by morrow’s noon,
A heavy bill to pay !

“ Come, on thy brother’s bosom
Unburden all thy woes ;
Look up, look up, sweet sister ;
There, dearest, blow your nose.”

“ Oh, John, ’t is not the grocer,
For his account ; although
How ever he is to be paid,
I really do not know.

“ ’T is not the tax-collector ;
Though by his fell command,
They ’ve seized our old paternal clock,
And new umbrella-stand :

“ Nor *that* Augustus Howard,
Whom I despise almost,—
But the soot’s come down the chimney, John,
And fairly spoiled the roast !”

Comfort in Affliction.

“WHEREFORE starts my bosom’s lord?
Why this anguish in thine eye?
Oh, it seems as thy heart’s chord
Had broken with that sigh.

“Rest thee, my dear lord, I pray,
Rest thee on my bosom now!
And let me wipe the dews away.
Are gathering on thy brow.

“There, again! that fevered start!
What, love! husband! is thy pain?
There is a sorrow on thy heart,
A weight upon thy brain!

“Nay, nay, that sickly smile can ne’er
Deceive affection’s searching eye;
’T is a wife’s duty, love, to share
Her husband’s agony.

“ Since the dawn began to peep,
Have I lain with stifled breath ;
Heard thee moaning in thy sleep,
As thou wert at grips with death.

“ Oh, what joy it was to see
My gentle lord once more awake !
Tell me, what is amiss with thee ?
Speak, or my heart will break !”

“ Mary, thou angel of my life,
Thou ever good and kind ;
’T is not, believe me, my dear wife,
The anguish of the mind !

“ It is not in my bosom dear,
No, nor my brain, in sooth ;
But Mary, oh, I feel it here,
Here in my wisdom tooth !

“ Then give,—oh, first, best antidote,—
Sweet partner of my bed !
Give me thy flannel petticoat
To wrap around my head !”

The Inunction.

“BROTHER, thou art very weary,
And thine eye is sunk and dim,
And thy neckcloth's tie is crumpled,
And thy collar out of trim ;
There is dust upon thy visage,—
Think not Charles I would hurt ye,
When I say, that altogether,
You appear extremely dirty.

“Frown not, brother, now, but hie thee
To thy chamber's distant room ;
Drown the odors of the ledger
With the lavender's perfume.
Brush the mud from off thy trowsers,
O'er the china basin kneel,
Lave thy brows in water softened
With the soap of Old Castile.

“Smooth the locks that o'er thy forehead
Now in loose disorder stray ;
Pare thy nails, and from thy whiskers
Cut those ragged points away.

Let no more thy calculations
Thy bewildered brain beset ;
Life has other hopes than Cocker's,
Other joys than tare and tret.

“Haste thee, for I ordered dinner,
Waiting to the very last,
Twenty minutes after seven,
And 't is now the quarter past.
'T is a dinner which Lucullus
Would have wept with joy to see,
One, might wake the soul of Curtis
From Death's drowsy atrophy.

“There is soup of real turtle,
Turbot, and the dainty sole ;
And the mottled roe of lobsters
Blushes through the butter bowl.
There the lordly haunch of mutton,
Tender as the mountain grass,
Waits to mix its ruddy juices
With the girdling caper-sauce.

“There a stag, whose branching forehead
Spoke him monarch of the herds,
He whose flight was o'er the heather,
Swift as through the air the bird's,
Yields for thee a dish of cutlets ;
And the haunch that went to dash
O'er the roaring mountain torrent,
Smokes in most delicious hash.

“There, besides, are amber jellies
Floating like a golden dream;
Ginger from the far Bermudas
Dishes of Italian cream;
And a princely apple-dumpling,
Which my own fair fingers wrought,
Shall unfold its nectared treasures
To thy lips all smoking hot.

“Ha! I see thy brow is clearing,
Lustre flashes from thine eyes;
To thy lips I see the moisture
Of anticipation rise.
Hark! the dinner bell is sounding!”
“Only wait one moment, Jane:
I’ll be dressed, and down, before you
Can get up the iced champagne!”

The Husband's Petition.

COME hither, my heart's darling,
Come, sit upon my knee,
And listen, while I whisper
A boon I ask of thee.
You need not pull my whiskers
So amorously, my dove;
'T is something quite apart from
The gentle cares of love.

I feel a bitter craving—
A dark and deep desire,
That glows beneath my bosom
Like coals of kindled fire.
The passion of the nightingale,
When singing to the rose,
Is feebler than the agony
That murders my repose!

Nay, dearest! do not doubt me,
Though madly thus I speak—
I feel thy arms about me,
Thy tresses on my cheek :

I know the sweet devotion
That links thy heart with mine,—
I know my soul's emotion
Is doubly felt by thine :

And deem not that a shadow
Hath fallen across my love :
No, sweet, my love is shadowless,
As yonder heaven above.
These little taper fingers—
Ah, Jane ! how white they be !—
Can well supply the cruel want
That almost maddens me.

Thou wilt not sure deny me
My first and fond request ;
I pray thee, by the memory
Of all we cherish best—
By all the dear remembrance
Of those delicious days,
When, hand in hand, we wandered
Along the summer braes :

By all we felt, unspoken,
When 'neath the early moon,
We sat beside the rivulet,
In the leafy month of June ;
And by the broken whisper
That fell upon my ear,
More sweet than angel-music,
When first I woo'd thee, dear !

By that great vow which bound thee
For ever to my side,
And by the ring that made thee
My darling and my bride !
Thou wilt not fail nor falter,
But bend thee to the task—
A BOILED SHEEP'S-HEAD ON SUNDAY
Is all the boon I ask !



FIRMILIAN

THE

STUDENT OF BADAJOZ

A

“SPASMODIC” TRAGEDY

BY T. PERCY JONES

(WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.)

FIRMILIAN.

(*Extract from the NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for September, 1866.*)

"The latest of Aytoun's *jeux d'esprit* which made any considerable hit was perhaps the best of them all: 'FIRMILIAN; or, The Student of Badajoz. A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones.' About a dozen years ago, there existed a bad school of poetry, encouraged by an absurd school of criticism, and owing its origin ultimately to the 'Festus' of Mr. Bailey.

"No doubt there were men among them whose natural poetic power was greater than Aytoun's own. But the power was absurdly used; was employed on extravagant conceptions clothed in extravagant expression; and the result was something offensive to all who had formed their taste on the great models, whether of antiquity or of England.

"Aytoun's sympathies in these matters were sound; indeed, if they erred at all, they erred from a certain narrowness on the sound side. So he did what his talents exactly suited him for—wrote an elaborate squib on the juvenile offenders. 'FIRMILIAN' is a poetaster, with a taste for sensuality and a morbid hankering after crime, and his rant in verse is an admirable imitation of the kind of stuff that was produced, in all seriousness, by our younger poets in 1853-'54.

"'FIRMILIAN,' no doubt, helped to explode the now-almost-forgotten nonsense at which it was levelled.

"The 'spasmodic school' no longer exists as a school; and any single member of it, who has reached any position in letters, has done so by emancipating himself from the absurdities of his youth.

"Unluckily, in some cases in which the extravagance was thought to be an excess of power, it has turned out that the power resided only in the extravagance. When the spasmodic poet has begun to write like other people, he has written worse."

PREFACE.

As several passages of the following Poem have appeared in the pages of periodicals, I consider it an act of justice to myself to lay the whole before the public. I am not at all deterred by the fear of hostile criticism—I believe that no really good thing was ever injured by criticism; and, so far from entertaining an angry feeling towards the gentlemen who have noticed my work, I thank them for having brought me forward.

It is a common practice, now-a-days, for poets to appeal to the tender mercies of the public, by issuing prefaces in which they acknowledge, in as many words, the weakness and poverty of their verse. If the acknowledgment is sincere, how can they expect the public to show them any favor? If it is a mere hypocritical affectation, it were better omitted. And the practice is unwise as it is absurd. What would we think of the manufacturer who should entreat us to buy his goods, because they were of an inferior kind, or of the tradesman who should deliberately announce that his stock was of a poor quality? For my part, if I conscientiously believed that my poetry was not worthy of admiration, I never would commit the impertinence of asking any one to read it.

There has been, of late, much senseless talk

about "schools of poetry;" and it has been said, on the strength of the internal evidence afforded by some passages in my play, that I have joined the ranks, and uphold the tenets, of those who belong to "the Spasmodic School." I deny the allegation altogether. I belong to no school, except that of nature; and I acknowledge the authority of no living master. But, lest it should be thought that I stand in terror of a nick-name—the general bugbear to young authors—I have deliberately adopted the title of "Spasmodic," and have applied it in the title-page to my tragedy. It is my firm opinion that all high poetry is and must be spasmodic. Remove that element from Lear—from Othello—from Macbeth—from any of the great works which refer to the conflict of the passions—and what would be the residue? A mere *caput mortuum*. I

differ from those who regard verse and poetry as being one and the same thing; or who look upon a collection of glittering conceits, and appropriate similes as the highest proof of poetical accomplishment. The office of poetry is to exhibit the passions in that state of excitement which distinguishes one from the other; and, until a dramatic author has learned this secret, all the fine writing in the world will avail him nothing. Cato is perhaps the best-written tragedy in the English language; and yet, what man in his senses would dream of reading Cato twice?

I have been accused of extravagance, principally, I presume, on account of the moral obliquity of the character of Firmilian. To that I reply, that the moral of a play does not depend upon the morals of any one character depicted

in it; and that many of the characters drawn by the magic pencil of Shakespeare are shaded as deep, or even deeper, than Firmilian. Set him beside Iago, Richard III., or the two Macbeths, and I venture to say that he will not look dark in comparison. Consider carefully the character of Hamlet, and you will find that he is very nearly as selfish as Firmilian. Hamlet is said to shadow forth "Constitutional Irresolution;"—my object in Firmilian has been to typify "Intellect without Principle."

If the extravagance is held to lie in the conception and handling of my subject, then I assert fearlessly that the same charge may be preferred with greater reason against Goethe's masterpiece, the Faust. I have not considered it necessary to evoke the Devil in my pages—I have not introduced the reader to the low buffooneries of

Auerbach's cellar, or to the Witch with her hybrid apes—nor have I indulged in the weird revelries and phantasmagoria of the Brocken. I do not presume to blame Goethe for his use of such material, any more than I should think of impugning Shakespeare for the Ghost in *Hamlet*, or the Witches in *Macbeth*. I merely wish to show that the "utter extravagance" which some writers affect to have discovered in my play, is traceable only to their own defects in high imaginative development.

If I am told that the character of Firmilian is not only extravagant, but utterly without a parallel in nature, I shall request my critic to revise his opinion after he has perused the histories of Madame de Brinvilliers and the Borgias.

I am perfectly aware that this poem is unequal, and that some passages of it are inferior

in interest to others. Such was my object, for I am convinced that there can be no beauty without breaks and undulation.

I am not arrogant enough to assert that this is the finest poem which the age has produced; but I shall feel very much obliged to any gentleman who can make me acquainted with a better.

T. PERCY JONES.

STREATHAM, *July*, '854.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRMILIAN, *The Student of Badajoz.*

HAVERILLO, *a Poet.*

ALPHONZO D'AGUILAR, }
GARCIA PEREZ, } *Students and Friends of*
ALONZO OLIVAREZ, } *Firmilian.*

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

An Old Inquisitor.

BALTHAZAR, }
GIL OF SANTILLANE, } *Familiars of the Inquisitor.*

NICODEMUS, *Firmilian's Servant.*

PRIEST OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A Graduate.

Two Gentlemen of Badajoz.

CONFESSOR.

FABIAN, *Steward to the Countess D'Aguilar.*

APOLLODORUS, *a Critic.*

SANCHO, *a Costermonger.*

THE COUNTESS D'AGUILAR.

MARIANA.

LILIAN.

INDIANA.

The Scene of the Play is BADAJOZ and its neighborhood.

FIRMILIAN.

SCENE I.

FIRMILIAN *in his study reading.*

THREE hours of study—and what gain thereby?
My brain is reeling to attach the sense
Of what I read, as a drunk mariner
Who, stumbling o'er the bulwark, makes a clutch
At the wild incongruity of ropes,
And topples into mud!

Good Aristotle!

Forgive me if I lay thee henceforth by,

And seek some other teacher. Thou hast been,
For many hundred years, the bane and curse
Of all the budding intellect of man.
Thine earliest pupil, Alexander—he
The most impulsive and tumultuous sprite
That ever spurned old systems at the heel,
And dashed the dust of action in the eyes
Of the slow powers over antique shards—
Held thee, at twenty, an especial fool.
And why? The grand God-impulse in his heart
That drove him over the oblique domain
Of Asia and her kingdoms, and that urged
His meteor leap at Porus' giant throat—
Or the sublime illusion of the sense
Which gave to Thais that tremendous torch
Whence whole Persepolis was set on fire—
Was never kindled surely by such trash
As I, this night, have heaped upon my brain!
Hence, vile impostor!

[Flings away the book]

Who shall take his place?

