

say, into—the group ; by which gesture you are informed that precisely the sole point he had not fully mastered in Canova's practice was a certain method of using the drill in the articulation of the knee-joint—and that, likewise, has he mastered at length ! Good bye, therefore, to poor Canova—whose gallery no longer need detain his successor Jules, the predestinated novel thinker in marble !

5th Student. Tell him about the women—go on to the women !

1st Student. Why, on that matter he could never be supercilious enough. How should we be other (he said) than the poor devils you see, with those debasing habits we cherish ? He was not to wallow in that mire, at least : he would wait, and love only at the proper time, and meanwhile put up with the *Psiche-fanciulla*. Now I happened to hear of a young Greek—real Greek—girl at Malamocco ; a true Islander, do you see, with Alciphron's "hair like sea-moss"—Schramm knows !—white and quiet as an apparition, and fourteen years old at farthest,—a daughter of Natalia, so she swears—that hag Natalia, who helps us to models at three *lire* an hour. We selected this girl for the heroine of our jest. So, first, Jules received a scented letter—somebody had seen his Tydeus at the academy, and my picture was nothing to it—a profound admirer bade him persevere—would make herself known to him ere long—(Paolina, my little friend of the *Fenice*, transcribes divinely). And in due time, the mysterious correspondent gave certain hints of her peculiar charms—the pale cheeks, the black hair—whatever, in short, had struck us in our Malamocco model : we retained her name, too—Phene, which is by interpretation, sea eagle. Now, think of Jules finding himself distinguished from the herd of us by such a creature ! In his very first answer he proposed marrying his monitress : and fancy us over these letters, two, three times a day, to receive and dispatch ! I concocted the main of it : relations were in the way—secrecy must be observed—in fine, would he wed her on trust, and only speak to her when they were indissolubly united ? St—st—Here they come !

6th Student. Both of them ! Heaven's love, speak softly ! speak within yourselves !

5th Student. Look at the bridegroom ! Half his hair in storm, and half in calm,—patted down over the left temple,—like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it ! and the same old blouse that he murders the marble in !

2nd Student. Not a rich vest like yours, Hannibal Scratchy !—rich, that your face may the better set it off !

6th Student. And the bride ! Yes, sure enough, our

Phene! Should you have known her in her clothes?
How magnificently pale!

Gottlieb. She does not also take it for earnest, I hope?

1st Student. Oh, Natalia's concern, that is! We settle with Natalia.

6th Student. She does not speak—has evidently let out no word. The only thing is, will she equally remember the rest of her lesson, and repeat correctly all those verses which are to break the secret to Jules?

Gottlieb. How he gazes on her! Pity—pity.

1st Student. They go in—now, silence! You three,—not nearer the window, mind, than that pomegranate—just where the little girl, who a few minutes ago passed us singing, is seated!

II.—Noon. *Over Orcana. The house of JULES, who crosses its threshold with PHENE—she is silent, on which JULES begins—*

Do not die, Phene—I am yours now—you
Are mine now—let fate reach me how she likes,
If you'll not die—so, never die! Sit here—
My work-room's single seat: I over-lean
This length of hair and lustrous front—they turn
Like an entire flower upward—eyes—lips—last
Your chin—no, last your throat turns—'tis their scent
Pulls down my face upon you! Nay, look ever
This one way till I change, grow you—I could
Change into you, beloved!

You by me,
And I by you—this is your hand in mine—
And side by side we sit: all's true. Thank God!
I have spoken—speak, you!

—O, my life to come!
My Tydeus must be carved, that's there in clay;
Yet how be carved, with you about the chamber?
Where must I place you? When I think that once
This room-full of rough block-work seemed my heaven
Without you! Shall I ever work again—
Get fairly into my old ways again—
Bid each conception stand while, trait by trait,
My hand transfers its lineaments to stone?
Will my mere fancies live near you, my truth—
The live truth—passing and repassing me—
Sitting beside me?

Now speak!
Only, first,
See, all your letters! Was't not well contrived?
Their hiding-place is Psyche's robe; she keeps

Your letters next her skin : which drops out foremost ?
 Ah,—this that swam down like a first moonbeam
 Into my world !

