



PT

2026

F2

A62

1864

⁴²¹
CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



FROM

JAN 30 1948
DATE DUE

Dec 10 '47 R

~~APR 5 1988 E~~

Cornell University Library
PT 2026.F2A62 1864

Faustus.



3 1924 026 189 617

ANSTER'S FAUST, PART I.

By the same Translator, just ready,

FAUSTUS, PART I. from the German of Goethe.
New Edition, uniform with the present volume.

* * * The First Part of ANSTER'S *Faust*, originally published in 1835, has been twice reprinted in Germany, but has been many years out of print in England.

PP 473 -
missing
18/V/39

F A U S T U S :

THE SECOND PART.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D., M.R.I.A.

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF CIVIL LAW IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

LONDON :

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, & GREEN.

1864.

~~1428 F31~~

A.189632

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN:

April 30, 1864.

MY LORD,

I am anxious to inscribe with your Excellency's name this attempt to reproduce in another language Goethe's remarkable poem of the Second Part of FAUST; partly as it gives me the opportunity of publicly expressing my feeling of gratitude for important obligations conferred by your Lordship; partly because in your Excellency's government of a land in which discords, surviving from remote times, still tend to distract and disunite us, I see with delight the admiration—may I not say the affection?—with which men of every party and of every shade of opinion regard you, and in this I seem to myself to see evidence that my countrymen, amidst the differences which must exist in a free people, may—in all that is best in our nature, in the convictions of the understanding, in the affections of the heart—yet be, nay, even now are, one. And I can scarcely forbear adding, that you thus not alone represent but symbolise Her whom all look up to and venerate and love. This unity of feeling makes me confidently anticipate happiness for the Future of my country.

But a motive seemingly lighter, yet which in the dedication of this poem it is perhaps more natural to express, and which perhaps influences me more, is one which I will venture to state. You, my Lord, have done much to recall us to the study of our great poets. By public lectures in England you

have illustrated the works of Pope and of Gray, and in Ireland, through your suggestion and your aid, the statue of Goldsmith is one of the ornaments of our Capital. The works of Pope and of Gray were among the habitual studies of 'the illustrious Goethe, who'—the language is Byron's, and not more than adequate—'has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe.' One of Goethe's first literary engagements was a translation of the 'Deserted Village;' and his prose style was formed, as far as it can be said to have been formed on any previous model, on that of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

I am by the nature of my task led to associate what you have done for literature with the image of Goethe as it exists in my thoughts; and I cannot easily express the gratification I feel at your receiving this volume, and my having your permission to add that

TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY'S

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT

JOHN ANSTER.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE	i—xvii

SCENES AND PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

ACT I.

Swiss Landscape ; Ariel	1
Pauses of the Night ; Song of Fairies	2
Sunrise ; Ariel ; Faustus	4
Imperial Palace ; Mephistopheles as Court Fool	7
Council of State ; Want of Money ; Mephisto- pheles' Expedient	8—23
Carnival Masque	24—71
Characters in Masque as arranged by the Herald	24—41
Garden Girls, &c., Mother and Daughter	25—31
Wood-cutters, Pulchinelloes, Parasites, &c.	32—36
Poets, Greek Mythology, Graces, Fates, Furies	36—41
A Group, in which a winged VICTORY is seen borne on an ELEPHANT, the movements of which PRUDENCE governs. Hope and Fear chained	41—44
Characters in Masque, introduced by Faustus and Mephistopheles	44—47
Zoilò-Thersites, acted by Mephistopheles	44—45
Knabe-Lenker, „ Euphorion	} 48—71
Plutus, „ Faustus	
Starveling, „ Mephistopheles	
Pan, „ The Emperor	
Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, &c.	

	PAGE
Pleasure-garden. Success of Mephistopheles' Expedient	72
Paper Money : described by Mephistopheles	78—79
" " by Faustus	79
" " by the Emperor	81
Faustus and Mephistopheles Bankers; given Places in the Treasury	80
Scene between Mephistopheles and the official Court Fool; Court Fool's Prudence	82
The MOTHERS	84—92
Mephistopheles as Quack-Doctor	93—97
Exhibition of Paris and Helena	98—110

ACT II.

Mephistopheles in Faustus's College Chamber.	
Chorus of Insects, &c.	111—113
Mephistopheles and Famulus	114—117
Mephistopheles and Baccalaureus	118—125
Mephistopheles, Wagner, HOMUNCULUS	126—136
CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT	137—226
Erichtho	137—139
Griffins, Sphinxes, Sirens, &c	142—152
Faustus and River Nymphs	153—156
Faustus and Cheiron	156—166
Seismos, Pygmies, Cranes	168—176
Mephistopheles and Lamixæ	177—184
Homunculus, Thales, Anaxagoras	186—192
Mephistopheles and the Phorceyads	193—198
Sirens; Nereids and Tritons; the Cabiri	199—210
The ÆGEAN Sea; Thales, Homunculus, Nereus	202—206
Homunculus, Thales, Proteus	210—226
Telechines of Rhodes	214—215
Doves of Paphos, Pseli and Marsi	218—220

CONTENTS.

xi

	PAGE
Dorides, their human Lovers, and Nereus	221—223
GALATEA	223
Thales, Homunculus, Sirens	224—226

ACT III.

Sparta ; Palace of Menelaus ; Helena ; Chorus	227—238
Phorcys, Helena, Chorus	238—264
Faustus's Castle. Faustus, Helena, Lynceus	265—276
Faustus, Helena, Chorus	276—280
Menelaus's Approach announced ; Faustus's Pre- paration for Defence. The feudal System.	
Description of Greece	281—287
AACADIA. Euphorion described by Phorcys	288—293
Chorus relates the Birth of Hermes	293—294
Euphorion, Helena, Faustus	296—306
Death of Euphorion. Dirge	306—307
Helena vanishes, leaving behind her Robe and Veil, which resolve themselves into Clouds	308—309
Chorus become elementary Spirits	311—315

ACT IV.

Faustus, who has flown through the air sup- ported on the clouds into which Helena's robes have been changed, is landed on a high mountain, and describes the shapes which the clouds, on which he has tra- velled, assume as they roll eastward	316—318
Mephistopheles appears. Geological Discussion	318—321
Mephistopheles's guesses as to what was calculated to give most pleasure to Faustus	321—324
Faustus's Objects	324—325
The Emperor's Difficulties. Rebellion. An anti- Cæsar proclaimed	327—329

	PAGE
Faustus and Mephistopheles come to the Emperor's aid and win a decisive Battle for him by magic	339—358
Scene after the Victory. Golden Bull	363—378
Faustus given the Sea-shore as a Feoff, charged with Tithes, &c., for the Church	377

ACT V.

Baucis and Philemon. Wanderer	379—383
Mephistopheles and his 'Three;' Piracy	384—386
COLONISATION. Projected displacement of Baucis and Philemon; their fate	389—395
Strange Apparitions. CARE. Repelled by Faustus	396—404
Mephistopheles and Lemurs	405—406
Faustus's last Words; his Death	408—409
Mephistopheles and his Devils. Hell-mouth exhibited	410—413
Apparition of Angels. Contest with Mephistopheles	413—420
Angels' Song of Triumph. Mephistopheles's final Soliloquy	422—424
MOUNTAIN SCENERY. Cells of Anchorets at different heights	425—430
Pater Ecstaticus. Pater Profundus. Pater Seraphicus. Blessed Boys, Angels, Doctor Marianus	425—437
MATER GLORIOSA	434—437
Female Penitents. Magna Peccatrix, Mulier Samaritana. Maria Ægyptiaca	434—435
Una Penitentium, formerly named Gretchen, and Margaret	436—437
CHORUS MYSTICUS	437—438

As the dates of the composition, and even those of the publication, of the several parts of *Faust II.* give some aid in interpreting the poem, I think it better to state them.

The Third Act—the *HELENA*—was the part first published. It had for a long time floated before the poet's mind, and is mentioned in his correspondence with Schiller in the year 1800. It was sent to the press January 29, 1827. In 1828 the first scenes of the First Act, including the *MASQUE*, appeared. Goethe, in a letter to W. von Humboldt, said that the *Masque* would throw light on some passages of the *Helena*.

Nothing more of the Second Part was published during Goethe's life.

In 1827, parts of the Fourth Act were written; the close of the Fifth Act had been long before completed. On July 27, 1828, he says, in a letter to Zelter, that he feels he has succeeded in the commencement of the Second Act, but that the First is still unfinished. At the close of 1829 the two first acts were still incomplete. On December 6, 1829, Goethe read to Eckermann the first scene of the Second Act; on the 16th, the scene between Mephistopheles and Wagner, when *Homunculus* first appears; on December 27, the paper-money scene of the First Act; and on the 30th, the scene of the Exhibition of Paris and *Helena*; and a few days after the opening of the *CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT*. The first half of the *Classical Walpurgis Night* was written in the February of that year. Some interruption occurred, but towards the close of the year Goethe was able to report that the three first acts and the fifth were finished. This was not quite accurate, as the first scenes of the Fifth Act, which he said had been before his mind for thirty years, were not yet written down. In April 1831, this part was first committed to paper. In August 1831, a few days before his last birthday, he completed the Fourth Act, and scaled the entire, which was published by Riemer in the following year, as the first volume of his posthumous works.

PREFACE.

IT is impossible to introduce a poem so peculiar as the Second Part of 'Faust' without saying a few words in the way of preface. The editor or translator of one of the old Greek dramas, where the story is known, and where the characters are few, finds it necessary to prefix to his work something of argument, and the present is surely a case in which the same privilege will be conceded.

In the poem called the First Part of 'Faust,' there can scarcely be said to be Allegory. The *dramatis personæ* are Individuals, never thought of by the spectator or reader as other than Individuals. In the Second, the figures brought upon the stage cannot be so described. What we meet here is not so much Personality as an artistic mask of Personality, and the language of the dialogue is not always intelligible, till you remember that the masked figure, in which the eye looks upon what would seem a single individual, embodies some aggregate of notions, perhaps for the first

time combined by the poet. Court-life, war, one stage of civilisation or another, are shown or hidden under these masks. In the First Part of 'Faust,' the Individual is everything. In the Second, the individual, even when more than a mere representative mask, has less of personal existence than in the earlier poem. He is but a part of Society, by which everything which he is made say and do is conditioned. Faustus is in the second drama what Mephistopheles has called himself in the first, 'part of a part.' In the First Part, Emperors and Field-marschals, Chancellors and Masters of the Treasury, were not so much as thought of: the war, which we were called on to witness, was that which for ever exists, which all—perhaps all—understand and feel and live, and which therefore commands the instant sympathies of all: the war was in Faustus's own mind—within his own mind;—represented to the outward eye as a struggle with demoniac power. Faustus is shown in the Second as seeking to reconcile himself with the world in which he lives. In the First Part, what is said by him is said with no reference to anything but its own absolute truth, or to Man's aspiring, passionate, tempestuous nature. In the Second, all is relative to Society, or some condition of it. From what I have said, my readers will see that I speak of a poem, which,

like the allegories of Spenser, to understand fully requires the fixed attention of the mind ; but, even when you wholly forget all but the scenes as presented to the eye, it has the interest of a Romance.

The stage directions in the second part of 'Faust' were written not by Goethe, but by his editors, and this alone would make it requisite to give some abstract of the story. How desirable such aid is—nay, how necessary, cannot be more strikingly proved, than by Hans Andersen's account of the drama, in his 'To be or not to be.' He misconceives every incident. Even the critiques on this poem by Gervinus and Julian Schmidt, in their Histories of German Literature, are not free from many mistakes of detail.

The story of the First Part may be assumed as known. The demon, who had undertaken to accompany Faustus as a sort of travelling tutor, was to show him high life—the great world, as well as the humble life through which we saw them moving in the First. 'The star-bright meteors of Ambition's heaven' were among the objects mentioned in the conversation which ended in their contract, and Mephistopheles now proceeds to fulfil this part of his engagement. But he finds Faustus in some respects an altered man. The Second Part opens with a scene strongly contrasted with that which commences the first drama. We see Faustus

‘lying on a flowery grass plot, weary, striving to sleep.’ It is a Swiss landscape. The time, evening twilight; and we have hovering round him Ariel and a group of Fairies, who sing him to sleep, and while he sleeps, continue to sing, strengthening and consoling him, and preparing him for a future of hope. The songs themselves are supposed to be accompanied by the effects which they describe, and he awakes at sunrise — alone—for the Fairies have disappeared, and his spiritual adviser is not present. The scenery around him, and the sight of all nature awaking to new life, and clothing itself with beauty, recall him to his better self. The past is forgotten, or but little adverted to, and he looks forward to the future in the spirit of hope and earnest endeavour.

The next scene is one in which Faustus does not appear, but in which his companion plays a principal part. It is the Imperial Court, and a Council of State is being held. The Kaiser ascends the throne. He is more than usually ‘inops consilii,’ for his chief adviser, the Court Fool, is absent — drunk probably, but whether ‘dead or drunk, who knows or cares?’ The Astrologer, however, is there, to tell how things go on among the planets; and the Kaiser—an indolent young man—is a prince who prefers listening to his Fool’s lessons of native wisdom, and his Astrologer’s scientific inferences from the aspect of the heavens,

to hearing the less pleasant communications of the Officers of State. Before the Council has formally opened, Mephistopheles makes good his claim to the vacant place of Fool, and before it closes, delights the Kaiser with the prospect of relieving the State from the embarrassment which a want of money has created in every department of the public service. Mephistopheles is ready with an expedient, which he announces, as if from it was to spring a new dawn of prosperity to the Empire. The Astrologer, with whom he contrives to be in concert, says the stars are favourable. The officers of State, who, it has been suggested, are the same effete old gentlemen whom Faustus had met on the Brocken and heard complaining that the world was not disposed to acknowledge their services,* listen attentively. The Chancellor — he is the Archbishop — thinks the language of Mephistopheles, who speaks of ‘Nature’ and ‘Spirit,’ is at least suspicious. He will have nothing to do with either, and Mephistopheles, though he assumes a defying air, takes somewhat lower ground than at first, and condescends to explain that the Empire has been at all times the

* *Ex-Minister*—Give me back the good old days,
When kings and courts obeyed our call,
And ourselves were all in all.

FAUSTUS, 1ST PART. *Walpurgis Night.*

theatre of political convulsions, that a good deal of coined and of uncoined gold has from time to time been hidden underground, that such treasure is the Emperor's, and that there is a scientific man who can procure it for him—however, the matter had better be postponed till after the Carnival. The Emperor wishes to escape further explanation, and the carnival masque is held.

The carnival scene is a gay one. It is more than a ball-room festival. The whole population of city and country are here—all, actors—all, spectators. It is not the Roman Carnival as described in one of Goethe's early works, where a people, habitually grave, throw off their natural character for a season. It is more like Naples as Whiteside saw it in 1846 and 1847, and as Goethe had seen it half a century before; where the very business of life is carried on in one eternal masquerade—where 'man, woman and child rush into the streets in the morning, and continue there, shouting and grinning, and dancing till night.'* In this perpetual revelry they exercise their ordinary occupations, and so with our masqueraders. We have every one exhibiting, and acting, and over-acting, his own proper part in life. The Emperor enacts the ruling power.

* Whiteside's 'Italy,' vol. iii. p. 21.

He is Pan, and his courtiers are Pan's attendants. Mephistopheles, in more than one mask, is knave, and blackguard, and buffoon. The masque opens with an exhibition of the usual groups of such pageants. Flower-girls, woodcutters, pulchinellos, and parasites, successively appear; then comes the Greek mythology—Fates, Furies, &c., the ancient and modern brought together in strange contrasts. We soon find ourselves among groups of a far different character. A group, in which the herald sees a symbol of the 'STATE'—Brute Force, rendered obedient to Reason and Understanding—approaches; but the herald is not the only commentator. A deformed dwarf makes his appearance, and would interrupt him by some criticisms on this part of the exhibition. His own obliquity accompanies him everywhere, and so everything is to him wrong. The herald strikes him with his staff, and the lumpy creature breaks in two with the blow—

And a twin birth, behold! a double wonder!—
Adder and Bat.*

The herald begins to suspect magic, and our court-fool is, perhaps, here enacting a part for which he would seem well fitted.

That magic has mixed with the amusements,

* *Infra*, p. 46.

there can be little doubt. Mephistopheles has not forgotten his scheme for supplying the Emperor with money, and the show now exhibits Plutus, the God of Wealth, coming on a visit to the Emperor. His charioteer is a boy, scarcely more than a boy in appearance, yet a boy already endangering every female heart.—Is he Love? Plutus calls him his son. Has Plato's account of the parentage of Love passed before Goethe's mind, and are we to look for his other parent in the meagre figure to which our attention is next directed? On the roof of the carriage is a strange starved creature—a figure no doubt masked as a male, but who tells you of a time when women called it Avaritia—perhaps the Penia of Plato. The women detested her then, and now she is not better liked. Male or female, the love of money is the strong ruling principle—more when in the service of the God of Riches than when in a state of almost absolute indigence. This mask, we are told, is intended as a contrast and foil to the splendour of Plutus, and the extravagance of his young attendant. Something more than this is meant, and we suspect that we may almost give it a name borrowed from Modern Science, and that we see here if not Political Economy, yet the Principle of Abstinence, on which Political Economy ultimately rests.

The boy, Plutus's Charioteer, tells us that he is Profusion—that he is Poetry, that he is never truly himself but when he is expending all he has. He scatters gifts among the crowd. They snatch at them eagerly; but they are not material wealth, and they are unvalued. Neither are they his highest gifts. A conversation takes place between him and Plutus, in which each compliments the other. The boy retires, Plutus saying to him,—

Thou art free ;
 Away to thine own sphere—away with thee.

* * * * * *

There, where the clear eye sees in calm the clear ;
 There, where the good, the beautiful is dear ;
 Where the pure impulse of the heart alone
 Doth guide thee, and thou art indeed thine own.
 In Solitude : oh ! there create thy world.*

Plutus—in this mask Faustus appears—now exhibits his treasures. Cupidity is created everywhere. Another and another group appears, and the stage becomes more and more crowded, for we have no reason to think that the masks, who have been introduced, leave the place—with the exception of the lovely boy who has personated Poetry.

Plutus, who now assumes the direction of the

* *Infra*, p. 57.

masque, announces the approach of a company whose cries and shouts threaten to overthrow everything. There is some secret connected with their coming—a something known to Plutus—known also, it would seem, to the group who are approaching, or, perhaps, but to some of them. The group consists of the attendants of Pan—Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs. Among them are spirits of a gentler class—the Gnomes. The secret which cannot be long concealed is that the Emperor, who now appears, is Pan. The Gnomes lead him to the treasure-chest of Plutus. What can it be that there fixes his attention? The poet will in due time, and in his own way, communicate this.* Meanwhile, as the Emperor bends over the chest, his mask falls off, and catches fire. The blaze extends; he and his attendants appear to be in great danger. The danger, however, is unreal, or different from what it appears to be. While engaged in looking into the chest, a paper has been put into his hand to sign. He signs it not observing, or in his terror forgetting, what he has done. The chief purpose of the masque has been effected when the signature has been obtained; and the fire, the work of magic, is by magic extinguished. From the moment of the appearance of Plutus and his charioteer, everything in the

* *Infra*, 1st Act, p. 72; 4th Act, pp. 338–9.

masque was done for the purpose of exciting the imagination, and creating confidence in the power of the adventurers to fulfil their promises. For this, Poetry with its extravagant promises is called into play. It is Poetry degraded by being out of its proper sphere—in the language of Schiller, of ‘slaves the slave’—still not the less, perhaps even the more, working on the sensuous imagination. When the Spirit that has sustained this part disappears, material wealth is shown bubbling and boiling up in the chest or cauldron of Plutus. Economy is represented as Penury and Indigence, united with such mean self-indulgence as excludes all higher principle. The confidence which Mephistopheles had sought to create is effected. The paper placed in the Emperor’s hand for his signature is a form of assignat pledging the State to the repayment of a sum of money chargeable on the treasures underground, the custody of which is given to Faustus and Mephistopheles. The plan is Mephistopheles’s. He has proposed it. On him is thrown the task of showing its advantages, and Faustus is, perhaps intentionally, but little engaged in the conversations on the subject. The assignats are multiplied indefinitely.

You did but write ;
No time was lost—a thousand artists plied,
A thousand-fold the scroll was multiplied.*

* *Infra*, p. 77.

Our readers may remember that some of the old legends identify Faust the magician with Fust the printer, and make the magician pay his way with what seems to be money, but turns out to be withered leaves. Has Goethe intended to unite in his paper-money scene both stories?

However this be, the old story-book and the puppet-play of the Devil and Doctor Faustus supplied him with the phantom of HELENA—a phantom which he tells Zelter in one of his letters had flitted before him for fifty years:

Your mythologic lady has no age,*

and she became no older in all that time than she had been three thousand years before.

The Emperor, made rich—as France was made rich by Law's Scheme, as England was made rich by the South-Sea Bubble—would patronise the Fine Arts, perhaps has some curiosity himself; and we have a command-night for the exhibition of Paris and Helena. He would see, as they appeared in life, the models of male and female beauty; the actual Helen, the original of so many paintings, and statues, and poems. Faustus, who, from his success in the masque, seems, in addition to his duties in the Treasury, to have been a

* *Infra*, p. 163.

sort of theatrical manager,* sees no great difficulty in the matter with such an assistant as he had in Mephistopheles. However, he finds his mistake. His agent, dexterous as he has proved himself in his banking manipulations, knows little of the Fine Arts.† Helen is not now on earth. Where she is he cannot approach. She dwells in a region accessible but to Man. This is expressed by Mephistopheles in language not very complimentary to her, nor very respectful to Faustus. In short, the agent can do nothing himself in the business—little or nothing—and if it is at all to be accomplished, Faustus must gird himself for the work. He must visit the realm of the ‘Mothers,’ and will there obtain the means by which to exhibit the phantoms he wants. Whatever has at any time existed on earth existed in more than phenomenal appearance, and does not perish. In Schiller’s ‘Ideal and Life’

* It would appear that in his plans for ‘Faust,’ Goethe had intended that Faustus should exhibit before the Emperor other interludes as well as that of Paris and Helena. One was ‘Fortinbras, King of Denmark,’ Hamlet’s successor.—*Paralipomena to Faust.*

† His agent, whatever his powers of mere reasoning are, can know nothing of the Beautiful. *Science* is for all higher intelligences—Mephistopheles among the rest.

Art, Art, O MAN, is thine alone !

THE ARTISTS.—*Merivale’s Schiller, p. 25.*

we have something of the same line of thought without the mocking tone of Mephistopheles :—

Body alone is slave of the dark Powers
 That weave this life of ours.
 Playmate of happy Natures—'mong the gods,
 Godlike—o'er floors of light, their blest abodes,
 Above the world of TIME floats airy SHAPE.
 And wouldst thou on her free wing hovering play,
 Wouldst thou too from the grasp of Time escape?
 Oh! rise from dreary earth's anxiety,
 Breathe the calm heaven of that diviner day!
 To the IDEAL flee!

Semblances, of all that has ever been, float round the heads of the 'MOTHERS'—Goddesses, acknowledged as such by Mephistopheles, though he has little thought of proposing them as objects of worship, who dwell in some region to which the name of Place cannot be given, and which has no relation to measured Time.

PLACE none around them, glimpse of TIME still less
 * * * * *

A burning Tripod tells thee thou hast found
 The deepest art below the deepest ground;
 And by its light the MOTHERS thou wilt see.*

The Beautiful is only for Man, but 'our minister and interpreter of Nature' is not without some power. Faustus is to do what never yet has been accomplished—is

The first to venture on such bold design.†

* *Infra*, p. 86-91.

† P. 92.

It would be madness to expect that 'things never yet accomplished could be effected except by means hitherto untried,' but Mephistopheles has means of 'assisting the mechanic, the mathematician, the physicist, the alchemist, and the magician;' and with a solemnity not unlike that of Lord Bacon, addressing King James, he places in Faustus's hand a magnetic KEY, a sort of 'Novum Organum,' which will aid him in the discovery of the Mothers, and will help him to bring up a burning tripod, which is beyond Mephistopheles's reach, but which, could it be once brought up to the surface, would place it in the power of a skilful magician to produce the required phantoms. A Key is said in some of the comments on the Orphic fragments to be a symbol of guardian power, and something of this kind is intimated in the conversation.* It was also a symbol of the magician's having risen to the higher and priestly office; and Faustus, when he is seen after his descent or ascent to the Mothers—for either word would equally designate his expedition†—is described as attired in priestly robe. If we are to go beyond the picture, and look for the hidden meaning, it would seem intended to express the effort by some process of Abstraction to attain to the Beautiful. Every conception that

* Mephistopheles to Faustus. *Infra*, p. 91.

† *Infra*, p. 90.

Faustus had before formed is to be got rid of; every combination of thoughts connected with modern life—nay, every association whatever, no matter with what connected. The proposed journey indicates a mental process—

The intellectual power
Goes sounding on, a dim and perilous way.

Do what we may, habitual combinations of thought will present themselves. These must, as they appear, be dissolved and disaffirmed by successive acts of negation. Everything external to the mind is to be excluded from thought—

Fly far
From earth—from all existences that are,
Into the realms of Image unconfined.
* * * * *

Like cloud-wreaths rising, rolling, the combined
Army of Apparitions rush on thee.
Wave high the Key, and keep them at far length,
From thy person keep them.*

Our wanderer—

must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep Not chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor ought of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams, can breed such fear and awe,
As falls upon us, when we look
Into our Minds—into the Mind of man.

* *Infra*, p. 90.

and the Mind of Man is the mysterious land in which Faustus has now to travel; and this fear and awe fall upon him when he feels the breath of that world within us of which we mortals know little or nothing, and of which spirits like Mephistopheles have little desire to speak. Other feelings soon affect Faustus: he is humbled when he feels that his journey is taken for the object of a mere stage exhibition, and that he is lowering his human faculties by employing them thus in Mephistopheles's work.

Higher purposes, however, soon animate him. He is now an artist and a poet, and in this sense, at least, a magician. In the depths of the Mind are the principles to which he must resort. He passes from all that exists to a region where he will find the shadows of all that had ever existed to him, however or whencesoever derived—not to Plato's World of pre-existent forms, but to something more like Locke's 'storehouse of ideas.' The artistic creator builds his world—such is Mephistopheles's theory—out of combinations of floating phantoms, originally derived from sense, or through sensuous experience. This is exhibited in allegory by the key, his neophyte's guide and protector in this perilous journey. To pass, by some process of abstraction, beyond the realms of sensuous experience, to the land of deeper prin-

ciples, has been at all times a desire and a puzzle to Mephistopheles's cousins-german. They are still at it, lecturers and listeners—but it were dangerous to linger in these schools of Magic.

The key of abstraction or negation will dissolve, decompose, and disperse every cloudy spectre that it touches. This is its natural and rightful property; but here something more is promised. It begins to possess a power more than its own; it 'sparkles and shiues and swells in the hand.' The tripod, too, which we at last meet, is something in its nature distinct from the phantoms that shrink and dissolve at the touch of the key, and kindred with the key, for the key will attach itself to it. The key—if negation—is not unfittingly presented by the mocking spirit of denial. The key expresses a faculty of the human mind, and is what Faustus already possesses. The tripod, which he is to convey from the temple of the 'Mothers,'

. . . convey the wise it call,

is also a property or power of the human mind. And to a distinct consciousness of this faculty Faustus is now awakened. The solitude in which the mind is left when every object of sensuous perception is removed—when every combination of previous thought is cleared off—when abstraction has swept it clean—is to Mephistopheles 'the very horror of blank Nought-at-all.' To Faustus

that solitude, and the removal of all that interrupts by preoccupation the freedom of the mind, is the world in which the creative principles of the Artist are, if anywhere, found.

In this, thy Nothing, I hope to find All.

The language of the whole dialogue is not unlike that in the commencement of the chapter in the 'Critic der Reinen Vernunft,' on the division of objects into phenomena and noumena, and is still more like that of Steffens in his account of Spinoza, of which we transcribe a few sentences in our Notes.

Goethe makes Mephistopheles use the language of Mythology; but it is nothing more than the language. The body of thought which he would represent in this dialect is, the poet says, his own. Unknown goddesses were worshipped in Sicily under the name of 'Mothers:' like the Furies, when spoken of, they were styled Eumenides, or the Benevolent; but the mention of them was avoided, and inspired men and demons with a peculiar horror. Under the name of these goddesses, and the horror they inspired, Goethe amused himself by adumbrating the æsthetic philosophy of his country and its cloud-compelling teachers.

In the temple of the Mothers the phantoms

floating round them in confused chaotic masses are those originating in perception. Perception furnishes the Matter, and, when they come to partake of Form, in the Mind itself is the plastic and formative power. And this is the Tripod—this it is which gives form—gives form to anything subjected to it. Possessed of this, the magician makes the floating vapours into gods. If Goethe had, as I more than suspect, the thought of laughing at the Transcendentalists, by stating their theories in a jargon formed of the dialects of alchemists, and mythologists, and hierophants, the joke was one that told, as there is not a school of philosophy in Germany that does not claim to be represented in it. The KANTIAN CATEGORIES,

Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn,

are supposed to have sate for the MOTHERS themselves ; and the Hegelian TRILOGIE, in defiance of chronology, is held by Hegel's disciples to be symbolised or allegorised in the TRIPOD.

We must leave this region, just saying that the key, like that in Bluebeard, is itself a Spirit. It knows the way, but is not quite to be depended on. It may play tricks, and we fear does. Any light which we have on this dark passage arises from the clash of contradictions—the truth flashing upon us from the collision not of absolute falsehoods, but of language expressing more than one

body of thought. Crowding phantoms are not, it would seem, inconsistent with the entire solitude of the region. The adventure is, or seems to be, successful; the tripod is stolen; the phantoms appear. Faustus is overpowered by the beauty of Helen, and, in a fit of jealousy with Paris, in some way violates the conditions by which Helen is rendered visible. She disappears, and he is removed in a state of paralysis. Is Helen, in whom Beauty is impersonated, somewhat more of a reality than Paris, who is said to represent Liberty—Liberty as exhibited by Mephistopheles, now a German nobleman and courtier, and at the bidding of a German Emperor? Does it aid the suggested interpretation of the allegorical key that this unwelcome phantom, then dispersed, does not reappear?

Mephistopheles takes Faustus to his old college chamber—and scenes of modern University life in Germany are brought before us—Mephistopheles saying that their philosophy is as old as himself, and as original as sin. We come to something, if not more new, scarcely more fantastic. The Wagner of the poem has, by length of life, acquired something of reputation—he is now an alchemist, and busy with an original speculation. He would make a man by crystallisation. He is seen bending over the fire in

anxiety for the moment of projection, the stars are favourable, when Mephistopheles enters his laboratory ; and soon after we see a little man making his appearance in a phial of glass. Whether he owes to Wagner more than the glass with which he is encased, and how far Mephistopheles is connected with his appearance, is not quite revealed, nor is it easy to reconcile even what is revealed as to this with the way in which we find our little friend occupied. The works of Paracelsus had supplied Goethe with the name, and had even given a receipt for the instruction of such students as Wagner for the fabrication of Homunculi—a receipt, however, different from that which Wagner uses, and which seems in principle pretty much the same as that in the Georgics for the supply of bees. The men produced after Paracelsus's receipt are quite different from those of human birth. It would appear that these Homunculi are occasionally met with in the ordinary duties of life. Their skill and their intelligence, and their felicity in discovering the secrets of Nature, are such, that it almost approaches the knowledge, says Paracelsus, which is ascribed to Elementary Spirits. The little men are successful—sometimes even great poets, adroit actors, consummate critics. Their influence over men is more than commensurate with that

which they would seem entitled to, and this is ascribed to something in their original constitution defying all calculation, and to which the name of daimonic has been given.' Among poets Moore, among orators Sheil would, perhaps, be thus classed; or, if we look to the creations of imaginative writers for examples which, perhaps, it is scarce fair to take from real life, Scott's 'Black Dwarf,' Goethe's 'Mignon,' and the 'Small Wise Man,' in 'Oulita the Serf,' are likely to occur to us. Goethe's Homunculus is at the same time something more and something less than man :—

A lively spark, has every mental quality,
But, luckless fellow, 't was his strange fatality,
Without a shred of body, blood, or bone,
Into the world to be at random thrown.*

As to the proper Homunculi of Paracelsus, 'from Art,' says Paracelsus, 'from Art, not from Nature, have they received their life. Through Art they receive body, bone, flesh, birth. Art, then, is with them incorporate and inborn.' The word 'Art' is not without ambiguity, which Paracelsus's reasoning does not altogether remove, for the Art of which he is speaking is Alchemy, and 'this,' he says in another part of his writings, 'is but a deeper view of Nature.' Though alchemists sup-

* *Infra*, p. 212.

plied part of Goethe's language in this passage, yet his Homunculus is a creation of his own, and, if I understand it rightly, a daring one. Plato says that the Deity has placed in the human soul images or original conceptions of things as they exist in the Soul of the World, of which man's soul is a part, but these images are darkened when imprisoned in the body. The existence of Souls apart from Body, their pre-existence to any bodily investiture, their transmigrations through various bodies, and their final reunion with the Soul of the World, from which they had emanated, are doctrines expressed in several of his dialogues. Leibnitz, in accordance with this view, speaks of 'Monads,' of which the most perfect are the germs of Men, the less perfect those of the inferior animals and of plants, and still lower in the series are those of unorganised bodies. The souls which in time become those of men, appear first in other organisations. All this, fanciful as it is, had its birth in very early Philosophy—passed into Theology and Theosophy, and with Goethe seems to struggle for a sort of poetical existence.

His Homunculus is even more naked than Paracelsus's little man ; he is like the English conveyancer's Scintilla Juris, ready to exist if it can but find the opportunity. We must, for want of another word, call the little thing a soul—as

yet without a body, but wishing for one ; as yet undarkened by the walls of that prison in which, if it ever becomes clothed with the framework of Man, it will see nothing as it in truth is, but everything under some false aspect or other. Homunculus appears, and his commission is, as far as Faustus is concerned, to free him from the limitation in which he is placed.

Should he wake here, he dies upon the spot.
Woodlake and swans and solitary stream,
And river-nymphs that from the water gleam,
And Hope and Love are his entrancing dream.
How could he to this den be reconciled ?
Even I, that am as cheerful as a child,
And suit myself to all things, scarce can bear
This dungeon. Off with him !*

Our manikin counsellor, it would seem, knows what he is about. Whatever powers of perception he has brought with him from the region he inhabited before being introduced to our acquaintance, have been already exercised in some relation to Faustus. Perhaps he comes from the mysterious land which Faustus visited in search of the phantoms exhibited before the Emperor. He adverts to Faustus's visit to the Mothers. He sees Faustus's dreams, and he is able to draw inferences, as though from some old experience that almost attains to the clearness of prophetic

* *Infra*, p. 133.

vision—nay, so clearly does he describe what he sees, that some of Goethe's commentators tell us he is the Dream which he describes,—and say that we are to look for Homunculus's essence in the mind of the sleeping hero of the story. He is, say they, Faustus's Desire for the Beautiful. With the commencement of that desire he originates : and with its attainment,—but in this they are wise beyond the letter—he disappears.

In the Homunculus, what Goethe wished to exhibit was, the pure *entelechia*—the understanding, the spirit as it enters upon life, previous to any experience, for the spirit of man, such was his belief, comes into life already furnished with high gifts. 'We have by no means acquired all by learning, we have brought much with us ;' in his own case, he said, the world had been known to him prior to any experience. He then pointed to his granddaughter Alma, and thought her intelligence and immediate apprehension of whatever was presented to her mind, a proof of the truth of this view. 'Yes !' added Eckermann, when telling this to Riemer, 'Goethe himself has a kind of respect for Homunculus.' The 'kind of respect' does not prevent him from amusing himself at Homunculus's expense. It is like Johnson playing with Goldsmith. And Goldsmith as contrasted with Johnson's other associate, the 'born Northern,' has now and then

passed before us, when we think of Homunculus and Mephistopheles. Goethe seems to play with Homunculus as with a pet child. Riemer speaks of Homunculus as of a person grown old in University life, and entering into the world with all the simplicity and all the shrewdness of one so brought up. In the interpretation of these masks, we think Goethe's commentators err, in seeking under each some one character—making them as definite as though the poet had called them by the names of Hope, Fraud, Superstition, Hypocrisy, &c., instead of thinking of them with the human element superadded in the very fact of their being personified. We should think of them, not as though read of in an essay, but as seen acting on the stage; for in this way did they come before the poet's mind—in this way did he seek, as far as dramatic words could do it, to bring before his reader's eye every picture of this wonderful work.

Let the reader for a moment imagine himself a spectator, and, as far as he can, bring before his eye the incidents of the story. Picture the mid-⁴summer night scene with which it opens—the sunrise—the music—the court-scenes—the masque with its Nymphs, and Pans, and Satyrs—its Flower-girls, Fates, and Furies; then the varied scenery of temple and theatre—the moonlit Pharsalian

fields, with the strange groups assembled there—University halls and chambers—Gothic castle and court-yard—Greeks, Germans, brought out in strongest contrast to the eye. Imagine the calm, almost statuesque, movement, the measured statuesque recitation—the phrase is not too strong to express that which was a part of the charm that elevated and subdued the audience when I saw Miss Faucit realise the Antigone of Sophocles, and with which Mrs. Kean gave life to Talfourd's 'Ion.' Think of them, and not of the dead words of the stage direction, and you have the poet's thought. In the Helena and the Euphorion think of Meyerbeer's music * — illustrating, or rather expressing, the poet's conception—and you approach to his thought. Bring before you—but I anticipate an after-part of the poem—the Venice which the old man has created from the sea. Build up before your eye the cells of the poet's Montserrat, and see the shapings in which he would express man's inner spiritual nature. Seek not to lower conceptions which would reach beyond the limits of man's unaided understanding, but remember what the poet never forgot — that man has faculties higher than the understanding—and that to measure imagination by such a standard is in fact to deny its existence as a distinct faculty. Every-

* Eckermann, Feb. 12, 1829.

thing in this poem was thought of by the poet as brought before the eye or ear, while everything thus shown is not alone picture but symbol. The interest of the picture often exists for those who do not see the symbol. That Goethe expected this second part of 'Faust' to be brought out on the stage is told us by Eckermann, who even gives the poet's plans for the representation of scenes that would seem to defy the theatrical artist. Eckermann's book is in many ways interesting, in none more than in its account of the second part of 'Faust,' as it grew under the poet's hand. Fortunately for the English reader, it has been well translated by Mr. Oxenford.

It is astonishing to think by how few, almost apparently accidental, touches this whole character of Homunculus is created. I know nothing like it except the almost kindred art of Retsch, in his earlier sketches from 'Faust,' who by mere outline has given absolute body to the poet's conceptions.

Homunculus, it would appear, has been in a more cheerful climate than that in which he now is. I had almost said, in a sunnier land, but I am not quite sure whether he ever moves at all in actual sunlight. The climate of which he speaks is one of those—

Where, they say,
The night is more beloved than day.

And he purposes to take Faustus to the Valley of the Peneios, which he describes perhaps not quite accurately, but in the tone of one who ought to know it well. Well as he thinks he knows Place, Time is an element which he can be scarcely said to breathe, and his descriptions of the struggles going on in that land in Faustus's day are very like those which, at the time this part of the poem was written, were distracting Greece. Whatever interest of this kind the country might present, could be nothing to that which attached to it in another point of view. The Night of Faustus's trance is that of the classical Walpurgis fête—a night on which the battle-field of Pharsalia is each year visited, not alone by the warriors who took part in the battle, and who seem to wish to re-enact it, but by 'the legion of Hellenic Story,' and 'the Fabulous Shapings of the days of old,' to whom a more real existence is ascribed than the poet concedes to the actors in the historic scenes that have to all appearance disposed of the fortunes of the World. A truer world than of the senses is that which Man's Imagination builds up for itself. In it can be no deception. Cæsar and Pompey vanish. Illusion fades off, and leaves room for the realities of—Imagination.

Homunculus, who knows a thing or two, seems to know Mephistopheles pretty well; and though

he thinks there cannot be much of attraction for Mephistopheles in the proposed expedition, yet there is something;—he will find Thessalian witches there. This decides the old witch-master, and he wraps up Faustus and himself in the old mantle, and they travel through the air in the old style.

We are now in Greece, or rather Faustus and Mephistopheles are floating above it, guided by Homunculus, who shines before them with a steadier light than the marsh-fire of the First Part. As they are about to descend, they see Erichtho, one of the Thessalian witches of whom Homunculus had spoken. Erichtho is known to the readers of Lucan as a witch, who, with powers of raising the dead to life, has re-animated a corpse, to show to the son of Pompey the issue of the approaching battle of Pharsalia. Goethe imagines her each year, on the eve of the battle-day, revisiting the field, and bringing before her mind the unforgotten incidents of that old time. She sees—

What seem to be gray tents,
Spread wave-like far and wide, phantomy reappearance
Of that all-anxious night,—dread night of deepest
sorrow.*

There are several tales of battle-fields, both

* *Infra*, p. 137.

in classical and mediæval story, where the dead warriors are supposed, on the anniversary night of some great battle, to renew the fight. The battle of Marathon was thus fought again for centuries :—

A world of wonders hither might be thrown
 Of sprights and spectres, as that frequent noise,
 Oft heard upon the plain of Marathon,
 Of neighing horses, and of martial boys.
 The Greek the Persian nightly there destroys
 In hot assault, embroiled in a long war :
 Four hundred years did last these dreadful toys,
 As doth by Attic records plain appear :
 The seeds of hate by death so little slaked are ! *

Something like the renewal of the old battle seems to have been expected by Erichtho. She is, if this were her thought, disappointed. The moon rises and the tents disappear. The night is, however, a magic one, and the reflection of the blood shed of old on those fields seems to be breathed up again from the ground ; and, as the blood of slain victims allured the phantoms that Ulysses saw when he visited the underworld, the strange gleam now attracts the old beings of Grecian fable. We are in the land of Fable, the element of Faustus's life, as Homunculus says ; and here, so Homunculus divines, he must recover.

In this land of Fable each visitor is pretty sure,

Henry More, 'Song of the Soul.'

of finding what he seeks. What are the purposes of our travellers? FAUSTUS has pursued his imagined Helen beyond the land of Dream, into this land of Fable; and beyond the land of Fable—if we are to confine this name to the region in which the classical Walpurgis festival is held—will he pursue the phantom. HOMUNCULUS, the hero of the night, would seem to have his own purposes. He is eager to enter upon life. Like Faustus himself, he would strive beyond the limits within which he is confined—he would break the glass which isolates him. Is he not, in his degree, a little Faustus, too? At present we know him but as a spirit—an elementary spirit—

Who has not earned a name, . . .
Belongs to the elements.*

And belonging to the elements, for him there is no repose. We are told from the first that his distinguishing attribute is action: he would move actively and effectively. If we are to connect him with Faustus, is he not more than the desire which seeks a union with Helen? Is he not the impulse which will animate him when he passes into active life from the land of Dream and of Fable? However, the poet represents him now as distinct from Faustus, and our narrative must

* *Infra*, p. 310.

not deviate from the letter of the text; while we yet do not allow ourselves to forget that the poet is exercising a magic of his own in a region,

Where fancies vague are gifted with strange life,
Surprise the ear by voices of their own,
And shine distinct, and fair, and shadowless,
Self-radiant on a self-illumined stage,
Pure Forms, whose Being is the magic light
In which they move, all Beauty! How it hangs
Enamoured round them! In what tender folds
The thin veil, flowing with the sportive breeze
Of dallying thought, returns and fondly stirs
The amber ringlets o'er each little brow,
Fans softly the blue veins, and lingering lies,
Trembling and happy, on the kindred cheek!

The purposes of *MEPHISTOPHELES* are not distinctly communicated, and they have the appearance of arising accidentally. The Classical *Walpurgis Night* will, perhaps, be rendered more easily intelligible by saying something of the locality of each scene. A sentence in *Lucan*, which describes the *Peneios* as discoloured by the blood shed in the battle, perhaps led *Goethe* to place the *Pharsalian fields* on the banks of the *Peneios*. The part of the poem called the Classical *Walpurgis Night* is divided into four parts as far as place is concerned. The first, the *Pharsalian fields*. The second, the *Lower Peneios*. Of the third, the stage-direction is 'the *Upper Peneios*, as before.'

And the fourth part exhibits to us the Ægean Sea and its shores. In the first our travellers find themselves in company with Sphinxes, Griffins, Arimaspians, &c., in which are supposed to be represented the old Mythologies, from which the Grecian was derived. The Sphinxes are Egypt, the Griffins Persia. Faustus and Mephistopheles are differently affected by these ancient figures. Faustus sees the Power and the Beauty which they symbolise and predict. Mephistopheles's sense of propriety is shocked and scandalised by the Nude. A chorus of Sirens is heard from the trees, and seek to win to themselves the attentions of the travellers. We soon lose sight of Faustus. He has gone to the Lower Peneios, has there met Cheiron, and is by him led to the temple of Manto, from which there is a secret passage to Hades, whither he descends, like Orpheus of old, to try to obtain Helena from Proserpine.

When he has parted company with Mephistopheles, the latter too has his love-fits, and we have a sort of half-angry, half-amorous dialogue between him and one of the Sphinxes. Game more attractive catches his eye, and he leaves the Sphinxes for a group of Lamixæ, and finally we have him in a den where monsters not unlike the Gorgons dwell—the three daughters of Phorcys, Goddesses, the old sinner says, uglier than the

Deadly Sins. He persuades them that if the world knew of them, there would be everywhere statues of the three black Graces; Junos and Pallases would be nothing to them. Kings—was Goethe thinking of kings of Bavaria?—would inaugurate—is not that the word?—the statues. This is irresistible. In the depths of their nature Mephistopheles's oratory has found the woman's heart. They are tempted by the hope of being exhibited in sculpture or painting, but are unwilling to stir from their den. This presents no serious difficulty. There are few things which such an agent as Mephistopheles would not undertake, and he proposes to compress their triple being into two, and consign to him for a season the outward seeming of the third—more indeed than the outward seeming—the actual real self. All this is the easiest possible thing—in Mythology. This he, if any one, is the professor to prove, and the attorney to carry out in practice. He thus obtains the semblance or living mask of a Phorceyad, in which character he appears in the 'Helena'—a hideous old woman—not the less Mephistopheles, thus uniting and reconciling the Classical and the Romantic.

Before this, however, has occurred, the Pharsalian plain, or that part of the plain where the

Sphinxes and Griffins are, is disturbed by symptoms of coming earthquake, and a giant, pushing a mountain up before him, makes his appearance. Goethe calls him Seismos, and tells you that he is the same Titan who had fixed the wandering island Delos, and who had effected other Vulcanic wonders. The Sphinxes will not stir; the Griffins, alive to their own interest, think they can make something of it; the Sirens, of whom we must say a word presently, determine to fly the place as unlucky. Wherever there are unusual appearances, you will find physicists endeavouring to explain them, and adding to the difficulties. The spectral mountain and its accompaniments bring up Thales and Anaxagoras, each in his own way philosophising about it, and Homunculus joins them in the hope of learning something that may be of use to him for his own purposes. The conversation between Thales and Anaxagoras is on the questions agitated by the geologists of Goethe's own day. Thales is the Wernerian Neptunist, Anaxagoras the Vulcanist. In an after part of the drama, the Vulcanists are again introduced, and the defence of their system given to Mephistopheles. The conversation occurs from the strange incident of the hill rising above the surface of the earth. Anaxagoras refers it to igneous matter forcing its way through the crust of the

earth, and he refers to such incidents the present appearance of the globe. Thales regards the phenomenon as an isolated accident. The hill has scarcely arisen when it becomes crowded with trees and shrubs, and in this Goethe is supposed to have intended to state that each part of the earth has its own peculiar vegetation. Its own peculiar inhabitants Seismos, the hill—called after the Titan to whom it owes its existence—has; and a strange set they are—all little fellows, Thumb-lings, Fingerlings, Pygmies; there is marrying and giving in marriage; there is industry and prosperity: and Anaxagoras thinks it would not be a bad speculation for our little friend, the manikin adventurer, to become king there—‘Homunculus of the Mountain.’ Homunculus wisely declines; the society is not long without its wars; we are in some Outopia or land of No-where, nor does Time exist here, and we scarcely have seen the hill arise before we find the population with all the vices of an old people. We have ambition, we have aristocratic and landed gentry, we have battles for plumes and feathers, and something of a popular insurrection is got up or threatened, of which—is not this like Ireland?—the Emmets are among the leaders. The Dactyls—the Idæan Dactyls were in the old books of Mythology described as workers in iron—complain that they

have to prepare the iron and to forge the chains with which the Pygmies hold them enslaved. The language seems that of a modern people inveighing against what they regard as oppression :—

None now to rescue, all resistance vain,
We knead the iron, and *they* forge the chain.
We are and must be slaves—oppressors *they*,
 And helpless *we*, but hope a better day,
 And, till its dawn, repine, but must obey.*

A war against natural enemies unites these hill-folk, and the battles of the Pygmies and Cranes exhibit the contests of Vulcanists and Neptunists. The fall of a stone from the Moon ends the battle. We lose sight of Anaxagoras, and Thales and Homunculus make their way to the *Ægean*.

Before we pursue the travels of Homunculus, we have to tell something more of the wonders of this miraculous night. On it the anniversary FESTIVAL OF OCEAN is held. Old traditions have told that Venus rose from the sea. These traditions are preserved, and an interest, with which our human affections can more easily sympathise, is given them by her sceptre and throne having been transferred to the sea-nymph GALATEA, daughter of Nereus and Doris. We had the Sirens, in the first scenes of the Classical Walpurgis Night, on the plains of Pharsalia. They then appear on

* *Infra*, p. 74.

the banks of the Peneios, and announce the earthquake which accompanies the ascent of Seismos. They counsel all to leave a dangerous neighbourhood, and summon whomsoever they can make hear them to the Ocean festival. Among others who obey the summons are the Nereides and Tritons. Goethe distinguishes between the Nereides and the Dorides. The Nereides in his poem represent a lower state of civilisation than the Dorides, the 'Graces' of the Sea. On the festival night the Nereides appear, decked in barbaric splendour, with crowns, and chains, and bracelets, the spoils of shipwrecked mariners. In the pictures at Pompeii, the Nereides are so decorated. On this night they are disposed to show themselves something more than sea-shapes, more than fishes—nay, the cruel delight with which they still in their songs dwell upon what they have gained by wrecks, seems not to prevent them from assisting the celebration of the night by bringing to the festival gods with whom till then our classical Sirens, at least, have had little or no acquaintance. They go to Samothrace for the Cabiri, gods of whom little is known, but of that little the Nereides mention, with what looks like sympathy, that when a vessel is wrecked they save the crew. The idols are not, to the eye, of a very imposing kind, for

Homunculus takes them for old crocks, but any idolatry is an advance :—

Fancy is the power
That first unsensualises the dark mind,
Giving it new delights, and bids it swell
With new activity.*

And the Sirens see, with delighted amazement, the Nereides, on their return :

What far-off gleam moves o'er the enchanted seas,
As tho' white sails flowed hither with the breeze,
Lustrous with light? Oh, what a change! are these
The same wild women of the wave? these, the
Nereidés? †

Of the Cabiri themselves it is not improbable that some of Goethe's readers may think there is too much. A work of Schelling's on the 'Gods of Samothrace,' in which he thought he had traced the details of an early system of religion, which, had spread extensively in the conterminous districts of Asia and Europe, led to this scene in the 'Walpurgis Night.' Schelling had described an ascending row of imaginary existences worshipped as gods, some of them, if not all, identical with man's wants. They were negations. The first was Ceres, identical in his system, not with food, but with Hunger and Thirst; then came Proserpine, something, perhaps, more positive, but I do not feel quite sûre of this, for she represented 'Sensible

* Coleridge.

† *Infra*, p. 206.

'Being.' The third was Dionysus, ruler of the world of Spirit; and the fourth was Cadmillus, 'Nature and Spirit,' modifying each the other.* A controversy arose between Schelling and Voss, and pamphlets were written on the subject, and read by a few scholars in Germany, but they have not made their way to England. Three of these gods would have assisted at the festival, but for a slight difficulty—

They waited

—'T would take some little time—to be created.†

During this expedition of the Nereides, Homunculus has not been idle. He and Thales visit Nereus to ask his advice how Homunculus is to enter upon life. From Nereus they learn little; but are referred to Proteus, who goes through his old transformations, and then tells Homunculus of those which the germinal principle of life goes through from the lowest animalcular forms to the highest it can attain. All is enjoyment till it reaches its ultimate stage, that of Man; after that all is troubled and clouded, for man is always striving beyond the limits of his physical nature. To the sea-gods, as to Mephistopheles, this is not suggestive of man's having in himself a germ of good beyond mere nature. Whether Homunculus ends in assuming what would appear humanity

* Rötcher.

† *Infra*, p. 208.

—the life in which the Helena and Euphorion of Goethe simulate human beings—is not so revealed by the poet as to be beyond dispute.

Homunculus and Thales move along the shore to a point, described by a more recent traveller*—

where the land

Ends in a narrow tongue of sparkling strand,†

which has the advantage of commanding a good view of all that the Ocean festival has to exhibit, and which is a convenient place for Proteus to carry out his purposes with respect to Homunculus—

On my back I carry thee,
To the Ocean marry thee.‡

We are still in the midst of mystery. The religions of old time appear at the festival. We are in a magic circle, in which we cannot always distinguish between gods and their worshippers. To have passed from the god to the man, where the god was an old crock, or something like it, was an ascent. To have sculptured the god into something of human shape, was a gain—at least in a world where Beauty was the object of worship;

* There is one point with a double view of the sea on each side, which is most transcendent.—*Lord Carlisle's 'Turkish and Greek Waters,'* 155.

† *Infra*, p. 213.

‡ *Infra*, p. 216.

and the Telchines of Rhodes now appear, bearing the trident of Neptune, entrusted to them for the night. Rhodes, or the nymph from whom the island takes its name, is called by Pindar the daughter of Aphrodite, and the bride of the Sun. The lines in 'Faust' which describe Rhodes are almost a translation from Pindar, and the scholiast on Pindar:—

If a wreath of thin vapour the blue heaven obscure,
A beam and a breeze, and the island is pure.*

The legend in Pindar which gives the island to Apollo is happily told by Lord Carlisle:—

When at creation's radiant dawn uncurled,
Rolled the grey vapours from a new-made world,
Each bright immortal chose a home below,
Which most his presence and his name should know.'

Phœbus was absent and was forgotten in the distribution. However, he saw the island where it yet slept under the waves,

A brighter, greener bower than all the rest.

'Rise, lovely island, from the crystal flood,
Rise, clothed with harvest, vintage, lawn and wood;
* * * * *
Spread thy young bosom to my golden ray!
On thee through all the year shall breathe and gleam
My brightest zephyr and my sunniest beam.' †

* Infra, p. 215.

† Lord Carlisle's 'Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters,' p. 145.

The Telchines of Rhodes, be they priests, or magicians, or gods—for the mythologists claim them in all these characters—exultingly proclaim that in Rhodes the first statues of the gods were made, or rather the first statues of the gods in human shape, and that everywhere through the island were statues of Apollo in every aspect which a representation of the stories of the god required.

Here a hundred bright forms of himself meet his sight,
Now giant, now stripling, all mildness, all might,
Here, in this glorious land, Sculpture began,
Gods and the godlike to image in man.*

The Telchines are regarded by mythologists as expressing whatever interrupted, retarded, or assisted early civilisation. They are represented sometimes as beneficent, sometimes as evil-disposed, capricious, jealous, addicted to magic. Makers and consecrators of the first idols, they conveyed to them the equivocal power which renders them alternately objects of adoration and of execration. They have power not alone over external nature, but over the hearts of men and gods.†

The next object that attracts our travellers,

* *Infra*, p. 215.

† Welker: *Prometheus Trilogie*. Gigniaut's note to volume v. of his translation of Creuzer.

whom Nereus has now joined, is a miraculous flight of doves from Paphos, preceding or accompanying the shell-chariot of Galatea. The doves Goethe had found on the coins and medals of Cyprus; and the stories of their accompanying the car of Venus, when it was brought out on her festivals, are given by Athenæus. All that belonged to the festivals of Venus is regarded as having been rightfully transmitted to Galatea. The car itself is now seen brought by the Pselli and Marsi along the moonlit sea. The Sirens describe the procession, and they dwell on the difference between the Nereides and Dorides, to the latter of whom Goethe ascribes human beauty and human feelings—

Gently move, with measured speed,
Round the chariot, ring in ring :
Then flow on, a twofold line,
Side by side, and intertwine
In your windings serpentine.

NEREIDÉS, come ye !
Wild women of the sea,
Built in robustest mould,
Free, vigorous, and bold,
With joyous gambolling.
Tumultuous jubilee
Of Nature's savage glee !

Come, gentle DORIDES !
Of forms more delicate,
Whom joy doth not elate,

To Galatea bring,
 In every sister face,
 Features, in which we trace
 The Mother of the race—

A more than earthly, more than heavenly grace.
 The god-like earnestness of mien, flower of immortal
 birth—
 The winningness, the smile serene, of daughters of the
 earth.*

The Dorides are described as instrumental in
 saving from shipwreck mariners with whom they
 fall in love, and for whom they solicit from Nereus
 the gift of immortality in vain. The restlessness
 of the waves is a type of the futility of hoping
 that love or life can, as the gift of mere nature,
 be in the individual an abiding thing :—

As to Immortality—
 Zeus has the gift of it—not I—
 The waves, you rock on, still must move :
 Their restlessness knows nothing of
 This fancy of abiding love.
 Forget it; and with gentle hand
 Lay the youths tenderly on land.†

GALATEA at last appears. The appearance is
 but for a moment, 'yet,' says Nereus looking on
 her,

yet the sight,
 A moment's lustre as it speeds away,
 Will make the whole year bright.‡

* *Infra*, pp. 220-221.

† *Infra*, p. 222.

‡ *Infra*, p. 223.

Thales becomes actually inspired by the sight of all these wonders, and ascribes all to the influence of the sea; to which he refers the origination, the development, and the preservation of life. But what of HOMUNCULUS? Homunculus has been spirited away by Proteus. How he separates from him we are not told; but in their last conversation, we have reason to think Homunculus prepared for the experiment of seeking life in the Ocean—

HOMUNCULUS.

In the calm moisture all on which my light
Casts its strong beam is exquisitely fair.

PROTEUS.

Life's moisture 't is that makes the lamplet bright,
And 't will chime proudly in Life's ambient air! *

This is followed by an incident which Nereus describes—

Round Galatea's feet Flames pant and play—
Now in strong blaze, now languishing away—
As if the throbbings were the throbbings of
The wildly agitated pulse of Love.†

The Sirens who have introduced us to the Ocean festival, and who have, as a chorus, been present throughout, now tell us of what seems to be Homunculus's last appearance, in a tone of exultation:—

* *Infra*, p. 225.

† *Ibid.*

What fiery wonder spreading o'er the sea
 Clothes it with such surpassing brilliancy?
 Billows on billows dash with lightning flash.
 Bodies, that through the ocean move to-night,
 Move ringed with fire, and in a path of light.
 Everywhere fire! Hail, Eros! hail! with Thee
 The world began: oh! still its ruler be.*

Are we to suppose that Homunculus is 'Cupid or Atom?' † Are we to think, with many of Goethe's commentators, that Homunculus has, like the Marsh-light of the Walpurgis Night of the First Part, been created by the poet for a particular purpose—that of leading Faustus to the scene of the Classical Walpurgis Night—that he ceases to be when that object is accomplished, and that he perishes when his glass is dashed to pieces? It ill becomes me to dogmatise, but this view seems inconsistent with all the intimations as to his growth—as to the transformations which he must pass through before assuming the shape and condition of man, and to the allusions as to the ultimate form, male or female, in which he may put on life when he attains to humanity. In Galatea some of his commentators see Helen, in Euphorion they discern Homunculus. In anything said or written by Goethe, there is no authority for either statement. That Homunculus

* *Infra*, p. 226.

† See Bacon's 'Sapientia Veterum.'

reappears I incline to believe. The glass, in which he is ensheathed, is, by the arrangement between him and his fellow-travellers, to ring when the time comes for their reunion, and it rings when he commences his

sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

We have Goethe's authority that the *Helena* and the *Classical Walpurgis Night* are to be read as one,* and we find Mephistopheles reappear in the *Helena* as Phorcycas, and Faustus as a German prince. Does the monad, or germ of life—the impatient appetency—after passing through more metamorphoses than Darwin or his grandfather ever dreamed of, appear, not as Euphorion, which has been repeatedly suggested, but as Helen herself? The 'idea' which Faustus sought in the realm of the Mothers—the 'eidolon' which Faustus now seeks in the underworld—must be vitalised; and is the fiery particle, which we have till now known as Homunculus, the living principle by which the magic is effected?

How Faustus has obtained *Helena* from *Proserpine* is, unfortunately, a secret. That the poet had intended representing Faustus as soliciting her from *Proserpine*, there can be no doubt, as he

* Correspondence with Zelter.

mentioned to Eckermann his plan for such a scene. He perhaps abandoned the plan, and thought he had accomplished his purpose in a different way, as he sometimes spoke of the second part of 'Faust' as completed. However, a letter to W. von Humboldt, written a little before his death (Dec. 1, 1831), speaks of gaps yet to be filled up; and he, perhaps, thought he might supply what was deficient when he had the whole before him in print, as he would, had he lived a few months longer. I scarcely think, however, Faustus's visit to Proserpine, and his seeking Helena from her, consistent with the supposition that Helena and Galatea are one. But of these mysteries let me speak doubtfully. 'Eleusis servat quod ostendat revisentibus.'

We come to the third act of the drama, that on which the whole may be said to revolve; that which is by Goethe described as having occupied him, in one way or other, for almost the whole of his life. In the year 1780, he was already engaged at Helena as a part of 'Faust,' and in his day-book we find an entry of his reading it to some of the Court circle at Weimar in March of that year. In 1797, and again in 1800, it is mentioned in his correspondence with Schiller. Towards the close of his life, he describes the phantom of Helena as having floated before his imagination for more than fifty

years. He speaks of it at times as though the phantom lady had always presented to him the same appearance—at times as if she had undergone many a change. This part of 'Faust' was often taken up, often laid aside. An almost superstitious feeling made him avoid speaking on the subject, as though in the fear that the phantom would, as is said of spirits, vanish utterly if he ventured to tell of her visitings. In 1827, he appears to have seriously devoted himself to this part of the poem, wishing to shape into a consistent whole the fragments which he had worked out from time to time. He speaks of the 'Helena' rather as a drama in itself than as an act in 'Faust,' though Faustus's union with Helen, effected through the instrumentality of Mephistopheles, being part of the old puppet play and of the legendary story of Faustus, made him regard it as an indispensable part of his subject.

