

The YOUNG FOLKS' BROWNING



WITH INTRODUCTION and NOTES
By THOMAS TAPPER, Litt.D.



Class PR 4203

Book T3

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BROWNING

ANNOTATED EDITIONS

Splendidly annotated editions of these well-known classics have been carefully prepared by Thomas Tapper, Litt.D., Lecturer in New York University, thereby making the books particularly appropriate for use as textbooks and also valuable acquisitions to every child's library.

Each, cloth decorative, fully
illustrated, small 16mo, \$0.60

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BROWNING

THE PAGE COMPANY

53 BEACON STREET

BOSTON, MASS.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

The Cozy Corner Series

The
**YOUNG FOLKS'
BROWNING**

Selected from the Poems
of

ROBERT BROWNING

With Introduction and Notes by

THOMAS TAPPER, Litt. D.

Lecturer in New York University and in the Insti-
tute of Musical Art of the City of New York

Illustrated by
LOUIS MEYNELL



BOSTON
THE PAGE COMPANY
MDCCCCXIX

PR4203
T3

Copyright, 1919
BY THE PAGE COMPANY

First Impression, April, 1919



THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

MAY -6 1919

©Cl. A 525364

INTRODUCTION

I

ROBERT BROWNING was born May 7, 1812, in Camberwell, a suburb of London. To his father, who was a lover of books, the poet owed the early forming of a taste for reading and the acquirement of a keen appreciation in literary values.

As a boy, and in fact throughout his life of seventy-seven years, Browning was robust, vigorous, exuberant of mind and body. His father, who, it is said, never suffered a day's illness, blessed the boy with more than a taste for good books. He gave him a sound body as a fitting mansion for a sane and opulent mind. "How glad," the poet says, in *Saul*,

"Is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and soul and the senses forever in joy."

Under the guidance of the father the boy's education continued to his matriculation in University College, London, in 1829. He therefore attended no famous school, nor did he pass through Oxford or Cambridge, as most sons of the better families have done for centuries, for the attainment of that culture held to be indispensable in the life of an English

gentleman. But he attained, through the capable and watchful oversight of his parents, and, in a measure, through his own unerring instinct for proper influence, a substantial education that was broadened and deepened by travel and the best of social intercourse. In Italy, whither Browning went for the first time in 1838, he found a land to which he gave all the warmth of his love and affection. The tablet on a wall of the Rezzonico Palace in Venice, where Browning died in 1889, bears these words from *De Gustibus*:

“Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, ‘Italy.’”

II

From 1833, when *Pauline* was published, to 1889, when the last poem, *Asolando*, was issued, Browning devoted his life to expressing in verse the richness of a mind that teemed with marvellous imagery, an imagery that sprang from an intellect which was ever the handmaid of pure spiritual perception. The reader of the selections in this little volume will not fail to perceive beneath all the dramatic incident that moves across the stage of the mind the strong spiritual appeal that is made to the deeper self. Even in his early poem *Paracelsus* there was so much not alone of diction but of thought and feeling that Macready, the actor, recorded in his diary this conviction:

“The writer can scarcely fail to be a leading spirit of his time.”

Browning became that in the broadest sense; working faithfully and joyously in the apprentice years; working with even more abundant life and deeper joy from 1846, when he married Elizabeth Barrett, and on through the fifteen years of their life of love and the understanding heart.

Mrs. Browning died in 1861. Browning returned to England from Italy, where he and his wife had lived almost constantly at Casa Guidi, Florence. Henceforth he made his home in London. His works were beginning to find greater favor with the public. In 1868-69 *The Ring and Book* appeared, characterized by Thomas Carlyle as the most wonderful of all poems.

Mrs. Browning's last poems were published in 1862. A complete edition of Robert Browning's poems appeared the following year. In 1867 Oxford bestowed upon the poet the Degree of Master of Arts. Many new works appeared from this time to 1889, among them *Hervé Riel* (1871), *Fifine at the Fair* (1872), *Aristophanes' Apology*, *Pacchiarotto*, *Agamemnon of Aeschylus*, *Dramatic Idylls*, *Jocoseria* and *Parleyings with Certain People*. His last poem, *Asolando*, was issued in London on the day of the poet's death in Venice, Dec. 12, 1889.

Browning has been characterized from many points of view. One quality, however, stands out in emphatic

prominence: it is his pronounced optimism. Countless lines bear tribute to a faith in God that was held in serene joy. Thus from *Andrea del Sarto*:

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

Then from *Pippa’s Song*:

“The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn:
God’s in his heaven —
All’s right with the world!”

And from *The Statue and the Bust*:

“Where is the use of the lip’s red charm,
The heaven of hair, the pride of the brow,
And the blood that blues the inside arm —
Unless we turn, as the soul knows how,
The earthly gift to an end divine.”

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	11
HERVÉ RIEL	24
CAVALIER TUNES	31
“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM Ghent to Aix”	34
THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-KADR	37
INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP	39
CLIVE	41
MULÉYKEH	59
TRAY	68
A TALE	70
GOLD HAIR	75
DONALD	82
THE GLOVE	90
NOTES	97

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“‘LEAVE TO GO AND SEE MY WIFE, WHOM I CALL THE BELLE AURORE’”	80
“I GALLOPED, DIRCK GALLOPED, WE GALLOPED ALL THREE”	34
“A RIDER BOUND ON BOUND FULL GALLOPING, NOR BRIDLE DREW UNTIL HE REACHED THE MOUND” .	39
“HAIR, SUCH A WONDER OF FLIX AND FLOSS” . . .	75
“AND FULL IN THE FACE OF ITS OWNER FLUNG THE GLOVE”	95

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BROWNING

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN!*

A CHILD'S STORY.

I.

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick²
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago³
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats !
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own
ladles,

* The Notes will be found at the end of the book.

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats!

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a
noddy ;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! "
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council ;
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence !

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking
 bigger:
 And in did come the strangest figure!¹
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin:

And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm
able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same
cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham;
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam²
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
 And as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
 “ One? fifty thousand!” — was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stopt,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue³his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats.
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished !
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary :
Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of
 the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press’s gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks .
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, ‘ Oh, rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !

So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon!
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders !"

IX.

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
So did the Corporation, too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;²
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !

“Beside,” quoth the Mayor with a knowing
wink,
“Our business was done at the river’s brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

X.

The Piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait, beside!
I’ve promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat! and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph’s²kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.”

XI.

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?”

Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a
bustling
Of merry crowds justling¹at pitching and
hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clat-
tering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chat-
tering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley
is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
“ He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When, lo, as they reached the mountainside,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children
followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountainside shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;

And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates
left!

I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings :
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says that heaven’s gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate

As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and
 South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
 Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
 And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
 Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
 On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six :"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabour
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
 To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
 They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,

And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania¹ there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially
pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats
or fróm mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep
our promise!

HERVÉ RIEL!

I.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-
two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the
Rance?
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
“ Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick —
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will ! ”

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt
on board ;

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass ? ” laughed they :

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve and eighty
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-
row way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty
tons,

And with flow at full beside ?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring ? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

IV.

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate :

“ Here's the English at our heels ; would you have
them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth¹ Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

“Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

v.

“Give the word!” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all
these

— A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first,
second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese!¹

vi.

And “What mockery or malice have we here?” cries
Hervé Riel:

“Are you mad, you Malouins?² Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
’Twixt the offing here and Grève³ where the river
disembogues?⁴

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor!

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse
than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe
me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know
well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,

—Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
 sea's profound!
 See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harboured to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as
 fate,
 Up the English come — too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-
 nance!

Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not
 Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,

Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
 but a run? —
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
 land bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre,¹ face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé
 Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the
 Belle Aurore!



“LEAVE TO GO AND SEE MY WIFE, WHOM I CALL THE
BELLE AURORE.”

CAVALIER TUNES!

I. MARCHING ALONG.

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed²Parliament swing :
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles³
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
 paroles!⁴
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
 Till you're —

CHORUS. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHO. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHO. — March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE.¹

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

CHO. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers² shot him?

CHO. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

CHO. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —

CHO. — "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads'¹ array:
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHO. — "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
 I've better counsellors; what counsel they?"