Again those eyes complete
 Their melancholy survey, sweet and slow,
 Of all my room holds ; to return and rest
 On me, with pity, yet some wonder too—
 As if God bade some spirit plague a world,
 And this were the one moment of surprise
 And sorrow while she took her station, pausing
 O'er what she sees, finds good, and must destroy !
 What gaze you at ? Those ? Books, I told you of ;
 Let your first word to me rejoice them, too :
 This minion, a Coluthus, writ in red
 Bistre and azure by Bessarion's scribe—
 Read this line . . . no, shame—Homer's be the Greek
 First breathed me from the lips of my Greek girl !
 My Odyssey in coarse black vivid type
 With faded yellow blossoms 'twixt page and page,
 To mark great places with due gratitude ;
 " *He said, and on Antinous directed*
 " *A bitter shaft*" . . . a flower blots out the rest !
 Again upon your search ? My statues, then !
 —Ah, do not mind that—better that will look
 When cast in bronze—an Almaign Kaiser, that,
 Swart-green and gold, with truncheon based on hip.
 This, rather, turn to ! What, unrecognised ?
 I thought you would have seen that here you sit
 As I imagined you,—Hippolyta,
 Naked upon her bright Numidian horse !
 Recall you this, then ? " *Carve in bold relief*"—
 So you commanded—" *carve, against I come,*
 " *A Greek, in Athens, as our fashion was,*
 " *Feasting, bay-filleted and thunder-free,*
 " *Who rises 'neath the lifted myrtle-branch :*
 " *' Praise those who slew Hipparchus,' cry the guests,*
 " *' While o'er thy head the singer's myrtle waves*
 " *' As erst above our champions' : stand up, all !'*"
 See, I have laboured to express your thought !
 Quite round, a cluster of mere hands and arms,
 (Thrust in all senses, all ways, from all sides,
 Only consenting at the branches' end
 They strain toward) serves for frame to a sole face—
 The Praiser's—in the centre—who with eyes
 Sightless, so bend they back to light inside
 His brain where visionary forms throng up,
 Sings, minding not that palpitating arch
 Of hands and arms, nor the quick drip of wine
 From the drenched leaves o'erhead, nor crowns cast off,

Violet and parsley crowns to trample on—
 Sings, pausing as the patron-ghosts approve,
 Devoutly their unconquerable hymn!
 But you must say a “well” to that—say, “well!”
 Because you gaze—am I fantastic, sweet?
 Gaze like my very life’s stuff, marble—marbly
 Even to the silence! why before I found
 The real flesh Phene, I inured myself
 To see, throughout all nature, varied stuff
 For better nature’s birth by means of art:
 With me, each substance tended to one form
 Of beauty—to the human Archetype—
 On every side occurred suggestive germs
 Of that—the tree, the flower—or take the fruit—
 Some rosy shape, continuing the peach,
 Curved beewise o’er its bough; as rosy limbs,
 Depending, nestled in the leaves—and just
 From a cleft rose-peach the whole Dryad sprang!
 But of the stuffs one can be master of,
 How I divined their capabilities!
 From the soft-rinded smoothening facile chalk
 That yields your outline to the air’s embrace,
 Half-softened by a halo’s pearly gloom;
 Down to the crisp imperious steel, so sure
 To cut its one confided thought clean out
 Of all the world: but marble!—’neath my tools
 More pliable than jelly—as it were
 Some clear primordial creature dug from depths
 In the Earth’s heart, where itself breeds itself,
 And whence all baser substance may be worked;
 Refine it off to air, you may—condense it
 Down to the diamond;—is not metal there,
 When o’er the sudden specks my chisel trips?
 —Not flesh—as flake off flake I scale, approach,
 Lay bare those blueish veins of blood asleep?
 Lurks flame in no strange windings where, surprised
 By the swift implement sent home at once,
 Flushes and glowings radiate and hover
 About its track?—

Phene? what—why is this?
 That whitening cheek, those still-dilating eyes!
 Ah, you will die—I knew that you would die!

PHENE begins, on his having long remained silent.