The 'Helena' was the first portion printed of the second part of 'Faust;' and it was given rather as an interlude, a something to be imagined as dream, as fantastic representation, than as a substantive part of Faustus's actual life. It was called, on its first publication, a 'Classico-Romantic Phantasmagoria.' It is often described as though it and the Classical Walpurgis Night were to be regarded as enacted in dream. Dreams they are not—for

the activity of the Will is ever present in Faustus, in Mephistopheles, in Homunculus. In Goethe's correspondence with Schiller, the opening scenes of the 'Helena' are mentioned. He felt that he had succeeded in the production of something in the spirit of the Greek dramatists, and for a moment thought of continuing the poem in that spirit, and of giving up the plan of closing it as an opera. At that time he must have thought of disconnecting it from 'Faust' altogether. Schiller urged him to continue it as originally designed, and not to fear uniting in it the 'Classical' and 'Barbaric' elements. Schiller's death occurred in 1805, and Goethe, though the phantom of Helena never ceased to play before his imagination, does not seem to have resumed it as a subject of poetical composition for many a long year after. Men do not know what they are, and how dependent they are on the appreciation of others for the kind of exertion in which they shall be engaged. Many of Goethe's ballads grew out of Schiller's sympathy, and it is not improbable that of 'Faust' nothing but the first Titanic fragments would have existed but for the way in which they were received by Schiller. In a letter of June 1797, in reply to some suggestions of Schiller's, with reference to the continuation of 'Faust,' he says, 'It gives one spirits to work when he sees

his thoughts and purposes indicated [*bezeichnet*] from without ; and your participation is, in more than one sense, productive. You have created for me a new youth, and once more restored me to poetry, which I had almost given up.' In one of his letters, of a somewhat earlier date, speaking of his intercourse with Schiller, he says, 'It was a new spring to me, in which all seeds shot up and gaily blossomed in my nature.' I feel no doubt that had Coleridge's 'Remorse' been fairly appreciated when it was first offered to the stage, we should have had, instead of his comments on Shakespeare, the works of a great dramatic poet, in many of the highest qualities of mind rivalling the greatest of all poets. Goethe, writing to W. von Humboldt, says that he publishes the 'Helena' 'without thinking of any public, or even of a single reader ;' and in his conversations with Eckermann, he expresses extreme impatience at Eckermann's suggestion of the possible popularity of some parts of 'Faust,' of which they had been speaking ; and yet, when the 'Helena' appeared and was received in France, Russia, and England with admiration by some of the best writers of those countries, and when it became the subject of careful comment in the works which undertake to give accounts of current literature, the poet not only manifested exceeding delight, but immediately

proceeded to seize such moments of health and leisure as were yet afforded him towards the close of life to continue the work. Of these accounts, that of Carlyle seems to have given him most pleasure ; and to it, even more than to Eckermann's daily pressing the subject on him, and assisting him in many ways, we are disposed to attribute the completion of the work.

A controversy, on which we must not enter, had arisen in Germany, on the subject of what was called the Classical and the Romantic. From Germany it passed into France, and, extending beyond the range of Literature and Art into Religion, it soon became mixed up with Politics. The names have, we believe, died out, or no longer have the meanings which they were first used to express, as is the way in all controversies ; but there must have been something real at the root of this dispute, as it is perpetually recurring in one form or another. Goethe, in more than one place, tells us that the Classical and the Romantic, in their highest forms, are one—that whatever is best is classical ; and that at the close of the fifteenth century Europe was saved, by the re-introduction of Classical Literature, from a Barbarism everywhere spreading. He would not himself give to that Barbarism the name of Romantic, for he intimates that a valuable literature was growing up, expressive of modes of

thinking not familiar to the ancients, and clothed in forms different from theirs. Yet he seems to say, that for the intrusive barbarism the name of Romantic was claimed. We may for a moment assume that his 'Helena' represents Grecian Culture ; but whatever she may represent in our poet's allegory, we are now concerned not with the ultimate thought that may be there embodied, but with the way in which Helena is brought before the eyes of the spectators. By whatever magic she is won into life, the poet calls on us to admit ' that the real Helena may step forth, on antique tragedy-cothurnus, before her primitive abode in Sparta.'

The ' Helena ' opens by the appearance of Helena before the palace of Menelaus. The palace is hers—hers by descent from her father Tyn-darus. She is represented as having just returned after many years of absence—the ten years which the siege of Troy occupied, and those afterwards passed in long wanderings. She returns with feelings of serious apprehension as to her fate—for it would appear that she resumes life under the circumstances at which her actual life had closed—and among the various accounts of her death, Goethe adopts that which we find in the Troades of Euripides, who makes her sacrificed by Menelaus, on his return to Sparta.

Goethe plays with his subject, and this cloud of allegory hovers about capriciously. In another part of the poem Goethe has made use of another legend about Helena, which Euripides also supplied, altogether inconsistent with this. When she now appears, she tells us that suspicious words, and yet more suspicious silence of Menelaus during the voyage, have given her cause of fear. She was ordered by him on their landing to make arrangements for a sacrifice, but the victim is not named. The *Eumenides* of Æschylus opens with a fine scene, which has been happily translated by Mr. Blackie, in which the priestess of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, having entered the temple, returns in fear and horror, having seen the Furies as they lay asleep in the temple. They are not women, but Gorgons—Gorgons more hideous than painting could venture to exhibit Gorgons—and we find Goethe in this scene, suggested by that of Æschylus, which it more than rivals, representing his Helena entering the palace and returning overcome with horror. The reader must remember that Mephistopheles possessed himself of the mask—or the ‘person,’ in a yet stronger sense than that of mask—of one of the Phorcyads, and Mephistopheles it is whom she sees in this strange guise.

Helena now endeavours to describe the hideous spectre she has seen to the Chorus—her female

attendants, Trojan captives*—who, as far as the poem is allegorical, seem to represent the Barbaric element in one of its phases, but the Barbaric element subjected to, and modified, by Grecian culture. ‘I speak,’ she says—

I speak but to the winds. Words, all in vain,
 Seek to build up and to embody shapes.
 But see her!—and she ventures to the light! †

Phorcyas now appears, and a serious contest arises between her and the Chorus. A magnificent ode of the Chorus, some stanzas of which are more striking than the choral odes of Æschylus, describing the fall of Troy, is followed by a strange altercation—too close an imitation of the Greek forms for my taste—in which Mephistopheles, Phorcyas, and the members of the Chorus, each in single lines of verse, pour out torrents of abuse, the point of which is not always very intelligible, but in which each party would seem to know more than is good of the other. Phorcyas seems rather to have the best of it. She makes allusions to the group, as though they properly belonged to Hades, and utters something like a threat that they shall be sent back to it. Helena interposes. In these disputes she has felt a deeper interest than the dis-

* *Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris.*—Virgil, *Æn.* 2.

† *Infra*, p. 237.

putants, for the conversation brings back to her the past in dreadful distinctness.

Was I all that? Am I it? Am I yet
To be it? Dreadful dream! Dream is it?—dream!
Am I then—I—the fearful fatal form,
The horror, that hath desolated cities?*

A conversation with Phorcycas brings painfully forward every incident of her life from seven years of age—nay, the incidents of her life are not enough, but her tormentor adverts to her very dreams:—

PHORCYAS.

They say from the void realm of shades, Achilles,
Burning in deathless love, did make thee his—
He who erewhile had loved—but Fate denied.

HELENA.

An idol with an idol I was wedded :
A shadowy phantom he, a gleamy apparition.
It was a dream—only a dream—and so the very words
say.

If faint—I fall away from life—am fading into phantom.†
The allusion to her union in some island of the
Happy with Achilles, by whom the tradition af-
firms her to have had a son, Euphorion, is perhaps
intended to prepare us for her union with Faustus,
and for the appearance of the modern Euphorion,
whom we soon after meet. Helena faints, and the
Chorus recommence their attack on Phorcycas,

* *Infra*, p. 245.

† *Infra*, p. 248.

which is interrupted by Helena's recovery. Phorcycas now addresses her in the language of compliment, and affirms that though she herself is not what would be called beautiful, yet she is no bad critic on the subject of beauty ; she knows what it is—that she does !—

Me they rail against as hideous, yet I know what beauty is.*

Helena does not appear to value the compliment at more than its worth. She is anxious to proceed with the sacrifice ordered by Menelaus, till told that she herself is to be the victim. Dwarf figures appear at the call of Phorcycas to make all the necessary arrangements. Helena's terror is increased by Phorcycas exclaiming that she hears the trumpet announce the approach of Menelaus. At this moment Helena is told of a way in which she may be saved. In the mountains behind Sparta a body of German warriors have taken possession of the country, and established themselves there for some years ; with them she may place herself and be secure. The suggestion is acted upon. A mist rises, the Chorus describe the objects around them as gradually concealed ; they do not seem to move, but when the mist has cleared away, the scene has changed to the courtyard of a Gothic castle.

* *Infra*, p. 249.

The castle is Faustus's, and he appears to receive her in the guise of a German prince.

We said that Helena had an ancestral right to Sparta; this is acknowledged by Faustus, who does homage to her in feudal form: she invites him to ascend the throne with her, and her devotion to him is expressed by the strong act of her giving up her whole Being to him—for, even without reference to allegory, it is no less—in the adoption of his forms of thought and language. This is skilfully and pleasingly exhibited. She had been addressed on her arrival at the castle by Faustus's warden in the courteous love-rhymes of the German Minnesingers—where, as she says,

One tone fits another :

If a word strikes the ear, another comes
To fondle and to make love to the first.*

She asks Faustus is this an art easily acquired, and is told that it is the natural and almost unconscious expression of sympathy, echoing the thoughts and feelings and very intonations of voice of another. Dialogue calls it forth. He dwells upon its effect on the heart and feelings, especially when accompanied by music. They practise the art together, and she soon becomes quite a proficient. The Chorus, who seem not to think much of the poetical part of the perform-

* *Infra*, p. 277.

ance, interpret the acted scene plausibly enough into voluptuous indulgence of a passion which they understand but too well, and describe Faustus and Helena as if they were actual human lovers, and not allegories from Elysian fields and Cimmerian forests. Meanwhile who comes but Menelaus?—who announces him but Phorcyas? always, Faustus says, an instrument of evil! In ‘Menelaus’ Goethe’s interpreters see the piracy, exercised in the Greek waters, interrupting the settlement of the Greco-German empire. Whatever be the precise danger, it is repelled by Faustus, who divides the country among his warriors on the principles of what is called the feudal system.

Dukes—I greet you with the title
By command of Sparta’s Queen—
Lay at Hér feet vale and mountain.
Yours the empire you thus win.*

Faustus and his warriors have thus created the German empire. Love, however, is not forgotten in the business of war and politics, or, if for a moment forgotten, Love makes himself felt.

Still close to Sparta winds the enchanted ground
Of blissful Arcady.†

And we now are in Arcadia, among its bowers and caverned rocks. The Chorus are seen scattered about asleep—Phorcyas awakes them—she

* *Infra*, p. 282.

† *Infra*, p. 287.

suspects that their dreams are engaged with the subjects which occupy her wakeful attention; and she tells them of the loves of Faustus and Helena, of which it would seem she has been the confidential manager, and of a lovely boy who makes his appearance among the bowers. He is Euphorion, the son of Faustus and Helena; and Phorceyas in describing his beauty, and the power of his music, rises into a poetry beyond what would seem to be her nature. Her description leads the Chorus to give from the Homeric hymn the legend of Hermes, which is or ought to be familiar to English readers in Shelley's translation.

The sound of a harp is heard—all are affected—Phorceyas, who is not without a taste for music, and who is 'nothing if not critical,' tells the Chorus to throw away their old stories of gods and goddesses.

Critics

Of a higher school of art
Say that from the heart must flow forth
All that works upon the heart.*

Helena, Faustus, and Euphorion now appear—the parents delighted to witness his boyish gambols. We meet him dancing with the Chorus, with one of whom he seems to have got into some love scrape. She defies him and disappears, flaring up and lost in air. In Euphorion, as representing

* *Infra*, p. 295.

modern poetry, Goethe thought of Lord Byron ; and in the incident we have just mentioned, one of Goethe's commentators sees Byron murdering a mistress, and another reads the real tragedy of his quarrel with his wife, reduced to opera dimensions. The Lady's fate closes the first act of what may be called the opera of Euphorion, for 'Euphorion' is almost a drama in itself.

The music ceases at the end of this act. The next exhibits Euphorion as longing for war, and exercising his gift of poetry. The third act takes him to actual scenes of battle, and ends with his death. A dirge is sung by the Chorus—almost undisguisedly a lament for Lord Byron. The Chorus, to none of whom, except Panthalis, the leader, could anything of individual character be ascribed, become elementary spirits, and we have them describing their future life as Dryads, as Echoes, as Naiads, and as Mænads.

The old Faust-story makes Helen and Euphorion vanish together. A passage of Euripides makes *his* Phantom-Helena pass away into the clouds. This did not answer Goethe's purpose, who had to restore his heroine to the under-world; but it gives him some help. His Helena disappears : her clothes become clouds, and on them Faustus is carried away.

In the Fourth Act the geological discussion is

resumed, Faustus and Mephistopheles being now the speakers. Faustus, weary of court-life, seeks a field of exertion. He would create a Venice from the sea, and he calls on Mephistopheles to assist him. They win a battle for the emperor by magic, and Faustus is given the strand as a feoff. We for a while lose sight of Faustus, while the poet exhibits the Emperor and the Kurfürsts arranging the Golden Bull, and settling the tenure of land in Germany. The settlement is given as accurately as in that valuable English book, which Maginn irreverently calls the 'Comic History of the Middle Ages.' Faustus, who has done most, gets but little, and that little is burthened with tithes and church-rates. Those who had done nothing get all that the Emperor has to give.

The Fifth Act is one which does not require much to be said in the way of argument. We have Faustus earnest in new plans of activity. We have a scene of violence and outrage—in which Faustus's agents outgo their master's commands. His last days are haunted by fantastic spectres, but his activity continues till death. I must not comment on his last words, or the contest of Mephistopheles with the Angels; still less on the scene which follows.

One word more and I have done. In the story of Faustus the Germans see not alone the struggles

of humanity in its weakness and in its strength—which is weakness—but the hero of the poem is also to them in a double sense the poet Goethe and the German people. The very circumstances of the poet's life are read by his biographers and commentators in his great poem. In several of the accounts of the first part this is exhibited in detail, and in Gervinus's 'History of German Poetry,' the incidents of the poet's life give the clue by which he would lead us through the mysterious scenes of the Mothers and the Classical Walpurgis Night of the Second Part. The poet's desire, for himself and for his country, for a higher culture than Germany could supply,* and the disappointment of this hope is, Gervinus tells us, exhibited in the apparition of the phantom Faustus has evoked, and in his paralysis when it has vanished. In the poet's visit to Italy, sedulously concealed from all his friends, we have Faustus's midnight flight to the land of ancient Fable; and in the return, from the Hades of the Past, of the phantom that had possessed Faustus's whole being, and lived for a moment in poetry and its creations, Gervinus sees Goethe's 'Helena,' Goethe's 'Euphorion.'

* 'On my beloved books I never once bestowed a thought. The people among whom I lived had not the slightest tinge of literature or science. They were German courtiers: a class of men at that time destitute of mental culture.'—*Wilhelm Meister*, vol. ii. p. 268. *Carlyle*.

In Faustus's earlier struggles, the effort was to reconcile the claims of the intellectual and moral being with those of Man's animal and sensual nature; and this is said to have been also the struggle of the German people, when, at the close of the fifteenth century, it sought to throw off the theoretical asceticism of the Middle Ages. The view that in Faustus the German people is in this respect among others represented, we find in a hundred places. A sentence of Heine's 'L'Allemagne' may be enough to quote as showing this: 'Le peuple allemand est lui-même ce savant docteur Faust. Il est ce spiritualiste qui reconnaît par l'esprit l'insuffisance de l'esprit qui prétend à ces puissances matérielles, et qui revendique les droits de la chair.' While I state this view, I forbear dwelling on it, and I may as well say here that in this preface, and in the notes that accompany the work, I wish to be understood rather as communicating to my readers materials for forming opinions for themselves than definitely expressing any of my own: as where my author is silent, and where his silence seems to be intentional, it does not become me, in the character of translator, to express any absolute opinion, even had I—which I often have not—formed one. The application and interpretation of passages more or less allegorical are for the reader, and like those of

Spenser or the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' differ more or less with every reader. To give fixed meaning to the shifting cloud of allegory is to forget what Allegory, at least Allegory in Goethe's hands, is — It breaks—it wanders [into waves—it changes and it changes.*

I shall only say, that while each of the views I have stated—and I might have stated many more from Goethe's commentators—is distinct, and so separable that one does not necessarily suggest the other, yet neither does it exclude it, I cannot go the length of Mr. De Vere, who, in his 'Letters from Greece,' tells us that 'all that can take place, intellectually or morally, on the globe, is but an expression of the struggles that may take place in a single bosom. The history of a man is the history of a race. The history of a race is the history of the world.' That the Faustus of the poem may represent the man Goethe and the German people in their moral and intellectual strife, is the more easily conceivable when we remember that the Germans can scarcely be said to have had a literature till the days of Goethe; that what was called the storm-and-stress period of that literature was also the storm-and-stress period of the individual man, and that in this matter of literature the nation and the man Goethe were, it may be said,

* *Infra*, p. 316.

one. I am not disposed to run the parallel between Goethe and his hero as far as the German critics do, nor in reading a work of art be thrown back in this way on the realities of the poet's actual outward life, of which they would call it an idealisation; but I can feel no doubt that of this great poet's inner life this work is throughout the truest manifestation.

Through many parts of the poem we have to guide us the assistance of Goethe's letters and of conversations published by his friends, but even these sources of information must be cautiously used. In documents of which there is no reason to doubt the authenticity, the precise meaning is not always clear, and between such documents there is sometimes discrepancy, or seeming discrepancy; we see fragments of letters, or sentences accidentally remembered without knowing the circumstances under which they were uttered. Goethe, while engaged with any work of poetry, was unwilling to speak of what most deeply occupied his thoughts. The spirits whom he wished to evoke he feared would refuse to appear if a second person was present, and when it was impossible to conceal from his secretaries and those about his person the studies in which he was engaged, he still sought to mystify them as to the details. What we learn through Eckermann and

Riemer of the allegories of Faust, was betrayed to them by Goethe rather than distinctly communicated. In his correspondence with Schiller, with Zelter, with the Humboldts—his communications to each on the second part of 'Faust' during its progress were essentially different, and from each we may learn something that the others did not know. Thus also with the conversations recorded by Falk and others.

This introduction has run to a greater length than I had at all foreseen, and I have but time to say, that the translation is as faithful to the original as I had skill to make it. It has grown up under my hands from day to day and from year to year silently, with no thought of publication. If asked, Why then translate it? I can only reply, that this intellectual exertion, such as it is, is in the enjoyment it affords its own great reward.

A member of my family became interested in the subject, and felt it desirable to arrange such passages as could be found among papers, disregarded and almost forgotten by me.

This accident led me to complete the poem. One advantage has arisen from this, that in a poem of which the parts are curiously interwoven, I had at all times every part of the poem before my mind. I have written in verse, not alone because in writing for myself it was the form which gave me most pleasure, but because I feel that I am able

to approach in this way expressing my author's precise meaning more perfectly—it may not be so with others, but with me it is so—than in prose.

I have read a good deal against verse translation, much of which I am disposed to regard as a skilful pleading for translation in another form,—a form important for its own purposes, and which does not require the aid of such advocacy. It is said that the poet's thought, and the form in which it clothes itself being one, both arising at the same moment, the effort to exhibit that form under circumstances where the thought and the language do not originate at the same moment, must always be a failure. The proposition on which this view rests, and which alone gives it plausibility, is altogether untrue, or true only of improvisation in its lowest forms. Goethe's 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso' were first written in prose, and afterwards assumed their present shape. The same thing has been said—I know not on what authority—of Schiller's 'Wallenstein.' Goethe himself translated into metre poems from every language of Europe with which he was acquainted—from none more than from English. It gratifies and amuses me to be able to say that the writer* who had most anxiously pleaded against verse translation has translated several

* Mr. Lewes, 'Life of Goethe.'

poems of Goethe into metre with a fidelity which I must assume he felt to be unattainable in prose.

But the point is one I feel it idle to discuss. In the whole range of our poets, from Chaucer to Coleridge, I do not remember one who has not occupied himself with translation in metrical forms except Thomson—and even in Thomson whole pages are almost formal translations from the Latin poets—and Goldsmith, the few lines from *Laaberins*, which we find in his ‘*Essays*,’ scarcely giving us the right to speak of him as a translator.

Several years ago a translation of the second part of ‘*Faust*,’ by Mr. Bernays, appeared in successive numbers of the ‘*Monthly Magazine*,’ under the able editorship of Mr. Heraud, and soon after in a separate volume. Mr. Bernays, with whose translation I have been long familiar, though in many parts of the work he used prose, felt that verse was the far truer form, probably finding that he could not, without a violation of the proprieties of usage, give adequate expression in prose to the vivid language which a translator of Goethe is compelled, by a sense of fidelity to the original, to adopt. In the same way Monsieur Blaze, who has translated the poem into French prose, every now and then deviates into metrical forms. Since

this volume was sent to the press, Mr. Martin, whose translations of Horace and Catullus have been so much admired, has kindly presented me with a volume printed for private circulation, which contains large extracts from 'Faust,' some of which had previously appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine.' It is a gratifying thing to find this accomplished writer thus resisting the prose heresy, which had indeed been fully refuted by my friend, the translator of Calderon; to whom I have to acknowledge a special debt of kindness—a version of Schlegel's Arion, printed in the notes to this drama.

In Allegorical representations the dress of the characters is no inconsiderable part of the Allegory. The dress of the mask, to which the name of Poetry is given in the First Act, is that of the Apollo Musagetes; and this is the costume of Schlegel's minstrel in the Arion. Wishing to give this from Schlegel, I asked Mr. Mac-Carthy whether the poem had been translated, and in reply he sent me, what I feel to be a great ornament to my book—a translation by himself of the poem.

FAUSTUS.

ACT I.

A PLEASING LANDSCAPE.

FAUSTUS, *lying on a flowery grass-plot, weary, restless, striving to sleep.* TWILIGHT—*Spirits flit, hovering about—beautiful little forms.*

ARIEL.

(*SONG, accompanied by Æolian harps.*)

IN the spring, soft showers of blossoms
Sink down over all the earth;
And the green fields—a wide blessing—
Smile for all of mortal birth.
And the generous little Fairies
Haste to help whom help they may.
Is he good? or is he evil?
What know they? or what care they?
He is man—he is unhappy;
And they help whom help they may.

(Addresses the FAIRIES.)

Ye, round this head who sweep in airy rings,
 Here, generous, gentle spirits, noble Elves,
 In your true nature manifest yourselves.
 Make soft the heart—assuage its savage strife ;
 Chase back remorse—repel his burning stings ;
 Cleanse from the thoughts foul bygone wreck of life.
 Four are the pauses of the lingering night—
 To speed and charm them be it your delight.
 First in cool pillows let his head sink deep ;
 Then bathe him in the dew of Lethe's stream,
 Soon, his cramped limbs relaxing them, sweet sleep
 Comes strengthening him to meet the morning's
 beam.

Then, brightest proof of fairy might,
 And, kindest boon of fairy wight,
 Give him back to holy light !

CHORUS of FAIRIES, *at first singly ; then two, and
 more, alternately and together.*

When the twilight mists of evening
 Darken the encircling green,
 Breezes come with balmy fragrance—
 Clouds sink down with dusky screen ;
 And the heart—sweet whispers soothe it
 Rocked to infant-like repose ;
 And the eyes of the o'er-wearied
 Feel the gates of daylight close.

Night hath now sunk down—and rising
 Star comes close on holy star ;
 Sovereign splendours—tiny twinklers—
 Sparkle near and shine from far :
 Sparkle from the glassy waters—
 Shine high up in the clear night ;
 While, of peace the seal and symbol,
 Reigns the full moon's queenly light.

On have flown the hours—and sorrows
 Vanish ; nor can joy abide.
 Feel through sleep the sense of healing !
 In the purpling dawn confide !
 Green vales brightening—hills out-swelling ;
 Flowering copses—budding tree—
 In the young corn's silver wavelets
 Bends the harvest soon to be.

Wake to Hope, and Hope's fulfilment ;
 In the sunrise see the day !
 Thin the filmy bands that fold thee :
 Fling the husk of sleep away !
 Dare—determine—act. The many
 Waver. Be not thou as these.
 All things are the noble spirit's
 Clear to see, and quick to seize.

[*An exceedingly loud noise announces
 sunrise.*]

ARIEL.

Hearken! hark! the storm of sunrise—
 Sounding but to Spirits' ears—
 As the HOURS fling wide the portals
 Of the East, and Day appears.
 How the rock-gates, as the chariot
 Of the sun bursts through, rebound!
 Roll of drum, and wrath of trumpet,
 Crashing, clashing, flashing round;
 Unimaginable splendour—
 Unimaginable sound!
 Light is come; and in the tumult,
 Sight is deadened.—Hearing drowned.

In the bells of flowerets hide,
 Or beneath the green leaves glide;
 Deeper, deeper in the rock,
 Shrink ye from the deafening shock!

[FAIRIES *disappear*.

FAUSTUS (*alone*).

Life's pulses reawakening leap anew,
 The gentle twilight of the dawn to greet;
 And thou, oh Earth!—for nature still is true—
 Didst, this night, of the common boon partake;
 And, breathing in fresh vigour at my feet,
 Already, with thy charms of new delight,

Dost in my heart the earnest wish awake
To strive towards Being's unascended height.
Half seen, half hid, in twilight gleams the world ;
The dawning woodlandrings with ceaseless sound,—
Life's thousand voices : rapture infinite ;
And, to and fro the valley, mist-wreaths curled
Gush in loose streaks ;—yet downward pierces deep
Heaven's brightness. From the vaporous gulf profound

Start boughs and branches, disenthralled from
sleep ;

And sparks of colour leap up from the ground
In trembling flower and leaflet dew-impearled.

A paradise is everywhere around.

Look up ! O' th' mountains, how each giant height
Reveals the unrisen sun with solemn glow :
They are the first to enjoy the eternal light
That later will to us its way have found.

Now, on the green-sunk Alpine meadows low
The dawn-streaks a distincter radiance shed ;
And, downward speeding still in gradual flow,
The wide illumination here is spread.

Forth comes the sun—insufferably bright.
I shrink with wounded eyes—I cower as from a
blow !

Thus, too, it is, when yearning Hope hath striven
Trustfully toward the Highest, and at last

Finds open flung Fulfilment's portal wings ;
 But then o'er-powering burst—we stand aghast—
 Flames rushing from those deep eternal springs :
 Life's torch we would have lit with light from
 heaven,

A fire-sea whirls about us—and what fire !
 Is't Love ? is't Hate ? that glowing round us clings—
 With pain and joy, and passion and desire—
 So that again we would our eyes depress
 To earth ; again would hide us in the veil
 Of childhood—unforeseeing, passionless.

Behind me, then, let burn the sun's fierce blaze!

Where roars the Cataract thro' the rent rock
 I gaze—delight increasing as I gaze ;
 From fall to fall, in thousand thousand streams,
 He leaps—down plunges he with thunder-shock—
 Whirls, rushes, raves—mad foam on foam uptost ;
 But, see! where springs—glad bud of this wild
 storm—

A tranquil presence thro' the storm that gleams,
 The heaven-illumined Rainbow's glorious form ;
 Distinctly now limned out, and now it seems
 To flow away, in airy atoms lost,
 Spreading around a cool and fragrant shower.
 Man's strivings, are they not the torrent's strife ?
 Think, and yet more you feel the emblem's power :
 The colour, the reflected light, is LIFE.

IMPERIAL PALACE, THRONE-HALL.

COUNCIL OF STATE. *Trumpets.* COURTIERs of every rank, splendidly dressed, enter. The KAISER ascends the throne, on his right the ASTROLOGER.

KAISER.

TRUSTY and well-beloved, from far and near
Assembled, I am glad to meet you here.
I see the WISE MAN at my side ; but where's
The FOOL ?

JUNKER.

He stumbled as he climbed the stairs ;
He trod too close upon the spreading train
Of the robe, and tripped. They bore him off amain ;
But whether dead or drunk, who knows or cares ?

SECOND JUNKER.

And lo ! preferment comes apace.
Another's pushing for the place ;
Tricked out in so superb a trim,
That every eye is fixed on him.
The palace guards would stop him fain,
And cross their halberds : all in vain.
See where he has got, fool-hardy fool !

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES drest as Court fool ; he kneels at the foot of the throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*That which men execrate, yet welcome to them ;
Long for, and yet would from their presence chase it ;
Protect, and yet they say it will undo them ;
Declaim against, deride, and still embrace it ?*

*He, whom you may not call to your assistance,
Yet smile when any have to him alluded ;
What from thy throne now stands at no great
distance—*

What from this circle hath itself excluded ?

KAISER (to MEPHISTOPHELES).

Enough ! your riddles here are out of place.
These gentlemen,* in their own, have a hard case
To deal with ; solve it for us if you can.
I should be too well pleased to have the man
Who could do that. My old FOOL 's gone, I fear,
To the ——. Take his place at my side : stand here.

[MEPHISTOPHELES steps up and places
himself at the Kaiser's left.

MURMURS OF THE CROWD.

*A new fool ! . . . I like old things best.
How came he in ? . . . What interest ?
Struck down at once. . . . How he did sip !
That was a tub. . . . And this a chip.*

* The principal officers of state—members of the Council.

KAISER.

Welcome, my well-beloved, from near and far,
 Convened beneath this favourable star.
 Who reads the heavens sees in the horoscope
 Prosperity there written—Welfare, Hope.
 Why, at such time when we would drown all cares
 But of decorum beards and masquing dress—
 When we would feast upon our happiness—
 This COUNCIL about plaguy state affairs?
 Yet if it can't but be so—and you see it
 Fit that it should so be—why then SO BE IT !

[*The COUNCIL being thus formally opened by the KAISER, the CHANCELLOR, who is also Archbishop, makes his Report on the general state of the Empire. His Report is followed by similar statements from the other High Functionaries.*

CHANCELLOR.

JUSTICE, man's highest virtue, loves to shed
 Its saintly halo-wreath round CÆSAR'S head.
 Inviolable Justice—the demand
 Of all, the absence of which all deplore—
 'T is his to minister and to protect.
 But what avails high reach of intellect,
 Goodness of heart, or willingness of hand,
 Where evil hatches evil evermore,
 And a mad fever rages through the land?

Down from this height look on the realm : 't would
seem

That you are struggling in a powerless dream,
Where monstrous things o'er monstrous things bear
sway,

And misrule is the order of the day,
And lawlessness is law—the one law men obey.

One from your homestead sweeps off steed or steer,
Or carries away a woman, or a pix
From the altar—chalice, cross, or candlesticks—
And boasts of his exploits for many a year :
Skin safe and sound—and wherefore should he fear?
Appellants crowd the justice-hall—
The proud judge sits on his high pillows ;
Meanwhile rave on with savage squall
The uproar's swelling billows,
And glorying in his shame stands forth the criminal.
His crime protects him. He comes aided by
Accomplices on whom he can rely.
' GUILTY,' the sure award, when Innocence
Is all a man can plead in his defence.

The world's disjointed all ; decency quite
Extinct. How can the feeling, in man's breast,
That leads him to discern and love the right,
Live as a thought, or be in act expressed ?
Men, whom as meaning well we may describe,
To flattery yield, or to some coarser bribe.

The judge, who cannot punish, will in time
 Connive at, nay, participate in crime.
 These are dark colours, would that I could draw
 A thick gauze o'er such picture ! (*pause.*)

Measures strong
 Must be adopted ; it brooks no delay :
 When every man fears wrong, and lives by wrong,
 The prince dishonoured suffers more than they.

HEERMEISTER.

How they do rave and rage in these wild
 days!

Everyone, everywhere—madness outright.
 Command—aye, say command—when none obeys.
 The burgher, safe within his walls—the knight,
 Perched on his rocky nest, stand there defying
 All we can do—on their own strength relying.
 The hireling, for his pay, makes blustering claim.
 They're with us yet; but were the debt
 Once paid, 't is little that we'd see of them.
 Enforce, where all resist it, a command!
 'T were into a wasp's nest to thrust your hand.
 The kingdom, which they should protect,
 Look at it—devastated, plundered, wrecked !
 We cannot pay them; and we must permit
 Violence, rapine, wrong. All suffer it.
 The Empire! What's the Empire? Half the lands
 Utterly lost to us—in rebel hands.

And foreign princes, not one of them cares
For it or us : 'tis our concern, not theirs.

TREASURER.

Who on Allies can reckon ? The supplies,
That were to have come in from our allies,
—Pipewater, when the conduit pipes are cut !
And, in your realm, is Property secure ?
Go where one will, 't is a new man keeps house ;
One who would seem to have no object but
To hold his own, and with no thanks to us.
We must look on, and helplessly endure !
So many flowers of our prerogative
We have given away, scarce one remains to give ;
And Parties—as they call them—little weight,
Now-a-days, place I on their love or hate.
Parties ? where are they ?—Ghibelline or Guelph ?
Combine ? combine ! where each thinks but of self.
They scrape, they screw, and what they get they
guard—
Our chests left empty, every gold-gate harred.

MARSHAL.

And what distress must I, too, bear ?
Every day striving still to spare ;
My efforts to retrench attended
With this result—that more 's expended.
The cooks, they want for nothing : wild boars, bucks,
Does, hares, and hens and turkeys, geese and ducks.
Duty-rents paid in kind, we still can dine.
But what in the wide world to do for wine ?

'Tis all out, how supply it—there 's the rub.
 'Tis not so long ago since, tub on tub,
 It lay piled in the cellars—tun on tun,
 Of the best vintage-years, and the best run
 Of the best hill-slopes. Now, what with the
 drain

Of the nobles on it, who will never stop
 Their swilling, I'm not left a single drop:
 And the town-council, too, has tapped its store.
 This too the nobles swill, and brawl for more ;
 They snatch at wine-cups—seize no matter what
 Comes first to hand—drain goblet, pan, and pot,
 Till under the broad table, bowl and beast
 Fall mixed with broken relics of the feast.
 I!—I must pay for all, provide for all.
 The Jew ! for me his pity is but small.
 He his anticipation-bond prepares
 Swallowing the years to come : he never spares.
 The pigs—plague take them!—never come to
 brawn.

The very pillow on the bed 's in pawn.
 The loaves upon the table still to pay ;
 To-morrow's bread-stuff eaten yesterday !

KAISER (*after some reflection, to MEPHISTOPHELES*).
 And, FOOL, have you no grievance to propound ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I?—None. Upon this splendour to look round—
 With thee and thine and all this grand array

Around us !—Must not confidence arise ?
 —With such a prince, so ruling such a land ;
 With such a host, that so the foe defies ;
 With such intelligence at your command ;
 With such activity of enterprise—
 Can any powers malevolent unite
 For darkness where these stars are shedding light ?

MURMURS.

*The rascal's quick. . . . Aye, up to trick—
 Liar, romancer. . . . When lies answer :
 Be sure there's something in the wind ; . . .
 Aye, something always lurks behind. . . .
 To me 't would seem a settled scheme.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Search the world round, and is there to be found
 On earth one quiet corner that has not
 A something wanting, which, are we unable
 To come at it, makes life uncomfortable ?
 This man wants that thing, and that man wants this.
 Here, our want is hard cash; and hard cash is,
 When men most want it, cash hard to be got.
 'T is not a thing that from the streets you sweep;
 It lies deep down, but Science lifts the deep.
 In mountain veins—in walls—and underground—
 Much gold in coins, or uncoined, may be found ;
 And, if you ask who brings this gold to light ?—
 The gifted man, ruling the Infinite
 Of Nature, mighty in the Spirit's might.

CHANCELLOR.

Nature and *Spirit!* Words that, in my mind,
 No Christian man should utter ; 't is for this
 That we burn atheists. Speeches of the kind
 Are highly dangerous. *Nature!* aye—that is
 Sin ; *Spirit*—that means Devil ;—and Devil and
 Sin—

A pretty pair they are!—true kith and kin—
 Having a natural fancy for each other,
 Have gendered what the world at once should
 smother—

The mis-shaped miserable monster Doubt—
 Sexless, or double-sexed.

In the wide borders

Of the old Empire, two—and but two orders
 To speak of—have risen up to guard the throne :
 The SPIRITUALTY and the RITTERS ; and they form
 A sure protection against every storm,
 And for their pay make Church and State their
 own.

Plebeian arrogance and self-willed spite
 Lead some mad spirits to contest the right ;
 Dealers with fiends they are, and heretics :
 Country and town infesting and destroying.
 And these this jester, with his fool-born tricks,
 Which you are unsuspectingly enjoying,
 Is now to this high circle smuggling in.

To cling to reprobates itself is sin:
The scorners and court-fool are close akin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There spoke the veriest bigot of book-learning.
What you discern not, sir, there's no discerning :
All, that you touch not, stands at hopeless distance ;
All, that you grasp not, can have no existence ;
All, that eludes your weights, is base and light ;
That, which you count not, is not counted right ;
All measurement is false, but where you mete ;
All coin without your stamp is counterfeit.

KAISER.

These wise saws will not make our suffering less ;
What mean you by this lengthened Lent-address ?
I'm weary of this endless 'if' and 'how ;'
Get me the money — that's what we want now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, all you want, and more ; 't is easy, yet
The Easy's difficult enough to get.
There's plenty of it—plenty—not a doubt of it—
In the heart of the earth, but how to get it out of it?
Think of the old days, when invading bands
Came like a deluge, swamping men and lands ;
How natural it was that many should
Hide their best valuables where they could.

'T was so in times of the old Roman sway :
 So yesterday—and so it is to-day ;—
 And all lies dead and buried in the soil.
 The soil is Cæsar's—his the splendid spoil.

TREASURER.

Not bad for a fool. It stands to reason quite :
 The soil is doubtless the old emperor's right.

CHANCELLOR.

His golden meshes Satan spreads, I fear ;
 And something more than good is busy here.

MARSHAL.

If what we want at court he 'd only give,
 I 'd hazard th' other place in this to live.

HEERMEISTER.

The fool 's the man for us all. The soldier 's dumb :
 He takes his dollars—asks not whence they come.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And if, perhaps, you fancy me a rogue,
 Why not take counsel of the Astrologue ?
 There stands he — Truth itself ; — reads what
 Heaven writes
 Distinctly in the planetary lights—
 Cycle encircling cycle, Hour and House—
 And what he sees in Heaven will say to us.

MURMURS OF THE CROWD.

*Rascals a pair!—they understand—
And play into each other's hand—
Phantast and Fool. Easily known
Why they two so beset the throne.
Aye, the old song—so often sung—
The fool suggests—the wise gives tongue.*

ASTROLOGER *speaks*, MEPHISTOPHELES *prompts*.

The SUN himself is gold without alloy;
Swift MERCURY, still at his sly employ,
For friends that pay speeds messages of joy.
VENUS, with every man of you in love,
Early and late, keeps twinkling from above.
Coy LUNA 's whimsical; and MARS, belike,
With red glare threatens, but delays to strike;
And JUPITER is still the brightest star.
Dim glooms the mass of SATURN from afar:
Small to the eye, and small our estimate
Of him in value, vast as is his weight.
The world is cheered, when, in conjunction shines,
LUNA with SOL—with silver, gold combines.
Anything else one wishes for or seeks—
Park, palace, pretty bosom, rosy cheeks—
Follows of course. This highly-learned man
Makes or procures it—what none else here can.

KAISER.

A second voice upon my ear,
That doubles every sentence, rings—

The matter yet is far from clear,
And nothing like conviction brings.

MURMURS.

*What's that to us? . . . What wretched fuss—
Chemist and quack . . . Old almanack.
I've heard it oft . . . I was too soft;
And should it come—'Tis all a hum.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here stand they, all amazement! staring round
At the high discovery; give no credit to' it.
One has his story of a strange black hound;
One a blind legend of a mandrake root.
Aye, let them laugh, or try to laugh it off;
Say 'tis a juggle—tricks of knaves or witches;
Yet,—all the sooner for their sneer and scoff,—
Odd sudden tinglings come; limbs shake; foot
itches.

One of Nature's never-ending
Secret wonders here you find;
From the lowest rings ascending,
Living traces upward wind.
When and where, all over twitching,
Every limb feels sudden seizure,
Then and there keep digging, ditching:
There's the fiddler—there the treasure!*

* See Note.

MURMURS.

*My foot—I cannot move about ;
 My arm is cramped . . . 'Tis only gout ;
 And my big toe, it pains me so . . .
 From all these signs, my mind divines
 That here the treasure is.*

KAISER.

Come, no delay :
 Escape for you is none. This very day
 Shall bring these froth-lies of yours to the test.
 Show us these chambers where these treasures rest.
 I 'll throw down sword and sceptre of command,
 And labour with my own imperial hand ;
 Work heart and hand at the great enterprise :
 But if all you are uttering be but lies—
 As I do fear—I 'll send you straight to hell.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Broad is the way from this, as I know well.
 (*Aloud*) I have not words enough truly to tell
 Of all the treasure everywhere that lies :
 None claiming it—none knowing of such prize.
 The peasant with his plough who scrapes the sod,
 Sees a gold crock beneath the upturned clod,
 Crusted and clammy—blesses his good luck
 In having on a lump of nitre struck ;
 And, with delight and terror manifold,

Feels in his meagre hand, that scarce can hold
 The treasure, rouleaus of gold—actual gold.
 Down to what clefts—through what drear passages
 Must he who knows of hidden treasure press
 On the verge of the under-world ! What vaults
 to be

Blown up !—what cellars, well secured: the sun
 For ages has not seen them open thrown !
 There golden salvers, goblets, beakers fair—
 All for the sage—and ruby cups are there.
 And, should he wish to use them—plenty of
 Good old wine, too—I warrant you true stuff.
 And you may credit me—I know it well—
 The wood casks all are dust ; and, strange to tell
 The wine makes new ones of its own old crust.
 And such wine—'t is not only gems and gold,
 But the essential spirit of noblest wine
 That night and horrors here imprisoned hold.
Here doth the Sage his search untired pursue.
 Day has no light whereby deep truths to see,
 In Darkness is the home of Mystery.

KAISER.

Darkness and Mystery I leave to thee.
 What's good for any thing will dare the day.
 At night your rascal can sculk out of view—
 When every cow is black and all cats grey.
 Handle the plough, then ; and let us behold
 Your share turn up these pans and pots of gold.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take spade and hoe yourself. Throw off all state :
 The labour of the peasant 't is makes great.
 A herd of golden calves* shall from the soil
 Start up—of earnest will and ardent toil
 Instant reward! Enraptured then you may
 Adorn yourself—adorn your lady gay.
 Jewels in the imperial diadem
 Add splendour to the monarch ; the rich gem
 Makes beauty lovelier in the coloured play
 Of light.

KAISER (*impatiently*).

Quick! quick ! how long, how long, will you delay?

ASTROLOGER (MEPHISTOPHELES *prompting*).

Sire! moderate this fervour of desire.
 Best now the merry masquerade to act,
 And end it. Double purposes distract.
 Then thro' the Above, in self-communion learn,
 The Under to deserve, and so to earn.
 Who seeks for goodness, should himself be good;
 For cheerfulness, should calm his fevered blood.
 Tread hard the ripe grapes, if thy wish be wine ;
 If miracles, increasing faith be thine !

* See Note.

KAISER.

Well, then ! Ash Wednesday will, I trust, uphold
The promises you 're giving me of gold.
I never did so long for Lent.
The Astrologer's advice is, after all,
The best; and so in merriment
Let the interval be spent.
We'll have our ball, whate'er befall,
And a gay time of carnival.

[*Trumpets.—Exeunt.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Audience*).

You never can get fools to understand
How luck and merit still go hand in hand :
Your born fool never yet was Fortune's prize-
man.
The stone of the philosopher,
In such hands, no great treasure were—
The wise man's talisman minus the wise man.

MASQUERADE.

A spacious Hall, with Side-chambers adorned and prepared for a Masquerade.

Characters Introduced. — GARDEN-GIRLS, GARDENER, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, WOODCUTTERS, &c. PULCHINELLOES, PARASITES, DRUNKARD, SATIRICAL POET, THE GRACES, THE FATES, THE FURIES, HOPE, FEAR, PRUDENCE, ZOILO-THERSITES, KNABE LENKER, PLUTUS, STARVELING, WOMEN, FAUNS, SATYRS, GNOMES, GIANTS, NYMPHS, PAN.

Enter HERALD.

HERALD.

FANCY not that our scene is laid,
 Or that to-night our play is played,
 In the drear bounds of German grounds—
 Of dead men's dances, devilry—
 Court fools and Gothic revelry :
 Ours is a cheerful masquerade.

Feel yourselves now in an Italian home ;
 And that the KAISER, on his way to Rome,
 For his advantage, and for your delight,
 Hath crossed the high Alps, and is lord to-day
 Of a new kingdom, beautiful and gay ;
 Having already in himself full might,

Has sued the holy slipper for full right;
 Come for himself a brilliant crown to gain—
 The cap and bells have followed in his train.
 And we are all born as it were again;
 Put on the cap of folly, and are in it
 Such paragons of wisdom for the minute.
 A clever fellow's comfortable plan
 Is, 'draw it cosily o'er head and ears,
 And play the fool as little as you can.'
 A prudent course; the world in a few years
 Is pretty sure of teaching any man.

They come in troops, they form in groups,
 And into knots the masses sever,
 And in and out they move about,
 And out and in again they range.
 For ever changing, yet no change,
 Its hundred thousand fooleries,
 The world's the world? 'T was—'t will be—'t is
 The World—the same one Fool for ever.

*Enter GARDEN-GIRLS, some adorned with artificial
 flowers; some with bouquets in their hands.*

GARDEN-GIRLS.

(*SONG, accompanied by mandolins.*)

We, to-night, to win your favour,
 Trick us out in masquerade;
 Young girls, that our way from Florence
 With the German court have made.

O'er our dusky tresses glisten
 Roses from no common bowers ;
 Threads of silk, and silken laces,
 Shape we into mimic flowers.

Ours is sure a happy service :
 Waking at our touch appear
 Buds that have no fear of winter—
 Flowers that blossom through the year.

Divers-coloured shreds arranging,
 Hue and hue symmetrical ;
 Worthless each, yet, thus united,
 Feel you not the charm of all.

Garden-girls, with neatness dress we,
 Ornaments in part ;
 Woman's love of graceful Nature
 Blends so gracefully with Art.

HERALD (*to the GARDEN-GIRLS*).

Let us see the laden baskets,
 Balanced on your heads that rest ;
 Show the fair flowers—bud and blossom—
 Each select what suits him best.
 Let a garden, as by magic,
 Walks and arbours, meet the eyes :
 Crowds will throng round the fair merchants,
 And the lovely merchandise.

GARDEN-GIRLS.

'T is a pleasant mart. No higgling,
 No dispute for prices here;
 In a few short words expressive,
 What each offers will appear.

OLIVE-BRANCH (*with fruit*).

I no flower its blossoms envy;
 I with none will have dispute;
 Peaceful, and of peace the emblem,
 Marrow of the land my fruit.
 Oh! that, this day, it were mine
 The brightest, fairest brow to twine.

WHEAT-WREATH (*golden*).

Gifts of Ceres form my chaplet,
 Brown with the maturing sun.
 Crown of Life! be still the Useful
 And the Ornamental one.

FANCY CHAPLET.

Flowers of mosses, many-coloured,
 Mimics of the mallow grey—
 Nothing half so bright in nature—
 Are the fashion of the day.

FANCY BOUQUET.

These—their family and tribe—
 No Theophrastus could describe:

Some have little love for these,
But there are whom they will please.
Flowers to beauty dedicated,
Chaplets through the tresses plaited ;
Or delightedly that rest
Near the fond heart, on the soft breast.

CHALLENGE.*

Let your motley fancies blossom
In the fashion of the hour ;
In strange guise be shaped and moulded.
Be they such as Nature never,
In her wildest freaks, unfolded—
Green stalks—bells of golden glimmer
From the flowing tresses shimmer ;
But we——

ROSE-BUDS.*

Love to lurk unseen.
Happy finder ! he for whom
We a sweet surprise have been,
Breathing fresh in dewy bloom.
When the summer comes again—
And the rose-bud kindles then
Into blushes—who of men
But must yield him to the charm?
Can of love his heart disarm?

* See Note.

Lovely flower! and love's own emblem!
 Timid promise—rich revealing!
 Rose! Of all in Flora's kingdom
 Dear to eye, and heart, and feeling!

[*The GARDEN-GIRLS arrange their goods under the green leafy walks. GARDENER enters with GARDEN-BOYS, who arrange themselves as a CHORUS.*

GARDENER.

(*SONG, accompanied by Theorbos.*)

Flowers! my lady's brow entwining;
 Pretty things in show and shining!
 Fruits—in them no false decoying—
 Are the true stuff for enjoying.

Buy them! try them! Plums, pears, cherries.
 Show their brown and honest faces;
 Tongue and palate, better judges
 Than the eye, to try such cases.

Come! my ripe fruit's a true treasure;
 Here to feast is actual pleasure:
 Rose-buds speak to the ideal;
 Bite the fruit—the taste is real.

(*To the GARDEN-GIRLS.*)

Yours the pride of glowing flowers,
 And the wealth of autumn ours;
 For our mutual delight—
 What say you, if we unite?

Into this enchanted garden
Come ye, each his fancy suit;
Bowers are here, and walks and windings;
Bud and leaves, and flowers and fruit.

[*Amid alternate song, accompanied with guitars
and theorbos, both choruses proceed to arrange
their goods so as to set them off to advantage.*

Enter MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

MOTHER.

When first I saw the infant smiles,
Dearest of living creatures,
On thy small face, with hood and lace
I decked those baby features,
And fancied all thy future pride,
The richest winning as his bride
The fairest of all creatures.

Many a day has passed away;
My own dear child—Heaven love it—
And woers came and woers went;
And little good came of it.
'T was all the same with every wile,
The merry dance, the sly soft smile,
Time lost, with little profit.

Was never ball or festival
 But you were in the dances;
 Round games, or forfeits—all in vain;
 Away the luck still glances.
 Spread wide your nets again to-day—
 The fools are out: who knows what may
 Turn up in this day's chances?

[*GIRLS, playfellows young, and beautiful, enter and join in loud confidential chatting. FISHERMEN and BIRDCATCHERS now enter with nets, lines, and limed twigs and other tackle, and join the group of girls. Alternate attempts to win, catch, escape, and hold fast, give opportunity for most agreeable dialogues.*

Enter WOOD-CUTTERS, CHARCOAL-BURNERS, &c., violently and roughly.

WOODCUTTERS.

Room! make room! we want and crave it;
 Want but room—and we must have it.
 Trees we fell—down come they crashing;
 Bear them with us—crushing, smashing.
 What we wish, is to impress on
 All and each the true old lesson—
 If the coarse and clumsy hand
 Kept not working in the land;

If there were not such as we are,
 Could the world have such as ye are ?

Ye are the chosen ;
 Yet do not forget it,
 That ye would be frozen,
 If we had not sweated.

Enter PULCHINELLOES and PARASITES.

PULCHINELLOES (*stupidly, almost like fools*).

Ye are the born fools,
 Toiling and trudging ;
 Nature hath made you
 With bent back, for drudging.
 We are the clever :
 Nothing whatever,
 That you call lumber,
 Our backs to encumber.
 All our pleasure,
 Easy leisure ;
 All our traps,
 Flaps and caps :
 Hose and jackets, and such tight wear—
 No great burthen is such light ware ;
 Slim foot, then, in thin pantoufle,
 Through the court we shift and shuffle.
 We are met in market-places,
 Painted masks upon our faces.

At street corners we stand gaping—
 There, like cocks, keep flapping, clapping
 Wings as 't were ; and, thus set going,
 Take to clattering and crowing—
 Together three or four of us
 Will step aside—like eels we glide—
 And nobody sees more of us,
 Till, by and bye, up starts a brother,
 And we crow out to one another.
 Praise us, blame us—try to shame us—
 What care we ? Ye cannot tame us.

PARASITES

*(flattering and fawning on the WOODCUTTERS,
 CHARCOAL-BURNERS, &c.).*

Porters ! there are no men truer—
 Charcoal-burner ! and wood-hewer !
 After all, there are but few men
 Do the world's work like these true men.
 Where were bowing, suing, smiling ;
 Blowing hot and gold ; beguiling
 Words and watching looks ; and nodding
 Sly assent, but for their plodding ?

Fire from heaven comes unexpected—
 Providentially directed—
 To the kitchen hearth ; but is it
 Better for the sudden visit ?

If no faggots had been placed there,
 Would not fire have gone to waste there?
 And the faggots' blaze would dwindle,
 If there were no coals to kindle ;
 But, with them, comes bubbling, boiling,
 Roasting, toasting, baking, broiling.

And the man of true taste,
 With instincts æsthetic,
 Scents roast meat, smells paste,
 And of fish is prophetic.
 He smiles in the pantry—
 He shines at the table.
 Performer—none warmer,
 More active, more able !

Enter A DRUNKEN MAN (scarce conscious).

DRUNKEN MAN.

Everything is right and merry
 When in wine our cares we bury.
 Cheery hearts, 't is we that bring them !
 Cheery songs, 't is we that sing them !
 Drink, boys, drink ; and still be drinking—
 Clashing glasses, drinking, clinking.
 See, behind, that fellow blinking !
Why decline, boys ? Drink your wine, boys !
Come, and clash your glass with mine, boys !
 (*These lines repeated by CHORUS.*)

If my wife, with rout and racket,
 Scoff at my embroidered jacket—

Call me mummer, masquerader,
 I'll show fight to the invader.
 Spite of her—amid the clinking
 Clashing glasses—I'll keep drinking.
 Of good wine bad wives are jealous :
 Keep the women off, young fellows !
 Maskers, mummers—take your wine, boys !
 Clash your glass, as I clash mine, boys !
Clash your glass ; keep up the fun, boys !
Till the work of life is done, boys ! (Chorus.)

Of our host I'm still the debtor :
 Plan of life I know no better.
 Looks he sulkily, my boast is
 Of my credit with the hostess.
 Does the landlady run rusty,
 Still the maid is true and trusty :
 She's my sure and safe sheet-anchor ;
 And, when all else fail, my banker.
 So I drink, and still keep drinking ;
 With the glasses clashing, clinking.
Clash your glasses, each, my fine boys !
Clear them off, as I clear mine, boys ! (Chorus.)

I'll stay where I am at present ;
 No place else can be more pleasant.
 Let me lie where I am lying ;
 I can not stand, no use in trying.

A new toast! Let all keep drinking!
 Brothers all, their glasses clinking.
 Drink away, like men of mettle;
 Hold to chairs, and cling to settle.
 Sit up each who still is able,
 Or lie snug beneath the table.
Come, my fine boys—drink your wine, boys!
Every drop, as I drink mine, boys! (Chorus.)

[HERALD announces different poets, court and ritter singers, tender and enthusiastic. In the pressure of rival poets, none will let another be heard. One sneaks by, and contrives to say a few words.

SATRIST.

In my character of POET
 How my spirits it would cheer,
 Dared I say or sing a something
 Nobody would wish to hear.

[The Night and Churchyard poets send apologies, as they are engaged in an interesting conversation with a newly-arisen vampire, from which they anticipate the development of a new school of poetry. The HERALD is compelled to admit their excuse, and calls up the GREEK MYTHOLOGY, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charms.

Enter THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

The charm of manners we bid live
In life. With graceful kindness give.

HEGEMONE.

And gracefully be still received
The granted wish—the want relieved.

EUPHROSYNE.

And graceful be the tone subdued,
And homefelt charm of Gratitude.

Enter THE PARCÆ.

ATROPOS.

I, the eldest, am invited
At this festival to spin—
Much for you and me to think of
In this tender life-thread thin.

That the threads be soft and pliant,
Must the flax be sifted fine ;
And, that they flow smooth and even,
Fingers skilled must press the twine.

If, at revels or at dances,
Blood beats high ; oh ! then let wake
Caution. Think how short the measure :
Think that the frail thread may break.

CLOTHO.

BE IT KNOWN, to me the scissors,
In these last days, they confide :
By the late Administration,
None were pleased or edified.

Husky yarns the dull old woman
Left to drawl a weary time ;
Clearest threads, of brilliant promise,
She cut off in youthful prime.

Of impatient inexperience,
That might make me go astray,
Danger now is none. My scissors,
In the sheath remain to-day.

Glad am I that, thus made powerless,
I can smile on all I see ;
That, all apprehension banished,
You may dance and revel free.

LACHESIS.

Happy maintenance of order
To the sagest was decreed:
Mine the wheel that ceases never,
Circling still with equal speed.

Threads flow hither, threads flow thither,
 And their course my fingers guide :
 None must overpass the circle—
 Each must in its place abide.

I—should I a moment slumber—
 Tremble for the fate of men :
 Hours are numbered, years are measured,
 And the weaver's time comes then.

Enter THE FURIES.

HERALD.

Had you an eye as keen as an inquisitor's,
 Or were you ever so deep read in books,
 You'd never guess who these are by their looks,
 But fancy them every-day morning visitors.

These are the FURIES. None would think the
 thing

Credible. Pretty, shapely, friendly, young,
 You scarce can think with what a serpent tongue
 These doves, all harmless as they look, can sting.

They're wicked; and, no doubt of it, are witty.
 Could mask their nature; but, on such gay day—
 When fools do fool—they have no secret: they
 Boast themselves plagues of country and of
 city.

ALECTO.

No help for it; you cannot but believe us,
 For we are pretty, young, fond, flattering kittens.
 Is any here in love? We'll find admittance
 To that man's heart and home: he must receive us.

We'll court and coax him; say to him all that
 would be
 Damning; say how she winked at this or that—
 Is dull—is crook-backed—limps—is lean—is fat;
 Or, if betrothed, no better than she should be.

And we it is can deal with the fiancée;
 Tell her what he said of her weeks ago,
 In confidence, to Madame So-and-so.
 They're reconciled: the scars remain, I fancy.

MEGÆRA.

This is mere child's play. Let them once have
 married,
 I take it up; turn, with pretences flimsy,
 Honey to gall, helped out by spleen or whimsey,
 Or jest, at some rash moment too far carried.

Man, when what once was dearest he possesses,
 Will feign or fancy soon a something dearer;
 Fly charms that pall, seen oftener and seen nearer;
 Fly warm love, seek some chill heart's dead caresses.

I at manœuvre-ing am shrewd and supple.
 I, and friend Asmodæus, who apace
 Sows tares, destroying thus the human race
 One by one,—rather couple, say, by couple.

TISIPHONE.

I than words have darker engines—
 Poison—daggers—for the traitor,
 Mixed and sharpened ! Sooner, later,
 Life—thy life—shall glut my vengeance.

Sweetest hopes that love can offer
 Changed to keen embittered feeling ;
 With such wretch there is no dealing :
 He hath sinned, and he must suffer.

Let none tell me of forgiving,
 To the rocks I cry. ‘ Revenge ’ is
 Their reply. Hark ! he who changes
 Dies—as sure as I am living.

Enter THE GROUP described in the following speech.

HERALD.

Now, may it please you, stand back one and all :
 Make way for another group ! Those whom I see
 Differ in character and in degree—
 Aye, and in kind—from all the maskers here.
 See, pressing hitherward, what would appear
 A mountain : variegated carpets fall
 Adown its flanks, and it moves on in pride—

A head, with large long teeth, and serpentine
 Proboscis wreathed. Their secret they would hide ;
 But it will open to this key of mine.
 A graceful lady, sitting on the neck,
 Wiields a thin wand that mighty bulk to guide,
 And bend all his brute motions to her will.
 Archly smiles she, as tho' at her own skill
 Amused and happy, holding him in check.
 The other stands high up : a glory there
 Encircles that grand form—a light divine,
 Too dazzling for this eye of mine to dare.
 Two noble women—one at either side—
 Are chained ; and one is trembling, as in fear,
 And one moves gracefully with joyous cheer ;
 And one would break the chain she loathes to wear.
 One looks, in bondage, as though she were free :
 Let them, in turn, each tell us who they be.

FEAR.

Mad feast, this ! Drear lamps—dusk tapers—
 Waving with uncertain glimmer.
 Oh ! this chain ! Through smoky vapours,
 Faces strange around me shimmer.

Fools, avaunt ! Peace, idle laughter,
 Grinning—I distrust your grin :
 All my enemies are after
 Me to-night, and hem me in.

I know that mask. As I suspected,
'T is an old friend—now my worst foeman:
He'd stab me; sees himself detected,
And steals away, and speaks to no man.

To the far-off world, oh! could I
Flee away, how glad I were;
But to this I cling with trembling—
Horror here, and Darkness there.

HOPE.

If the masking of the night,
Sisters dear, be a delight;
Yet, be sure to-morrow's coming
Will bring with it joy more bright
Than your gayest masking, mumming.
Oh! for the uncertain haze
Of the torches' glimmering blaze,
That the cheerful day-break glow
Over all its light would throw!
Then, at our own will, would we,
Now in groups, and now alone,
Or with one—some dearest one—
Roam thro' lawn and meadow free;
Rest at leisure, roam at pleasure,
And in life that knows no care,
All things to our will replying,
No repulse, and no denying,

Wander, welcomed everywhere :
 Doubting not there still must be
 To be found some region blest—
 Happy home of all that's best.

PRUDENCE.

Two of men's chief enemies—
 See you how I curb and chain them—
 FEAR and HOPE. Make way for these :
 All is safe while I restrain them.

With the tower above him swaying,
 See! the live Colossus paces,
 Step by step, my will obeying,
 Unfatigued, the steepest places.

From the battlement, far gleaming,
 Quivers fast each snowy pinion,
 As looks round the goddess, deeming
 All she sees her own dominion.

Who can see without admiring?
 Light divine around her is—
 VICTORY her name—Inspiring
 Queen of all activities!

Enter ZOILO-THERSITES.

ZOILO-THERSITES.

Ho! ho! this is the very place for me,
 To set all right, for you're all wrong I see.

What I may think of small game is small matter.
 See! the fair lady, up there; I'll be at her.
 Oh! yes; be sure it is no other than
 The dame Victoria. Well, if I'm a man,
 She, with the two white wings, cocked up there,
 thinks
 Herself an eagle—and that east and west,
 And north and south, and every point between them,
 Are hers,—of her wide empire are but links:
 All things are hers, if she has only seen them;
 Aye, aye, the lust of empire has its charms.
 They praise her; aye, they praise her. I protest
 That to praise anything sets me in arms.
 What's low I would lift up, what's high make low;
 What's crooked I'd make straight; not only so,
 But make straight crooked. I was, from my birth,
 One who saw always all things wrong on earth.
 The round earth! Why should it be round? Aye,
 there
 Matters require reform—I'd have it square.