What hoary dotard of antiquity
Shall I invite to dip his clumsy foot
Within the limpid fountain of my mind,
And stamp it into foulness? Let me see—
Following Salerno's doctrine, human lore
Divides itself into three faculties,
The Eden rivers of the intellect.
There's Law, Theology, and Medicine,
And all beyond their course is barren ground.
So say the Academics; and they're right,
If learning's to be measured by its gains.
The lawyer speaks no word without a fee—
The Priest demands his tithes, and will not sing
A gratis mass to help his brother's soul.
The purgatorial key is made of gold:
None else will fit the wards;—and for the Doctor,
The good kind man who lingers by your couch,
Compounds you pills and potions, feels your pulse,
And takes especial notice of your tongue.

If you allow him once to leave the room
Without the proper greasing of his palm,
Look out for Azrael!

So, then, these three
Maintain the sole possession of the schools,
Whilst, out of doors, amidst the sleet and rain,
Thin-garbed Philosophy sits shivering down,
And shares a mouldy crust with Poetry!

And shall I then take Celsus for my guide,
Confound my brain with dull Justinian's tomes,
Or stir the dust that lies o'er Augustine?
Not I, in faith! I've leaped into the air,
And clove my way through ether, like a bird
That flits beneath the glimpses of the moon,
Right eastward, till I lighted at the foot
Of holy Helicon, and drank my fill
At the clear spout of Aganippe's stream.
I've rolled my limbs in ecstasy along
The self-same turf on which old Homer lay

That night he dreamed of Helen and of Troy :
And I have heard, at midnight, the sweet strains
Come quiring from the hill-top, where, enshrined
In the rich foldings of a silver cloud,
The Muses sang Apollo into sleep.
Then came the voice of universal Pan,
The dread earth-whisper, booming in mine ear—
“ Rise up, Firmilian—rise in might !” it said ;
“ Great youth, baptized to song ! Be it thy task,
Out of the jarring discords of the world,
To recreate stupendous harmonies
More grand in diapason than the roll
Among the mountains of the thunder-psalm !
Be thou no slave of passion. Let not love,
Pity, remorse, nor any other thrill
That sways the actions of ungifted men,
Affect thy course. Live for thyself alone.
Let appetite thy ready handmaid be,
And pluck all fruitage from the tree of life,
Be it forbidden or no. If any comes

Between thee and the purpose of thy bent,
Launch thou the arrow from the string of might
Right to the bosom of the impious wretch,
And let it quiver there! Be great in guilt!
If, like Busiris, thou canst rack the heart,
Spare it no pang. So shalt thou be prepared
To make thy song a tempest, and to shake
The earth to its foundation—Go thy way!”

I woke, and found myself in Badajoz.

But from that day, with frantic might, I've striven
To give due utterance to the awful shrieks
Of him who first imbued his hand in gore, -
To paint the mental spasms that tortured Cain!
How have I done it? Feebly. What we write
Must be the reflex of the thing we know;
For who can limn the morning, if his eyes
Have never looked upon Aurora's face?
Or who describe the cadence of the sea,
Whose ears were never open to the waves
Or the shrill winding of the Triton's horn?

What do I know as yet of homicide ?

Nothing. Fool—fool! to lose thy precious time

In dreaming of what *may* be, when an act

Easy to plan, and easier to effect,

Can teach thee everything ! What—craven mind—

Shrink'st thou from doing, for a noble aim,

What, every hour, some villain, wretch or slave

Dares for a purse of gold ? It is resolved—

I'll ope the lattice of some mortal cage,

And let the soul go free !

A draught of wine ! (*Drinks.*)

Ha ! this revives me ! How the nectar thrills

Like joy through all my frame ! There's not a god

In the Pantheon that can rival thee,

Thou purple-lipped Lyæus ! And thou'rt strong

As thou art bounteous. Were I Ganymede,

To stand beside the pitchers at the feast

Of the Olympian revel, and to give

The foaming cups to Hebe—how I'd laugh

To see thee trip up iron Vulcan's heels,

Prostrate old Neptune, and fling bullying Mars,
With all his weight of armor on his back,
Down with a clatter on the heavenly floor!
Not Jove himself dare risk a fall with thee,
Lord of the panthers! Lo, I drink again,
And the high purpose of my soul grows firm,
As the sweet venom circles in my veins—
It is resolved! Come, then, mysterious Guilt,
Thou raven-mother, come—and fill my cup
With thy black beverage! I am sworn to thee,
And will not falter!

But the victim? That
Requires a pause of thought—

I must begin
With some one dear to me, or else the deed
Would lose its flavor and its poignancy.
Now, let me see—There's Lilian, pretty maid—
The tender, blushing, yielding Lilian—
She loves me but too well. What if I saved
Her young existence from all future throes,

And laid her pallid on an early bier ?

Why, that were mercy both to her and me,
Not ruthless sacrifice. And, more than this,

She hath an uncle an Inquisitor,

Who might be tempted to make curious quest
About the final ailments of his niece.

Therefore, dear Lilian, live ! I harm thee not.

There's Mariana, she, mine own betrothed,

The blooming mistress of the moated grange,

She loves me well—but we're not married yet.

It will be time enough to think of her

After her lands are mine ; therefore, my own,

My sweet affianced, sleep thou on in peace,

Nor dream of ruffian wrong. Then there's another,

That full-blown beauty of Abassin blood

Whose orient charms are madness ! Shall she die ?

Why, no—not now at least. 'Tis but a week

Since, at the lonely cottage in the wood,

My eyes first rested on that Queen of Ind !

O, she of Sheba was an ugly ape

Compared with Indiana!—Let her pass.
There's Haverillo, mine especial friend—
A better creature never framed a verse
By dint of finger-scanning; yet he's deemed
A proper poet by the gaping fools
Who know not me! I love him; for he's kind,
And very credulous. To send him hence
Would be advancement to a higher sphere—
A gain to him, no loss to poetry.
I think that he's the man: yet, hold awhile—
No rashness in this matter! He hath got
Acknowledgments of mine within his desk
For certain sums of money—paltry dross
Which 'tis my way to spurn. I've found him still
A most convenient creditor: he asks
No instant payment for his fond advance,
Nor yet is clamorous for the usufruct.
How if, he being dead, some sordid slave,
Brother or cousin, who might heir his wealth,
Should chance to stumble on those bonds of mine,

And sue me for the debt? That were enough
To break the wanton wings of Pegasus,
And bind him to a stall! Nor have I yet
Exhausted half his means; it may be soon
I shall require more counters, and from him
I may depend upon a fresh supply.

A right good fellow is this Haverillo—
A mine, a storehouse, and a treasury,
My El-Dorado and my Mexico—
Then let him live and thrive!

Are there no more?

O, yes! There's Garcia Perez—he's my friend,
And ever stood above me in the schools.
And there's that young Alphonzo D'Aguilar,
Proud of his Countship and Castilian blood,
He hath vouchsafed me notice, and I love him.
And there's Alonzo Olivarez, too,
That mould of Hercules,—he's near of kin
To Mariana, and his wealth accrues
Solely to her. I love him like a brother.

Be these my choice. I sup with them to-morrow.

Come down, old Raymond Lully, from the shelf,
Thou quaint discourser upon pharmacy.

Did not Lucretia—not the frigid dame
Who discomposed young Tarquin in her bower,
But the complete and liberal Borgia—
Consult thy pages for a sedative?

Ay—here it is! In twenty minutes, death;
The compound tasteless, and beyond the skill
Of any earthly leech to recognize.

Thanks, Raymond, thanks!

How looks the night? Thou moon,
That in thy perfect and perennial course
Wanderest at will across the fields of heaven—
Thou argent beauty, meditative orb,
That spiest out the secrets of the earth
In the still hours when guilt and murder walk—
To what far region takest thou thy way?
Not Latmos now allures thee, for the time
When boy Endymion stretched his tender limbs

Within the coverture of Dian's bower,
Hath melted into fable. Wilt thou pass
To Ephesus, thy city, glorious once,
But now dust-humbled; and, for ancient love,
Make bright its ruined shafts, and weed-grown
walls,
With molten silver? Or invite thee more
The still witch-haunted plains of Thessaly,
Where, o'er the bones of the Pharsalian dead,
Amidst the gibbering of the Lemures,
Grim women mutter spells, and pale thy face
With monstrous incantation? What! already
Shrink'st thou behind the curtain of a cloud
E'en at my looking? Then I know indeed
My destiny is sure! For I was born
To make thee and thine astral brethren quake,
And I will do it! Glide thou on thy way—
I will to rest—best slumber while I may!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment. MARIANA and HAVERILLO.

HAVERILLO.

You need not fear him, cousin ; for I'm sure
His heart's in the right place. He's wayward,
doubtless,
And very often unintelligible,
But that is held to be a virtue now.
Critics and poets both (save I, who cling
To older canons) have discarded sense,
And meaning's at a discount. Our young spirits,
Who call themselves the masters of the age,
Are either robed in philosophic mist,
And, with an air of grand profundity,
Talk metaphysics—which, sweet cousin, means
Nothing but aimless jargon—or they come
Before us in the broad bombastic vein,

With spasms, and throes, and transcendental flights,
 And heap hyperbole on metaphor: [harm ;
 Well! Heaven be with them, for they do small
 And I no more would grudge them their career
 Than I would quarrel with a wanton horse
 That rolls, on Sundays, in a clover-field.
 Depend upon it, ere two years are gone,
 Firmilian will be wiser.

MARIANA.

Yet you leave
 The point on which my soul is racked untouched.
 Men read not women's characters aright,
 Nor women men's. But I have heard this said,
 That woman holds by duty.—man by honor.
 If that be true, what think you of your friend?

HAVERILLO.

Why—honor is at best a curious thing.
 A very honorable man will drive

His sword into the bosom of a friend
For having challenged some oblique remark,
Yet will not stand on honor when the road
Lies open for him to his neighbor's wife.
Your honorable man cheats not at cards,
But he will ruin tradesmen, and will sign
A vast abundance of superfluous bills
Without the means to pay them. Honor! humph!
No doubt Firmilian is honorable.

MARIANA.

Ay, cousin; but there's something more than that.
Honor in love—How say you? Do you think
That you can stand the sponsor for your friend?

HAVERILLO.

I never was a sponsor in my life,
And won't be now. My pretty Mariana,
You should have thought of all such toys as these
Ere the betrothal. You have given your word,

And cannot well withdraw. And, for your comfort,
You must remember what Firmilian is—
A Poet He is privileged to sing
A thousand ditties to a thousand maids.
Ten Muses waited at Apollo's beck—
Our modern poets are more amorous,
And far exceed the count of Solomon ;
But 'tis mere fancy ; inspiration all ;
Pure worthless rhyming.—Soft you : here he comes.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

FIRMILIAN.

O joy ! to see the partner of my thought
Together with the partner of my soul !
Dear Haverillo ! pardon if before
I join the pressure of my palm with yours,
I lay this tribute on my lady's hand.

HAVERRILLO.

Well, we'll not fight about precedency.

And you have come in time. My cousin here
Was pressing me too hard.

FIRMILIAN.

Upon what point?

HAVERILLO.

Why, faith, to tell the truth—for I could never
Summon a lie to meet an exigence—
Nay, frown not, cousin!—She's inquisitive
About what men call honor. I have done
My utmost to explain it.

FIRMILIAN.

I am glad,
Dear Mariana, that you laid your doubt
Before so wise a judge. Not Badajoz,
Nor Spain, nor Europe, doth contain a man
So stainless in his mind as Haverillo;
And you shall pardon me for saying this

Before your face, for I've especial reason.
You've been to me a true and constant friend.
When I had need of money ('tis no shame
In a poor student to acknowledge this)—
You have supplied me; and I come to-day
To thank you and repay you. My old uncle,
The Dean of Salamanca, has expired
Quite full of years and honors, and has left
To me, his nephew, all his worldly goods,
Which are, to say the least, considerable.
Therefore, dear Haverillo, let us meet—
Yet not to-day—because some time must pass
Ere I receive the hoards—they say, enormous—
Of that quiescent pillar of the Church—
But at the very speediest point of time
I can select, that I may show my friend
What love I bear him for his trust in me.

HAVERILLO.

You hear him, Mariana? Dear Firmilian!

I'm prouder of thy love than if I were
The king of Ormus! So your uncle's dead,
Go you to Salamanca speedily?

FIRMILIAN.

If I am summoned, and they send me funds,
I cannot choose but go—not otherwise.
'Faith, this bequest comes at a lucky time,
For my last ducat slumbers in my purse
Without a coin to keep it company.

HAVERILLO.

Be that no hindrance. Here are eighty ducats—
Take them. Nay, man; is't kindly to refuse?
What a friend proffers, that a friend should take
Without compulsion. 'Tis a petty loan
To be repaid at your convenience—
You'll vex me otherwise.

FIRMILIAN.

I'd rather dash

My hand, like Scævola, into the flame,
Than vex my Haverillo! O dear heaven;
If those who rail at human nature knew
How many kindly deeds each hour brings forth—
How man by man is cherished and sustained—
They'd leave their carping. I will take your offer,
And hail it as the earliest drop of wealth,
So soon to ripen to a glorious shower.
What says my Mariana?

MARIANA.

That she loves you
More for your yielding to your friend's desire,
Than if you held by pride.

HAVERILLO.