Now the end’s coming—to be sure, it must
 Have ended sometime! Tush—why need I speak
 Their foolish speech? I cannot bring to mind
 One half of it, besides; and do not care

For old Natalia now, nor any of them.
 Oh, you—what are you?—if I do not try
 To say the words Natalia made me learn,
 To please your friends,—it is to keep myself
 Where your voice lifted me, by letting it
 Proceed—but can it? Even you, perhaps,
 Cannot take up, now you have once let fall,
 The music's life, and me along with that—
 No, or you would! We'll stay, then, as we are
 —Above the world.

You creature with the eyes!

If I could look for ever up to them,
 As now you let me,—I believe, all sin,
 All memory of wrong done or suffering borne,
 Would drop down, low and lower, to the earth
 Whence all that's low comes, and there touch and stay
 —Never to overtake the rest of me,
 All that, unspotted, reaches up to you,
 Drawn by those eyes! What rises is myself,
 Not so the shame and suffering; but they sink.
 Are left, I rise above them—Keep me so
 Above the world!

But you sink, for your eyes
 Are altering—altered! Stay—"I love you, love you" . . .
 I could prevent it if I understood
 More of your words to me—was't in the tone
 Or the words, your power?

Or stay—I will repeat

Their speech, if that contents you! Only, change
 No more, and I shall find it presently
 —Far back here, in the brain yourself filled up.
 Natalia threatened me that harm would follow
 Unless I spoke their lesson to the end,
 But harm to me, I thought she meant, not you.
 Your friends,—Natalia said they were your friends
 And meant you well,—because I doubted it,
 Observing (what was very strange to see)
 On every face, so different in all else,
 The same smile girls like us are used to bear,
 But never men, men cannot stoop so low;
 Yet your friends, speaking of you, used that smile,
 That hateful smirk of boundless self-conceit
 Which seems to take possession of this world
 And make of God their tame confederate,
 Purveyor to their appetites . . . you know!
 But no—Natalia said they were your friends,
 And they assented while they smiled the more,
 And all came round me,—that thin Englishman
 With light, lank hair seemed leader of the rest;

He held a paper—"What we want," said he,
 Ending some explanation to his friends—
 "Is something slow, involved and mystical,
 "To hold Jules long in doubt, yet take his taste
 "And lure him on, so that, at innermost
 "Where he seeks sweetness' soul, he may find—this!
 "—As in the apple's core, the noisome fly:
 "For insects on the rind are seen at once,
 "And brushed aside as soon, but this is found
 "Only when on the lips or loathing tongue."
 And so he read what I have got by heart—
 I'll speak it,—"Do not die, love! I am yours" . . .
 Stop—is not that, or like that, part of words
 Yourself began by speaking? Strange to lose
 What costs much pains to learn! Is this more right?

*I am a painter who cannot paint ;
 In my life, a devil rather than saint,
 In my brain, as poor a creature too—
 No end to all I cannot do !
 Yet do one thing at least I can—
 Love a man, or hate a man
 Supremely : thus my love began.
 Through the Valley of Love I went,
 In its loveliest spot to abide,
 And just on the verge where I pitched my tent,
 I found Hate dwelling beside.
 (Let the Bridegroom ask what the painter meant,
 Of his Bride, of the peerless Bride !)
 And further, I traversed Hate's grove,
 In its hatefullest nook to dwell ;
 But lo, where I flung myself prone, couched Love
 Where the deepest shadow fell.
 (The meaning—those black bride's-eyes above,
 Not the painter's lip should tell !)*

"And here," said he, "Jules probably will ask,
 "You have black eyes, love,—you are, sure enough,
 "My peerless bride,—so do you tell, indeed,
 "What needs some explanation—what means this?"
 —And I am to go on, without a word—

*So I grew wiser in Love and Hate,
 From simple, that I was of late.
 For once, when I loved, I would enlase
 Breast, eyelids, hands, feet, form and face
 Of her I loved, in one embrace—
 As if by mere love I could love immensely !
 And when I hated, I would plunge
 My sword, and wipe with the first lunge
 My foe's whole life out, like a sponge—*