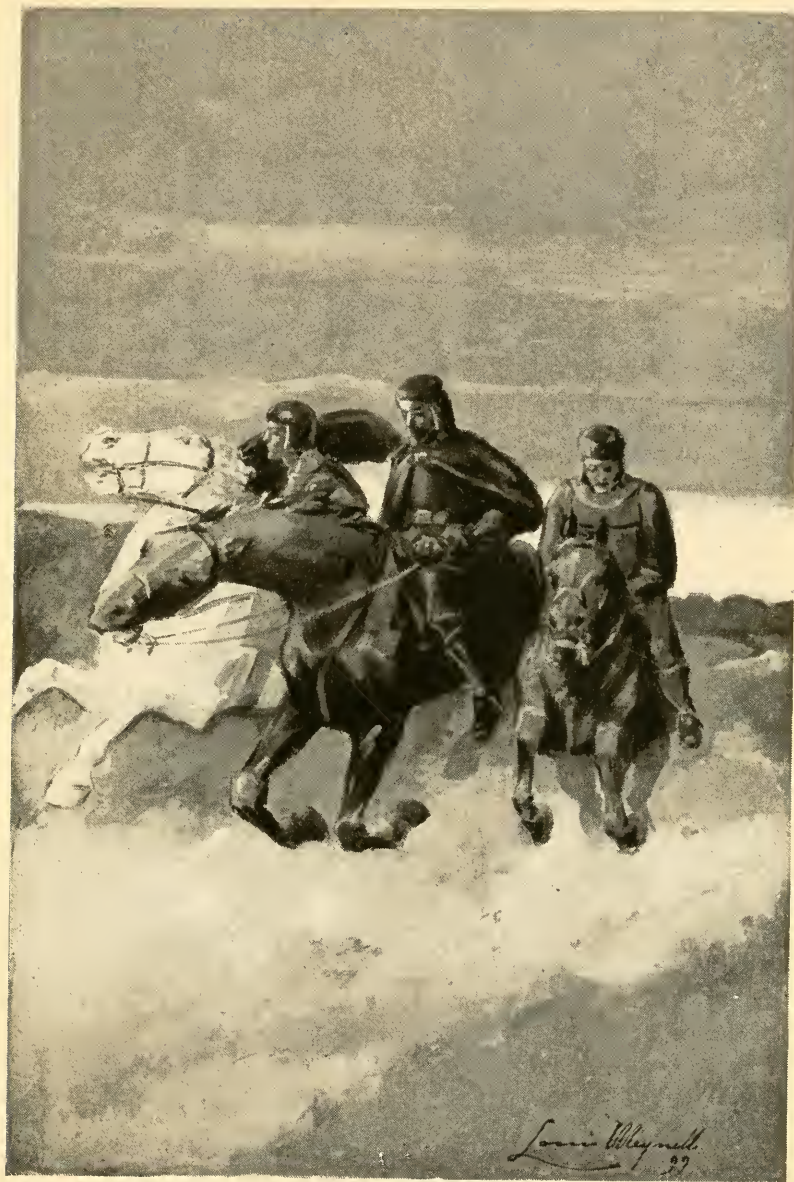
CHO. — "Boot, saddle, to horse and away!"

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX.”¹

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch², as the gate-bolts
 undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern³, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
 place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique⁴
 right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
 chime,
So Joris broke silence with, “ Yet there is time ! ”



"I GALLOPED, DIRCK GALLOPED, WE GALLOPED ALL
THREE."

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence, — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix ” — for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his
roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses¹ voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

THROUGH THE METIDJA TO ABD-EL-
KADR.¹

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied —
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)

To reside — where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
— Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed —
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me — satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride!



"A RIDER BOUND ON BOUND FULL GALLOPING, NOR BRIDLE DREW UNTIL HE REACHED THE MOUND."

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP¹

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :²

A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall, — "
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him!” The chief’s eye flashed;
his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief’s eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
“ You’re wounded!” “ Nay,” the soldier’s
pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
“ I’m killed, Sire!” and his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

CLIVE.¹

I AND Clive were friends — and why not? Friends!

I think you laugh, my lad.

Clive it was gave England India, while your father
gives — egad,

England nothing but the graceless boy who lures him
on to speak —

“ Well, Sir, you and Clive were comrades — ” with a
tongue thrust in your cheek!

Very true: in my eyes, your eyes, all the world’s eyes,
Clive was man,

I was, am, and ever shall be — mouse, nay, mouse of
all its clan

Sorriest sample, if you take the kitchen’s estimate for
fame;

While the man Clive — he fought Plassy, spoiled the
clever foreign game,

Conquered and annexed and Englished!

Never mind! As o’er my punch
(You away) I sit of evenings, — silence, save for bis-
cuit crunch,

Black, unbroken, — thought grows busy, thrids² each
pathway of old years,

Notes this forthright³, that meander⁴; till the long past
life appears

Like an outspread map of country plodded through,
each mile and rood,

Once, and well remembered still, — I'm startled in
my solitude

Ever and anon by — what's the sudden mocking light
that breaks

On me as I slap the table till no rummer-glass¹ but shakes
While I ask — aloud, I do believe, God help me! —

“ Was it thus ?

Can it be that so I faltered, stopped when just one
step for us — ”

(Us, — you were not born, I grant, but surely some
day born would be)

“ — One bold step had gained a province ” (figurative
talk, you see)

“ Got no end of wealth and honour, — yet I stood
stock-still no less ? ”

— “ For I was not Clive, ” you comment : but it needs
no Clive to guess

Wealth were handy, honour ticklish, did no writing on
the wall

Warn me “ Trespasser, 'ware man-traps ! ” Him who
braves that notice — call

Hero ! None of such heroics suit myself who read
plain words,

Doff my hat, and leap no barrier. Scripture says, the
land's the Lord's :

Louts then — what avail the thousand, noisy in a
smock-frocked ring,

All-agog to have me trespass, clear the fence, be Clive
their king ?

Higher warrant must you show me ere I set one foot
before

T'other in that dark direction, though I stand for ever-
more

Poor as Job and meek as Moses. Evermore? No!
By and by

Job grows rich and Moses valiant, Clive turns out less
wise than I.

Don't object "Why call him friend, then?" Power
is power, my boy, and still

Marks a man,— God's gift magnific, exercised for
good or ill.

You've your boot now on my hearth-rug, tread what
was a tiger's skin ;

Rarely such a royal monster as I lodged the bullet
in !

True, he murdered half a village, so his own death
came to pass ;

Still, for size and beauty, cunning, courage — ah, the
brute he was !

Why, that Clive, — that youth, that greenhorn, that
quill-driving clerk, in fine, —

He sustained a siege in Arcot . . . But the world
knows ! Pass the wine.

Where did I break off at? How bring Clive in? Oh,
you mentioned "fear!"

Just so: and, said I, that minds me of a story you shall hear.

We were friends then, Clive and I: so, when the clouds, about the orb

Late supreme, encroaching slowly, surely threaten to absorb

Ray by ray its noontide brilliance, — friendship might, with steadier eye

Drawing near, bear what had burned else, now no blaze — all majesty.

Too much bee's-wing floats my figure? Well, suppose a castle's new:

None presume to climb its ramparts, none find foothold sure for shoe

'Twixt those squares and squares of granite plating the impervious pile

As his scale-mail's warty iron cuirasses a crocodile.

Reels that castle thunder-smitten, storm-dismantled? From without

Scrambling up by crack and crevice, every cockney prates about

Towers — the heap he kicks now! Turrets — just the measure of his cane!

Will that do? Observe moreover — (same similitude again) —

Such a castle seldom crumbles by sheer stress of cannonade:

'Tis when foes are foiled, and fighting's finished that
 vile rains invade,
 Grass o'ergrows, o'ergrows till night-birds congregat-
 ing find no holes
 Fit to build like the topmost sockets made for banner-
 poles.
 So Clive crumbled slow in London, crashed at last.

A week before,
 Dining with him, — after trying churchyard chat of
 days of yore, —
 Both of us stopped, tired as tombstones, head-piece,
 foot-piece, when they lean
 Each to other, drowsed in fog-smoke, o'er a coffined
 Past between.
 As I saw his head sink heavy, guessed the soul's ex-
 tinguishment
 By the glazing eyeball, noticed how the furtive fingers
 went
 Where a drug-box skulked behind the honest liquor,
 — “One more throw
 Try for Clive!” thought I: “Let's venture some good
 rattling question!” So —
 “Come Clive, tell us” — out I blurted — “what to
 tell in turn, years hence,
 When my boy — suppose I have one — asks me on
 what evidence
 I maintain my friend of Plassy proved a warrior every
 whit

Worth your Alexanders, Cæsars, Marlboroughs, and
— what said Pitt? —

Frederick the Fierce himself! Clive told me once”

— I want to say —

“ Which feat out of all those famous doings bore the
bell away

— In his own calm estimation, mark you, not the
mob's rough guess —

Which stood foremost as evincing what Clive called
courageousness!

Come! What moment of the minute, what speck-
centre in the wide

Circle of the action saw your mortal fairly deified?

(Let alone that filthy sleep-stuff, swallow bold this
wholesome Port!)

If a friend has leave to question, — when were you
most brave, in short?”

Up he arched his brows o' the instant — formidably
Clive again.

“ When was I most brave? I'd answer, were the in-
stance half as plain

As another instance that's a brain-lodged crystal —
curse it! — here

Freezing when my memory touches — ugh! — the time
I felt most fear.

Ugh! I cannot say for certain if I showed fear — any-
how,

Fear I felt, and, very likely, shuddered, since I shiver now."

"Fear!" smiled I. "Well, that's the rarer: that's a specimen to seek,
Ticket up in one's museum, *Mind-Freaks, Lord Clive's Fear, Unique!*"

Down his brows dropped. On the table painfully he pored as though
Tracing, in the stains and streaks there, thoughts encrusted long ago.
When he spoke 'twas like a lawyer reading word by word some will,
Some blind jungle of a statement, — beating on and on until
Out there leaps fierce life to fight with.

"This fell in my factor-days.
Desk-drudge, slaving at Saint David's, one must game, or drink, or craze.
I chose gaming: and, — because your high-flown gamesters hardly take
Umbrage at a factor's elbow, if the factor pays his stake, —
I was winked at in a circle where the company was choice,
Captain This and Major That, men high of colour, loud of voice,

Yet indulgent, condescending to the modest juvenile
 Who not merely risked, but lost his hard-earned
 guineas with a smile.