Well put, sweet cousin!
2*

But, dear Firmilian, what hath chanced of late,
To make you such a hermit? You were once
Gay as the lark, and jocund as the bee ;
First in good-fellowship, and ever prone
To wing occasion with a merry jest.
Now you are grave and moody, and there hangs
A cloud of mystery about your brow ;
You look like one that wrestles with a thought
And cannot fling it down. Is't poetry
Hath brought you to this pass? How come you on
With your intended tragedy on Cain?

FIRMILIAN.

O, that's abandoned quite! The subject was
Too gloomy for my handling; and perhaps,
Out of absorption of my intellect,
It threw a shade on my behavior.
Henceforward I'll be genial—take my place
With the large-hearted men who love their kind

(Whereof there seems a vast abundance now),
And follow your example.

HAVERILLO.

Well said, boy!

Anacreon crowned his hoary locks with flowers,
Blithe-hearted Horace chirped amidst his cups,
Then why not we? Right glad am I to find
You've done with dismal. Here's a little thing, now,
I wrote the other day, on love and wine,
Quite german to the matter. Will you hear it?

FIRMILIAN.

I would not listen to Apollo's lute
With greater rapture. But my time is brief—
I had a word to say to Mariana.

HAVERILLO.

I understand. You want to speak of love

In the first person? 'Faith I was a fool
 Not sooner to perceive it! Fare you well—
 Some other time, be sure, I'll claim your ear.

[*Exit*

MARIANA.

O my dear love, what trouble rends your heart?
 A loving eye hath instinct in its glance,
 And mine discerns in yours a deeper weight
 Than you light-hearted creature could perceive.
 What ails my own Firmilian?

FIRMILIAN.

Mariana—

I think you love me?

MARIANA.

Cruel! Can you ask
 That question of me now? Three months ago,
 Beside the gentle Guadiana's stream,

You asked it in a whisper, and I gave
No cold response.

FIRMILIAN.

Three months, my Mariana,
Are somewhat in a lifetime, and may give
Large opportunity for altered thoughts.
Three hours may change a sinner to a saint—
Three days a friend into an enemy—
Three weeks a virgin to a courtesan—
Three months a conqueror to a fugitive.
I say not this in challenge of your love,
But as a fixed eternal law of time
That cannot be gainsayed. I know you loved me,
When, by the gentle Guadiana's stream,
We interchanged our troth.

MARIANA.

And what hath chanced
Since then to make you doubt me? Have a care

Of what you say, Firmilian! Women's hearts
Are tender and impressible as wax,
But underneath there lies a solid fold
Of pride. You'd best be cautious!

FIRMILIAN.

Lo you now—

She makes me an accuser! Mariana!
My own, my beautiful—I'd rather doubt
The lustre of the star Aldebaran
Than the firm faith of thine unbiassed soul.
But I have enemies. It is the fate
Of genius that it cannot spread its wings,
And soar triumphant to the welcoming clouds,
Without a hateful cawing from the crows.
Mark me! I am not quite as other men;
My aims are higher, more resolved than theirs,
And therefore they detest me. There's no shaft
Within the power of calumny to loose
Which is not bent at me. I am not blind

With sòaring near the sun. I know full well
That envious men have termed me libertine—
And, from the frank out-welling of my mind
(Which never flowed from impulse save to thee),
Have done me fearful wrong. And this it is
That racks my being. There's your kinsman now,
Alonzo Olivarez—he makes free,
I'm told, with my fair fame.

MARIANA.

You need not fear him.

Surely you know Alonzo.

FIRMILIAN.

Yes. I know him

As a strong fool, who, in his roystering cups,
Does far more mischief than the veriest knave
Whose power of satire makes his words suspect.
There's no such libeller as your arrant ass!
Men know he can't invent; and what he says

Gains credit from his sheer stupidity.

Hath he not talked of me ?

MARIANA.

Indeed he has ;

But what he said escaped me.

FIRMILIAN.

Then I'm right !

He's Garcia's mouthpiece ; and I know the man

That sets them on—Alphonzo D'Aguilar—

Who swears you loved him once.

MARIANA.

If he does so,

He's an unmeasured villain ! What—Alphonzo ?

Had I ne'er seen thy face, Firmilian,

And did my choice lie 'twixt a muleteer

And that stiff scion of Castilian blood,

I'd wed the peasant! Do you tell me this?
O, now I understand their treachery!

FIRMILIAN.

And therefore solely have I tried thee thus.
Dear Mariana, weep not! I perceive
What hath been done. 'Tis an accursed world,
Wherein bright things have little leave to shine
Without the sullyng of some envious hand.
Henceforth be thou and I sole witnesses
Against each other. Let us shut the door
To all the outward blasts of calumny,
And live by mutual trusting. Dry your tears!
Or, if you will, weep on, and I shall count
For every pearly drop with D'Aguilar,
Making him pay the ransom with his blood.
O that a caitiff's slander should have power
To rack thee thus!

MARIANA.

'Tis gone—the storm has past.
'Twas but a bitter hail-shower, and the sun
Laughs out again within the tranquil blue.
Henceforth, Firmilian, thou art safe with me.
If all the world conspired to do thee wrong,
And heap its ugly slanders on thy head—
Yea, though an angel should denounce my love,
I would not listen. From thy lips alone
I'll hear confession.

FIRMILIAN.

And the penance, sweet—
Make it no more than this.

O balmy breath!

[The scene closes.]

SCENE III.

A Tavern. ALPHONZO D'AGUILAR, GARCIA PEREZ,
ALONZO OLIVAREZ, *and* FIRMILIAN.

PEREZ.

You take it far too hotly, D'Aguilar—
All men are fanciful in love, and beauty
Is as abundant as the open air
In every region of this bounteous world.
You stand for Spanish beauty—what's your type?
Dark hair, vermilion lips, an olive tint,
A stately carriage, and a flashing eye,
Go northward: there's your Dutchman—he prefers
Blonde tresses, dove-like glances and a form
Of most enticing plumpness. Then the Dane
Is all for red and blue; the brighter color
Pertaining chiefly to the lady's hair,

The duller to her eyes. For my own part,
I love variety.

D'AGUILAR.

And so do I,
Within its proper bounds. No grander show
Could poet fancy in his wildest dreams,
Than a great tournament of Europe's knights,
The free, the strong, the noble, and the brave,
Splintering their lances in a guarded list,
Beneath a balcony of Europe's dames.
Oh, could I sound a trump and bring them here,
In one vast troop of valor and renown !
The gay, light-hearted chivalry of France,
The doughty English, and the hardy Scot,
The swart Italian, and the ponderous Swede,
With those who dwell beside the castled Rhine.
Nor they alone, but with them all the flowers
That send their odor over Christendom—
The fair and blushing beauties of the lands

From the far Baltic to our inland sea.
By him of Compostella! 'twere a field
Wherein a noble might be proud to die.

FIRMILIAN.

I am not noble, and I'd rather die
At peace in my own bed. But, D'Aguilar,—
Are you not too exclusive? I have read—
For I have been a student of romance,
And pored upon the tomes of chivalry—
How ere the days of mighty Charlemagne
The South did glorious battle with the North,
And Afric's atabals were heard to clang
Among the thickets by the turbid Seine.
Yea, I have heard of knights of old descent,
Cross-hilted warriors, Paladins indeed,
Who would have bartered all the boasted charms
Of Europe's beauties, for one kindly glance
Shot from the eyelids of a Paynim maid.

D'AGUILAR.

Firmilian, thou blasphemest ! Never knight
To whom the stroke of chivalry was given,
Could stoop to such an utter infamy !

FIRMILIAN.

Your pardon, Count ! When English Richard bore
Upon his bosom the Crusader's sign,
And fought in Palestine, he laid his sword
Upon the shoulder of a Moslem chief
And dubbed him, knight.

D'AGUILAR.

The greater villain he !
I've heard of that same Richard as a most
Malignant child of Luther.

FIRMILIAN.

Have you so ?

Nay, then, chronology must do him wrong:
But that's no matter. Then you would exclude
All beauty from that tournament of yours
Which did not appertain to Christendom?

D'AGUILAR.

Doubt you the answer of a Christian peer,
Within whose veins the blood of old Castile,
Undimmed by peasant or mechanic mud,
Flows bright as ruby? Yes, what mean you, Sir,
By asking such a question?

PEREZ.

Soft you now!

There's no offence. Let's hear Firmilian.

FIRMILIAN.

I knew a poet once; and he was young,
And intermingled with such fierce desires
As made pale Eros veil his face with grief,

And caused his lustier brother to rejoice.
He was as amorous as a crocodile
In the spring season, when the Memphian bank,
Receiving substance from the glaring sun,
Resolves itself from mud into a shore.
And—as the scaly creature wallowing there,
In its hot fits of passion, belches forth
The steam from out its nostrils, half in love,
And half in grim defiance of its kind ;
Trusting that either, from the reedy fen,
Some reptile-virgin coyly may appear,
Or that the hoary Sultan of the Nile
May make tremendous challenge with his jaws,
And, like Mark Anthony, assert his right
To all the Cleopatras of the ooze—
So fared it with the poet that I knew.

He had a soul beyond the vulgar reach,
Sun ripened swarthy. He was not the fool
To pluck the feeble lily from its shade

When the black hyacinth stood in fragrance by.
The lady of his love was dusk as Ind,
Her lips as plenteous as the Sphinx's are,
And her short hair crisp with Numidian curl.
She was a negress. You have heard the strains
That Dante, Petrarch, and such puling fools
As loved the daughters of cold Japhet's race,
Have lavished idly on their icicles.
As snow melts snow, so their unhasty fall
Fell chill and barren on a pulseless heart.
But, would you know what noontide ardor is,
Or in what mood the lion, in the waste,
All fever-maddened, and intent on cubs,
At the oasis waits the lioness—
That shall you gather from the fiery song
Which that young poet framed, before he dared
Invade the vastness of his lady's lips.

D'AGUILAR.

Spawn of Mahmoud! would'st thou pollute mine
ears

With thy lewd ditties? There! (*Strikes him.*)

Thou hast the hand
For once, of a true noble, on thy cheek;
And what the hand has done, it will defend.

PEREZ.

This is too much! Nay, D'Aguilar, you're wrong!
Alonzo Olivarez—rouse, thee, man!
Lay down the wine-pot for a moment's space,
There's a brawl here!

OLIVAREZ.

I wish you fellows would keep quiet, and not interrupt drinking. It is a very disagreeable thing for a sober man to be disturbed over his liquor. I suppose you are quite aware that I can throw the whole of you over the window in a minute. My opinion is that you are a couple of bloody fools. I don't know what you are quarrelling about, but I won't stand any nonsense.

FIRMILIAN.

You struck me, sir ?

D'AGUILAR.

I did.

FIRMILIAN.

And you're aware,
Of course, of what the consequence must be,
Unless you tender an apology ?

D'AGUILAR.

Of course I am.

FIRMILIAN.

Madman ! wouldst thou provoke
The slide o' the avalanche ?

D'AGUILAR.

I wait its fall

in perfect calmness.

FIRMILIAN.

O thou rash young lord !

Beware in time ! A hurricane of wrath
Is raging in my soul—If it burst forth,
'Twere better for thee that within the waste
Thou met'st a ravening tigress, or wert bound
In a lone churchyard where hyænas prowl !
I may forget myself !

D'AGUILAR.

Small chance of that.

Words are your weapons, and you wield them well ;
But gentlemen, when struck, are not in use
To rail like muleteers. You wear a sword, sir !

PEREZ.

Are you mad, D'Aguilar, to court a brawl
Within the college precincts ! Olivarez—
Set down the flagon, and bestir thee, man ;
This must not be !

FIRMILIAN.

Nay, Perez, stand thou back—
He hath provoked his fate, and he must die.

(Draws.)

OLIVAREZ.

I'll score the first man that makes a thrust, over
the costard with this pint-pot ! If you needs must
fight, fight like gentlemen in the open air, and at
a reasonable hour. What right has either of you
to disturb the conviviality of the evening ?

FIRMILIAN.

A blow—a blow ! I have received a blow—

My soul's athirst for vengeance, and I'll have it!
Come not between the lion and his prey.

OLIVAREZ.

To the devil with your lions! I suppose you think it safe enough to roar now? Once for all, if you can't settle this matter without fighting, fix some hour to-morrow morning, and take your fill of it. But here you shall not fight. What say you, Alphonzo?

D'AGUILAR.

He hath the blow, so let him speak the first.

FIRMILIAN.

Agreed! Until to-morrow, then, I'll keep
My rage unsated. Let the hour be eight;
The place, the meadow where the stream turns round
Beside the cork-trees; and for witnesses,
Perez and Olivarez. D'Aguilar--

If I should fail thee at the rendezvous,
Perpetual shame and infamy be mine!

D'AGUILAR.

Agreed! And I rejoice to hear thee speak
So manfully. If I have done thee wrong,
I'll give thee satisfaction with my sword:
You show at least a nobler temper now.

FIRMILIAN.

Fail *you* not, D'Aguilar—I shall not fail.

OLIVAREZ.

Well—all that is comfortably adjusted, and just
as it should be. Let's have some more wine—this
talking makes a man thirsty.