*As if by mere hate I could hate intensely !
 But now I am wiser, know better the fashion
 How passion seeks aid from its opposite passion,
 And if I see cause to love more, or hate more
 That ever man loved, ever hated, before—
 And seek in the Valley of Love,
 The spot, or the spot in Hate's Grove,
 Where my soul may the sureliest reach
 The essence, nought less, of each,
 The Hate of all Hates, or the Love
 Of all Loves, in its Valley or Grove,—
 I find them the very warders
 Each of the other's borders.
 I love most, when Love is disguised
 In Hate ; and when Hate is surprised
 In Love, then I hate most : ask
 How Love smiles through Hate's iron casque,
 Hate grins through Love's rose-braided mask,—
 And how, having hated thee,
 I sought long and painfully
 To wound thee, and not prick
 The skin, but pierce to the quick—
 Ask this, my Jules, and be answered straight
 By thy bride—how the painter Lutwyche can hate !*

JULES interposes

Lutwyche—who else ? But all of them, no doubt,
 Hated me : they at Venice—presently
 Their turn, however ! You I shall not meet :
 If I dreamed, saying this would wake me !
 Keep
 What's here, this gold—we cannot meet again.
 Consider—and the money was but meant
 For two years' travel, which is over now,
 All chance, or hope, or care, or need of it !
 This—and what comes from selling these, my casts
 And books, and medals, except . . . let them go
 Together, so the produce keeps you safe
 Out of Natalia's clutches !—If by chance
 (For all's chance here) I should survive the gang
 At Venice, root out all fifteen of them,
 We might meet somewhere, since the world is wide—

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA, singing—

*Give her but a least excuse to love me !
 When—where—
 How—can this arm establish her above me,
 If fortune fixed her as my lady there,*

*There already, to eternally reprove me ?
 (" Hist"—said Kate the queen ;
 But " Oh—" cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 "'Tis only a page that carols unseen
 " Crumbling your hounds their messes ! ")*

*Is she wronged ?—To the rescue of her honour,
 My heart !
 Is she poor ?—What cost it to be styled a donour ?
 Merely an earth's to cleave, a sea's to part !
 But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her !
 (" Nay, list,"—bade Kate the queen ;
 And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
 "'Tis only a page that carols unseen
 " Fitting your hawks their jesses ! ")*

[PIPPA passes.]

JULES resumes

What name was that the little girl sang forth ?
 Kate ? The Cornaro, doubtless, who renounced
 The crown of Cyprus to be lady here
 At Asolo, where still the peasants keep
 Her memory ; and songs tell how many a page
 Pined for the grace of one so far above
 His power of doing good to, as a queen—
 " She never could be wronged, be poor," he sighed,
 " For him to help her ! "

Yes, a bitter thing
 To see our lady above all need of us ;
 Yet so we look ere we will love ; not I,
 But the world looks so. If whoever loves
 Must be, in some sort, god or worshipper,
 The blessing or the blest one, queen or page,
 Why should we always choose the page's part ?
 Here is a woman with utter need of me,—
 I find myself queen here, it seems !

How strange !
 Look at the woman here with the new soul,
 Like my own Psyche's,—fresh upon her lips
 Alit, the visionary butterfly,
 Waiting my word to enter and make bright,
 Or flutter off and leave all blank as first.
 This body had no soul before, but slept
 Or stirred, was beauteous or ungainly, free
 From taint or foul with stain, as outward things
 Fastened their image on its passiveness :
 Now, it will wake, feel, live—or die again !
 Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff

Be art—and, further, to evoke a soul
 From form, be nothing? This new soul is mine!
 Now, to kill Lutwyche, what would that do?—save
 A wretched dauber, men will hoot to death
 Without me, from their laughter!—Oh, to hear
 God's voice plain as I heard it first, before
 They broke in with that laughter! I heard them
 Henceforth, not God!