“Down I sat to cards, one evening, — had for my
 antagonist
 Somebody whose name’s a secret — you’ll know why
 — so, if you list,
 Call him Cock o’ the Walk, my scarlet son of Mars
 from head to heel!
 Play commenced: and, whether Cocky fancied that a
 clerk must feel
 Quite sufficient honour came of bending over one green
 baize,
 I the scribe with him the warrior, guessed no penman
 dared to raise
 Shadow of objection should the honour stay but play-
 ing end
 More or less abruptly, — whether disinclined he grew
 to spend
 Practice strictly scientific on a booby born to stare
 At — not ask of — lace-and-ruffles if the hand they
 hide plays fair, —
 Anyhow, I marked a movement when he bade me
 ‘Cut!’

“I rose.

‘Such the new manœuvre, Captain? I’m a novice:
 knowledge grows.

What, you force a card, you cheat, Sir?’

“ Never did a thunder-clap
Cause emotion, startle Thyrsis locked with Chloe¹ in
his lap,
As my word and gesture (down I flung my cards to
join the pack)
Fired the man of arms, whose visage, simply red
before, turned black.

“ When he found his voice, he stammered ‘ That ex-
pression once again ! ’

“ ‘ Well, you forced a card and cheated ! ’

“ ‘ Possibly a factor’s brain,
Busied with his all-important balance of accounts,
may deem
Weighing words superfluous trouble : *cheat* to clerkly
ears may seem
Just the joke for friends to venture : but we are not
friends, you see !
When a gentleman is joked with, — if he’s good at
repartee,
He rejoins, as do I — Sirrah, on your knees, withdraw
in full !
Beg my pardon, or be sure a kindly bullet through
your skull
Lets in light and teaches manner to what brain it
finds ! Choose quick —
Have your life snuffed out or, kneeling, pray me trim
yon candle-wick ! ’

“ ‘ Well, you cheated ! ’

“ Then outbroke a howl from all the friends around.
 To his feet sprang each in fury, fists were clenched
 and teeth were ground.
 ‘ End it ! no time like the present ! Captain, yours
 were our disgrace !
 No delay, begin and finish ! Stand back, leave the
 pair a space !
 Let civilians be instructed : henceforth simply ply the
 pen,
 Fly the sword ! This clerk’s no swordsman ? Suit
 him with a pistol, then !
 Even odds ! A dozen paces ’twixt the most and least
 expert
 Make a dwarf a giant’s equal : nay, the dwarf, if he’s
 alert,
 Likelier hits the broader target ! ’

“ Up we stood accordingly.
 As they handed me the weapon, such was my soul’s
 thirst to try
 Then and there conclusions with this bully, tread on
 and stamp out
 Every spark of his existence, that, — crept close to,
 curled about
 By that toying, tempting, teasing, fool-forefinger’s
 middle joint, —

Don't you guess?—the trigger yielded. Gone my
 chance! and at the point
 Of such prime success moreover: scarce an inch
 above his head
 Went my ball to hit the wainscot. He was living, I
 was dead.

“Up he marched in flaming triumph—'twas his
 right, mind!—up, within
 Just an arm's length. ‘Now, my clerkling,’ chuckled
 Cocky, with a grin
 As the levelled piece quite touched me, ‘Now, Sir
 Counting-House, repeat
 That expression which I told you proved bad man-
 ners! Did I cheat?’

“‘Cheat you did, you knew you cheated, and, this
 moment, know as well.
 As for me, my homely breeding bids you—fire and
 go to Hell!’

“Twice the muzzle touched my forehead. Heavy
 barrel, flurried wrist.
 Either spoils a steady lifting. Thrice: then, ‘Laugh
 at Hell who list,
 I can't! God's no fable either. Did this boy's eye
 wink once? No!
 There's no standing him and Hell and God all three
 against me,—so,
 I did cheat!’

“ And down he threw the pistol, out rushed — by the
door
Possibly, but, as for knowledge if by chimney, roof or
floor,
He effected disappearance — I'll engage no glance was
sent
That way by a single starrer, such a blank astonish-
ment
Swallowed up their senses : as for speaking — mute
they stood as mice.

“ Mute not long, though ! Such reaction, such a
hubbub in a trice !
‘ Rogue and rascal ! Who'd have thought it ? What's
to be expected next,
When His Majesty's Commission serves a sharper as
pretext
For . . . But where's the need of wasting time now ?
Naught requires delay :
Punishment the Service cries for : let disgrace be
wiped away
Publicly, in good broad daylight ! Resignation ? No,
indeed !
Drum and fife must play the Rogue's-March, rank and
file be free to speed
Tardy marching on the rogue's part by appliance in
the rear
— Kicks administered shall right this wronged civil-
ian, — never fear,

Mister Clive, for — though a clerk — you bore yourself
 — suppose we say —
 Just as would beseem a soldier ?

“ Gentlemen, attention — pray !

First, one word !’

“ I passed each speaker severally in review.
 When I had precise their number, names, and styles,
 and fully knew
 Over whom my supervision thenceforth must extend,
 — why, then —

“ ‘ Some five minutes since, my life lay — as you all
 saw, gentlemen —
 At the mercy of your friend there. Not a single
 voice was raised
 In arrest of judgment, not one tongue — before my
 powder blazed —
 Ventured “ Can it be the youngster plundered, really
 seemed to mark
 Some irregular proceeding? We conjecture in the
 dark,
 Guess at random, — still, for sake of fair play —
 what if for a freak,
 In a fit of absence, — such things have been ! — if our
 friend proved weak
 — What’s the phrase? — corrected fortune! Look
 into the case, at least !”

Who dared interpose between the altar's victim and
the priest?
Yet he spared me! You eleven! Whosoever, all or
each,
To the disadvantage of the man who spared me,
utters speech
— To his face, behind his back, — that speaker has
to do with me:
Me who promise, if positions change, and mine the
chance should be,
Not to imitate your friend and waive advantage !'

“ Twenty-five
Years ago this matter happened: and 'tis certain,”
added Clive,
“ Never, to my knowledge, did Sir Cocky have a
single breath
Breathed against him: lips were closed throughout
his life, or since his death,
For if he be dead or living I can tell no more than
you.
All I know is — Cocky had one chance more; how he
used it, — grew
Out of such unlucky habits, or relapsed, and back
again
Brought the late-ejected devil with a score more in
his train, —
That's for you to judge. Reprieval I procured, at any
rate.

Ugh — the memory of that minute's fear makes
 gooseflesh rise! Why prate
 Longer? You've my story, there's your instance:
 fear I did, you see!"

"Well" — I hardly kept from laughing — "if I see
 it, thanks must be
 Wholly to your Lordship's candour. Not that — in
 a common case —

When a bully caught at cheating thrusts a pistol in
 one's face,
 I should under-rate, believe me, such a trial to the
 nerve!

'Tis no joke, at one-and-twenty, for a youth to stand
 nor swerve.

Fear I naturally look for — unless, of all men alive,
 I am forced to make exception when I come to Robert
 Clive.

Since at Arcot, Plassy, elsewhere, he and death —
 the whole world knows —
 Came to somewhat closer quarters."

Quarters? Had we come to blows,
 Clive and I, you had not wondered — up he sprang
 so, out he rapped
 Such a round of oaths — no matter! I'll endeavour to
 adapt
 To our modern usage words he — well, 'twas friendly
 license — flung

At me like so many fire-balls, fast as he could wag
his tongue.

“ You — a soldier ? You — at Plassy ? Yours the
faculty to nick
Instantaneously occasion when your foe, if lightning-
quick,
— At his mercy, at his malice, — has you, through
some stupid inch
Undefended in your bulwark ? Thus laid open, — not
to flinch
— That needs courage, you'll concede me. Then,
look here ! Suppose the man,
Checking his advance, his weapon still extended, not
a span
Distant from my temple, — curse him ! — quietly had
bade me, ‘ There !
Keep your life, calumniator ! — worthless life I freely
spare :
Mine you freely would have taken — murdered me
and my good fame
Both at once — and all the better ! Go, and thank
your own bad aim
Which permits me to forgive you ! ’ What if, with
such words as these,
He had cast away his weapon ? How should I have
borne me, please ?
Nay, I'll spare you pains and tell you. This, and only
this, remained —

Pick his weapon up and use it on myself. If so had
 gained
 Sleep the earlier, leaving England probably to pay on
 still
 Rent and taxes for half India, tenant at the French-
 man's will."

"Such the turn," said I, "the matter takes with you ?

Then I abate

— No, by not one jot nor tittle, — of your act my
 estimate.

Fear — I wish I could detect there : courage fronts me,
 plain enough —

Call it desperation, madness — never mind ! for here's
 in rough

Why, had mine been such a trial, fear had overcome
 disgrace.

True, disgrace were hard to bear : but such a rush
 against God's face

— None of that for me, Lord Plassy, since I go to
 church at times,

Say the creed my mother taught me ! Many years in
 foreign climes

Rub some marks away — not all, though ! We poor
 sinners reach life's brink,

Overlook what rolls beneath it, recklessly enough, but
 think

There's advantage in what's left us — ground to stand
 on, time to call

‘Lord, have mercy!’ ere we topple over — do not
leap, that’s all!”