HERALD.

Aye, ragged rascal! thou shalt not escape
 The good staff's welcome on thy crooked nape.
 Aye, turn and writhe, and wind and wheel away,
 And crawling, lick the dust. Begone! I say.
 Strange how the fellow, with his broken hump,
 Whirls on the floor—the round, rough, loathsome
 lump.

The porcupine—no head, or arms, or leg.
 How the thing puffs!—'t is very like an egg.
 Look there! it swells, it lengthens, bursts asunder;
 And a twin birth behold!—a double wonder!—
 Adder and bat: through dust the one you track,
 And one up to the roof is fitting black.
 They're making their way out to meet again,
 And reunite—oh! save me from the twain.

[ZOILO-THERSITES *disappears as described.*

MURMURS OF THE CROWD.

'Up! up! another dance comes on'—
 'Not I, indeed: would we were gone'
*Felt you how the spectres breathe
 From above and from beneath?
 A thrilling whizzed along the root
 Of my hair.'—'It crawled along my foot.
 But no one's hurt.' 'Well, well—all's right;
 But we have had such a fright.
 All the fun, any way, is ended:
 This was what the brute intended.'*

[The HERALD sees a group approaching, which he describes before they are seen by the general company.

HERALD.

Since first I took upon myself the task
 To play the herald's part, at mime or mask,

I always watched the doors, that nothing might
Find entrance in, that could in any way
Disturb, even for a moment, the delight
That in a theatre, on holiday,
You have in truth a title to expect.
I waver not, I yield not, have no fear ;
I keep the door well watched and guarded here.
But through the window spectres may glide in,
From tricks of magic. Even could I detect
Such tricks, I have no power to keep you free.
I cannot but acknowledge that about
The dwarf was something to create grave doubt ;
But now in pour the spectres, in full stream,
Resistless. Who each figure is, and what
The characters assumed are, it would seem
The herald's fitting duty to explain.
But here to try would be an effort vain :
I cannot tell you, for I know it not.
Here there is mystery beyond my reach.
Here you must help me; here, you, too, must teach.
See you a roll and rustling through the crowd?
A gallant team of four—a splendid car—
Sweeps swiftly hitherward. It glitters far.
It doth not part the crowd, nor doth there seem
Tumult or pressure round that glorious team.
In coloured light on moves it far and fast,
And wandering stars of fire are from it cast,
As from a magic lantern. How it speeds

Hither! and with the roar of a strong blast.
Make way for it!—I shudder, and——

[*The car described by the HERALD now appears on
the stage.*

KNABE LENKER (*Boy Charioteer*).*

Halt, steeds!

Stay your wings! stay! and feel the accustomed
rein;

Restrain yourselves: be still when I restrain;
Rush on when I inspire; respect the ground
On which we are! Look everywhere around!
Circle on circle—how spectators throng.
Up, herald! up! and ere we speed along,
And are far out of sight, be it your aim
To paint and to present us each by name,
As suits your office. Allegories be
The matters that you trade in—such are we.

HERALD.

I do not know your name, but I
Would venture on description.

LENKER.

Try!

* See Note.

HERALD.

First, looking at you, I admit
You have youth—and beauty goes with it.
'Twixt man and boy; the fair beholder
Thinks you 'll look better, too, when older.
You seem to me one, upon whom to gaze
May give them danger in the future days—
A dear deceiver from your very birth.

LENKER.

Prettily said. Go on; make it appear
How far the riddle of this acted mirth
Your skill can solve—your comment let us hear.

HERALD.

The eyes' swart fire—the jewelled band that
presses
With starry glow the midnight of thy tresses—
The graceful, showy, ornamental gown,
That from the shoulders to the sock falls down
In glittering tissue, and the glowing fringe
That streams along the sides with purple tinge—
Your person from a girl's one scarce would know;
But the girls think of it, for weal or woe:
They have already given you, it may be,
Some little lessons in the A B C.

LENKER.

The splendid figure on the chariot throne !
Give us your notion of who it may be.

HERALD.

The King in every look of his is shown ;
And opulent, I guess, and mild is he :
Who win his favour they from care are free—
May rest them at their ease. His active eyes
Spy out their wants, his lavish hand supplies :
The liberal hand is more than house or land.

LENKER.

Your vague description will not help us much.
You may improve your sketch with little trouble :
Add in another and another touch.

HERALD.

Noble he is ! No words can paint the Noble !
A hale moon face, full mouth, and cheeks that glow
Under the diamonded turban's snow ;
A sumptuous robe, that falls with easy flow ;
And in his gestures, and his graceful mien,
The calm of long-accustomed sway is seen.

LENKER.

'Tis PLUTUS! god of wealth. In happy hour
Come on a visit to the Emperor,

In all his pomp and prodigality.
I fancy he 'll be very welcome now.

HERALD.

But of yourself tell us the What and How.

LENKER.

I am PROFUSION—I am POESY.
I am the POET who feels his true power,
And is himself, indeed, but in the hour
When he on the regardless world hath thrown,
With lavish hand, the wealth, peculiarly his own.
And I am rich—am rich immeasurably:
Plutus alone in riches equals me.
Thro' me his banquets charm, his dances live :
That which they could not else have had, I give.

HERALD.

The bragging tone sits gracefully on you ;
But show us something of what you can do.

LENKER.

I do but snap my fingers and around
The car are sparks and lightning-flashes found.
[Snaps his fingers.]

Here goes a string of pearls, and here
Are golden clasps for neck and ear ;

Comblet and crown the next snap brings,
And gems of price in costliest rings;
And flamelets here and there I throw,
In the fond hope that some may glow.

HERALD.

How they crowd, and grasp, and snatch at
Everything that they can catch at !
They 'll crush his life out. Toy and trinket
He flings to them. Only think it—
All snatch at them, gem and jewel,
As in dreams ; but, oh, how cruel !
As I live 't is but a juggle.
After a poor devil's struggle
For a gem—and he has got it—
For a ring—and he has caught it—
When he thinks he has a treasure,
It takes wings at its own pleasure.
Pearl-strings snap, the beads are falling—
Beetles in the hand are crawling.
Flung impatiently away,
Humming round his head they play.
Another clutches for his prize
A very swarm of butterflies,
That flutter off capriciously;
I'd almost say maliciously.
Scamp! to have promised them so much,
And put them off with rubbish such.

LENKER.

The Herald's business is of masks to tell,
 But not to penetrate below the shell
 Into the essence. This is not your right
 Or proper province: it asks sharper sight.
 From all discussions I would keep me free.
 MASTER, to thee I turn, and ask of thee (*turning to
 Plutus*)—

Hast thou not given me full dominion o'er
 The glorious team, the tempest-footed four?
 Do I not, at thy will, their motions sway?
 Am I not where thy impulse points the way?
 Was it not mine to rush on daring wing
 Triumphantly along the Chariot-ring,
 And home to thee the palm of victory bring?
 And, in War's splendid game, the conqueror's meed
 When did I seek for thee, and not succeed?
 The laurel-wreath, that shines thy brows above,
 Was it not I with mind and hand that wove?

PLUTUS.

Gladly—oh! would that all the world could hear it—
 Do I proclaim thee spirit of my spirit;
 To aid my wishes still thy wishes fly;
 Richer thou art—oh! far more rich than I!
 The green bough and thy wreath, I value them
 More—'t will delight thee—than my diadem.
 Thou art—let all men know it—my best treasure:
 Thou art my son, in whom my soul hath pleasure.

LENKER (*to the crowd*).

The choicest gifts I have to give—
 See! I've scattered them around—
 Are the flamelets fugitive,
 That for a little moment shed
 Their fire on this or that one's head ;
 From one to one away they bound ;
 O'er this brow halo-like they sit,
 From that in restless brilliance flit:
 A light loose blaze of flickering gauze
 That dies before we know it was.
 Alas ! how seldom will the light,
 Shed anywhere, rise high or bright ;
 With many a one burned out before
 They know—it fades—falls—is no more.

CLACKING OF WOMEN.

Look at the crouching rascal on
 The carriage roof—a charlatan—
 Hans Merryman—poor Jack ; but very
 Far now looks Merryman from merry.
 Hunger and thirst have bared his jaw-bones ;
 None ever saw such sorry raw bones.
 Pinch him ! there's nothing here to pinch :
 Skin and bone—if he's flesh he'll finch.

STARVELING.*

Off! touch me not, vile women! Ye
Have never a good word for me.
Until my lady was too grand
To house-affairs to give a hand;
Too grand to answer every call,
Work hard, and have an eye to all;
Things went on well. No room for doubt—
All running in and nothing out.
I kept the key of chest and strong box:
But I am always in the wrong-box.
You scoffed such poor economist,
And called me Lady Stingy-fist.
Oh! yes, I always am to blame,
Old screw and skin-flint then my name.
But now the woman has grown daring—
No thought of stinting or of sparing;
No, nor of paying. Think of paying,
With wants increasing—means decaying!
Her good man scarce can walk the streets—
In debt to every one he meets.
And all that she can filch, she flings
Away on dress or junketings.
She drinks more wine—aye, too, and better—
With the young rascals that beset her.

* See Note.

New wants are every day arising—
 Old times are gone. Is it surprising,
 That thirst for gold, no more your peevish vice
 Of pinch-gut parsimonious Avarice,
 Puffs itself out—puts on Man's mask? In me,
 Lo! the new Science of ECONOMY!

RINGLEADER OF THE WOMEN.

With dragons let the old drake grabble;
 Skin-flint with Flint-skin grin and gabble:
 Why with them keep up a struggle?
 Is not all a lie—a juggle?
 The men—were they not bad enough?—
 Are stung to madness by this stuff.

MASS OF WOMEN.

At him! At his dragons made of
 Pasteboard! What are you afraid of?
 Nothing here but lie, cheat, trick:
 Wizard! juggler! heretic!
 Destined shortly to exhibit
 At the stake, or on the gibbet.

HERALD.

Peace! or my staff the coast will clear;
 Yet is my help scarce wanting here.
 See you how, in their wrath, the monsters raise
 Their scales, and each his double wings displays?

Their jaws breathe fire, and the crowd flies apace:
I thank the dragons, they have cleared the place.

[*Plutus steps from the car.*]

HERALD.

See! he descends; and with what kingly grace
He moves—approaching hither. At his beck
The dragons rouse, and from the chariot bear
The chest with all its gold, and the poor wreck
Of man that seems to guard the treasures there.

How accomplished, who can tell?

'T is little less than miracle.

PLUTUS (*to LENKER*).

It was a heavy burden. Thou art free :
Away to thine own sphere. Away with thee!
Thy place—thy true place—is not here, among
A wild, ree-raw, self-willed, tumultuous throng,
Together here in mad confusion hurled.
There, where the clear eye sees in calm the clear;
There, where the good, the beautiful is dear;
Where the pure impulse of the heart alone
Doth guide thee, and thou art indeed thine own.
In solitude : oh! there create thy world.

LENKER.

Dear to myself as envoy true of thine,
I love thee; for thy nature, too, is mine.

Fulness is ever where thou dost remain,
 And where I am men feel it glorious gain ;
 And many a one will all his life debate—
 ‘To thee, to me, shall he be dedicate?’
 Thine may at will lie down and rest. For those
 Who follow me there never is repose.
 Nor sleep my acts in secret and in shade :
 Do I but breathe, my presence is betrayed.
 Farewell ! I seek the joy you give full fain ;
 But whisper low, and I am here again.

[*Exit as he came.*]

PLUTUS.

Now for the imprisoned treasures of the box !
 Just with the herald’s rod I touch the locks.
 ’Tis open ! Look you here : in brazen kettles
 It boils out—golden streams—and now it settles,
 And stiffens into chains, crowns, trinkets, rings.
 And now it bubbles and boils up again :
 Seizing on, melting, swallowing all the things
 It had created.

ALTERNATE CRY OF CROWD.

Look ! look there ! how fast ’tis going :
 Bubbling, boiling, over-flowing.
 Gushing streams of many colours ;
 Golden cups, and minted dollars ;

Ducats, ducats following
See the monster swallowing !
Now of rouleaus flings a heap up,
And I feel my bosom leap up ;
Now the cauldron 's boiling over,
And the ground all round 't will cover.
All of which we have been dreaming—
All for which we have been scheming—
'T is your own—'t is but to snatch it ;
Yours, if only you can catch it.
Snatch it ! catch it ! seize the offer,
While we carry off the coffer !

HERALD.

The fools ! what are they at ? What do you mean ?
Know you not that all this is but a scene
In a masquerade ? You 've spoiled the evening 's play.
Think you that men their money give away,
And money 's worth, so lightly ? Counters would,
To throw about among you, be too good.
Clowns ! they imagine that a show, forsooth,
Should at the same time be the plain coarse truth.
Truth ! why your whole life is a lie. The True—
What meaning, rascals, could it have for you ?
Up ; thou, that mummet thee in Plutus ' part—
Thou that the hero of our revels art—
Sweep the field clear of these scoundrels.

PLUTUS.

Aye, your wand

Will do the work : entrust it to my hand.

The road—I promise you that this will keep it

Clear. See! the wand, into the fire I dip it.

Now, then, for it, maskers—now of yourselves take
care.

How it does crackle !—with what lightning glare

It flashes out ! And now the wand is lit,

And everyone who ventures too near it

Will be singed and scorched.

I say, take care of your skins :

Be warned in time, my circuit now begins.

SCREAM AND CRUSH.

‘ How he does whisk the rod about ! ’

‘ ’T is over with us all, no doubt. ’

‘ Back ! back ! I say. ’ ‘ I ’ll keep my place. ’

‘ The fire-spray flashed into my face. ’

‘ Ha ! but ’t was heavy,—that hot mace. ’

‘ Back, there ! back ! back, Maskers ! vile pack ! ’

‘ Back, stupid rascals ! back, I say ! ’

‘ Aye, had I wings to fly away. ’

PLUTUS.

The circle ’s wider now, and all is right ;

None singed or scorched, tho’ all pushed back in
fright :

Yet, to secure some order, it were well
Round us to draw a cord invisible.

HERALD.

You have done wonders ; forced back to the ranks
These noisy mutineers : accept my thanks.

PLUTUS.

There still is need of patience, noble friend ;
Signs many tumults manifold portend.

STARVELING.

Now, with this charmed ring round me, at my ease
I may deal with the ladies as I please.
There's something comic in their forward paces—
They always so crowd up to the front places ;
Where anything is to be seen worth seeing,
At mask or merry-make, they're sure of being,
With eager lips and eyes ;—are young and lusty,
The jades—and I'm not altogether rusty.
A pretty girl's a pretty girl, do you see ?
And let me tell you is not lost on me.
To-day 't will cost me nothing : I'll do lover.
Words in the crowd can scarce be made intelligible
To the quickest ear ; but could we not discover
A language of expression much more eligible ?
I have been pondering o'er it this some time,
And think that I could play a pantomime.

Gestures—hand—foot—significant shrug of shoulders—

To reach the eyes of the crowd would scarcely answer ;

I've something else to show, that all beholders
Will recognise at once. I'm no romancer.

Gold—pliant gold—I'll mould it. The moist clay
Takes any shape—and everywhere makes way.

HERALD.

What is the fool at ? The lank fool ! can it
Be that this hunger-bitten thing has wit ?
He is in an odd humour. See ! the gold
Under his hand into a paste is rolled.
He kneads it—presses it : the red soft ball
He shapes, reshapes, leaves shapeless after all.
He turns him to the women. At the sight
They scream, and, if they could, would take to flight.
Disgust is in their glances ; but for ill
The rascal is at his devices still.

With him to scoff down decency is quite
A matter of amusement and delight.
To suffer this in silence were disgrace :
Give me the staff to drive him from the place.

PLUTUS.

The danger from without he does not see.
His mad pranks let him play out at his will ;

They 'll soon be over, for Necessity,
Strong as is Law, than Law is stronger still.

[*Enter FAUNS, SATYRS, GNOMES, NYMPHS, &c.,
attendants on PAN, and announcing his ap-
proach.*

TUMULT AND SONG.

The savage host comes suddenly
From wooded vale, from mountain high—
Worshipping their mighty PAN—
With a resistless cry !
They know that which to none but them is known :
Straight to the empty circle sweep they on.

PLUTUS.

I recognise you and your mighty PAN.
A daring step to take, a rash bold thing ;
I know what is not known to every man,
And open as I ought this narrow ring.
Oh ! may the issue favourable be !
Whither this strange step leads they do not see.
The world may gaze on wonders unforeseen
To spring to life from what to-night has been.

WILD SONG.

Ye, in holiday array,
Decked with gaud and glitter gay,
See, where rough they come and rude—
The powerful, active, strong-built brood—

With rapid run, with active spring,
Leaping light into the ring.

FAUNS.

The Fauns, a merry group, in pleasant dance,
With oak-leaf wreath on their crisp curls, advance.
A fine sharp-pointed ear up presses,
To meet the curly tresses.
A stumpy little nose, a broad flat face,
Are no bad passports to a lady's grace.
In dances, from the paw of the young faun
The fairest lady's hand is not withdrawn.

SATYR.

The goat-foot Satyr now hops in,
With shrunk leg—sinewy and thin.
He, chamois-like, from mountain height,
Looks round him with a proud delight.
In the keen air breathes freedom—life ;
Despises homestead, child, and wife,
Who in the valley's depth contrive,
'Mid steam and smoke, to keep alive,
Nor envy him his world on high—
His solitudes of cliff and sky.

GNOMES.

And now trips in a tiny band ;
Not two and two, or hand in hand.

With lamplet bright, in mossy dress,
In intermingling lines we press.
Each mannikin on his own labours
Intent, nor thinking of his neighbours.
Thus hither, thither, in and out,
Like shiny ants, we run about.
A kindly crew, a thrifty race;
Our haunt, the poor man's dwelling-place;
Chirurgeons of the rocks well known,
Our skill in mountain practice shown.
We cup and bleed the hills ; we drain
Of its best wealth the mineral vein ;
Fling liberally the metals out :
'Cheer up ! cheer up !' our joyous shout.
Benevolent is our intent,
And good is still to good men meant.
The good man's friend ; yet from the earth
We drag into the light of day
The gold for which men steal and slay,
And woman gives her soul away.
Nor, thanks to us, shall iron brand
Be wanting to the proud man's hand,
Who murders wholesale. Take man's life,
Or steal, or take another's wife :
Break these commandments three, the rest
Will soon be slighted or transgressed.
WE grieve not : WE are clear of blame,
Guiltless and calm. Be thou the same !

GIANTS.

Here come the wild men, fierce and fell—
 Among the Hartzberg heights that dwell :
 Tumultuously down they throng,
 In nature's naked vigour strong ;
 The pine-stem in each rough right hand ;
 Below the waist a padded band,
 A leafy screen above the knees :
 The Pope hath life-guards none like these.

NYPHS IN CHOIR (*surrounding the great PAN,
 who now appears*).

He comes! The Universe is here
 In PAN presented. Round him dance,
 All ye that be of happiest cheer,
 With antic measure, sportive glance!
 Earnest he is, and kindly, and his will
 Is to see all around him happy still.
 Under the blue roof of the vaulted sky,
 He sits reposing with a wakeful eye ;
 Lists to the lullabies soft waters keep,
 And breezes that would rock him into sleep.
 When he sleeps at middle day
 No leaflet stirs upon the spray—
 Spirits of sweet herbs silently
 Are breathing thro' the still soft sky ;
 Nor may the Nymph be gay

In that hush of noontide deep ;
 And, where she stood, she stands, in languorous
 sleep.

When, with unexpected shout,
 His tremendous voice rings out,
 Like lightning among crashing trees,
 Or the roaring of the seas,
 As the sound rolls hither, thither,
 All would fly ; but how ? or whither ?
 Hosts in battle hour are quailing,
 Heroes' hearts with terror failing :
 Honour to whom honour 's due,
 To the leader of the crew !

DEPUTATION OF GNOMES (*to the great Pan*).

If a rich and sparkling treasure
 Winds thro' cliffs its secret threads,
 'T is the rod of the diviner
 Shows the labyrinthine beds.

Troglodytes, in sunless grottoes,
 Vaults below the earth, we live ;
 Thine, the wealth that thence we bring thee,
 To the eye of day to give !

We have found a wondrous fountain,
 Well of wealth that, overflowing,

More than a whole life could gather
 In a moment is bestowing.

Without thee it is imperfect ;
 Thou, for others still possessing,
 Take it. Wealth to thee entrusted,
 To the whole world is a blessing.

PLUTUS.

Keep cool ! for strange things are about to be ;
 But what will come, let 's bear it cheerfully.
 You're not a man without some self-control,
 An incident comes on that well may try it—
 Stiffly will this age and the next deny it :
 Set it down truly in your protocol.

HERALD (*laying his hand on the staff which PLUTUS
 holds*).

With what soft steps these miniatures of man
 Lead to the fount of fire majestic PAN ;
 Up from the deep abyss the torrents seethe,
 Then sink into a lower gulf beneath.
 The open mouth stands for a moment black,
 Till whirl the many-coloured billows back.
 The monarch of the woodlands, in delight,
 With a child's wonder gazes on the sight ;
 And the gold-river, like a living thing,
 Seems to enjoy the rapture of the king—
 Leaps up exultingly, and in its play
 Scatters all round foam-showers of pearly spray.

There he stands musing, o'er the fountain bent :
—Oh! trust not that wild wilful element.
But see ! his beard drops down, falls in.
Who is he? who?—the smooth soft chin
Hid by his hand? The beard takes fire,
Flies back, the blaze is mounting higher !
The garland crackles on his brow,
And head and breast are burning now.
The flames, the efforts to subdue them
And beat them under, but renew them.
Caught in the blaze the masks are all
Burning. Disastrous festival !

But what 's the rumour, that I hear
That whispered runs from ear to ear.
Oh! luckless evil-omened night!
What suffering hast thou brought and sorrow !
On what a scene the morning light
Will dawn !—sad night !—unhappy morrow !

The cry swells louder than before,
'The Emperor ! the Emperor !'
He is in danger, is in pain—
The Emperor 's burned, and all his train.
A curse on them who would advise,
And lead him on in this disguise,
Laced up in this fantastic trim,
And these pitch twigs, to ruin him

And themselves,—with their mad roar
And song and revel evermore :
He and they together go,
'T is universal overthrow !

Oh! Youth, impetuous Youth, and wilt thou never
Curb the wild impulse of life's happy season ?
And Power, imperious Power, wilt thou not ever,
Acting Omnipotence, give ear to Reason ?

See! on our mimic forest fierce flames play,
And lapping here and there and everywhere,
Up to the raftered roof sharp fire-tongues play.
In smouldering ashes, work of one black night,
Imperial splendour meets the morning light.

PLUTUS.

FEAR thus far hath had its sway,
Now bring HELP into the play.
See! the holy staff we bring—
With it smite and smite the ground
Till it tremble, rock, and ring,
And obey the magic sound.

Hush! the cool airs from beneath
A delicious fragrance breathe.
Vapours of the valley, rise!
Float and flow into the skies !

Come, ye mists that from the plain
Loaded are with the soft rain ;
Cloudy fog-streaks, be ye spread
O'er the fire-waves raging red ;
Languid winds, from all sides blow,
Waft the soft dews sailing low,
That in upper air encamping,
Curl the cloudlets drizzling, damping :
Hither come, ye moist ones, playing ;
Fleecy folds come darkening, brightening,
Come, with gentle winds allaying—
Calm the ire of the false fire
Into peaceful summer lightning,
Or faint sunset's watery glow !

When SPIRITS threaten is the hour
For MAGIC to assert its power.

PLEASURE GARDEN.

Morning Sun—The KAISER—his Court—FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES—(drest becomingly in the usual Court dress of the day). Both kneel. MARSHAL, HEERMEISTER, TREASURER, PAGES, FEUDAL LORD, AND COURT FOOL.

FAUSTUS.

Sire, pardon you of flames this magic show ?

KAISER.

Oh ! that I often were deluded so !
 All of a sudden a new realm I trod,
 Seemed of the world of fire the very God ;
 Coal-rocks, more black than night, for ever fed
 Bright flamelets, bursting from that marble bed ;
 While here and there from seething gulfs would
 rise
 A thousand flames that whirled into the skies,
 Where, playing loose in air, they hung aloof,
 Flickered and waved, and formed a vaulted roof ;
 Whence tongues of light, that intermingling crost,
 Gave to the eye a dome, now seen, now lost.
 Between far fire-shafts, wreathed with curling
 flame,
 Long lines of nations, onward moving, came

Toward me : in wide rings streamed the pressing
crowd—

My subjects all—and all to me in homage bowed.
And evermore some courtier's well-known face,
'Mong the strange visages that thronged the place,
Would catch my glance, and claim a moment's
grace.

With thousand salamanders circled round,
I seemed the prince of that enchanted ground.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art ! The Elements owe thee allegiance !
FIRE ! thou hast tested it—gave prompt obedience.
Throw thee into the boiling OCEAN'S waves,
And straightway all sea-spirits are thy slaves !
Here, too, in pride of conquest, shalt thou tread
Triumphantly the ocean's pearl-strewn bed ;
See billows ever round thee rise and fall,
And guard thee with their undulating wall.
The tender green waves, purple-tinged, are swelling
To form in the drear deep thy royal dwelling.
The billows do thee homage. Through the brine
A palace moves with every step of thine.
The walls are happy in the magic gift
Of life, exulting as, with arrow-swift
To and fro gambollings, their place they shift.
And the sea-monsters float up from their caves,
To the mild lustre glimmering thro' the waves,

Throng to the light, till now unseen ; but they
 Fear to come nearer thee, and dart away :
 And dragons, golden-scaled, their high crests rear,
 And sharks, whose jaws gape wide, but cause no fear.
 Thou art a prince ! but ne'er on Levee-day
 Hast thou beheld so brilliant a display.
 Beauty smiles on thee ! the Nereidés
 Come to the very windows, if you please,
 Of the fresh-water palace in the seas—
 The young ones, shy and rather curious fish,
 The older, sober girls as one could wish.
 Thetis has heard it—holds out hands and lips :
 A second Peleus will the first eclipse ;
 —Then on Olympus height thy place to be !

KAISER.

The realms of AIR I'd rather leave to thee ;
 We are in no hurry to ascend that throne.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And EARTH, great prince, already is thine own.

KAISER.

Through what good fortune have I chanced upon
 This wonder of the Thousand Nights and One ?
 If, like Sheherazadé, most prolific
 Of story-tellers, you would every day
 Give something new—oh ! that were a specific
 'Gainst dullness that I never could repay.

Be ready still with such delightful tales
Of wonder when despondency prevails,
And cares upon the sinking spirit weigh—
Still cheer me when all else to cheer me fails.

MARSHAL (*steps hastily in*).

May it please your Highness, I had never thought
That it at any time could be my lot
Such joyous tidings to communicate
As fill me now with rapture—every debt
Has been paid off, the usurers' claws are dulled,
My tortures—sharper than hell's torments—lulled.
There can not be in heaven a happier man.

HEERMEISTER (*follows hastily*).

The army's paid whatever had been due,
The soldiers to their colours pledged anew,
The merry Lanzknecht's got a large advance,
And girls and vintners bless the lucky chance.

KAISER.

You breathe more freely, and your care-worn face
Has actually assumed a cheerful grace;
And what a step!—why, I protest, you run!

TREASURER (*entering*).

Ask these men, they will tell what they have done.

FAUSTUS.

The chancellor will please to state the case;
It falls in with the duties of his place.

CHANCELLOR (*advancing slowly*).

Who could have ever dreamed such happiness
Would come the days of my old age to bless.
Listen! and look upon the heaven-sent leaf,
That into joy hath changed a people's grief.
(*Reads*)—‘*To all whom it concerneth, and so forth*:—
This note of hand, that purports to be worth
A thousand crowns, subjects to such demand
The boundless treasure buried in the land.
And furthermore, said treasure underground,
To pay said sum is, whensoever found,
And wheresoever, firmly pledged and bound.’

KAISER.

Audacity unheard of!—foul deceit!
Who signed the emperor's name to such vile cheat?
What punishment can for such crime atone?

TREASURER.

Forget you, Sire, the writing is your own?
This last night you were in the character
Of PAN: we saw the Chancellor prefer
The suit. He said, ‘A few strokes of your pen
Will bless the people over whom you reign.’

Do make them happy on this festal night?
 And then you did take up the pen and write.
 No time was lost. A thousand artists plied,
 A thousand-fold the scroll was multiplied;
 And that the good to every one might fall,
 We stamped at once the series, one and all.
 Tens—thirties—fifties—hundreds off we strike!
 Never was anything that men so like:
 Your city, mouldering and in despair,
 Has caught new life, and joy is everywhere.
 Long as your name was by the world held dear,
 Never did it so brightly shine as here—
 The alphabet! what is it to this sign?—
 To this 'hoc signo vinces' note of thine?

KAISER.

For good gold, then, in court and camp it passes,
 And for good gold is taken by the masses?
 I must permit it, tho' it does seem odd.

MARSHAL.

The papers flying everywhere abroad—
 Stop it—oh yes!—the lightning flashes stop—
 At every banker's booth and money-shop,
 For each leaf you can have (deducting still
 Some discount) gold and silver, if you will.
 Then off with you to butcher and to baker,
 Vintner, and such like—tailor, sausage-maker.
 Half the world passes—wealth is such a blessing—

Its days in feasting—the other half in dressing.
Flaunting in their new clothes—show their new
riches—

The mercer cuts away—the stitcher stitches—
And ‘long live Cæsar !’ blurts out, ’mid the ringing
Of plates—of boiling, broiling, swearing, singing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And he who walks alone the public ways,
And fixes on the fairest there his gaze,
And sees her move, with bland attractiveness,
In all the splendour of imposing dress ;
The peacock’s proud plume shades one eye, the while
She smirks, and simpers by with meaning smile—
Methinks she sees, and seems to understand
The import of this little note of hand.
Aye! and it wins from her, as by a spell,
The favours that my lady has to sell.
When words are weak, and wit all out of joint.
’Tis this that brings a woman to the point :
Close in the bosom, hidden there from view,
It lies so nicely in a billet-doux.
The priest—he now no purse or scrip need bear—
Devoutly folds it in his Book of Prayer.
The soldier moves more freely, at his loins
No longer carrying a weight of coins.
Pardon me, Sire ; on such details to dwell,
No doubt seems trifling with the miracle.

FAUSTUS.

The treasure that within the land lies deep,
Entranced, as 't were, in an enchanted sleep,
Frozen and fixed—useless, while unemployed—
This may be disemprisoned, be enjoyed.
Man, in imagination's boldest hour,
To reach such treasure's limit has no power.
The intellect strives ever, strives in vain,
Some dim anticipation to attain ;
But Spirits grasp it—see beyond the seuse—
Have in the Boundless boundless confidence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An easy substitute for gold and pearls
This paper is, and its convenience such,
We know at once how little, and how much
We have: no need of testing and of weighing ;
No chaffering, cheapening, proving, or assaying
But to the vintner's, or the merry girl's,
Off with us! Wish we specie—little danger
Of waiting long to find a money-changer.
At worst it is but digging—in a trice
You shovel up cup and trinkets plenty; call
An auction, for the bill make quick provision,
To the discomfiture and shame of all
Who looked upon our project with derision.
Once used to them, men will have nothing but
These leaves—so easy to receive and spend ;

And the realm circulates, from this hour out,
Jewels, and gold, and paper to no end.

KAISER (*to FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES*).

You 've done the state some service, and a meed
Appropriate to such service I've decreed.
We do appoint you now, of our good pleasure,
Our custodees of subterranean treasure.
Wealth from all other eyes that Earth holds hid,
Guard; let none dig or delve but as you bid.

(*To THE OFFICERS OF THE TREASURY.*)

And, Treasurers, as behoves in your high place,
Aid with becoming dignity and grace.
Thus shall we see, with profit and delight,
The Upper- and the Under-world unite.

TREASURER.

No danger, Sire, of discord or debate,
Or deficit, now that my happy fate
Makes the magician my associate.

[*Exit with Faustus.*]

KAISER.

If I distribute gifts among my court,
How will they use them? let each tell me now.

FIRST PAGE (*receiving his gift*).

I'll pass my life in gaiety and sport.

SECOND PAGE (*receiving*).

I'll buy a frontlet for my lady's brow :
Rings in her ear and on her hand shall shine.

CHAMBERLAIN (*taking his present*).

I'll drink two flasks for one, and better wine.

ANOTHER.

The dice, I feel them—and the itch of play.

FEUDAL LORD (*thoughtfully*).

I'll free my castle from its debts to-day.

ANOTHER.

A treasure !—yes, a treasure !—with the rest
I'll hoard it up securely in a chest.

KAISER.

I thought to have waked the ardour that inspires
Bold enterprise—new deeds and new desires.
Wealth leaves you each employed at his old game—
The same ! I should have known you—still the
same.

(*The COURT FOOL, who had been supposed dead, presents himself.*)

FOOL (*approaching*).

You shower down gifts, let me have part of the shower.

KAISER.

What! you alive! you'd drink them in an hour.

FOOL.

Drink?—magic leaves! I comprehend you not.

KAISER.

Strange if you did! you'd use them badly, sot!

FOOL.

There, more are dropping—I do not know what To do.

KAISER.

Do! take them, they fell to your lot.

[*Exit KAISER.*]

FOOL.

Five thousand crowns! the words are written plain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, two-legged bladder, on thy feet again?

FOOL.

Aye! down, then up, seldom so well as now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How glad you look, the sweat runs down your
brow.

FOOL.

And is this money? look at it ; what do you think?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Money, no doubt of it, and meat and drink.

FOOL.

And will it buy me corn, land, house, and kine?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No doubt of it : bid only, they are thine.

FOOL.

Castle and park, and forest, fish-pond, chase?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All these—and then the title of Your Grace.

FOOL.

I'll have the castle ; sleep to-night in it.

[*Exit.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

Who but will now acknowledge our fool's wit?

DARK GALLERY.

FAUSTUS—MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why drag me down these dismal passages?
 A pleasant notion of what pleasant is
 You seem to have. The merriment within,
 The gay throng of great people crowding thick—
 Why drag me from it? 't is the very scene
 For drollery, cajolery and trick.

FAUSTUS.

Speak not of that. You cannot but have been
 Outwearied with its sameness long ago,
 The glitter is all gone of that poor show.
 The purpose—or I take it so to be—
 Of all your restless shuffling to and fro,
 Is to escape a moment's talk with me.
 Now I am tortured into act tho' loth—
 The Chamberlain and Marshal at me both.
 The Emperor's impatient for the play
 Of Helena and Paris, so they say:
 He wills it, and there must be no delay.
 The model forms of man's and woman's beauty
 He would behold as they appeared in life:
 Swift to the task—up, Spirit! do thy duty.
 The emperor waits—I may not break my word.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So lightly to have promised was absurd.

FAUSTUS.

This comes, companion, from the arts you use :
We made him rich, and now we must amuse.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You think the thing is done as soon as said.
Here before steeps more perilous we stand,
That guard the frontier of a foreign land.
Art rash enough the hostile ground to tread ?
Aye! with the devil to pay, 't is mighty cheap,
Worlds of new debt upon your head to heap.
Would you call up their Helena of old,
Like those pale paper phantoms of false gold ?
Of witch materials from the yielding sex—
Of dwarfy men, with puffed and pursy necks—
Of midnight ghosts and goblins, and the stuff
That ghosts are made of, you shall have enough.
But devils' drabs—tho' good things in their way—
Would not quite do your heroine parts to play.

FAUSTUS.

Aye, twanging on the same old string again !
Why is it that you never can speak plain ?
Consult with you! that always is about
One's worst expedient—you suggest new doubt.

The father of all hindrance—your advice,
 An agent's—for each job who has his price ;
 Mumble but a few sounds, and, quick as thought,
 While one looks round, you have them on the spot.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I and the Heathen never hit it well.
 They 're none of mine, and they have their own
 hell.
 But there are means —

FAUSTUS.

Speak ! speak ! delay me not.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But there are means—reluctantly do I
 Unveil a higher Mystery—Goddesses
 August enthrone themselves in loneliness.
 PLACE none around them, glimpse of TIME still less.
 They are — we speak not of them, scarce will
 think—
 They are the MOTHERS——

FAUSTUS.

Mothers !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do you shrink ?
 Are you shuddering ?

FAUSTUS.

Mothers !·mothers ! It sounds strange.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And is so. Goddesses beyond the range
Known to you mortals. We of them would keep
Strict silence. For their homes you may scrape
deep

Under the undermost. Aye, go there, do.
You have yourself to blame for it ; but for you
We'd have no need of them.

FAUSTUS.

The road ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The road !

There's no road. Road !—road to where none have
trod

Ever—none ever will tread !—road to where
I warrant never suppliant bent in prayer,
Nor ever will hereafter ! Art thou ready ?
No locks are there—no bolts to be pushed back ;
But solitudes whirl round in endless eddy.
Can'st grasp in thought what no words can
express—

Vacuity and utter loneliness ?

FAUSTUS.

You might have spared, methinks, this solemn
speeching ;

Something of the old time it seems to smack ;
Brings back the very smell of the witch kitchen.
Have I not dealt in the world ? and have I not
There learned the empty ? — there the empty
taught ?

What I saw clearly, if I spoke out plain,
Was I not doubly contradicted then ?
And to escape the blows from all sides given,
To savage solitude was I not driven,
Till sick of life in such dull sameness passed,
I gave me over to the Devil at last ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And hadst thou swum thro' ocean, even within
Its shoreless desolation, thou would'st see
Wave on wave coming everlastingly,
In the very jaws of ruin ; something still
Would meet the eye—say, dolphins on the green
Of the smooth surface, sporting at their will ;
Cloud-shadows trailing—sun, moon, many a star.
In the illimitable void afar
Nothing whatever—nothing there is seen.
Where your foot falls the unsubstantial ground
Sinks down—still sinks ; you move—you hear no
sound.

FAUSTUS.

—The very rant of the hierophant
When he is wheedling some poor neophyte.
Your promise though is the reverse of his,
And its results in all things opposite.
You'd send me to the empty to increase
Science, Art, Power. I see what you are at—
The old tale of the chestnuts, and the cat
Scorching his paws in the cinders. Never mind,
I'll sift it to the depth : in this, your evil
Find good—in this your nothing all things find.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We part ; but I must own you know the devil.
Here take this Key.

FAUSTUS.

That little thing !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, take
And hold it tight, nor little of it make.

FAUSTUS.

It swells !—it shines !—it flashes in my hand !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The virtue there is in it, understand !
The Key will scent the Mothers to their lair.
Follow his guidance down, and you are there.

FAUSTUS.

The Mothers ! it falls on me like a blow.
How can a word—a sound—affect me so ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such narrow-mindedness ! At a new word
Quailing !—would'st never hear but what you've
heard ?

If—pardon me—a meaning's to be found,
Beyond what your thoughts reach to, in a sound,
Is that a matter to astonish us,
So long inured to the Miraculous ?

FAUSTUS.

Think not in torpor that I place my weal.
'T is man's—'t is man's to shudder and to feel
The Human in us, though the world disown
And mock at feeling, seized and startled thus,
In on itself by strong revulsion thrown,
Thrills at the Vast—the Awful—the Unknown.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink then ! I might say rise—'tis one. Fly far
From earth—from all existences that are,
Into the realms of Image unconfined.
Gloat upon charms that long have ceased to be :
Like cloud-wreaths rising, rolling, the combined
Army of Apparitions rush on thee.

Wave high the Key, and keep them at far length—
From thy person keep them.

FAUSTUS.

As I grasp the Key,
My heart expands to the great work, and strength
Is given me. Onward!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A burning Tripod tells thee thou hast found
The deepest—art below the deepest ground ;
And by its light the Mothers thou wilt see—
Some sit, and others stand, or, it may be,
In movement are. Formation, Transformation,
Eternal Play of the Eternal Mind,
With Semblances of all things in creation,
For ever and for ever sweeping round.
Onward! They see thee not, for they but see
Shapes substanceless. There's risk—be bold—be
brave :
Straight to the Tripod ; touch it with the Key.

[FAUSTUS *takes a firm commanding
attitude with the key.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking at him*).

All's right! it clings!—it follows! Faithful slave!
Thou reascendest,—Fortune raising thee—
Calm, self-possessed, as one that knows not fear ;
Ere they have marked thine absence, thou art here.

Bring but the Tripod hither, and from night
Hero and Heroine you may raise to light—
The first to venture on such bold design.
'T is done ; to have accomplished it is thine—
And now as the magician bids, the clouds
Of waving incense shape them into Gods.

FAUSTUS.

And now ? what now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thy being downward strain.
Stamp, and you sink ; stamp—you ascend again.

[FAUSTUS *stamps and sinks.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

If the Key lead him but in the right track !
—I wonder ; is he ever to come back ?

BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALLS.

KAISER *and* PRINCES. THE COURT *in motion*.
 CHAMBERLAIN, MARSHAL, MEPHISTOPHELES,
 BLONDINE, BRUNETTE, DAME, PAGE.

CHAMBERLAIN (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Give us the Spirit scene without delay—
 The Emperor's impatient for the play.

MARSHAL.

'T was but a moment since his Grace did ask
 About it. Haste! The party was made for
 This show of yours, and the thing must be done,
 Or you will compromise the emperor.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend's this very moment at his task;
 He has gone away to work at it—has gone
 To his study; has begun it: 't will go on
 Well—I've no doubt of it. Closeted close, none
 dare
 Disturb him as he works in secret there.
 Who would raise up such treasure—would bid
 rise
 The Beautiful—needs for the enterprise
 The highest Art—the Magic of the Wise.

MARSHAL.

It matters not what arts you call to aid ;
The Emperor's will is that the play be played.

BLONDINE (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

A word, an't please you, sir. You see my face
Is now quite clear ; but 't is another case
When summer comes. In the hot horrid weather
A hundred brown-red spots sprout out together,
Hiding the white skin, clouding it with freckles.
A cure, sir !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pity, that a face so pretty,
That smiles so dazlingly on me to-day,
Should look so in the month of merry May,
Like a young panther's hide—all spots and
speckles.
Take frog-spawn, toads' tongues—stew all in a
skillet,
And when the moon is at the full distil it ;
And in the wane, be sure to spread it on.
Spring comes and goes—the freckles, too, are
gone.

BRUNETTE (*having made her way to him*).

The crowd throng round, they fawn on you and
flatter ;
May I a plain word speak ? A little matter

Ails me. A cure, my lord! A frozen foot
Mars walking, dancing, spoils even my salute
When I would curtsy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If you would but grant
Me just to press your foot—

BRUNETTE.

With a gallant—
A lover—I might do it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Child! the print
Of my foot hath a deeper meaning in 't.
A cure will follow if my foot but strike,
Whatever the disease. 'Tis like to like
Forms the great secret of the healing art.
Thus foot cures foot, and so with every part.
Now for the tread, which you need not return.

BRUNETTE (*screaming*).

Pain! pain! it was a hard stamp, like a burn,
As of a horse-hoof. How can I endure
The torture?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With the torture take the cure.
At dances you can now with pleasure move,
At table mix feet with the man you love.

DAME (*pressing forward*).

Me!—let me through! I cannot bear the pain ;
It boils up from my heart—it burns my brain.
Last night he lived but in my glances ; he
Chats with her now, and turns his back on me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A case of difficulty 't is and doubt.
You must press gently up to him—hear me out—
This cinder keep, and with it on his cloak
Or on his sleeves or shoulder make a stroke,
Or any part that may your fancy take :
Remembrance and repentance will awake.
The cinder you immediately must swallow ;
Wine must not touch your lips, nor water follow
This food. He sighs before your door to-night.

DAME.

There is not poison in it ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enraged*).

Honour bright !

Think who you speak with. Long enough in
vain

Might a man search to find the like again.

It came from one of the old wizard-pyres.

—We've not been lately stirring up the fires.

PAGE (*approaching*).

They scorn my love—they say 't is but a boy's.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Whom shall I listen to? What crowds! what
noise!

(*To the PAGE*) Tell not to growing girls your
hopes and fears;

Youth is not valued but by those in years.'

(*Others press up to him.*)

There—more; no end of comers—age and youth.
My last, sad, only refuge is the truth.

Oh, Mothers! Mothers! let but Faustus loose.

(*Looks round.*)

The lights already glimmer in the hall.
The whole court's moving thither, one and all.
Each pressing after each in their degrees,
Through the long walks, down the far galleries.
And now they gather in the ample space
Of the old Ritter-saal, and scarce find place.
O'er the broad walls the tapestry hangs rich,
And armour gleams from every nook and niche.
It needs no charm to bid the Spirits come:
Your Ghosts are here if anywhere at home.

RITTER-SAAL, *dimly lighted*. KAISER and COURT
have entered. HERALD, ASTROLOGER, MEPHIS-
 TOPHELES, ARCHITECT, FAUSTUS, LADIES, RIT-
 TERS, &c.

HERALD.

The usage of announcing our new play
 Must to necessity for once give way.
 The Spirits keep their secrets, and in vain
 We seek the hidden magic to explain.
 The seats arranged, the chairs are ready all—
 The emperor placed in front of the high wall.
 There, worked in tapestry, he may behold
 In peace the wars of the great days of old.
 Now the court circle 's filled, and all around
 Crowds throng the benches, lining the background.
 Lovers find room near lovers, and their fear
 Will press them closer when the Ghosts appear.
 And so, all being settled and at ease,
 We are quite ready. Rise, Ghosts, if you please.

[*Trumpets.*

ASTROLOGER.

Begin the Drama! 't is the Sire's command.
 Obedient to his will, ye Walls expand!
 Magic for everything that we require,

In any exigency, is at hand.

The curtain, curling as though touched by fire,
Is gone—the wall divides—turns round, and there
Before us stands, far in, a theatre,

With light mysterious—none can say whence
come ;—

And I ascend to the Proscenium.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*peeping out of the prompter's
box*).

No player like me, so up to all stage trick !
And prompting is the devil's rhetoric.

[*To the* ASTROLOGER.

The tune, to which the Stars keep time, you hear,
You'll catch my whispers with but half an ear.

ASTROLOGER.

By Magic raised a temple here behold,
A massive structure of the days of old—
Like Atlas, who propped heaven up long ago,
Stand pillars, plenty of them, in a row.
Their load of stone such columns well may bear :
'T were a large building asked more than a pair.

ARCHITECT.

And this is the Antique ! You cannot force
Me into praising it—'t is cumbrous, coarse.
But Rough, it seems, is Noble ; Clumsy, Grand.
Give me the structure men can understand.

Our long, thin, narrow pillars, I so love,
 Striving into the Boundlessness above.
 The sharp-arched zenith lifts us to the skies.
 Give me the edifice that edifies !

ASTROLOGER.

Welcome with reverence this star-favoured hour ;
 Be Reason bound in words of magic power ;
 Let Fancy lord it, wandering, wild and free ;
 All the Mind images the Eye will see ;
 All the Eye sees, the Mind as true receive :
 It is Impossible, and so Believe.

[FAUSTUS *is seen ascending on the other
 side of the proscenium.*

ASTROLOGER.

In priestly robe attired, with flower-wreathed
 brow,
 A great magician stands before you now,
 Redeeming the bold promise that he gave—
 A tripod, with him from a hollow cave
 Of the realms under earth is rising up :
 I feel the fragrance of the incense-cup.
 He bounes him now the mighty work to bless,
 And we can augur nothing but success.

FAUSTUS.

In your name, oh, ye MOTHERS ! you, whose throne
 Is in the Boundless—you, who dwell alone,

Yet not in uncompanioned loneliness.
Around your head the fitting fantasms press
Of life, yet without life. What was, what cast
The splendour of its presence on the Past,
Yonder, as erst, abides eternally—
It was, and having been, will ever be.
It you distribute, beings of all might,
To day's pavilion, to the vault of night:
Some thro' life's cheerful pageant sport their
hour,
Some the bold Magian seeks, and subjects to his
power,
And, fearless now, to the expectant gaze
His wonder-works he lavishly displays.

ASTROLOGER.

The burning key hath scarcely touched the bowl,
When round us undulating vapours roll,
And in, like rising clouds, the dense mists slide,
Wave—lengthen—form a sphere—unite—divide—
Are two—and they—surpassing wonder of
The Spirits' skill!—make music as they move.
It comes, one knows not how, from tones of air;
The melody moves with them everywhere.
The pillar-shaft, the very triglyph rings;
I do believe that all the temple sings.
From the light veil, as by the music led,
A lovely youth steps forth with measured tread.

The waving mist-wreath falls. He stands out clear.
Who does not see the graceful Paris here ?

LADY.

What vigour there ! and with such youthful grace !

SECOND LADY.

How fresh the peach-bloom on that fair soft face !

THIRD LADY.

How finely carved each sweet and swelling lip.

FOURTH LADY.

From such a cup delicious 't were to sip.

FIFTH LADY.

He's handsome, but I cannot think refined.

SIXTH LADY.

More elegant he might be, to my mind.

KNIGHT.

I see the traces of the shepherd boy ;
No manners—nothing of the Prince of Troy.

SECOND KNIGHT.

Yes, thus half naked he looks pretty well :
Show him in armour—that's the way to tell.

LADY.

How calmly he inclines him—he would rest.

KNIGHT.

A pleasant couch for you were that soft breast.

LADY.

He bends his arm above his head—what grace !

CHAMBERLAIN.

Rudeness—'gainst all proprieties of place.

LADY.

Yon chamber-knights find fault for evermore.

CHAMBERLAIN.

To stretch and yawn before the emperor !

LADY.

He acts his part—he thinks himself alone.

CHAMBERLAIN.

The Theatre should not forget the Throne.

LADY.

Sleep on the fair youth softly seems to fall.

CHAMBERLAIN.

Belike he'll snore ; you know 't is nature all.

YOUNG LADY (*enraptured*).

What fragrance mixes with the incense-wreaths,
And on my heart delicious freshness breathes !

ELDERLY LADY.¹

Yes, all hearts feel a breath of rapturous power !
It flows from him.

OLD LADY.

It is the growing flower
Of human life, that as ambrosia here
Blooms in the youth, and fills the atmosphere.

[HELENA *advances.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This, then, was she ! My rest she'll never break.
Fair, doubtless ; but with me she does not take.

ASTROLOGER.

Here all at fault, I own it, I must seem.
She comes ! the all-beautiful ! Oh that a tongue
Of fire were mine ! The poets, who have sung
Of Beauty, did but picture their own dream.
They saw not. Who hath seen her—sees her—is
Entranced, is dumb. To win, to call her his—
Oh ! that it could but be !—Wish wild and vain !

FAUSTUS.

Do my eyes see ? or deep within the brain
Doth the full fountain of all Beauty shed
Its gushing torrents ? Oh ! what glorious gain
Is mine ! bright issue of that journey dread—

The world—yet undeveloped, undisclosed,
 How mean! how abject!—rose up in the hour
 Of my initiation, robed with power,
 And on its own eternity reposed.
 No painted cloud, no transitory gleam,
 No sand-drift now of unsubstantial dream,
 But kindred with man's heart, indeed divine.
 If that in thought I ever part from thee,
 Oh! may I in that moment cease to be!
 The shape that won me from myself away
 Amused me in the magic mirror's play—
 How faint! how feeble, to these charms of thine!
 In thee life's springs of power and passion live.
 Life of my life! to thee myself I give!
 Love! adoration! madness of the heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*from the prompter's box*).

Collect yourself—you fall out of your part.

ELDERLY LADY.

Shapely and tall—only the head too small.

YOUNGER.

Look at the foot—'t is clumsy after all.

DIPLOMATIST.

I have seen princesses; from head to foot
 I do pronounce her beauty absolute.

COURTIER.

Softly she steals to where he sleeping is.

LADY.

She shocks me.—Near that pure young form of his!

POET.

He is illumined in the light serene.

LADY.

Endymion!—Luna!—'t is the very scene
As painted.

POET.

Yes; the goddess downward sinks,
And o'er the sleeper bends; his breath she drinks.
How enviable!—a kiss!—the measure's full.

DUENNA.

What! before all the people—that is cool.

FAUSTUS.

Distracting favour to the boy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be still.

Do let the phantom lady have her will.

COURTIER.

She glides away on light foot; he awakes.

LADY.

Looks back—I thought so—I make no mistakes.

KNIGHT.

He's stricken dumb! 'Is this the work of dreams?'
Thinks he: 'what strange things came on me in
sleep!'

LADY.

She is, methinks, a dame that knows, not 'seems,'
And her experience holds such strange things cheap.

COURTIER.

And now she turns to him with such calm grace.

LADY.

I see there's a new pupil in the case—
An unformed boy belike of tender age;
And she would take him into tutelage.
In such things all men are so very dull.
Poor lad! he fancies he's the first she has taught.

KNIGHT.

What dignity! so calmly beautiful!

LADY.

A vile coarse wretch! no better than she ought.

PAGE.

Oh that I were in that young shepherd's place!

COURTIER.

Who would not in a net like this be caught ?

LADY.

The gem from time to time, with many a one,
Has been from hand to hand still shifted on—
The gilding rubbed off many a year ago.

ANOTHER LADY.

From ten years old she has been but so-so.

KNIGHT.

Yes, Fortune favoured them. Yet how divine
The precious relic—would that it were mine.

GELAHRTER.

I see her, but it is not free from doubt
That she's the Helen men so talk about.
The danger of illusion here is great ;
The eye misleads and will exaggerate.
'Stick to the written letter' is my creed :
I look into my Homer, and I read
How she so pleased all the old men of Troy ;
And here methinks the self-same thing we see :
I am not young, and she so pleases me.

ASTROLOGER.

He hath cast off the dreamy shepherd-boy ;
Wakes into hero—into man. See ! see !
He seizes her—she hath no power to flee—

With his nerved arm uplifts her. Can it be ?
Thinks he to force her hence ?

FAUSTUS (*to PARIS*).

Rash fool ! give o'er.
Dare it ! defy me ! I can bear no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These spirit-freaks, these odd extravagancies,
Are mere stage-trick—they but act out your
fancies.

ASTROLOGER.

One word. From what we see, I think we may
Presume 'the Rape of Helen' is the play.

FAUSTUS.

What !—Rape ?—Am I then nothing here ? The
key—

Is't not still in my hand ? It guided me
Through waves, and horrors, and the hollow roar
Of wildernesses waste, to this firm shore.
Here do I plant my foot—here actual life
Is, and reality—high 'vantage ground
From which the spirit with spirits may well dare
strife,

And for itself a double empire found.
She was—how far away ! she is—how near !
Rescued, is doubly mine—is doubly dear.

Crown, MOTHERS, crown the daring with success.
Who hath known her must perish or possess!

ASTROLOGER.

What dost thou, Faustus! Faustus! look at him!
He grasps at her!—the phantom shape grows dim.
Now to the youth he points the key—and, lo!
He touches; he hath touched him! Woe! woe! woe!

[*Explosion. FAUSTUS lies on the ground.*
The spirits go off in smoke.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes FAUSTUS on his shoulder*).
Aye, now he has it, aye. Yes, yes, just so;
Your fool's a heavy load in any case,
And brings the devil himself into disgrace.

[*Darkness. Tumult.*

ACT II.

HIGH ARCHED NARROW GOTHIC CHAMBER, FORMERLY FAUSTUS'S—UNALTERED.

MEPHISTOPHELES, CHORUS OF CRICKETS, FAMULUS, BACCALAUREUS.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *steps out from behind a curtain; while he raises it, and looks back, FAUSTUS is seen stretched out on an old-fashioned bed.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lie down there, luckless! lie down, wretched thrall

Of this inexplicable, inextricable
Love-tangle! His is the worst case of all.
Whom Helen paralyses, little chance
Has of recovering ever from the trance.

[*Looks round him.*

As I look up—down—round me,—here,
Nowhere does any change appear.
Perhaps some slight shade in the colour
Of the stained glass,—a trifle duller.
The spiders' webs are spread more wide;
The paper 's yellower, the ink 's dried.

All things in their old position—
 All things in their old condition.
 The very pen with which he signed away
 Himself to the devil, look at it there still !
 Aye, and the drop of blood I coaxed from him,
 A dry stain crusts the barrel of the quill.
 What a rare object of vertu to seek
 For your collector !—happiest of men,
 Could he but get possession of the pen !
 Envied proprietor of such unique !
 And the old sheepskin on its own old hook,
 Brings back that comic lecture, which so took
 With the poor boy, who ever since, no doubt,
 All its deep meaning still keeps puzzling out.

My old warm Furry Friend, I like thy look !
 I long again to wrap me round in thee,
 And put on the Professor, in full blow
 Of lecture-room infallibility !
 How is it, that these sorry book-men know
 So well to get the feeling up ? Ah me !
 In the devil it has died out, ages ago.

[*He takes down and shakes the old fur gown :
 crickets, chaffers, moths, and other insects fly
 out.*

CHORUS OF INSECTS.

Hail to thee ! hail to thee !
 Patron and father ;

Welcome, and welcome be !
 Swarm we and gather
 To welcome thy coming,
 Hovering and humming.
 In the faded and rotten,
 Of chambers neglected,
 In darkness forgotten,
 One by one, unperceived,
 Didst thou silently plant us ;
 Now thousands on thousands,
 In sunlight and glee,
 We sport and we flaunt us.
 Dust is rife
 With dancing life,
 Buzzing and welcoming,
 Welcoming thee.
 The scoundrel still sculks him
 The bosom within,
 More close than the moth
 In the furry old skin.
 Many are we—many are we,
 Every one of us welcomes thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With what surprised and rapturous delight
 This young creation glads its maker's sight ;
 If a man do but sow, he may be sure
 Time in due season will the crop mature.

I give the old fleece another whisk about,
 And here and there an odd one flutters out:
 Up and around, in corners, holes, and shelves,
 My darlings, find out snug berths for yourselves.
 Yonder, where broken boxes block the ground,
 And here in the old parchments time-embrowned;
 In dusty potsherds, faded curtain shreds,
 And in the eye-holes there of dead men's heads—
 Come, moth and maggot, people once again
 The rubbish that in life was called the brain!

[Slips into the gown.]

Up on my shoulders, Furry Friend! and then
 I for the hour am Principal again.
 But I must summon them o'er whom I claim
 Dominion, or there's nothing in the name.

[He pulls the bell, which gives a harsh piercing sound, at which the halls shake, and the doors spring open.]

FAMULUS (*tottering up the long dark passage*).

What a sounding! what a shaking!
 Stairs are trembling, walls are quaking;
 Through the window's colour-flashes
 Lightnings tremble!—tempest crashes!
 Is the floor asunder parting,
 Roof in ruins downward falling,

And the bolted doors back starting
 Through some wonder-work appalling?
 And look yonder, where a giant
 Stands in Faust's old fur, defiant;
 And, with beck and glance and winking,
 Me he silently is calling:
 And I faint! my knees are sinking.
 Shall I stand my ground? or fly him?
 Stay! what?—stay! be murdered by him?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come hither, friend; your name is Nicodemus.

FAMULUS (*crossing himself*).

High honoured master! 't is my name—*Oremus*.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sink the *Oremus*!

FAMULUS.

I'm so glad to see,
 Kind master, that you've not forgotten me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know you well—in years, but still in love
 With study—books you're always thinking of,
 Most learned! most mossy! even a deep-learned
 man

Still studies on because 't is all he can:

'T is like one building to a certain height
A house of cards which none can finish quite.
Your master, he is one, it may be said,
Who always hits the nail upon the head—
The well-known Doctor Wagner—anyhow
The great man of the world of letters now:
His genius 't is, that all inspires, unites,
While Science mounts with him to prouder heights.
There gathers round his chair an eager ring
Of hearers—men who would learn everything.
He, like Saint Peter, holds the keys—can show
The secrets of above and of below ;
He shines in all : no reputation is
In any way to be compared to his—
None anywhere now to be placed with him.
Even Faustus' fame's beginning to grow dim—
He has made the great discoveries of our days.

FAMULUS.

Pardon, most noble sir ; permit me to
Speak, sir ; permit me just to say to you
That he is one who would shrink from such praise.
His is a modest mind—he does not aim
At rivalling the mighty master's fame.
Since the great master's disappearance, he
Seems ever wrapt in strange perplexity.
For his return he looks, for health and hope
From it—and thus his spirits he keeps up.

The chamber as in Doctor Faustus' day
 Remains—no change made since he went away :
 There, 't is kept waiting for its own old master.
 Myself—I scarcely venture to go in.
 What say the stars ? does the hour bode disaster ?
 The walls, as though with terror struck, still shake ;
 The doors flew open, every bolt sprang back ;
 Else you had not come in here—you, even you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where is he ? bring me to him—bring him here.

FAMULUS.

Ah, sir, the prohibition 's too severe—
 'T is scarce a thing that I could venture on.
 Intent on the great work, he has lived alone
 For months in the stillest stillness. Only think,
 Think of this neatest, nattiest of all
 Our bookmen, blacked with soot from ear to nose ;
 And his eyes blearing, and their raw red blink,
 As with throat parching at the fire he blows ;
 For the true moment every moment longs—
 His music still the clatter of the tongs !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To me he 'll scarce deny the entrée. I'm
 The lucky man, and this the lucky time.

[*Exit* FAMULUS.]

(MEPHISTOPHELES *sits down gravely.*)

I scarce have sate down in my place,
 When, hark ! a stirring from behind,
 And I behold a well-known face :
 My old friend, sure enough, again I find.
 But now he comes in the bold bearing
 Of our newest schools ; spares nothing, nobody—
 Dashing 'gainst all things, no bounds to his daring.

BACCALAUREUS (*storming along the passage*).

Gateway free, doors loose, locks broken,
 Are a promise and a token
 That the living, as of old here,
 Shall not now like dead men moulder ;
 Pining, festering, putrefying,
 Where to live itself is dying.

Walls are bending in and crumbling,
 Tumble-down partitions tumbling ;
 Roof and joist will fall asunder,
 Crushing every body under.
 Than myself of spirit few are
 More courageous, with heart truer ;
 Yet the prospect is so cheerless
 As to force back the most fearless.
 One step farther into danger
 I'll not take for friend or stranger.

Very odd to-day the changes
Seem, as back my memory ranges,
When I was 'the fox'* well hunted,
And with jibe and jeer affronted ;
When the gray-beard old deceivers
Classed me with their true believers—
One who all their figments hollow
As the bread of life would swallow.

Lying rascals, dry and crusty,
Primed from their old parchments musty
What they taught, and disbelieved it,
But as handed down received it ;
What they taught with no misgiving
Robbed themselves and me of living.