PEREZ.

No more for me.

FIRMILIAN.

Your pardon—I'd provided
 (Not dreaming of this hot dispute to-night),
 Some flasks of rarest wine—'Tis Ildefonso,
 Of an old vintage. I'll not leave them here
 To be a perquisite unto our host ;
 And, lest our early parting hence should breed
 Suspicion of to-morrow, let us stay
 And drink another cup. You, D'Aguilar,
 Whose sword must presently be crossed with mine,
 Will not refuse a pledge ?

D'AGUILAR.

Not I, in faith !
 Now you have shown your mettle, I regard you
 More than I did before.

FIRMILIAN.

Fill then your cups.
 Nay, to the brim—the toast requires it, sirs.
 Here's to the King !

OMNES.

The King!

FIRMILIAN.

Fill up again—

'Tis my last pledge.

OLIVAREZ.

Why don't you help yourself? The wine is capital.

FIRMILIAN.

My goblet's full. Drink to another King,
Whose awful aspect doth o'erawe the world—
The conqueror of conquerors—the vast
But unseen monarch to whose sceptre bow
The heads of kings and beggars!

PEREZ.

That's the Pope!

FIRMILIAN.

No—not the Pope—but he that humbleth Popes.
 Drink to KING DEATH!—You stare, and stand
 amazed—

O, you have much mista'en me, if you think
 That some slight spurting of Castilian blood,
 Or poet's ichor, can suffice to lay
 The memory of to-night's affront asleep!
 Death hath been sitting with us all the night,
 Glaring through hollow eye-holes—to the doomed
 He is invisible, but I have seen him
 Point with his fleshless finger! But no more—
 Farewell!—I go: and if you chance to hear
 A passing-bell—be it a comfort to you!
 At eight to-morrow I shall keep my time.
 See you are there! [*Exit.*

PEREZ.

I think the fellow's mad!
 I held him even as a mere poltroon;

But that same blow of your's, Alphonzo—'faith,
'Twas wrong in you to give it—hath prevailed,
Like steel against a flint. He shows some fire,
And seems in deadly earnest—what's the matter?

D'AGUILAR.

Don't ask—I'm sick and faint.

OLIVAREZ.

I'm not drunk, I am sure—but I have the strangest
throbbing in my temples. Do you think you could
get a waiter or two to carry me home? I feel as
cold as a cucumber.

PEREZ.

My brain swims too. Hark! what is that without?

*[The Passing-bell tolls, and Monks are heard
chaunting the Penitential Psalms. Slow and
wailing music as the scene closes.]*

SCENE IV.

Cloisters. Enter FIRMILIAN.

This was a splendid morning! The dew lay
 In amplest drops upon the loaded grass,
 And filled the buttercups hard by the place
 Where I expected fiery D'Aguilar.
 He did not come. Well—I was there at least,
 And waited for an hour beyond the time,
 During which while I studied botany,
 And yet my proud opponent showed no face!
 Pshaw! to myself I'll be no hypocrite—
 If Raymond Lully lied not, they are dead,
 And I have done it! (*A pause.*)

How is this? My mind
 Is light and jocund. Yesternight I deemed,
 When the dull passing-bell announced the fate
 Of those insensate and presumptuous fools,

That, as a vulture lights on carrion flesh
With a shrill scream and flapping of its wings,
Keen-beaked Remorse would settle on my soul,
And fix her talons there. She did not come ;
Nay, stranger still—methought the passing-bell
Was but the prelude to a rapturous strain
Of highest music, that entranced me quite.
For sleep descended on me, as it falls
Upon an infant in its mother's arms,
And all night long I dreamed of Indiana.
What! is Remorse a fable after all—
A mere invention, as the Harpies were,
Or crazed Orestes' furies? Or have I
Mista'en the ready way to lure her down?
There are no beads of sweat upon my brow—
My clustering hair maintains its wonted curl,
Nor rises horrent, as a murderer's should.
I do not shudder, start, nor scream aloud—
Tremble at every sound—grow ghastly pale

When a leaf falls, or when a lizard stirs.
I do not wring my fingers from their joints,
Or madly thrust them quite into my ears
To bar the echo of a dying groan.
And, after all, what is there to regret?
Three fools have died carousing as they lived,
And nature makes no special moan for them.
If I have gained no knowledge by this deed,
I have lost none. The subtle alchemist,
Whose aim is the elixir, or that stone
The touch whereof makes baser metals gold,
Must needs endure much failure, ere he finds
The grand Arcanum. So is it with me.
I have but shot an idle bolt away,
And need not seek it further. Who comes here?

Enter a PRIEST and a GRADUATE.

GRADUATE.

Believe me, father, they are all accurs'd!
These marble garments of the ancient Gods,

Which the blaspheming hand of Babylon
Hath gathered out of ruins, and hath raised
In this her dark extremity of sin ;
Not in the hour when she was sending forth
Her champions to the highway and the field,
To pine in deserts and to writhe in flame—
But in the scarlet frontage of her guilt,
When, not with purple only, but with blood,
Were the priests vested, and their festive cups
Foamed with the hemlock rather than the wine !
Call them not Churches, father—call them prisons ;
And yet not such as bind the body in,
But gravestones of the soul ! For, look you, sir,
Beneath that weight of square-cut weary stone
A thousand workmen's souls are pent alive !
And therefore I declare them all accurs'd.

PRIEST.

Peace, son ! thou ravest.

GRADUATE.

Do I rave indeed ?

So raved the Prophets when they told the truth
 To Israel's stubborn councillors and kings—
 So raved Cassandra, when in Hector's ear
 She shrieked the presage of his coming fall.
 I am a prophet also—and I say
 That o'er those stones wherein you place your pride
 Annihilation waves her dusky wing ;
 Yea, do not marvel if the earth itself,
 Likè a huge giant, weary of the load,
 Should heave them from its shoulders. I have said it.
 It is my purpose, and they all shall down !

[*Exit.*

PRIEST.

Alas, to see a being so distraught !
 And yet there may be danger in his words,
 For heresy is rife. Ha ! who is this ?

· If I mistake not, 'tis Firmilian.
Mine ancient pupil!

FIRMILIAN.

And he craves your blessing!

PRIEST.

Thou hast it, son. Now tell me—didst thou hear
The words yon Graduate uttered ere he left?
Methought his speech was levelled at the Church.

FIRMILIAN.

I heard him say all Churches should be levelled;
That they were built on souls; that earth would rise
To shake them from its shoulders; and he railed
At Mother Rome, and called^d her Babylon.
My ears yet tingle with the impious sounds.

PRIEST.

Ha—did he so? By holy Nicholas,

I'll have him straight reported! Dost thou think,
Good son Firmilian, he deviseth aught
Against the Church, or us her ministers?

FIRMILIAN.

I do suspect him very grievously.

PRIEST.

And so do I. We hold a festival
On Tuesday next, when the Inquisitor
Is certain to be present—it were best
Ere then to give him notice. Who shall say
That, like another Samson, this vile wretch
May not drag down the pillars of the Church
And whelm us all in ruin? I am bound
To see to that. Son—Benedicite!

[*Exit*

FIRMILIAN.

On Tuesday next, when the Inquisitor

Is certain to be present?—Lilian's uncle?
That were an opportunity too rare
To be allowed to pass! For this same priest—
He is my old preceptor, and instilled,
By dint of frequent and remorseless stripes
Applied at random to my childish rear,
Some learning into me. I owe him much,
And fain I would repay it. Ha—ha—ha!
What a dull creature was that Graduate
To blurt his folly out! If a church falls
Within the next ten years in Badajoz,
Nay, if a single stone should tumble down,
Or a stray pebble mutilate the nose
Of some old saint within a crumbling niche,
His life will pay the forfeit. As he spoke,
Methought I saw the solid vaults give way,
And the entire cathedral rise in air,
As if it leaped from Pandemonium's jaws.
But that's a serious matter. I have time
To meditate the deed. These cloister walks

Are dull and cheerless, and my spirit pants
For kind emotion. Let me pass from hence
And wile away an hour with Lilian.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Wine Shop. NICODEMUS *and* TWO FAMILIARS.

NICODEMUS.

Not a drop more, gentlemen, if you love me!

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Nonsense, man! We have not had as much as would satisfy the thirst of a chicken. Another stoup here! And now tell us a little more about your master.

NICODEMUS.

Aha, sirs! He's an odd one, is Senor Firmilian.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

A devil among the wenches, I suppose?

NICODEMUS.

Mum for that, sir! I hope I am not the man to betray confidence. What I see, I behold; and what I behold I can keep to myself; and there's enough on't. What have you black-coated gentry to do with the daughters of Eve?

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Nay, no offence meant, Master Nicodemus—you are sharper than Pedrillo's razor! What—young blood will have its way! But you are happy in serving, as I hear, the most promising student in Badajoz.

NICODEMUS.

Serving, sir? Marry come up! I'd have you know that I am his secretary.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Aha! Your health, Master Secretary! I fear me you have heavy labor.

NICODEMUS.

Don't speak of it! If you knew what I have to do—the books I have to translate from the Coptic, Latin, Welsh, and other ancient languages—you'd pity me. I sometimes wish I had never been familiar with foreign tongues. Learning, my masters, is no inheritance. And then, when you come to deal with the Black Art—

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Enlighten us, Master Secretary—what is that?

NICODEMUS.

The Black Art? Here is your very good health!—I wish you could see my master's room, after he has been trying to call up the devil! Lord, sir! there's no end of skulls, and chalk marks on the floor, and stench of sulphur, and what not—but I don't believe that, with all his pains, he ever brought the devil up.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Take another cup.—But he tries it sometimes?

NICODEMUS.

Punctually upon Wednesdays—about midnight, when the whole household have gone to sleep. But he's not up to the trick: he never could raise anything larger than a hedge-hog.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

But he has done that, has he?

NICODEMUS.

Of course! Any one can raise a hedge-hog. But I'm not going to sit here all night seeing you drinking. I must go home to translate Plotinus, who was a respectable father of the Latin Church. Take my advice and go home too—you are both rather drunk. Where's my beaver? Don't attempt

to offer me two, in case I put the phantom one on my head. I say—if there is a drop remaining in the bottle, you might offer it by way of courtesy. Thanks, and take care of yourselves. [*Exit.*]

FIRST FAMILIAR.

What say you to this story? A clearer proof
Of arrant sorcery was never given
Unto the Holy office.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

It is complete.

He raises hedge-hogs! That's enough for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS.

Choir heard chaunting within.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

How darkly hangs yon cloud above the spire!
There's thunder in the air—

What if the flash
Should rend the solid walls, and reach the vault,
Where my terrestrial thunder lies prepared,
And so, without the action of my hand,
Whirl up those thousand bigots in its blaze,
And leave me guiltless, save in the intent.

That were a vile defraudment of my aim.
A petty larceny o' the element,
An interjection of exceeding wrong!

Let the hoarse thunder rend the vault of heaven,
 Yea, shake the stars by myriads from their boughs,
 As Autumn tempests shake the fruitage down ;—
 Let the red lightning shoot athwart the sky,
 Entangling comets by their spooming hair,
 Piercing the zodiac belt, and carrying dread
 To old Orion, and his whimpering hound ;—
 But let the glory of this deed be mine !

ORGAN *and* CHOIR.

Sublimatus ad honorem

Nicholai presulis :

Pietatis ante rorem

Cunctis pluit populis :

Ut vix parem aut majorem

Habeat in seculis.

FIRMILIAN.

Yet I could weep to hear the wretches sing !
 There rolls the organ anthem down the aisle,

And thousand voices join in its acclaim.
All they are happy—they are on their knees ;
Round and above them stare the images
Of antique saints and martyrs. Censors steam
With their Arabian charge of frankincense,
And every heart, with inward fingers, counts
A blissful rosary of pious prayer !
Why should they perish, then ? Is't yet too late ?
O shame, Firmilian, on thy coward soul !
What ! thou, the poet !—thou, whose mission 'tis
To send vibration down the chord of time,
Until its junction with eternity—
Thou, who hast dared and pondered and endured,
Gathering by piecemeal all the noble thoughts
And fierce sensations of the mind—as one
Who in a garden culls the wholesome rose,
And binds it with the deadly nightshade up ;
Flowers not akin, and yet, by contrast kind—
Thou, for a touch of what these mundane fools
Whine of as pity, to forego thine aim,

And never feel the gnawing of remorse,
 Like the Promethean vulture on the spleen,
 That shall instruct thee to give future voice
 To the unuttered agonies of Cain !
 Thou, to compare, with that high consequence
 The breath of some poor thousand knights and
 knaves,
 Who soaring, in the welkin, shall expire !
 Shame, shame, Firmilian ! on thy weakness, shame !

ORGAN *and* CHOIR.

Auro dato violari
 Virgines prohibuit :
 Far in fame, vas in mari
 Servat et distribuit :
 Qui timebant naufragari
 Nautis opem tribuit.

FIRMILIAN.

A right good saint he seems, this Nicholas !