Oh, he made no answer, re-absorbed into his cloud.
I caught
Something like “Yes — courage: only fools will call
it fear.”

If aught

Comfort you, my great unhappy hero Clive, in that
I heard,
Next week, how your own hand dealt you doom, and
uttered just the word
“Fearfully courageous!” — this, be sure, and nothing
else I groaned.
I’m no Clive, nor parson either: Clive’s worst deed —
we’ll hope condoned.

MULÉYKEH!

IF a stranger passed the tent of Hóseyn, he cried
 “A churl’s!”

Or haply “God help the man who has neither salt nor
 bread!”

—“Nay,” would a friend exclaim, “he needs nor
 pity nor scorn

More than who spends small thought on the shore-
 sand, picking pearls,

— Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears
 instead

On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of
 night makes morn.

“What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of
 Sinán?

They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand
 camels the due,

Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.

‘God gave them, let them go! But never since time
 began,

Muléykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of
 you,

And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men’s
 land and gold!’

“So in the pride of his soul laughs Hóseyn — and
right, I say.

Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping
all,

Ever Muléykeh stands first steed at the victor's staff.
Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and
named, that day.

‘Silence,’ or, last but one, is ‘The Cuffed,’ as we used
to call

Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Right, Hó-
seyn, I say, to laugh!”

“Boasts he Muléykeh the Pearl?” the stranger replies:

“Be sure

On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both
On Duhl the son of Sheybán, who withers away in heart
For envy of Hóseyn's luck. Such sickness admits no
cure.

A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an
oath,

‘For the vulgar — flocks and herds! The Pearl is a
prize apart.’”

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheybán comes riding to Hóseyn's
tent,

And he casts his saddle down, and enters and “Peace!”
bids he.

“You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall
mend the wrong.

'Tis said of your Pearl — the price of a hundred camels spent
In her purchase were scarce ill paid : such prudence
is far from me
Who proffer a thousand. Speak ! Long parley may
last too long."

Said Hóseyn, " You feed young beasts a many, of famous breed,
Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Múzenem :
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it
climbs the hill.
But I love Muléykeh's face : her forefront whitens
indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels —
go gaze on them !
Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the
richer still."

A year goes by : lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.
" You are open-hearted, ay — moist-handed, a very
prince.
Why should I speak of sale ? Be the mare your
simple gift !
My son is pined to death for her beauty : my wife
prompts ' Fool,
Beg for his sake the Pearl ! Be God the rewarder,
since

God pays debts seven for one : who squanders on Him
shows thrift.' ”

Said Hóseyn, “ God gives each man one life, like a
lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil : lamp lighted — hold
high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share ! once quench it, what
help is left ?
The oil of your lamp is your son : I shine while Muléy-
keh lives.
Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Muléykeh
died ?
It is life against life : what good avails to the life-
bereft ? ”

Another year, and — hist ! What craft is it Duhl
designs ?
He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last
time,
But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by
the trench
Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for
night combines
With the robber — and such is he : Duhl, covetous
up to crime,
Must wring from Hóseyn's grasp the Pearl, by what-
ever the wretch.

“ He was hunger-bitten, I heard : I tempted with half
my store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like
Spring dew ?
Account the fault to me who chattered with such an
one !
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he
rode : nay, more —
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in
two :
I will beg ! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my
wife and son.

“ I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never
wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then
guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or
die :
Let him die, then, — let me live ! Be bold — but not
too rash !
I have found me a peeping-place : breast, bury your
breathing while
I explore for myself ! Now, breathe ! He deceived
me not, the spy !

“ As he said — there lies in peace Hóseyn — how
happy ! Beside

Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall
about his wrist:

'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound — the moon through
the roof reveals.

And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known
far and wide,

Buhéyseh, her sister born: fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunder-
ous heels.

“No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second,
in case some thief

Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I
mean to do.

What then? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount
her we both escape.”

Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl, — so a serpent
disturbs no leaf

In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest:
clean through,

He is noiselessly at his work: as he planned, he per-
forms the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth,
has clipped

The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice
bound as before,

He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert
like bolt from bow.

Up starts our plundered man : from his breast though
the heart be ripped,
Yet his mind has the mastery : behold, in a minute
more,
He is out and off and away on Buhéyseh, whose worth
we know !

And Hóseyn — his blood turns flame, he has learned
long since to ride,
And Buhéyseh does her part, — they gain — they are
gaining fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-Dárraj to cross
and quit,
And to reach the ridge El-Sabán, — no safety till that
he spied !
And Buhéyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-length
off at last,
For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the
touch of the bit.

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the
strange and queer :
Buhéyseh is mad with hope — beat sister she shall
and must,
Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has
to thank.
She is near now, nose by tail — they are neck by
croup — joy ! fear !

What folly makes Hóseyn shout " Dog Duhl, Damned
son of the Dust,
Touch the right ear and press with your foot my
Pearl's left flank ! "

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muléykeh as
prompt perceived
Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was
to obey,
And a leap indeed gave she, and vanished for ever-
more.
And Hóseyn looked one long last look as who, all
bereaved,
Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living
may :
Then he turned Buhéyseh's neck slow homeward,
weeping sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat Hóseyn upon the
ground
Weeping : and neighbours came, the tribesmen of Bénu-
Asád
In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him
of his grief ;
And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl
had wound
His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape,
so bad !

And how Buhéyseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained
with the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hóseyn is
crazed past hope!

How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's
spite?

To have simply held the tongue were a task for boy
or girl,

And here were Muléykeh again, the eyed like an
antelope,

The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast
by night!" —

"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hóseyn. "You
never have loved my Pearl."

TRAY.¹

SING me a hero! Quench my thirst
Of soul, ye bards!

Quoth Bard the first:

“Sir Olaf, the good knight, did don
His helm and eke his habergeon”². . .
Sir Olaf and his bard —!

“That sin-scathed brow” (quoth Bard the
second),

“That eye wide ope as though Fate beckoned
My hero to some steep, beneath
Which precipice smiled tempting death” . . .
You too without your host have reckoned!

“A beggar-child” (let's hear this third!)

“Sat on a quay's edge: like a bird
Sang to herself at careless play,
And fell into the stream. ‘Dismay!
Help, you the standers-by!’ None stirred.

“Bystanders reason, think of wives
And children ere they risk their lives.
Over the balustrade has bounced
A mere instinctive dog, and pounced
Plumb on the prize. ‘How well he dives!

“ ‘Up he comes with the child, see, tight
 In mouth, alive too, clutched from quite
 A depth of ten feet — twelve, I bet!
 Good dog! What, off again? There’s yet
 Another child to save? All right!

“ ‘How strange we saw no other fall!
 It’s instinct in the animal.
 Good dog! But he’s a long while under:
 If he got drowned I should not wonder —
 Strong current, that against the wall!

“ ‘Here he comes, holds in mouth this time
 — What may the thing be? Well, that’s prime!
 Now, did you ever? Reason reigns
 In man alone, since all Tray’s pains
 Have fished — the child’s doll from the slime!’

“ And so, amid the laughter gay,
 Trotted my hero off, — old Tray, —
 Till somebody, prerogativéd
 With reason, reasoned: ‘Why he dived,
 His brain would show us, I should say.

“ ‘John, go and catch — or, if needs be,
 Purchase — that animal for me!
 By vivisection, at expense
 Of half-an-hour and eighteenpence,
 How brain secretes dog’s soul, we’ll see!’”

A TALE.¹

WHAT a pretty tale you told me
Once upon a time
— Said you found it somewhere (scold me !)
Was it prose or was it rhyme,
Greek or Latin? Greek, you said,
While your shoulder propped my head.

Anyhow there's no forgetting
This much if no more,
That a poet (pray, no petting !)
Yes, a bard, sir, famed of yore,
Went where suchlike used to go,
Singing for a prize, you know.

Well, he had to sing, nor merely
Sing but play the lyre ;
Playing was important clearly
Quite as singing : I desire,
Sir, you keep the fact in mind
For a purpose that's behind.

There stood he, while deep attention
Held the judges round,
— Judges able, I should mention,
To detect the slightest sound
Sung or played amiss : such ears
Had old judges, it appears !

None the less he sang out boldly,
 Played in time and tune,
 Till the judges, weighing coldly
 Each note's worth, seemed, late or soon,
 Sure to smile "In vain one tries
 Picking faults out: take the prize!"

When, a mischief! Were they seven
 Strings the lyre possessed?
 Oh, and afterwards eleven,
 Thank you! Well, sir, — who had
 guessed
 Such ill luck in store? — it happed
 One of those same seven strings snapped.

All was lost, then! No! a cricket
 (What "cicada?" Pooh!)
 — Some mad thing that left its thicket
 For mere love of music — flew
 With its little heart on fire,
 Lighted on the crippled lyre.

So that when (Ah, joy!) our singer
 For his truant string
 Feels with disconcerted finger,
 What does cricket else but fling
 Fiery heart forth, sound the note
 Wanted by the throbbing throat?

Ay, and ever to the ending,
 Cricket chirps at need,
 Executes the hand's intending,
 Promptly, perfectly, — indeed
 Saves the singer from defeat
 With her chirrup low and sweet.