But see sitting in brown study
One of these same bright and muddy,
In the clear obscure, the glimmer
Of the gray light growing dimmer ;
There he sits as first I found him,
With the rough brown sheepskin round him.
Then he seemed to me right clever,
Great man of the place ; however,
That was all in the gone-bye time
—The world's nonage : now 't is my time.
I know him now ; he cannot catch me now—
That day is over : at him, anyhow.

* See Note.

If, old sir, your bald head in Lethe's pool
 Hath not been soaked, you may with those slant
 eyes

The scholar of an old day recognise.
 But now remember I am out of school,
 And rid of academic rods and rule.
 You, sir, are just the same as long ago ;
 I am not what I was, I 'd have you know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am so glad my bell hath hither brought you—
 Even when a boy no common boy I thought you :
 The grub and chrysalis denote
 The future butterfly's gay coat.
 I well remember your delighted air,
 Your peaked lace collar and your flowing hair :
 Proud, child, you were of that same curly pate.
 You never wore the queue and crown—
 It had not to your day come down.
 And now to find you in a Sweden tête,
 Determined, resolute, from head to foot.
 Oh! come not home with that imperious frown,
 The bare-faced terrors of the Absolute.

BACCALAUREUS.

Old gentleman, we are in the old place ;
 But change of time has come and changed the
 case.

'T is out of season to affect
 This motley two-edged dialect.
 You long ago might play at make-believe :
 Small art need any man employ,
 To fool an unsuspecting boy,
 Whom no one now will venture to deceive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If, speaking to the young, pure truth one speaks,
 It little suits the callow yellow beaks ;
 Years come and, what they heard from us, when
 brought
 Back by their own experience dearly bought,
 They deem it all the fruit of their own skull—
 Speak of their master as supremely dull.

BACCALAUREUS.

Or—as a knave, for who that deals with youth
 Speaks, face to face, direct the honest truth ;
 Your teacher still will strengthen or dilute,
 Palates of pious children as may suit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Learning and Teaching—there 's a time for each ;
 Your time for learning 's over : you can teach.
 Moons many since we met—some suns have rolled ;
 You must have gained Experience manifold.

BACCALAUREUS.

EXPERIENCE! foam and bubble, and its name
 Not to be mentioned with the SPIRIT'S claim.
 Confess it! nothing was till this day done
 Worth doing in Science—Science there was none.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have thought so long—I had always a thick
 skull;
 I now confess to 'silly—shallow—dull.'

BACCALAUREUS.

That so delights me!—some hope of you yet!
 The first old man with brains I have ever met.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I dug for gold, I found but cinders horrid;
 I cried them up for treasures rich and rare.

BACCALAUREUS.

Confess then that your bare-faced bald old fore-
 head
 Is nothing better than the dead skulls there.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*calmly*).

Friend! you are most discourteously replying.

BACCALAUREUS.

Courtesy! in plain German, that means lying.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*moving with his wheel chair towards the proscenium, addressing the audience*).

Light—air—no quarter up there! You 'll be civil—
You 're sure to show your kindness to the devil.

BACCALAUREUS.

It is the very height of impudence,
That what is dead and gone should make pretence
Of being in existence. Man's life lives
But in the Blood—and the blood, where, in truth,
Stirs it so vigorously as in youth?
The young blood lives, aye! and in eager strife
Shapes to itself a new life out of life.
There all is progress! something still is done—
The feeble falls, the active presses on.
We have won half the world—yes! youthful man
Hath won it; meanwhile what have you been
doing?
Slept, nodded, dreamed, weighed, thought, plan
after plan
Suggesting still, and languidly pursuing?
Old age is a cold fever's feeble flame,
Life's peevish winter of obstruction chilling,
Man is at Thirty dead, or all the same—
'T were better kill you while you are worth killing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To this the devil himself can nothing add.

BACCALAUREUS.

Devil? Devil there can be none without my willing.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil's close by to trip you up, my lad.

BACCALAUREUS (*exultingly*).

This is the noble mission of the young—
 Earth into being at my bidding sprung;
 The sun in pomp I led up from the sea,
 The moon in all her changes followed me.
 For me in beauty walked the glorious day,
 The green earth blossomed to adorn my way.
 'T was at my beck upon that primal night,
 The proud stars shed through heaven their
 spreading light.

Rescued is Man, and by what hand but mine,
 From galling bondage of the Philistine?
 I—for the Spirit speaks within me—freed
 Follow the inward light where it may lead,
 Fearless and fast, with rapture-beaming mind,
 The Clear before me, and the Dark behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

ORIGINAL! move onward in your pride.
 Oh! how the spirit would sink mortified,
 Could you but know that long ago
 All thoughts, whatever, dull or clever,

That cross the twilight of your brain,
Have been o'er and o'er again
Occupying other men.

Yet, have no fears for him;—in a few years
The absurd works off, the ferment clears,
The folly will subside, perhaps refine;
The must at last is wine, and no bad wine.

[*To the younger part of the audience
who do not applaud.*

Too bad to see the auditors so cold!
And yet I must forgive the young beholder
His lack of sympathy. The devil is old.
To understand him better, boys, grow older!

LABORATORY (*in the fashion of the Middle Ages. Cumbrous, heavy apparatus for fantastic purposes*).

‡WAGNER (*at the hearth*).

The bell! how fearfully it chimed!
With what a shudder, thrilling through
These old walls, smoke-begrimed!

The agony of hopes and fears
That tortured me is at an end.
The cloudy darkness clears.
From deep within the phial glows
A living ring of fire, that throws
Far its red light, and through the night,
As from the carbuncle, in bright
Lightning-like lustre flows.

And now!—and now!—at last 't is come! a pure
clear pearly white!

Oh! that I may not lose it this time—Hark!
Again! A something rattling at the door.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*entering*).

Welcome! I bring such luck as in my power.

WAGNER (*anxiously*).

Welcome! To come just at the planet hour!

(*In a low voice.*)

Hush! not a breath, while you look on intent.
A mighty work of wonderful event
Is at the moment of accomplishment—
A man is being made!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a whisper*).

A man! and will it
Be soon done? are your lovers in the skillet?

WAGNER.

Heaven help you! the romance of action, passion,
Father and mother, is quite out of fashion.
I've shown up pretty well that idle pother—
The thought of child by no means implies mother:
The tender point from which life sprang and
started
Is gone—clean gone—the glory all departed.
The eager impulse from within that pressed,
Received and gave, and, prompt to manifest
Itself, went on advancing by degrees,
The nearest first, the foreign next to seize,
Is from its dignity deposed, dethroned,
From this day forward, disallowed, disowned

No doubt the old views may still for the brute beast
 Answer, but man, high-gifted man at least,
 Will have a higher, purer form of birth.

[*Turns to the hearth.*]

Look yonder ! see the flashes from the hearth !
 Hope for the world dawns there, that, having laid
 The stuff together of which man is made,
 The hundred-fold ingredients mixing, blending,
 (For upon mixture is the whole depending,)
 If then in a retort we slowly mull it,
 Next to a philosophic temper dull it,
 Distil and re-distil, at leisure thin it,
 All will come right, in silence, to a minute.

[*Turning again to the hearth.*]

'T is forming,—every second brings it nearer—
 And my conviction becomes stronger, clearer.
 What Nature veils in mystery, I expect
 Through the plain understanding to effect ;
 What was organisation will at last
 Be with the art of making crystals classed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who has lived long will never be surprised—
 Nothing in the world is new. I've long ago
 Met, in my years of going to and fro
 And up and down in earth, men crystallised.

WAGNER (*gazing intently on the phial*).

It forms! glows! gathers! in a moment more—
 The work 's accomplished never done before!
 Broach an unfolded project, men suspect it,
 Scoff at it, as a madman's dream reject it ;
 We, in our turn, may laugh when the event
 Is placed beyond the reach of accident.
 Think of the thinker able to produce
 A brain to think with fit for instant use !

(*Gazing on the phial with complacency*.)

The glass rings low, the charming power that lives
 Within it makes the music that it gives.
 It dims ! it brightens ! it will shape itself.
 And see !—a graceful dazzling little elf.
 He lives ! he moves ! spruce mannikin of fire,
 What more can we ? what more can earth desire ?
 Mystery is no longer mystery.
 Listen ! a sound ! a voice ! and soon will be
 Intelligible words addressed to me.

HOMUNCULUS (*in the phial, to WAGNER*).

Ha ! father dear ! how goes it ? 't was no jest ;
 Clasp me affectionately to your breast.
 Not quite so tight. So fervent an embrace
 Incurs the risk of breaking the glass case.
 Essentially distinct, the Natural
 Finds in the Universe no resting-place,
 The Artificial needs restricted space.

(*To MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Ha ! rascal ! my old cousin, are you here?
 Good fellow at such moment to appear.
 What luck has brought you ? nothing could in fact
 Be timelier. While I am, I still must act ;
 I would address myself to work at once,
 And you 're the very fellow for the nonce.

WAGNER.

A word, just one short word : till now I blushed
 At my own ignorance, when thousands rushed
 Up to my chair, and young and old perplexed
 My brain with problems intricate and vexed ;
 As, for example, none can comprehend
 How soul and body in such union blend,
 Inseparably bound together they,
 Yet battling with each other every day.
 So then —

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A moment ! pray, resolve the doubt,
 How happens it that man and wife fall out ?
 On this, my friend, we 'll get no satisfaction.
 Here 's work to do we had better set about :
 The little fellow 's attribute is action.

HOMUNCULUS.

What 's to be done ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to a side-door*).
Thy talents here employ.

WAGNER (*still looking into the phial*).
Thou art indeed a very lovely hoy !
[*The side-door opens. FAUSTUS seen stretched on
a couch. The phial slips from WAGNER'S hands,
hovers over FAUSTUS, and shines on him.*

HOMUNCULUS.

Expressive !—

Lovely scenery all around !
A clear lake in the dusk grove's deep recess ;
Nymphs playfully that to the water press ;
And—what a pretty picture!—they undress.
Well ! that's not bad ; and near the lake's green
 bound,
Distinct from all, that countenance divine !
—To look on her is to adore and love.
Daughter seems she of old heroic line,
Or of the children of the Gods above.
Her foot she dips into the light serene
Of the waves' trembling crystal, cools the flame
Of life that glows through all that noble frame.
But what a rush and rustle of quick wings,
With splash and crash through the smooth mirror
 rings !
The maidens fly in terror ; but the Queen

In womanly composure smiles to see
 The prince of swans wind gently to her knee,
 Nestling up to her—how familiarly !
 Bold suitor, not to be denied is he !
 —But suddenly a rising vapour draws
 A curtain close of thick-inwoven gauze,
 Hiding the loveliest scene.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, what a world in all you do relate !
 For such a little fellow, you 're a great
 Romancer—visionary, rather. I
 See nothing.

HOMUNCULUS.

That I do believe, for why,
 You 're a born northern, born in a bleak clime ;
 And in the dreariest, blackest hour of time,
 On the shapeless gloom of the dark ages flung ;
 And you in youth have been brought up among
 Ritters and priests : how could your eye be free ?
 'T is only in the dark that you can see.

(Looking around.)

Blocks of brown stone ! vaults mouldering, dripping
 wall,
 Zigzags, fantastic arches, low and small !
 Into another scrape we shall have got ;
 Should he wake here, he dies upon the spot.
 Wood-lake, and swans, and solitary stream,

And river-nymphs that from the waters gleam,
 And Hope and Love, are his entrancing dream.
 How could he to this den be reconciled ?
 Even I, that am as cheerful as a child,
 And suit myself to all things, scarce can bear
 This dungeon. Off with him !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye off—but where ?

HOMUNCULUS.

Command the warrior to the field of fight,
 Lead to the dance the maiden, and all 's right ;
 And luckily—it just occurs to me—
 To-night 's the CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT :
 Cannot imagine a more apt event—
 It brings him to his very element.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've never heard of it. What can it be ?

HOMUNCULUS.

How could it ever have come to your ears !
 Romantic spectres are your all in all !
 The genuine are also Classical.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But to what point of the compass sail we now
 For this land of my old-world kinsmen ? I somehow

Fancy with them that I shall never take—
 'T is an acquaintance I've no wish to make.

HOMUNCULUS.

North-western, Satan, lies thy pleasure ground ;
 'T is to the south-east we to-night are bound.
 Through a wide valley flows Peneios free,
 In quiet creeks embowered with bush and tree ;
 The valley to the mountain glens lies spread
 With old and new Pharsalus overhead.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pharsalus! do not speak of it,—the strife
 Of Slave and Despot sickens me of life—
 There is no end of it. A battle won
 Does nothing ; 't is but a campaign begun ;
 While Asmodæus—this none calls to mind—
 Still goads them on, and mocks them from behind.
 They fight, they say, where Freedom's banner waves :
 Seen truly, 't is a war of slaves with slaves.

HOMUNCULUS.

Leave them to wrangle on. Man's nature and
 Condition everlasting war demand ;
 Each has to guard himself as best he can
 From boyhood up, and so grows into man.
 But that's for them, not us. The matter now
 Before us is to cure this man—but how ?
 If you have any remedy, apply it ;
 If you have none, then there's mine, let me try it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! I know many a charm and Brocken spell
Should in a common case soon have him well;
But here, where Heathen bolts resist, repel,
I can do nothing. These Greeks never were
Worth any thing; yet do they dazzle you
With the free play of the senses, that so wins
The human breast, and lures to cheerful sins.
Ours are of soberer cast and graver hue;
And now——

HOMUNCULUS.

'T was not your habit to be coy;
You'll find Thessalian witches there, my boy!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thessalian witches! They are persons whom
I have been asking after. I wish to
Make their acquaintance—just an interview;
Night after night with them would never do.
It were, I fancy, dreary merriment
But for a visit—but for an experiment.

HOMUNCULUS.

The mantle—trot him out—'t is good strong stuff,
And carries double—'t will do well enough;
Come wrap the ritter in it, neck and feet.
Off with us! Here, leap up into your seat—
Here, catch the skirt; I'll light you on your way.

WAGNER.

And I——

HOMUNCULUS.

And You—oh! you at home may stay,
 The main pursuit of life, as now, pursuing.
 Spread the old parchments out as you are doing ;
 The scattered elements of life collect,
 Combine them as the recipes direct ;
 In nothing from the letter deviate thou :
 Think of the ‘ what,’ but still more of the ‘ how ;’
 While o’er a section of the world I fly,
 To hit, perhaps, the dot upon the ‘ i.’
 The triumph ’s won, the mighty work attained,
 The well-earned meed of thousand efforts gained ;
 Gold, honour, reputation, long life, health,
 —Science, perhaps, and virtue—surely wealth.
 Farewell !

WAGNER.

Farewell ! The cold word chills my heart :
 Never to meet again, I feel, we part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away we go ! swift to Peneios tend !
 There ’s something in my bright young cousin’s aid.
 (*To the SPECTATORS confidentially.*)
 In the end, we all depend
 On the creatures we have made !

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

PHARSALIAN FIELDS—*Darkness.*

ERICHTHO.

To this night's shuddering festival, as oftentimes
 ere now,
 Once more I come, once more, ERICHTHO, I the
 gloomy,
 Not quite the hideous hag o'erslandering poets
 picture—
 Their praise and blame is ever in the Infinite.

Already o'er the vale, in shadowy undulation,
 Roll glimmering before mine eye what seem to be
 gray tents,
 Spread wavelike far and wide: phantomy reappear-
 ance
 Of that all-anxious night—dread night of deepest
 sorrow.

How oft doth it repeat itself!—how oft to be
 repeated!
 Evermore and for ever! None of his own free will

Yields empire to another ; none to him
Who by strength gained it, who by strength would
govern.

Who cannot rule his inner self would fain his
neighbour's will
Strain to the stubborn measure of his own proud
thoughts.

In these fields, by armed hosts, in conflict and in
conquest,

Memorably was it exemplified.

Force 'gainst superior force for mortal strife is
marshalled ;

Freedom's fair wreath, rich with its thousand
flowers,

Breaks. The stiff laurel bends to crown the ruler's
brow.

Here MAGNUS saw in dreams the unforgotten day
Of earlier greatness spreading into glorious blos-
som ;

CÆSAR lay sleepless there, and watched the
wavering balance—

And they will measure strengths. The world
knows who prevailed.

Watchfires burn bright, diffusing their red beams
around—

The soil breathes up, in crimson stain, blood, out-
poured here of old :

And by its strange glare, streaming far thro' the
 night's magic brightness,
 Allured, the legion gathers of Hellenic story.
 Round every fire flit with uncertain glimmer,
 Or rest at ease, some of the fabulous shapings
 Of the days of old. The moon, not yet at full,
 But bright, uprising now spreads over all
 A softening lustre mild. The phantom tents
 Are gone. Illusion fades off. Fires burn blue.

But over me what a strange sudden Meteor !
 It guides, and with its light illumines, a ball
 Corporeal. I scent life ! 't would ill beseem
 Me, to life noxious, to be near the living.
 'T would bring me ill repute, and profit me
 Nothing. Already it sinks down. 'T will land
 Here. Ere it touch the ground I move away.

[*Exit.*

Moonlight. HOMUNCULUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, GRIF-
 FINS, COLOSSAL ANTS, ARIMASPIANS, SPHINXES,
 SIRENS, &c.

THE AERONAUTS *seen above, before they have
 descended.*

HOMUNCULUS.

Sweep o'er flames and sights of horror
 Once again in circling flight !
 Spectral shapes through gorge and valley
 Flit in the phantasmal light.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spectres, hideous as the phantoms
That I gazed on from the gloom
Of that drear old Northern window !
Here I feel almost at home.

HOMUNCULUS.

See, with rapid steps before us,
A tall female figure stride !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As through air she saw us gliding,
She retreated terrified.

HOMUNCULUS.

Let her stride on ! think not of her !
Set the ritter on the ground ;
Here in the charmed land of Fable,
Will the life he seeks be found.

[*They descend.*

FAUSTUS (*touching the ground*).

Where is She ?

HOMUNCULUS.

That I cannot say ;
But here would seem the very place t' inquire.
No time to lose ! from fire to fire,
Pursue the chase till break of day.
He, who has dared the adventure of the Mothers,
Has little reason to fear any others.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've my own objects here, and our best play,
 It strikes me, for the good of us all three,
 Is that each take his own course, and that we
 Among the fires, as fancy guides us, stray.
 'T is so much pleasanter when one pursues
 His own adventures just as he may choose.
 And, small chap, when 't is time to reunite,
 Let chime your glass, let flare and flash your
 light.

HOMUNCULUS (*the glass rings and shines out
 wonderfully*).

Thus shall it ring—thus flash forth ray on ray.
 Now to the scene of wonders haste away!

[*They separate.*

FAUSTUS (*alone*).

Where is She? why ask where?
 If it be not the sod, on which her feet
 Trod, and the wave that beat
 To welcome her, it is the air
 That spoke her language. Here! and I am here—
 In her own Greece, miraculously here!
 I felt at once the earth on which I stood—
 In sleep there came a Spirit that through my blood

Poured, as it were, the fire of burning levin.
 Now, like Antæus, as I touch the ground,
 I find the strength of inspiration given,
 Roam this wild maze of fires with happy cheer
 Where all things strangest are together found.

[*Withdraws.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*).

At every step, as 'mong these fires I roam,
 I find myself still less and less at home.
 What an odd crowd of creatures brought to-
 gether!—
 Bird's claws, dog's paws, men's faces, fleece, fur,
 feather.
 Their decency is little sure to brag on—
 Most of them naked ! here and there a rag on !
 The Sphinxes unabashed, the Griffins shameless,
 Making no secret of what should be nameless.
 We all are rakes at heart—each likes a touch of it ;
 But the Antique, to my taste, has too much of it :
 It is too life-like—dealers with old story
 Are never at a loss for allegory.
 And so with the Antique, we too should cover it,
 Find one thing or another to paste over it.
 A nasty set, I'll never know them rightly ;
 A stranger should, however, speak politely.
 Hail ! Ladies fair ! Hail ! Very Reverend
 Gray-beards !

GRIFFINS (*gruffly*).

What! means the fellow to offend?
Gray beard, or Gray bird, what does he think to
say?

My name is Griffin—do not call me Gray:

GRAY! bird or beast, none likes to be called
GRAY.

Gray-beard, forsooth! However far they range,
Words ring their origin in every change;
In 'gray,' 'grief,' 'graveyard,' 'grim,' and each
such sound,
The thought, etymologically bound,
Offends, puts the best temper out of tune.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet, not to give in to you too soon,
The 'gri' in Griffin, your own honoured name,
Is not unpleasing.

GRIFFINS (*in the same tone*).

Aye, and for the same
Reason; the kindred thought you still can trace—
Our 'gri' is grip or grasp—we grasp at place
And honours, grasp at kingdoms, girls and gold:
Nor we alone—though some affect to blame,
In practice 't is the universal game.
Fortune still aids the GRIFFIN, Grasper bold.

COLOSSAL ANTS.

GOLD!—Said you Gold? laboriously we plied,
 And heaps of it had grubbed, and sought to hide
 In cave and crannied rock far out of sight;
 Our hoarded gold the ARIMASPIANS eyed,
 Made off with it—and, proud of their success,
 Look at them laughing there at our distress!

GRIFFINS.

Be at ease—we'll bring the rascals to confession.

ARIMASPIANS.

But not to-night; not this free festival night:
 Ours for the nonce is undisturbed possession,
 And ere the morning 't will have vanished quite.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who has placed himself between
 the SPHINXES*).

Here is a spot that I can cotton to!
 At home quite,—I so understand them all!

SPHINXES.

WE breathe our Spirit tones—by YOU
 They are made Corporeal.
 By and bye we may know something more of
 you;
 But now just tell us what's your name? pray do.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Name? Men are fond of giving names to me,
 And thus it is I've many a name. Let's see—
 Are any Britons here? No doubt there are,
 And they will vouch for me. They travel far
 To visit fields of battle, waterfalls,
 Your dreary classic ruins, broken walls.
 This were the very place for such as they ;
 They will bear witness how in the old play
 They saw me there as Old Iniquity.

SPHINX.

Why so called?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is a mystery to me.

SPHINX.

Likely enough. Know you anything of the power
 Of the stars? What says the aspect of the hour?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking up*).

Star after star shoots fast and far, and bright
 And sharp shines down the crescent moon to-night.
 Here in this comfortable spot and snug,
 I'll nestle close to your warm lion-rug:
 Go farther and fare worse.—To climb up would
 Be dangerous, in no case do much good.
 Out with a riddle—I've some small skill in
 Riddles—or tip me a charade,—begin.

SPHINX.

Thyself—take that—there were a riddle indeed.
 The strange enigma shall we try to read?
 ‘Needful alike to good man and to bad,
 Target, the ascetic’s zeal to test and prove,
 Accomplice in mad projects of the mad,
 At all times nothing but a jest to Jove?’

FIRST GRIFFIN (*snarling*).

I do not like him—what a face!

SECOND GRIFFIN (*snarling more gruffly*).

The rascal does not know his place;
 He’s none of ours—what brings him here?

BOTH.

A vile beast!—nothing good, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*brutally*).

Aye, pretty treatment of a guest, because
 You think his nails can’t scrape like your sharp
 claws.

Let’s try them.

SPHINX (*mildly*).

If you like it, you may stay;
 But you’ll be off soon—are on thorns to go;
 —And yet such suitor for a lady’s grace
 Is pretty sure at home to make his way.
 Here you seem out of spirits, out of place.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm half in love,—admire your upper show
Of woman,—shudder at the Beast below.

SPHINX.

Liar! for this you'll suffer—scoffing thus—
Our claws are sound and sharp, we'd have you
know—

The shrivelled horse-shank! he! too good for us!

[SIRENS *are heard preludeing from above.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the Birds yonder on the poplar bough
That rock them to and fro, say, what are they?

SPHINX.

Beware! beware!—the SIREN's song ere now
Hath lured the wisest and the best away.

SIRENS (*singing*).

Where no Beauty is, why linger?
'Mong these strange shapes wherefore dwell?
Listen!—hither, grouped together,
We have come, and time our voices
As beseemeth Sirens well.

SPHINXES (*mocking and mimicking them*).

Force them from the branches green,
Where their falcon claws they screen;

Fear to lend a listening ear
To their song! their talons fear!

SIRENS.

Hate and Envy—hence begone!
All the joys, that Nature scatters
Over earth and over waters,
Ours to gather into one.
Ever in our welcomings
Still is seen the best, the 'gayest,
Happiest attitude of things.'*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*mimicking*)

These are their new and pretty things.
From the throat and from the strings
Tone round tone still winds and weaves.
This thrilling is all lost on me,
Tickles the ear,—the heart, left free,
Nothing of the song receives.

SPHINXES.

Heart! why a leathern bag fills up the place
Of heart with you, as shrivelled as your face!

FAUSTUS (*stepping forward*).

How wonderful all here! Strange spectacle!
But not displeasing—nay, it augurs well.

* Akenside.

In these repulsive aspects, oh, what vast
 Features of power! what alien grandeur massed!
 Gazing on them, my hopes anticipate,
 And feel even now a favourable fate.
 To what far distant days—what far-off lands—
 This deep glance bears me!—

(Pointing to the Sphinxes.)

Before such as these

CEdipus stood—

And before such as these

(Pointing to the Sirens.)

Ulysses crouched him down in hempen bands.—

(To the Colossal Ants.)

Such were the far-famed gatherers of gold!—

(To the Griffins.)

These guarded it in firm and faithful hold.
 New life thrills through me as I gaze on these.
 Forms! Oh, how grand!—How grand the Memo-
 ries!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such erewhile you'd have scouted; but at present
 They seem to you delectable and pleasant.
 When a man's amorous, and has in chase
 The girl he wants, no monster's out of place.

FAUSTUS *(to the Sphinxes).*

Shapes, that seem Woman, Ye must answer me:
 Have any of you seen Helen? Where is She?

SPHINXES.

Seen Helen?—we? We reach not to her days.
The last of us was killed by Hercules.
From Cheiron you, perhaps, may make it out;
He's pretty surely galloping about
In this wild spirit-night;—catch him who can—
It is no easy task: but he's your man.

SIRENS.

Oh, go not from us!—go not from us!
Heed not what old fablers say
Of Ulysses onward speeding
From the Sirens of the bay.
With us he, in sweet repose,
Loitered long, and legends many
Had we of the times of Troy.
All to thee will we disclose,
All confide to thee with joy,
Dearer thou to us than any!
Come! oh, come! the glad green sea
Longs, with us, to welcome thee!

SPHINXES.

Oh! let them not delude thy noble mind.
As ropes Ulysses, let our counsel bind
Thee! If the mighty Cheiron thou dost find,
'T will prove us right.

[*Exit Faustus.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*fretfully*).

What's that croaks by in flapping flight?
 'T is gone too quick to catch the sight!
 One—two—three—ten,—like shadows past,—
 Who thinks to catch them must fly fast.

SPHINXES.

Swift as the winter tempest these,
 Swift as the darts of Hercules;
 They are the Stymphalides.
 Their vulture-beak and gander-foot
 Look well; but that is as one thinks.
 Their croak is meant for a salute.
 These Croakers say they 're cousins: count the links
 Between them and the family of Sphinx.

MÉPHISTOPHELES (*seeming terrified*).

Beside the Croakers, there's some other stuff,
 Hissing abominably——

SPHINX.

Like enough.

You—scared at hissing!—nothing, sure, in this.
 They're always hissing who can only hiss.
 These are the heads of the Lernæan snake,
 Cut from the main stump off. What airs they take
 On the strength of the separation!—shine as proudly
 As the old serpent, and they hiss as loudly.

But what are you now about? This restlessness,
 These gestures of such comical distress!
 What do you want, what is't you would express?
 Off with you! How his neck turns round awry—
 Oh! now I see what has so caught his eye.
 Don't think of us. He's off! They're pretty faces,
 No doubt of it; but have done with these grimaces.
 The group of LAMLÆ—smart girls—no great matter
 Of beauty—bold fronts—red lips—smiles that
 flatter,
 And looks that have allurements for a Satyr.
 The goat-foot's sure to win such ladies' grace.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When I return shall you be in this place?

SPHINX.

Thou and they may sport and play,
 —Airy shapes, that pass away;
 From Egypt we—and one of us is known
 For a full thousand years on the same throne.
 On our position fix your earnest gaze;
 We rule the Lunar—rule the Solar days.
 We sit before the Pyramids, we see
 Judgment done upon the Nations,
 War, and Peace, and Inundations.
 Change of feature none know We.

SCENE CHANGES. *The PENEIOS surrounded by
WATERS and NYMPHS.*

PENEIOS, FAUSTUS, NYMPHS, CHEIRON, MANTO.

PENEIOS.

Lull me still with thy faint whispers,
Soft sedge! sister reeds, sigh low!
Willow, wave with languorous breathing!
Poplars, ye, that tremble so,
Rocking still beside my stream,
Murmur back my broken dream!
A thick dense heat—a shudder dread,
Secret, through all nature spread,
Wakes me in my rolling bed.

FAUSTUS.

Is it that my ear deceives?
Sure I heard behind the leaves
Other sounds than of the stream,
That like human accents seem:
Tittering among the trees—
Prattling ripple—laughing breeze.

NYMPHS (*singing*).

Weary and way-sore,
Oh! were it not best,
In the cool, for the tired limbs
To lie down and rest?

To lie down, enjoying
 The rest that would fly thee,
 Enjoying the rest
 That the world would deny thee ;
 While we lull thee, and soothe thee,
 And linger close by thee.

FAUSTUS.

Awake—I am awake—yes, yes!
 I am awake! Fade not away,
 Fair forms! but still pursue your play
 Where my eye yonder shapes the scene.
 Dreams are they?—are they memories?
 How strange the feeling! All that is
 Seems as though it before had been.

Where the cool bowering copse-wood weaves
 Its dance of agitated leaves,
 I hear—scarce hear—the water's flow!
 From all sides round, in hundred rills,
 It ripples down, unites and fills
 A clear bright space below,
 Where, in a pure bed, nothing deep,
 The crystal currents have their sleep.

Nymphs bathing,—and from the moist glass we see,
 Amused, of sleek young limbs the double gleam.

Grouped, swimming boldly, wading timidly.
Hark ! splash of water ; laugh, and shriek, and
scream !

This were enough to satisfy
And charm the fascinated eye ;
But the sense onward, onward still would press,
Would pierce with searching glance the screen
Of the rich bower, whose green recess
Conceals the lofty Queen.

Strange ! very strange ! and swans, swans too are
here !

Majestically borne from cove and creek,
In slumber-seeming motion on they steer.
Companionable, kindly ; but what pride !
Contemplating the softened image of
Breast snow-white, stately head, and arching neck,
As though with their own lovely forms in love,
O'er the still mirror peacefully they glide.

And one before the rest,
Bold with expanded breast,
Moves with imperial dignity and grace :
His feathers, roughed out wide—wave on the
waves—

Thro' snowy foam that his white plumage laves,
He presses to the dear, the dedicated place.

And see the rest—reposing light illumes,
 While to and fro they float, their tranquil plumes.
 And lo! they rouse them; see! the splendid strife:
 Fain would they chase away these maidens coy,
 Whose mistress, can she now their thoughts employ?
 Their one thought is security—is life!

NYMPHS.

Sisters, listen! lay your ear
 To the river's green marge here.
 Do I hear, or do I dream,
 Sound of horses' hoofs that seem
 Swift as of a courier's flight
 Bringing tidings of the night?

FAUSTUS.

Shocks, as of leaping thunder!
 Earth! will it spring asunder?
 Nearer and nearer now, and ringing loud
 Under the quick feet of a courser proud.
 Thither, mine eye, glance thither! Favouring Fate!
 Is it to be? Am I the Fortunate?
 Wonder unparalleled! and will it be?
 A rider gallops hither. In his air
 What courage! what intelligence is there!
 Borne by a courser white—blindingly bright.
 I err not; 't is no mockery of the sight.
 It is, it is the son of Philyra.
 Halt, CHEIRON! halt! I have much to say to thee.

CHEIRON.

What say'st ? what is 't ?

FAUSTUS.

A moment check thy pace.

CHEIRON.

I rest not.

FAUSTUS.

Take me.

CHEIRON.

Up! then. As we race,

You may give me the happiness of knowing
What you 're about, and which way you are going.
We 're on the bank ; I 'll take you 'cross the river.

FAUSTUS.

Oh ! as for that, I 'll go whithersoever
You go.

And I must thank thee evermore,
Noblest of men, whose fame 't is to have taught
The Heroes of the glorious days of yore,
The Poet's world of Chief and Argonaut.

CHEIRON.

Pass over that—Pallas's own success
When she played Mentor could not well be less.
'T is little matter what is taught, men will,
Taught or untaught, go on the same way still.

FAUSTUS.

Physician, learned in names of herbs and fruits,
 Who to the very deepest knowest all roots ;
 Wounds thou dost mitigate, and sick men cheer,
 In Spirit and in Body art thou here ?

CHEIRON.

Was a man wounded, I was in a trice
 Upon the field with aid and with advice.
 What I did, much or little, anyhow
 The herb-women and priests inherit now.

FAUSTUS.

There spoke the genuine great man, who disclaims
 Peculiar merit in his acts or aims ;
 And though of all in every way the best,
 'Gainst any praise still enters his protest.

CHEIRON.

You seem to me a flatterer of skill,
 A practised hand in winding at your will
 People and prince.

FAUSTUS.

But, tell me,—you have seen
 The great men of your time, and you have been
 Rival, in everything that wins man's praise
 Of the very noblest, didst live out thy days
 True Hero, Demigod,—say in thy thoughts

Who of all, that thou now rememberest,
Then figuring on earth 'mong men, seemed best.

CHEIRON.

In the high circle of the Argonauts,
Each, as the soul breathed power, distinction held ;
Each in his own peculiar path excelled.
The DIOSCURI brothers won their way
Where youthful bloom and manly beauty sway ;
In the BOREADES, for others' weal .
Sprang instant action from determined zeal.
A thoughtful man, strong, energetic, clear,
Such was Prince JASON, to the ladies dear.
And tender ORPHEUS swayed the lyre—calm heart
Was his—and his true miracles of art.
Sharp-sighted LYNCEUS, he by day and dark,
Through rock and strand steered safe the holy bark.
In danger's hour true brotherhood is shown,
Each works, and all praise each. Each works
alone.

FAUSTUS.

Will you say nothing then of HERCULES ?

CHEIRON.

Oh ! call not back that feeling, wake thou not
The longing for the old days that have been.
Phœbus or Hermes I had never seen,
Or Ares, or the rest ; in HERCULES
The god-like stood before these eyes of mine
Impersonated—all that of divine

In dreams of heaven man's fancy hath conceived,
 All the mind imaged or the heart believed !
 A king by Nature made. What dignity
 In youth's first bloom!—How gentle, too, was he !
 Gave to his elder brother service true,
 And loved the ladies with devotion due.
 Son such as he will never more be given
 By Earth for Hebe to lead up to heaven ;
 Songs all in vain to make him known,
 Would strive, and sculptors torture stone.

FAUSTUS.

Never did sculptor, labour as he might,
 Bring out such perfect image to the sight
 Of that imperial look, that god-like mind.
 But now that the most beautiful of men
 You thus have showed me, try your hand again
 With the most beautiful of womankind.

CHEIRON.

What? Woman's Beauty?—The words, thus
 combined,
 Seem meaningless,—the shape of faultless mould
 Too often a stiff image, marble-cold.
 Only the Being, whose glad life flows free,
 And sheds around it the perpetual cheer
 Of joyousness, hath interest for me.
 The BEAUTIFUL in its own placid sphere
 Rests all apart. GRACE charms resistlessly,
 As Helen, when I carried her, and she——

FAUSTUS.

You—carried—her?

CHEIRON.

Yes—I—upon this back.

FAUSTUS.

Was there not hitherto perplexity
Enough? What more?—here sitting where she
sate.

CHEIRON.

She grasped into my hair, as you do now.

FAUSTUS.

My brain whirls round—oh! tell me when and how
It was. She is my sole desire; say when
And whence, and whither, whither?

CHEIRON.

The Dioscuri brothers had just freed
Their little sister from the spoiler's hand;
And now upon their homeward road they speed.
Again the robbers pluck up courage, and
The brothers, with whom Helena then was,
Would clear Eleusis' swamp in rapid flight:
They waded, and I, pawing, swam across.
Then sprang she off, and my moist mane she
smoothed,
Patted me with her fondling hand, and soothed.

And then she thanked me, and with such address,
Such self-possession, such calm consciousness !
She was,—how charming!—young and the delight
Of the aged.

FAUSTUS.

Then just seven years old, not quite
Seven.

CHEIRON.

What! the philologues have been with you,
Puzzling your brains, themselves deceiving too ;
Your Mythologic lady has no age,
Is from her very birth-time all the rage.
Like nothing but herself : in childhood carried
By spoilers off—recovered—wooed—won—mar-
ried.

Years but increase her charms, bring lovers plenty ;
She's never old—nay, never comes to twenty.
Lovely, and to be loved! The Poet seizes
The fair form and does with her what he pleases.
The Poet is not bound by time or distance.

FAUSTUS.

Time for her ! time then can have no existence.
And so ACHILLES found her—Time the while
Ceasing to be—on Leuke's lonely isle.
Strange hap was theirs of blissful ecstasy—
Love wrung from unrelenting Destiny!

And would my powerful longings, all in vain,
 Charm into life that deathless form again—
 Eternal as the gods? Yes! Gentleness
 And winning Grace are hers, and not the less
 Hers the calm sway of Dignity serene.
You saw long since whom I *to-day* have seen.
 And She is Beautiful. 'Tis not the spell,
 'Tis not the spell of Gracefulness alone—
 'Tis Beauty, Beauty irresistible!
 We see, we love, we long to make our own.
 With her enraptured Soul, Sense, Being twine—
 I have no life if Helen be not mine.

CHEIRON.

Stranger! this rapture men would call the flame
 Of Love; with Spirits madness is its name.
 'T is lucky that the fit has seized you here,
 And on this night, of all nights of the year;
 It is my wont each year, upon this night,
 For one short moment in my circling flight,
 To visit Manto, Æsculapius' child,
 Who in her father's temple, priestess there,
 Still lifts her supplicating hands in prayer,
 That he illumine the physician's mind,
 And from their rash destroyers save mankind—
 The best loved of the sibyls' guild; no wild
 Mad raving there, but ever good and mild.
 Health will come soon from simples of the field
 Applied by her.

FAUSTUS.

But I would not be healed;
My mind is now all-powerful. Dispossessed
I sink to man, no better than the rest.

CHEIRON.

In the noble fount is healing—scorn it not.
Now, down! Down quickly! we are at the spot.

FAUSTUS.

Whither hast brought me in the gray of night,
Landing me in the splash and pebbles here?

CHEIRON.

See! on the left Olympus. On the right
Peneios. Here strove Rome and Greece in fight;
A mighty kingdom melts in sand away—
The Monarch's flight—the Burgher's triumph-day.
The Eternal Temple resting in the clear
Light of the moon stands out—how very near!

MANTO (*dreaming, from within*).

This a something doth import.
Threshold rings, and temple-court,
Horses' footfalls echoing.
Demigods are entering.

CHEIRON.

All's right! Open your eyes, and see all's right.

MANTO (*awaking*).

Welcome! I see you have not missed the night.

CHEIRON.

Unfallen still stands your ancient temple-home!

MANTO.

Unweariable you still range and roam!

CHEIRON.

You rest in changeless bower of quiet deep,
And *I* in everlasting circuit sweep.

MANTO.

I tarry—round Me still wheels rolling Time.
But—this man ——

CHEIRON.

The mad night hath seized him in
Its whirls, up flung him in its sludge and slime;
And Helen—madman—Helen he would win,
And knows not how or where he should begin.
With Æsculapian aid he may do well.

MANTO.

I love him who desires th' Impossible.

[CHEIRON *is already far off*.

MANTO (*to FAUSTUS*).

Onward! Adventurous! with joy proceed!
Enter in boldly! Down the dark path speed

Whose windings to Persephoneia lead
Beneath Olympus, where with longing eyes
She seeks the smile of interdicted skies.
There did I smuggle Orpheus in of old.
Fare better thou! Be Fortunate! Be Bold!

[*They descend.*

The UPPER PENEIOS, as before.

SIRENS, SEISMOS, SPHINXES, GRIFFINS, ANTS,
 PYGMIES, DACTYLS, CRANES OF IBYCUS, &c.

SIRENS.

Dash we into the PENEIOS,
 Swim we with him down in glee,
 With the charm of song inviting
 All to seek the spreading sea.

There be those who will not listen—
 Hapless ! yet with song we call,
 To the FESTIVAL of OCEAN,
 To the healing waters, all.
 Were we there, oh ! with what rapture
 Would we raise our lofty Pæan ;
 In the wave is every blessing—
 Come with us to the ÆGEAN.

[*Earthquake.*

Waves foam back to the spring-head,
 Nor stream, as wont, down the river's bed ;
 The trembling ground starts and recoils,
 And the tainted water boils.
 The gritty bank swells. Moisture soaks
 Thro' pebbly sand. 'T will burst !—it smokes !
 Fly hence ! all, all—oh ! fly we hence ;
 This wonder-work of violence

Bodes good to none—is an offence
To Nature's Truth. Fly hence! fly hence!

Come, joyous noble guests—come ye
To the glad Feast of the Sea,
Where tremulously wavelets shine,
And swelling lap the white sea-line;
Above, below, in double glow,
In sky and sea smiles Luna calm,
And sheds in dew her holy balm.
Yonder is Movement!—Freedom! Life!
Here, Suffering and Constraint and Strife:
The throes of agonising earth
In travail with a monstrous birth.

All that are prudent, fly apace;
There is a horror o'er the place.

SEISMOS

*(still in the depths of the earth, struggling upward
and grumbling; his voice makes itself heard).*

One shove more—one shove will do it;
Put but sides and shoulders to it;
One tug more and I am through it.
Thus I tear my way before me,
Sure to rise o'er all that's o'er me.
One tug more—another shove now:
I am in the world above now.

[Appears as described.]

SPHINXES.

What a shudder ! what a taking
 Earth must be in—trembling, quaking !
 What a going 'gainst the grain !
 What a struggle, stress, and strain !
 What a rocking, what a wringing !
 Back and forward, swaying, swinging !
 But we'll keep the post we've taken,
 Though all round about be shaken,
 Though all Hell in horror break in.

And behold a vault ascending !
 Wonderful!—'t is He ! 't is He !
 'T is the Old Man of the Sea !
 He, who built amid the foam—
 Ocean's bed before him rending—
 Delos, the bright island-home,
 That, when earth denied all other
 Shelter to a wandering mother,
 There her sorrows might have ending.
 He with striving, squeezing, driving,
 Arms extending, broad back bending,
 Very Atlas in his gesture,
 Tears his way thro' earth's green vesture,
 Carries with him in his travel
 Land and sand, and grit and gravel ;
 All that hitherto was sleeping,
 An unbroken quiet keeping,

In the river bed at rest,
 Or upon the valley's breast.
 Unfatigued and still defiant,
 See the Caryatid giant!
 Loads of stony scaffolding
 To his sides and shoulders cling.
 From his subterranean prison
 One half of him up hath risen.
 Now this is going too far—this must end,
 The Sphinxes their position must defend.

SEISMOS.

I've done it all alone—'t was my sole act.
 They now believe—they've seen me in the fact.
 Had I not toiled and tugged with push and pull,
 Would the world have been half so beautiful?
 The mountain-summit's pure ethereal blue,
 That, as from some enchanted heaven above,
 So smiles upon the raptured painter's view;
 Where would it be, did I not shake and shove?
 My proud progenitors were looking on—
 Swart Night and Chaos gloried in their son—
 As in my strength, I, 'mong the Titans tall,
 With Pelion played and Ossa, as at ball.
 We then were young, and, as young blood inspired,
 We raved and raged. At last, like children tired,
 In half-malicious mirth the hills we clap
 Upon Parnassus-head—a double cap.

And there Apollo lingers with his lyre,
 Or listens, as the Muses sing in choir.
 Even Jove's high stretcher I it was heaved out,
 Where his loose thunder-bolts lie strewn about.
 And now, with might and main, with stress and
 strain,
 I haste head-foremost from the depths again.
 In upper air have worked myself a place,
 And shout out for some animated race
 Of occupants—and doubtless not in vain—
 With joyance and new life to people the new space.

SPHINXES.

We might have thought him one of the true stock
 Of the primitive old Hills—a real Rock—
 Had we not seen the struggles of his birth,
 As the poor upstart wriggled out of earth.
 Now bushy woods come clothing his gaunt sides—
 Stone pressing upon stone his bald pate hides.
 But what care we?—the intruder must retreat—
 The Sphinx will never yield her holy seat.

GRIFFINS.

Gold in leaflet—gold in glitter—
 Take good care that thieves get none of it;
 Through the chinks I see it glitter :
 Up! ye EMMETS, make your own of it.

CHORUS OF ANTS.

Giants, with shattering
Strength, have up sped it;
Little feet pattering
Joyously tread it.
O'er the hill, in and out,
Tiny things many
Wander in groups about
Fissure and cranny.
Swifter come—swifter come.
Each chink has in it
Rich gold in every crumb:
Hasten to win it.
Loiter and linger not;
Hasten to snatch it;
The treasure is yours
If you only can catch it.
Be earnest—be active—
Come quick to the fountain
Of wealth—seize the gold,
And good-bye to the mountain!

GRIFFINS.

In with the gold! In with it!—swell the heap!
We'll lay our claws upon't—the best bolts they:
I warrant safe the treasure that they keep.

PYGMIES.

We're here—we have our place. We cannot say
How it came to be, but so it is. Ask not
Whence 't is we came—here we are, on the spot,
Here undeniably. And here and there,
Where'er there is but room to breathe—where'er
You find a region meet for joyous life,
If but a rocky crevice shows itself,
Up springs your dwarf; and with the tiny elf
Be sure ere long to find his tiny wife.
The active little man, the dwarfess fair,
You find them here, and there, and everywhere;
Diligent little people—pair and pair.
I do not know if things in the old day
Went on in Paradise the self-same way;
That here they do so happily we know,
And thank our stars delighted that 't is so.
Life, joyous life, everywhere, east and west,
Springs evermore from Earth's maternal breast.

DACTYLS.

In one creative night, if Earth
Hath brought these little things to birth,
Be sure the same life-giving power
To lesser folk will lend their hour,
Who, led by the same law of kind,
Will everywhere fit partners find.

ELDEST OF THE PYGMIES.

'Tis a time of Peace, and therefore
 The true moment to prepare for
 War. Then build the smithy! heap on
 Coals! and cuirass shape and weapon!
 All our vassals should be arming.
 Come, ye EMMETS, hither swarming;
 Come, in thousands come, and with ye
 Bring the metals for the smithy.
 DACTYLS, come with logs and tinder;
 Come with coals, and coke, and cinder.

GENERALISSIMO.

Stand together in a row,
 Fix the arrow, strain the bow;
 Aim, secure and steady, take
 At the HERONS of the lake.
 Nestling high, how proud they seem!
 And their plumes, how bright they gleam!
 Slay them—lay the proud ones low;
 Fix the arrow, strain the bow;
 Stand together, one and all.
 Darts fly thick, and thousands fall.

Wide waving o'er our helmets shall the crest
 Of heron-plumes the victory attest.

EMMETS AND DACTYLS.

None now to rescue—all resistance vain.
We knead the iron, and *they* forge the chain.

We are and must be Slaves—Oppressors *they* ;
And helpless *we*, but hope a better day,
And till it's dawn, repine, but must obey.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Dying wail ! and the insulting
Cry of murderers exulting !

Wings in torture agonising
Quiver—anguish of the dying !
Shrieks of pain from earth are rising
To the heights where we are flying.
Mingled all in one fell slaughter,
Reddening with their blood the water !
Self-conceit, and the ambition
To affect a high condition,
And reduce to servile homage
Brother dwarfings, brought these troubles,
Led the mannikin land-nobles
To the murder, for their plumage,
Of the HERONS. See, it waves there
O'er the helms of the proud slaves there,
Paunchy, bandy-legged, and crooked.

Come with beaks and talons hooked,
Ye that of our army be,
Heron-wanderers of the sea ;

Come, as Nature bids, with engines
Nature gives, awake to vengeance.
They have slain your near relations.
Root their name from out the nations ;
Give no quarter—show no favour—
Root the rascals out for ever.

[Disperse, croaking in the air.]

Scene changes to the low ground.

MEPHISTOPHELES, LAMLÆ, OREAD, HOMUNCULUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

The Northern hags at will I wind about,—
 These Foreign Spirits put one sadly out.
 The BLOCKSBERG is firm ground where'er you stray,
 And well defined—you cannot lose your way ;
 Frau ILSE at her stone is watching still,
 And HEINRICH cheers you from his faithful hill ;
 The SCHNARCHERS growl and snarl, and ELEND
 hears

No change to speak of for a thousand years.
 Here, who can say if he moves swift or slow,
 When the ground boils and bubbles from below ?
 On a smooth field you take a quiet stroll,
 When—thump !—behind, a mountain will uproll
 Its waves : 't is scarce a mountain—but of height
 Enough to screen me from the Sphinxes' sight.
 Adown the valley fires are flickering dun,
 And groups dance round, that promise lots of fun.
 See there a knot of girls that smirking, smiling,
 Would seem to welcome me with looks beguiling.
 That coyly, now retreating, now advances,
 And pours upon me showers of merry glances.
 But softly, softly, on them. Fond of sweets,
 The traveller must snap up what he meets.

Enter LAMLÆ, who seek to attract

MEPHISTOPHELES.

LAMLÆ.

Quicker come—quicker come,
Faster and faster ;
Luring on after us
The old witch-master.

Now for a little while
Loiter and linger ;
Lure him with merry smile ;
Beckon with finger.

Precious the prize to hold :
Happy the winners,
If we can catch the old
Prince of all sinners.

O'er the uneven ground,
Stumping and stumbling ;
O'er the uneven ground,
Tripping and tumbling,

'T were pleasant to lead
To the path of repentance—
Staggering—swaggering—
Our new acquaintance.

Dragging his game-leg
Leave him behind,
He with his lame leg—
We like the wind.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*hesitating*).

Deceivers that they are ! Oh, fate accursed !
 Every man tricked and tempted like the first !
 Yes, all grow older, but none grows more steady.
 Poor devil ! wert thou not fooled enough already ?
 They're good for nothing. We know how the
 case is,
 With their tight laces and patched painted faces.
 Rotten in every limb—peep where you will,
 Not a sound spot in them—all rotten ripe.
 We know it, see it, feel it, too—and still
 What man but dances when the carrions pipe ?

LAMLÆ (*stopping*).

Look sharp—he halts—he hesitates—he lingers.
 At him, girls, now, or he 'll slip through our fingers.
 [*Advancing boldly.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pluck up your courage ! Why these twitches
 Of doubt ? Pluck up and join the revel.
 If in the world there were no witches,
 The devil a one would be a devil.

LAMLÆ (*gracefully*).

Round this hero let us twine
 A sportive ring, till in his eyes
 One seems most fair,—till love arise,
 And that soft heart to one inclines.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes! Could one judge by this uncertain light,
 Women, ye seem; of rank, if I see right;
 You're handsome—that is, I've nothing to say
 To the contrary—you're beauties in your way.

EMPUSA (*rushing in*).

And I too. Cousins, you must let me in
 As one of you.

LAMIÆ.

No, if her way she win
 To our circle, she'll—she is a spoil-sport quite.

EMPUSA (*to MEPHISTOPHELES*).

EMPUSA with the Ass's foot
 Waits your affectionate salute.
 You've but a Horse's shank, 't is true,
 Yet, Cousin, I acknowledge you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, travelling without any ostentation,
 Incognito, and in a foreign nation,
 How could one think of meeting a relation?
 But the old proverb still holds here and there,
 From HARTZ to HELLAS Cousins everywhere.

EMPUSA.

You see me as I am,—I speak out plain.
 I could take many shapes ; but I retain
 My own to-night—the Ass's head does best
 To compliment my cousin and my guest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Clanship and kin is all in all, I see,
 With these folks, but—unpleasant though it be
 To meet what seems a compliment with slight—
 The Ass's head, I must ignore it quite.

LAMIE.

Beast ! nasty Beast ! she comes to scare
 Away the Lovely and the Fair.
 The Beauty and the Love, that shone
 Till she came, when she comes is gone.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the fair cousins, slender slips and tender—
 Something about them still makes me suspicious.
 Behind the roses of their little cheeks,
 A man may meet, perhaps, more than he seeks,
 And transformations other than he wishes.

LAMIA.

Try us, we're many—try it, if you've pluck :
 Here, take your choice of us. I wish you luck.

What means this leer and languish? You had best
 Speak plainly—make up to the prettiest.
 You act the lover wretchedly—your air
 Of pride amuses and repels the fair.
 Do mix with girls with somewhat more of sense,
 With somewhat less, too, of magnificence.
 Now, girls, let fall your masks, and show the man—
 He well deserves such favour—all you can.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've made my choice; come, dearest, loveliest,
 Come to my arms! A broomstick, I protest!
 And this one,—horrid face, avaunt!

LAMIA.

Just served you right; what did you want?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Little one, I caught her; but she shapes
 Herself into a lizard and escapes:
 As sliding through my hands she presses,
 I feel the soft smooth serpent tresses.
 I catch the Tall one next—the Bacchanal
 Is off—the thyrsus staff, I have it all:
 Pine-stem and prickly cone, instead
 Of the tall girl with the high head.
 —Now for the Fat one, there a man shall
 Regale himself with the substantial:

For such girl what a price would your Easterns give!
 I'll try, for the last time, what my luck may do.
 The skinny Fungus shrivels—falls in two,
 Leaving but dust and ashes, as I live !

LAMIÆ.

Break the chain, and, hand from hand
 Disengaging, loose the band.

On the Bat's wing sweep and hover !
 Lightning glance of dusky pinions !
 He with us to play the lover ?
 Foreign rascal ! restless rover !
 Hunt him out of our dominions.

Witch's son—what strange confusion—
 Subject of another empire,
 Make him pay for his intrusion !
 Scare him, Flitter-mouse and Vampire !

[LAMIÆ *vanish*.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*shaking himself*).

I've not learned much in my travels, on my word.
 Absurd 't is here, and in the North absurd.
 Spectres are cross-grained creatures everywhere,
 People and Poets stupid here as there.
 Here and there the same sensual game is played ;
 And here as there illusion lends its aid.
 The smile of beauty tempted me to grasp,
 And horrors to my shuddering breast I clasp.

Yet would the spell had been a little stronger,
And the illusion lasting somewhat longer !

(Losing his way among the rocks.)

Where am I? where 's the road? what tricks they
play us !

There was a path here ; path—why all is chaos.
'T was a smooth road on which I hither bore me,
And now see what a mountain stands before me !
Here I go scrambling up and down in vain,
Where shall I find my Sphix-women again?
The thing must be a madman's dream outright—
A chain of mountains risen up in one night.
Witch-ride ! why this outdoes our witch-rides
all :
They bring their Blocksberg with them to the ball.

OREAD *(from the natural rock)*.

Climb up here ! reverence the old
Last rock-stairs of the Pindus range.
By Nature formed, in me behold
A hill that knows no shock of change.
I stood unmoved the same unshattered head,
When over me Pompeius, conquered, fled.
These are but fancy-forms, the sight that mock.
They vanish with the crowing of the cock.
Such fables oftentimes I see uprising,
And sink as suddenly before the eyes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Honour to thee, time-honoured Headland ; crowned
With the high strength of oaks that bower thee
round.

The clearest moonshine hath no spear
To pierce the ebon darkness here.

But, 'mong the bushes lo ! a modest light
Glides near—how strangely everything comes
right!—

It is no other than HOMUNCULUS !

Whither, young fellow, are you going thus ?

Enter HOMUNCULUS.

HOMUNCULUS.

Hither and thither, up, down, in and out ;
From place to place still hovering about,
Impatient the free air of life to breathe,
Longing to break the glass that is my sheath—
My chrysalis ; but everywhere I see
Such sights ! I could not venture yet to be.
Now for a secret—I am on the track
Of two Philosophers. Their tongues, clack ! clack !
Went evermore, and Nature—Nature was
The word. Keep me not from them. Of the laws
Of earthly being they must somewhat know :
Between them, I may learn some little ; so
Pass into life by their experience wiser.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shape your own course yourself—trust no adviser.
 Philosopher and Phantom chum together,
 And Phantast is a fool of the same feather;
 Spectres in dozens the philosopher,
 For some new creed your credence to obtain,
 Will conjure up, or coin out of his brain.

You never will get sense except you err.

BE, if you must—but into Being rise
 By your own impulse.

HOMUNCULUS.

Yet it were not wise
 The good advice chance offers here to miss.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away with you ! We shall see more of this.

[*They separate.*]

ANAXAGORAS, THALES, HOMUNCULUS.

ANAXAGORAS (to THALES).

Your mind resists all reasoning. Can there be
 Imagined stronger proof than what we see ?

THALES.

The willing waves each little wind obey ;
 But, meeting with the rough rock, roll away.

ANAXAGORAS.

Vapours of Fire have forced this rock through
earth.

THALES.

In Moisture still the Living has its birth.

HOMUNCULUS (*joins them*).

Let me with both of you walk side by side :
I have for Birth and Being to provide.

ANAXAGORAS.

Have you, oh Thales ! ever in one night,
Seen a hill rise up out of mud to light ?

THALES.

Never was Nature, and her effluent powers
Of Life, referred to days and nights and hours ;
She acts in calm and regulated course—
Knows nothing of this Accidental force ;
Even in her works of Most sublimity,
As in the Least, no violence knows she.

ANAXAGORAS.

But here such was. Here fierce Plutonic flame
With Æolus's stormy vapours came,
Burst through the earth's flat crust with monstrous
throes,
And in the moment a New Hill arose.

THALES.

Now, how does this assist your case ? the Hill
 Is there—there let it be with my good will :
 Time's lost in such dispute that no fruit brings,
 But holding patient folks in leading strings.

ANAXAGORAS.

Not long unpeopled is our New Hill left,
 Its Myrmidons are crowding every cleft—
 Pygmies, Emmets, Fingerlings,
 —And other active little things.

(To HOMUNCULUS.)

To Royalty in thought hast never risen ?
 Been still sealed up a hermit in your prison ?
 If you can learn the arts of government,
 I'll make you king—

HOMUNCULUS.

What says my Thales ?

THALES.

Not with my consent.
 I would not have my friend accept the crown.
 Among the little all one does dwarfs down,
 Even as the little placed amid the great
 Partakes of greatness. Why deliberate ?
 See you the CRANES in blackening cloud ?
 Look yonder, where they gather proud,

The insurgent people threatening.
 Think you they would spare the king ?
 Talons sharp and pointed beak
 Wrath upon the small folk wreak.
 The PYGMIES were no doubt the first
 Offenders, but how short a time
 Brings the vengeance-cloud to burst
 In tempest on their crime !
 The Pygmy folk the Herons slew,
 As round their peaceful lakes they flew,
 Or lay at rest in the calm nest.
 Their arrowy death-shower brings ere long,
 Fearful reprisals for foul wrong—
 A righteous shedding of the blood
 Of the malignant little brood.
 The Cranes—the Cranes are coming, in
 Thousands, to avenge their kin.
 What now avails them shield or spear ?
 What now the Herons' plundered pride ?
 Pygmies and Dactyls shrink in fear,
 And where shall the poor Emmets hide ?
 Their armies waver—shrink—fly—scatter.
 All 's over with them—little matter.

ANAXAGORAS (*after a pause, with solemnity*).

Gods, that the world beneath the earth obeys,
 Erewhile have had my praise ;

Now to Celestial power,
In this terrific hour,
My supplicating eyes and voice I raise.

THOU, in thy sky, who still on high
Dost in deathless youth shine on—
Thou, who with thy threefold name
And thy aspects three, art one ;
Ever changing, still the same.
In this dread calamity,
Boding the fall of nations—all
My people—I do call on thee
Diana, Luna, Hecate !
Thou, that to thoughts beyond man's thoughts
his breast
Expandest—thou, that symbol art of rest—
Calm in thy heavens—serenest—stormiest—
Be thy dread gulfs of shadow open thrown,
Thine ancient power, though magic bids not,
shown.

Am I too quickly heard, and has my prayer
Risen up to heaven, disturbed the regular
Order of Nature? Large, still larger—near,
Still nearer, comes the goddess's round throne :
Glares on the eye a thing of fright and fear,
Its fire to gloomier red each moment grown.
Come not more near : or this earth—land and sea—
Will perish, into atoms crushed by thee.

'Tis true, then, that the hags of Thessaly
 In daring incantation sang thee down
 From thy high path, and wrung, by fearful charm,
 Through thy torn disk all that hath power to harm ?

While I speak the bright shield darkles,
 Splits, blazes out, and sparkles.
 Rattling, hissing, crash of thunder,
 Tempest.—Will it burst asunder ?
 At the steps of thy throne behold me lie,
 Humbled. 'T was I brought down the judgment
 I——

[*Casts himself on his face.*

THALES.

What a world in all he hath seen and heard !
 I do n't well know what has occurred.
 I have not felt like him. No doubt
 This mad hour puts one sadly out.
 And Luna, careless of these shocks,
 In her own place, as usual, rocks.

HOMUNCULUS.

Look over to the Pygmy ground.
 The hill-top, that till now was round,
 Is angular. A sudden shock
 Thrilled through me, and I saw a rock
 Fall from the moon:—with little care for
 This questioning of why and wherefore,

Or friends or foes, or loss or gain,
It has crashed, and smashed, and slain.
Yet do I see with admiration,
This great contrivance of creation,
Convulsive spasms Below that move,
And agitations from Above,
In one night bringing up and down
The Mountain and the mountain's Crown.

THALES.

Peace ! 't was but Imagination ;
Think not of that wretched nation.
Leave their hill—the nasty thing there,
Very well you were not king there.

But come along. The world is all commotion,
Preparing to receive with honour due,
The guests this Night of Wonder summons to
The solemn Festival of joyous Ocean.

[*Exeunt.*

The other side of SEISMOS'S Hill.

MEPHISTOPHELES, DRYAD, PHORCYADS.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*clambering up*).

Up the steep rock-stairs must I make my way,
 And 'mong the old oaks' stiff roots stumbling stray.
 O'er my own HARTZ the vapour of the pine
 Breathes pitch, and that is a delight of mine :
 I love it next to brimstone. 'Mongst the Greeks
 The slightest smell of it in vain one seeks.
 Without it, how they light their fires in Hell,
 Or plague the inmates there, I cannot tell.

DRYAD.

In your own country you perhaps are shrewd !
 But, as a foreigner, unwise and rude.
 Your thoughts should not revert to home-scenes
 here :
 While in this land, the holy Oak revere.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What one has lost, he deems beyond all price ;
 The customary is man's paradise.
 But what 's that clump of Three in the weak light ?
 Crowding down in the cave it cowers from sight.

DRYAD.