To Ancona—Greece—some isle!
 I wanted silence only—there is clay
 Every where. One may do whate'er one likes
 In Art—the only thing is, to make sure
 That one does like it—which takes pains to know.
 Scatter all this, my Phene—this mad dream!
 Who—what is Lutwyche—what Natalia's friends,
 What the whole world except our love—my own,
 Own Phene? But I told you, did I not,
 Ere night we travel for your land—some isle
 With the sea's silence on it? Stand aside—
 I do but break these paltry models up
 To begin art afresh. Shall I meet Lutwyche,
 And save him from my statue's meeting him?
 Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
 Like a god going thro' his world there stands
 One mountain for a moment in the dusk,
 Whole brotherhoods of cedars on its brow—
 And you are ever by me while I gaze
 —Are in my arms as now—as now—as now!
 Some unsuspected isle in the far seas!
 Some unsuspected isle in far off seas!

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing from Orcana to the
 Turret. Two or three of the Austrian Police loitering
 with BLUPHOCKS, an English vagabond, just in view of the
 Turret.*

*Bluphocks.** So, that is your Pippa, the little girl who
 passed us singing? Well, your Bishop's Intendant's
 money shall be honestly earned:—now, don't make me
 that sour face because I bring the Bishop's name into the
 business—we know he can have nothing to do with such
 horrors—we know that he is a saint and all that a Bishop
 should be, who is a great man besides. *Oh! were but
 every worm a maggot, Every fly a grig, Every bough a christ-
 mas faggot, Every tune a jig!* In fact, I have abjured all

* “He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and
 sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.”

religions ; but the last I inclined to, was the Armenian—for I have travelled, do you see, and at Koenigsberg, Prussia Improper (so styled because there's a sort of bleak hungry sun there,) you might remark over a venerable house-porch, a certain Chaldee inscription ; and brief as it is, a mere glance at it used absolutely to change the mood of every bearded passenger. In they turned, one and all ; the young and lightsome, with no irreverent pause, the aged and decrepit, with a sensible alacrity,—'twas the Grand Rabbi's abode, in short. Struck with curiosity, I lost no time in learning Syriac—(these are vowels, you dogs,—follow my stick's end in the mud—*Celarent, Darii, Ferio !*) and one morning presented myself spelling-book in hand, a, b, c,—I picked it out letter by letter, and what was the purport of this miraculous posy ? Some cherished legend of the past you'll say—“ *How Moses hocus-pocust Egypt's land with fly and locust,*”—or, “ *How to Jonah sounded harshish, Get thee up and go to Tarshish,*”—or, “ *How the angel meeting Balaam, Straight his ass returned a salaam ;* ” — in no wise ! — “ *Shackabrach—Boach—somebody or other—Isaac, Re-cei-ver, Pur-cha-ser and Ex-chan-ger of—Stolen goods !* ” So talk to me of the religion of a bishop ! I have renounced all bishops save Bishop Beveridge—mean to live so—and die—*As some Greek dog-sage, dead and merry, Hellward bound in Charon's wherry—With food for both worlds, under and upper, Lupine-seed and Hecate's supper, and never an obolos . . .* (Though thanks to you, or this Intendant thro' you, or this Bishop through his Intendant—I possess a burning pocket-full of *zwanzigers*) . . . *To pay the Stygian ferry !*

1st Policeman. There is the girl, then ; go and deserve them the moment you have pointed out to us Signor Luigi and his mother. (*To the rest*) I have been noticing a house yonder, this long while—not a shutter unclosed since morning !

2nd Policeman. Old Luca Gaddi's, that owns the silk-mills here : he dozes by the hour—wakes up, sighs deeply, says he should like to be Prince Metternich, and then dozes again, after having bidden young Sebald, the foreigner, set his wife to playing draughts : never molest such a household, they mean well.

Bluphocks. Only, cannot you tell me something of this little Pippa, I must have to do with ?—one could make something of that name. Pippa—that is, short for Felippa—rhyming to—*Panerge consults Hertrippa—Believ'st thou, King Agrippa ?* Something might be done with that name.

2nd Policeman. Put into rhyme that your head and a ripe musk-melon would not be dear at half a *zwanziger* ! Leave this fooling, and look out—the afternoon's over or nearly so.

3rd Policeman. Where in this passport of Signor Luigi does our principal instruct you to watch him so narrowly? There? what's there beside a simple signature? (That English fool's busy watching.)