And over-worked too, if the praise be just,
Which these, his votaries, quaver as his claim.
Yet it is odd he should o'erlook the fact
That underneath this church of his are stored
Some twenty barrels of the dusty grain,
The secret of whose framing, in an hour
Of diabolic jollity and mirth,
Old Roger Bacon wormed from Beelzebub!
He might keep better wardship for his friends;
But that to me is nothing. Now's the time!
Ha! as I take the matchbox in my hand,
A spasm pervades me, and a natural thrill
As though my better genius were at hand,
And strove to pluck me backwards by the hair.
I must be resolute. Lose this one chance,
Which bears me to th' Acropolis of guilt,
And this, our age, forgoes its noblest song.
I must be speedy—

ORGAN *and* CHOIR.

A defunctis suscitatur
 Furtum qui commiserat ·
 Et Judæus baptizatur
 Furtum qui recuperat :
 Illi vita restauratur,
 Hic ad fidem properat.

FIRMILIAN.

No more was needed to confirm my mind .
 That stanza blows all thoughts of pity off,
 As empty straws are scattered by the wind !
 For I have been the victim of the Jews,
 Who, by vile barter, have absorbed my means.
 Did I not pawn—for that same flagrant stuff,
 Which only waits a spark to be dissolved,
 And, having done its mission, must disperse
 As a thin smoke into the ambient air—
 My diamond cross, my goblet, and my books ?

What! would they venture to baptize the Jew?
 The cause assumes a holier aspect, then;
 And, as a faithful son of Rome, I dare
 To merge my darling passion in the wrong
 That is projected against Christendom!
 Pity, avaunt! I may not longer stay.

*[Exit into the vaults. A short pause,
 after which he reappears.]*

'Tis done! I vanish like the lightning bolt.

ORGAN *and* CHOIR.

Nicholai sacerdotum

Decus, honor, gloria:

Plebem omnem, clerum totum—

[The Cathedral is blown up.]

SCENE VII.

Saloon. Pall and Coffin.

Enter COUNTESS, CONFESSOR, HAVERILLO, *and*
ATTENDANTS.

CONFESSOR.

Weep not, dear lady—he is now at rest !
Nor thundering cannon, nor loud-booming drum,
Nor braying trumpet, nor the clarion's call,
Nor rapid crash of charging chivalry,
Can stir him from his sleep. For him no more
Hath the lewd tinkling of the amorous lute
Behind a twilight lattice, or the wave
Of a light kerchief in a stealthy hand,
Or lifting of dark eyelids, any charm !
No more shall he, in joyous revelry,
Ply the loose wine cup, or exchange the jest—
And therefore, I beseech you, dry your tears.

HAVERILLO. (*Aside.*)

Why, what a ghostly comforter is this!
He tells her nothing of the yet to be,
But only harps upon the aching past.

CONFESSOR.

Bear up that coffin! Grief hath had its scope,
And now 'tis time to pause. Bethink thee, lady,
How it may fare with thine Alphonzo's soul.
There's no rich clothing in the world beyond,
No jewell'd cups, no sparkling costly gems,
No rare display of silver and of gold
Such as your sideboards show on gala-days—
But the poor spirit, shivering and alone,
On the cold sea-beach of eternity,
Must shriek for help to those he left behind.
Say—shall Alphonzo plead to thee in vain?

COUNTESS.

O man—man—man! Thy prating drives me mad—
Thy hideous voice is loathsome to mine ear,
Albeit I know not what thou croakest there!
Set down the coffin—set it down, I say!
I have not yet wept half the flood of tears
That I must pour on my Alphonzo's head.
There's a hot deluge seething in my brain,
And I must give it leave to flow, or die!

HAVERILLO.

Poor lady, she is greatly moved! 'Twere best
To give her passion way. Bethink you, Sir;
A mother rarely will with patience hear
A true reproach against a living son,
Far less a taunt directed at the dead.

CONFESSOR.

Who's he that dares usurp my privilege,

Or question my discretion? Is't for thee,
 Thou silken moth, to flutter round the torch
 Of conscience, flaming in a Churchman's hands
 And try to smother it? What art thou, sirrah?
 I warrant me some kinsman, with an eye
 To those vast hoards of molten vanity,
 Which can alone relieve Alphonzo's soul
 Under the guidance of our holy Church.
 Out on thee, heretic!

HAVERILLO.

Presumptuous priest!
 Wer't thou unfrocked, I'd tell thee that thou liest.

CONFESSOR.

Hence, vile disturber of the hapless dead!
 Thou enemy of souls—thou sordid knave,
 That, for a paltry pittance to thyself,
 Wouldst bar the gates of Paradise to him
 Who lies beneath yon pall! What, caitiff wretch!

Wilt thou again presume to answer me?
Let but a word escape thy tainted lips,
And the most fell anathema of Rome,
From which there neither is appeal nor cure,
Shall fulmine on thy head!

As for thee, lady—

If thou regarded him whom thou hast lost
With holier feeling than the tigress shows
When, in her savage and blood-boltered den,
She moans above the carcass of her cubs—
Consume no more the precious hours in grief;
Each hour is precious to a soul in pain!
Give me the keys of all thy coffered wealth,
That, with a liberal hand, I may dispense
Thy hoarded angels to the suffering poor.
Thy jewels also—what hast thou to do
With earthly jewels more?—give them to me;
And for each brilliant thou shalt hear a mass
Sung for Alphonzo. Fie on filthy pride!
Is't meet a widow's house should hold such store

Of flagons, cups, and costly chalices,
Of massive salvers and ancestral bowls?
These are the subtile spider-threads of sin
That bind the soul to earth. Away with them!
Thou hast no children now.

COUNTESS.

Thou crawling wretch—
Thou holy lie—thou gilded sepulchre—
Thou most consummate hypocrite and knave!
How darest thou take measure of my grief
With thine unnatural hands? What! thou a priest,
And, in the hour of desolation, seek'st
For ransom to be paid in gems and gold
For a pure spirit, which, beside thine own,
Would show as glorious as an angel's form
Contrasted with an Ethiopian slave!
What are thy prayers, that I should purchase them?
Hast thou not fed, for twenty years and more,
Upon the liberal bounty of our house?

Have I not seen thee flatter and deceive ;
Fawn like a spaniel ; and, with readiest lie,
Make coverture of thine obscene attempts
Upon my handmaids ? Villain ! there they stand,
The blushing proofs of thine impurity.
Hast thou not stroked my lost Alphonzo's head
A thousand times, protesting that no youth
Gave ever promise of a fairer course ?
And wouldst thou now retract that word of thine,
And, in the presence of my blighted flower,
Deny the glorious perfume that it bore ?
O get thee gone ! thou mak'st me wrong the dead,
By wasting moments, consecrate to tears,
In idle railing at a wretch like thee !

CONFESSOR.

This is mere madness ! Think not to escape,
By angry words and frantic declamation,
The righteous claims of the defrauded Church.
I stir not hence until her dues are paid.

If thou withhold'st thy keys, I warn thee, lady,
That holy Peter will not turn his key
For any of thy race!

COUNTESS.

Thou cormorant
That screamest still for garbage! take thy fill,
And rid me of thy presence. Fabian—
Show him the secret chamber of the Cid,
Wherein the ransom of the Moors is piled:
There is the key—and let him never more
Pollute my threshold! O my lost Alphonzo!

(Swoons.)

CONFESSOR.

Ho, ho! I have it now! The key, the key!
Come quickly, Master Steward!

[Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE VIII.

A Gallery. At the end an armed figure bearing a mace.

Enter CONFESSOR and FABIAN.

CONFESSOR.

I warrant me thou thinkest, Master Steward,
That I was over urgent with thy dame.
There are some natures, sir, so obstinate
That mildness will not stir them, and for these
The Church enjoins a wholesome stimulant.
Such is your lady.

FABIAN.

You are learned, sir,
And doubtless know your duty. Here's the chamber.

CONFESSOR.

What mean you, fellow? There is nothing here

Except an effigy in rusted mail.

Beware of trifling with the Holy Church!

FABIAN.

That is the guardian of the treasure-room.

I see you marvel—Listen. Long ago,

Pedro, the founder of this ancient house,

Was the dear friend and comrade of the Cid.

Often together in the battle-field

Did they two charge the squadrons of the Moor,

And mow the stalwart unbelievers down.

Seldom they spared a life—yet once, by chance,

The caliph of Baldracca crossed their path,

Him they took captive, with three princes more,

And made them stand to ransom. All the East,

As I have heard—Chaldea, Araby,

Fez, Tunis, India, and the far Cathay—

Was racked for tribute. From the Persian gulf

There came huge bags of large and lustrous pearl,

Which in the miry bottom of the sea

The breathless diver found. Then there were opals
Bright as young moons, and diamonds like stars,
Far-blazing rubies, gorgeous carbuncles,
Jacinths and sapphires. And with these there came
Ten camel-loads of curious workmanship,
All wrought in solid gold—a greater ransom
Than ever yet was tendered for a king!

CONFESSOR.

Thy words have oped a fountain in my mouth,
And stirred its waters! Excellent Fabian—
So half this wealth accrued to D'Aguilar?

FABIAN.

Of that, anon. When all the heap was piled
Before them, then the Campeador said:—
“May not my sin lie heavy on my soul
Upon my dying day! For I have broke
A vow I made in youth before the shrine
Of San Iago, never in the field

To spare a heathen. What is done, is done—
May be atoned for, but not blotted out.
I will not touch the ransom. Be it given
Entire to thee, my brother D'Aguilar!"

CONFESSOR.

No wonder Spain still glories in the Cid!
What! are the treasures here? Speak quickly, man!

FABIAN.

Your patience for a moment! When the knight
Found no persuasion could affect the Cid,
Or sway him from his purpose, then he yielded.
One half the ransom bought the goodly lands
Which still pertain unto the D'Aguilars.
The other half lies in a secret room,
The door of which I'll show you—you've the key.
But first I'll tell you why yon effigy
Stands there to guard it.

CONFESSOR.

What is that to me?

What do I care about your effigies,
Or mumbled stories of the knights of old?
The door, I say!

FABIAN.

Yet listen—'Tis my duty
To make this clear. When Ruy Diaz died,
The knight of D'Aguilar obtained his arms;
And in remembrance of the bounteous gift
He placed them there before the treasure-room.
'Tis said the mighty spirit of Bivar
Still dwells within that corslet; and the mace,
Which once was called the hammer of the Moor,
Is swayed on high, and will descend on those
Who come to wrong the race of D'Aguilar.
I've heard my father tell, that, ere my birth,
Two reckless villains of Gitano blood,
Lured by the rumor of the treasured wealth,

Tried, over night, to force that secret door ;
And, in the morning, when the servants came,
They found a brace of battered carcasses,
The skulls beat into pulp, upon the floor ;
And yonder mace—how terrible it is !
Was dropping with their blood !

CONFESSOR.

And dost thou think,
With thy false legends to deter me now,
Thou paralytic slave ? Reserve thy tales
For gaping crones, and idle serving-men !
Can I not make an image stare and wink,
Exhibit gesture with its painted hands,
Yea, counterfeit the action of a saint—
And dost thou hope to scare me with a lie
Where is the door, I say ?

FABIAN.

Bear witness, Saints,

That I am sackless of the consequence!

You are forewarned—

CONFESSOR.

The door—the door, I say!

FABIAN.

Insert the key beneath that pannel there!

CONFESSOR.

So—it is mine, all mine! Why, now am I
A king of Ind, an emperor of the earth!
No haste, no haste!—I would not lose the thrill
Of expectation that entrances me
For half the glorious heap that's stored within!
Why, for a handful of those orient pearls
I'll buy a bishopric. A dozen rubies
May make me Metropolitan; and then,
As gems are scarce and highly prized at Rome,
A costly diamond for the noble front
Of the Tiara, may advance my claim

Unto the title of a Cardinal—

Let me take breath—Lord Cardinal—a Prince

And Magnate of the Church ! What follows next ?

Brain, do not lose thyself in ecstasy,

Nor swim to madness at the thought of that

Which lies within my reach—Saint Peter's chair !

Why, half the wealth within this hidden vault

Would bribe the Holy College, and would make

Me—me, the lord of monarchs, and the chief

Of all the rulers over Christendom !

Ha, ha ! to see the mighty world lie down

In homage at my feet, and hear its hail

To me as lord and master !

Is't a dream ?

Oh, no, no, no ! for here, within my hand,

I hold the precious key that shall at once

Admit me to the temple of my hope—

Open, old wards, to him who shall be Pope !

*[He attempts to open the Door, and is struck
down by the Mace of the Effigy.]*

FABIAN.

Right little moaning need I make for one
Who died by his own sin! Poor prostrate fool,
Whom warning would not reach! Six feet of earth
Is all that even Popes can claim as theirs.
Thy span must yet be less: no funeral bell
May toll for thee—I'll drop thee in a well.

[*Exit with the body.*]

SCENE IX.

Summit of the Pillar of St. Simeon Stylites.

FIRMILIAN.