The PHORCYADS ! Speak to them, if you are bold
 Enough for it—if your blood runs not cold.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bold ! That I am. I see it with amaze—
 I never saw the like in my born days :
 Worse than the mandrake's writhings. One begins,
 Looking on them, to think the deadly sins
 Less horrible, compared with the enormity
 Of this vile three-coiled tangle of deformity.
 Monsters like these we never would let dwell
 Even on the threshold of our murkiest Hell.
 Here—in the land of Beauty, where men pique
 Themselves upon the fame of the Antique—
 Here to strike root ! Hark ! Stirring in their cell !
 They scent the stranger near them. They would
 speak—
 The vampire-bat's thin twittering feeble squeak.

PHORCYADS.

Sisters, hand me the eye ! Let it look forth
 And see who treads our temple without leave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bending in reverential awe I seek
 Your threefold benediction to receive.
 I am a stranger here ; but you will give
 Kind welcome to a distant relative.
 Of your old gods I've seen some of great worth :
 Ops, Rhea—bowed before both down to earth.

The Parcæ, of the good old family
 Of Chaos's: I know them well—the three—
 They're sisters of yours. I have met them all
 A few days since, in costume, at a ball:
 But never, never have I seen before,
 Among the things men honour and adore,
 Anything any way resembling you.
 Words have I none to say how your charms move
 My admiration. What shall I then do?
 In silence think of you—in silence love.

PHORCYADS.

There's much good sense in what this Spirit says.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am amazed no poet hymns your praise.
 How comes their silence? How can it have been
 No sketch of you in painting have I seen?
 Here were Art's perfect triumph! and how blest
 The sculptor who such charmers fixed in stone,
 Not Juno, Venus, Pallas, or the rest!

PHORCYADS.

Living in depths of night, and all alone,
 Thought of the kind never occurred to us.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How could it? You, in deep den hidden thus,
 Know nobody—by nobody are known.

Had the world seen you, you ere now would grace
 With your peculiar beauties some high place,
 Where Art and princely Splendour share the
 throne.

'Tis there your marble block in every street
 Steps into life a hero on two feet.

'Tis there——

PHORCYADS.

Hush ! leave us where we are, resigned !
 Wake not ambitious longings in our mind !
 Born of the Night, of kin with Night alone ;
 Scarce to ourselves and to none other known.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T will give no trouble : you need take no journey.
 It may be done by proctor or attorney.
 I'll manage it. As one eye for you three,
 And one tooth does, surely it would not be
 A contradiction in Mythology
 Just to compress the triple essence into
 A smaller compass. Let the Three be Two :
 Consign to me the figure of the Third
 For a little while.

FIRST PHORCYAD.

This is not so absurd
 As it sounds. There 's something in 't. What 's
 your reply?

SECOND PHORCYAD.

I'm for it; but without the tooth and eye.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In keeping those, you 're keeping back the best.
How can I make a picture of the rest?

PHORCYADS.

Nothing more easy. It is but to draw
An eye down, and projecting from the jaw
Let glare a front tooth. The profile will strike
As one in every way extremely like.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks; so be it.

PHORCYADS.

And be it so.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as a Phorcyad in profile*).

'T is done!

Look I not Chaos' well-beloved son?

PHORCYADS.

Daughter! We 're Daughters, undeniably.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Daughter or Son—all now will laugh at me.

PHORCYADS.

New Triad this! What beauty! We in truth
Are gainers. An eye more—another tooth!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I must go hide myself from every eye
In very hell—the devils to terrify.

[*Exit.*

*Rocky Bay of the Ægean sea.—The Moon staying
in the Zenith.*

SIRENS, NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

SIRENS

(Lying on the cliffs around, piping and singing).

In the old time, while Night shuddering heard
their daring rites malign,
Thee Thessalian sorceresses tore from that calm
throne of thine.
We, with no unholy magic would disturb thy rest
divine.

Rest thee pure in thine own heaven, and from the
bow of thine own night
Look upon the glimmering waters, how they heave
and roll in light.
Oh! gleam softly on the pageant that ascends in
noiseless motion,
Through the phantom stars up-thronging, to the
surface of the ocean.
Lovely Luna, oh! smile on us—on thy worshippers'
devotion.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Sing aloud, in tones more thrilling!
Sounds that, through the deep sea shrilling,

All its peoples may awaken !
We had sunk to lone recesses,
Under gulfs by tempest shaken—
Caves in Ocean's wildernesses !
From the low depths far away
Now uprise we, and obey
And follow the alluring lay !
We to deck ourselves delight.
See these golden bracelets bright ;
Crown, and clasp, and precious stone ;
Chain, and brooch, and jewelled zone !
Treasures—the rich spoils that were
Of the shipwrecked mariner
On your fierce rocks flung away—
Your sweet songs have charmed them hither ;
You ! the demons of our bay.

SIRENS.

We know, that in the moist sea-waves,
We know, that in the cool sea-caves
Calm live the people of the sea.
A happy, peaceful dream is theirs
Of gliding life. No griefs—no cares.
And such your life, and such are ye.
But, on this day of Festival,
Delight it were to us—to all—
To see you in the glorious hour
Wake into life of higher power.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Ere your song had hither brought us,
 We had long ago bethought us
 Of all this : and sisters, brothers,
 In a moment off fleet we
 To return, as proud as others
 Of the ocean-family ;
 Sea-shapes though we be, our claim
 Is, as you full soon shall see,
 To a higher rank and name.
 'T is but over some small space
 Of the moonlight sea to race.
 We shall show you what we be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SIRENS.

They are off to SAMOTHRACE,
 With a favouring wind ; but what can they find
 In the realms of the CABIRI ?
 Gods that baffle all enquiry ?
 Gods, that high up on the shelves
 Of the rough rocks plant themselves.
 We can make nothing of their constitution—
 Unconscious, self-involved self-evolution.
 Oh, move not from thy height,
 Fair Luna ! The soft rays
 Shed round us of thy haze,
 And far away be Day's
 Intrusive world of light.

Sea-shore. THALES, HOMUNCULUS, NEREUS.

THALES (*to* HOMUNCULUS).

I'd take you now to NEREUS. His cave's here ;
 But he's a queer old fellow—an austere
 Odd-tempered being—sour and obstinate.
 Man above everything he seems to hate—
 The human race—he grumbles with such spite
 Against us—men with him are never right.
 Yet, as the future's present to his view ;
 And he, at times, has done good to some few,
 He's in his way respected.

HOMUNCULUS.

At his gate

Let's knock, and test the cross old surly pate.
 By what you say of him, there's no great fear
 We spill our flame or crack the glass-case here.

NEREUS.

Men's voices here ? It makes me savage when
 I think of the absurdities of men.
 Formations, that, 'gainst Nature's laws, would fain
 Stretch themselves into gods—but all in vain,
 —Doomed in their own damned likeness to remain !
 Were it not for my zeal to serve mankind,
 I might, in blissful quiet, have reclined
 God-like among the gods for ages past ;
 And what good does there come of it at last ?

Things go on all the same, as though I had
Not said a word about them, good or bad.

THALES.

Yet, Ancient of the Sea, with reverence
All look upon thee. Do not drive us hence.
The Flamelet here—shaped like a man, no doubt—
Oh! look on him, who, wandering long about,
Seeks thy advice, which he will, out and out,
Follow.

NEREUS.

Advice! what good is it? Men hear
Advice, and then it freezes in the ear.
Though lessoned by the fierce fact o'er and o'er,
Yet men are ever self-willed as before.
Ere for another's wife his snares he wove
Warned I not Paris with a father's love?
As on the Grecian shore the bold youth stood
I told him all that I in spirit viewed:
The thick and stifling smoke, the fire's red breath—
Roof-trees in flames—beneath them murder, death—
The doom of Troy, that for a thousand years
In the recording song hath waked men's fears.
He mocked the prophet, scorned the oracle,
Followed his own wild will and Ilion fell—
A stark, cold, giant corpse. Its pangs had ceased,
And Pindus' eagles welcomed their rich feast.

Ulysses, too.—How often was my theme
 Of Circe's wiles and savage Polypheme:
 His own delays, the rashness of his train.
 Forewarned of all—of all forewarned in vain:
 Till, waves relenting, many a peril past,
 The wanderer found a friendly shore at last.

THALES.

This to the Wise, this cannot but give pain.
 The Good even, tho' it may be all in vain,
 Seeks to do good again and yet again.
 Whole hundreds of ingratitude are less
 In his eyes than one grain of thankfulness.
 This is no common case, and your assistance
 May serve us. What this spark wants is Existence.
 He would enter upon Life. This asks a nice
 Discretion, and we come for your advice.

NEREUS.

Hush! Break not in on this delicious trance
 Of rare delight! Far other care employs
 My spirit now than of man's cares or joys.
 It is no hour for you to trouble me.
 To-night is held a solemn festival,
 Where I have hope to meet my daughters all—
 The DORIDES—the Graces of the sea.
 Olympus boasts not, nor Achaia bears
 Thro' all her lands, Forms lovelier than theirs,

And then the Movements of the Nymphs of Ocean!
Theirs is the perfect harmony of motion,
As from the Dragons of the wave they spring
To the fleet Coursers of the Ocean King.
While flashing in the moonlight billow's play,
Inseparable from the wave seem they.
One with the element that is their home,
You see them rising with the rising foam.
In coloured play of Venus' pearly car
Comes GALATEA, of all now that are,
The loveliest and most beautiful by far ;
Who, since on Cyprus Venus ceased to smile,
Is worshipped as the Goddess of the isle,
For ages now inherits as her own
The Temple-city and the Chariot-throne.
Away! and in a holy hour like this,
Oh, break not in upon a father's bliss.
No thought of anger now should stir his heart—
No word of censure from his lips should part.
Away to PROTEUS! Question the Magician
As to the spark's proposed change of condition.
You thus may learn what transformations he
Must pass through to be anything—to BE.

[Exit, going towards the sea.]

THALES (*to HOMUNCULUS*).

We've not gained much by this step, I should say.
Catch Proteus! Catch him, and he melts away.

If he stands talk, 't would seem his only bent
 To create wonder and bewilderment.
 Still you want counsel and advice. He can
 Give it. We'll test him. Come on, little man.

[*Exeunt.*]

Moonlight Bay. SIRENS, NEREIDS, AND TRITONS.

SIRENS (*on the rocks above*).

What far-off gleam moves o'er the enchanted seas,
 As though white sails flowed hither with the
 breeze,
 Lustrous with light? Oh, what a change! Are
 these
 The same wild women of the wave—these, the
 NEREIDÉS?
 Let's clamber down the rocks—perhaps to hear
 Their words—at least to look at them more near.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

In our hands we bring a treasure
 That must come to all with pleasure.
 See! reflected from the field
 Of Chelone's giant shield
 Forms of stalwart strength forth spring:
 They are gods! and them we bring
 With us. Sing, in triumph sing!

SIRENS.

Tiny ! if you mark their size :
 Mighty ! if their power you prize.
 They in hours of shipwreck save
 The sinking sailor from the wave.
 Gods ! that, in the ancient days,
 Worshipped were with prayer and praise.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

The CABIRI we bring hither,
 That the feast may peaceful be.
 Where the Holy Ones are present
 Friendly is the God of Sea.

WE must yield to you, CABIRI !
 When a vessel splits in two,
 Then come ye, in power resistless,
 Saviours of the sinking crew.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Three of them with us we brought,
 On the Fourth in vain we call ;
 He resisted : said he ought,
 As the Governor of all,
 For the common weal take thought.

SIRENS.

Gods 'gainst gods, with scoff and sneer,
 Bickering, clash with joke and jeer,

Counsel sage and safe we give,
 With All peacefully to live.
 All, that can do good, revere.
 Them, that can do mischief, fear.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

There should be Seven of them, sisters and brothers.

SIRENS.

There are but Four here. Where are the Three
 others ?

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Can't say. Ask for them at Olympus : there
 They say an Eighth is. Whence he comes, and where
 He hath his being, no one yet has stated.
 They gladly would have been here, but they
 waited—

'T would take some little time—to be created.

No making anything of them. Out of the way
 Strange creatures.

Aboriginal gods are they.
 Intuitions ; High Volitions ;
 Longings Unrelievable ;
 Sentimental Pangs of Hunger
 For the Inconceivable.

SIRENS.

Wherever hath been given
 A throne of power in heaven—

Sun, moon, or star—where'er
 It is, we worship there—
 With all of every creed
 We pray. It hath its meed.

NEREIDS AND TRITONS.

Oh! what glory ours must be,
 Leading this festivity.

SIRENS.

The Heroes of the ancient days,
 Who from this hour forth shall praise?
 If, to Greece, the Golden Fleece
 They, in happy triumph, brought—
 You a greater feat have wrought:
 Bringing o'er the joyous main
 The CABIRI in your train.

UNIVERSAL CHORUS.

If, to Greece, the Golden Fleece
 They, in happy triumph, brought—
 You a greater feat have wrought:
 Bringing o'er the joyous main
 The CABIRI in your train.

[NEREIDS AND TRITONS *pass on.*

HOMUNCULUS, THALES, PROTEUS.

HOMUNCULUS.

The stupid things are very like old crocks,
'Gainst which, all covered o'er with grime and
dust,
The Antiquarians' hard heads get hard knocks.

THALES.

Well, this is what they wish: the medal must
Be, to bear any price, all over rust.

PROTEUS (*invisible*).

Here the old Fabulist can feed his love
Of wonders with sights well worth thinking of—
Odd, but as idols better to revere.

THALES.

Where art thou, PROTEUS?

PROTEUS (*from different places*).

Here I am! Here! Here!

THALES (*to HOMUNCULUS*).

The old buffoon is now at his provoking
Play of cross purposes. Let's have an end
Of this. 'T is out of place and time this joking—
These tricks on an old traveller. Come, friend!
I know your voice, and how it sounds at distance
When you are at my elbow.

PROTEUS (*as at a distance*).

Fare thee well !

THALES (*aside to HOMUNCULUS*).

Now flash your light out ! Now, with its assistance,
We'll catch him. He's as curious as a fish,
And lured by light, in whatsoever shape :
If you but flash out strong he can't escape.

HOMUNCULUS.

I'll flash my light out strongly ; but must take
Precaution that the glass-case do not break.

PROTEUS (*in the form of a giant tortoise*).

What's that shines out with charm so exquisite ?

THALES (*veiling HOMUNCULUS*).

If you would see, you must come nearer it.
Grudge not the trouble. Come, I do entreat !
Come, be a man ! Come, on a man's two feet.
You want to see a something we have got,
Which we at will may show you, or may not.
We dictate terms.

PROTEUS (*in a noble form*).

Yours still are sophist's tricks.

THALES.

You still change shapes and on none certain fix.

[*Unveils HOMUNCULUS.*

PROTEUS (*exhibiting astonishment*).

A glittering dwarf! A show well worth the seeing:
Never knew creature like it was in being.

THALES.

He wants your counsel—has come a long distance
His object is to get into existence.
He is, by what he told me of his birth,
Miraculously come but half to earth :
A lively spark—has every mental quality ;
But, luckless fellow, 't was his strange fatality,
An active, naked spirit, all alone—
Without a shred of body, blood or bone,
Into the world to be at hazard thrown—
His glass is all he has to steady him :
He wants and wishes body, life, and limb.

PROTEUS.

True love-child this ! a boy that would, I wis,
Make his appearance ere his mother is
Disposed to welcome him.

THALES (*whispering*).

Boy? Is 't so?

If boy or girl, we really cannot know
Till he puts on life.

PROTEUS.

Well ! let time settle that !
We cannot tell what Fortune's driving at.

For better luck may hap. In the wide sea
Is Life. There, there must the first process be.
There in the little all begin—then seize
The less, and so grow larger by degrees:
Shift to new forms of being—every past
Foretels a future—the more perfect last!

HOMUNCULUS.

The breeze brings fragrance with it; and the flow
Of glad green billows, too! I love it so!

PROTEUS.

No doubt you do; but further on 't will be
Still pleasanter. And just here, where the land
Ends in a narrow tongue of sparkling strand,
What a delicious breathing from the sea!
Move onward, where the sky seems yet more clear,
And see the gay procession floating near.
Come with me! Come.

THALES.

And me—you must take me.

HOMUNCULUS.

A memorable move of Spirits three.

TELCHINES OF RHODES ON HIPPOCAMPS AND SEA-
DRAGONS. SIRENS, PROTEUS, THALES, HOMUN-
CULUS.

TELCHINES OF RHODES (*holding NEPTUNE'S trident*).

The Trident, with which the vexed billows' com-
motion

He calms, we have forged for the Monarch of Ocean.
O'er the heavens if his thick clouds the Thunderer
spread,

Poseidon replies to the roll overhead.

To the flare of forked lightnings above will the
spray

Of billows below flash terrific as they ;

And the wreck, by the wild wind in agony tossed,
Whirling round in the sea-gulfs is swallowed and
lost.

The Sea-god, propitious this festival night,

To us hath entrusted his sceptre of might,

That our path on the waves may be peaceful and
bright.

SIRENS.

Hail ye, each and every one,

Dedicated to the Sun !

Hail, in the mysterious hour
 Sacred to his sister's power.
 Priests are ye of Helios bright :
 This is Luna's festal night.

TELCHINES.

Queen of the bow, whose delight in the skies
 Are the songs from the earth to thy brother that
 rise.

To RHODES, the glad island, an ear dost thou lend,
 Where pæans for ever like incense ascend.
 How brightly at morning smiles on us the sun—
 How brightly at eve, when his day-course is run.
 Mountains and cities—shore, waters—all here
 In his eyes are well pleasing—are cloudless and clear.
 If a wreath of thin vapour the blue heaven obscure:
 A beam and a breeze and the island is pure.
 Here a hundred bright forms of himself meet his
 sight—

Now Giant, now Stripling—all Mildness, all Might
 Here, in this glorious land, Sculpture began—
 Gods and the god-like to image in Man.

PROTEUS.

Let them sing and shout away.
 These dead works! Oh! what are they
 To the beams of the bright sun—
 To the living ray?

They shape, they melt, reshape the mass,
 And deem a something done.
 What is at last the fate
 Of these proud gods of brass?
 Grand stood the image-gods and great :
 An earthquake shook them from their state.
 Melted again, again into new moulds they pass.

Earth's movements, whatsoever they be,
 Obstruction are and drudgery.
 LIFE and the living waves agree.
 To the waters come with me !
 To the Everlasting Sea !
 Proteus-Dolphin carries thee (*changes himself*).
 'T is done, 't is done. The triumph's won :
 Thy crowning destiny !
 On my back I carry thee !
 To the Ocean marry thee !

THALES.

Go ! Sure way the goal of winning
 Is, 'begin with the beginning.'
 With him to the waters thou,
 Active life awaits thee now.
 On from forms to new forms ranging,
 Still obeying laws unchanging,
 Till at last you're landed at
 Man. 'T will take some time to that.

[PROTEUS *has assumed the shape of a dolphin,*
and takes HOMUNCULUS on his back.

PROTEUS.

In the Spirit come! In Ocean
Sport thee—in the free wave wide.
Thine own joy to every motion
Still the impulse, still the guide!
Happy, while in unforeseeing,
Unreflecting germs alive;
But to higher states of being
In thy yearnings never strive.
As to Man—once there, you're done up—
The game's over—all the fun up.

THALES.

That's as may happen. Is it nothing, then,
To be a man distinguished 'mong the men
Of one's own time?

PROTEUS (*to THALES*).

One of your stamp and style
May no doubt be remembered some short while.
'Mong the pale crowds of Spirits yours appears
One noticeable for a thousand years.

SIRENS, THALES, PSELLI, *and* MARSII. DORIDES,
AND THEIR HUMAN LOVERS. NEREUS, GALATEA,
PROTEUS, HOMUNCULUS. *Universal Chorus.*

SIRENS (*on the rocks*).

What a lovely ring of cloudlets
Round the moon, in halo bright !
DOVES, whom burning love enkindles—
Radiant dove-wings pure as light—
Birds, that Love enflames—'tis Paphos
Sends them on this festal night.
Now the Auguries are perfect.
Think we now but of delight !

NEREUS (*stepping to THALES*).

Gazing on the cloudlets fair,
A wanderer by night
Might easily believe they were
Meteors that mocked the sight—
Illusions of the air ;
But We—that Spirits are—but we,
That in the spirit all things see,
We know well that such conclusion
Would indeed be a delusion.
Cytherea's Doves they are

That, in flight miraculous,
Follow now my daughter's car.
In the old day it was thus.

THALES.

To the view that you suggest
I would yield with no misgiving,
If, within the calm warm nest,
Something holy still were living,
And had there its place of rest.

PSELLI and MARSII (*on sea-bulls, sea-calves, and
rams*).

In the rocky caves of Cyprus—
Never by the god of Ocean
Shaken, never by the dread
Spasms of Seismos visited—
We, as in the days of old,
In calm of heart—in joy that hath no voice
To speak its conscious rapture—we rejoice
To guard the Car of Cypris. Our delight
Is, in the murmuring hours of the soft night,
O'er lustrous billows, tremulously heaving,
In whispers low their lovely network weaving,
The pearly Chariot from its secret grot
To bear in triumph over the glad water;
And, all unseen of men who know her not,
Still worship Beauty in her loveliest daughter.

We, our gentle task pursuing,
 Care not what the world is doing.
 Let the Eagle's plumeless pinion,
 Or Winged Lion, claim dominion :
 Be it Cross, or be it Crescent,
 With alternate victory.
 For their battle-field incessant,
 Tears and triumphs, what care we ?
 While they do their work of ruin
 Devastating, without pity,
 Harvest-field, and storming city,
 We, our gentle task pursuing,
 On her moonlight path serene
 With us bring our lovely queen.

SIRENS.

Gently move, with measured speed,
 Round the chariot, ring in ring :
 Then flow on, a twofold line,
 Side by side, and intertwine
 In your windings serpentine !

NEREIDÉS, come ye !
 Wild women of the sea,
 Built in robustest mould,
 Free, vigorous, and bold,
 With joyous gambolling.
 Tumultuous jubilee
 Of Nature's savage glee !

Come, gentle DORIDES !
 Of forms more delicate,
 Whom joy doth not elate,
 To GALATEA bring
 In every sister face
 Features, in which we trace
 The Mother of the race—
 A more than earthly, more than heavenly grace.
 The god-like earnestness of mien—flower of im-
 mortal birth—
 The winningness, the smile serene, of daughters of
 the earth.

DORIDES (*passing NEREUS, on dolphins*).

Lend us, Luna, light and shadows ! Let thy tender
 radiance all
 —We, the while, in shade half-hidden—on these
 human blossoms fall.
 They are ours ! to our fond father we would show
 each chosen youth.

(*To NEREUS.*)

They are ours, whom we have rescued from the
 tempest's savage tooth.
 Them on moss and softest seaweed, warming to
 new life, we laid.
 Warmed to life, with burning kisses they our
 tender cares repaid.

Father ! hear our fond entreaty !
 Look on them with love and pity !

NEREUS.

A twofold gain you find in this employment—
 Compassion for distress, and self-enjoyment.

DORIDES.

Father ! if we find favour in thy sight—
 If thou dost sympathise in our delight—
 Oh ! to these dear ones give
 For ever thus to live :
 Young heart to heart replying
 Love endless, love undying !

NEREUS.

You've caught them—keep them. Aye ! hold
 while you can
 Your glittering prey, and mould the youths to
 man.
 But as to Immortality—
 ZEUS has the gift of it—not I.
 The waves, you rock on, still must move :
 Their restlessness knows nothing of
 This fancy of abiding love.
 Let the dream play its moment and
 Forget it ; and with gentle hand
 Lay the youths tenderly on land.

DORIDES.

Dearest youths ! we love you well.
 You and we, alas ! must sever.
 Oh ! that love could last for ever !
 But the gods the prayer repel !

THE YOUTHS.

Love us, love us still ! More pleasant
 Fortune never can befall
 Sailor-lads, to whom the Present,
 Evermore is all in all.

[GALATEA is now seen approaching on
 her Car of shell.

NEREUS.

'T is thou, my love.

GALATEA.

What rapture ! father, dear !
 Linger, ye dolphins ! the glance holds me here.

[The Car moves on rapidly.

NEREUS.

Already ! what so far away already ?
 Onward and onward wheeling by, in swift and
 sparkling eddy ?
 For the Heart's inner beatings, what care they ?
 Oh ! had they ta'en me with them ! Yet the sight,
 A moment's lustre as it speeds away,
 Will make the whole year bright.

THALES (*exultingly and with solemnity*).

Hail ! hail ! again all hail ! Life blooms anew.
 My spirit is pierced through
 By the Beautiful, the True.
 In Water all hath had its primal source ;
 And Water still keeps all things in their course.
 Ocean, still round us let thy billows proud
 Roll in their strength—still send up mist and cloud.
 If the rich rivers thou didst cease to spread—
 If floods no more were from thy bounty fed—
 And the thin brooklet died in its dry bed—
 Where then were mountains—valleys ? Where
 would be
 The world itself ? Oh ! thou dost still, great Sea,
 Sustain alone the fresh life of all things.

ECHO (*chorus of the collective circles*).

From Thee ! from Thee ! that fresh life still out-
 springs.

NEREUS.

Rocked on the waves, the gay procession bends
 Circle in circle—chain in chain extends.
 Such is the ordered festival. No chance
 Again of greeting smile, or glance encountering
 glance.
 Back winds the innumerable company ;
 But Galatea's shell-throne still I see,

Where through the crowd it glitters like a star,
 The Loved, 'mong thousands, still is seen afar—
 And seen, however far, shines bright and clear :
 Is no illusion—still is true—is near.

HOMUNCULUS.

In the calm moisture all on which my light
 Cast its strong beam is exquisitely fair.

PROTEUS.

Life's moisture 't is that makes the lamplet bright,
 And 't will chime proudly in Life's ambient air.

NEREUS.

What are we next to see? A something shines
 Far, far away among the seaward lines :
 Round GALATEA's feet Flames pant and play—
 Now in strong blaze, now languishing away—
 As if the throbbings were the throbbings of
 The wildly agitated pulse of Love.

THALES.

It is HOMUNCULUS. It must be he.
 Proteus, no doubt, has tempted him to sea.
 This comes of his ambition ; and the end
 I venture—'t is no hard task—to portend :
 Already do I hear his anguished moan—
 He'll dash himself against the sparkling throne.
 Aye—as I said—there goes he—spilled about—
 Flame flashing thick and fast—all gushing out !

SIRENS.

What fiery wonder spreading o'er the sea
 Clothes it with such surpassing brilliancy?
 Billows on billows dash with lightning flash.
 Bodies, that through the ocean move to-night,
 Move ringed with fire, and in a path of light.
 Everywhere fire! Hail, EROS! hail! With thee
 The world began: oh! still its ruler be!

Hail! O SEA! All hail, ye bright
 Billows fringed with holy light!
 FIRE, all hail! Hail, Ocean range!
 Hail! all hail! Adventure strange!

ALL.

AIR, with all thy breezy waves,
 Hail! Hail, EARTH'S mysterious caves!
 Honour now and evermore
 To the Elemental FOUR.

ACT III.

SCENE, BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS AT
SPARTA.

*Enter HELENA with a chorus of captive Trojan
women. PANTHALIS chorus-leader.*

HELENA.

I, whom men looked upon with love and wonder,
And whom men so reviled—I, HELENA,
Come from the shore where we but now have
 landed,
Still giddy with the swinging of the waves
That on their high and bristly backs have, through
 Poseidon's favour
And the wings of the strong East wind, home
 from the Phrygian plain,
To the land of our fathers borne us—to our own
 native bay.

Glad of his safe return, on the strand, King
 Menelaus
Rests yonder, with the bravest and best of his
 warriors rejoicing.

And hast thou not a welcome home for thy
 mistress,
High House, that my father Tyndarus, near the
 slope,
Built for himself when he from Pallas hill re-
 turned,
And, while in sister love I played with Cly-
 temnæstra,
With Castor here, and Pollux, in the growing days
 of childhood,
So gloriously adorned above all homes of Sparta?

And hail! all hail! wings of the brazen gate:
Ye that were thrown wide open to all guests!
Never with more inviting hospitality
Than when King Menelaus came a bridegroom—
The one, the chosen one of many princes.
How he shone before my eyes in that early happy
 time!

Fly open swiftly, wings of the brazen gate!
That the king's mandate, which admits not of
Delay, I, as beseems his wife, may now fulfil.
Fly open to receive me! but shut out
The strange disastrous destiny that still
Storms round me. Since the day I left this place—
Without one grief, without one care to seek
Cythera's temple, in obedience to
High duties; but the robber there, the Phrygian

Seized me—have many things occurred that men
Love to spread far and wide; he, of whom such
 are told,
But little loves to hear the still-increasing rumour,
Where his own acts he finds spun to a tale of
 wonder.

CHORUS.

Disdain not, glorious lady,
The honour that accompanies 'mong men
This thy possession of the highest good.
To thee, alone, of all—to thee alone
This highest favour of the gods was given;
The fame of Beauty—fame above all others.

Before the hero moves the hero's name,
And onward doth he march in pride;
Yet he, the warrior—he, who to no other
Would bend the neck, in spirit bows him down
Before the Beautiful, the all-subduing!

HELENA.

No more! I have sailed hither with my husband,
And now by him am to his city sent on;
But what thought he may have in heart, I guess not.
Come I a wife? Come I, indeed a queen?
Come I a victim, destined to atone
The prince's pangs, the people's sufferings,
So long endured? And am I hither brought

For sacrifice? Or, by the event of war
Won, am I but a prisoner? I divine not.
A fame and fate ambiguous the Immortals
Have doomed for me, unenviable attendants
Of Beauty, ever with me—aye, for ever;
Even here—upon this threshold—here beside me
Gloomily stands the evil-boding presence.
Ere yet we left the hollow ship but seldom did my
 husband

Look on me, and he spake no cheery word.
Opposite me he sate, and seemed the while
Gloomily meditating something evil;
But scarcely had the beaks of the first ships,
Within the curving shore of the Eurotas
Steered safely, greeted land, when thus spake he—
—Seemed it that with his voice the inspiring God
Spake:—‘Here, my warriors, each in his due order
Move, disembarking: I will muster them,
Rank after rank, drawn up on the sea strand.
But go thou on! Go up along the bank
Of the holy river, where Eurotas flows
Thro’ his fertile valley. Turn thy swift steeds up
Over the emerald depths of the moist meadow,
Till thou hast reached the high plain and the
 buildings
Of Lacedæmon, late a rich wide field
Hemmed in by solitary hills severe.
Enter the palace there high turreted;

Gather the maids, whom I left there at parting,
 Together ; and the sage old stewardess,
 Let her show thee the rich collected treasures,
 Thy father's gathering, and those, too, that I,
 In peace and war ever increasing them,
 Have piled together. All in order due
 Wilt thou find standing—for it is the right
 Undoubted of the prince, that, to his home
 returning,
 He finds all things in their place as he hath left
 them :
 For of himself the slave hath power to alter
 nothing.'

CHORUS.

With the rich treasures now, that, day by day,
 And year by year, have added to—oh feast
 Thine eyes and breast.

The Chainlet's graceful charm,
 The Diadem that the high brow adorns,
 There are they resting proud—they deemed them-
 selves

Even in themselves a something.

Step thou on
 Into the treasure chamber. Challenge them !
 Up start they. They in pride
 Array them for the battle.
 'T is a delight to me to see the contest—
 Beauty 'gainst gold and pearls and gems of price.

HELENA.

So spake my lord—this farther mandate followed :
 ‘ When thou hast seen through all things in their
 order,

Then take as many tripods as thou deemest
 Needful—as many vessels as the priest
 Requires when perfecting the holy rite—
 Caldrons and bowls and flat round altar-plates—
 The purest water, from the holy fount,
 Be in high pitchers ;—a short space apart
 Have dry wood ready, quick to catch the flame ;—
 And let not a well-sharpened knife be wanting !
 All else I leave it to thy sole concern.’

So spake he, urging me to part ; but nothing
 Of living breath doth the orderer of the rite
 Designate to be slain in dedication
 Of solemn sacrifice to the Olympians.
 I know not what to think—and—think I will
 not—

My present duty is now my sole concern.
 Let all be as the high Gods order it,
 Who what they have decreed accomplish ever :
 Men may esteem it good—men may esteem it
 Evil—but good or evil man must bear.
 Often ere now the sacrificing priest
 Hath raised the heavy axe, devoting it
 To thé neck of thé beast bent down to earth ;

And the blow could not perfect, for there came
Preventing foe, or intervening god.

CHORUS.

What is to be thou never canst think out.
Oh! queen, with cheery spirit move thou on!
To mortals Good and Evil
Will unexpected come.
Even if predicted, we do not believe.
Troy was on fire already; we, already
Saw death before our eyes—a death of shame—
And yet are we not here,
Associated with thee,
Thy joyous hand-maidens?
And yet we see the dazzling sun of heaven;
We see the brightest glory of the earth,
Thee, gracious lady! Happy! happy we!

HELENA.

Be what may be! Me doth it now beseech,
Whate'er may interpose of evil or of good,
To ascend at once and move into the palace—
The royal house that many a year unseen,
Longed for, deemed lost for ever, here stands out
Before my eyes, I know not how. My feet
Bear me not now with the same cheery bound
Up the high steps o'er which I sprang in child-
hood.

CHORUS.

Cast, oh, my sisters, mournful captives, cast
All mourning far away!
Rejoice we in the fortune of our mistress!
Rejoice we in the joy of Helena!
Who to the hearth of her ancestral home
Returning late, but with a foot more firm
Even for that late return,
Approaches in her joy.

Praise ye the holy ones,
The joyous, who bring back in happiness
Exiles to their own homestead. Praise the gods,
The holy ones! the glad home-bringing gods!

The freed one, he whose fetters are unbound,
Over the roughest flies as if with wings;
While the pale captive, with vain longings filled,
Stretching his arms beyond the battlement,
Within his prison pines.

But Her in a far off land a god did seize,
And, back from Ilion's ruins,
And hither to the old ancestral house,
Hath borne and brought, after long joys and
sorrows,
Sorrow and joy unspeakable,
To live her youth again.

PANTHALIS (*as chorus-leader*).

Leave now the joy-surrounded path of song.
 Look towards the portal's wings. What see I there,
 Sisters? Is't not the queen returning hither,
 Hurrying with eager agitated steps?
 What is it, mighty queen, what can it be,
 In the halls of thine own house, instead of the
 greeting
 Of thine own, hath come to wound and shatter
 thee thus?
 Thou dost not, canst not hide it. On thy brow
 Is undisguised abhorrence—noble anger—
 That with surprise is struggling unsubdued.

HELENA.

Jove's daughter common fear doth not beseem.
 Light terrors pass her by, and touch her not.
 But a horror, from the bosom of old Night
 And primal Chaos, rising many-shaped,
 Like lurid clouds from the fire-caverned mountain
 Up-whirling, shatters even the hero's breast.
 The Stygian powers to-day so gloomily
 Have marked my entrance to the palace, that
 Even from the old, familiar, often-trod,
 Long-wished-for threshold, I almost desire
 To part for ever, as though I were but
 A chance guest—as though this were not my home.

I have shrunk back from them thus far. I am now
 In the light ; and farther, Powers, whate'er you be,
 Ye shall not drive me. I will think upon
 Some ritual form, that, purified, the hearth
 Glowing may greet the Lady as the Lord !

CHORUS-LEADER.

Oh, noble lady ! make known to thy servants,
 Devotedly who love thee, what hath happened.

HELENA.

What I saw, ye with your own eyes shall see,
 If ancient Night belike have not drunk back again
 Instantly the dire shape, her own foul work,
 Into her bosom's monster-teeming depths.
 Yet it is meet I tell it you in words.
 As I paced the gloom of the inner court of the
 palace
 With staid religious steps, in my thoughts
 weighing
 That which concerned me first, I felt amazement
 At the strange silence and the emptiness
 Of the passages. No sound of rapid step
 Came to my ear—no stir of busy haste
 Meeting my eye—and no attendant maid
 Came forward as of old—no stewardess—
 Such as were wont to welcome every stranger.
 But as I reached the bosom of the hearth,
 There saw I cowering o'er the last faint heat

Of embers dying, muffled up, the strange
Shape of what seemed a woman. Gaunt was she,
And huge. She was not, so it seemed, asleep ;
But rather was as one lost in her own deep
thoughts.

I, as her mistress, called her up to work,
Believing that she was the stewardess
My husband's foresight had, when he left home,
Placed here. Still muffled doth she sit and stirs not.
I chide her. Then, at length, uprears she her right
arm,
As though from hearth and hall to motion me
away.

I turn in wrath from her, and hasten on
Toward the high steps leading where the Thalamos
Rises adorned, and the near Treasure-room.
Swift from the ground upstarts that marvellous
shape—

Strait in my way, with gesture of command,
Stands—shows itself in its full meagre vastness,
With hollow troubled eyeballs, blood-begrimed.
Dire spectre, eye and mind alike distracting !
I speak but to the winds. Words, all in vain,
Seek to build up and to embody shapes.
But see her !—and she ventures to the light !—
Here, till our lord and king returns, we rule.
Such drear abortions, Phœbus, friend of Beauty,
Drives to their night-caves down, or he subdues.

[PHORCYAS *steps out on the threshold
between the doorposts.*

CHORUS.

Much have I lived thró', much have I suffered,
Tho' the ringlet still youthfully rolls round my
temples;
Much have I seen, and have suffered of sorrow,
Affliction of war—that last sád night of Iliou,
When it fell.

Thro' the cloud and the whirl, and the dust and
the tumult,
And the loud din of warriors crushing down
warriors,
Over all heard Í the gods shouting fearfully—
Heard I the brassy-tongued accents of ERIS
From the battle-field sound, as move on the
Immortals,
Nearer each moment, and evermore nearer
To the walls of the city devoted to ruin.

Théy yet were standing, the próud walls were
standing,
Of Ilíon; but réd flames already were running
Hither and thither, from roof-tree to roof-tree,
Ever extending; and ever the sound of
The restless flames rolling seemed as of tempest,
In the gloom of black night, breaking óver the city.

And as I fled, I saw through mist and fire,
 And light of flames that started up in tongues,
 The approach of gods. All in their wrath they
 moved—

Shapes wondrous—onward striding—giant forms
 Seen through the deepening gloom of fire-illumined
 vapour.

Saw I them? Or did the anguish of my spirit
 Shape the wild phantomry? This never can I
 say;

But that I now with my body's eyes behold
 The frightful shape before me I know well.
 With my hands I could grasp it, did not Fear,
 Did not Horror hold me back.

Tell me! tell me!

Which art thou of Phorcys' daughters?
 For of that kin and kind no doubt thou art,
 One of the dames belike born with gray hairs—
 With one eye and one tooth,
 Which they in turns employ:
 One of the Graiæ showing thy face here.

Dost venture—horror that thou art—dost venture
 Into the presence of Beauty? Dost venture
 To show thyself here to the piercing eye
 Of Phœbus? But come on—yes! come on boldly—

For He doth never look upon the Hideous :
His holy eye hath never yet seen shadow.

But we ! alas !—mortals ! but we must bear
—Compelled by our unhappy fate—
The anguish of such sight,
The misery unspeakable,
This loathsome offal, this unblessed thing,
Wakes up in hearts that feel the love of beauty.

But hear thou—as, in wanton insolence,
Thou wilt encounter us—hear thou our curse !
Hear imprecation ! hear abuse, abhorrence,
And threats, and words of loathing from the lips
Of the beautiful—the happy—from the lips
Of us, whom gods have formed !

PHORCYAS.

Old is the word, but high and true its import,
That Modesty and Beauty never hand in hand
Together walk over the earth's green path.
Deep in the hearts of both inveterate hate
Dwells rooted, so that whensoever they meet
Each turns her back upon her adversary—
Each moves on faster. Modesty with down-cast
Heart, Beauty waxing bold and insolent,
Till Orcus' hollow night at last hath caught her—
If long ere that Age hath not tamed her down.

But you, ye' haughty wantons—refuse of foreign
lands—

To me ye seem a cloud of clamorous cranes,
From overhead that send down their shrill croak.
The traveller, unconcerned, upon his walk
Hears and looks up; but they pursue their way—
He his—and thus it is with you and me.

Who are ye, then, that thus ye dare rave round
The palace, Mænad-like, as though ye were
Drunk? Who, then, are ye, that ye howl against
The stewardess, as crowds of dogs the moon?
Think ye I know you not and of what kind
Ye are?—ye war-begotten, battle-nursed, young fry
—Lascivious brood, seducers and seduced—
Enervating alike the warrior's
And the burgher's strength. See there, the swarm
of you
Seems to me like a locust-cloud's descent,
Covering the harvest-field in its green promise.
Ye wasters of the industry of others,
Whose luxury ruins the hard-earning man—
Captives of war—bought, sold, and bought again—
Ware, worse than worthless, auctioned off, flung
away.

HELENA.

Who, in the lady's presence, chides her maidens,
O'ersteps the clear rights of domestic life.

It only for the mistress is to give
 Reward of praise ; and hers it is to punish.
 I with the duteous service was pleased well
 Which they to me rendered when the proud
 strength
 Of Ilion was besieged, and fell, and sank.
 Nor less when came the wretched wandering time
 Of our voyaging—a time, when each on self thinks
 only.
 A cheerful group!—here, too, will serve me cheer-
 fully.
 ‘Not what the slave,’ we ask ; ‘ but how he
 serves.’

Be silent, then, nor snarl thou thus at them.
 Hast hitherto kept duly the king’s house,
 Supplying the mistress’s place ? Be that thy praise !
 The Mistress now is here. Step thou then back,
 Lest chastisement, not praise, be thy just meed.

PHORCYAS.

The inmates and dependants of a house
 To menace is no unimportant right ;
 And the heaven-favoured ruler’s noble consort
 By many a year of prudent conduct earns it.
 Therefore, as undisputed thou dost tread
 Again our queen and mistress the old ground—
 Seize on the long-abandoned reins of empire.
 Possess thou the king’s treasure, and us, too,

As yours,—and me, in my old age, protect
 From this young fry, that near thee, swan of
 beauty,
 Seem coarsely-feathered, clattering cackling geese.

CHORUS-LEADER.

How hideous in the neighbourhood of Beauty,
 More than deformed doth seem Deformity.

PHORCYAS.

How more than foolish, seen near Wisdom and
 Prudent Discretion, Foolishness appears.

[*The CHORUS reply, each member of the CHORUS
 singly stepping forward as she speaks.*]

CHORITID FIRST.

Tell of thy father Erebus; tell of thy mother Night.

PHORCYAS.

Tell thou of Scylla—speak of thy sister blood-
 hound whelp.

CHORITID SECOND.

From the same root with thee sprung many a
 monster.

PHORCYAS.

Away to Orcus—there thy kinsfolk search out.

CHORITID THIRD.

All who dwell yonder are too young for thee.

PHORCYAS.

Away with thee—go, court there old Tiresias.

CHORITID FOURTH.

Orion's nurse was thy great grand-daughter.

PHORCYAS.

Harpies, in filth, did feed and fatten thee.

CHORITID FIFTH.

How wert thou fed, to have preserved such leanness?

PHORCYAS.

'T was not with Blood, for which thou dost so thirst.

CHORITID SIXTH.

For Corpses thou dost hunger—foul corpse thou.

PHORCYAS.

A Vampire tooth glares from thy insolent jaws.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Thine will I close, by telling who thou art.

PHORCYAS.

Name but thyself, then were the riddle read.

HELENA.

Not angry, but in grief, step I between you,
Forbidding this wild tempest of conflicting words:
For to the ruler nothing can occur

Worse, or attended with more disrepute,
Than hatred growing up among his faithful ser-
vants.

The echo of his mandates now no longer
Returns in harmony of instant act
Responsive ; but, self-willed, reels here and there.
Perplexed, he knows not what to make of it :
Chides everyone and everything in vain.
Not this alone ; but your unmannered bickering
Hath called up shapes unhallowed,—fearful
imagery,—

That still are pressing round me, till I am
Myself, despite of this paternal land, torn down,
As 't were, from it to Orcus. Is it Memory,
Or Fancy is it, that thus seizes me ?
Was I all that? Am I it? Am I yet
To be it? Dreadful dream ! Dream is it?—dream!
Am I then—I—the fearful fatal form,
The horror, that hath desolated cities ?
The maidens shudder. Thou, whose age hath
calmed thee down,
Alone art self-possessed. Speak thou ! say how
things are.

PHORCYAS.

Who thinks on years of unmixed happiness,
To him, at last, the gods' best gifts seem dreams.
Favoured beyond all bounds ! above all measure !
Thou, in the flow of years, sawest none but lovers—

Bold men, whose burning passions stopped at
nothing.

There was Theseus! He was first—he lost no
time—

A greedy wooer—he snapped thee up, a young
thing :

He, strong as Hercules—a princely well-built man.

HELENA.

He bore me off—a slender ten-years' roe—to Attica.
There the fortress of Aphidnus safely walled me
round.

PHORCYAS.

Castor and Pollux freed you, and you were then
wooed

By a whole army of illustrious worthies.

HELENA.

Yet, will I own, of all those chiefs, Patroclus,
Pelides' image, won my silent favour.

PHORCYAS.

Yet thee thy father's prudent choice gave to King
Menelaus.

Both robber on the seas was he, and his own
home's bold defender.

HELENA.

To him he gave his daughter, and to him he gave
his kingdom ;

And from our union sprang Hermione.

PHORCYAS.

King Menelaus warred far óff at Crete. To thee,
left lonely,
An all too lovely guest made his appearance.

HELENA.

Why call back now that sad half-widowhood?
What dread misfortunes have grown out of it!

PHORCYAS.

To me that voyage, too, a free-born Cretan, brought
Weary captivity—long servitude.

HELENA.

He placed thee here as stewardess of the palace,
Confiding to thy care household and hard-won
treasure.

PHORCYAS.

All which you left for Ilion's tower-girt city,
And love's own raptures inexhaustible.

HELENA.

Speak not of raptures! Woe it was unending,
Evermore showered down on my breast and head.

PHORCYAS.

Yet, say they, you appeared a twofold image—
In Ilion seen, and seen, at the same time, in Egypt.

HELENA.

Oh, make not wholly mad this desolate madness.
Even now what I now am I do not know.

PHORCYAS.

They say from the void realm of shades, Achilles,
 Burning in deathless love, did make thee his—
 He who erewhile had loved—but Fate denied.

HELENA.

An idol with an idol I was wedded:
 A shadowy phantom he, a gleamy apparition.
 It was a dream—only a dream—and so the very
 words say.
 I faint—I fall away from life—am fading into
 phantom.

[*Sinks into the arms of the SEMICHORUS.*

CHORUS.

Silence thee! Silence thee!
 Evil-eyed, evil-tongued!
 Oh!—the savage lips, from which their one tooth
 glares!
 Oh! the foul breath from that abominable gulf!
 Malignity, acting benevolence—
 The fierce wolf under the sheep's woolly fleece—
 To me is more fearful by far
 Than the jaws of the three-headed hound.
 We stand in dread expectancy
 Of when,—how—where—the rabid fury, that lurks
 In act to spring upon us, will leap forth?
 Now, instead of kindly word,
 Bringing balm of consolation,

Lethe's sweet dews of oblivion,
 Thou dost, from the whole hoarded records of
 The times gone by, stir only evil up,
 Darkening at once the brightness of the present
 And the mild glimmering hope-light of the future.

Be silent! Be silent!
 That the soul of the queen,
 Ready to fly,
 May yet remain—may yet not cease to hold
 That form of forms—the loveliest that the sun
 Of earth hath ever seen.

[*HELENA recovers and resumes her
 place in the midst.*]

PHORCYAS.

From the flying clouds, oh! step forth, lofty sun
 of this bright day.
 Thee, even veiled, we saw with rapture. Dazzling
 splendour now is thine!
 Joyous earth smiles out to meet thee, and thy
 smile is over all.
 Me they rail against as hideous, yet I know the
 beautiful.

HELENA.

Fainting, step I from the blank void,—from the
 whirl that round me pressed.
 I am weak, and sick, and weary—would sink back
 into repose.

Yet to queens—yet to all living—it is a beseeming
 thing
 With calm heart to meet the future—with calm
 heart whate'er may be.

PHORCYAS.

Now you stand in your full greatness—in your
 beauty you stand there.
 In your glance I read a mandate. Speak the man-
 date, lady, speak!

HELENA.

The delay, that your bold quarrel caused me, hasten
 to repair.
 Haste the sacrifice to perfect, as the king directed
 me.

PHORCYAS.

All's within—all's ready: dishes—tripod—keen
 axe, sharpened well—
 Water for lustration—incense. Designate the victim
 thou.

HELENA.

It the king hath not appointed.

PHORCYAS.

Told thee not? Oh! sad, sad word!

HELENA.

What's the sadness that comes o'er thee?

PHORCYAS.

Queen, 't is thou—'t is thou art meant.

HELENA.

I?—

PHORCYAS.

And these—

CHORUS.

Oh woe! Oh sorrow!

PHORCYAS.

Thou wilt fall beneath the axe.

HELENA.

Fearful, yet I felt it would be!

PHORCYAS.

Unavoidable it seems.

CHORUS.

Ah! and we! What is to happen?

PHORCYAS.

She will die a noble death;

But within there, on the high beam that supports
the gable-roof,Like the thrushes in a bird-snare, you in a long
row will flutter.

[HELENA and CHORUS stand astonished and
terrified in expressive well-arranged
groups.]

PHORCYAS.

Phantoms ! forms numbed to very stone by terror,
Aghast at the thought of parting from the daylight!
Yet in the day you have no natural right.

'Tis the same case with men—they, too, are
phantoms :—

Little love they to quit the holy sunlight.

Yet the end comes no force or prayer can stay :

All know it—few contemplate it with pleasure.

Enough—all 's over with you.

Quick to work !

*[Claps her hands, on this appear at the door
masked dwarf figures, who actively perform
everything as she directs.*

Hither, swarth goblinry—squab, sooty scrubs—

Roll yourselves round ! Here 's the work that you
love—

Misery and mischief to your hearts' content.

Trundle the altar out with the golden horns—

Over the silver rim let shine the hatchet.

Fill the water-crocks, to wash away the soil

Of the black polluting blood. Spread o'er the dust

The splendid carpet, that the victim may

Kneel down in royal wise : then wrapt in it—

The head, no doubt, clipped off—be, as beseems

Her rank, borne gracefully to honoured burial.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Apart the queen stands, thinking, as 't would seem.
The maidens, like the mown grass of the meadow,
Droop.

[*To PHORCYAS.*

It would seem my sacred duty, then,
As far the eldest here, to have a word with thee,
Whose birth I deem coeval with the world.
You are experienced—wise, and seem to us
Benevolently disposed, although this giddy,
Unthinking, petulant group have scoffed at you.
Tell what you know of any possible rescue.

PHORCYAS.

'T is easily told. It on the Queen alone
Depends to save herself and you, her people.
She must decide—must decide instantly.

CHORUS.

Worthiest of the *Parcæ* sisters—of the Sibyls wisest
thou—
Hold in sheath the golden scissors—tell us, tell of
life and daylight ;
For we feel already waving—dangling—swinging,
back and forward,
Joylessly, the little limbs, that, in the dance, with
cheerful movement,
Love to play, and then to rest them softly on a
lover's bosom.

HELENA.

They! Let them quail and tremble! Pain I suffer,
not terror :

Yet, if you know of rescue, with thanks be it re-
ceived.

To the sagacious, who, far on, and wide
Around them, look, the Impossible shows itself
Possible. Speak on. Tell us what you know?

CHORUS.

Speak and tell—and tell us quickly—how we may
escape the savage

Odious noose, that we feel threatening, like a most
unwelcome necklace,

To wind round our throats. We feel it—wretched
victims—clinging, clasping,

Choking utterance, nay, life-breath,—if thou dost
not, Parent Rhea—

Thou, most venerable móther of all gods, have
mercy on us.

PHORCYAS.

Have ye patience, then, to listen in silence to
The details of my plan? There are long stories to
tell.

CHORUS.

Patience enough—for while we listen we live.

PHORCYAS.

To him who tarrying at home guards well a noble
treasure,
And saves by daily care the walls of his house
from decay,
Secures the roof against the pressure of rain,
To him will it go well through the long days of his
life ;
But who o'er-strides lightly the holy bounds
Of his threshold with a rash and hasty foot,
On his return, perhaps, finds the old place—
But everything there changed, if not destroyed.

HELENA.

Wherefore these out-worn proverbs ? What thou
wouldest tell,
Tell on. Stir not up matter that offends.

PHORCYAS.

'Tis part of my tale—true history—no offence.
His pirate bark did Menelaus steer
From bay to bay. The main shore and the islands
He ravaged, and swept off all he could plunder,
Returning with the spoils you have seen there
piled within.
Ten weary years he wore out before Ilion ;
In the voyage home how many more I know not.

How stands it here, meanwhile, with the high house
Of Tyndarus? How stands it with the realm
around?

HELENA.

Are foul words, then, so wound into your nature
That you cannot move your lips without abuse?

PHORCYAS.

For years neglected stood the valley-ridge
That north of Sparta rears its terraces,
Backed by Taygetus. There doth the Eurotas
Roll down a merry brook—thence through our glen,
Flows widening among reeds, and rears your swans.
There, unobserved, in that same mountain valley
Nestled a bold race. From Cimmerian night
Forth pressing, they have built them up a fast-
ness—

An hold impregnable—whence they descend
To harass land and people as they please.

HELENA.

Could they effect this? It would seem impossible.

PHORCYAS.

They had time enough—perhaps full twenty years.

HELENA.

Does one bear rule? Are the robbers many?—a
gang?

PHORCYAS.

They are not robbers, and one man does rule.
I speak no foul words of him, tho' he did
Visit me here. He might have taken everything ;
But he was satisfied with a few free gifts.
Such was the word—he did not call it tribute.

HELENA.

What kind of looking man ?

PHORCYAS.

By no means ill.

He pleases me—a merry fearless man,
Well built ; has few among the Greeks his equals
In understanding. We with foul tongues brand
The people as barbarians, but I fancy
Not one of them as savage as at Ilion
Was many a hero feeding on man's flesh.
His honour I can speak to confidently ;
I have trusted my own person in his hands.
And his castle—that you should see with your
own eyes—
'Tis quite another thing than the coarse masonry
Of the rude walls that your fathers all confusedly
Together rolled—Cyclopian—aye, like Cyclopes
were they,

Heaping rough stones on rough stones as they
came.

Far other the structure there, for all with them
Is fixed by rule and line and measurement.
Look at it from without—it strives to heaven—
Straight, well adjusted, smooth as a steel mirror.
—Climb up that wall? The very thought slides
down.

Within, a far-extending court, and round it
Buildings of every kind, for every use.
Pillar, Pilaster, Archlet, Arch are there;
Balconies, Galleries looking out and in,
And Scutcheons.

CHORUS.

What are Scutcheons?

PHORCYAS.

Ajax bore in shield
A coil'd Snake—you yourselves remember to have
seen it.
The Seven, too, before Thebes bore figured
emblems
Each on his shield. On one was the Moon and
the Stars
And the Field of the Heavens in the Night. And
on another
Was a Goddess. One shield had a Chief with
Scaling-ladder.

Some had Swords,—Torches too; and all with
 which the violence
 Of bold Besiegers shakes down mighty cities.

And such devices bears the hero band I speak
 of;
 Theirs have, from their original ancestors,
 Come down with all variety of colour.

There you see lions—eagle's claw and beak—
 Buffalo horns—a wing—roses—a peacock's tail—
 And stripes,—gold, black and silver, blue and
 red.

These and the like hang in their halls—proud
 banners, row on row—
 In boundless halls, that seem wide as the world,
 There were a place for your Dances!

CHORUS.

Are there Dancers there?

PHORCYAS.

The best in the world. Crowds of boys, golden-
 haired
 And fresh-complexioned: and they so breathe
 youth!

Paris alone so breathed, when he too near the
 Queen
 Came——

HELENA.

You forget your character. Let us hear
 What you drive at. Say the last word; end your
 tale at once.

PHORCYAS.

You 'tis that have to say the last word here, and
 end it.

Say but distinctly 'Yes,' and I surround you
 With that castle.

CHORUS.

Oh! speak, speak the little word,
 And rescue thus thyself and us alike.

HELENA.

How? Can I fear, then, that King Menelaus
 Could so change?—do such savage injury to me?

PHORCYAS.

Have you forgotten your Deiphobus,
 The brother of your Paris, slain in battle—
 How the king maimed and mutilated him?
 —You cannot, sure, forget Deiphobus,
 With whom you did so struggle, an obstinate
 widow;

But the happy man had his own way at last,
 And for it, too, got slit up nose and ears,
 And other gashes horrible to look at.

HELENA.

To Him he did it—on My account he did it.

PHORCYAS.

And now, on his account, to you he'll do it.
 Beauty is never held in partnership:
 He, who hath once enjoyed it all his own,
 Sooner destroys than shares it with another.

Hark! 't was the trump's shrill thrill. How it tears
 through
 Ear-drum, heart, all within us! Thus does
 Jealousy
 Fasten her fangs into the breast of the man
 Who, having once possessed, forgets not ever
 What he hath had—hath lost—and now no more
 possesses.

CHORUS.

Hear you not the horn resounding? See you not
 the flash of weapons?

PHORCYAS.

Welcome is my king and master: my account I
 fain would render.

CHORUS.

Bút—but we ——

PHORCYAS.

You know all pláinly—Her death,
here, and yours, within.

There is no help for it—no—none.

HELENA.

I have thought out what I may venture on.
Thou art a demon of cross purposes—
This I do feel. I fear that good to evil
Thou dost invert; but I will follow thee
On to the castle. This say I; but what more
May come, after this step, and in the Queen's
Deep heart dwell hidden, unrevealed must it
To all remain. On! Old One, lead the way.

CHORUS.

How gladly go we hence, with hastening foot!
Behind us Death—before us once again
Unscaleable Walls of a
Towering Fortress.
Oh! that the Fortress may give shelter such
As Iion's Tower, that yielded but at last
To despicable craft.

*[Mists spread around, hide the background,
and then the front scene gradually.]*

How? but how?
Sisters, look round!

Was it not cheerful daylight?
 Shreds of vapour waver rising
 Up from Eurotas, from the holy river.
 Already vanished hath the lovely bank ;
 The fringed bank already, with its reeds,
 Hath vanished from the eye.
 And the free Swans—the proud, free, graceful
 swans,
 That, gliding soft, delightedly swim down
 Together in their joy,
 See I, alas! no more.

But yet, but yet,
 Toning hear I them
 Toning far off—a hoarse tone—
 Announcing death, men say.
 Ah! that to us it may not also be,
 [Instead of promised rescue,
 Augury but of Ruin,
 —To us, to us, the swanlike,
 With white long necks, beautiful as the swan!—
 Ruin to Us, and Her, our Queen and Mistress,
 The Daughter of the Swan!
 Woe! Woe to Us! Woe! woe!

And the mist still thickens. Round us
 Everything already hidden.
 Now we see not one another.
 What is doing?—Move we onward?

Or do we with light steps hover
O'er the ground, still unadvancing?
—Saw you nothing? Floats not Hermes
Yonder? Gleamed there not the waving
—Gleams it not? Is it illusion?—
Of his golden wand of empire,
Bidding us háck to the joyless
Gloomy land of Shapes Unbodied,
O'er-filled, ever-empty Hades.

Suddenly the Darkness deepens—deepens, though
the fog hath vanished.

Darkness as of brown walls round us, that admit
no gleam of sunshine.

Walls, indeed, they are, that front us, freedom to
the eye forbidding.

Court-yard is it? Deep trench is it? Be it this,
or be it th' other,

Equally is it a horror. Sisters, we, alas! are
captives;

Here as there, and now as ever,
Destined still to be but captives!

[*The fog has cleared off and the inner Court of the Castle is seen, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the Middle Ages.*

CHORUS LEADER.

Impatient ever and foolish!—Type of Woman,
 Dependent on the moment-play of the wild winds !
 Good or ill fortune still incapable
 Of meeting with serenity.
 Still warring are you each with other. One
 Says this, and what she says is straight gainsaid.
 Laughing or Wailing, the self-same tone 't is always,
 —Sorrow or Joy. Be silent and attend ye !
 Listen to what our noble Queen for herself,
 And us—having weighed all in thought—deter-
 mines.

HELENA.

Where art thou, Pythonissa ? Come, be thy name
 what it may,
 Come thou from out the vaults of this dismal castle.
 Or if, perchance, thou art going to tell of my
 arrival
 To this wondrous hero-lord, and secure me meet
 reception,
 Receive my thanks and lead me at once to him.
 I wish my wanderings at an end. Repose is all I
 long for.

CHORUS LEADER.

In vain lookest thou, oh Queen ! on all sides, round
thee here.

Vanished is that foul shape. She hath, perhaps,
remained

Behind in the fog, from the bosom of which hither
We have, I know not how, come swiftly, without
step ;

Or it may well be that she still is wandering,
Having lost herself in the labyrinthine windings
Of this strange castle made of many castles,
While she seeks the master to announce your coming,
And to demand for you princely reception.

But yonder see, above, bustle of preparation !
At galleries, at windows, and in portals,
Hither and thither hurrying crowds of servants.
This speaks a welcome here of gracious courtesy,
Princely reception as of honoured guest.

CHORUS.

Hów my heart flows forth tó meet them ! Look !
ónly look

Át the lóng line of beautiful youths streaming
hitherward,

Timing their leisurely movements to melody.
Onward, still on, flows the ordered procession.

Oh, what composure! what grace! and what
dignity!

Youths, but in bloom and in beauty of Boyhood.
Bright apparition! But whó hath evoked it?
Whóse is the mandate their ranks are obeying?
Whóse is the spirit unseen that hath moulded
them?

With what delight and what wónder I look on them!
Whát is it wins me to lóve them?—thus lóve them?
Is it their beauty? their courteous demeanour?
Or the ringlets that roll round the dazzling white
forehead?

Or the dear little cheeks, with blush red as the
peach's,
And, soft as the peach's, the tender down shading
them?

Fain would I bite into fruit so delicious!
But I shudder and shrink back in fear and in
horror,
Knowing well, that lips pressed to the lips of such
charmer,
Have—dreadful to think of—been choked up with
ashes.

But the fairest
Lo! come hither.
What are they bearing?
Steps to the throne,
Tapestry, seat,

Hangings and ornaments
 For a pavilion.
 Rolling above in folds,
 Are formed, as 'twere, garlands of clouds,
 To wave o'er the head of our queen.
 And now, invited, she already hath
 Ascended the high couch.

Advance ye slowly, step by step.
 Range yourselves gracefully.
 Worthy, worthy, three times worthy,
 Be such reception cordially received !

[All that the Chorus has indicated is gradually done.]