Till, at ending, all the judges
 Cry with one assent
 "Take the prize — a prize who grudges
 Such a voice and instrument?
 Why, we took your lyre for harp,
 So it shrilled us forth F sharp!"

Did the conqueror spurn the creature,
 Once its service done?
 That's no such uncommon feature
 In the case when Music's son
 Finds his Lotte's power too spent
 For aiding soul-development.

No! This other, on returning
 Homeward, prize in hand,
 Satisfied his bosom's yearning:
 (Sir, I hope you understand!)
 — Said "Some record there must be
 Of this cricket's help to me!"

So, he made himself a statue:
 Marble stood, life-size;

On the lyre, he pointed at you,
 Perched his partner in the prize ;
 Never more apart you found
 Her, he throned, from him, she crowned.

That's the tale : its application ?
 Somebody I know
 Hopes one day for reputation
 Through his poetry that's — Oh,
 All so learned and so wise
 And deserving of a prize !

If he gains one, will some ticket,
 When his statue's built,
 Tell the gazer " 'Twas a cricket
 Helped my crippled lyre, whose lilt
 Sweet and low, when strength usurped
 Softness' place i' the scale, she chirped ?

" For as victory was nighest,
 While I sang and played, —
 With my lyre at lowest, highest,
 Right alike, — one string that made
 ' Love ' sound soft was snapt in twain,
 Never to be heard again, —

" Had not a kind cricket fluttered,
 Perched upon the place
 Vacant left, and duly uttered
 ' Love, Love, Love,' whene'er the bass

Asked the treble to atone
For its somewhat sombre drone."

But you don't know music! Wherefore
Keep on casting pearls
To a — poet? All I care for
Is — to tell him that a girl's
"Love" comes aptly in when gruff
Grows his singing. (There, enough!)



“HAIR, SUCH A WONDER OF FLIX AND FLOSS.”

GOLD HAIR.

OH, the beautiful girl, too white,
Who lived at Pornic,¹ down by the sea,
Just where the sea and the Loire unite!
And a boasted name in Brittany
She bore, which I will not write.

Too white, for the flower of life is red :
Her flesh was the soft seraphic screen
Of a soul that is meant (her parents said)
To just see earth, and hardly be seen,
And blossom in heaven instead.

Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair !
One grace that grew to its full on earth :
Smiles might be sparse on her cheek so spare,
And her waist want half a girdle's girth,
But she had her great gold hair.

Hair, such a wonder of flix and floss,
Freshness and fragrance — floods of it, too !
Gold, did I say ? Nay, gold's mere dross :
Here, Life smiled, " Think what I meant to do !"
And Love sighed, " Fancy my loss !"

So, when she died, it was scarce more strange
Than that, when delicate evening dies,

And you follow its spent sun's pallid range,
There's a shoot of colour startles the skies
With sudden, violent change, —

That, while the breath was nearly to seek,
As they put the little cross to her lips,
She changed ; a spot came out on her cheek,
A spark from her eye in mid-eclipse,
And she broke forth, " I must speak ! "

" Not my hair ! " made the girl her moan —
" All the rest is gone or to go ;
But the last, last grace, my all, my own,
Let it stay in the grave, that the ghosts may
know !
Leave my poor gold hair alone ! "

The passion thus vented, dead lay she ;
Her parents sobbed their worst on that ;
All friends joined in, nor observed degree :
For indeed the hair was to wonder at,
As it spread — not flowing free,

But curled around her brow, like a crown,
And coiled beside her cheeks, like a cap,
And calmed about her neck — ay, down
To her breast, pressed flat, without a gap
I' the gold, it reached her gown.

All kissed that face, like a silver wedge
 'Mid the yellow wealth, nor disturbed its hair :
E'en the priest allowed death's privilege,
 As he planted the crucifix with care
On her breast, 'twixt edge and edge.

And thus was she buried, inviolate
 Of body and soul, in the very space
By the altar ; keeping saintly state
 In Pornic church, for her pride of race,
Pure life and piteous fate.

And in after-time would your fresh tear fall,
 Though your mouth might twitch with a dubi-
 ous smile,
As they told you of gold, both robe and pall,
 How she prayed them leave it alone awhile,
So it never was touched at all.

Years flew ; this legend grew at last
 The life of the lady ; all she had done,
All been, in the memories fading fast
 Of lover and friend, was summed in one
Sentence survivors passed :

To wit, she was meant for heaven, not earth ;
 Had turned an angel before the time :
Yet, since she was mortal, in such dearth
 Of frailty, all you could count a crime
Was — she knew her gold hair's worth.

* * * * *

At little pleasant Pornic church,
 It chanced, the pavement wanted repair,
 Was taken to pieces : left in the lurch,
 A certain sacred space lay bare,
 And the boys began research.

'Twas the space where our sires would lay a saint,
 A benefactor, — a bishop, suppose,
 A baron with armour-adornments quaint,
 Dame with chased ring and jewelled rose,
 Things sanctity saves from taint ;

So we come to find them in after-days
 When the corpse is presumed to have done with
 gauds
 Of use to the living, in many ways :
 For the boys get pelf, and the town applauds,
 And the church deserves the praise.

They grubbed with a will : and at length — *O cor*
Humanum, pectora caeca,¹ and the rest ! —
 They found — no gaud they were prying for,
 No ring, no rose, but — who would have
 guessed ? —
 A double Louis-d'or !²

Here was a case for the priest : he heard,
 Marked, inwardly digested, laid
 Finger on nose, smiled, “ There's a bird

Chirps in my ear : ” then, “ Bring a spade,
Dig deeper ! ” — he gave the word.

And lo, when they came to the coffin-lid,
Or rotten planks which composed it once,
Why, there lay the girl’s skull wedged amid
A mint of money, it served for the nonce
To hold in its hair-heaps hid !

Hid there ? Why ? Could the girl be wont
(She the stainless soul) to treasure up
Money, earth’s trash and heaven’s affront ?
Had a spider found out the communion-cup,
Was a toad in the christening-font ?

Truth is truth : too true it was.

Gold ! She hoarded and hugged it first,
Longed for it, leaned o’er it, loved it — alas —
Till the humour grew to a head and burst,
And she cried, at the final pass, —

“ Talk not of God, my heart is stone !
Nor lover nor friend — be gold for both !
Gold I lack ; and, my all, my own,
It shall hide in my hair. I scarce die loth
If they let my hair alone ! ”

Louis-d’or, some six times five,
And duly double, every piece.
Now, do you see ? With the priest to shrive,

With parents preventing her soul's release
By kisses that kept alive, —

With heaven's gold gates about to ope,
With friends' praise, gold-like, lingering still,
An instinct had bidden the girl's hand grope
For gold, the true sort — “Gold in heaven, if
you will ;
But I keep earth's too, I hope.”

Enough ! The priest took the grave's grim yield :
The parents, they eyed that price of sin
As if *thirty pieces*¹ lay revealed
On the place to *bury strangers in*,
The hideous Potter's Field.

But the priest bethought him : “ ‘ Milk that's spilt ’
— You know the adage ! Watch and pray !
Saints tumble to earth with so slight a tilt !
It would build a new altar ; that, we may ! ”
And the altar therewith was built.

Why I deliver this horrible verse ?
As the text of a sermon, which now I preach :
Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

The candid incline to surmise of late
That the Christian faith proves false, I find ;

For our Essays-and-Reviews' debate
Begins to tell on the public mind,
And Colenso's words¹ have weight :

I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
See reasons and reasons ; this, to begin :
'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie — taught Original Sin,
The Corruption of Man's Heart.

DONALD.¹

Do you happen to know in Ross-shire
Mount Ben . . . but the name scarce mat-
ters :

Of the naked fact I am sure enough,
Though I clothe it in rags and tatters.

You may recognise Ben by description ;
Behind him — a moor's immenseness :
Up goes the middle mount of a range,
Fringed with its firs in denseness.

Rimming the edge, its fir-fringe, mind !
For an edge there is, though narrow ;
From end to end of the range, a strip
Of path runs straight as an arrow.

And the mountaineer who takes that path
Saves himself miles of journey
He has to plod if he crosses the moor
Through heather, peat, and burnie.²

But a mountaineer he needs must be,
For, look you, right in the middle
Projects bluff Ben — with an end in *ich* —
Why planted there, is a riddle :

Since all Ben's brothers little and big
 Keep rank, set shoulder to shoulder,
 And only this burliest out must bulge
 Till it seems — to the beholder

From down in the gully, — as if Ben's breast,
 To a sudden spike diminished,
 Would signify to the boldest foot
 “ All further passage finished ! ”

Yet the mountaineer who sidles on
 And on to the very bending,
 Discovers, if heart and brain be proof,
 No necessary ending.

Foot up, foot down, to the turn abrupt
 Having trod, he, there arriving,
 Finds — what he took for a point was breadth,
 A mercy of Nature's contriving.

So, he rounds what, when 'tis reached, proves
 straight,
 From one side gains the other :
 The wee path widens — resume the march,
 And he foils you, Ben my brother !

But Donald — (that name, I hope, will do) —
 I wrong him if I call “ foiling ”
 The tramp of the callant, whistling the while
 As blithe as our kettle's boiling.

He had dared the danger from boyhood up,
And now, — when perchance was waiting
A lass at the brig below, — 'twixt mount
And moor would he standing debating ?