'Twas a grand spectacle! The solid earth
Seemed from its quaking entrails to eruct
The gathered lava of a thousand years,
Like an imposthume bursting up from hell!
In a red robe of flame, the riven towers,
Pillars and altar, organ-10ft and screen,
With a singed swarm of mortals intermixed,
Were whirled in anguish to the shuddering stars,
And all creation trembled at the din.
It was my doing—mine alone! and I
Stand greater by this deed than the vain fool
That thrust his torch beneath Diana's shrine.
For what was it inspired Erostratus

But a weak vanity to have his name
Blaze out for arson in the catalogue?
I have been wiser. No man knows the name
Of me, the pyrotechnist who have given
A new apotheosis to the saint
With lightning blast, and stunning thunder knell!
And yet—and yet—what boots the sacrifice?
I thought to take remorse unto my heart,
As the young Spartan hid the savage fox
Beneath the foldings of his boyish gown,
And let it rive his flesh. Mine is not riven—
My heart is yet unscarred. I've been too coarse
And general in this business. Had there been
Amongst that multitude a single man
Who loved me, cherished me—to whom I owed
Sweet reciprocity for holy alms,
And gifts of gentle import—had there been
Friend—father—brother, mingled in that crowd,
And I had slain him—then indeed my soul
Might have acquired fruition of its wish,

And shrieked delirious at the taste of sin!
But these—what were the victims unto me?
Nothing! Mere human atoms, breathing clods,
Uninspired dullards, unpoetic slaves,
The rag, and tag, and bobtail of mankind;
Whom, having scorched to cinders, I no more
Feel ruth for what I did, than if my hand
Had thrust a stick of sulphur in the nest
Of some poor hive of droning humble-bees,
And smoked them into silence!

I must have
A more potential draught of guilt than this,
With more of wormwood in it!

Here I sit,
Perched like a raven on old Simeon's shaft,
With barely needful footing for my limbs—
And one is climbing up the inward coil,
Who was my friend and brother. We have gazed
Together on the midnight map of heaven,
And marked the gems in Cassiopea's hair—

Together have we heard the nightingale
Waste the exuberant music of her throat,
And lull the flustering breezes into calm—
Together have we emulously sung
Of Hyacinthus, Daphne, and the rest
Whose mortal weeds Apollo changed to flowers
Also from him I have derived much aid
In golden ducats, which I fain would pay
Back with extremest usury, were but
Mine own convenience equal to my wish.
Moreover, of his poems he hath sold
Two full editions of a thousand each,
While mine remain neglected on the shelves!
Courage, Firmilian! for the hour has come
When thou canst know atrocity indeed,
By smiting him that was thy dearest friend.
And think not that he dies a vulgar death—
'Tis poetry demands the sacrifice!
Yet not to him be that revelation made.
He must not know with what a loving hand—

With what fraternal charity of heart
 I do devote him to the infernal gods!
 I dare not spare him one particular pang,
 Nor make the struggle briefer! Hush—he comes.

HAVERILLO, *emerging from the staircase.*

How now, Firmilian!—I am scant of breath;
 These steps have pumped the ether from my lungs,
 And made the bead-drops cluster on my brow.
 A strange, unusual rendezvous is this—
 An old saint's pillar, which no human foot
 Hath scaled this hundred years!

FIRMILIAN.

Ay—it is strange!

HAVERILLO.

'Faith, sir, the bats considered it as such:
 They seem to flourish in the column here,

And are not over courteous. Ha! I'm weary :
I shall sleep sound to-night.

FIRMILIAN.

You *shall* sleep sound !

HAVERILLO.

Either there is an echo in the place,
Or your voice is sepulchral.

FIRMILIAN.

Seems it so ?

HAVERILLO.

Come, come, Firmilian—Be once more a man !
Leave off these childish tricks, and vapors bred
Out of a too much pampered fantasy.
What are we, after all, but mortal men,
Who eat, drink, sleep, need raiment and the like,

As well as any jolterhead alive ?
Trust me, my friend, we cannot feed on dreams,
Or stay the hungry cravings of the maw
By mere poetic banquets.

FIRMILIAN.

Say you so ?
Yet have I heard that by some alchemy
(To me unknown as yet) you have transmuted
Your verses to fine gold.

HAVERILLO.

And all that gold
Was lent to you, Firmilian.

FIRMILIAN.

You expect,
Doubtless, I will repay you ?

HAVERILLO

So I do.

You told me yesterday to meet you here,
 And you would pay me back with interest.
 Here is the note.

FIRMILIAN.

A moment.—Do you see
 Yon melon-vender's stall down i' the square?
 Methinks the fruit that, close beside the eye,
 Would show as largely as a giant's head,
 Is dwindled to a heap of gooseberries!
 If Justice held no bigger scales than those
 Yon pigmy seems to balance in his hands,
 Her utmost fiat scarce would weigh a drachm!
 How say you?

HAVERILLO.

Nothing—'tis a fearful height!
 5*

My brain turns dizzy as I gaze below,
And there's a strange sensation in my soles.

FIRMILIAN.

Ay—feel you that? Ixion felt the same
Ere he was whirled from heaven!

HAVERILLO.

Firmilian!

You carry this too far. Farewell. We'll meet
When you're in better humor.

FIRMILIAN.

Tarry, sir!

I have you here, and thus we shall not part.
I know your meaning well. For that same dross,
That paltry ore of Mammon's mean device
Which I, to honor you, stooped to receive,
You'd set the Alguazils on my heels!
What! have I read your thought? Nay, never
shrink,

Nor edge towards the doorway! You're a scholar!
How was't with Phaeton?

HAVERILLO.

Alas! he's mad.

Hear me, Firmilian! Here is the receipt—
Take it—I grudge it not! If ten times more,
It were at your sweet service.

FIRMILIAN.

Would you do'

This kindness unto me?

HAVERILLO.

Most willingly.

FIRMILIAN.

Liar and slave! There's falsehood in thine eye!
I read as clearly there, as in a book,
That, if I did allow you to escape,

In fifteen minutes you would seek the judge.
Therefore, prepare thee, for thou needs must die!

HAVERILLO.

Madman—stand off!

FIRMILIAN.

There's but four feet of space
To spare between us. I'm not hasty, I!
Swans sing before their death, and it may be
That dying poets feel that impulse too:
Then, prythee, be canorous. You may sing
One of those ditties which have won you gold,
And my meek audience of the vapid strain
Shall count with Phœbus as a full discharge
For all your ducats. Will you not begin?

HAVERILLO.

Leave off this horrid jest, Firmilian!

FIRMILIAN.

Jest! 'Tis no jest! This pillar's very high—
Shout, and no one can hear you from the square—
Wilt sing, I say?

HAVERILLO.

Listen, Firmilian!

I have a third edition in the press,
Whereof the proceeds shall be wholly thine—
Spare me!

FIRMILIAN.

A third edition! Atropos—
Forgive me that I tarried!

HAVERILLO.

Mercy!—Ah!—

[FIRMILIAN *hurls him from the column.*]

SCENE X.

Square below the Pillar.

Enter APOLLODORUS, a Critic.

Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vapping blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Medusæ into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.
My ends are public. I have talked of men
As my familiars, whom I never saw.
Nay—more to raise my credit—I have penned
Epistles to the great ones of the land,
When some attack might make them slightly sore,
Assuring them, in faith, it was not I.

What was their answer? Marry, shortly this:
“Who, in the name of Zerneck, are you?”
I have reviewed myself incessantly—
Yea, made a contract with a kindred soul
For mutual interchange of puffery.
Gods—how we blew each other! But, 'tis past—
Those halcyon days are gone; and, I suspect,
That, in some fit of loathing or disgust,
As Samuel turned from Eli's coarser son,
Mine ancient playmate hath deserted me.
And yet I am Apollodorus still!
I search for genius, having it myself,
With keen and earnest longings. I survive
To disentangle, from the imping wings
Of our young poets, their crustaceous slough.
I watch them, as the watcher on the brook
Sees the young salmon wrestling from its egg,
And revels in its future bright career.
Ha! what seraphic melody is this?

Enter SANCHO, a Costermonger, singing.

Down in the garden behind the wall,
Merrily grows the bright-green leek ;
The old sow grunts as the acorns fall,
The winds blow heavy, the little pigs squeak.
One for the litter, and three for the teat—
Hark to their music, Juanna my sweet !

APOLLODORUS.

Now, heaven be thanked ! here is a genuine bard,
A creature of high impulse, one unsoiled
By coarse conventionalities of rule.
He labors not to sing, for his bright thoughts
Resolve themselves at once into a strain
Without the aid of balanced artifice.
All hail, great poet !

SANCHO.

Save you, my merry master ! Need you any leeks

or onions? Here's the primest cauliflower, though I say it, in all Badajoz. Set it up at a distance of some ten yards, and I'll forfeit my ass if it does not look bigger than the Alcayde's wig. Or would these radishes suit your turn? There's nothing like your radish for cooling the blood and purging distempered humors.

APOLLODORUS.

I do admire thy vegetables much,
But will not buy them. Pray you, pardon me
For one short word of friendly obloquy.
Is't possible a being so endowed
With music, song, and sun-aspiring thoughts,
Can stoop to chaffer idly in the streets,
And, for a huckster's miserable gain,
Renounce the urgings of his destiny?
Why, man, thine ass should be a Pegasus,
A sun-reared charger snorting at the stars,
And scattering all the Pleiads at his heels—

Thy cart should be an orient-tinted car,
Such as Aurora drives into the day,
What time the rosy-fingered Hours awake—
Thy reins—

SANCHO.

Lookye, master, I've dusted a better jacket than yours before now, so you had best keep a civil tongue in your head. Once for all, will you buy my radishes?

APOLLODORUS.

No!

SANCHO.

Then go to the devil and shake yourself!

[Exit.]

APOLLODORUS.

The foul fiend seize thee and thy cauliflowers!

I was indeed a most egregious ass
To take this lubber clodpole for a bard,
And worship that dull fool. Pythian Apollo!
Hear me—O hear! Towards the firmament
I gaze with longing eyes; and, in the name
Of millions thirsting for poetic draughts,
I do beseech thee, send a poet down!
Let him descend, e'en as a meteor falls,
Rushing at noonday—

*[He is crushed by the fall of the
body of HAVERILLO.]*

SCENE XI.

A Street.

Enter two GENTLEMEN, meeting.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Save you, brave Cavalier!

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

The like to you, sir.

I scarce need ask where you have been to-day—
All Badajoz was at the market-place.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

You mean the act of faith? I was too late:
Will you vouchsafe me some relation of it?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

I've seen a larger muster for the stake.

But never was the public interest
Excited to so vehement a pitch.
Men did not care for Jews or heretics,
Though some of both descriptions were produced.
The leading victim was the Graduate,
Whose monstrous deed in blowing up the church,
Whereby a thousand lives and more were lost,
Stands yet unequalled for atrocity.
Faith, sir ! the Inquisition had hard work
To guard him from his dungeon to the pile.
When he came forth, from twenty thousand throats
There rose so horrid and so fierce a yell
That I was fain to hold my tingling ears.
Mothers, whose sons had perished in the church,
Howled curses at him : old men shook their fists
With palsied vehemence ; and there were some
Who carried naked daggers in their hands,
And would have hacked him piecemeal.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

And no wonder—

'Twas a most horrid and unnatural deed ;
My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Yet was he quite calm :

A little pale, perhaps, but noway moved
By all their hooting. When he reached the pile,
He craved permission of the Inquisitor,
To say a word or two. That being granted,
He turned him straightway to the raging crowd,
Which, at his gesture, stilled itself awhile,
And spoké in parables.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

How mean you, sir ?

Did he confess his guilt ?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

In faith, not he!

His speech was worse than any commination.

He curs'd the city, and he curs'd the church;

He curs'd the houses, and he curs'd their stones.

He cursed, in short, in such miraculous wise,

That nothing was exempted from his ban.

Then, sir, indeed the people's wrath was roused,

And a whole storm of cats came tumbling in,

Combined with baser missiles. I was fain,

Not wishing to be wholly singular,

To add my contribution to the rest.

Yet he cursed on, till the Familiars gagged him—

Bound him unto the stake, and so he died.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

You tell the story very pleasantly.

Were there no more of note in the procession?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

There was a fellow, too, an Anabaptist,
Or something of the sort, from the Low Countries,
Rejoicing in the name of Teufelsdröckh.
I do not know for what particular sin
He stood condemned ; but it was noised abroad
That, in all ways he was a heretic.
Six times the Inquisition held debate
Upon his tenets, and vouchsafed him speech,
Whereof he largely did avail himself.
But they could coin no meaning from his words,
Further than this, that he most earnestly
Denounced all systems, human and divine.
And so, because the weaker sort of men
Are oft misled by babbling, as the bees
Hive at the clash of cymbals, it was deemed
A duty to remove him. He, too, spoke
But never in your life, sir, did you hear
Such hideous jargon ! The distracting screech

Of wagon-wheel ungreased was music to it;
 And as for meaning—wiser heads than mine
 Could find no trace of it. 'Twas a tirade
 About fire-horses, jötuns, windbags, owls,
 Choctaws and horse-hair, shams and flunkeyism,
 Unwisdoms, Tithes, and Unveracities.
 'Faith, when I heard him railing in crank terms,
 And dislocating language in his howl
 At Phantasm Captains, Hair-and-leather Popes,
 Terrestrial Law-words, Lords, and Law-bringers.—
 I almost wished the Graduate back again :
His style of cursing had some flavor in't ;
 The other's was most tedious. By-and-by,
 The crowd grew restive ; and no wonder, sir ;
 For the effect of his discourse was such,
 That one poor wench miscarried in affright.
 I did not tarry longer.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Your narration

Makes me regret less heartily the chance
That kept me from the show. Is there naught else
Talked of in Badajoz?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Why, yes, sir—much,
And of strange import: but the cautious lip
Dares not, as yet, give utterance to its thought
In the full measure. Death hath been amongst us,
Not striking at the old, but at the young.
In most unusual fashion. Three young men,
All in strong health, untainted by disease,
Died in a tavern. Marry, sir—'tis thought
Their cups were spiced. But a few days ago,
Our most aspiring poet, Haverillo,
Fell from St. Simeon's column—no one knows
What took him to its top;—another life,
I hear, was lost in his abrupt descent,
But no one could identify the corpse.
Then there's a Priest amissing—these are things

Portentous in themselves, and very strange.
Further, there's some slight scandal noised abroad
About the niece of an Inquisitor—
I name no names—who may have been, perchance,
Somewhat too credulous. 'Tis a strange world!
Are you acquainted with Firmilian?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

But slightly, sir: I've held a bet or so
With him upon the bull-fights. Why d'ye ask?