FAUSTUS appears, after a long train of pages and squires have descended, on the steps, in court-dress of the Middle Ages, and comes down slowly and with dignity.

CHORUS LEADER.

If the gods have not now, as oft they do,
 To this man lent but for a little while
 A form of such exceeding dignity;
 And if the lofty grace, the aspect, that
 Wins us to love, be not their transient boon,
 All he at any time essays will be
 Successful; be it in battle-strife with men
 Or in the little wár of Love with lovely ladies.
 He is, in truth, to be preferred to many,
 Whom I have seen, the prized ones of the earth.

With staid, deliberate, respectful step,
I see the prince advance. Turn thee, oh Queen!

[FAUSTUS *steps forward with a man,*
LYNCEUS, *in chains.*

FAUSTUS.

Instead of solemn ceremonial greeting,
Instead of deferential welcoming,
My bounden service—I bring here to thee
In chains this faithless serf, who, failing in
His duty, caused it that I fail in mine.

[*To* LYNCEUS.

Here! Kneel down. To this noblest lady make
Confession of thy guilt. This man, high Queen,
Is he, who, gifted with rare power of vision,
Hath his appointed province to look round
From the tall tower; and with sharp eye to
range
Over the heaven-space, over the broad earth;
To give report of all that here or yonder
Shows itself, stirring from the circling hills
Into the valley or towards the castle;
Be it a drove of cattle in long wave,
Or army in its march. That we secure,
And this defy. To-day—oh! what neglect!
You were approaching, and he tells it not:

Thus our reception of such honoured guest
 Is all deficient in solemnity.
 His is the guilt—the forfeit is his life.
 Already in the blood of death deserved
 He now should lie ; but thine it is alone
 To Punish—to show Mercy—at thy will.

HELENA.

High though the dignity that you concede
 Of Judge and Ruler ; and though it may be
 That, as I much suspect, you do but tempt
 me ;
 Yet will I the first duty of the Judge
 Fulfil in hearing the Accused. Speak then.

LYNCEUS (*warder of the tower*).

Let me kneel down ! Gazing on her,
 Let me perish ! let me live !
 —Gift of gods—Divinest Lady—
 Heart, life, all to her I give.

Eastward was my glance directed
 Watching for the sun's first rays.
 In the south—oh ! sight of wonder—,
 Rose the bright orb's sudden blaze.

Thither was my eye attracted.
Vanished bay and mountain height,
Earth and heaven unseen and all things,
All but that enchanted light.

Tho' mine eye is as the lynx's
From his tree-top, here its beams
Failed. I struggled with the darkness
As when one awakes from dreams.

Strangely, suddenly, the turrets
Towers and barred gates disappear ;
Mist-wreaths heaving, waving, clearing
Pass, and leave a Goddess here.

Eye and heart I turned toward her,
Feeding on that gentle light ;
Beauty, Hers, all-dazzling Beauty,
Dazzled and entranced me quite.

I forgot to play the Warder,
And the Trumpet-welcome give.
Threaten !—slay not wholly ! Beauty
Tempers anger, bids me live !

HELENA.

The evil I brought with me I may not punish.
Woe is mé ! How strange a destiny pursues me,
Everywhere so to fool men's hearts that they
Respect not their own selves, nor what erewhile
was honored.

Forcing, seducing, warring, violating.
 Demigods, heroes, gods and demons even
 Dragging me here and there about with them.
 A strange wild life of hurrying to and fro.
 I, when I was but one, drove the world mad ;
 'T was worse, when seen a second apparition ;
 And now a threefold, fourfold self, I bring
 Bewilderment still with me—trouble on trouble.
 Discharge the good man here—let him be free ;
 Blame should not strike him whom a god hath
 fooled.

FAUSTUS.

Entranced with wonder, Queen, I here behold
 The unerring archer, here the stricken quarry ;
 The bow that sped the arrow and the wounded.
 Arrows fly thick on arrows, piercing me ;
 And, glancing crosswise, everywhere, methinks,
 Are whirling feathered round in court and castle.
 What am I now ? All in a moment you
 Make rebels of my faithfullest—make my walls
 Unsafe ; and henceforth will my warriors serve
 None but the conquering, unconquered lady.
 What can I, but transfer myself and all
 I fancied mine to thee ? At thy feet let me
 Do homage, free and true to thee, my mistress—
 Thee to whom, soon as seen, in sovereign right
 All became subject—wealth, possessions, throne!

[LYNCEUS *returns, bearing a chest—others follow him with chests.*

LYNCEUS.

See me, Queen, returning, see !
The wealthy beg a glance from thee :
He looked on thee, and feels since then
The poorest and most rich of men.

How moved I still from triumph on
To triumph ! Here, enslaved ! undone !
Avails not now the sharp eye's aid :
Back from thy throne it sinks dismayed.

We from the far East hither prest,
Pouring our armies o'er the West :
A mass of peoples, long, broad, vast,
And the first knew not of the last.

The First hath fallen. The Next his stand
Made good. The Third came spear in hand.
Each man a hundred's strength supplied,
And thousands slain unnoted died.

In storm we rushed along. Our hordes,
From place to place, of all were lords.
Where I to-day held lordly sway,
To-morrow others seized their prey.

A quick glance o'er our spoils—one laid
Hard grasp upon the fairest maid,
One on the steer of firmest tread,
And all with horses onward sped.

But I, with glance of boundless range,
Sought everywhere the rare, the strange.
What others shared its charm of power
Lost straightway, like a withered flower.

And thus for treasures hid from light,
Led only by my own keen sight,
Chest, casket, shrine, with searching look
I pierced, and every secret nook.

Thus have I gathered heaps of gold,
And star-like gems of price untold.
Of all, the Emerald, on thy breast
Alone is pure enough to rest.

And waving between lip and ear
Be the deep sea-bed's oval tear :
While in faint blush beside thy cheek
The Ruby fades, abashed and weak.

And here I bend in homage meet,
And lay my tribute at thy feet ;
To THEE, to THEE my treasures yield,
The crops of many a bloody field.

Tho' here be treasure-chests full store,
 Yet have I iron coffers more :
 Let me but in thy orbit be,
 And vaults of wealth I heap for thee.

Form of all Forms! Earth saw thee. Power,
 Wealth, Reason, in that glorious hour
 Bowed, and adoring bent the knee,
 Type of all loveliness, to Thee!

All that with guarding grasp for mine
 I held—flows fast away, is thine!
 How bright it was—how pure—how high!
 How dimmed, how pale—when thou art nigh!

Thus all, I once possessed, decayed
 Like grass mown down, is left to fade :
 Oh! with approving glance, once more
 The splendour it has lost restore.

FAUSTUS (*to* LYNCEUS).

Off with your heap of gatherings—trophies of
 Deeds desperate and daring—off with them!
 Hence! unproved indeed, but unrewarded.
 Hers is already all that in its heart
 The castle hides. Why special gifts to her,
 Then, offer? Go! range treasure upon treasure :
 In imagery sublime set forth the spirit
 Unseen of Grandeur. Let the arched ceilings glow

As 't were a second heaven-cope. Paradises
Of lifeless life prepare.

Hastening before her steps let flowering carpets
On carpets roll—let the soft ground swell up
To meet her foot. To woo and win her glance
Let Splendour shine from everything around:
Splendour o'erpowering all eyes but a god's.

LYNCEUS.

—Light order! Easy to obey!
Say, rather, pastime 'tis, and play.
It is not Wealth, it is not Lands,
But Love and Life that she commands.
Before the splendour thus revealed
Of heavenly Beauty Armies yield:
The Warrior's sword is blunt and dull,
Powerless beside the Beautiful:
And cold and dim, the Sun's own light
Is darkened in her presence bright.
How poor are all things to one glance
Of that divinest countenance!

[*Exit.*]

HELENA (*to* FAUSTUS).

I would speak to you. Come up to my side.
The vacant place demands its Master, and
Makes mine secure.

FAUSTUS (*kneels, as doing homage to HELENA*).

First suffer me to kneel ;
 And, noble lady, let my true allegiance
 Please thee ; and suffer me to kiss the hand
 That lifts me to thy side. Support me as
 Regent with thee of thy unmeasured kingdom,
 And to thyself thus win Adorer, Servant,
 Protector—all in one.

HELENA.

Everywhere wonders
 I see and hear, and I have much to ask :
 I would particularly wish to learn
 How that man's speech sounded at once so
 strange—
 Strange, yet familiar. One tone fits another :
 If a word strikes the ear, another comes
 To fondle and to make love to the first.

FAUSTUS.

If the familiar spoken language of
 Our peoples, flowing in these forms, give pleasure,
 SONG, satisfying ear and feeling in
 Their inmost depths, Song must be ecstasy.
 Shall we try to wed the sweet sounds ? DIALOGUE
 Allures, and draws them out.

HELENA.

And could I speak
So beautifully? Can you teach the art?

FAUSTUS.

'*T is easy. 'T is but speaking from the heart.*
The happy still looks round for sympathy.
Overflowing joy still says——

HELENA.

Rejoice with me.

FAUSTUS.

We think not now of future or of past.
The Present——

HELENA.

Oh! that it could always last!

FAUSTUS.

What can arrest the moment's falling sand,
And to delight give permanence?

HELENA.

My hand.

CHORUS.

Who can blame her—blame our princess—
If she look with kindly aspect
On the lord of this high castle?
Here we all to-day are captives—
She and we alike imprisoned—

Captives, as too oft we háve been,
 Since in ignominious ruin
 Ilion fell. The sad days followed
 Of our wanderings labyrinthine.
 Houseless, homeless, wandering women !

Women to men's loves accustomed
 Choosers are not.—They are Adept,
 Though, in all the art of Charming;
 And upon Shepherds, golden-ringleted,
 Or black and bristly Fauns,
 Lavish the Moment's smile.

Near, and more near, our lovers, see ! are sitting :
 Hand in hand they rock them
 Over the sumptuous throne's high-pillowed pride.

Princely Majesty denies not
 To itself the full revealing
 Of the fond heart's secret raptures,
 With the world around to witness.

HELENA.

I feel so far away, and yet so near :
 How fondly do I say, Here! happy Here!

FAUSTUS.

I scarce can breathe. I tremble, words are none.
 It is a dream, and Time and Place are gone.

HELENA.

What dream comes o'er me of a former day?
Methinks I lived and died and past away.
And now I live anew, wound up with thee !
Him, whom I know not, love confidingly !

FAUSTUS.

Oh ! analyse not thy strange destiny :
Be—if it were but for the moment—Be !

PHORCYAS (*entering hurriedly*).

Pretty time to give and get
Lessons in Love's alphabet.
Lisping love-songs, analysing
Feelings, kissing, criticising.
Feel you not your spirits wither ?
Hear you not the trumpets' clangour ?
Waves of men are rolling hither.
Menelaus comes in anger :
'T is the husband—the avenger.
Seize the sword, bind on the armour,
Guard you from the coming danger.
Know you not how for this charmer
Poor Deiphobus was treated ?
Would you have the scene repeated ?
Ears and nose sliced off repaid his
Fond attentions to the ladies.

Such doom is thine. The light ware from the roof-
 tree
 Shall dangle. For the Queen a new-edged axe
 Is at the altar ready.

FAUSTUS.

Audacious interruption ! In she presses
 Evermore mischievous. Even were there danger,
 I do detest such senseless agitation.
 The comeliest messenger, brings he a tale
 Of evil—it blots all his beauty out
 And makes him hideous. Thou, that art the Hideous
 —All-hideous—absolutely dost delight
 Only in bringing messages of evil.
 But now for once you are out in your reckoning.
 Aye ! shake the air with empty breath ! Here
 danger
 Is none ; and were there danger, danger here
 Itself would be but idle threatening.

[*Signals, explosions from the towers, trumpets
 and cornets, martial music. An army
 marches across the stage.*]

FAUSTUS.

Crowding, see the ring of heroes,
 How they bounne them for the field.
 Would a man win lady's favour,
 Be his breast her fence—her shield !

[*To the leaders, who detach themselves from
their columns and advance.*

With pent-in, silent rage, sure pledge of
Conquest in the coming hour,
Of the North the ripening blossoms,
Of the East the full-formed flower,

Steel-clad host! They shattered kingdoms,
Realm on realm with ruin spread;
Hark! their step—or is it earthquake?
And their march!—the thunder's tread.

'T was at Pylos we first landed;
And old Nestor—where is he?
—Vainly did the puny kinglings
Face the armies of the Free.

From these walls drive Menelaus
—Plunderer! to roam the sea,
Rove and rob—the lurking pirate's
Life his choice and destiny!—

DUKES,—I greet you with the title
By command of Sparta's Queen—
Lay at Hér feet vale and mountain.
Yoúrs the empire you thus win.

GERMAN ! guard the bays of Corinth,
 Fence and rampart round it be !
 With its hundred vales Achaia
 GOTH ! do I confide to thee !

Hosts of FRANCE, advance to Elis !
 In Messene, SAXON, reign !
 NORMAN ! sweep the seas triumphant,
 Argolis bring back again !

In his happy home each dwelling
 Shall his strength abroad make known.
 Over all be SPARTA mistress,
 Our fair Queen's time-honoured throne !

And she sees them, while enjoying,
 Each and all, this glorious land,
 At her feet seek Light and Wisdom,
 Rightful title to command.

[FAUSTUS *descends.* *The princes close round
 him in a narrow circle to hear his com-
 mands and directions.*

CHORUS.

Who would hold in his possession
 The most beautiful of women,

Round him, let him, first of all things,
 Look for the support of weapons.
 Fond words may have won her to him,
 Won the highest of earth's treasures.
 Unassailed he cannot hold her :
 Flatterers artfully wile her away from him—
 Spoilers daringly tear her away from him—
 This to guard against, he must think well on it.

Our prince for this I praise,
 —Esteem him wise o'er others—
 That, brave and prudent, he with him hath
 leagued
 Forces ; that strong men, obedient,
 Watch every glance of his that speaks his will,
 Loyally obey his mandates,
 Find their own gain in such fealty ;
 Have thus from the liege lord reward and thanks,
 And lord and vassal, both, win the high meed of
 fame.

Who now can tear away the Beautiful
 From the well-armed and powerful possessor ?
 His is she. Who but must rejoice,
 That she is his ? and most must We rejoice,
 Whom he with her protects ; proud walls securing
 Perfect defence within,
 A mighty army our sure shield without.

FAUSTUS.

The gifts that we on these bestow,
 Each man's feof an ample land,
 Are great and lordly.—But enow !
 Midst of all take we our stand !

Home, round which the waves leap joyous,
 Island-home ! tho' hill-chains light
 The last mountain-branch of Europe
 With thy placid shore unite.

Rival nations all shall shield thee,
 Land above all lands of earth !
 For my Queen the land is conquered,
 That first smiled upon her birth.

While Eurotas' reeds were rustling,
 She, whom wide earth worships, first
 —Dazzling sisters ! mother ! brothers !—
 From the shell all-radiant burst.

Lo ! the land its bright flowers offers !
 THEE it welcomes, THEE doth call.
 Though all earth be thine, fair lady,
 Love thy own land best of all !

What, tho' the sunbeams bright like arrows keen
 And cold pierce mountain ridge and jagged peaks,
 Let 'mong the rocks glance any speck of green,
 And the goat gnawing there its scant meal seeks.

Springs leap aloft. In concert down rush rills,
 And green are meadows, vales, declivities.
 The glad eye, ranging o'er a hundred hills,
 Sheep-flocks spread far and wide unnumbered sees.

Cautious, apart, measuring each footstep grave,
 Kine tread the brink, yet danger none; for all
 Is ample shelter: vault is here, and cave,
 The ready refuge of the mountain wall.

Pan shields them yonder. Nymphs of Life are
 dwelling

'Mong bushy clefts, where moist fresh spots you see.
 With instincts, as of higher regions telling,
 Strives branch-like up Tree crowded close on Tree.

Old woods! The Oak majestic there plants foot:
 Bough jags to bough—self-willed, athwart, awry.
 Fed with sweet dews, serene the Maple-shoot
 Sports with her burthen as she seeks the sky.

In shady nooks, from founts maternal, here
 Warm milk for little child and lamb flows free;
 And fruit, the valley's ready food, is near,
 And honey dropping from the hollow tree.

Here 'to be happy' is the right of birth—
 The sparkling cheek and lip man's proper wealth.
 Each in his sphere is as a god on earth,
 And everywhere is calm of heart and health.

How in this pure air doth the flower unfold
 Of human life ! and the glad child attain
 His father's strength ! in wonder we behold,
 And 'are they gods ?' we ask, 'or are they men ?'

A shepherd's form and face Apollo wore,
 And human shepherds seemed of heavenly race,
 Where Nature is true Nature, evermore
 Such likeness is. Each world doth all embrace.

[*Sits down beside* HELENA.

Such gain is mine and thine. The past be thrown
 Behind us ! Feel, that thou the true child art
 Of the highest Jove—of that first world, alone,
 'Mong all that now on earth are, rightful part.

Thee shall no fastness chain with jealous mound.
 Eternal in its youth—exulting—free—
 Still close to Sparta winds the enchanted ground,
 Wooing our stay, of blissful Arcady.

Happy land ! that thou hast fled to,
 Won to cheeriest destiny ;
 Bowers for thrones, and our free spirits
 Blithe as gales of Arcady !

The scene changes quite. Secret bowers resting on a range of caverned rocks, shady groves extending to the rocks. Faustus and Helena are not seen. The CHORUS lie scattered about—asleep.

PHORCYAS, CHORUS.

PHORCYAS.

How long the maidens have been asleep I know
not.

If they have been seeing everything in dreams,
That I saw bright and clear before my waking
eyes,

I know not; and I wish to know; and therefore will
I rouse them.

The young things will be all astonishment :
—And ye, too, Bearded Men, who tarry yonder
On the audience-seats, in the earnest hope of seeing
Something to make the marvellous credible.

Up, up, girls ! be awake !—be alive ! Shake your
bright tresses,
Shake sleep from your eyes—blink not, but listen
to me.

CHORUS.

Do but speak, and tell us, tell us what of marvellous hath happened.

Dearly we do love to listen to the legends we believe not.

On these walls to gaze for ever is a sad thing—we are weary.

PHORCYAS.

Children, are ye so soon weary—sleep scarce rubbed off from your eyes—

Listen. In these caves, these grottoes—in these bowers were shade and shelter

Given, as to Idyllic lovers, to my lord and to my lady.

CHORUS.

What? within there?

PHORCYAS.

All secluded

lived they from the world around them.

Me, and me alone, they trusted. In their service confidential

Mine was the high place of honour; but, as is you know befitting

One so placed, I still looked round me, everywhere but towards the lovers:

Looked for herbs of sovereign virtue—sought on barks of trees rare mosses—

Showed deep skill in herbs and simples. They were all alone together.

CHORUS.

You would have us think, within there that whole
 worlds of space were spreading—
 Wood and meadows, lakes and brooklets. What a
 fable 't is you weave.

PHORCYAS.

Inexperienced! ye may doubt; büt here are un-
 explored recesses.
 Halls on halls and courts unnumbered in my
 musings I discovered:
 Suddenly a burst of laughter from the hollow cave
 comes echoed.
 I look in. A boy is leaping, from the bosom of the
 Lady,
 To the Husband—from the Father, to the Mother.
 And the kissing,
 And the kissing, and the toying—foolish love's
 fond playfulnesses—
 Shout of mirth, and shriek of pleasure, in their
 quick succession stun me.
 Happy child he is, and fearless. See him springing
 naked, wingless,
 —Wingless, or he were like EROS, Life's glad
 Genius benignant—
 Playful, frolic, as the young Faun, could the Faun
 forget the nature

With the wild woods that unites him, and had he
a human heart.

On the firm ground see Him springing! And the
ground, with life elastic,

Heaves him like an arrow upward; and again,
again rebounding,

The high-vaulted roof he touches. And the anxious
Mother warns him :

‘ Bound on Earth at thy free pleasure—leap again
and yet again there;

But repel the thought of flying; but resist the
wild rash impulse.

Wings to bear thee onward, upward, thou hast
none. Resist the impulse.’

The fond earnest Father warns him: ‘ In the Earth
is all the virtue

That so swiftly darts thee upward: touch but
with light foot the surface,

Like the son of Earth, ANTÆUS, thou with instant
strength art gifted.’

So from summit on to summit, all along these
jagged ridges

Leaps he, bounding and rebounding, like the ball
you strike in play.

Suddenly into a hollow of a rough glen he hath
vanished,

And we deem him lost. The mother wails. The
father offers comfort.

I stand shrugging up my shoulders. But what
glorious reappearance!
Are there treasure-chambers yonder?—hidden
stores of rich apparel?
Robes with stripes of living brightness, splendid
as the flowers of summer,
On the glorious boy are shining. Proud and
princely youth looks he!
Tassels from his arms are waving. Round his
breast are ribands fluttering.
In his hand the golden lute-harp. Every way a
little PHŒBUS.
Onward, in the flush of spirit, in the dauntless joy
of boyhood,
Moves he to the mountain summit, treads the high
cliffs overhanging.
Wondrous Child! we gaze upon him—with delight
and love and wonder;
And his parents, in wild transport, clasp them in
each other's arms:
But the soft light round his temples—who can tell
what there is shining?
Golden glitter? Or the bright flame of irradiating
Spirit?
In his bearing, in his gestures, the proud boy even
now proclaims him
Future master of all Beauty—him the Melodies
Eternal

Have through all his members moulded. You shall
 hear him, you shall see him—
 Hear him with delight and wonder—with delight
 unfelt till now.

CHORUS.

And callest thou this a marvel, Cretan born?
 Thou to the Poet's teaching word
 Hast never lent, belike, a listening ear;
 Never to Ionia's legends;
 Never, mayhap, hast heard what HELLAS tells
 Of the fathers of the land,
 Tales rich in feats of heroes and of gods.

All, done in this our day,
 Is but a melancholy echo of
 Glorious Ancestral times.
 Thy tale is nothing comparable with
 That which their lovely Fable
 —Fiction, more to be believed
 Than what the world calls truth,—
 Sang of the son of MAIA.

A shapely boy was he—a small, strong, wily
 rogue.
 Him in his birth-hour did the fondling nurse-
 maids—
 Patting and playing with the wily rogue,

Swathing in softest, finest, purest fleece—
 Leave cradled in a purple coverlet.
 They fancied that he thus was fastened down :
 An idle fancy ! an unreasoned dream !
 Behold ! the shapely, strong, small, wily one
 Draws gently out his light elastic limbs—
 Displacing not the purple shell
 That would with painful pressure hold him down—
 As the freed butterfly
 From the stiff chrysalis spreads out his wings,
 To wander through the sunbeam-lighted air
 At his own happy will—bold voyager !

And HERMES, thus—that he to thieves and
 scoundrels,
 And all who seek a scrambling livelihood,
 Might be in every way their favouring demon—
 Soon plays his dexterous tricks.
 Swift from the ruler of the seas he steals
 The Trident, and from Ares self his Sword
 Slily out of the sheath ;
 From Phœbus, Bow and Arrows ; from Hephæstos
 His Tongs. Even Father Jupiter's own Lightnings
 He would have made his own, did not the fire
 Frighten him. Eros he overthrew in wrestling :
 And from the Queen of Cyprus, as she kissed
 him,
 He filched away the girdle from her breast.

[*An enchanting purely melodious strain, as of a harp, sounds from the grotto. All attend, and appear inwardly affected. From this to the next marked pause the whole is accompanied with full-toned music.*

PHORCYAS.

Listen to this loveliest music :
 Cast these fables far away.
 The old crowds of gods fling from you—
 Think not of them. Past are they.

None will understand you. Critics
 Of a higher school of art
 Say, that from the heart must flow forth
 All that works upon the heart.

CHORUS.

If to flattery thou art softened,
 —Thou whom Nature hates and fears—
 Is it strange, from trance awaking,
 That we find a joy in tears?

Let the cheery sunshine vanish.
 In the Heart if day arise,
 We shall find in our own bosoms
 What the outer world denies.

EUPHORION.

When I sing my childlike carols
 You are happy as your child ;
 When I bound, as though to music,
 The parental heart leaps wild.

HELENA.

Love, to give man Earth's best blessing,
 Heart to noble heart leads on ;
 But, to yield us Heaven's own rapture,
 Shapes a third—our precious one.

FAUSTUS.

All is found that love can give us :
 I thine own—thou, part of me.
 Oh ! as we are now united,
 Could it but for ever be !

CHORUS.

Many years of crowded pleasure,
 In the mild gleam of this boy
 Bless our happy pair with promise.
 Oh ! the union gives me joy.

EUPHORION.

Let me bound, let me spring !
 To the heavens would I haste.
 'Tis my longing, my passion :
 It seizes me fast.

FAUSTUS.

But gently, but gently,
Dear son, I entreat thee ;
That downfall and ruin
O'ertake not or meet thee.
In thy fall
Perish all.

EUPHORION.

Prisoned no longer
On earth will I be !
Let my hands go,
Let my tresses wave free.
My robes, they are mine :
All in vain ye hold me.

HELENA.

Think, oh ! think
Whose thou art—
How our heart
Will sink and sink :
The bliss that we have won—
Mine, thine, and his—undone :
All, all by thee, rash son.

CHORUS.

The union that their bliss did make,
Fate, I fear, will shortly break.

HELENA *and* FAUSTUS.

Dear son, for thy parents' sake
 Be this fiery frenzied mood
 Over-mastered and subdued.
 Rural bliss thy life employ !
 Be Arcadia's pride and joy !

EUPHORION.

'T is but to please you I refrain.

[*Whirls through the CHORUS ; draws
 them forth to dance.*

Cheerful race, how light I hover
 Here where happy maidens be.
 Goes the music well ?—the measure ?

HELENA.

Lead the fair ones out with thee
 To the graceful dance, and gaily
 Play the momentary lover.

FAUSTUS.

These poor tricks give me small pleasure.
 How I wish it all were over.

[EUPHORION *and* CHORUS *dancing and
 singing move about, interweaving.*

CHORUS.

When thy arms in the dance thou so gracefully
 spreadest,

When thy dark locks are floating and flashing
 around,
 When the foot glances light from the floor that
 thou treadest,
 And the limbs to the magic of melody bound—
 Sweet child ! how thy heart must be swelling
 with joy :
 We love thee—all love thee—oh ! beautiful boy !

EUPHORION (*to the CHORUS*).

Away and away.
 Let us play a new play :
 A race let us run,
 And as you are many and I am but one,
 Let all of you here
 Be a swift herd of deer.
 And away ! and away !
 With me for the hunter and you for the
 prey !

CHORUS.

Why this eager mad pursuing?
 Your own object thus undoing?
 We, like you, can fancy blisses
 In a shower of burning kisses ;
 And our heart we feel incline
 To that fair young face of thine.
 If some little time be past
 With us in respectful wooing
 You will find us yours at last.

EUPHORION.

Pursue them ! Pursue them !
 O'er stock and o'er stone,
 Through brake and thro' forest,
 The wild game has flown.
 What is easily won
 Hath no charms in my sight :
 'T is the pride of the conquest
 That is the delight.

HELENA *and* FAUSTUS.

Madness his beyond all hope !
 Hearken ! Heard you not a horn
 Threatening wood and hill-side slope ?
 —What a tumult ? What a cry ?

CHORUS (*entering quickly one by one*).

Oh ! how swiftly he rushed by,
 Looks on us with slight and scorn.
 See, the wildest of our group,
 He hath grasped her, he hath clasped her,
 Hither in his arms hath borne.

EUPHORION (*bearing in a young girl*).

She is mine. I've caught the coy one,
 What care I that uncomplying
 She resists me ? I enjoy one
 That attracts me by denying.

Let me still to mine feel prest
Breasts in proud reluctance swelling :
Give me Passion's burning zest,
Lips rebelling, hands repelling,
Let me feel triumphant still
Over hers my ardent will.

MAIDEN.

Loose me ! In this little frame
Spirit with as fierce a flame
Burns ; and know this will of mine
Not less resolute than thine.
Think you, then, that force can chain me ?
Or your violence constrain me ?
Hold me still ! Aye, dare the danger !
I can be my own avenger.
Ha ! you 're scorched ! and I am free.
Fool ! rash fool ! remember me
Laughing, wheresoe'er I be,
Laughing, laughing still at thee.
[Flames up, and flies off in a blaze.
Follow to the fields of Air,
Hope to meet the vanished there !
Follow to the caverned hollow
Of the deep Earth. Follow ! follow !

EUPHORION (*shaking off the flames*).

Rock and Forest ! Rock and Forest,

—Chains around me flung !
 What to me such chains, such fetters ?
 I am active, I am young.
 Yonder rave the tameless Tempests,
 Yonder rage the mighty Billows,
 Voices of the Free !
 ME they call ! ME ! ME !
 BOTH from far I hear ;
 Oh, that I were near !

[*Springs higher up the rock.*

HELENA, FAUSTUS, and CHORUS.

Would'st thou, like the mountain wild-goat,
 Clamber? Oh, we fear! we fear !

EUPHORION.

Higher must I rise, yet higher—
 Wider must the prospect be.
 Well I know the land where I am.
 In the middle of the island,
 Pelops, in the midst of thy land,
 Loved alike by earth and sea.

CHORUS (*with affectionate tone*).

If the woodland and the wold
 Have no charms thy heart to hold,
 Other spells have we to gain thee,
 To allure thee, to detain thee.

From the hill-side slope will we
 Grapes in clusters bring to thee ;
 Grapes and dusk figs, and the yellow
 Rich gold of the orange mellow.
 Happy is the land possessing
 Peace, and with it every blessing!

EUPHORION.

Oh, dream ye of peace, then? Dream on, whose
 delight
 Is in dreams ; but for me be the joy of the fight !
 WAR is the word. Where the broad banners shine.
 Let me rush to the battle. The conquest is mine.

CHORUS.

When a land is at Peace,
 Who would call back the day
 Of War—all of Love
 And of Hope flings away.

EUPHORION.

To the children of Achaia,
 Heroes in the battle-strife,
 Daring danger, breathing freedom,
 Ever prodigal of life—
 With a holy sense that peril
 Damps not, lavishing their blood ;
 Everything brings to such Warrior,
 To such Country, gain and good.

CHORUS.

Higher ! higher ! see Him press,
 Nor in distance seems he less.
 Victory before him beaming,
 Light of armour round him gleaming,
 Onward ! onward ! see him rise.

EUPHORION.

Not on wall or wave relying,
 On himself let each man rest ;
 Fortress every foe defying
 Is the brave man's iron breast.

Would ye dwell unconquered ? Haste ye,
 Haste ye, to the battle-plain !
 Women Amazons becoming,
 Every child a hero then.

CHORUS (*gazing on EUPHORION*).

Holy, holy Poesie,
 Oh, ascend thy native sky !
 Shine on, thou brightest star,
 Farther, and yet more far !
 Still the light beams down to cheer,
 And the voice with joy we hear.

EUPHORION.

No ! I am a Child no longer.
 Armed behold the Youth move on

With the strong, the free, the mighty,
 Who ere now in heart was one.
 Onward, to the field of glory !
 On to victory ! On ! On !

HELENA *and* FAUSTUS.

Scarcely numbered with the living,
 Scarcely given to cheerful day,
 Would he to the fearful distance
 Whirl in giddy flight away ?
 And, the kindly tie between us,
 Was it but the gleam
 Of a transient dream ?

EUPHORION.

Thunder on the sea !—and Thunder,
 How it rolls from vale to vale !
 Host 'gainst host in dust and billows,
 Throng on throng, and pang and bale !
 Destiny
 Here bids die,
 And the mandate we know well.

HELENA, FAUSTUS, *and* CHORUS.

Oh, what horror !—oh, what terror !
 Is thy destiny, then, death ?

EUPHORION.

Shall I look on war at distance ?
 —I would in the battle breathe !

HELENA, FAUSTUS, *and* CHORUS.

Rashness ! danger ! and—to die !

EUPHORION.

Yet—and, look you, wings unfolding !—

Thither, thither would I fly !

I must ! I must ! Grudge not the joy of flight !

[He throws himself up into the air, his clothes bear up for a moment. His head beams, a stream of light follows.]

CHORUS.

Icarus ! Icarus !

This—this is grief to us !

[A beautiful youth falls at the feet of the parents. In the dead the audience think they recognise a well-known form ; but the corporeal immediately fades away, the aureola rises like a comet to heaven. Clothes, mantle, and harp remain lying on the ground.]

HELENA *and* FAUSTUS.

Pain and joy, each follows other,

Anguish comes, and plaintive moan.

EUPHORION (*from the depth*).

In the realm of shadow, mother,

Let me not abide alone !

CHORUS (*dirge*).

Not alone ! Where'er thy dwelling,
 If, indeed, on earth we knew thee,
 Tho' thy home be far from daylight,
 All hearts still with love pursue thee !
 Lost—yet how can we lament thee !
 Gone—we weep and envy thee !
 Bright thy day ; but bright or clouded
 Song and heart were proud and free.
 Born to all that makes earth happy !
 Lofty lineage, sense of power !
 Lost, alas ! too soon. Youth's promise
 Torn by tempest, leaf and flower !
 Eye not to be baffled. Human
 Indignation at all wrong.
 Best of women loved thee. Magic
 All its own was in thy song.
 How the whirl of passion bore thee
 Self-devoted to the snare !
 With what rage all laws and usage
 Didst thou rend, proud captive there !
 Yet, at last, in generous feeling,
 True stay thy pure spirit gained ;
 All that noblest is and brightest
 Sought by thee,—but unattained.
 Unattained—oh ! who attains it ?
 Ask—Will Destiny reply

This day when a bleeding people,
 Dumb with sorrow, sees him die ?
 —Yet fresh bursts of song awaken !
 Droop in helpless grief no more,
 For the Earth again will blossom,
 And bear fruit as heretofore !

[*Perfect pause. The music ceases.*]

HELENA (*to* FAUSTUS).

An old saying, *alás* ! proves itself true in me—
 Beauty and Happiness remain not long united ;
 The ties of life and love both are asunder torn.
 Sadly, for love of both, I say to each farewell,
 And once again, yet once again, into thine arms I
 throw me !

PERSEPHONEIA, take, oh ! take the boy and me !

[*She embraces FAUSTUS. The Corporeal
 vanishes. Her Dress and Veil
 remain in his arms.*]

PHORCYAS (*to* FAUSTUS).

Hold tight what still survives to you of all
 That was hers. Don't let the cloak go ; demons are
 Tugging and tearing at its skirts, and fain
 Would pluck it down from you to their underworld.
 Hold fast ! 'T is not the goddess you have lost,
 But it is godlike ; make the best use of the lady's
 Invaluable favours. Up ! off with you !

'T will lift you quickly,—that it will—high up
 Above the vulgar, up into the air
 As long as you can keep there. We two meet
 Again—far off, far, very far away !

[HELENA'S *clothes dissolve into clouds,*
surround FAUSTUS, raise him into
the air, and bear him away.

PHORCYAS

(*Takes EUPHORION'S dress, mantle, and lyre*
from the ground, steps into the proscenium, lifts
up the exuvix and speaks).

Well ! Finding this is some luck. All the fire
 Is gone—gone, not a doubt of it ; but never fear,
 The world will get on very well. We have
 Enough—aye, quite enough to consecrate
 A poet or two—aye, quite enough to madden
 Your master-masons and apprentices
 In the gay art of building rhymes, with envy.
 I cannot give them talents, but no matter,
 The singing-robcs are no bad things in themselves,
 And I'll lend them the dress.

[*Sits down leaning against a pillar, in the*
proscenium.

PANTHALIS.

Swift speed we, maidens, now that we are at
 freedom,
 Disenthralled from the dreary spell of the old
 Thessalian hag,

And from the giddy crash of the tangled sounds
that jingle

Confusedly on the ear and cloud the inner sense!

Descend we now to Hades! swiftly Thither

Already hath the Queen with solemn step down
glided.

Where she hath trod, her faithful maids should
follow.

We find her at the throne of the Inscrutable.

CHORUS.

With Queens, where'er they be, it still goes right;

In Hades even will They stand up erect

In unsubmitting pride, rank as of old maintaining—

Queens still! fast friends of Queen Persephoneia.

But We—to pine away in lone recesses,

Deep meadows of Asphodel,

Our sole companions being,

For ever and for ever,

The lengthy poplars and the barren willows!—

What life were this!—Like flitter-mice to twitter,

Whining, and whispering, unenjoying, spectral!

LEADER OF THE CHORUS.

Who has not earned a name, nor wills the noble,

Belongs to the Elements. Away with you!

My one abiding passionate desire

Is to be with my Queen.

Not high Desert alone ; Fidelity,
Too, hath its meed : it too preserves to us Person.

CHORUS, ALL.

WE to the Daylight are given back,
The cheery Day. Not Persons now, indeed,
As once we were. That feel we, that we know.
But we to Hades never more return.
SPIRITS are we, and everliving Nature
Makes on us, we on her,
Claims irresistible.

PART OF THE CHORUS.

Ever in the murmured whispers of the thousand
boughs here trembling,
We with gentle play lure upward from the root
the living currents
To the branches ; soon with leaflets, soon with
buds to deck, and blossoms,
As with glimmering gems, the tresses floating
lavishly in air.
Autumn comes, with ripe fruit falling ;—joyous
concourse ! men and cattle
Crowding, crushing, grasping, cranching, rushing
eagerly, down pressing,
All regardless each of other. See them bowing,
bending round us,
As they, in old days undated, bent before the
earliest gods !

AN OTHER PART.

Where these walls of rock far gleaming shine in
 pure and glassy mirror,
 We in peaceful waves are winding evermore our
 gentle way ;
 Lurk for every sound, and listen song of birds or
 wild reed's music.
 Is it Pan's own voice affrighting ?—We with voice,
 like his, reply.
 Whisper is it ?—We, too, whisper. Thunder ?—
 We reply in thunders.
 Earthquake shocks of repercussion, threefold, ten-
 fold, roll We back.

A THIRD PART.

Sisters, you would call Us truant. With the
 streams we hasten onward,
 Where the richly-cultured hill-slope, smiling, far
 away allures us,
 Ever downward, ever deeper, lead the life-diffusing
 waters
 To the meadow-land, the trim lawn, and the
 garden round the house.
 Cypresses with spiry summits, rising yonder into
 ether,
 Tell where they have found a mirror, tell the
 banks through which we glide.

A FOURTH PART.

Wander ye at will where lists you ! We will linger,
we will rustle
Round the richly-planted hill-slope, where, upon
its staff supported,
Leans the vine ; and the green berry, day by day,
is deepening, darkening.
Hour by hour, and through the whole day long,
the vintager's emotion
Shows to us the doubtful issue of the labours he
so loves.
Now with spade, and now with mattock, and now
earthing, pruning, binding,
To all gods he prays, at all times ; above all, prays
to the Sun-god.
Little of his faithful sérvant's toil thinks Bac-
chus, the enervate ;
Rests in bowers, reclines in grottoes, fondling
there the youthful Faun.
Dissolute sits he, and dreaming, half with wine
inebriated
Round him heaped in skins, jars, vases, right and
left of the cool cavern,
That might serve for endless ages. But when all
the gods, when HELIOS,
More than all, has, blowing, moistening, warming,
glowing, drying, ripening,
Swelled the wine-bestowing berries, heaped the
cluster-horn of Plenty,

Where the vintager in silence worked, see ! sudden life and bustle.

Stir there is in every arbour; rattling round from stake to stake ;

Baskets, buckets, crackle, clatter ; vine-troughs groan beneath their burthen ;

All to the great vat move onward, to the strong dance of the wine-press.

Now the holy, heaven-sent fulness of the pure-born dewy berries

Daringly is crushed and broken ; trampled down what was their beauty

To a mass none love to look on—squeezed together, foaming, splashing.

Now the sharp clash of the cymbal, with the timbrel's brazen discord,

Tears the ear, and Dionysos is from Mysteries unveiled.

Here he comes with goat-foot Satyrs, goat-foot Mænads thyrsus-swinging.

Evermore, amid the discord, brays the Ass of old Silenus.

Nothing's spared ; the cloven feet áre trampling down all laws and manners.

Reel the senses all ; the ear is by the din distracted, deafened.

Drunken men for cups are groping, head and belly overburthened ;

Here and there a few are working. They but add
to the confusion;

For they must, to hold the new wine, have the old
skins emptied fast.

[*The curtain falls. PHORCYAS in the
proscenium extends herself to giant
height, steps down from the cothurni,
throws off mask and veil, and shows
herself as MEPHISTOPHELES, in order,
as far as is necessary, to comment
on the piece in epilogue.*

ACT IV.

HIGH MOUNTAIN.

Bold, jagged, rocky summit. A cloud moves on, rests against the rock, and sinks down on a projecting flat. The cloud opens. FAUSTUS steps out.

FAUSTUS.

Below me, spreading far away, are deepest
solitudes,

And here, on this projecting ridge of the high
mountain-summit,

Choose I the place of my descent, dismissing
The car of cloud that hath so softly hither,
Thro' bright heaven, borne me over land and
ocean.

It leaves me slowly—trails away—it breaks not
into vapour.

In massy globes it rolls. Its course is striving to
the East.

The eye is striving after it in awed astonishment.
It breaks—it wanders into waves—it changes, and
it changes.

A something there would shape itself.—The eye
does not deceive me;

On sun-illumined pillows, in grandeur, see!
reclining,

Of more than woman's height, a godlike female
figure.

I see it there—like Juno, Leda, Helena—
In majesty and love waving before mine eye.

Alas! already change hath come, and formless,
broad, up-towering,

Rests in the East as 't were a far-off glacier
dazzling,

Mirroring the mighty import of the flying days.

O'er me still hovers a thin tender cloud-streak,
Round breast and forehead—cheering, cooling,
soothing!

And now it rises lingeringly, and high and higher
yet

Condenses. Is the winning form I see
But an illusion, that from my own fancy
Moulds itself into Youth's; first longed-for, still
withheld,

And highest, good? From the heart's depths up-
gushing,

As in the days of long ago, are the heart's first,
best, treasures,

Symbol of the Aurora-love—alas! too swift to
vanish!—

Of that first glance, how quickly felt! which but
the heart interprets,—

The rosy dawn-light of the heaven of boyhood's
happy dreaming—

That, could it linger here with us, all else would
seem but shadow.

Like Beauty of the Soul, the lovely form grows
lovelier,

Dissolves not; upward floats—slowly—into the
ether;

And with it, of my heart and mind draws the best
part away.

[*A seven-league boot stamps down. Another
follows instantly. MEPHISTOPHELES
descends. The boots stride hastily on.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUSTUS*).

Aye! well stepped out! But what could be the
freak

That led you to descend upon this peak?

Was there no place, then, to alight upon

But yawning wilderness and horrid stone?

I know the objects round. I know them well.

Where we are standing was the floor of Hell.

FAUSTUS.

Still the same foolish legends, evermore,

On every subject! Will you ne'er give o'er?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*earnestly*).

When long ago, down from the upper sky,

The Lord had banished us—and I know why—

To the far depths, where in the centre glow
 Fires everlasting, round and round that throw
 Red restless flames, we found that we had got
 Into a place too crowded, and too hot.
 The Devils got sick, and feeling ill at ease
 In their new prison, began to cough and sneeze.
 With sulphur-stench and acid Hell boiled o'er—
 Foul vapour—then more foul it grew and more,
 Till the smooth crust was parched and burst
 asunder ;
 And topsy-turvy Science tells ~~us~~, with wonder,
 How to earth's surface rose what had been
 under.

We made our way out of the red-hot caves
 Into pure air—are Princes who were Slaves.
 An open secret—mystery well concealed,
 And only to the latter times revealed.

FAUSTUS.

To me the mountain mass is nobly dumb :
 I ask not, whence uprisen ? or wherefore come ?
 Nature,—that in herself is all in all,—
 When her pure will first shaped the round earth's
 ball,
 Formed depth and summit for her own delight,
 Heaped rock on rock, linked height to mountain
 height ;

Errata

Moulded and led, as 't were, with gentlest hand,
 The hill-side slope to meet the level land.
 Then came soft green and growth. She doth not
 seek
 For her delight wild ferment or mad freak.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye ! so you say, and think it clear as light ;
 But he, who then was present, must be right.
 Why, I myself was by when flames upwreathed
 From the abyss, and sulphurous vapour breathed ;
 When Moloch's hammer, linking rock to rock,
 Struck chips in thousands from the rough old
 block,
 And scattered, as he forged the mountain chain,
 Huge granite fragment-splinters o'er the plain.
 Masses of foreign substance load the land ;
 How whirled down there, no man can understand.
 Philosophers—they can make nothing of it ;
 They've thought and thought ; but what does
 thinking profit ?
 There lies the rock, your theorists defying—
 There lies the rock—there must they leave it
 lying.
 The common people—they alone receive,
 And with faith, not to be disturbed, believe
 The plain broad fact. In their undoubting creed
 'T is Miracle. 'T is Satan's work indeed.

Doubt never troubles them—the shrewd old judges.
 Propt on the crutch of faith, my pilgrim trudges,
 Limping with pious foot o'er devil-ridges
 To devil-stones, devil-chapels, devil-bridges.

FAUSTUS.

'T is after all not unamusing to
 See Nature from a Devil's point of view.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is 't to me ? Be Nature what it may ?
 My honour's touched—the devil was in the fray.
 'T was WE—WE did it—We, the boys that shine
 Unequall'd actors in the lofty line.
 See you our sign and cypher written clear—
 Convulsion, tumult, devil's work, madness here.

But, to have done with topics that but tease you,
 Let's come to business. In your journeying
 O'er earth, and through the air ; while on the wing,
 Did nothing on our upper surface please you ?—
 You, who have seen from your observatory
 The kingdoms of the world and all their glory ?—
 —Still that unsatisfied impatient air ?—
 Did nothing give you any pleasure there ?

FAUSTUS.

There did. A mighty project lured me on—
 Guess what it was.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That easily is done.

We'll fancy a Metropolis,
—The heart and kernel of which is
A sewer and sink of nastiness ;
The dense spot where his food the burgher seeks ;
Lanes crooked, narrow gables ; slender peaks ;
The crowded market-place—kale, turnips, leeks ;
Shambles, where flies on joints well fattened,
Making themselves at home, have battened.
Thither at any hour repair,
Activity and stench are there, ~
Enough for you, if anywhere.
—Then come wide squares, and streets, that claim
Distinction from their very name ;
And spreading, where no gate confines,
The suburbs flow in boundless lines.
There how delightful is the roar
And roll of coaches evermore ;
The bustling motion, in and out,
And to and fro, and round about,
And out and in, they heave and drive—
A swarming ant-hill all alive.
There let me ride, or on the car
Of splendid state be seen from far—
Alone, aloft, admired, revered,
By hundred thousands gazed on, feared.

FAUSTUS.

Small pleasure from such source should I derive.
 We seek to make men happy as they may
 Be made, and happy each in his own way;
 Would mould the manners, educate the mind :
 And our reward for all is that we find
 We have made rebels.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in continuation, disregarding
 FAUSTUS'S remark*).

—Then would I build me up a place of pleasure
 For the sweet moments of a prince's leisure.
 Wood, hill and valley, lawn, and meadow ground
 Are all within the sumptuous garden's bound.
 By verdant walls the long strait pathways drawn
 Thro' formal shades to reach the velvet lawn ;
 Cascades that roll with regulated shock
 In channels carved from rock to answering rock ;
 Water, in all diversity of dyes,
 Taught artificially to fall and rise,
 A stately column soars, and, breaking, sheds
 Swift down the sides thin, tiny, tinkling threads.
 Then would I have, in many a close recess,
 Lodges, with ladies there, all loveliness !
 Pass countless hours,—and let no care intrude—
 In that delicious social solitude.
 Ladies, do you mark me?—*ladies*. Womankind
 Comes always as a plural to my mind.

FAUSTUS.

Degenerate—modern—base !—Abandon all
That makes life life ?—A vile Sardanapal !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Could but a man make out what you 're about,
It must be something quite sublime, no doubt.
You have of late been wandering thro' the air—
Near the moon. Do n't you wish that you were
there ?

FAUSTUS (*earnestly*).

No, doubtless, No. Our own earth is a place
That for bold enterprise gives ample space.
Something may still be done that in the event
Will waken in the world astonishment.
Within me lives a power that must succeed
In earnest, active, energetic deed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and the Fame that such achievement wins !
This comes of communing with Heroines.

FAUSTUS.

Dominion, Power, Possession, is my aim ;
The Fact is all,—an idle breath the Fame !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Poets will arise to sing thy story,
Tell times to come thy grandeur and thy glory,
With folly kindling folly.

FAUSTUS.

What know you
Of this or anything that Man desires ?
Thy nature, adverse, cross-grained, bitter, sharp,
What can it do but criticise and carp ?
How can it know what Man—true Man—requires ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, have your will and way. I give up mine.
Communicate this notable design.

FAUSTUS (*with earnestness*).

I had been gazing on the mighty sea,
That, tower on tower, swelled up exultingly ;
Then did it fall, and its wide waves expand,
As laying siege to yon flat breadth of strand.
Sickness of heart I felt. Resentment strong,
Keen indignation at imagined wrong,
The pang, that to behold oppression gives
To freedom's instinct that within us lives,
Wrath at the usurpation of the wave,
And sympathy with what it would enslave,
Came o'er my spirit ; and the frenzied mood
Worked like a fever through my human blood.
' Can it be chance ? ' I said. ' Can it be chance ? '
I said, and eyed the waves with sharper glance.
A moment motionless, then, from the goal,
Their late-won conquest, back the recreants roll.
The hour returns ; again begins their play.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Audience*).

'T is nothing new; I've seen them every day
A hundred thousand years roll the same way.

FAUSTUS (*continues vehemently*).

On creep they hither, here at all points press;
Barren themselves, and spreading barrenness.

It swells, and spreads, and rolls, and spends its
strength

O'er the repulsive coast-line's desert length.
Imperious wave o'er wave in power moves on,
Lords it awhile—retreats—and nothing's done.
In anguish and despair my mind resents
This waste power of the lawless Elements.
Here were a strife to make my spirit ascend
Above itself. From these their prey to rend,
Here to win conquests, were a victory true.
Here would I combat, these would I subdue!

And it is Possible; at full flood still
The wave bends, yields, and winds round every
hill.

Even in its hour of most imperious will,
Before each little sand-heap, lo! it shrinks,
And into any tiny hollow sinks.

This when I saw, a sudden project ran
Crossing my brain, and plan came after plan.

Methought it were a joyous thing, could we
 Force from the shore the domineering sea ;
 To narrower bounds the moist expanse restrain,
 And crush far off into itself the main.
 From step to step I've thought out the design ;
 This is my wish, to further it be thine !

[*Drums are heard from behind on the right.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How easy 't is !—Hear you the drums afar ?

FAUSTUS.

What ?—war ? The prudent has no love for war.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, war or peace, the prudent man still sees
 In all that comes but opportunities.
 We plan, watch, catch each favouring chance, and,
 now,
 Such smiles, or never—Faustus, seize it thou !

FAUSTUS.

Speak out at once ; spare me this riddling stuff.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I saw it long ago, and plain enough.
 The kind good Kaiser is perplexed with care.
 You know him. You remember when we were
 Amusing him. Into his hand we played
 False riches ; and the show of riches made

All seem as nothing to him. The effect
 Was self-indulgence, indolence, neglect.
 Young to the throne he came, and he thought good
 To reason 'gainst all reason, and conclude
 That 't was not out and out impossible
 But Power and Pleasure might together dwell ;
 And thus, that it was his prerogative
 To rule a kingdom and at ease to live.

FAUSTUS.

A grievous error. None can both unite.
 To rule must be the ruler's sole delight.
 If high resolves and fixed his bosom fill,
 Yet none may look into that sovereign will.
 Scarce to the trustiest breathes he his intent
 In the close ear : accomplished, the event
 Startles the world into astonishment.
 The Ruler's power still rests on what first made
 Man's power to rule. Indulgences degrade.
 Ruler o'er men must never cease to be
 Man highest, worthiest.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No such man is he.

Oh ! what a life of luxury was his !
 With the realm falling by no slow degrees
 To anarchy, still the prince takes his ease.
 Everywhere, high and low, each warred with other ;
 'T was brother plundering, chasing, slaughtering
 brother.

Castles with castles, towns with towns pursued,
 And guilds with nobles—an eternal feud.
 Chapter and churchman against bishop rose ;
 Men looked but on each other and were foes.
 Merchants and travellers at the very gates
 Of cities lost, and none to tell their fates.
 Life—to such daring heights had rapine gone—
 Was but defensive war. So things moved on.

FAUSTUS.

Say you moved on ? They staggered, limped, fell,
 rose,
 And stumbled and rolled helpless down. Sad close !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And such a state of things need no one blame.
 Each had his chance of winning in the game ;
 Each wished to be a somebody, and each
 The object of his wishes now might reach.
 Boys would be men, and sober men went mad.
 At last the thing was felt to be too bad :
 The better classes, that, too long inert
 Had slumbered, rose this evil to avert,
 Determined that such state of things should cease ;
 Let Him be Lord, they say, who gives us Peace.
 The Kaiser cannot, will not. Choose we then
 A ruler. Let another Kaiser reign,
 Make each man's rights secure, and animate,
 As with a better soul, the sinking state,
 Till renovated Earth see blessings spread
 From land to land, and Peace with Justice wed.

FAUSTUS.

This has a priestlike twang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, priests they were ;
 The well-fed belly made they their prime care.
 Aye,—insurrection was their interest.
 The people rose, the priests the Rising blest ;
 And now our Emperor—our old friend whom
 We so amused and rendered happy—is come,
 Perhaps, to his last battle-field.

FAUSTUS.

I grieve
 For him—so good, so open-hearted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We' have
 An eye to him. While there is life there is
 Hope. But first let us get him out of this.
 He is caught and caged here in the narrow valley.
 Saved once is saved for ever. My advice
 Is, never give up. Who knows what on the dice—
 Turn but the luck, and friends around him rally.

[*They ascend the middle range of mountains,
 and view the arrangement of the army in
 the valley. Trumpets and warlike music
 from below.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well chosen the position is.

We join. The victory is his.

FAUSTUS.

We?—join?—What there to do?—Repeat
Illusion? sleight of hand? deceit?—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye,—stratagems of war to gain
A battle and your ends obtain.

Be wide awake. You save his throne
And kingdom for the Emperor,
Kneel down, are granted as your own,
In feudal right, the boundless shore.

FAUSTUS.

You have seen much in your time.—Win a battle
now.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No; you will. Generalissimo art thou
On this occasion.

FAUSTUS.

I command? You flatter.

—Command? Why, I know nothing of the matter—
Am in the art of war a very novice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not the worse General. Assume the office ;
 Let the staff think for you, and the General
 Is safe. For some short time back, I could
 snuff
 War in the wind, and saw what must befall.
 I've formed a military council of
 The original elemental mountain stuff
 Of the primitive mountain-man, in the unmixed
 power
 Of his rude natural self. Fortunate He,
 Who scrapes together, in a lucky hour,
 Such customers !

FAUSTUS.

But who are those I see
 Yonder, and bearing arms? Thou hast, I trow,
 Roused all the mountaineers up ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not quite so ;
 But in the manner of Herr Peter Squenze,
 Of all the rubbish there the quintessence.

[*Enter* 'THE THREE MIGHTY MEN,'
 MEPHISTOPHELES'S BULLIES.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There come my Highland lads—in age, arms,
clothing

Differing—the rascals are alike in nothing ;—
And, though I say it, who should not have said it,
They are the very boys to do me credit.

(To the Audience.)

There's not a child on earth but loves
Gorget, and greaves, and gauntlet-gloves ;
And though the rags be allegorical,
Yet will they be the better liked by all.

RAUFEBOLD *(a Youth, gaily dressed, lightly
armed).*

Look straight into my eyes ;—aye, if you dare !
Into your jaws, my lad, I thrust my fist ;
And if you run away, 't is I that twist
My hand into the flying coward's hair.

HABEBALD *(a Man, well-armed, richly dressed).*
In blows and bluster time 's but thrown away—
Plunder 's the word, and Pillage. Beg, steal,
borrow.

I make my own of all I find to-day,
And for a fresh instalment call to-morrow.

HALTEFAST *(an Old Man, in armour, otherwise
naked).*

But little is in that way won—
'Easily got, easily gone !'

To take's not bad ; but to hold fast

Is the one way to make it last.

The Old Man's hand is very slow

What it once clutches to let go ;

And my advice is, getting all you can,

Give it to keep for you to the Old Man.

[All descend to lower ground.]

*Promontory. Drums and warlike music from
beneath. The KAISER'S tent.*

KAISER. GENERAL IN COMMAND. TRABANTS.

GENERAL.

Placed as we were, we could not risk attack :
Our plan of leading the whole army back
To this convenient ground was duly weighed.
I have good hope the choice will turn out well.

EMPEROR.

That's as it may be. The event will tell.
But I dislike this yielding—this half flight.

GENERAL.

Prince, only cast your eyes upon the right.
Could we idealise the thought of War,
This would appear the very station for
Our army. Sloping hills, to hostile powers
A check ; and a protecting wall to ours ;
Half by the undulating plain concealed.—
No cavalry will venture up that field.

EMPEROR.

I can but praise. Along that gentle slope
Our soldiers' genius will have ample scope.

GENERAL.

In front on the flat meadows see you there
 Our phalanx burning for the fight? The gleam
 Of pikes and lances glimmers thro' the air,
 In sunlight o'er the morning's breezy steam.
 Now glooms the mighty square in the wavering
 light
 Of the fresh dawn; thousands there all aglow
 For the coming action! Prince, this is a sight
 The power of multitudes in mass to show:
 On them I reckon with no doubtful hope,
 The enemy's lines to scatter and break up.

KAISER.

Never before was it my chance to see
 The brilliant sight: thus ranged, it seems to me,
 The army's strength must more than doubled be.

GENERAL.

Sire, of our Left I need say nothing now;
 Stout heroes occupy the steep crag's brow,
 And bright with gleaming arms the rocky pile
 Guards the close entrance of the deep defile.
 There will the foe seek first to force their way.
 —Raw in the bloody game of battle they,
 And, broken there, will fall an easy prey.

KAISER.

There march my lying kinsfolk ! There they go !
 See, uncles, cousins, brothers, join the foe.
 In arms against us ;—they, who robbed the throne
 Of everything ; made everything their own ;
 Deprived, encroaching more and more each hour,
 The Crown of honour, and the Sword of power.
 Their Discord made the kingdom desolate ;
 Their Union is a plot against the state.
 The wavering crowd, unknowing right or wrong,
 Where the stream hurries them are borne along.

GENERAL.

A faithful man, for information sent,
 Runs down the rocks—I trust for good event.

FIRST SPY.

Safely went we up the country,
 Safely back have made our way,
 And but little favourable
 Of our mission can we say.
 Many proffered thee allegiance,
 But they added, things were then
 Such, that, for their own protection,
 They must keep at home their men. .

KAISER.

Self-seekers, they ! the doctrine of that sect
 Rests not on friendship, gratitude, respect.

A neighbour's house on fire, self-interest
Some danger to their own might well suggest.

GENERAL.

The Second comes. He moves down heavily,
Every limb shaking—weary man is he.

SECOND SPY.

Unarranged and undirected
First we found the Outbreak's course—
On a sudden a new Kaiser
Starts up—leads the rebel force.
Now 't is plan and pre-arrangement—
Crowds behind his banner sweep,
And their leader they all follow—
Follow, as sheep follows sheep

KAISER.

He comes, this Rival Kaiser! Welcome be
His coming!—this is glorious gain for me.
Now for the first time am I Emperor!
Never till now was life worth living for!
Only as soldier armed I breast and brow—
Buckler and helm have higher purpose now:
At every fête, however bright and fair,
One thing I missed—the danger absent there.
You said, 'With the safe Ring-game be content;'
My blood leaped—I breathed Lance and Tourna-
ment.

Had you not held me back from arms, 't were mine
 Ere now in high heroic deeds to shine.
 When mirrored in the Realm of Fire I stood,
 What self-reliance then ! what fortitude !
 Against me pressed the elemental glow—
 A show, in seeming, but a glorious show—
 In turbid dreams of fame and victory won
 I have lived too long. Be, what I dreamed of, done !

[*Heralds are sent with a challenge to the
 ANTI-KAISER.*

[*Enter FAUSTUS (in armour, with half-closed helmet).
 The 'THREE MIGHTY MEN,' armed and clothed
 as before described.*

FAUSTUS.

We come, I trust unblamed. Precaution here
 Can do no harm, though needless it appear.
 A thoughtful and imaginative race
 High in the Mountains have their dwelling-place,
 And secrets strange the Rocks to them have shown,
 By Nature traced in cyphers of her own.
 Spirits, that long have left the lowlands, still
 Cling even more fondly to the lonely hill.
 'Mong labyrinthine chasms, where in rich wreaths
 Of noble gas metallic fragrance breathes,
 In silence there, they sort, and sift, and sever,
 Combine, create, and seek the new for ever.

With soft and silent hand of gentlest power,
 —The strength serene of mind's creative hour,—
 Build swiftly up transparent shapes, and see
 In crystal and its calm eternity,
 As in a waveless mirror, imaged forth
 The stirrings of the agitated earth.

KAISER.

This have I heard, and can suppose to be,
 But of what moment is it, friend, to me?

FAUSTUS.

The Norcian necromancer guards thee now :
 In him a fast and faithful friend hast thou.
 Have you no recollection of the day
 When, 'mid the brush-wood crackling near, he lay,
 And tongues of fire were panting for their prey ?
 Round the poor Sabine dry twigs heaped, and, fixed
 Between them, sulphur-rods and pitch were mixed.
 Hope none in man, or god, or devil, remains,—
 You, with your mandate, burst the burning chains.
 This was at Rome, and pledged since then to thee,
 No other thought, no other care hath he.
 He watches still the safety of thy throne :
 Explores the stars, the depths, for thee alone.
 For this he bade us hither speed. Strange might
 Dwells in the Mountains. Nature Infinite
 Works there, is all in all, fearless and free.
 This is what stupid Priests call Sorcery !

KAISER.

On festal day, when to the palace proud,
 Guest pours on guest, and courtiers courtiers crowd,
 We greet with joy the thousands that pour in,
 Smiles round them to diffuse and smiles to win ;
 But higher welcome give we to the Brave
 Who, when above us ominously wave
 The scales of Destiny, and ills impend,
 In that disastrous twilight comes—a friend.
 Yet, in this lofty moment, be implored,
 Draw back the strong hand from the eager sword :
 The awful moment, the dread *now* revere,
 For or against me arming thousands here.
 Man's self is MAN, and His be Crown and Throne,
 Whose title is by Higher prowess shown ;
 And be the spectre that defying stands,
 Calls himself ' Kaiser,' ' Liege Lord of our Lands,'
 ' Duke of the Army,' and would seize our Crown,
 With my own hand back to his hell thrust down !