Moreover this Donald was twenty-five,
A glory of bone and muscle :
Did a fiend dispute the right of way,
Donald would try a tussle.

Lightsomely marched he out of the broad
On to the narrow and narrow ;
A step more, rounding the angular rock,
Reached the front straight as an arrow.

He stepped it, safe on the ledge he stood,
When — whom found he full-facing ?
What fellow in courage and wariness too,
Had scouted ignoble pacing,

And left low safety to timid mates,
And made for the dread dear danger,
And gained the height where — who could
guess
He would meet with a rival ranger ?

'Twas a gold-red stag that stood and stared,
Gigantic and magnificent,
By the wonder — ay, and the peril — struck
Intelligent and pacific :

For a red deer is no fallow deer
 Grown cowardly through park-feeding ;
 He batters you like a thunderbolt
 If you brave his haunts unheeding.

I doubt he could hardly perform *volte-face*
 Had valour advised discretion :
 You may walk on a rope, but to turn on a rope
 No Blondin¹ makes profession.

Yet Donald must turn, would pride permit,
 Though pride ill brooks retiring :
 Each eyed each — mute man, motionless beast —
 Less fearing than admiring.

These are the moments when quite new sense,
 To meet some need as novel,
 Springs up in the brain : it inspired resource :
 — “ Nor advance nor retreat but — grovel ! ”

And slowly, surely, never a whit
 Relaxing the steady tension
 Of eye-stare which binds man to beast, —
 By an inch and inch declension,

Sank Donald sidewise down and down :
 Till flat, breast upwards, lying
 At his six-foot length, no corpse more still,
 — “ If he cross me ! The trick’s worth
 trying.”

Minutes were an eternity ;
But a new sense was created
In the stag's brain too ; he resolves ! Slow,
sure,
With eye-stare unabated,

Feelingly he extends a foot
Which tastes the way ere it touches
Earth's solid and just escapes man's soft,
Nor hold of the same unclutches

Till its fellow foot, light as a feather whisk,
Lands itself no less finely :
So a mother removes a fly from the face
Of her babe asleep supinely.

And now 'tis the haunch and hind-foot's turn
— That's hard : can the beast quite raise it ?
Yes, traversing half the prostrate length,
His hoof-tip does not graze it.

Just one more lift ! But Donald, you see,
Was sportsman first, man after :
A fancy lightened his caution through,
— He wellnigh broke into laughter :

“It were nothing short of a miracle !
Unrivalled, unexampled —
All sporting feats with this feat matched
Were down and dead and trampled !”

The last of the legs as tenderly
Follows the rest : or never
Or now is the time ! His knife in reach,
And his right hand loose — how clever !

For this can stab up the stomach's soft,
While the left hand grasps the pastern !
A rise on the elbow, and — now's the time
Or never : this turn's the last turn !

I shall dare to place myself by God
Who scanned — for he does — each feature
Of the face thrown up in appeal to him
By the agonising creature.

Nay, I hear plain words : “ Thy gift brings
this ! ”
Up he sprang, back he staggered,
Over he fell, and with him our friend
— At following game no laggard.

Yet he was not dead when they picked next
day
From the gully's depth the wreck of him ;
His fall had been stayed by the stag beneath
Who cushioned and saved the neck of him.

But the rest of his body — why, doctors said,
Whatever could break was broken ;

Legs, arms, ribs, all of him looked like a toast
In a tumbler of port wine soaken.

“That your life is left you, thank the stag!”
Said they when — the slow cure ended —
They opened the hospital door, and thence
— Strapped, spliced, main fractures mended,

And minor damage left wisely alone, —
Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled,
Out — what went in a Goliath wellnigh, —
Some half of a David hobbled.

“You must ask an alms from house to house :
Sell the stag's head for a bracket,
With its grand twelve tines — I'd buy it myself —
And use the skin for a jacket!”

He was wiser, made both head and hide
His win-penny : hands and knees on,
Would manage to crawl — poor crab — by
the roads
In the misty stalking season.

And if he discovered a bothy like this,
Why, harvest was sure : folk listened.
He told his tale to the lovers of Sport :
Lips twitched, cheeks glowed, eyes glistened.

And when he had come to the close, and spread
His spoils for the gazers' wonder,
With "Gentlemen, here's the skull of the stag
I was over, thank God, not under!" —

The company broke out in applause ;
"By Jingo, a lucky cripple !
Have a munch of grouse and a hunk of bread,
And a tug, besides, at our tipples !"

And "There's my pay for your pluck !"
cried This,
"And mine for your jolly story !"
Cried That, while T'other — but he was drunk —
Hiccapped "A trump, a Tory !"

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest ;
For, as Homer would say, "within grate
Though teeth kept tongue," my whole soul
growled,
"Rightly rewarded, — Ingrate !"

THE GLOVE.¹(PETER RONSARD *loquitur.*)

"HEIGHO," yawned one day King Francis,
 "Distance all value enhances!
 When a man's busy, why, leisure
 Strikes him as wonderful pleasure:
 'Faith, and at leisure once is he?
 Straightway he wants to be busy.
 Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
 Caught thinking war the true pastime.
 Is there a reason in metre?
 Give us your speech, master Peter!"
 I who, if mortal dare say so,
 Ne'er am at a loss with my Naso,
 "Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets:
 Men are the merest Ixions" —
 Here the King whistled aloud, "Let's
 — Heigho — go look at our lions!"
 Such are the sorrowful chances
 If you talk fine to King Francis.

And so, to the courtyard proceeding
 Our company, Francis was leading,
 Increased by new followers tenfold
 Before he arrived at the penfold;

Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon.
And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most.
Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed
Her, and the horrible pitside ;
For the penfold surrounded a hollow
Which led where the eye scarce dared follow,
And shelved to the chamber secluded
Where Bluebeard, the great lion, brooded.
The King hailed his keeper, an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab,
And bade him make sport and at once stir
Up and out of his den the old monster.
They opened a hole in the wire-work
Across it, and dropped there a firework,
And fled : one's heart's beating redoubled ;
A pause, while the pit's mouth was troubled,
The blackness and silence so utter,
By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter ;
Then earth in a sudden contortion
Gave out to our gaze her abortion.
Such a brute ! Were I friend Clement Marot
(Whose experience of nature's but narrow,
And whose faculties move in no small mist
When he versifies David the Psalmist)
I should study that brute to describe you
Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu.

One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
 To see the black mane, vast and heapy,
 The tail in the air stiff and straining,
 The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,
 As over the barrier which bounded
 His platform, and us who surrounded
 The barrier, they reached and they rested
 On space that might stand him in best stead :
 For who knew, he thought, what the amazement,
 The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
 And if, in this minute of wonder,
 No outlet, 'mid lightning and thunder,
 Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,
 The lion at last was delivered ?
 Ay, that was the open sky o'erhead !
 And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
 By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
 He was leagues in the desert already,
 Driving the flocks up the mountain,
 Or catlike couched hard by the fountain
 To waylay the date-gathering negress :
 So guarded he entrance or egress.
 "How he stands !" quoth the King : "we may
 well swear,
 (No novice, we've won our spurs elsewhere
 And so can afford the confession,)
 We exercise wholesome discretion
 In keeping aloof from his threshold,
 Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,

Their first would too pleasantly purloin
 The visitor's brisket or sirloin :
 But who's he would prove so foolhardy ?
 Not the best man of Marignan, pardie !”

The sentence no sooner was uttered,
 Than over the rails a glove fluttered,
 Fell close to the lion, and rested :
 The dame 'twas, who flung it and jested
 With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
 For months past ; he sat there pursuing
 His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
 Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tARRIER !
 De Lorge made one leap at the barrier,
 Walked straight to the glove, — while the lion
 Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
 The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
 And the musky oiled skin of the Kaffir, —
 Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,
 Leaped back where the lady was seated,
 And full in the face of its owner
 Flung the glove.

“ Your heart's queen, you dethrone her ?
 So should I !” — cried the King — “ 'twas
 mere vanity,
 Not love, set that task to humanity !”

Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
 From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not so, I; for I caught an expression
 In her brow's undisturbed self-possession
 Amid the Court's scoffing and merriment, —
 As if from no pleasing experiment
 She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
 So long as the process was needful, —
 As if she had tried in a crucible,
 To what "speeches like gold" were reducible,
 And, finding the finest prove copper,
 Felt the smoke in her face was but proper;
 To know what she had *not* to trust to,
 Was worth all the ashes and dust too.
 She went out 'mid hooting and laughter;
 Clement Marot stayed; I followed after,
 And asked, as a grace, what it all meant?
 If she wished not the rash deed's recallment?
 "For I" — so I spoke — "am a poet:
 Human nature, — behooves that I know it!"

She told me, "Too long had I heard
 Of the deed proved alone by the word:
 For my love — what De Lorge would not
 dare!
 With my scorn — what De Lorge could com-
 pare!
 And the endless descriptions of death



"AND FULL IN THE FACE OF ITS OWNER FLUNG THE
GLOVE."

He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
Doubt his word — and moreover, perforce,
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
Must offer my love in return.

When I looked on your lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought,
Encountered by all sorts of men,
Before he was lodged in his den, —
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
With no King and no Court to applaud,
By no shame, should he shrink, overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift,
That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,
— To the page who last leaped o'er the fence
Of the pit, on no greater pretence
Than to get back the bonnet he dropped,
Lest his pay for a week should be stopped.
So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
Than to wait until time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
Who took it to mean just 'to die.'
The blow a glove gives is but weak :
Does the mark yet discolour my cheek ?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know ?”