2nd Policeman. Flourish all round—"put all possible obstacles in his way;" oblong dot at the end—"Detain him till further advices reach you;" scratch at bottom—"send him back on pretence of some informality in the above;" ink-spurt on right-hand side, (which is the case here)—"Arrest him at once," why and wherefore, I don't concern myself, but my instructions amount to this: if Signor Luigi leaves home to-night for Vienna, well and good—the passport deposed with us for our *visa* is really for his own use, they have misinformed the Office, and he means well; but let him stay over to-night—there has been the pretence we suspect—the accounts of his corresponding and holding intelligence with the Carbonari are correct—we arrest him at once—to-morrow comes Venice—and presently, Spielberg. Bluphocks makes the signal sure enough! That is he, entering the turret with his mother, no doubt.

III.—*Evening. Inside the Turret. LUIGI and his Mother entering.*

Mother. If there blew wind, you'd hear a long sigh,
easing
The utmost heaviness of music's heart.

Luigi. Here in the archway?

Mother. Oh, no, no—in farther,
Where the echo is made—on the ridge.

Luigi. Here surely, then.
How plain the tap of my heel as I leaped up!
Hark—"Lucius Junius!" The very ghost of a voice,
Whose body is caught and kept by . . . what are those?
Mere withered wall-flowers, waving overhead?
They seem an elvish group with thin bleached hair
Who lean out of their topmost fortress—looking
And listening, mountain men, to what we say,
Hands under chin of each grave earthy face:
Up and show faces all of you!—"All of you!"
That's the king's dwarf with the scarlet comb; now hark—
Come down and meet your fate! Hark—"Meet your
fate!"

Mother. Let him not meet it, my Luigi—do not
Go to his City! putting crime aside,
Half of these ills of Italy are feigned—

Your Pellicos and writers for effect,
Write for effect.

Luigi. Hush! say A. writes, and B.

Mother. These A's and B's write for effect, I say.
Then, evil is in its nature loud, while good
Is silent—you hear each petty injury—
None of his daily virtues; he is old,
Quiet, and kind, and densely stupid—why
Do A. and B. not kill him themselves?

Luigi. They teach
Others to kill him—me—and, if I fail,
Others to succeed; now, if A. tried and failed
I could not teach that: mine's the lesser task.
Mother, they visit night by night . . .

Mother. —You, Luigi?
Ah, will you let me tell you what you are?

Luigi. Why not? Oh, the one thing you fear to hint,
You may assure yourself I say and say
Ever to myself; at times—nay, even as now
We sit, I think my mind is touched—suspect
All is not sound: but is not knowing that,
What constitutes one sane or otherwise?
I know I am thus—so all is right again!
I laugh at myself as through the town I walk,
And see men merry as if no Italy
Were suffering; then I ponder—"I am rich,
"Young, healthy; why should this fact trouble me,
"More than it troubles these?" But it does trouble me!
No—trouble's a bad word—for as I walk
There's springing and melody and giddiness,
And old quaint terms and passages of my youth—
Dreams long forgotten, little in themselves—
Return to me—whatever may amuse me,
And earth seems in a truce with me, and heaven
Accords with me, all things suspend their strife,
The very cicadas laugh "There goes he, and there!
"Feast him, the time is short—he is on his way
"For the world's sake—feast him this once, our friend!"
And in return for all this, I can trip
Cheerfully up the scaffold-steps: I go
This evening, mother!

Mother. But mistrust yourself—
Mistrust the judgment you pronounce on him.

Luigi. Oh, there I feel—am sure that I am right!

Mother. Mistrust your judgment, then, of the mere
means

Of this wild enterprise: say you are right,—
How should one in your state e'er bring to pass
What would require a cool head, a cold heart,

And a calm hand? You never will escape.