FAUSTUS.

Great though the gain were, glorious though the
 strife,
 It is not for the Prince to peril life.
 Shines not the helm with crest and plumage gay ?
 It guards the Head, the Spirit's strength, and stay.
 What without Head were Limbs? Should It repose,
 They sink in languor down and with it doze ;

If It be wounded, they will sympathise ;
 Restore Its health, and they in vigour rise ;
 The arm's strong right the arm is swift to wield,
 And lifts to screen the skull a ready shield ;
 Well doth the eager sword its duty know,
 Wards strongly off, and then returns the blow ;
 The foot is happy too to aid the Head,
 And, stamping on his neck, treads down the Dead.

KAISER.

You speak my passionate mind ; so would I treat
 His proud head, trampling it beneath my feet.

[*HERALDS who have been sent with the KAISER'S
 challenge to the ANTI-KAISER return.*]

HERALDS.

Little profit, less of honour,
 Did you from our mission gain ;
 They received your noble challenge,
 With derision and disdain.
 ' Like the valley's feeble echo,
 Faint your KAISER'S voice of power ;
 But in village tales remembered,
 " There was once an emperor."

FAUSTUS (*to the KAISER*).

Beside thee stands a firm and faithful host,
 And what has happened is what they wished most.
 The foe draws near ; with burning ardour, thine
 Wait but the word for onset. Give the sign—
 Now is the Fortunate Moment.

KAISER (*to the General*).

To command
I yield all claim, and, Prince, into thy hand
That duty do I give.

GENERAL.

Then, march on, Right !
The foeman's Left, that now ascends the hill,
Before our young men's loyal ardour will
Be soon dashed back in ignominious flight.

FAUSTUS (*pointing to RAUFEBOLD, one of
MEPHISTOPHELES'S 'Three,' the right-hand
man of the 'THREE'*).

Permit this merry fellow, then,
To mix himself among your men ;
His spirit its own zeal will give
To all your soldiers, in them live,

RAUFEBOLD (*coming forward*).

If they dare to look at me with face unabashed,
Their cheeks shall be shattered, their jaw-bones
be smashed.

The scoundrel that turns his back to escape,
Shall have head and scalp dangling down neck
and down nape.

[*Sings.*

' Like me if thy soldiers the enemy drub,
As I dash on in fury with sabre and club,
Mán by mán shall they fall to the ground :
Mán by mán in their own blood drowned !' [*Exit.*

GENERAL.

The Phalanx of the Centre follow slow !
 And in full force deliberate meet the foe !
 —Already to the Right there 's shrinking back,
 Their plan is all deranged by our attack.

FAUSTUS (*pointing to HABEBALD, who stands
 between RAUFEBOLD and HALTEFAST*).

Permit this man of mine, too, to obey
 Your orders; and work with you through the day.

HABEBALD (*comes forward, singing out*).

' In the Emperor's army true soldier is Courage,
 And helpers good are Plunder and Forage.
 Let Forage and Plunder and Courage too
 Keep the mock Emperor's tent in view !
 We'll strip it clean when the rascal's gone;
 I'll head the Phalanx and lead it on.'

EILEBEUTE (*sutler-woman sidling up to
 HABEBALD*).

He with me did never wive,
 —For this we two the fonder thrive.

[*Sings.*

' The harvest-crop is heavy and ripe,
 We gather it in, and grasp and gripe.
 Woman works well in rapine and ravage,
 For her eye is fierce and her heart is savage.
 Win the day, and to Woman abandon
 Everything that she can lay hand on !'

[*Exeunt HABEBALD and EILEBEUTE.*

GENERAL.

Upon our Left, as I expected,
 Their Right is in full force directed.
 But man to man, oh! with what rage
 Among the rocks they now engage,
 To win the pass, and to defend.

FAUSTUS (*beckoning to HALTEFAST, the left-hand
 man of the 'THREE'*).

Sir, may I ask you to attend
 To this man?—see his powerful arm :
 Add strength to strength. 'T will do no harm.

HALTEFAST.

For the Left wing take thou no care—
 'T is safe enough while I am there.

[*Sings.*

'To hold his own let the Old Man alone :
 What he has he is sure to keep for ever.
 Once in his clutch, be it little or much,
 Not the lightning-flash from his hand can sever.'

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*coming from above*).

Leaning forward in the distance,
 From each jagged rocky gorge,
 Weaponed men for bold resistance,
 Hither seem their way to urge.

Swords they wield ; and helm and shield,
 Behind us frown a dense dead wall :
 All waiting for the wink of the Director
 Upon the foe to fall.

[*Aside, to the knowing.*

Now, as to where they come from, one and all,
 Ask me no questions, and—Yet 't were as well you
 Knew it. Then keep the secret, and I'll tell you.
 I have lost no time in the matter. I have taken
 My officers from armour-halls forsaken,
 Have cleaned out corridors and chambers dusty
 Of their old iron warriors dim and rusty,
 Where—horse and foot—in the proud attitude
 Of rulers, lording it o'er earth, they stood.
 Once were they Knights, Kings, Kaisers in their
 mail-shells,
 And now are nothing more than empty snail-shells.
 I'll tell you another secret. Many a spectre
 Hath got into these spoils of old-world strife,
 Acting the Mediæval to the life.
 Some tiny devil-fry have for the nonce
 Stuck themselves in—I hope 'twill do for once.

[*Aloud.*

Hark ! how they clink and clatter—with what
 pother
 The tin-plates dash, clash, crash on one another !
 Banners round banner-staffs are flapping free,
 That for the air of earth had longed impatiently.

Look well on them—would it not seem to be,
A People of old times in war-array,
Uprisen to mingle in this modern fray?

[*Fearful trumpet-sounds from above; the
enemy waver.*]

FAUSTUS.

The whole horizon darkles,
Save for a red and boding light
Portentously that sparkles.
Stained as with blood are sword and spear;
And wood, and rock, and atmosphere,
And heaven, and earth, are mingling in the fight.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The right flank's holding firm: the giant frame
Of Raufbold there works out his bloody game

KAISER.

I saw *one* arm uplifted; as I gazed
Twelve were distinctly by one impulse raised.
This cannot sure be Natural or Right?

FAUSTUS.

Think of the cloud-streaks floating by the sea,
In dawnlight, on the coasts of Sicily;
Where mists peculiar give to all men's sight,
Raised midway above earth, and mirrored bright

—Strange apparition—Cities to and fro
 Waving, and Gardens rising, sinking there,
 As picture after picture breaks the air.

KAISER.

The thing looks doubtful and suspicious, though.
 See you not lightnings from the spear-tops
 play ?
 And of our phalanx, how on every lance,
 Along its bright edge flamelets glide and glance?
 Spirits, I fear.

FAUSTUS.

Sire ! suffer me to say,
 Of Spirit-natures—natures past away—
 You see the trace. The Dioscuri here,
 Familiar friends, to every seaman dear,
 Propitious meteors, a last parting ray
 Flash ere they vanish. These are friendly gleams.

KAISER.

But why should I be thus among the dreams
 Of guardian Nature?—have for my own share
 This gathering of all things odd and rare ?
 To whom is all this due ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To him alone,
 The mighty Master—him, who to his own

Prefers thy safety—bears thee in his heart;
His is true gratitude, and his the art
That bids the marvels of all nature rise,
To pour confusion on thy enemies.

KAISER (*thoughtfully*).

They led me forth in state—and round me pressed
Crowds in congratulation and applause.
I now was something, and I wished to test
To my own self the something that I was;
And so it happened, without much thought, that there
I chose to exert my high prerogative,
And bade on that white beard the cool fresh air
To breathe once more—in mercy bade him live.
Thus for the priests I spoiled their holiday,
And little love since then for me have they.
And—can it be, that after many a year
Fruits of such accidental act appear?

FAUSTUS.

The impulse of a generous breast
In kind act unawares expressed
Brings rich reward of interest.
Look up to the sky. If rightly I divine,
He sends us an intelligible sign.

KAISER.

An Eagle sweeps thro' heaven's blue height;
A threatening Griffin dogs his flight.

FAUSTUS.

Attend! the sign is favourable.
 Seen in the light of the Ideal,
 The Griffin monster is—a Fable;
 Thy type—the royal bird—is Real.

KAISER.

Now, in wide-spread circles see them,
 In the air wheel round and round;
 Darting now at one another,
 Head and neck, and breast, they wound.

FAUSTUS.

Rascal Griffin! see him! hear him,
 Tugged and torn, with wail and shriek,
 Now to save his lion-carcase,
 The high tree-top's refuge seek.

KAISER.

Would all were, as I behold it
 In this symbol strange unfolded!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*towards the right*).

To our strokes, poured thick and fast,
 Must the foeman yield at last;
 In the wavering, doubtful fight,
 Down they press upon their Right,
 And their army's Left the foes,
 Weak and straggling, thus expose.

See! its point our Phalanx bring
 To the Right, and on the Wing
 Pour its lightnings. Now like Ocean
 Tossed with storm, both hosts rage on—
 Wilder is the strife of Armies.

Well devised our plan of battle!
 We the victory have won!

KAISER (*to FAUSTUS on the left*).

Are we not in danger yonder?
 Look! must not the Pass be taken?
 No stones flying to defend it.
 The crags below are now ascended,
 And the rocks above forsaken.
 See the foe, a solid mass,
 Nearer, ever nearer, pressing!
 Now, methinks, they force the Pass.
 Sad results of arts unholy!
 Oh this magic hath no blessing!

[*Pause. TWO RAVENS appear.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My two Ravens come to me!
 What may now their message be?
 I fear me, it goes ill with us.

KAISER.

Loathsome birds! still ominous
 Of evil! Wherefore do they steer

With black sails hither, from the shock
 Of warring men on yonder rock?
 —Evil-boding birds! Why here?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Ravens*).

Come to me nearer, yet more near;
 Come, take your seats, one at each ear;
 Whom you protect need feel no fear,—
 Your counsel is so shrewd and clear;
 And the event is still what you predict.

FAUSTUS (*to the KAISER*).

Have you not heard of Doves that come
 From far lands to their brood, their home?
 Like them, our Ravens here. No doubt
 There is a difference. The Dove,
 Brings embassies of peace and love.
 War has its Ravens to send out.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

—And now the message tells of our distress.
 See round the rampart rock how foemen press!
 The heights are theirs! and, could they gain
 The Pass, to guard the Rock were vain.

KAISER.

So I am trapped by you at last,
 Caught in the net around me cast;
 I shuddered from the hour you came.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Courage, we yet may win the game,—
 It is not yet played out: the luck
 May turn—have patience—keep up pluck.
 The hardest tug is just before
 The moment that the fight is o'er.
 I've trusty messengers to send
 For aid on which we may depend ;
 Give me your order for it, and
 Command me that I may command.

GENERAL (*who has in the meantime come up*).

You have allied yourself with these strange men ;
 Through the whole time it has been giving me
 pain.

No lasting good comes of these juggling tricks ;
 I do n't see why I should at this stage mix
 Myself up with them,—I see nothing, in
 Which I could now aid. You let them begin
 The battle ; they may end it. I give back
 The staff to you.

KAISER.

Keep it for better hours,
 That Fortune may have yet in store for us.
 I shudder, thinking of the villainous
 Fellow, and his intimacy with those black
 Foul carrion birds, his privy counsellors.

(*To MEPHISTOPHELES.*)

Give you the baton? that would scarcely do!—
 For it, I fancy, you 're not just the man ;
 But make your orders. Do the best you can
 For us. My whole dependence is on you.

[*Exit with GENERAL.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

—The stupid piece of stick!—much good may it
 do him,

Give power and honour and protection to him!
 Something of a cris-cross was on the baton,
 But little luck 't would bring to us with that on.

FAUSTUS.

What is to do?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just nothing. All is done.

[*Addresses the RAVENS.*]

Swart serviceable Cousins, good at need,
 To the great lake among the mountains speed!
 Greet the Undinés in their solitudes,
 And beg from them a show of phantom floods.
 Perfect illusion this. Thro' female art
 What is, from what makes it so seem, they part.
 How they do this is difficult to tell,—
 Women such secrets as they wish, keep well!

[*Pause.*]

FAUSTUS.

Why, our black friends, to judge by the event,
 Can flatter ladies to their hearts' content ;
 Your cousins must have more than courtier's skill,
 So soon to win the women to their will.
 Already, see ! 't is dripping, drizzling down,
 And now from many a tall rock's dry bald crown,
 The full free waters rapidly gush out.
 All's over with their victory, not a doubt.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Strange greeting this ! What will come next ?
 The boldest climbers are perplexed.

FAUSTUS.

Already gurgling hill-top springs unite
 With the strong rush of waters from below.
 Now swell they to a river bold and bright,
 Now, o'er the smooth rock spread in widening flow,
 Race down its sides in thousand threads of light :
 Precipitated thence with foam and flash,
 From ledge to ledge into the valley dash.
 Where now the hero's strength ? where shield or
 helm ?
 Down come the waters wild, o'erpower, o'erwhelm.
 Even I—I cannot see unterrified
 The inundation spreading far and wide.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I can see none of these same water-lies,
 They are deceptions but for human eyes.
 I am amused at the confusion
 Rising from a mere illusion—
 Idiots rushing helter-skelter,
 Deeming waves above them welter :
 From a death by water shrinking,
 Kicking, plunging, shrieking, sinking.
 Hear them snorting, puffing, blowing !—
 All is up with them—they're going.
 A droll mistake—men absolutely drowned,
 Or swimming hard for life, on the dry ground.

[*The RAVENS return.*

To the high Master I will sound your praise.
 Now for the crowning feat—come, no delays!
 Now—now for our last master-stroke. Off with ye
 To the dwarf-people—off to the far smithy,
 Where with unwearied toil 'mong mines unknown,
 They pound to sparkling glitter steel or stone.
 Some of their fire we want—coax, chaffer, chatter,
 Get it—if got, how got is little matter.
 Fire that will glitter, blaze, and run, and scatter—
 Fire such as earth has seldom seen or can see—
 Fire such as I have felt and men may fancy.

Mere lightning-flashes no doubt are
 Seen often in the sky afar.
 The sparkle of a shooting star

May chance on any summer night ;
 But stars that hiss on the damp ground,
 Lightnings on tangled bushes found,
 Are sure no common sight.

[*Exeunt* RAVENS.

[*All is done as described.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Darkness thick upon the foemen—
 Wandering fires of doubtful omen—
 Steps, that know not where to light,
 In the misdirecting night—
 Lightning flashes everywhere
 Blinding with their sudden glare.
 So far the effect is marvellously fine,
 And now for Music in the Terror-line.

FAUSTUS.

The hollow spoils of the old armouries
 Are all alive and active in the breeze.
 There they go bang,
 Clatter and clang.
 Clash of Diabolic glee,
 Dissonant exceedingly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now that they are at it, see if it be feasible
 To stop 'em! Now for knightly knocks and blows!
 Together in right earnest now they close.

The fights of the old glorious days renewed :
Gauntlets and steel sheaths for the shins
Fighting like Guelphs and Ghibellines
In the eternal unsubduing feud,
Hereditary—unappeasable.

At every devil's-festival
Works Party-spirit best of all.
The never-ending Hate, that still begins,
Heard o'er war-shout, rout and rally—
Harsh, malignant, sharp, satanic,
Scattering Terror, Horror, Panic,
Down the hill-slope—through the valley.

[*War tumult in the orchestra—at last passing into clear military music.*]

The ANTI-KAISER'S tent. Throne. Rich furniture. HABEBALD, EILEBEUTE, TRABANTS.

EILEBEUTE.

We 're first then from the field of fight.

HABEBALD.

Aye, swift as any raven's flight.

EILEBEUTE.

What treasure-heaps are here to win !
Where shall we finish ? where begin ?

HABEBALD.

There 's so much everywhere to catch ;
I know not what I first shall snatch.

EILEBEUTE.

This tapestry will match me quite,
My bed 's so cold and hard at night.

HABEBALD.

A steel club hanging from the shelf.
—I 've long been wishing one myself.

EILEBEUTE.

A long red robe with golden seams !
—Like one I've often seen in dreams.

HABEBALD (*taking the weapon which he refers to*).
With this a Man's business soon is done—
Knock him down dead—and then move on.

(To EILEBEUTE.)

You've been picking up so much
Mere rags ! How could you think of such ?
Throw all this rubbish out again ;
Have at the pay-chest of the men !

EILEBEUTE.

It is too heavy ; I have got
No strength to lift it from the spot.

HABEBALD.

Duck down there—lose no time—I'll pack
And bundle it upon your back.

EILEBEUTE.

What pain ! I hear my sinews crack ;
The heavy load will break my back.

[*The chest falls and springs open.*]

HABEBALD.

See there ! a heap of red gold lies—
Swift to it ! sweep away the prize.

EILEBEUTE (*stoops down*).

Into my lap, aye! throw it swift.
With what we've got we'll make a shift.

HABEBALD.

Now you've enough—away with you!

[EILEBEUTE *stands up*.

Your apron's torn—the coins drop through.
Where'er you go, and where you stand,
You're sowing gold-seed o'er the land.

[*Enter TRABANTS of our Emperor.*

TRABANT.

What! here upon this holy ground!
Pillaging Cæsar's treasure found!

HABEBALD.

We lavished life and limb in fight.
To share the booty is our right;
'Tis prize of war—our custom'd due—
Remember, we are Soldiers too.

TRABANT.

Soldiers!—scarce so in our belief.
Soldiers! what, Soldier too and Thief!
None near our Emperor's person dear,
But honest soldiers suffered here!

HABEBALD.

Pillage with us may be the name—
Yours, Contribution—'tis the same;

On others' means alike we live,
 'Tis all one trade—'t is 'give,' still 'give.'

(*To EILEBEUTE.*)

Off with your booty!—off—keep clear
 Of these folks—we've no welcome here.

[*Exeunt HABEBALD and EILEBEUTE.*]

FIRST TRABANT.

You did not hit him going out :
 The rascal ! What were you about ?

SECOND TRABANT.

I do not know—all strength forsook
 My arm ; so spectral was their look.

THIRD TRABANT.

A something bad came o'er my sight ;
 It glimmered—I saw nothing right.

FOURTH TRABANT.

For my part, I do not know what
 To say—the whole day was so hot.
 Such clinging heat, so terrible :
 And this one stood, and that one fell.
 On groped we, hitting at the foe,
 A man was down at every blow.
 My ear hummed, hissed, whizzed, and there was
 Before my eyes a wavering gauze.
 And on it went; and here are we,
 And know not how it came to be.

[*Exeunt.*]

KAISER. PRINCES. CHANCELLOR.

[*Enter the KAISER and four PRINCES.*

KAISER.

Well, be it as it may be, then the day at last is ours.
In hurried flight the scattered foe along the low-
land pours.

Here stands the traitor's empty throne, with
tapestry hung round;

The Anti-Kaiser's treasure see, where it usurps the
ground.

And here in honoured pomp we stand, guarded by
our own bands,

The KAISER, waiting to receive the envoys of his
lands.

From all sides happy tidings come—the people's
discords cease,

Everywhere exultation is—the Empire all at peace.
And if it be that in our aid the arts of Magic
wrought,

Yet We it was, and only We, in very truth that
fought.

The chances of the hour must still in battle's
scale be thrown;

From heaven there falls a shower of blood, from
heaven a meteor-stone—

Strange sounds from rocky caverns rise. Our
swelling hearts rejoice.

The Enemy is smit with fear by that portentous
voice.

The Conquered lasting scorn abides; the happy
 Victor boasts,
 And praises in his hour of pride the favouring God
 of hosts;
 All voices now chime in with him, there needs no
 mandate—'LORD
We give Thee thanks, we praise Thee,' is from
 thousand throats outpoured.
 Then comes, alas! and not till then, the better
 hour apart,
 When, all alone, the conqueror looks in on his own
 heart.
 A youthful prince will waste his day, misled by
 mirth and power—
 Years come, and then we feel the deep importance
 of the hour.
 Therefore, delaying not the act, will I now bind
 me down,
 With you Four Worthies, evermore, for Household,
 Court, and Crown.

(*To the first.*)

The army's well-placed station, Prince, hath tested
 well thy skill,
 And, in the crisis of the day, thine was the
 guiding will;
 Work, therefore, as befits the time, when peace is
 now restored,
 Hereditary Marshal, rise—to Thee I give the Sword.

HEREDITARY MARSHAL.

Now in the centre of the realm the army's faith is
 shown,
 Soon at the Empire's bounds to guard thy person
 and thy throne.
 When thy paternal town is thronged at splendid
 festival,
 Then be it granted me to range the Banquet in the
 Hall.
 Before Thee bear I the bright Sword, or hold it up
 beside
 Thy princely steps—the bright Sword still in peace
 or war thy pride !

KAISER (*to the second*).

Thou who high courtesy with valour dost unite,
 High Chamberlain be thou,—the duties are not
 light.
 First be thou of all the servants of the household
 —over all :
 Sorry servants do I find them, evermore in strife
 and brawl.
 Now in this high post of honour let thy fair
 example teach
 Honour meet to lord and subject—courtesy to all
 and each.

HIGH CHAMBERLAIN.

Thy high thought to express in act, and show with
fitting grace

Distinction ever to the best—forbearance to the
base ;

Without one touch of seeming show or shadow of
disguise—

Type of the Emperor's dignity to move in all men's
eyes,

The heart within at peace, and thus diffusing its
own calm,

And Cæsar's presence, who approves and knows
me as I am,—

High boon is this ; but on bold wing should Fancy,
far away,

Move onward to that feasts of feasts, that long-
expected day :

When thou goest to the table, the lordly Ewer of
Gold

I reach to thee—and in that hour for thee the
Rings I hold,

When the Imperial Hand would seek refreshment
and delight,

Rejoicing in the water, as I gladden in thy sight.

KAISER.

Too serious cares unfit me now for all festivity ;

But to begin with cheerfulness is best—so let it be.

(*To the third.*)

Thee I choose as the Chief Butler, and from
henceforth unto thee,
Chase, and poultry-yard, and homestead, farm, and
farmyard subject be.
To myself the choice reserving of such dish as I
love best ;
As each month in its succession brings them. See
them fitly drest.

CHIEF BUTLER.

Fasting strict be mine for ever, till before my lord
is placed,
Each month, in its due succession still, the dish
that meets his taste.
All whose service is in kitchen shall with me in
union here,
Still anticipate the seasons—make the distant
climate near ;
But thy simple tastes are better pleased by meats
that strengthening are,
Than by those before their season forced, or hither
brought from far.

KAISER (*to the fourth.*)

As ordering of feasts must now our only topic be,
Young hero, into Cupbearer I metamorphose thee.

Chief Cupbearer from this day forth, an anxious
duty thine,
That richly stored our cellar be with best of
generous wine ;
But thine own course in festive hour still tem-
perately steer,
Nor tempted be to overstep the bounds of sober
cheer.

CUPBEARER.

Youth; Prince—if you in youth full confidence
repose—
To manhood's strength and státure in a moment
grows ;
And such great change shall this high office work
in me,
To bear me meetly when that feast of crowning
joy shall be.
Then shall the Emperor's buffet shine with silver
and with gold,
From cups and vases glittering there in splendour
manifold ;
But for thyself shall I select the brightest cup and
best :
The Venice glass that virtue hath unknown to all
the rest.
Joy lurks in the bright Venice glass that in the
wine creates
A finer flavour ; thus it cheers and not inebriates.

In such a treasure as this cup one may too much
confide :

Prince ! your own temperance is still a safer guard
and guide.

KAISER.

These gifts, in seriousness conferred, the Kaiser's
word makes sure ;

Yet written witness should there be, and formal
signature.

And lo ! for this the fitting man comes at the hour
most fit.

[*Addresses the ARCHBISHOP, who enters.*

To the supporting keystone when the vaulted
arch is knit,

The builder then hath framed his work for ages
infinite.

Thou seest these princes four ; with them our
solemn compact made

Foundation firm of governance for House and Court
has laid ;

But what the Empire as a whole concerns, and
thus demands

Counsel of weight, ye princely five, I place it in
your hands.

Possession of far-sprcading Lands should still your
rank evince :

LAND is—it ought to be—one gréat distinction of
a Prince ;

Therefore of your dominions now do I enlarge the
bounds,
And of these traitors give to you the confiscated
grounds;
To you, my faithful friends, these lands in full and
free domain,
I give and grant, with ample power to hold and to
maintain,
By purchase to extend, or by barter to increase,
All right of their old owners for evermore to
cease.
And o'er the lands I give to-day, and that already
yours,
The fullest rights of sovereignty this grant to you
secures;
—You to decide, in courts of law, such pleas as may
arise;
From your tribunal no appeal to other judgment
lies.
With tribute, taxes, tithes, and toll, safe-conduct,
duty-wine,
Mintage, and salt, and royalties of mountain and
of mine,
I have raised you, that my gratitude may be to all
men shown,
In rank next to the majesty of the Imperial
Throne.

ARCHBISHOP.

I, in the name of all, give deep-felt thanks to thee.
'Thou strengthenest us, and thus thyself wilt
henceforth stronger be.

KAISER.

To you, Five princes, higher honours yet I give.
I live, and for my kingdom's sake still should I
wish to live !
Yet are there feelings linked with the far past,
That their own sadness on the spirit cast :
The chain of my high ancestors past from the
earth, to whom
I pass from the brisk stir of life, brings thoughts
that have their gloom.
I, too, must part from you, my friends, and when,
in His good hour,
I shall have gone, then be it yours to name the
Emperor :
On the high altar raise him up, there crowned in
solemn form ;
And thus in perfect peace shall end, what here-
tofore was storm.

ARCHBISHOP (*as* CHANCELLOR).

With lowly gesture, and with hearts where proud
feelings have birth,
Bending before thee princes stand, the mightiest
of the earth.

As long as the true blood stirs the full veins, we still
 Shall be a body ever moved by impulse of thy will.

KAISER.

And, finally, what we to-day have done, we would
 make fast
 By writing, that to future times as solemn proof
 may last.
 Princes, I give you in your lands dominion full
 and free,
 With only this condition, that they undivided be,
 And that however you increase the lands that we
 bestow,
 They to the eldest son shall still invariably go.

ARCHBISHOP (*as* CHANCELLOR).

This, to ourselves, and to the realm, a most im-
 portant measure,
 To parchment I shall now confide, as Chancellor,
 with pleasure :
 That it be written fair and sealed, the Chancery
 will make sure ;
 To give effect to it, you add the holy signature.

KAISER.

And now this council I dismiss, that each one
 of you may
 Ponder collectedly upon the acts of this great
 day.

[*Exeunt* TEMPORAL PRINCES.]

(*The ARCHBISHOP remains and speaks in a pathetic tone.*)

ARCHBISHOP.

The Chancellor has gone ! the Bishop still is here !
An earnest warning spirit has forced him to your
ear ;
He sees thee with a father's heart, a father's love
and fear.

KAISER.

What mean you ? Speak ! Why tremble in this
hour of happy cheer ?

ARCHBISHOP.

In a sad hour, with bitter pangs, do I behold, alas !
Thy crowned and consecrated head in league with
Satanas.
Your crown has been secured to you, 't would so
seem, 'gainst all hope,
But with no blessing from on high, no sanction
from the Pope.
Upon thy sinful land ere long in judgment he will
sit,
And with his holy lightnings strike, annihilating it.
He hath not, how could he forget that strange
portentous deed
Of yours, the day that you were crowned, and the
magician freed ;

When from the diadem, to áll good Christians grief
and dread,

The first beam of its mercy glanced on that ac-
cursed head?

Beat on thy breast in penitence! Oh! think of thy
soul's health,

And give some little to the Church of all that
demon-wealth.

Where, listening to the prince of lies, you sinned,
—oh! chiefly there,

'T were fitting to atone for sin, and evil done
repair.

My counsel take—'tis for your sáke I chiefly
speak, believe it—

That very spot, why should you nót to pious uses
give it?

Oh! sanctify the broad hill-space where thy tent
stood, and where

The evil spirits, aiding thee, in battle active
were ;

And give the mountain and the wood, that league
on league extends,

And the pasture-land beginning just where the
wood-land ends ;

Bright lakes alive with fish, and bróoks that from
the mountain's crown

Wind numberless along the slopes, then to the
vale leap down ;

And the broad vale, oh! dedicate, with meadow-
land and plain.

Repentance thus expressed finds grace, and never
pleads in vain.

KAISER.

Thinking *upon* my heavy crime, such terrors *on*
me seize,

I leave it to yourself to fix at will the boundaries.

ARCHBISHOP.

First, then, be the polluted land, defiled by magic
art,

For ever to the service of the Highest set apart.

Already I in spirit see the stately walls aspire,

Already feel the morning sun's first rays light up
the choir.

The rising structure to a cross enlarges and extends;
Believers see with joy the nave that lengthens and
ascends;

The faithful thro' rich portals stream, borne on
with burning zeal,

And over vale, and over hill, is heard the bell's
first peal;

From towers, that heavenward point and strive,
rings the far-echoed sound,—

There, kneeling down, the penitent a better life
hath found.

And at the dedication day—oh! would that it
were now—

And kneeling in that church—thy gift—such peni-
tent wert thou.

KAISER.

Oh! may this pious work avail to-day,
To praise the Lord, and put my sin away!
Already, in the thought sublime, above myself I
feel.

ARCHBISHOP.

I, as the Chancellor, arrange formality and seal.

KAISER.

Prepare the fitting document, purporting to secure
This to the Church, and I'll with joy affix my
signature.

ARCHBISHOP (*takes leave, but immediately returns*).

And to the work, as it proceeds, must thou too
dedicate

Land-dues, benevolences large, and tribute, rent,
and rate

For ever. To support the staff with money you
should aid;

The bursar and the auditor must not be under-
paid.

That the building may go quickly on, you cannot,
sure, withhold,

From the plunder of the enemy, an offering of gold.

We also shall have need—the thing admits not of
disguise—

Of foreign timber, lime, and slate, and of them
large supplies.

The Carriage will cost nothing: we'll have orators
addressing

The crowd, to preach 'who serves the Church may
reckon on her blessing.' [Exit.

KAISER.

Grievous and heavy is the sin wherewith I've
burthened me ;

These odious sorcerers bring me to a sad extremity.

ARCHBISHOP (*returns again with a deep obeisance*).

Pardon me, Sire. The sea-shore of the realm to
that bad man

Has been conveyed ; yet will he fall under the
Church's ban,

Unless, repentant, to the Church from all that land
you give

Tithes, contributions, rents and rates, and dues
derivative.

KAISER (*vexed*).

The land! Call you that 'land,' o'erflowed by
ocean vast?

ARCHBISHOP.

Where patience and good title are, possession comes
at last.

For us may your all-gracious word inviolate re-
main! [*Exit.*

KAISER (*alone*).

What will he next, perhaps, demand?—The realm
o'er which I reign?

ACT V.

OPEN COUNTRY.

WANDERER. BAUCIS. PHILEMON.

WANDERER.

Yes! 't is their dusk grove of linden,
Strong in undecaying age ;
And shall I again behold them,
After years of pilgrimage?
Still the same old place—see yonder !
See the hut that sheltered me,
When upon these downs the billows
Flung me from the stormy sea!
Oh! that I once more could greet them—
My old hosts—even then they were
Old. And can I hope to meet them?
Earnest, active, kindly pair!
Oh! but they were kindly people!
Shall I knock? or with my voice
Question gently? Do my old friends
Still in doing good rejoice?

BAUCIS (*a very old woman*).

Softly! softly! gentle stranger,
To his rest the old man leave;

Strength for their short hours of waking
 Still from sleep the old receive.

WANDERER.

Say then, love you still, dear mother,
 Still to hear my thanks again ?
 By thy kind act and thy husband's
 Rescued. Many years since then !
 Art thou Baucis, she, whose nurture
 To my cold lips called back life ?

[PHILEMON *enters*

Thou, Philemon, who my treasure
 Saved amid the billows' strife ?
 How the rapid fire you lighted
 Threw its blaze o'er ocean drear !
 How that night amid the tempest
 Rang your small bell's silvery cheer !

Let me move a few steps onward
 Let me view the boundless sea !
 Let me kneel in thankful prayer
 My full heart oppresses me.

[*Moves rapidly over the downs.*

PHILEMON (*to BAUCIS*).

Hasten now to spread the table
 'Mong the garden's cheerful trees ;

Let him run, and, struck with wonder,
Start back, doubting all he sees.

[*Follows him.*]

PHILEMON (*to the WANDERER*).

Where the sea in savage fury
Wave on foaming wave once rolled,
Now you see a happy garden,
Fair as Eden was of old.

Gone was my poor strength—too feeble
To have aided ; weak like me,
Shrank the waves, till then unconquered,
Shrank in fear the mighty sea.

Bold hands toiled, wise heads directed,
Dikes and dams shut out the sea ;
Ocean's old rights they invaded,
Lords, where he had ruled, to be.

See ! in green waves meadows rolling !
Pastures, garden, woodland, town !
But the evening bids us homeward.
Come !—the sun is sinking down.

Sails move inward from the distance,
For the night to port repair ;
Birds, that know their nests, I warrant,
For a haven now is there !

Far away in the dim distance,
 First the sea's blue fringe you trace;
 Right and left, see, fields and gardens
 Crowd the thickly peopled space.

(The three at table in the garden.)

BAUCIS (*to* WANDERER).

Are you dumb?—and not a morsel
 To your famished lips you move!

PHILEMON.

He may wish to hear of wonders,
 And to tell of such you love.

BAUCIS.

Wonders! Prodigies of Magic!
 What was done still troubles me.
 It was nothing good, I warrant—
 Nothing such as ought to be.

PHILEMON.

Would the Kaiser, were it evil,
 Then, have granted him the shore?
 Heard we not the trumpet tell it
 As the herald past our door?
 Near this very door was planted
 The first foot; then tents were seen;
 Cottages; and now a palace
 Rises with its verdant screen.

BAUCIS.

All in vain men slaved by daylight—
Axe and shovel—blows on blows.
'T was at night where the red flamelets
Swarmed, at dawn the dam arose.
There, no doubt, bled human victims;
Shrieks of pain through night we heard ;
And, where waves of fire flowed seaward,
A canal at dawn appeared.
'T is a godless man ! he covets
This our little cot, our wood.
Neighbour call you him ? Subjection
Comes with such man's neighbourhood.

PHILEMON.

Yet he makes us ample offer—
Homestead fair in the new land!

BAUCIS.

Trust not land that late was water ;
On the high ground keep thy stand.

PHILEMON.

Move we onward to the chapel,
The last sunbeams to behold ;
Kneel, and with the bell make music—
God our refuge, as of old.

[*Exeunt.*]

Extensive pleasure-garden ; large strait canal.

FAUSTUS, *in extreme old age, walking about, meditating.*

LYNCEUS (*the warder of the tower, through a speaking trumpet*).

Sunset! In its pleasant glimmer,
 The last vessels seek the bay.
 Hither, see! a stately wherry
 Up the long canal makes way.
 Now the gay bark's coloured streamers,
 Now the joyous masts appear.
 THEE the mariner wave-wearied
 Blesses, glad to rest him here.

[*The little bell sounds on
 the downs.*

FAUSTUS (*starts*).

Damn'd ringing ! vile mean tinklings !—like
 A treacherous arrow's stings they strike.
 Before me, far and wide, extend
 My fair dominions without end ;
 Behind me jars this envious thing's
 Vile babble, evermore that rings
 Its dissonance into my ear.
 Are my lands mine ? or can I feel
 Them mine, when that distracting peal
 Is everlastingly heard here ?

The linden field, the cottage brown,
 The old church mossed and mouldering down,
 They are not mine ; and should I there
 Wish to enjoy myself, the air
 Oppresses me, my heart grows chill
 In the strange shadows on that hill :
 Thorns to my eyes, thorns to my feet are they—
 Torture ! Oh ! would that I were far away.

LYNCEUS (*from above*).

How joyously, in the fresh evening gales,
 Up the canal the gay bark hitber sails !
 How rapidly it nears us, with its store
 Of huge chests, bags, and boxes crowded o'er !

[*A beautiful bark, richly laden with the
 produce of foreign climes, now ap-
 pears ; MEPHISTOPHELES and his
 'THREE' disembark.*

CHORUS (*to FAUSTUS*).

We 're at home : we are on land ;
 'T was a prosperous sail.
 Hail to thee, Master !
 Patron ! all hail !

[*The goods are landed.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have done not badly here,

Happy if our patron praise !
Vessels Twenty now have we ;
With but Two we went to sea.
See! what booty, see ! what gear
Our full-laden bark displays.
The free sea makes the spirit free.
Of right or wrong but little care,
Nor much of ceremony there.
'T is ready eye and rapid grip ;
'T is seeing, snapping, fish or ship.
And thus a Third ship to our Two
We added, and a Fourth pursue.
Ill fares the Fifth that looms in sight ;
'T is ours as sure as Might makes Right.
The *What*, and not the *How*, for me.
—I think I ought to know the sea.
War, and Trade, and Piracy,
One in Spirit are all Three !

THE 'THREE.'

No thanks, nor greeting,
Nor word, nor smile !
As if what we brought
Were worthless and vile.
With a scowl of dislike,
With disgust and displeasure,
He has turned him away,
As despising the treasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Off with you—You are páid—You've had your
due—

—Retained it—There is nothing now for you.

THE 'THREE.'

What we kept of it'

Was our perquisite.

I'd have you to know we have all done our duty,
And our right is an equal share of the booty.

[*The lading is removed.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

First the costly spoils together
Place in order, row on row,
Store on store; and when to-morrow
He beholds the splendid show,
He will look at all with calmness,
And reward you as is meet—
With free hand his lavish bounty
Feast on feast will give the fleet.
The gay birds come with morning's light;
I'll see to it, that all goes right.

[*The lading is stored. Exeunt*

THE 'THREE.'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUSTUS).

With clouded looks and heavy brow,
What Fortune sends, regardest thou.
Think on the victories that crown

Thy wisdom, sea and land made one.
 Welcoming, the Sea receives
 The bark, that with gay flag unfurled
 The happy Shore exulting leaves.
 Here, Lord of Earth, from this thy throne,
 Here, from thy palace, rule the world,
 Land—sea—and all that is—thine own !
 'T was Here the works began. Here stood
 The first poor shed of rough-hewn wood.
 Hére, where plashes now the oar,
 Their lines through clay the delvers tore.
 Hére did thy science, and the hands
 Obeying still thy high commands,
 Join land and sea. Hére — —

FAUSTUS.

Cursed be

This *Here!*—'t is torture—'t is disgust :
 From your experienced eye I must
 Not seek to hide that, sting on sting,
 It wounds my heart ; nor can I name
 The cause without a sense of shame.
 Surely—yes, surely—'t is a thing
 In which the old folks on the hill
 Ought to give up to mine their will.
 I wished to have the linden field :
 Obstinate fools!—they will not yield.
 The world is mine, but all its joy
 Those few trees, not my own, destroy.

There would I, for the prospect's sake,
 From bough to bough my scaffolds run,
 And vistas thro' the branches make
 To gaze on all that I have done.
 Thence overlook, as from a tower,
 Wide' lands for man's dwelling won,
 Noblest work of human power.

Flowing thence the master-mind
 Would to all glad impulse give,
 And its own enjoyment find
 In the joys that round it live.

'Tis too bad. What we have of weal
 We feel not. What we want we feel.
 The lindens, and the little bell,
 The tinkling, and the heavy smell,
 Bring round me mists of church and grave.
 The Will that made all bend in fear
 Breaks—breaks upon this sand-bank here.
 Rings but that little bell, I rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course!—There never was a moment yet,
 That something did not come to make you fret.—
 Here I must own, your anger's just.
 There's not a noble ear but must
 Hear this ding-dong with deep disgust.

The dismal boom with vapour-clouds
 The cheerful sky of evening shrouds ;
 From birth-day bath to burial time
 For ever sounds the dreary chime,
 Till it makes Máu's life almost seem
 'Twixt peal and peal a ding-dong dream.

FAUSTUS.

How is it that they hold out still ?
 —What obstinacy of self-will !
 All from the sea that I have won
 Is spoiled—undone all I have done.
 —Torture ! How is a man to deal
 With such folk, who can neither feel
 Their own nor others' good ? One must
 At last grow tired of being just !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see no difficulty in the case.
 —Are you not bound to colonise the place ?

FAUSTUS.

Just on the bounds of my own grounds, there is a
 little cot
 I've chosen there, for the old pair. Go ! place them
 in that spot.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*humming half to himself.*)

Aye! pluck them up, and carry them off, and lay
them down; and then,

Before you have time to look about, they 're on their
legs again.

To be sure, such shócks and violent knóeks they
may think an outrageous thing;

But field and fárm are a capital chárm good temper
back to bring.

[*Whistles shrilly. Enter THE 'THREE.'*]

Come! 't is the master's bidding meet;

To-morrow he will feast the fleet.

THE 'THREE.'

The old master's! He with scorn and slight
Has treated us—the feast's our right.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the audience*).

What long ago was done, is done here too.

The tale of Naboth's vineyard is not new.

DEEP NIGHT.

LYNCEUS (*the Warder, on his tower singing*).

At birth was I gifted
With quick powers of seeing,
And Nature and Fortune
For once are agreeing.
On the height of his watch-tower,
The warder's employment,
While he glances around,
Is but change of enjoyment.
I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On the moon and the bright stars,
The wood and the deer.
All that I look on
Is lovely to see ;
I am happy, and all things
Seem happy to me.
Glad eyes look around ye,
On earth or in air,
Gaze where ye will,
For still all things are fair !

[*Pause.*

Other scenes than of delight
Reach the warder on his height.

Ha ! what clouds of horror breathe
From the world of gloom beneath!
Spark on spark upshoots in spray
Through the lindens' double night.
—How the strong glow rends his way,
Swelling, panting with the breeze,
Bristling into fiercer light!
Ha ! the cottage in the trees,
Where the heavy moss had grown
Over moist and mouldering stone,
Blazes ! Oh that help were near!
—Hand to rescue, none is here !
Alas ! the kindly good old pair
Who, some years since, watched with such care
Night after night their beacon-fire,
—Thus to perish ! Higher, higher,
'Mid stifling smoke-clouds flames the flame.
In dusk-red light, thro' the black night,
Stands out distinct the mossy frame.
—Oh, that shelter could be found them
From the wild hell raging round them!—
Tongues of light flash up between
The leaves, and through the branchy sprays;
Dry flickering boughs have caught the blaze,
And burning fierce and fast fall in.
Misery such sight to see!
Why hath this power of vision been
Bestowed, alas ! on me ?

The little lowly chapel roof
 Is breaking down : it is not proof
 Against the crush and weight of all
 The burning boughs that on it fall.
 Sérpentine, the shárp flames seize
 The upper twigs of the old trees ;
 Down, the hollow stems are purpled
 To the roots in turbid glow.

[*Long pause. Song.*]

What the eye so loved is vanished
 With the years of long ago.

FAUSTUS (*on the balcony toward the downs*).

What a strange whimpering plaint from the watch-
 tower !

The word is here, and the lament, too late.
 My warder wails it ; would 't were in my power
 To make undone the deed precipitate !
 Of the old lindens scarce some half-burned
 stem

Remains. 'T is well that we are rid of them.
 Aye ! that's the very spot on which to place
 A terrace to look out on boundless space ;
 To see among the happy dwellings there
 The new home of that stubborn strange old pair.
 They soon will learn to thank me and to praise
 For all life's blessings in life's closing days—

Feel how much I have served them, and the sight
Of their contentment will give me delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE 'THREE' (*below*).

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 're here, full trot. I wish things had
Gone better;—not that they are bad.
We knocked, we kicked; but not a bit
Of the old folk would open it.
We kicked and shook it all the more;
And down came the old rotten door.
We called aloud with curse and threat;
But not an answer could we get.
They did not hear us—would not hear—
Met our demand with a deaf ear.
This is, you know, the common trick:
So on we went—knock, push, and kick.
We were your agents, and, no doubt,
Must do the work we came about.
We had no loitering, no debate;
We've done your work—cleared your estate.
The poor old couple sank outright;
Suffered no pain—they died of fright.
A stranger, who was for the night,
By some chance, sleeping there, showed fight—
Would not keep quiet, though ill-matched
With our force. Him we soon dispatched.
In the confusion of the fray
The straw caught fire—some cinders lay

Scattered about. 'T is blazing free ;
The funeral death-pile of the three.

FAUSTUS.

Distraction ! Would that you had been
Deaf to my words, or not deaf to their sense !
Peaceful exchange I wished, not violence.
Your act was plunder, merciless, and worse—
Murder. I curse it. You and it I curse.

CHORUS.

The old saying rings loud in my ear at this hour :
' Strive, heart and hand, in the service of Power,
' Strive to the utmost, and risk in the strife
' Life, Honour, and Wealth, you lose Honour,
Wealth, Life ! '

MIDNIGHT.

(FAUSTUS *on the Balcony, looking towards the burning cottage.*)

FAUSTUS.

The fading stars their glance and glow
 Hide. The fire sinks and flickers low;
 And, fanning it, a breeze blows cold,
 And smoke and mist toward me are rolled.
 Rash word! rash deed! What can it be
 Sweeps hither—spectral, shadowy?

[*Enter FOUR GRAY WOMEN.*

FIRST.

I am WANT.

SECOND.

*And I'm
 By men called GUILT—DEBT—CRIME.*

THIRD.

And I am CARE.

FOURTH.

*And men call me
 MISERY,
 DISTRESS, and DIRE NECESSITY.*

THREE OF THEM.

*The door is barred and bolted hard,
And we have no way to enter in.
'Tis a rich man's home to which we have come,
And we have no wish to enter in.*

†

FIRST.

I fade into shadow.

SECOND.

I cease to be.

FOURTH.

*The spoiled child of FORTUNE will turn from me,
Displeased at the presence of MISERY.*

CARE.

—Will see not what he has no wish to see.

FIRST.

Sisters—gray sisters—away let us glide.

SECOND.

Away and away! I am still at thy side.

FOURTH.

*And I at thy heels follow fast as a breath
Of the wandering vapour.*

THREE.

The clouds are thickening, the stars are sickening.

*From beneath—fast and fast—from afar—from
afar—*

*From below—from below—to the place where we
are—*

Comes another—our brother.

See ye him? feel ye him? know ye him?—DEATH.

FAUSTUS.

Four came—I saw them—and could only see
Three going. And the odd talk of the three,
As they went hence, what could its meaning
be?

I caught some few strange murmurs—CARE, and
CRIME,

And DEATH—the burthen of their dreary rhyme.

The hollow tones breathed an unearthly chill.

And through me yet they have not ceased to
thrill.

Were my path once but from this Magic free,

Forgotten all these words of Sorcery,

Stood I alone, oh Nature, before thee

Man, and but Man, 't were worth the trouble to be

A man.

Such was I once, but I must grope
And dabble in the dark—must blot out hope—
Must curse myself, and curse the world without.
These phantoms everywhere now float about

Thro' the thick air. Go where one will, one meets
 The same perplexities—the same deceits.
 If but one day seem tolerably bright,
 Wild dreams will come disquieting the night.
 From the fresh fields we come with joyous cheer,
 And a bird croaks. What croaks he? Danger near.
 By Superstition morn and eve beset,
 And never free from her entangling net;
 Divorced from Nature's life, each accident
 Takes shape; is sign, and omen, and portent;
 And we—unmanned by terror—stand alone.
 —The door creaks—none comes in. Is any one
 There?—

CARE.

The question is its own reply.

FAUSTUS.

A voice! Whom hear I speaking?

CARE.

It is I

FAUSTUS.

Away with thee!

CARE.

I'm where I have good right

To be.

FAUSTUS (*to himself—first angry, then
 recovering*).

Take heed, and speak no spell to-night.

CARE.

Heard not by the outward ear,
 In the heart I am a Fear,
 And from me is no escape.
 Every hour I change my shape,
 Roam the highway, ride the billow,
 Hover round the anxious pillow.
 Ever found, and never sought,
 Flattered, cursed. Oh! know you not
 CARE? Know you not ANXIETY?

FAUSTUS.

I've but run through the world; and all, that
 pleased
 Or promised pleasure, eagerly have seized :
 What fled I thought no more of, nor pursued
 Even with a wish the evanescent good :
 Desired, and had, and new desires then formed,
 And thus through life impetuously stormed,
 In Power and Greatness first 't was mine to live ;
 And now, in Wisdom's walks coutemplative.
 Of Earth I know enough. To aught beside
 Of other worlds all access is denied.
 Madness ! to search beyond with prying eyes,
 And feign or fancy brethren in the skies.
 Let Man look round him Here ! Here plant his
 foot !
 The world is to the Active never mute.

We know but what we grasp. What need have we
Of thoughts that wander through eternity?
Your demons of above, and of below,
At their free pleasure let them come and go.
Of goblins' freaks the wise nor knows nor cares,
But says: 'I go my own way, and they theirs.'
And thus, come good, come evil, let him stride
Onward, and onward—still unsatisfied!

CARE.

Whom I once have made my own
All the life of life finds gone.
Gloom of more than night descending
On his steps is still attending.
Morning never on his path
Rises. Sunset none he hath.
Shape unchanged, and senses whole,
—But with darkness of the soul.
Having all things, and possessing
Nothing; poisoning every blessing;
At each change of fortune whining,
In abundance poor and pining;
All things, speak they joy or sorrow
Still postponing to the morrow;
Ever of the future thinking;
Ever from the present shrinking;
And the dream goes on for ever,
And the coming time comes never.

FAUSTUS.

Cease! you talk nonsense. You'll make nothing
of mé.

I will not listen to a wórd of it. Off with thee!
This wild witch-litany is had
Enough to drive the wisest mad.

CARE.

Will he come, or will he go?
Who can answer yes or no?
Purposes postponed, forsaken,
All resolve is from him taken.
On the beaten road he loses
Still his way, and by-paths chooses;
Still some devious track pursuing,
All things still by slant lights viewing;
Helplessly on friends relying;
Scarcely living, yet not dying;
His is endless vacillation,
—Not despair, not resignation,—
Restless,—never more partaking
Calm of sleep or joy of waking;
All that others do resenting;
All that he hath done repenting;
All he hath not done regretting;
All he ought to do forgetting;
Lingering, leaving; longing, loathing;
Ripe for Hell and good for nothing!

FAUSTUS.

Ill-boding Spectres ! you in many ways
 The current of man's happiness derange,
 And even the calm of uneventful days
 Cloud and perplex, and into torture change.
 I know from Demons none can make him free,
 Break the strong bands that spirit to spirit unite ;
 But creeping Care, lour as thou wilt, thy Might
 I never will acknowledge. Hence with Thee !

CARE.

Feel it then ! As fast I flee,
 With a curse I part from thee ;
 Men are blind their whole life long.
 Faustus, at life's closing, be
 Blind. My curse I breathe on thee.

FAUSTUS (*blind*).

Deeper and deeper fast comes on the night,
 But pure within shines unobstructed light ;
 What I've thought out I hasten to fulfil.
 The Master's bidding is the true power still.
 Up, serfs, to work ! and let my bold design
 Before the eyes in outward beauty shine.
 Up, lazy serfs ! up all ! seize shovel and spade,
 Set to work briskly where the lines are laid.
 To perfect the great work I plan demands
 One ruling spirit and a thousand hands !

Fore-court of the palace.—Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES, LEMURS, FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*leading the way as overseer*).

Come on ! come on ! come in ! come in !

Ye Lemurs, patched together ;

Nerves, muscles, loose bones, bags of skin,

Half-naturals, come hither !

[*Enter LEMURS.*

CHORUS OF LEMURS.

We are at hand ; and your command

As we half understood it,

Is that we drain a patch of land

Apt to be overflowed.

The pointed stakes, they all are here,

And chains with which to measure.

—If we but knew what we've to do ;

Pray tell us what's your pleasure ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Little need here of science, or of skill,

Or measuring lines ; if but the longest will

At his full length lay him down on the ground,

And the rest of you scrape the sods up round,

Just to mark the dimensions,—it is what
 We have done for our fathers all—man's common
 lot.

Aye, dig away—just lengthen out that square,
 Scoop the sand up—make the hole deeper there.
 —Still from the palace to the narrow house
 Beside it—the one road! 'T was ever thus.

LEMURS (*digging with bantering gestures*).

*I lived and loved, and I was young,
 And thought it was so sweet ;
 And I was young, and played and sung,
 And merry went my feet.*

*But now old Age, the spiteful knave,
 Has hit me with his crutch ;
 I stumbled on an open grave,
 Their heedlessness was such !*

FAUSTUS (*coming out of the palace, feeling his way
 along the door-posts*).

What a delight to heart and ear
 This stir of spades at work to hear ;
 All, that owe service for their land,
 Are active in the work at hand,
 —Earth with itself to reconcile,
 Fix limits to the wild waves' race,
 And bind the sea with firm embrace.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and for us you're working all the while.
 Oh ! what a banquet will your dam and dike
 To Neptune the sea-devil give belike ;
 Any way, they and you both go to ruin.
 The Elements for evermore are doing
 Our work. Our sworn friends, they and we are one
 All things still into nothing running on !

FAUSTUS.

Overseer !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here !

FAUSTUS.

Bring hither man on man,
 Labourers in crowds, as many as you can ;
 Give all they wish or want ; pay any price ;
 Press them into the works ; persuade, entice.
 Let me each day know what they have been doing ;
 Let true account be given me—take thou heed
 No time be lost—how dike and dam proceed.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*half-aloud*).

With other dam and dike, it would appear—
 Than that which soon will tuck him in—most clear,
 That the old man has little business here.

FAUSTUS (*to himself*).

Along the mountain range a poisonous swamp
 O'er what I 've gained breathes pestilential damp.
 To drain the fetid pool off,—were that done,
 Then were, indeed, my greatest triumph won.
 To many millions ample space 't would give,
 Not safe, indeed, from inroad of the sea,
 But yet, in free activity to live.
 —Green fruitful fields, where man and beast are
 found
 Dwelling contentedly on the new ground;
 Homes, nestling in the shelter of the hill
 Uprolled by a laborious people's skill;
 A land like paradise within the mound,
 Though the sea rave without to o'erleap its bound,
 Or nibbling at it, sapping, plashing, win
 Its way, impetuously to rush in.
 All, with one impulse, haste to the sea-wall,
 Repel the mischief that endangers All.
 For this one only object do I live,
 To the absorbing thought myself I give.
 Freedom like Life—the last best truth we learn—
 Man still must conquer, and in conquering earn;
 And, girded thus by danger, Childhood here
 Gray Age and Man and Boy work out the year.
 Oh! could I see such throngs, could I but stand
 With a free people, and upon free land!
 Then might I to such moment of delight
 Say, 'Linger with me, thou that art so bright!'

Ne'er shall the traces of my earthly day
 Perish in lapsing centuries away.
 Anticipating moment such as this,
 Even now do I enjoy the highest bliss !

[*Sinks back ; LEMURS lay him on the
 ground.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

—And this the spirit that nothing can appease !
 No joys give him content, no pleasures please—
 Still hankering after strange stray phantasies.
 The empty moment, that amused him last,
 Infatuated, he would fain hold fast.
 He, who against me made so stiff a stand,
 Time is his master now—aye, there he is,
 The gray old man stretched out upon the sand.
 The Clock stands still.

CHORUS.

Stands still.
 Is silent as mid-night'.

The Hand falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Falls. 'T is finished : and all's right.

CHORUS.

All's past away—gone by.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Gone by! There is no meaning in the word!
 Gone by? — all 's over, then. Gone by?—
 absurd.

GONE BY and utter NOTHING are all one:
 Why, then, does this Creating still go on?
 Gone by? What means it?—What a sorry trade!
 Making, and making nothing of what's made.
 And then this nothing evermore we see
 Making pretence a something still to be.
 So on it goes, the same dull circle spinning—
 'T were better with the Eternal Void beginning!

Burial.

LEMURS, MEPHISTOPHELES, DEVILS (LONG-HORNS
 AND SHORT-HORNS), HEAVENLY HOST, CHOIR
 OF ANGELS.

LEMUR (*solo*).

*And who hath built the house so ill
 With shovel and with spade?*

LEMURS (*chorus*).

*For thee, damp guest, in hempen vest,
 It all too well was made.*

LEMUR (*solo*).

*And who the hall hath decked so ill?
 —No chairs, nor table any.*

LEMURS (*chorus*).

*The lodging-house was let at will,
The claimants are so many.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There lies the body, and when the spirit flies out,
I meet him straightway with the blood-signed
scroll—

A title, one would fancy, free from doubt ;
But, now-a-days, they have so many ways
To chouse the devil of a hard-won soul.
The Old road's scarce in fashion—has ruts on it—
On the New short work of us poor devils is made—
We are not known there in the way of trade ;
In the old time, I could alone have done it,
To catch him I must call up other aid.

All now goes wrong—old customs disregarded,
Old rights are trampled down—old rules discarded.
Why, in the old day, the soul, when the puff
Was out, would quit the body quick enough.
Then was I ready, without pain or pause,
To snap it like a mouse up in my claws ;
But now it sticks, and will not leave the place,
But lingers in the body's filthy case,
Till from its hold 't is in dishonour cast
Forth by the warring Elements at last.
Fretting with baffled hope, day after day
I've often watched your stiff one as he lay ;

A pretty waste of toil and time, for then
 Would tangled questions come of 'how,' 'where,'
 'when?'

Death is not now as Death was long ago.
 If Dead or not, 't is long before we know.
 —Often have I sate leering with delight
 On the stark limbs. False show! It stirred, moved,
 lived outright.

[*Fantastic gestures of conjuring to the Devils,
 who come at his call, as described.*

On, Generals, on! Come—quick march, double
 time—quick,

Lords of the Straight! Lords of the Crooked horn!
 Demons of blood and birth—chips of the old
 block—

With the long curled crumply horns! Come, short-
 horned, thick

Devils, tubby, stubby—right breed they—true
 stock—

Stretch breast and back—and show what good is
 in you!

From the place below draw for the Spectacle
 Up to the stage one of the Mouths of Hell.

[*Apart. Knowingly to the Audience.*

Hell has mouths many, many!—Deep respect
 Hath Hell, and seats reserved, for the upper classes;
 But wait awhile, and, if the old play continue,
 After another season or two passes,

And the people get their true rights, I expect
HELL too will be thrown open to the masses.

[*Hell-mouth opens at the left of the Stage.*

The edge-teeth gnash. The vaulted gulf's wide
rim

O'erflows with angry fire. Through seething
smoke

I see the City of Flame at distance flashing,
And to the teeth the red surf up is splashing ;
And out the damned, hoping escape, would swim,
When the hyæna-jaws close on them crashing.

In anguish then they turn them to retrace

Their fiery path for ever. Many a nook

Is here of undiscovered agony,

—The fiercest pangs massed in the narrowest space.

[*Aside, to the Knowing.*

Good thing to frighten sinners with !—They deem
It, all the while deceit—delusion—dream.

[*To the Thick Devils with Short Straight Horns.*

Up! fire-backed grubs, your red sleek cheeks
aglow

With brimstone blazes from the place below.

Up! lumpy, stumpy devils that you are, be staunch:
Come, stir the broad back, shake the lazy paunch.

Be awake, be alive, mind well what you're about,

Twist your búll-necks round, if they'll twist,—

keep a good eye out

For the glimmer of the ~~roff~~ing phosphorus there
 —the sparkle
 Is the delicate little Soul,—the glorious form !
 The Psyche with her heaven-aspiring wing !
 Pluck the wings off—pah! 't is a sorry worm.
 I'll seal it with my seal, the filthy thing.
 Away, with it ! away, in whirlwind, fire, and storm!
 Keep watch and ward on the body's lower places ;
 Ye windy Puff-balls, empty Bladder-faces,
 Secure the passes thence. There is no telling
 But that the soul had thereabouts her dwelling,
 The navel is a lodge she loves. Your legions
 Should guard and garrison these under regions,
 Take care lest the spirit slip out and whisk you by.

[To the Dry Devils with Long Crooked Horns.

Up to the Head—up, Fuglemen gigantic,
 Comical Rascals—Devils, that ape the antic,
 Be for once in earnest ; rake, with your hooked
 claws,
 The air around you ! stretch up your webb'd
 paws'
 Gaunt network ! Snatch at, catch at, on the
 wing
 Seize, as it flits away, the fluttering thing.
 In ruins the old roof about it lies,
 It must go out—the chances are 't will rise,—
 Genius is uppish—and would seek the skies.

[*A glory from above, at the right.*

HEAVENLY HOST.

Follow, Envoys sent
 From heaven's high firmament,
 In serenest flight !
 Children of the light !
 Sinners to forgive ;
 To bid dead dust live ;
 Downward lingering
 On momentary wing,
 To all Natures leave
 Fitted to receive,
 As you hover by,
 Blessings from on high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

False tones I hear, a hateful nasty noise.
 Unwelcome day streams on me from above.
 The choir emasculate of girlish boys !
 The mawkish sing-song pious people love !
 You know our damned design and vile device,
 To effect the extirpation of Man's race.
 They seize our plot, and this worst artifice
 Finds in their hymns and in their heaven a
 place.

There they come fawning, look at them ! there
they are !

Full many a one from us they 've snapped away,
With our own weapons on us they make war.
Hypocrite-scoundrels ! Devils in cowls are they !
Eternal shame 't were conquered here to sink.
On to the Grave ! on, Devils, on ! guard the Brink !

CHOIR OF ANGELS (*strewing Roses*).

Dazzling Roses, dropping balm,
With secret breath restoring
Heaven's life of happy calm !
Fluttering down, up soaring,
Plumy branchlings, winglets green,
Buds, unsealed from timid screen,
Wake into sudden blow !

Burst out, celestial Spring,
In green and purple glow,
Your Paradises bring
To him who sleeps below !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to his devils*).

What, stoop ? and duck ?—and have ye no more
pluck ?
Is this the way with you, devils ? not keep your
ground ?
Each to his post, aye, let them scatter round

Their roses,—pretty trick the day to win,—
 The red-hot devils with flower-shows to snow in.
 Before your breath the rose-shower melts and
 shrivels,

Blow Bellows-fiends ! blow brisk ! Puff ! Puff-
 ball devils !

Enough ! enough ! the blast may be too rough.

—That will just do ; each leaf as it floats hither,
 Grows pale—aye, every one of them will wither.
 Somewhat more softly,—shut up nose and maw,—
 Not one of you but works with too much jaw.

How is it that you never can go right ?

—They're more than parched, they're browned,
 they're burning quite,

And into white flames venomously clear,
 Kindled by your own breath, press 'gainst you
 here.

Resist ! all stand together in full force !

What ?—Is all courage gone ? and—worse and
 worse—

Devils—are they love-sick ?—wheedled by the
 smell

Of a féw scorch'd rose-leaves.—What a thing to
 tell !

ANGEL.