I looked, as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway.
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian ;
And yet, had our brute been Nemean —
(I judge by a certain calm fervour
The youth stepped with, forward to serve her)
— He'd have scarce thought you did him
the worst turn
If you whispered, “ Friend, what you'd get,
first earn ! ”
And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the Court, and they married,
To that marriage some happiness, maugre
The voice of the Court, I dared augur.

THE END.

NOTES.

PAGE 11.—1. *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* is called a child's story for the reason that Robert Browning wrote it for the son of Mac-Cready, the actor. In stanza XV the author addressed the boy thus:

“So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers.”

The boy, who was clever at drawing, had been ill; during his convalescence he asked the poet for some stanzas for which he could make pictures. Whether or not Browning had this request in mind we do not know, but the reader will be impressed with the vivid imagery, the wonderful rhythm, the color and movement that animate the story.

2. The scene is laid at Hamelin (Hameln) on the river Weser, a few miles southwest of Hanover.
3. “*Almost five hundred years ago:*” See page 22, where the exact date is given as July 22, 1376.

PAGE 12.—1. Note the vigor of the rhythm and the onrush of the tempo. The final line of stanza II is wholly a poetic license. Its

appeal is to the ear, not to the imaging faculty.

PAGE 13.—1. Note the rhyming words of lines one and two, stanza V, “*bigger*” and “*figure*.” Such impure rhymes are often used. The force and vigor of the poems make them quite applicable.

PAGE 15.—1. *Cham of Tartary*: That is Khan or sovereign prince.

2. *Nizam*: The title of the sovereign of an Indian state.

3. *Green and blue*: Although the title of the story suggests the richness of the piper’s coloring, there is comparatively little reference to color throughout the poem. The *sounds* that accompanied the incident are more particularly emphasized.

PAGE 17.—1. *Nuncheon* (also written *nunchion* and *noonshun*): Food taken at noon or between meals; a luncheon.

2. *Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock, Rhenish*: Names of varieties of wines.

PAGE 18.—1. *Bagdat* (Bagdad): A city in Asiatic Turkey.

2. *Caliph*: The title designating the successors of Mohammed.

PAGE 19.—1. *Justling* (jostling): Pushing, crowding.

PAGE 23.—1. *Transylvania*: A province of Southeastern Hungary.

PAGE 24.—1. In *Hervé Riel* the reader will note the

vigor, the drive, the incessant onward motion of the narration. It is told by one whose expression finds, with unerring precision, the appropriate rhythm to establish an atmosphere for the noble deed of Hervé Riel and the pride of him who makes it possible for the humble Breton hero once again to

“Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore!”

The picture unrolls a brilliant panorama of ships at sea, of rocks, of the movement and hiss of waters, and of the green trees waving “on the heights o’er-looking Grève.” There is incessant motion in the narration. From the moment of supreme danger to the calm that comes with safety, there is the onrush as of music seeking through turbulent themes its final peaceful cadence. And following upon the climax that lifts high in the picture of great achievement comes the kindly human, heartfelt appreciation of fun, the laugh of the honest heart that wanted no more for duty done than a whole holiday with

“Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!”

Riel is pronounced in two syllables, Ri-el.

The poem was first printed in 1871 in the Cornhill Magazine.

The poet devoted the honorarium, of one hundred pounds, to the people of Paris suffering from the terrors and deprivations of the Franco-Prussian War.

2. *Rance*: The river flowing into the English Channel at Saint Malo.

PAGE 25.—1. *Plymouth*: A naval station with magnificent harbor on the southwest coast of England.

PAGE 26.—1. *Croisickese*: The town name of one who lived at Croisic in Brittany.

2. *Malouins*: Dwellers at Saint Malo.

3. *Grève*: The shifting sands at Mont Saint Michel.

4. *Disembogues*: Enters the sea.

PAGE 27.—1. *Solidor*: The name of the fortress.

PAGE 30.—1. *Louvre*: The Gallery of Painting and Sculpture in Paris.

PAGE 31.—1. These *Cavalier Tunes* are true songs of chivalry. They abound in virility of movement, in color, in the power of forceful men. Note the jubilant rhythm of *Marching Along*; its incisive footfall; its martial pomp and circumstance.

The third tune, *Boot and Saddle*, was originally entitled *My Wife Gertrude*.

2. *Crop-headed*: With the hair cut close.

3. *Carle* (see Churl): A rude person, a rustic.

4. *Parle*: A conversation (compare the English word parley).

PAGE 32.—1. *Rouse*: A drinking to one's health; a toast.

2. *Noll's damned troopers*: Noll was the nickname by which Oliver Cromwell was known.

PAGE 33.—1. *Roundhead*: The Puritans of the reign of Charles I were so designated. They were distinguished by their close cut hair, hence "crop-headed." The Cavaliers, or Royalists, who were the opponents of the Roundheads, wore the hair long.

PAGE 34.—1. *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* is a story poem full of the vim and vigor of the drive. It will recall to the reader (less in the manner of the telling than in the intensity of interest) the impetuous ride of Paul Revere. The determination of the riders to reach their destination with the good news is a great resolve which may be entertained only in silence. Hence

"Not a word to each other; we kept the great
pace;
Neck by neck, side by side, never changing
our place;"

The picture is wonderful in its embrace. We witness, as the horses and riders rush on, the moon-set, the dawning of twilight, the coming of the great yellow

star, the morning, the upleaping of the sun. Then there is spread before us, vividly clear, the panorama of the earth. The past flying towns are pictures of which we get but a glimpse.

The silence in which the riders keep to their grim business is broken now and then; by the crowing of the cock, then Joris speaks, Dirck groans as his horse gives out. We *hear* the galloping of the horses' footfalls. Even the sun laughs pitilessly.

Of the poem, the poet said: "There is no sort of historical foundation about the *Good News from Ghent*. I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel off the African Coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York' at home."

2. *Watch*: The watchman.
3. *Postern*: A gate or door. Here the gate of the city.
4. *Pique*: The pommel of a saddle.

PAGE 36.—1. *Burgess*: One who lives in a borough or walled town; a citizen.

PAGE 37.—1. *Through the Metidja to Abd-El-Kadr* has but a single vowel rhyme and there is no repeat of a rhyming word save in the ritornello line,

"As I ride, as I ride."

Compare this poem with the preceding — *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* — and note the individual treatment of the riders. The three men of the one occupy places in the brilliant panorama of the world of men, events and action. In this the rider is not occupied with the imagery of what lies about him. He meditates, is introspective, communes with himself. His thoughts are on the Great Chief Abd-El-Kadr, not on the shimmering desert that surrounds him.

In the poem *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* the painting is of bold strokes of the brush. But this is a drawing in delicate lines.

PAGE 39.—1. The poem *Incident of the French Camp* is a brief story with compelling climax. The narrative is heightened in interest by the presentation of a boy as the hero. In fact, the hero was a man.

2. *Ratisbon* was stormed by the army of Napoleon in 1809. Ratisbon (or Regensburg) is southeast of Nuremberg.

PAGE 41.—1. One must first read *Clive* throughout to accustom the ear to the abruptness of the narrator's manner of speech. It is broken, emphatic, decisive, and frequently interrupted by gesture. The phrases suggest the shorthand form of expression

dictated by a great experience. Note how broadly suggestive are the exclamations; how the parenthetical phrases bring into view a great sweep of memory. There is a rude vigor throughout as of dissonant chords in flaming triumph.

One must keep it in mind that, while the poem narrates only a single incident in the life of Clive, the poet with subtle art and bold strokes reveals much of the life story and character of the hero.

Robert Clive, Baron Clive of Plassey, was born in 1725. He died in 1774, British general and statesman. He was one of four boys, the son of a tradesman. By indomitable will and perseverance he accomplished marvellous work in India. He died in London, a suicide.

2. *Thrifs*: To thread, as to thread one's way.
3. *Forthright*: A straight path.
4. *Meander*: A winding, turning path.

PAGE 42.—1. *Rummer-glass*: A tall glass or drinking cup.

PAGE 49.—1. *Thyrsis locked with Chloe*: Arcadian lovers.

PAGE 59.—1. *Muléykeh* is the story of an Arab's love for his steed *Muléykeh*, "peerless mare," whom he addresses as "my prize, my pearl."

In the poem *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*, Brown-

ing introduces the rider's love for his horse in a truly beautiful and delicate line:

“Patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse
without peer;”

But observe that the pet name remains a secret between Roland and his master. Again, in *As I Ride* he makes the speaker say:

“Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied.”

Shall we not then conclude that the poet was not merely a lover of the horse, but at heart his friend and guardian?

The poem is not easy to read. Patience is demanded to secure the swing of the rhythm, which, in Browning, is often most subtle and meaningful where it seems most abrupt and irregular. Compare the intensity of the fifteenth and sixteenth stanzas with the finale of the poem on page 37.

PAGE 68.—1. In *Tray* the reader's attention is called to the characteristic abruptness that dominates the entire narrative. Again a poem in which the author's love for animals is forcefully presented. The final stanza reveals the purpose, if one must be sought, other than that revealed in the impelling imagery of the lines: to dis-

cover whether there lies in the brain of good Tray any evidence of soul secreted there; or reason or intent. Shall the act of the hero, for Tray was a hero, reveal nothing? Must man seek with a knife what God permits us to feel in the soul?