Luigi. Escape—to even wish that, would spoil all!
The dying is best part of it. Too much
Have I enjoyed these fifteen years of mine,
To leave myself excuse for longer life—
Was not life pressed down, running o'er with joy,
That I might finish with it ere my fellows
Who, sparelier feasted, make a longer stay?
I was put at the board-head, helped to all
At first; I rise up happy and content.
God must be glad one loves his world so much—
I can give news of earth to all the dead
Who ask me:—last year's sunsets, and great stars
That had a right to come first and see ebb
The crimson wave that drifts the sun away—
Those crescent moons with notched and burning rims
That strengthened into sharp fire, and there stood,
Impatient of the azure—and that day
In March, a double rainbow stopped the storm—
May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer nights—
Gone are they, but I have them in my soul!

Mother. (He will not go!)

Luigi. You smile at me! 'Tis true.—
Voluptuousness, grotesqueness, ghastliness,
Environ my devotedness as quaintly
As round about some antique altar wreath
The rose festoons, goats' horns, and oxen's skulls.

Mother. See now: you reach the city—you must cross
His threshold—how?

Luigi. Oh, that's if we conspired!
Then would come pains in plenty, as you guess—
But guess not how the qualities required
For such an office—qualities I have—
Would little stead me otherwise employed,
Yet prove of rarest merit here—here only.
Every one knows for what his excellence
Will serve, but no one ever will consider
For what his worst defect might serve; and yet
Have you not seen me range our coppice yonder
In search of a distorted ash?—it happens
The wry spoilt branch's a natural perfect bow!
Fancy the thrice-sage, thrice-precautioned man
Arriving at the palace on my errand!
No, no—I have a handsome dress packed up—
White satin here, to set off my black hair—
In I shall march—for you may watch your life out
Behind thick walls—make friends there to betray you;
More than one man spoils everything. March straight—
Only, no clumsy knife to fumble for—

Take the great gate, and walk (not saunter) on
Thro' guards and guards—I have rehearsed it all
Inside the Turret here a hundred times—
Don't ask the way of whom you meet, observe,
But where they cluster thickliest is the door
Of doors ; they'll let you pass—they'll never blab
Each to the other, he knows not the favourite,
Whence he is bound and what's his business now—
Walk in—straight up to him—you have no knife—
Be prompt, how should he scream ? Then, out with you !
Italy, Italy, my Italy !

You're free, you're free ! Oh mother, I could dream
They got about me—Andrea from his exile,
Pier from his dungeon, Gaultier from his grave !

Mother. Well, you shall go. Yet seems this patriotism
The easiest virtue for a selfish man
To acquire ! He loves himself—and next, the world—
If he must love beyond,—but nought between :
As a short-sighted man sees nought midway
His body and the sun above. But you
Are my adored Luigi—ever obedient
To my least wish, and running o'er with love—
I could not call you cruel or unkind !
Once more, your ground for killing him !—then go !

Luigi. Now do you ask me, or make sport of me ?
How first the Austrians got these provinces—
(If that is all, I'll satisfy you soon)
. . . Never by conquest but by cunning, for
That treaty whereby . . .

Mother. Well ?

Luigi. (Sure he's arrived,
The tell-tale cuckoo—spring's his confidant,
And he lets out her April purposes !)
Or . . better go at once to modern times—
He has . . they have . . in fact, I understand
But can't re-state the matter ; that's my boast ;
Others could reason it out to you, and prove
Things they have made me feel.

Mother. Why go to-night ?
Morn's for adventure. Jupiter is now
A morning star. I cannot hear you, Luigi !

Luigi. " I am the bright and morning-star," God saith—
And, " to such an one I give the morning-star !"
The gift of the morning-star—have I God's gift
Of the morning-star ?

Mother. Chiara will love to see
That Jupiter an evening-star next June.

Luigi. True, mother. Well for those who live through
June !

Great noontides, thunder storms, all glaring pomps
Which triumph at the heels of sovereign June
Leading his glorious revel thro' our world.
Yes, Chiara will be here—

Mother. In June—remember,
Yourself appointed that month for her coming—

Luigi. Was that low noise the echo?

Mother. The night-wind.
She must be grown—with her blue eyes upturned
As if life were one long and sweet surprise :
In June she comes.

Luigi. We were to see together
The Titian at Treviso—there, again !

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA, singing—

*A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now :
And the king's locks curled
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull—
Only calm as a babe new-born :
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all descrepitude,
From age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The Gods so loved him while he dreamed,)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.*

Luigi. No need that sort of king should ever die !