Happy Blossoms ! Joyous Flames !
 Love they spread, and joy would kindle,

E E

Bé the heart how it may,
 Words True,—pure effluence
 Of the ethereal light
 Made present to the sense
 Of heaven's own angels bright,—
 Illimitable day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Curse upon them! Shame eternal!
 Satans—think of the infernal
 Scoundrels—on their heads are standing;
 Fat ones, wheeling, racing, reeling,
 With their blind sides right before 'em,
 —Dozens flying, falling o'er 'em,—
 In their own hell find a landing.
 Much good may the hot bath do them! After
 their race
 'T will be a refreshing thing.

[*Devils disappear as described.*]

I'll keep my place.

[*Strikes at the Roses.*]

Off! Will-o'-the-wisps! However bright your
 gleam,
 Caught in the hand you're but a filthy cream.
 Why flutter thus about me? Off with you!
 —They sting like brimstone, stick like pitch or
 glue.

ANGELS' CHOIR.

What of your nature is no part
 Shrink from ! Love is pure.
 That, which shocks or wounds the heart,
 Oh ! think not to endure.
 If violently in 't would move,
 WE thén must active be.
 Love only leads the Loving. Love
 Loves on eternally.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm all on fire ; my head, heart, liver burn.
 Here 's love-heat with a vengeance—fire too fine
 For the devil to breathe—flame sharper than
 hell-flame.
 And This is LOVE ; and thís makes whine and
 pine
 Poor love-lorn earthlings, and their wry necks turn
 To court the eye of some contemptuous dame.
 ME, too ! What ís 't makes my head twirl and
 twist,
 And thither, where I have been at sworn war ?
 —Am I in love with what I did abhor ?
 Has a strange something that I know not of
 Coursed through and through me ? How is it that
 I love
 To look on these dear young things ? that some
 force
 Makes it impossible for me to curse ?

If I'm fooled now, who, for all time hereafter,
 Shall be Fool of Fools, the bútt of never-ending
 laughter?

The shapely creatures hovering through the air,
 — They with their lightnings dangerously fair —
 The brilliant darlings, though I cannot cease
 To hate them, are too lovely for my peace.

Fair children ! ye, too, if I do not err,
 Like me, are of the race of Lucifer.

—Love for one's own does seem so natural—
 Dear children ! let me kiss you one and all.
 We must have met a thousand times before,
 Been playing with each other o'er and o'er.
 You have found me in a soft mood. I am smitten ;
 Will you not come to me, dear coz ! sweet kitten !
 They grow more beautiful at every glance.
 Come, one fond look ! Let me not sigh in vain !

ANGEL.

We come. Why shrink you back as we advance ?
 We still move nearer. If you can, remain.

[*The Angels hover round and fill
 up the whole space.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pressed into the proscenium*).
 And Us ye call Damned Spirits, Us yóu call Evil—
 Ye, common tempters of man, woman, devil.
 Was ever known the like ? And this is, then,
 The element of what's called Love by men !

My whole frame's fire; the scorched spot on my
 neck
 Is nothing here or there—a surface speck.

Ye hover up and down, and to and fro,
 Float through the air, but still away ye flow.
 Fairest! float downward hither on soft wing.
 No doubt the stately-solemn is your style!
 Something more like the world were more the
 thing.

What joy 't would give me could I see you smile!
 —A lady's smile, who lets a favoured lover
 In the fond hour her secret heart discover—
 That were a something my whole nature casting
 By one glance into rapture everlasting.
 And 't is so easily done. Just draw the lip
 A little to one side, the slightest dip.

That long fellow is handsome, or at least
 Good-looking—rather too much of the priest.
 The folds of the broad stole are in excess;
 'T were not less moral if it covered less.
 Angels! smile down upon me! Charmers, stay!
 They float into their heaven—are pass'd away.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Loving Flames, that, long unseen,
 In the heart have burning been,
 Shine ye now in light serene!

Let the Hope-abandoned feel
 That the Truth hath power to heal ;
 That from Evil they may be
 Disunited, and thus free,
 And a blissful life live on
 Ever in the All-in-one !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*collecting himself*).

How is 't ? Like Job, the whole man, boil on boil !
 At which himself must shudder and recoil ;
 —Aye, and feel triumph when he looks within,
 Knows what he is—true devil's blood kith and
 kin.

All's right again ; untouched the better members ;
 The scurfy love-rash was but on the skin,
 Burned out already its last fading embers.
 The devil's clean devil again—the love-itch gone—
 And—my Curse on you all and every one !

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Holy heart-glowings !
 Heavenly birth !
 Love's overflowings !
 Heaven on earth !
 Whom ye float around
 Even on earth hath found,
 Living with the good,
 Full Beatitude.

ARISE, singing triumph,
 Rise all from beneath,
 The air is made pure
 For the spirit to breathe.

[*They rise, carrying with them the
 immortal part of FAUSTUS.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*).

But how?—all vanished; they are gone—and
 whither?

The young things! they have cheated the old
 knave,

—Fled heavenwards, and have ta'en their booty
 thither.

For this—for this been nibbling at the grave.

A treasure, all unique, they have cribbed. I'm
 juggled!

The high soul pledged and promised me—no less—

They have, in hugger-mugger, slyly smuggled.

Where shall I lodge my summons for redress?

All my hard earnings—work and labour given—

Is there no sense of right and wrong in heaven?

Cheated in my old days! outwitted quite!

And then hear for my comfort, 'served him right.'

And my expenses—getting up this case

And with return of nothing but disgrace.

And I've deserved it—everything mis-spent—

All my own scandalous mismanagement:

—A random love-gust, an absurd love-drivel,
To have seized the seasoned cask of a stale old
devil!

Mad childish freak, for one the world that knows,

To have lost time about, or to propose;

FOOL, first, last, midst—and; worst FOOL at the
close!

Mountain Gorges—Forest—Field—Desert.

HOLY ANCHORETS, SCATTERED ON THE HILLS,
 DWELLING AMONG THE CLIFFS.

CHORUS *and* ECHO.

Forest-trees, waving here !
 Rocks, hanging dark and drear !
 Roóts of the forest-trees,
 Everywhere clinging !
 Shoóts of the forest-trees,
 Everywhere springing !
 Brooklets with ceaseless waves !
 Shelter of sunless caves !

Lions love the holy place,
 Wake no terror, feel no fear.
 Round and round, with friendly pace,
 Move our dumb protectors here.

PATER EXTATICUS (*floating up and down*).

Brand of eternal joy !
 Love-bondage glowing !
 Seething heart-agony !
 Rapture o'erflowing !

Foaming up, seething up,
 Fervour benign
 From the depths breathing up!
 Rapture Divine !
 Axes, down-hew me !
 Lances, pierce through me !
 Clubs, come and shatter me !
 Lightning-darts, scatter me !
 Thus, that, Self, cast away,
 Perished, and past away,
 —Phantom-cloud fleeing
 This Nothing of mine,—
 The Star of true Being
 Transcendent may shine.

PATER PROFUNDUS (*in the lower part of the
 mountain*).

Calm, at my feet, its lonely crown
 Of rocks o'erbrows the precipice.
 A thousand streams foam flashing down
 In thunder to the black abyss.

And instincts from within still move
 To upper air the pine-trees tall.
 And Love it is, almighty Love,
 That moulds, sustains, and lives in all.

Here around me evermore
 The billowy forest rolls, above ;
 Below, the falling torrents roar ;
 Yet are they ministers of Love,

The valley that refresh and cheer.
 And when the lightning-darts flash forth,
 Their mission is belike to clear
 The air from clouds, that over earth
 Hang low with poison in their womb.
 Yes ! ministérs of love are they,
 And tell of the great Being, whom,
 Creator still from day to day,
 We feel around us.

Oh ! illumé

Mý breast too, where distracted, vain,
 Sinks the cold spirit : break the chain
 Of this world's life, dispel the gloom,
 And bid the dead heart live again !

PATER SERAPHICUS (*middle region*).

Through the pine-trees' waving tresses
 Floats a morning cloudlet fair,
 With its freight of youthful Spirits,
 Living in the radiance there.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS.

Tell us, father, where we wander ;
 Tell us who and what are we.
 We know bût that we are Happy.
 Bliss it is to Breathe, to Be.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Born at midnight, soul and senses
 Undeveloped to the sun,

Children, early lost to parents,
 By the angels early won!
 That a loving one is near you
 If ye feel,—oh! come to me,
 Ye whose feet have never trodden
 Earth's rough pathway,—happy ye!
 Live within me, hither tending,
 —I the world have seen and known—
 From your radiant cloud descending,
 Make the old man's eyes your own.

[*He takes them into himself.*]

Gaze upon the region round us!
 This is forest—that is rock;
 Here flow streams, that there are falling
 Down the steep with fearful shock.

BOYS (*from within him*).

'T is a scene sublime to look on,
 But how desolate and drear!
 Father, here we shrink and tremble;
 Hold us not imprisoned here.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Rising still to higher circles,
 On from strength to strength proceed,
 Pure and silent growth! God's Presence
 Is the life on which you feed;
 This the Life-breath is of Spirits;
 Purity, Health, Truth is this.

Everlasting Love's revealing,
Blossoming of endless Bliss.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS (*circling round the
highest summit*).

Now ascend to higher circles,
Twining hand with happy hand!
Let the strength of happy feeling
Into song and dance expand.
Taught by God,
Faithful be!
Whom ye worship,
Ye shall see.

ANGELS (*floating in the higher atmosphere, bearing
the immortal part of Faustus*).

Rescued from the evil one,
This noble spirit see!
Him, who, unwearied, still strives on,
We have the power to free.
And on him breathing from above
If Love its part supply,
Heaven's host with welcomings of love,
Still meets him from on high.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

See! the purple Roses borrowed
From the hands of pious women
Who had loved, and sinned and sorrowed;

—Loved above all human measure,
 Sinned and sorrowed and repented.
 Theirs it was for heaven the treasure
 To win home of that high spirit !
 Theirs the mighty work to perfect.
 On the grave we strewed the flowers,
 And the bad ones shrank away—
 Devils, watching for their prey,
 Fled in terror, as the showers
 Of the burning roses came.
 Torments, sharper than hell-flame,
 The old Satan-master bore,
 —Love-pangs never felt before.

Shout aloud ! The day is ours !

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

A something, that hath had its birth
 In clay, is to him clinging ;
 The earthy would weigh down to earth
 The burthen we are bringing.

Upward we bear it,
 A heavy load, sure !
 Asbestos even were it,
 Yet were it not pure.
 The elements, together brought
 By a strong spirit's might,

The dross into the pure ore wrought,
 No power of man or angel can
 Dissolve or disunite.
 The alien natures, bound by one
 Indissoluble heart,
 Love only, Love, Eternal Love—
 Can rend and keep apart.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Vapours round the rocky height
 Here are spreading rife;
 Cloudlets floating into light,
 Orbs of spirit-life.
 Near, and more near—the mists grow clear—
 I see a choir of blessed boys
 Up-weave their spiry flight.
 Children they! Earth's wrongs and cares,
 And tears and smiles, were never theirs.
 —Here in the fresh breeze frolicking,
 They would bathe them in the joys
 Of this new world, this heavenly spring.

Oh! place Him at the first
 With this exulting ring,
 To breathe in heaven's own clime
 Sweet Childhood's joy, a happy time;
 Soon the rich flower to riper life will burst.

THE BLESSED BOYS.

We welcome, in the infant mild,
 The angels' precious pledge,
 For heaven receive the little child
 Into our tutelage.

Oh! break away the flakes of clay,
 The indurated crust,
 The slough and slime of care and crime
 That cling to human dust.

Already—look on him!—how fair
 He is—how great—how good!
 For now he breathes heaven's holy air,
 And lives on angel's food.

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*in the highest, purest cell*).

Here the prospect is free!
 Here the spirit soars high!
 Shapes floating upwards
 Of females float by;
 Midmost, all glorious,
 Shining serene,
 Crowned with the star-wreath,
 I see Heaven's Queen!

[*Enraptured.*

Over earth to Thee is given
 Empire! Let me in the free
 Wide-spread tent of the blue heaven
 See thy mystery.

Aid in man's heart what thou of good,
 Of tender thought and earnest,
 Of holy love, in his best mood
 Up-breathed to thee, discernest!

Dost Thou command it? Ours is zeal
 And courage all-defying.
 Dost Thou breathe peace? At once we feel
 The warlike impulse dying.

Virgin! from all soil of sin
 Virgin pure! to Thee we bow;
 Sainly Mother! chosen Queen,
 One with the godlike Thou!

What light cloudlets round that splendour
 Floating wind! Oh! these are they,
 Who, for that the heart was tender,
 Fondly loved and fell away:
 Round her knees they drink the ether,
 Round her knees for mercy pray.

Thy calm heart no breath hath shaken
 Of earth's passions; yet to Thee
 Come all they, who have partaken
 Of earth's utter misery—
 They, who loved and were forsaken
 Come to Thee confidingly!

Oh! fond and weak and light are they,
 And thus, by wild desires away
 Whirled onward, who can save
 Unaided? who can rend the prey
 From passions that enslave?
 The foot—oh! how can it but slide
 On the slant surface—downward glide
 Where the ground slopes beneath?
 Whom doth not smile and glance deceive?
 Who doth not listen and believe
 When Flattery's accents breathe?

MATER GLORIOSA (*hovers onward*).

CHOIR OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

To the heavenliest heights as thou floatest away
 Of the kingdoms eternal, to thee do we pray—
 Thou that hast no peer!
 Thou that art rich in Grace! Oh, mercifully hear!

MAGNA PECCATRIX.

By the love that, disregarding
 Scornful pharisaic sneers,
 While thy Son was beaming godhead,
 Bathed His feet with balmy tears;
 By the odour-dropping unguent,
 Lavishing its treasured sweet;
 By the tresses that so softly
 Wiped all dry His holy feet.

MULIER SAMARITANA.

By the well that in the desert
 Watered Abram's herds of yore ;
 By the cup that to our Saviour's
 Parching lips its cool draught bore ;
 By the joy-diffusing fountain
 That still gushes pure and bright,
 While the stream of life eternal
 Through all worlds flows round in light.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA.

By the holy place of burial,
 Where the Lord's dead body lay ;
 By the arm that from the temple
 Warned and waved me thrice away ;
 By my forty years of penance
 In the solitary land ;
 By the blessed words of farewell
 That I wrote upon the sand.

THE THREE.

Sinless ! to the chief of sinners
 Access thou deniest never ;
 And earth's moment of repentance
 Hath its heavenly fruit for ever.
 To this good soul show like mercy,
 The offence in anger view not
 Of one moment of forgetting,
 Wilful thought of sin that knew not.

UNA PENITENTIUM (*formerly named Gretchen
and Margaret*).

Bend down to look on mé ! Mother benign !
 None—none is like to Théé ! Mother benign !
 With thy all-radiant countenance divine,
 Look on this joy of mine !
 The early-loved comes back—no trace—no taint—
 no stain—
 No grief—no wrongs remain ;
 The early-loved returns—is mine—is mine again !

BLESSED BOYS (*approaching in circular move-
ments*).

Already he out-tops us all,
 The frame expands—the large limbs swell ;
 The nurture he from us receives,
 He will repay it well .
 No sounds from lower earth here reach
 Our hearts of love or strife ;
 But he hath heard, and he will teach
 To us, at birth removed from earth,
 The harmonies of life.

A PENITENT (*formerly named Gretchen
and Margaret*).

Circled by the loftiest Spirits,
 One with them, behold him rise !
 Heaven he scarce hath breathed—in all things
 With the holy host he vics.

From the old husk's earthly bondage,
 How he rends himself away!
 How his youth, renewed, rejoicing,
 Steps forth, clothed upon with ether,
 Radiant, into heavenly day!

Suffer me to teach, to guide him!
 The new day falls dazzlingly.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Rise to higher spheres, and he
 Will feel 't is Thou—will follow Thee!

DOCTOR MARIANUS (*adoring on his face*).

Look to the Saviour-glance!
 All that repentant be,
 Made meet by grátitude
 For the inheritance
 Of full beátitude.

May each better feeling in
 Our hearts to Thee still tend!

Maiden! Mother! Gracious Queen!
 Be with us to the end!

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All we see before us passing
 Sign and symbol is alone;

428
879
—
79

438

FAUSTUS.

Here, what thought could never reach to
Is by semblances made known ;
What man's words may never utter,
Done in act—in symbol shown.
LOVE, whose perfect type is WOMAN,
The divine and human blending,
LOVE for ever and for ever
Wins us onward, still ascending.

NOTES.

Preface.—Page lxxiii.

I have mentioned in the preface to this volume Goethe's unwillingness to speak of the works which he was engaged with. Some instances of this are given in Mrs. Austin's 'Characteristics of Goethe' from his Note-Books.

'I called up the "Natürliche Tochter" before my mind; the scheme of which had lain for years among my papers.

'As occasion permitted, I thought it out; but, from a superstition, which had been confirmed by experience, that I must not speak of an undertaking if I would have it succeed, I kept this work even from Schiller, and thus appeared to him unsympathising and void of faith or works.'—*Tag- und Jahres-Hefte*, 1801.

'A very deep meaning lies in that notion, that a man in search of buried treasure must work in utter silence, must speak not a word, whatever appearance, either terrific or delightful, may present itself; and not less significant is the tradition that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the vast lonesome mountain-path or dreary desert, must walk onwards without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing or sweetly-enticing voices follow his footsteps and sound in his ear.'—*Tag- und Jahres-Hefte*, 1803.

Page 2.

Four are the pauses of the lingering night.

In this we have the four Roman vigiliæ, which commenced

at six in the evening and lasted till six of the following morning. Each watch was of three hours. The stanzas of the fairies' song are four; each represents one of these watches, in which are successively effected the necessary stages of restoration in sleep as directed in Ariel's command to the fairies. The fairy choir is described in the stage direction as singing 'at first singly; then by two or more, alternately and together.' It would appear that the first stanza, indicating the peaceful twilight of evening, is sung by a single voice. In the second, where 'star joins holy star,' we have two voices. In the third, the crowding images of coming dawn demand more voices, that sometimes are heard together and sometimes separately. The fourth stanza seems to demand the full choir, and this is followed by the tremendous crash of instrumental music described by Ariel.

Tacitus mentions the German belief that the rising sun is heard by the Suones. The setting sun is said to be heard between Spain and Africa.—*Juvenal*, 14 *Sat.*, 280.

Ossian's Temora in Herder's translation:—

Rührt Ihr die Harfe, die düstre,
Gefüllt vom Morgengrau,
Wo aufsteigt tönend die Sonne
Von Weileu die Häupter blau?—*Düntzer*.

Do you touch the shadowy harp, robed with morning mist, where the rustling sun comes forth from his green-headed waves?—*Macpherson*.

Bathe him in the dew of Lethe's stream.

*On have flown the hours; and sorrows
Vanish, nor can joy abide.*

With every breath we draw, an ethereal Lethean stream flows through our whole being, so that we remember our joys but imperfectly, our cares and sorrows scarcely at all.—*Goethe*, *Letter to Zelter*.

FAIRIES.

The fairies by the magic of their song produce the effects predicted by Ariel, and restore Faustus.—*Jeutbecker*.

‘Die Elfen sind blosser Naturseelen ohne höheres geistiges Wesen.’—*Düntzer*.

Page 4.

*As the Hours fling wide the portals
Of the East, and Day appears.*

But Juno keenly with the scourge the coursers touched;
before them

The gates of Heaven boomed aloud, self-moving—so com-
manded

The Hours, who hold, beneath their trust, great heaven
and Olympus,

Alike to raise or overspread the closely-shutting darkness.

Newman's *Iliad*, v. 750, and viii. 393.

Page 5.

the wish—

To strive towards Being's unascended height.

He forms a new determination, ‘zum höchsten Daseyn immer fort zu streben;’ but as the sun arises he avoids, as he formerly avoided MACROCOSMOS, the blinding light of truth, and as he formerly turned to the Spirit of the Earth, he now sees in the waterfall, playing in the reflection of the sun, his own image. ‘Am farbigen Abglanz habeo wir das Leben.’—*Göschel*.

*Look up! O th' mountains, how each giant height
Reveals the unrisen sun with solemn glow.*

‘I remarked that it appeared to me as if the splendid description of sunrise in the first scene of the second part of ‘Faust,’ written in *terza rima*, was founded upon the so-called impressions of the Lake of the Four Cantons. “I will not deny,” said Goethe, “that these contemplations proceed from that source;

nay, without the fresh impression of those wonderful scenes, I could never have conceived the subject of that *terza rima*. But that is all which I have coined from the gold of my Tell-localities. The rest I left to Schiller, who, as we know, made the most beautiful use of it." — *Eckermann, May 6, 1827.*

*Look up! O' th' mountains how each giant height
Reveals the unrisen sun with solemn glow:
They are first to enjoy the eternal light
That later will to us its way have found.*

In this passage, which seems to be but picture, many of Goethe's commentators see symbol. Intellectual and spiritual light, first received by those of loftier nature, is gradually communicated to all. In Von Schubert's *Life of the late Duchess of Orleans*, he speaks of her life and example; 'for the eyes of the multitude,' he says, 'are ever directed to those highest in position and power, whose conduct they imitate, and on whose conduct they endeavour to form their character. Is it the lustre of the external splendour surrounding them that has this effect? * * * the glory awakened by the rays of the morning sun on an Alpine peak, while the valley below still remains in twilight? The beam, which is reflected on the heights, heralds to the world around the approach of day, and rouses it to go joyfully forth to the common labours of life.' I quote from Mrs. Ferris's translation of a very charming book.

Page 6.

*But then o'er-powering burst—we stand aghast—
Flames rushing from those deep eternal springs, &c.*

'Niemand bedenkt leicht, dass uns Vernunft und ein tapfere Wollen gegeben sind, damit wir uns nicht allein von Bösen, sondern auch vom Uebermass des Guten zurückhalten.'

Goethe, quoted in Le Bahn's edition of *Undine*, but he does not give a reference.

Where roars the cataract, &c.

Weisse, whose interpretation of the allegories in the second part of 'Faust' is praised by Ulrici, after explaining the 'waterfall' to represent 'Leben,' or human endeavour, makes the bow over it, poetry, art, &c.—*Weisse*, page 165.

Page 8.

That which men execrate, &c.

'I understand the word "justice" to be the solution of the riddle propounded by Mephistopheles. That the riddle will have a double, though forced construction, namely, the court fool and "justice," is true, and, therefore, most adroitly invented. The Chancellor (chief justice-officer) and the Fool were both at the time near the throne.'—Birch's *Faust*.

Mephistopheles's riddle is not unlike Schiller's riddle of 'Genius.'—*Hartung*.

Page 9.

When we would cast aside all cares

But of decorum beards

'Schönbarte' in the original.

'Goodly Decorum beards.'

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE.

Old Plays, vol. v. 196. London, 1816.

Page 19.

There lies the fiddler, there the treasure !

When any one stumbles, it is a joke in Germany to say that

he dances, that he is dancing to the music of a fiddler buried on the spot; stumbling being regarded as a sort of involuntary dancing. The stumbling itself is referred to the attraction of buried treasure. Allusions of this kind are frequent in German books on Rhabdomancy—very frequent in ballads.

Page 22.

A herd of golden calves.

Treasure-seekers profess that they are digging to find the golden calf, and the golden hen with her twelve chickens.—*Düntzer.*

*Take spade and hoe yourself * * **

There is an allusion to the Emperor of China, at the festival in honour of agriculture, on the thirteenth day of the first month, laying aside his robe of state and drawing with a plough a few furrows.—*Düntzer.*

Page 24.

Feel yourselves now in an Italian home.

The Emperor being said to have now a cheerful realm, is a type of Goethe's own travels in Italy, and their result.—*Leutbecker.*

The carnival masque prepares us for the Walpurgis Night fête. We have in it some of the same actors—Faustus, Mephistopheles, and the Knabe Lenker, who afterwards acts Euphorion,* and perhaps Homunculus.

Page 26.

*Woman's love of graceful Nature
Blends so gracefully with Art.*

‘Eine Jede, wenn sie sich geschmackvoll kleidet, ist eine Künstlerin an ihrem Körper.’—*Hartung.*

* Eckermann, Dec. 20, 1829..

Page 27.

Garden-Girls.

The cheerfulness of the first group in the masque contrasts well with the distress at Court.— *Leutbecker.*

The maidens are themselves represented by the flowers each brings. The girl with the olive-wreath will give herself only to the man who has been successful and happy in life. The wheat-wreath-bearer would select a partner of talents for practical life. The fancy-wreath and fancy-bouquet would unite themselves with the Fine Arts and with Poetry, 'which form a second nature within nature;' and a girl with a feeling for the poetical will give herself only where she can find a heart to love and value her. Hartung, who sees this in the garden-girls, refers to Goethe's account of the gardens at Naples. Goethe indicates a duet between a second chorus of gardener boys and the garden-girls, in which each is to press the rival claims of fruits and flowers. Hartung refers to Schiller's 'Maiden from abroad,' 'To some she gave fruit, to some flowers.' He also refers to Goethe's 'Vier Jahreszeiten,' which has some resemblance to the passage in 'Faust.' Hartung's thought that the character of each girl who shows the flowers is indicated, is certainly supported by some of the verses; the distich on the rose, for instance:—

Rosenknospe, du bist dem blühenden Mädchen gewidmet,
Die als die Herrlichste sich, als die Bescheidenste zeigt.

Daughters, whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum and pear.

Ben Jonson,

Page 28.

Challenge.

There has been a good deal of mistake among the German commentators on 'Faust,' as to the meaning of this passage, many of them thinking that the word Challenge [*Ausforderung*]

is the name of a flower. It seems, however, scarcely doubtful that a girl who holds some rose-buds in her hand challenges competition. Her rose-buds are, she says, superior to the fancy-flowers, which another has just produced. She conceals them for the moment to increase the effect.

Page 36.

Satirist's Speech.

In the supposed state of decay into which all things are falling, poetry is utterly neglected. Satire is the only form in which it can appear. The language, here given to the satirist, is susceptible, and I believe intentionally, of more than one meaning. I think the lines would be best translated by giving them a serious turn. 'Oh that I could say or speak words which might have the effect of averting this evil! This is what men most want, but this they will not have.' A passage from Paul Richter is illustrative of what, perhaps, is Goethe's thought, and gives almost the very words. He supposes a period of like decline, and sees nothing to save society but science and poetry. Poetry is 'die starkere. Sie darf singen, was Niemand zu sagen wagt in schlechter Zeit.'

Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour,
England hath need of thee, &c.—*Wordsworth.*

Page 41.

*See, pressing hitherward what would appear
A mountain.*

See Eckermann, December 20, 1829, on the subject of the imagined stage-representation of the second part of 'Faust.'

The mountain drawn by an elephant, &c., is interpreted by Düntzer as the STATE ruled by Prudence; Hope and

Fear chained. He says that another interpreter makes of it 'Der Göttlicher Geist im Menschen.' The laurelled Victory is by some made to be the Reason [Vernunft]; the other, whose ministry she employs, the Understanding [Verstaod].

Page 44.

Enter Zoilo-Thersites.

The part of Zoilo-Thersites is acted by Mephistopheles
F. Meyer. Hartung.

Zoilo-Thersites.

The exclamation, 'Hu! hu!' with which Zoilo-Thersites' speech begins, denotes uncomfortable feeling. It is especially used to denote the sensation of frost.—Grimm's *Gram.*, iv. 20.

I have not ventured this in English.

Page 46.

*A thrilling whizzed along the root
Of my hair. It crawled along my foot.*

They fear the *bat* and the *adder*.

Page 47.

*It doth not part the crowd, nor doth there seem
Tumult or pressure round that glorious team.*

'Ne lisons-nous pas dans le traité des Spectres de Jung Stilling que les esprits peuvent prendre la forme et l'apparence des créatures humaines, qu'ils peuvent marcher, courir, danser comme des vivans, mais qu'ils ne sauraient faire rien de matériel, ni déranger le moindre meuble de sa place?'—HEINE, *De l'Allemagne*, p. 50.

Page 48.

KNABE LENKER (*Boy Charioteer*).

'We then talked of the boy Lenker.'

‘“ That Faust is concealed under the mask of Plutus, and Mephistopheles under that of avarice, you will have already perceived; but who is the boy Lenker?” I hesitated, and could not answer. “ It is Euphorion,” said Goethe. “ But how can he appear in the carnival here,” asked I, “ when he is not born till the third act?”

‘“ Euphorion,” replied Goethe, “ is not a human but an allegorical being. In him is personified Poetry, which is bound to neither time, place, or person. The same spirit, who afterwards chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the ‘ boy Lenker,’ and is so far like a spectre, that he can be present everywhere, and at all times.”’—*Eckermann, December 20, 1829. Oxford’s Eckermann, vol. ii. p. 204.*

Page 49.

The graceful, showy, ornamental gown, &c.

The dress is that of the Apollo Musagetes.—*Düntzer.*

It is that given to the minstrel in Schlegel’s Arion. I have the good fortune of being able to give my readers Mr. Mac-Carthy’s translation of the poem, which has not been before printed.

ARION.

From the German of August W. Schlegel.

1.

A master of melodious sound
 Arion was, and in his hand
 The cithern lived: joy scattering round
 Him warmly welcomed every land.
 A thousand golden gifts he bore,
 And now from fair Tarentum’s shore
 Hies home to Hellas’ lovelier strand.

2.

Friends charmed him back, for he was loved
 By Corinth's prince, its noblest son,
 Who, ere to stranger lands he roved,
 Had done what brother might have done.
 Had said, ' Within my royal halls
 Here take thy rest, whate'er befalls,
 He much may lose, who much hath won.'

3.

Arion spoke: ' A wandering fate
 Best suits the poet's free-born breast,
 The art, a god hath delegate
 To me, may make even myriads blest.
 Oh! how shall I enjoy one day
 The well-won gifts: for then I may,
 Of glory and the crown possess.'

4.

He stands on deck the second morn,
 The air blows round him soft and warm;
 ' O Periander! cares vain-born
 Of fear forget within my arm.
 We to the gods with offerings rare
 Will show our gratitude, and share
 Our joy with guests in countless swarm.'

5.

The wind and wave fraternal touch
 Each other, even the clouds look gay;
 The waves he trusteth not too much,
 'Tis men he trusts too much to-day.
 He hears the seamen whispering low—
 With greedy eyes that gloat and glow,
 They round him come, and loudly say,

6.

‘ No longer bast thou got to live,
 Arion ; if an earthly grave
 Thou car’st for, here thy death-blow give,
 Else plunge thee headlong in the wave.’
 ‘ And will ye thus my life destroy ?
 My gold ye freely may enjoy.
 My blood I’ll buy with all I have.’

7.

‘ No, no, we cannot let thee wander,
 Thou hast too dangerous a soul ;
 How would we fare with Periander,
 If thou could’st say, my gold they stole ?
 The pleasure of our promised joy
 The fear of that would all destroy,
 When anchored we had reached the goal.’

8.

‘ Then grant to me one boon, I pray,
 Since I cannot my ransom buy ;
 ’Tis this, that as I’ve lived, I may
 A simple cithern-player die :
 When I my farewell song have sung,
 And left the silent chords unstrung,
 Then life, and light, and love, good-bye.’

9.

Through shame they grant so slight a thing,
 Sure of the gain of their offence ;
 To hear so sweet a singer sing
 Seems even to charm their savage sense.
 ‘ And would you hear my song with ease,
 Oh ! let me change such clothes as these,
 For robed the god would snatch me hence.’

10.

The youth his limbs of loveliest mould
 Enwraps in gold and purple fair,
Even to his feet falls fold on fold,
 A robe as light as summer air ;
 His arms rich golden bracelets deck,
 And round his brow, and cheeks, and neck,
In fragrance floats the leaf-crowned hair.

11.

His left hand doth the cithern bear,
 His right the plectrum's ivory key ;
He seems revived to drink the air,
 In morning's sunshine fair to see.
 The sailor-band with wonder stare,
 He to the stern strides on, and there
Looks down upon the dark blue sea.

12.

He sang, ' Companion of my voice,
 Down to the shade-world follow me,
For even the hell-hound hath no choice,
 But charmed by music's power must be ;
 Elysium's heroes, who have fled
 Enfranchised o'er the field of dread,
Ye calm, already greet I ye.'

13.

' But can ye not this coil unbind ?
 I leave my friend and plunge in night,
Thou went'st Eurydice to find,
 For Hades held thy soul's delight,
 There as a dream whose course is run
 Was lost the prize thy song had won,
How cursed thou then the sunshine's light !'

14.

'Down must I go, I'll tremble not,
The gods are looking from on high,
Me here defenceless ye have caught,
But ye will pale to see me die.
O Nereids of the dark blue sea,
Protect the guest who trusteth ye !'
Then sprang he mid the deep sea nigh.

15.

The waves closed o'er him blue and black,
The crew breathed free, the wind blew fair,
But dolphins followed in his track
As if a spell had fixed them there,
And ere the flood had gulped him down
One bore him on his broad back brown
Safe towards the port with tender care.

16.

The roaring sea, the rushing wave,
Are given to silent fish for aye,
Still music from his salt-sea cave
Can lure the dolphin up to play—
Can lure him oft with longing eyes
To follow where the false ship flies,
Swift-speeding on its homeward way.

17.

And so the gentle brute and wise,
The singer bears in joyful trance,
Upon his vaulted back he lies,
The cithern proudly in advance,
And little waves in widening rings
Arise beneath the twinkling strings,
Outspreading o'er the blue expanse.

18.

The dolphin the dear weight it bore
 Safe landed from the rocks apart,
 'Twas where, years after, on that shore
 In bronze this tale was told by Art,
 And as they each asunder went
 Back to their separate element,
 Thus spoke Arion's grateful heart:

19.

'Thee can I not reward? Farewell,
 Farewell, thou dolphin true and kind,
 Thou here, I there could never dwell;
 No life in common could we find,
 Thee still upon the glassy main
 Will Galatea gently re'in,
 Thou her wilt draw through wave and wind.'

20.

Arion, lightly as in hours
 When hence he roamed, returns again.
 Already glisten Corinth's towers,
 He wanders singing o'er the plain;
 The child of love and pleasure
 He heeds not his lost treasure,
 His friend, his cithern still remain.

21.

He steppeth in. 'No longer driven
 World-wandering, friend, I seek thy breast,
 The art, to me a god hath given,
 Hath made a many a thousand blest.
 True, robbers rapine-swollen
 The well-won gifts have stolen,
 Still of my fame am I possest.'

22.

Then tells he the astounding story
 In Periander's wondering ear—
 'In vain were all my power and glory,
 If theft-like this should prosper here ;
 The guilty to discover
 Here rest thee under cover,
 For sure of safety they'll draw near.'

23.

Full soon in port the bark is lying,
 He bids the crew before him come :
 'What tidings have ye of Arion ?
 I long for his returning home.'
 In luck the gods have sent him ;
 We left him at Tarentum '
 Forth steps Arion—they are dumb.

24.

He hides his limbs of loveliest mould
 In gold and purple wondrous fair ;
 Even to his feet falls fold on fold
 A robe as light as summer air ;
 His arms rich golden bracelets deck,
 And round his brow, and cheeks, and neck
 In fragrance floats the leaf-crowned hair.

25.

His left hand holds the cithern sweet,
 The ivory bow is in his right ;
 They must fall down before his feet
 As stricken by the lightning's light.
 'A god! we thought to slay him—
 A god! for waves obey him—
 O Earth! conceal us from his sight.'

26.

‘ The minstrel lives, nor think it strange—
 The singer stands in holy care ;
 Not his the spirit of revenge,
 Your lives Arion deigns to spare :
 To Barbary’s congenial clay
 Ye slaves of Avarice, away !
 And ne’er may Beauty be your share.’

D. F. MAC-CARTAV.

Nov. 1863.

Page 51.

I am Profusion—I am Poesy.

Knabe Lenker describes himself as Poesy. This must be understood not exclusively as ‘ Dichtkunst,’ but as ‘ Kunst ’ generally, as ‘ ideale Kunst,’ as that which in any way brings out the idea of the Beautiful. His gifts are everywhere lavishly distributed. In everything ornamental the spirit of Art is exhibited—the string of pearls—the ear-ring—the coronet and the comblet are his gifts—everything graceful in dress. To the crowd these have little value, and the herald is shocked at what he thinks a deception, in which mere glitter is substituted for gold. Knabe Lenker at once checks him, saying that he was exceeding the province of herald. He appeals to Plutus, who gives some explanation of the allegory, and takes the direction of the masque out of the herald’s hands.

Knabe Lenker’s use of the word ‘ Poésie,’ and not ‘ Dichtkunst,’ is not unlike Coleridge’s effort to distinguish in meaning the words poetry and poesy.—*Coleridge’s Lectures on Shakespeare, &c. Lecture XIII., Poetry and Art.*

Page 53.

Hast thou not given me a full dominion o’er, &c.

In the relations between Knabe Lenker and Plutus we have

those of Goethe and the Grand Duke of Weimar, Karl August. In Von Müller's account of 'Goethe considered as a man of action,' translated by Mrs. Austin, the reader will find what I regard as a perfect proof of this, though I have not met it adverted to in any of his commentators. Goethe's position in court favoured his many-sided activity — 'Care was taken that the business of his public office should never trouble or obstruct his freedom of the poet or the searcher into nature.' Von Müller supports his statements by extracts from the letters of Goethe to the Grand Duke, in which we have the very language of Knabe Lenker and Plutus. See Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe*, vol. ii. p. 255, &c.

Page 63.

I know what is not known to every man.

'Ich weiss recht gut was nicht ein Jeder weiss,' in Plutus's speech on the entrance of Pan and his host, is by Hartung referred to the 'Geheimlehre' or Freemasonry of the leaders of the Revolution of 1789 in France.

Page 65.

'*Cheer up! cheer up!*' our joyous shout.
'*Mit Gruss getrost Glück auf!*'

The salutation of '*Glück auf!*' is not felt so cheerful by many visitors to the mines as by our gnomes. 'The passage (the entrance into the mines at Rammelsberg) is just high enough to walk without stooping, and four feet wide. It is floored in the middle with plank, and the sound of the little cars on wheels, by which the ore is drawn out, rolling and echoing at a distance like an earthquake in the mountains, was grand and solemn. As the car approached, the lamp of the miners twinkled more and more brightly, and I felt a shudder at their salutation in passing, "*Glück auf!—Well up!*" This was repeated to us in every mine we passed, and often on

passing unobserved the mouth of some cross passage, a hollow voice would issue from it, with this ominous salutation.'

An Excursion to the Hartz Mountains, 1818. Large extracts are given in the *American Review*, vol. xii. p. 258, where it is said that the tract from which they quote has never been published.

Page 70.

PLUTUS: *Fear thus far hath had its sway,
Now bring Help into the play.*

In the fire at the close of the masque many of Goethe's commentators see the French Revolution of 1789, brought on by the excesses of the privileged classes—the attendants on Pan; others see the Revolution of 1830, and the change of government effected through the moneyed interest (Plutus). This part of the drama was, however, published in 1828.

The scene was probably suggested by a scene which occurred at a court festivity in 1393. 'In the first week of 1393 there was a festivity at court; the nuptials of the queen's favourite, a German lady, were to be celebrated. It was her third marriage, and the circumstance was considered to give permission for more than usual license. An esquire, named Guisay, proposed to the king and his companions to attire themselves as satyrs, and, under the cover of their masks, taunt and tease the wedding party. The disguise was effected by means of linen dresses, to which tow was fixed with pitch. Five of these personages joined the company at the Hôtel St. Pol, and indulged in the most extravagant cries, dances, and gestures, when the mad idea seized the Duke of Orleans of setting fire to the dresses of the masqueraders. They were in a flame in an instant, all except the king, whom the Duchess of Berri covered first with her robe, and then led apart. The others perished, except one.'—Crowe's *Hist. of France*, 1860. Vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

Page 84.

Helen and Paris represent Beauty and Freedom.—*Leutbecker*.

Page 86.

They are the Mothers.

Examine the scene in the First Part, in which Faustus breaks with all his illusions of the world, and compare it with this of the Mothers. See more especially the language of the Spirit Choir, who bid Faustus rebuild in his own bosom the world of beauty which he has destroyed.

‘Selon Leibnitz, l’âme est une concentration, un miroir vivant de tout l’univers, qui a en soi toutes les idées confuses de toutes les modifications de ce monde, présentes, passées et futures.’—*Voltaire’s Account of Newton’s Discoveries, entitled ‘De l’Ame et des Idées.’*

In the Mothers you must go above or below the surface life, which is the proper domain of Mephistopheles.

They are the MOTHERS.

This mystery of the Mothers, which can scarcely be described as solved, was the subject of conversation with Eckermann in January 1830, when Goethe read the scene to him.

‘The novelty and unexpectedness of the subject, and Goethe’s manner of reading the scene, struck me so forcibly, that I felt myself wholly transported into the situation of Faust, where he shudders at the communication from Mephistopheles. Although I had heard and felt the whole, yet so much remained an enigma to me, that I felt myself compelled to ask Goethe for some explanation; but he, in his usual manner, wrapped himself up in mystery, as he looked on me with wide open eyes, and repeated the words,

‘Die Mütter! Mütter!’s klingt so wunderbarlich!
The Mothers! Mothers! nay, it sounds so strange

“I can reveal no more,” said he, “except that I found in Plutarch that in ancient Greece mention was made of the Mothers as divinities. This is all that I owe to others. The rest is my own invention.” This information did not aid Eckermann much; two passages from Plutarch have been pointed out, one from the tract on Oracles (chap. xxii.), by Riemer; another by Hartung, from the Life of Marcellus. There is no sufficient object to quote the passages, as the body of thought in this scene is Goethe’s own; and his obligations, such as they are, are rather to the German translators of Plutarch—something of whose language he adopts—than to Plutarch himself. Eckermann was allowed to take the manuscript home with him, to make what he could of it; but the old magician gave him no help. He has translated Goethe’s mysterious verse into his own prose, which is certainly not more intelligible, and ends in telling us that the Mothers are the creating and sustaining principle, from which everything proceeds that has life and form on the surface of the earth—‘Das schaffende und erhaltende Princip.’ Köstlinn* denies that they are the creative, but says they are the sustaining and conservative principle, and makes to this statement the important addition: ‘Sie sind Göttinnen, welche der ewigen Metamorphose der Dinge, des schon Vorhandenen, vorstehen.’ Düntzer makes the Mothers ‘represent the Ideas’ = ‘Urbilder der Dinge.’ Rosenkranz makes the Mothers ‘the Platonic Ideas.’ Hartung makes them ‘die Urbilder der Dinge,’ and makes the realm in which they dwell, ‘die Oede des speculativen Denkens.’ Weisse tells you that they are ‘der geschaltlose Reich der inner Welt des Geistes—die unsichtbare Tiefe des nach Gebührten ringenden Geists.’ Riemer says the Mothers are the elements, out of which all that is corporeal as well as all that is intellectual, arises, = ‘Natur-Elemente und Geister-Elemente.’ Röttscher makes the region in which the Mothers dwell the depth of the mind itself. Deyks finds in the Mothers a double image—the matrices of Paracelsus—

* Professor der Philosophie, Tübingen.

the elemental or original material of all that is corporeal; and also the Doric Mothers in Grecian Mythology, the nurses of Zeus. The Tripod brings to his mind the mercury, sulphur, and sal of the alchemists, and the tripod of the Delphic Priestess. The Key is to him a symbol of Speculation, and of Natural Philosophy. The odd dialect of Paracelsus seems certainly to have supplied part of the language: 'Dieses mysterium magnum ist eine Mutter gewesen aller Elemente und in gleichen auch eine Grossmutter aller Sterne, Bäume, und Creaturen des Fleisches. Denn wie von Mütter Kinder geboren werden, so aus dem magno mysterio geboren sind alle Geschöpfe.'

To say the truth, I am weary of these interpretations, which require a more skilful interpreter than I am; for while I think I see the thought, it is often one that refuses to clothe itself with English words. However, I must add one more to these oracular expositions. Heinrich Krüger says of the Mothers, the conception is a metaphysical and logical one: to understand it we must go to the depths of metaphysic—must go back to the commencement of the process of dialectic thought. The Mothers are dialectic beings: the thought of the 'elements' in a cosmological sense is dialectic; the existence of the world is a development—is a metamorphose—is the dialectic of the natural. The Key is Hegel's Speculative Method, 'In thy nothing I hope to find all.' In the Hegelian Logic we commence with the 'reines Seyn,' i.e. with 'Nichts.' The 'Lebensbilder' round the head of the Mothers are 'Abbilder' of the concrete world, are 'Gattensbegriffe'—universals from which singulars are shaped.

The humbler interpretation which refers all this strange language to the necessity which compels a dramatist who would produce an exhibition of Paris and Helena to study Greek antiquities, has found favour with many, who shrink from these metaphysical rambles.

Page 87.

The Mothers.

They are the Mothers.

This episode of the Mothers is not found in the old legend of Faustus, unless Faustus's being in the legend taken to the regions of the other world, and shown such parts of it as Mephistopheles was most at home in, may be supposed to have suggested this expedition.

Page 88.

Was I not doubly contradicted then ?

‘Ich habe mich durchaus überzeugt, dass Liebste, und die sind unsere Überzeugungen, muss jeder im tiefsten Ernst bei sich bewahren. Jeder weiss nur für sich was er weiss, und das muss er geheim halten ; wie er es ausspricht sogleich ist der Widerspruch rege, und wie er sich in Streit einlässt, kommt er in sich selbst aus dem Gleichgewicht, und sein Bestes wird wo nicht vernichtet, doch gestört.’—*Wanderjahre*, Book II. chap. xiii.

Page 89.

Here take this key.

Proclus (on the Cratylus of Plato) informs us that initiators into the Mysteries, in order that Sensibles might sympathise with the gods, employed a shuttle as a signature of *separating*, a cup of *vivific*, a sceptre of *ruling*, and a key of *guardian power*.—TAYLOR: *Hymns of Orpheus*, p. 52.

In describing a picture of Titian's at St. Peter's, Goethe mentions an old man standing near a book ; ‘the key in his hand suggests his familiar acquaintance with its contents.’—*Autobiography &c.*, vol. ii. *Morrison's Translation*.

Page 92.

The first to venture on such bold design.

Hartung says that Steffens's account of Spinoza reminds him of the passage in 'Faust':—'Spinoza war entschlossen, Alles hinter sich zu lassen, was ihn an das sinnliche Leben fesselte, um im sicheren, unwandelbaren Centrum des Daseins Ruhe, Frieden, und Freiheit zu finden : und dieser kühne Entschluss war ihm nicht ein Schulthema, sondern eine innere Aufgabe des Lebens selber, nicht bloss eine Lehre, sondern ein Kampf des Lebens, eine reinigende Gesinnung, ja in seinem Sinne, inmitten der strengsten Form, ein fortdauernder Reinigungsprocess. . . . Ich fand, wie er, die Schattenbilder der Erscheinung verscheuchend, nur in der durchsichtigen Klarheit der Einheit Gottes sicheres Erkennen und zugleich Ruhe des Daseins zu finden strebte.'—Hartung quotes a passage, in which Steffens speaks of his own studies in language yet more like that of the passage in 'Faust.'—Hartung's *Faust*.

He quotes Steffens's '*Was ich erlebte,*' Band ii. p. 282.

Page 96.

It came from one of the old wizard pyres.

This is a mischievous suggestion. The lady who consults him, and receives from him the cinder, is herself guilty of witchcraft in the very act.

Page 98.

Begin the drama ! 't is the sire's command.

A cloud hides the stage. Nothing at first is seen but the astrologer, who describes the successive changes of the cloud, formed from the vapours of the tripod, before the spirits appear. The whole temple is filled with music as the spirits advance. In the old Greek mysteries, music welcomed

the initiate. The ladies admire Paris, but show some jealousy of each other. The ritters can allow him but little beauty. When Helen appears, she is the subject of severe comment from the ladies. The criticism is familiar, as she has all the faults found with the Venus de Medicis. The head is too small; the foot is clumsy. To the Weimar public, or rather to the privileged persons of the Weimar court circle, there was an element of interest which we cannot feel: the six or seven ladies and gentlemen who take part in the dialogue represented well-known persons.—*Riemer*.

Page 99.

By magic raised a temple here behold.

I transcribe Mr. Birch's note on this passage, as it may interest some readers, without, however, intending thereby to express any opinion on its correctness.

Mr. Birch translates the closing line of this speech—

‘Since only two that godhead temple bore.’

‘Atlas is represented in statuary as hearing, in conformity with mythology, the celestial sphere. His two legs are, therefore, the columns alluded to.’

Page 103.

What fragrance mixes with the incense-wreaths.

‘Les Stoïciens voyaient dans Cérès le souffle de la terre; dans Proserpine le souffle des fruits.’—Gigniaut's *Creuzer*, t. iii. p. 640.

Page 110.

What dost ~~know~~, Faustus! Faustus, &c.

Was thust du, Fauste! Fauste! Mit Gewalt

Fasst er sie an, &c.

[*Dæmonia.*] ‘non vi adducuntur sed sponte veniunt; nec

locus aliquis passionibus aut in sacerdote aut in Deo invocato,'
—*Jamblichus*, iii. 18.

Aye, now he has it, aye, &c.

'I feel myself surrounded, nay, besieged by all the spirits I ever conjured up.'—*Characteristics of Goethe*, ii. 311.

Page 112.

SECOND ACT: *Chorus of Insects.*

'It is well known that Mrs. Garrick was most devotedly attached to her "dear Davy," as she called him. When the great tragedian died, his wife would not allow a single article to be removed from its place; and as soon as the coffin was borne from the house, the room in which he died was locked up, and for thirty years no one was permitted to enter it. At the end of that time, Mrs. More informed me, she happened to be visiting her old friend Mrs. Garrick, whom she described as a little bowed-down old woman, who went about leaning on a long gold-headed cane, dressed in deep widow's mourning, and always talking of her "dear Davy." Some circumstances occurred which rendered it necessary that she should quit her residence, and Mrs. More was present with her when the long-closed room was opened. She said that when the door was thrown back on its hinges and the window-shutters unbarred, the room was actually darkened by millions of moths, which arose from the mouldered bed and the hangings of the room; every square inch of the bed-furniture was eaten through and through, and, on the air being admitted, dropped to pieces. The solid articles of furniture alone remained uninjured; but the mouldy smell of everything around was so unendurable that the place had to be fumigated before it was habitable, even for a short time.'—*Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians*. London: Bogue, 1864.

Page 114.

'Tis like one building to a certain height
A house of cards.

Building a pagoda with cards, which shall contain all the fifty-two cards, commencing with a foundation of six.—*Birch*.

Page 119.

When I was the fox, &c.

For this university language of *fox, &c.*, see Howitt's *Student Life in Germany*, and Mayhew's *German Life and Manners*.

Page 120.

Your peaked lace collar.

The established word for shirt-collar in Germany is 'Vatermörder,' literally, 'father-killer,' and they are said to have acquired this name from an anecdote manufactured on their first introduction, in order to ridicule their extravagant size and stiffness, as worn by the trickish young men. It was said that so large and stiffly starched had a young student his collar, that when he went home, in rushing to embrace his father, he ran him through the neck with the point of it, and killed him on the spot.—*Birch's Faust*.

Page 122.

Courtesy!—in plain German, &c.

“Im Deutschen lügt man, wenn man höflich ist,” heisst so viel als: Die Deutschen sind einmal derb und geradezu von Natur. Die wahre innere Höflichkeit des Gemüths fehlt ihnen.—*E. Meyer*.

Page 124.

Earth into being at my bidding sprung.

The denial of experience and of history being of any

moment, involves the denial of anything antecedent to the individual, and thus Baccalaureus's claim to be creator of the world is fairly enough described as a natural consequence of those principles. Wagner is the direct opposite of Baccalaureus, and represents a person who thinks of nothing but the accumulations of experience. — *Rötscher*.

Page 126.

WAGNER.

Wagner the physiologist, John Jacob Wagner, who died in 1841, is the Wagner of the Second Part. He sought to identify in principle organisation and crystallisation. In 1808 he wrote to a friend: 'Aller Organismus ist nichts als entwickeltes Metall.' Wagner was a great admirer of the First Part. It and Bürger's 'Leonora' he regarded as the greatest works which German poetry had produced. In 1837, he published lectures on Goethe's 'Faust,' which, I regret to say, I have been unable to procure; and in two years after, published his 'Dichterschule,' in which there is an analysis of the poem. See the *Leipzig Litteratur-Zeitung* of 1833, No. 39, and Düntzer's *Faust*, 524.

Page 133.

Romantic speeches are your all in all!
The genuine are also classical.

The truly classical and the truly romantic are one. The moss trooping Nestor reappears in the moss-trooping heroes of Percy's *Reliques*.—Maginn, quoted by M. Arnold. Arnold, *On Translating Homer*, 1861.

Command the warrior to the field of fight, &c.

The general object of the visit to Greece in the Walpurgis Night, is that Faustus shall see objects which he has before known in description, and with which his feelings are engaged.

Helen is the embodiment of Beauty ; if Beauty is a personation of all that is perfect, every lower desire, all sentimentality, is excluded. With the attainment of Beauty the Classical Walpurgis Night ceases, for all the objects there represent tendencies to Beauty ; imperfect, or, if perfect, only perfect as symbols. The realisation implies the absence of symbol as no longer necessary.—*Rötscher*.

Page 135.

These Greeks, &c.

‘Er [Goethe] wollte im Scherz alles Gesunde classisch, das Krankhafte dagegen romantisch genannt wissen.’ Every one in his own department should be a Greek. That is, he should resemble the Greeks in clearness of mind, cheerfulness of conception, ease in communication — ‘Leichtigkeit der Mittheilung. Raphael war ächt classisch und griechisch.’ I have not preserved a reference to this passage. It is probably from Eckermann or Riemer.

Page 137.

Already o'er the vale, &c.

For stories of apparitions on old battle-fields, see Pausanias, i. 32-3.

Page 138.

Watchfires burn bright, &c.

‘Und angelockt von seltnen Wunderglanz der Nacht.’ The ‘Wunderglanz der Nacht’ is the brightness of the Watchfires. *Küstlinn*, p. 119.

Page 139.

The phantom tents.

Antiquity may be said to have lasted till the battle of

Pharsalia; after that Modern History commences—after the battle, antiquity had but a spectral existence.

Page 143.

Fortune still aids the Griffin.

Fortune was represented by the ancients as carrying a young griffin in her arms.—*Birch.*

My name is Griffin.

The griffin was first made known to the Greeks as ornaments on carpets and tapestry, imported from Persia. The Greeks regarded it as a real animal, and at once adopted it. — *Deyks.*

Page 144.

*We breathe our spirit tones. By you
They are made corporeal.*

Mephistopheles, of our travellers, is the one most attracted by the strange figures which are first met with. However, he is of the romantic, not the classical, school. He has no dislike to what he supposes indicated by the figures which he sees—but he would have in addition something of the sentimental—he is rebuked gently—told that there is in his view an original misconception. ‘We breathe our spirit tones,’ says the representative of Egyptian symbolism, ‘and you make it corporeal. We have nothing to disguise. Were the meaning of the emblem what you have translated it into, then, indeed, would there be some reason for this sentimental drapery. The impurity is the impurity of your own imagination.’

See Düntzer’s note on the passage, and a passage from Fr. Jacobs, which he gives.

The griffins are described as four-footed animals of the size of a wolf—with the legs and claws of a lion—with black feathers on the breast—blue on the neck—with white wings and fiery eyes. The wings were like those of an eagle. The

ears of a horse ; instead of a mane they had a fish's fins. In the gruff tone of the griffin, the sound is as of the human voice. The imperfect articulation brings out the strange play of words in the text. The Sphinxes represent Egypt. The Griffins Persia. The Sirens the beginning of Greek culture. The earliest representations of the Sirens were as young women with seductive powers of song, Euripides gave them wings and elasticity of foot. The comic writers afterwards made them birds with young women's heads. As representatives of the earliest Grecian culture, they form the chorus of the Classical Walpurgis Night. Their number is increased beyond anything for which we have classical authority ; and Goethe ascribes to them a character for benevolence which seems his own gift.

SPHINXES.

‘ After exploring the interior of the Great Pyramid, I made my way to the Sphinx, which still looks mildly and majestically, as the emblem of divinity should amid the changing scene around.’—R. Ferguson's ‘ *Pipe of Repose.*’

Mysterious watcher ! Thou who hast been set
 With stern endurance on that visage scarr'd
 The secret of four thousand years to guard ;
 Ah ! Sphinx, is thine enigma riddled yet ?
 Are yon strong fortresses a whit too strong
 The siege of thirty centuries to abide ?
 Yon secret vaults a whit too safe to hide
 A tyrant from the vengeance due to wrong ?
 Not all enough to keep its sacred trust
 Mysterious skill or strength of massy wall ;
 In the companionship of holy dust
 Doth strength for aid on superstition call,

* ‘ The Arabs believe that the Sphinx was placed as a talisman to guard the pyramids ; and in this they are probably nearer the truth than in many of their fanciful notions ; for,’ observes the *Quarterly Review*, ‘ the sphinx in general represented a guardian, and we may infer that it was erected by those who felt the full significance of the pyramidal graves.’

And lays a god beside him.* Thought how vain !
The god shall wake no more—the man shall rise again.

Page 147.

And the birds yonder on the poplar bough, &c.

THE SIRENS.

The earlier German commentators on the second part of 'Faust' give a good deal on the mythology, with which I feel it unnecessary to trouble my readers, as it may be found in many books. My recollection of Mr. Keightley's interesting and instructive book on mythology enables me to say, that in it and the accompanying plates, more information, useful to the readers of Goethe, will be found than in such of the German commentaries as I have seen. What Goethe would symbolise is for the reader himself to discover—and in this he will not find himself much assisted by any commentary. The Sirens, we are told—I do not know on what authority—represent the natural music of waves and winds among rocks; and Hartung infers from this that they are 'gehaltlose Dichter'—that they are 'oberflächliche Schönheiten ohne sittlichen Gehalt.' He tells us that the Sphinxes are a symbol of history; that they also represent the permanent in nature. The Griffins are to him hard-working philologists; their bad puns and false derivations for words seem to have suggested the thought. The Arimaspians are the one-eyed gentlemen, who, thinking of themselves alone, make their own of all that the pains-taking Griffins have stored, and, in showy tracts and speeches, make a display of all that they can plunder from the antiquarians.

Page 148.

All the joys that Nature scatters, &c.

'Neque simplex erat cantilena, sed singulos modis maxime

* 'In the second pyramid were found the bones of an ox, conjectured to have been the god Apis.'—Robert Ferguson: *The Shadow of the Pyramid*, p. 49.

naturæ eorum convenientibus captabant.'—Bacon, *De Sapi-
entiâ Veterum.*

'Nor was their song of one nature only ; but they allured
each man with such stories as were most agreeable to his
nature.'—Merivale's *Translation.*

Page 149.

*To what far-distant day, what far-off lands,
This deep glance bears me.*

'Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues,
there was something stupendous in the sight of that enormous
head—its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the
red colour still visible in its cheek, the immense projection of
the whole lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been
when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt ; on its
chin the royal beard ; when the stone pavement, by which men
approached the pyramids, ran up between its paws ; when,
immediately under its head an altar stood, from which the
smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose, now
banished from the face, never to be conceived again ? This is
known with certainty from the remains, which actually exist
deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from
a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

• And for what purpose was this Sphinx of Sphinxes called
into being ; as much greater than all other Sphinxes as the
pyramids are greater than all other temples or tombs ? If,
as is likely, he lay couched at the entrance, now deep in sand,
of the vast approach to the second, that is, the Central
Pyramid, so as to form an essential part of this immense
group ; still more, if, as seems possible, there was once
intended to be (according to the usual arrangement which
never left a solitary Sphinx any more than a solitary obelisk),
a broken sphinx on the northern side, as this on the southern
side of the approach, its situation and its significance were
worthy of its grandeur. And if, further, the Sphinx was the
giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest
of royal sepulchres.'—Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine.*

Page 152.

From Egypt we, and one of us is known, &c.

‘ Ce qui constitue spécialement la figure du Sphinx dans les plus anciens monumens de l’Égypte, c’est l’alliance d’une tête de femme avec le corps d’un lion; cependant l’on rencontre aussi des sphinx à tête d’homme. Sous un point de vue astronomique, la première forme peut exprimer le soleil parvenu au solstice d’été et l’époque de l’inondation du Nil, qui arrive entre le signe de la Vierge et celui du Lion. Quant à la seconde, elle dut être imaginée, dit-on, lorsqu’on eut commencé à attacher au Sphinx l’idée de la force unie à la sagesse.’ — Creuzer, *Religions d’Antiquité*, par Gigniaut, tome i. partie 1e, page 503.

‘ C’est par les lois manifestes du monde matériel que nous apprenons à connaître les lois secrètes de notre nature; l’univers devient comme un miroir magique, où viennent se réfléchir, pour notre usage, les vérités abstraites de la morale.’ — *Ib.*, pages 13 and 14.

‘ Déjà pour tant le symbole s’était affranchi des liens de son enfance en Égypte et dans l’antique Orient; quant aux Grecs, ils s’en emparèrent pour le polir, et lui donnèrent le beau comme l’objet principal.’ — *Ib.*, p. 15.

Page 153.

*Lull me still with thy faint whispers,
Soft sedge! sister reeds sigh low! &c.*

In the lyrical passages preceding the dialogue between Faustus and Cheiron, we have not, as in the Brocken scene of the First Part, recollections of a lost paradise ringing through strange discords of the witch-sabbath nonsense. On the contrary, all here indicates the formation of a world striving towards Form — all is an anticipation of coming Beauty. — *Weisse.*

the Virgin to prevent their falling on the convent, which a portion once did, and destroyed the infirmary; the chapel is now desecrated. * * The hermitages were once thirteen in number; each was separate, and with difficulty accessible. The anchorite, who once entered one, never left it again. * * To be a hermit, and *Ἰδιουθμος*, that is, to live after his own fashion, exactly suited the reserved, isolated Spaniard, who hates discipline and subjection to any superior.—Ford's *Handbook in Spain*, p. 493. See also the chapter on Monachism and in Massy's *Romans under the Empire*. London, Hamilton and Adams, 1864. See also Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*.

Page 427.

*Him, who, unwearied, still strives on,
We have the power to free.*

‘Watch thou for every occasion of victory, and observe that the first step in a holy life is the most difficult, the second is more easy, and the third most easy. But Virtue herself shall come down to aid thee as thou advancest on the way to heaven.’—WILLIAMS, from Boetius de Bothsweit's *Via Vitæ Æternæ. Baptistery*, p. 17. See also the closing passage of COMUS.

Page 433.

To this good soul show like mercy.

Diintzer and Hartung understand this to be a prayer for Margaret; that she, who is already saved, may be admitted to higher regions. Schönborn and Julian Schmidt make it a prayer for Faustus.