2. *Habergeon*: A short hauberk or coat of mail.

PAGE 70.—1. *A Tale* is a simple direct narrative, full of animation and abounding in the characteristic imagery of the poet. The setting of the telling of the *Tale* shows here and there in the charmingly familiar expressions addressed to the listener. There is a very simple moral to the story set forth in the two concluding stanzas.

One recalls Richard Wagner's opera "The Meistersinger," and the Beckmesser spirit of judging a song. So, again, the element of love, which inspires the concluding stanzas, is precisely what lifts Walter's Prize Song infinitely above the Beckmesser invention.

PAGE 75.—1. *Pornic*: Directly west of Nantes in the Loire Inferieure.

PAGE 78.—1. *O cor humanum, pectora cæca*: Oh, passionate heart, oh, groping soul.

2. *Louis-d'or*: A French coin first minted in 1640. Worth about five dollars.

PAGE 80.—1. *Thirty pieces; Potter's Field*: See Matthew XXVII, 3-7.

PAGE 81.—1. *Colenso's words*: John William Colenso, English bishop and writer, 1814-1883.

Page 82.—1. *Donald* is a spirited animal story, climaxing in a tragedy that leaves the concluding scene unsatisfactory and depressing. The narrative carries the reader with intense and forceful motion to the point where

“Each eyed each — mute man, motionless
beast —
Less fearing than admiring.”

Donald, “marching lightsomely out of the broad,” is a poor creature after he plunges the knife into the gold red stag, gigantic and magnific; a poor wreck of a man despite the jolly acclaim that is given him along with an occasional munch of grouse and a hunk of bread.

2. *Burnie*: Diminutive of burn. A rivulet or small stream.

PAGE 85.—1. *Blondin*: A famous rope-walker.

PAGE 87.—1. *Pastern*: A joint in the hoof.

PAGE 90.—1. The story is old, which forms the framework of *The Glove*. It is said to have originated in the Court of Francis I. A lady, having dropped her glove into the arena where a combat between lions was taking place, said to her lover (DeLorges?), “If your love for me is so great as you would have me believe you will bring me

my glove." He stepped into the arena where the lions were fighting, picked up the glove, returned with it to the lady and threw it in her face.

The story has been told by the poet Schiller in German and by Leigh Hunt in English. In Browning's version the lady's nature is not presented as one of mere thoughtless vanity. Note how Browning interprets the scene, from the line beginning "Not so, I; for I caught an expression in her brow's undisturbed self-possession."

Cosy Corner Series

Each 16mo, cloth decorative, per volume . . . \$0.50

By *CAROLINE E. JACOBS*

BAB'S CHRISTMAS AT STANHOPE

The story of Bab, a little girl, who is obliged to spend Christmas away from home with three maiden great-aunts.

THE CHRISTMAS SURPRISE PARTY

"The book is written with brisk and deft cleverness."
—*New York Sun.*

A CHRISTMAS PROMISE

A tender and appealing little story.

By *CHARLES DICKENS*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

No introduction is needed to Dickens' masterpiece, which so wonderfully portrays the Christmas spirit.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR

One of those beautiful, fanciful little allegories which Dickens alone knew how to write.

By *OUIDA (Louise de la Ramée)*

A DOG OF FLANDERS

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Too well and favorably known to require description.

THE NURNBERG STOVE

This beautiful story has never before been published at a popular price.

THE LITTLE EARL

"Boy and girl readers will find entertainment in the story, which is cleverly and skilfully written." — *Boston Transcript.*

THE PAGE COMPANY'S

By MISS MULOCK

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

A delightful story of a little boy who has many adventures by means of the magic gifts of his fairy godmother.

ADVENTURES OF A BROWNIE

The story of a household elf who torments the cook and gardener, but is a constant joy and delight to the children who love and trust him.

HIS LITTLE MOTHER

Miss Mulock's short stories for children are a constant source of delight to them, and "His Little Mother," in this new and attractive dress, will be welcomed by hosts of youthful readers.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY

An attractive story of a summer outing. "Little Sunshine" is another of those beautiful child-characters for which Miss Mulock is so justly famous.

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE

THE FARRIER'S DOG AND HIS FELLOW

This story will appeal to all that is best in the nature of the many admirers of her graceful and piquant style.

THE FORTUNES OF THE FELLOW

Those who read and enjoyed "The Farrier's Dog and His Fellow" will welcome the further account of the adventures of Baydaw and the Fellow.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS

This story continues the experiences of the Farrier's dog and his Fellow.

DOWN IN DIXIE

A fascinating story of a family of Alabama children who move to Florida and grow up in the South.

By *EDITH ROBINSON*

A LITTLE PURITAN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS

A story of Colonial times in Boston, telling how Christmas was invented by Betty Sewall, a typical child of the Puritans, aided by her brother Sam.

A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY

The author introduces this story as follows:

"One ride is memorable in the early history of the American Revolution, the well-known ride of Paul Revere. Equally deserving of commendation is another ride, — the ride of Anthony Severn, — which was no less historic in its action or memorable in its consequences."

A LOYAL LITTLE MAID

A delightful and interesting story of Revolutionary days, in which the child heroine, Betsey Schuyler, renders important services to George Washington.

A LITTLE PURITAN REBEL

This is an historical tale of a real girl, during the time when the gallant Sir Harry Vane was governor of Massachusetts.

A LITTLE PURITAN PIONEER

The scene of this story is laid in the Puritan settlement at Charlestown.

A LITTLE PURITAN BOUND GIRL

A story of Boston in Puritan days, which is of great interest to youthful readers.

A LITTLE PURITAN CAVALIER

"The charm and historical value of the author's stories of child life in Colonial days have brought them wide popularity."—*The Independent*.

A PURITAN KNIGHT ERRANT

The story tells of a young lad in Colonial times who endeavored to carry out the high ideals of the knights of olden days.

THE PAGE COMPANY'S

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT DIDO

The story of two boys who turned their yacht into a fishing boat to earn money.

THE YOUNG ACADIAN

The story of a young lad of Acadia who rescued a little English girl from the hands of savages.

THE LORD OF THE AIR

THE STORY OF THE EAGLE.

THE KING OF THE MAMOZEKEL

THE STORY OF THE MOOSE.

THE WATCHERS OF THE CAMP-FIRE

THE STORY OF THE PANTHER.

THE HAUNTER OF THE PINE GLOOM

THE STORY OF THE LYNX.

THE RETURN TO THE TRAILS

THE STORY OF THE BEAR.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SYCAMORE

THE STORY OF THE RACCOON.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE

This beautiful and pathetic story will never grow old. It is a part of the world's literature, and will never die.

JACKANAPES

A new edition, with new illustrations, of this exquisite and touching story, dear alike to young and old.

A GREAT EMERGENCY

A bright little story of a happy, mischievous family of children.

B-4

By *FRANCES MARGARET FOX*

THE LITTLE GIANT'S NEIGHBOURS

A charming nature story of a "little giant" whose neighbors were the creatures of the field and garden.

FARMER BROWN AND THE BIRDS

A little story which teaches children that the birds are man's best friends.

BETTY OF OLD MACKINAW

A charming story of child life.

BROTHER BILLY

The story of Betty's brother, and some further adventures of Betty herself.

MOTHER NATURE'S LITTLE ONES

Curious little sketches describing the early lifetime, or "childhood," of the little creatures out-of-doors.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO THE MULVANEYS

A bright, lifelike little story of a family of poor children with an unlimited capacity for fun and mischief.

THE COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

Miss Fox has vividly described the happy surprises that made the occasion so memorable to the Mulvaney's, and the funny things the children did in their new environment.

By *LILLIE FULLER MERRIAM*

JENNY'S BIRD HOUSE

A charmingly original story for the little folks. In the guise of a fairy tale it introduces many interesting facts concerning birds and their ways.

JENNY AND TITO

The story of how Jenny crosses the big ocean and spends a summer in old Provence, which is in France, you know, and of how she finds the little lost dog Tito, who finally becomes her very own pet.

By OTHER AUTHORS

EDITHA'S BURGLAR

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

The most successful story that this popular author has ever written.

THE PINEBORO QUARTETTE

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

The story of how four persevering and ambitious young folks, left penniless, make their way in the world.

THE LITTLEST ONE OF THE BROWNS

By SOPHIE SWETT.

"It will appeal to the understanding and interest of every child."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER:

A LEGEND OF STIRIA. By JOHN RUSKIN.

One of the best juveniles for children.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

By R. L. STEVENSON.

Mr. Stevenson's little volume is too well known to need description.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

By DR. JOHN BROWN.

An old favorite that never loses its interest.

JOE, THE CIRCUS BOY

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

A tender little story about an orphan boy, and of the good fortune that befell him through his devotion to the trick dog of the circus.

ROSEMARY

By ALICE E. ALLEN.

A companion volume to "Joe, The Circus Boy."

A delightful story of how little twin girls, who look exactly alike, puzzle their schoolmates for an entire year.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

This remarkable story presents perhaps the greatest lesson in patriotism and love of country that was ever penned.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 388 857 5