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Because (in confidence), I think 'twere wise
To close your book with him. I heard it said,
Not many days ago, that his old uncle,
The Dean of Salamanca, had expired,
And left him all his wealth. Heaven bless you, sir,
I have a turn for genealogy,
And, by my reckoning, he is no more kin
To the old Dean than to the Holy Pope!

I may be wrong, you know—but in such matters
'Tis prudent to be sure. There are reports,
On which I shall not dwell, which make me think
Firmilian is not safe. You understand me?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.

Your kindly hint hath found a ready way
To a most anxious bosom! Let us go
Towards the Prado. I've a little tale
To tell you of that same Firmilian.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.

The Vaults of the Inquisition.

The INQUISITORS are seated on benches. Behind them FAMILIARS bearing torches.

Throughout this Scene, distant peals of thunder heard.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

WOULD I could bid you welcome, brethren, here!
 This wild derangement of the elements,
 These fiery gashes in the vault of heaven
 That stream with flame, and fright the astonished
 earth,
 Are not from natural causes: Hell is loose;
 The Prince o' the Air hath called his legions up,
 And demons' wings are madly flashing by
 On hideous errantry! There have been deeds
 Wrought here among us of so vile a sort—

Such impious words have pierced the nether world,
That the fiends, starting from their sulphurous beds,
Have answered to the summons !

OLD INQUISITOR.

Such a night
There hath not been since that in Wittemberg,
When damned Faustus lost his wretched soul.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

Yea, reverend brother, it was even so,
And, much I fear me, some in Badajoz
Have, by their practice of unholy arts,
Sinned worse than Faustus. Stand thou forth,
Balthazar ;
And tell us what thou knowest.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Most reverend sirs,
I, and my fellow, Gil of Santillane,

Both sworn Familiars of this Holy office,
Received of late commission to inquire
Touching the trade of a suspected Jew.
His dealing was in philtres, amorous drugs,
Powders of mummy, amulets, and charms,
All which we seized, and brought the caitiff here
To be examined. When upon the rack,
He, being urged by subtle questioning,
Confessed that often-times he had procured
Most strange material for a student's use—
As skulls, thigh-bones, a murderer's wasted hand
Hewn from the gibbet, and such other ware
As sorcerers do employ. Besides these things,
He owned that he had purchased from a Moor
A curious work upon geometry,
And sold it to Firmilian.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

Can the stars
Retain their place within the firmament,

When wickedness like this is wrought below?
Proceed, Balthazar.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

These particulars
Being in their nature horrid and profane,
Did Mordecai right cheerfully disclose.
Yet we, remembering what the vulgate saith,
Touching the doubtful witness of a Jew
Against a Christian, did esteem it fit
To make more perquisition. For that end,
I, and my comrade, Gil of Santillane,
Sought out Firmilian's servant. Him we found
Within a wine-shop—

OLD INQUISITOR.

Mark that well, my masters!
For three score years and ten I've held my office
And never did I know the sorcerer yet

Whose servant felt not a perpetual thirst.
I pray you let that fact be noted down.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

It shall be noted. Well—what followed next?

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Obedient to our orders, Gil and I,
Albeit habitual shunners of the cup,
Did somewhat deviate from our wonted rule,
And made slight show of wassail. Whereupon,
This Nicodemus, young Firmilian's knave,
Did gradually to us some part disclose
Of his employer's practice.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Did he so?

A servant's tale is damning evidence
Against his lord! What said this Nicodemus?
Stand down, Balthazar—Speak thou, Santillane.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

He told us this—that long ago, in Wales,
His master had from one Plotinis learned
Most wondrous secrets: that on Wednesday nights
He was attended by an ugly imp,
Whose outward apparition bore the stamp
Of an enormous hedge-hog.

OLD INQUISITOR

I remember

The like was said of Paracelsus too,
And of Cornelius. I myself have seen
A hedge-pig suckled by a Moorish witch.
That must have been about the year sixteen,
Or two years later. Is it taken down?
For three score years and ten I've held my office,
And never knew a necromancer yet
But dealt in hedge-hogs! Is it taken down?

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

It is, my reverend brother. Santillane—
On with your story.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Warily he talked
Of magic circles, skulls, and fumigations—
Of the great Devil, and his sulphurous stench—
Of phantom beavers, and of bottle imps;
The bare recital of which monstrous things
Made each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
I can depone no further.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Porcupines
Are worse than hedge-hogs!

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

Is this Nicodemus
Still safe within your reach ?

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Right holy sir,
He is. We deemed it wiser to defer
His capture till we knew your reverend pleasure,
In case Firmilian might take sudden wing.
Moreover, I have something yet to tell,
Which, if not touching sorcery, may lean
To worse than heresy.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

Thy care is great.
Thou art our best Familiar ; and I think,
E'en as thou speak'st, and lettest out the truth,
The frightened fiends desert the upper sky
And calm their thunder down. Say out thy say.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

I pray your reverend worships to believe
I act not as spy. 'Tis not for me
To mark the twinkling of a lady's fan,
To lurk behind church pillars, or to note
The course of fervid glances. Such things lie
Beyond my office ; and I know full well
That they are oftentimes assumed to hide
Most faithful service to our Holy Church ;
And, therefore, I repeat, I am no spy.

CHIEF INQUISITOR.

I have still found thee—as the Church hath done—
Discreet within thy function. Didst thou know
Aught that might appertain to one of us,
Or to the honor of our nearest kin,
I do believe that thou wouldst rather dare
Expose thyself upon the stretching rack
Than speak out openly.

SEVERAL INQUISITORS.

We do believe it!

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Therein you understand me thoroughly.
I am the poor Familiar of this House,
And for the movements of such holy sirs,
And of their households, have no eyes at all,
Save at their pleasure. But Firmilian's case
Demands a full divulgement.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Very right!

I gather from this talk there's something wrong
About Firmilian's morals. I have been
For three score years and ten Inquisitor;
And always have observed that heretics
Are faulty in their morals. Tell us all.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Three weeks ago—'twas but a week before
The death of the three students—there appeared
Within a lonely cottage in the wood,
Hard bordering on the skirts of Badajoz,
An Indian maiden. She was dark as night,
And yet not unalluring, as I heard
From Santillane, my comrade—

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Holy sirs,

I swear such language ne'er escaped my lips!
I only said that in a heathen's eye
She might find favor.

OLD INQUISITOR.

Doubtless so she would.

I do remember, fifty years ago,
A very comely damsel of that kind,

Purveyed, I think, from inner Africa---
I never saw a more voluptuous shape.
But to your story—

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Every day since then
Hath young Firmilian stolen to her bower
With utmost secrecy. What passeth there
I know not. But men say she sings by night
Mysterious ditties in an unknown tongue,
Of such unnatural and thrilling sort,
That the scared nightingales desert their boughs,
And evil birds of omen flit around
To list the Indian's music.

CHIEF INQUISITOR

Is it so ?
That shall be also looked to heedfully.
The fiend hath many snares, and it may be
That, in the likeness of a dusky queen,

He sends an agent hither. What I know
Of this Firmilian makes me fear the worst :
Yet it were wise to wait. I'll set a trap
Shall lure him to his ruin. Go we hence ;
And in the inner casket of our hearts
Be all our secrets locked. Put out the lights !

[The torches are extinguished.]

SCENE XIII.

Among the Mountains.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

Why should I strive to comprehend the charm
Of savage nature, or to fill my mind
With thoughts of desolation, meanly filched
From those rude rocks, and chasms, and cataracts?
Why, none but fools affect to seek them now
For the mere sense of grandeur. To a painter,
Yon crag might seem magnificent indeed,
With its bold outline. A geologist
Would but regard it as a pillar left
To mark some age that was pre-Adamite,
And, with his hammer, excavate the bones
Of brutes that revelled in the oozy slime,
Ere yet a bud had burst in Eden's bower.

Here is a terrace on the mountain side,
As stately as the ever-watched approach
Unto the palace of the greatest king.
Your man of science cares not for its sweep,
Nor aught around that might attract the eye;—
He calls it a sea-margin, and exhumes
The withered fragment of a cockle-shell,
In proof of his averment, with more pride
Than if he stumbled on a costly gem.
O, there is room for infinite debate
In a stray boulder; and the jagged streak
Upon the surface of a harmless stone,
May be the Helen to some future host
Of glacier-theorists!

Such men are wise.

They overlook the outward face of things;
Seek no sensation from the rude design
Of outward beauty; but fulfil their task
Like moles, who loathe the gust of upper air,
And burrow underneath!

Three days have I
Been wandering in this desert wilderness
In search of inspiration. Horrid thoughts,
Phantasms, chimæras, tortures, inward spasms,
Disordered spawn of dreams, distracting visions,
Air-shrieks and haunting terrors were my aim—
Yet nothing comes to fright me! How is this?
Grant that my former efforts were in vain;
At least the death of yon poor Haverillo
Might be a mill-stone tied around my neck,
And sink me to despair! It is not so.
I rather feel triumphant in the deed,
And draw fresh courage from the thought of it.
Were all my creditors disposed like him,
Methinks the sunshine would be warmer still!
Hold—Let me reckon closely with myself!
Could my weak hand put back the clock of time
To the same point whereon its index lay
When first the thought of murder crossed my soul—
Could I undo, even by a single word,

All my past actings, and recall to life
The three companions of my earlier years—
The nameless crowd that perished in the church—
The guileless poetaster—and the rest
Who indirectly owe their deaths to me—
Would I exert the power? Most surely not.
Above the pool that lies before my foot
A thousand gnats are hovering—an hour hence
They'll drop into the mud! Should I lament
That things so sportive, and so full of glee,
So soon must pass away? In faith, not I!
They all will perish ere the sun goes down,
And yet to-morrow night that self-same pool
Will swarm with thousands more. What's done, is
I'll look on it no further. [done.

But my work—

That grand conception of my intellect,
Whereby I thought to take the world by storm—
That firstling of my soul—my tragedy—
What shall become of it?

Alas ! I fear

I have mista'en my bent ! What's Cain to me,
Or I to Cain ? I cannot realize
His wild sensations—it were madness, then,
For me to persevere. Some other bard
With weaker nerves and fainter heart than mine
Must gird him to the task. 'Tis not for me
To shrine that page of history in song,
And utter such tremendous cadences,
That the mere babe who hears them at the breast,
Sans comprehension, or the power of thought,
Shall be an idiot to its dying hour !
I deemed my verse would make pale Hecate's orb
Grow wan and dark ; and into ashes change
The radiant star-dust of the milky-way.
I deemed that pestilence, disease, and death,
Would follow every strophe—for the power
Of a true poet, prophet as he is,
Should rack creation !

Get thee gone, my dream---

My long-sustaining friend of many days!
Henceforth my brain shall be divorced from thee,
Nor keep more memory of the wanton past
Than one who makes a harem of his mind,
And dallies with his thoughts like concubines!

Yet something must be done. 'Twere vile for me
To sink into inaction, or remain
Like a great harp wherein the music lies
Unwakened by the hand. What if I chose
A theme of magic? That might take the ear,
For men who scarce have eyesight to discern
What daily passes underneath their nose,
Still peer about for the invisible.
'Twere easy now to weave a subtile tale
Of ghosts and goblins, mermaids, succubi,
Mooncalves and monsters—of enchanted halls,
Wide-waving tapestry, haunted corridors—
Of churchyards shadowed by mysterious yews,
Wherein white women walk and wring their hands—
Of awful caverns underneath the sea,

Lit by the glimmer of a demon's eyes—
Of skeletons in armor, phantom knights
Who ride in fairy rings—and so revive
The faded memories of our childish years
With richer color. Bah!—the time is past
When such-like tales found audience. Children now
Are greatly wiser than their fathers were,
And prattle science in the nursery.
Raw-head-and-bloody-bones no longer scares
The inmate of the cradle into rest ;
And that tremendous spectre of the North,
The chimney-haunting Boo-man comes no more,
With hideous answer, to the nurse's call.
Yet something do I know of magic too,
And might have further sounded in its deep,
But for the terror that o'ermastered me
In my first essay. Scarcely had I read
Ten lines of incantation, when a light,
Like that of glow-worms pastured upon graves,
Glared from the sockets of a fleshless skull,

And antic shapes ran howling round the ring,
 And scared me to distraction. With the fiend
 I'll have no further traffic; for I dread
 Both him, and that which is opposed to him,
 The ruthless Inquisition. I'll no more
 Of magic or its spells!

What other theme
 Lies ready to my hand? what impulse stirs
 My being to its depths, and conjures up
 (As the young nymphs from sacred fountains rose,
 The best and fairest shapes of poetry?
 Why—love, love, love!—the master of the world—
 The blind impetuous boy, whose tiny dart
 Is surer than the Parthian javelin—
 Love, whose strong hest all living things obey—
 Love, the lord-paramount and prince of all
 The heroes of the whirling universe.
 Was it not love that vanquished Hercules,
 What time he writhed in Dejanira's gown?
 Was it not love that set old Troy on flame,

Withdrew Achilles from the Grecian camp,
 And kept Ulysses bound in Circe's bower?
 Was it not love that held great Samson firm
 Whilst coy Delilah sheared his lusty locks,
 And gave him powerless to the Philistine?
 Was it not love that made Mark Antony
 Yield up his kingdoms for one fervid kiss
 From Egypt's ripest Queen? What better theme
 Could be proposed than this? A graduate I,
 and an expert one too, in Cupid's lore—
 What hinders me to raise a richer song
 Than ever yet was heard in praise of love?
 Let the cold moralists say what they will,
 I'll set their practice boldly 'gainst my verse,
 And so convict them of hypocrisy.
 What text-books read their children at the schools?
 Derive they Latin from a hymnal source,
 Or from the works of rigid anchorites?
 Not so! That hog of Epicurus' sty,
 The sensuous Horace, ushers them along

To rancid Ovid. He prepares the way
For loose Catullus, whose voluptuous strain
Is soon dismissed for coarser Juvenal.
Take we the other language—Is there much
Of moral fervor or devout respect
That can be gleaned from old Anacreon's lays,
Or Sappho's burning starts? What pious lore
Can the alembic of the sage extract
From the rank filth of Aristophanes?
Is Lucian holy reading? And, if not,
Why, in the name of the old garden-god,
Persist they in their system? Pure indeed
Must be the minds of those compelled to wade
Through all the dunghills of antiquity,
If they escape without some lasting stain.
What do our moralists? To make things clear
Which otherwise might 'scape the youthful sense,
They write Pantheons—wherein you may read,
In most exact and undisguised detail,
The loves of Jove with all his relatives.

Besides some less conspicuous amours
With Danaë, Europa, and the like.
What merrier jests can move the schoolboy's spleen,
Than the rich tale of Vulcan and of Mars ;
Or of Apollo, when, in hot pursuit
Of Daphne, 'stead of tresses in his hand,
He found a garland of the laurel leaves ?
Well-thumbed, be sure, the precious pages are
That tell of Venus and of Mercury !
And shall the men, who do not shrink to teach
Such saving doctrine to their tender sons,
Accuse me if I shrine the same in verse,
And with most sweet seductive harmony,
Proclaim the reign of Love o'er all the world ?

Henceforward then, avaunt, ye direful thoughts
That have oppressed the caverns of my brain !
I am discharged from guilt, and free from blood
Which was but shed through misconceived desire !
How glorious is the lightness of the soul
That gleams within me now ! I am like one

Who, after hours of horrid darkness passed
Within the umbrage of a thunder cloud,
Beholds once more the liquid light of day
Streaming above him, when the splendid sun
Calls up the vapors to his own domain,
And the great heap moves slowly down the vale,
Muttering, in anger, for its victim lost !
Now could I roll, as gaily as a child,
On the fresh carpet of the unsown flowers—
Now could I raise my voice in innocent glee,
And shout from cataract unto cataract—
But that a single thought disturbs me yet ;
My vow to Mariana—Will she bear
That frank communion which I must achieve
Ere yet my song is perfect? She is proud,
And somewhat overbearing in her walk,
Yet there's no woman past the power to tame.
A Count of Stolberg once,—a wedded man,
Whose restless disposition drove him on
To wear the cross, and fight in Palestine—

Was taken captive by an Emir there,
And 'scaped from prison solely by the aid
Of the one daughter of his enemy.

Tis said that, when he brought the damsel home,
The Christian matron no remonstrance made,
But took her, like a sister, to her heart,
And the blest three lived on in unison.

Why should I not revive the earlier days ?
Why should the stately Mariana look
More coldly upon Lilian, or that flower
That I have gathered from the Afric plains,
Than Rachel on her handmaid ? I can quote
Sufficient texts to still her first harangue,
If she be angry. Will she so endure ?
Kind Cupid, aid ! In this, I must be sure !

[*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

A Garden.—FIRMILIAN. MARIANA.

FIRMILIAN.

My Mariana!

MARIANA.

O my beautiful!

My seraph love—my panther of the wild—

My moon-eyed leopard—my voluptuous lord!

O, I am sunk within a sea of bliss,

And find no soundings!

FIRMILIAN.

Shall I answer back?

As the great Earth lies silent all the night,

And looks with hungry longing on the stars,

Whilst its huge heart beats on its granite ribs
With measured pulsings of delirious joy—
So look I, Mariana, on thine eyes !

MARIANA.

Ah, dearest, wherefore are we fashioned thus ?
I cannot always hang around thy neck
And plant vermilion kisses on thy brow ;
I cannot clasp thee, as yon ivy bush—
Too happy ivy !—holds, from year to year,
The stalwart oak within her firm embrace,
Mixing her tresses fondly up with his,
Like some young Jewish maid with Absalom's
Nay, hold, Firmilian ! do not pluck that rose !

FIRMILIAN.

Why not ? it is a fair one.

MARIANA.

Are fair things

Made only to be plucked? O fie on thee!
I did not think my lord a libertine!

FIRMILIAN.

Yet, sweetest, with your leave I'll take the rose,
For there's a moral in it.—Look you here.
'Tis fair, and sweet, and in its clustered leaves
It carries balmy dew: a precious flower.
And vermeil-tinctured, as are Hebe's lips.
Yet say, my Mariana, could you bear
To gaze for ever only upon this,
And fling the rest of Flora's casket by?

MARIANA.

No, truly—I would bind it up with more,
And make a fitting posy for my breast.
If I were stinted in my general choice,
I'd crop the lily, tender, fresh, and white,—
The shrinking pretty lily—and would give
Its modest contrast to the gaudier rose.

What next? some flower that does not love the day,
The dark, full-scented night-stock well might serve
To join the other two.

FIRMILIAN.

A sweet selection!

Think'st thou they'd bloom together on one breast
With a united fragrance?

MARIANA.

Wherefore not?

It is by union that all things are sweet.

FIRMILIAN.

Thou speakest well! I joy, my Mariana,
To find thy spirit overleaps the pale
Of this mean world's injurious narrowness!
Never did Socrates proclaim a truth
More beautiful than welled from out thy lips—
“It is by union that all things are sweet.”

Thou, darling, art my rose—my dewy rose—
The which I'll proudly wear, but not alone.
Dost comprehend me ?

MARIANA.

Ha ! Firmilian—

How my eyes dazzle !

FIRMILIAN.

Let me show you now
The lily I have ta'en to bind with thee.

[*He brings LILIAN from the Summer-house*

MARIANA.

Is this a jest, Firmilian ?

FIRMILIAN.

Could I jest
With aught so fair and delicate as this ?
Nay, come—no coyness ! Both of you embrace

Then to my heart of hearts—

MARIANA.

Soft you a moment!

Methinks the posy is not yet complete.

Say, for the sake of argument, I share

My rights with this pale beauty—(for she's pretty;

Although so fragile and so frail a thing,

That a mere puff of April wind would mar her)—

Where is the night-stock?

FIRMILIAN *brings* INDIANA *from the tool house*

Here!

MARIANA.

A filthy negress!

Abominable!

LILIAN.

Mercy on me! what blubber lips she has!

MARIANA, *furiously* to FIRMILIAN.

You nasty thing! Is this your poetry—
Your high soul-scheming and philosophy?
I hate and loathe you! (*To Indiana*.)—Rival of
my shoe,
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from the day
That loathes thine ebon skin! Firmilian—
You'll hear of this! My brother serves the king.

LILIAN.

My uncle is the chief Inquisitor,
And he shall know of this ere curfew tolls!
What! Shall I share a husband with a coal?

MARIANA.

Right, girl! I love thee even for that word—
The Inquisition makes most rapid work,
And, in its books that caitiff's name is down!

FIRMILIAN.

Listen one moment! When I was a babe,
And in my cradle puling for my nurse,
There fell a gleam of glory on the floor,
And in it, darkly standing, was a form—

MARIANA.

A negress, probably! Farewell awhile—
When next we meet—the faggot and the pile!
Come, Lilian!

[Exit.

INDIANA.

I shake from head to foot with sore affright—
What will become of me?

FIRMILIAN.

Who cares? Good night!

[Scene closes.

SCENE XV.

A Barren Moor.—Night—Mist and fog.

Enter FIRMILIAN.

They're hot upon my traces! Through the mist
I heard their call and answer—and but now,
As I was crouching 'neath a hawthorn bush,
A dark Familiar swiftly glided by,
His keen eyes glittering with the lust of death.
If I am ta'en, the faggot and the pile
Await me! Horror! Rather would I dare,
Like rash Empedocles, the Etna gulf,
Than writhe before the slaves of bigotry.
Where am I? If my mind deceives me not,
Upon that common where, two years ago,
An old blind beggar came and craved an alms,
Thereby destroying a stupendous thought

Just bursting in my mind—a glorious bud
Of poesy, but blasted ere its bloom !
I bade the old fool take the leftward path,
Which leads to the deep quarry, where he fell—
At least I deem so, for I heard a splash—
But I was gazing on the gibbous moon,
And durst not lower my celestial flight
To care for such an insect-worm as he !

How cold it is ! The mist comes thicker on
Ha !—what is that ? I see around me lights
Dancing and flitting, yet they do not seem
Like torches either—and there's music too !
I'll pause and listen.

Chorus of IGNES FATUI.

Follow, follow, follow !
Over hill and over hollow ;
It is ours to lead the way,
When a sinner's footsteps stray—
Cheering him with light and song,

On his doubtful path along.

Hark, hark! The watch-dogs bark.

There's a crash, and a splash, and a blind man's cry,
But the Poet looks tranquilly up at the sky!

FIRMILIAN.

Is it the echo of an inward voice,
Or spirit-words that make my flesh to creep,
And send the cold blood choking to my heart?
I'll shift my ground a little—

Chorus of IGNES FATUI.

Flicker, flicker, flicker!
Quicker still, and quicker.
Four young men sate down to dine,
And still they passed the rosy wine;
Pure was the cask, but in the flask
'There lay a certain deadly powder—
Ha! his heart is beating louder!
Ere the day had passed away,

Garcia Perez lifeless lay!
 Hark! his mother wails Alphonzo,
 Never more shall strong Aionzo
 Drink the wine of Ildefonso.

FIRMILIAN.

O horror! horror! 'twas by me they died:
 I'll move yet farther on—

Chorus of IGNES FATUL.

In the vaults under
 Bursts the red thunder;
 Up goes the cathedral,
 Priest, people, and bedral!
 Ho! ho! ho! ho!

FIRMILIAN.

My brain is whirling like a potter's wheel
 O Nemesis

Chorus of IGNES FATUI.

The muses sing in their charmed ring,
 And Apollo weeps for him who sleeps,
 Alas! on a hard and a stony pillow—
 Haverillo! Haverillo!

FIRMILIAN.

I shall go mad!

Chorus of IGNES FATUI.

Give him some respite—give him some praise—
 One good deed he has done in his days;
 Chaunt it, and sing it, and tell it in chorus—
 He has flattened the cockscomb of Apollodorus!

FIRMILIAN.

Small comfort that! The death of a shard-beetle
 Albeit the poorest and the paltriest thing
 That crawls round refuse, cannot weigh a grain

Against the ponderous avalanche of guilt
 That hangs above me! O me miserable!
 I'll grope my way yet further.

Chorus of IGNES FATUI.

Firmilian! Firmilian!

What have you done to Lilian?

There's a cry from the grotto, a sob by the stream,
 A woman's loud wailing, a little babe's scream!

How fared it with Lilian,

In the pavilion,

Firmilian, Firmilian?

FIRMILIAN.

Horror! I'm lost!—

Chorus of IGNETS FATUI.

Ho! ho! ho!

Deep in the snow

Lies a black maiden from Africa's shore!

Hasten and shake her—

You never shall wake her—

She'll roam through the glens of the Atlas no more!

Stay, stay, stay!

This way—this way—

There's a pit before, and a pit behind,

And the seeing man walks in the path of the blind!

[FIRMILIAN *falls into the quarry.* The IGNES

FATUI *dance as the curtain descends.*

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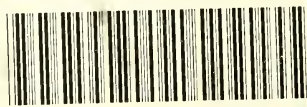


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