*Among the rocks his city was :
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sate to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled him many a valley-thief
Caught in the sheep-pens—robber-chief,
Swarthy and shameless—beggar-cheat—
Spy-prowler—or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground ;
And sometimes clung about his feet,
With bleeding lip and burning cheek,
A woman, bitterest wrong to speak
Of one with sullen thickset brows :
And sometimes from the prison-house
The angry priests a pale wretch brought,*

Who through some chink had pushed and pressed,
 On knees and elbows, belly and breast,
 Worm-like into the temple,—caught
 At last there by the very God
 Who ever in the darkness strode
 Backward and forward, keeping watch
 O'er his brazen bowls, such rogues to catch!
 And these, all and every one,
 The king judged, sitting in the sun.

Luigi. That king should still judge sitting in the sun!

*His councillors, on left and right,
 Looked anxious up,—but no surprise
 Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
 Where the very blue had turned to white.
 'Tis said a Python scared one day
 The breathless city, till he came,
 With forked tongue and eyes on flame,
 Where the old king sate to judge alway;
 But when he saw the sweepy hair,
 Girt with a crown of berries rare
 Which the God will hardly give to wear
 To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
 In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
 At his wondrous forest rites,—
 Beholding this, he did not dare,
 Approach that threshold in the sun,
 Assault the old king smiling there.
 Such grace had kings when the world begun!*

[PIPPA passes.

Luigi. And such grace have they, now that the world ends!

The Python in the city, on the throne,
 And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
 Lurk in bye-corners lest they fall his prey.
 Are crowns yet to be won, in this late trial,
 Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
 'Tis God's voice calls, how could I stay? Farewell!

*Talk by the way, while PIPPA is passing from the Turret
 to the Bishop's brother's House, close to the Duomo
 S. Maria. Poor Girls sitting on the steps.*

1st Girl. There goes a swallow to Venice—the stout
 sea-farer!
 Seeing those birds fly, makes one wish for wings.
 Let us all wish; you, wish first!

2nd Girl. I? This sunset
To finish.

3rd Girl. That old . . . somebody I know,
Greyer and older than my grandfather,
To give me the same treat he gave last week—
Feeding me on his knee with fig-peckers,
Lampreys, and red Breganze-wine, and mumbling
The while some folly about how well I fare,
To be let eat my supper quietly—
Since had he not himself been late this morning
Detained at—never mind where,—had he not . . .
“Eh, baggage, had I not!”—

2nd Girl. How she can lie!

3rd Girl. Look there—by the nails—

2nd Girl. What makes your fingers red?

3rd Girl. Dipping them into wine to write bad words with,
On the bright table—how he laughed!

1st Girl. My turn:

Spring's come and summer's coming: I would wear
A long loose gown—down to the feet and hands—
With plaits here, close about the throat, all day:
And all night lie, the cool long nights, in bed—
And have new milk to drink—apples to eat,
Deuzans and junetings, leather-coats . . . ah, I should say,
This is away in the fields—miles!

3rd Girl. Say at once

You'd be at home—she'd always be at home!
Now comes the story of the farm among
The cherry orchards, and how April snowed
White blossoms on her as she ran: why, fool,
They've rubbed out the chalk-mark of how tall you were,
Twisted your starling's neck, broken his cage,
Made a dunghill of your garden—

1st Girl. They, destroy

My garden since I left them? well—perhaps!
I would have done so—so I hope they have!
A fig-tree curled out of our cottage wall—
They called it mine, I have forgotten why,
It must have been there long ere I was born;
Cric—cric—I think I hear the wasps o'erhead
Pricking the papers strung to flutter there
And keep off birds in fruit-time—coarse long papers,
And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through.

3rd Girl. How her mouth twitches! Where was I?—
before

She broke in with her wishes and long gowns
And wasps—would I be such a fool!—Oh, here!
This is my way—I answer every one
Who asks me why I make so much of him—

(If you say, you love him—straight “he’ll not be gulled”)
 “He that seduced me when I was a girl
 Thus high—had eyes like yours, or hair like yours,
 Brown, red, white,”—as the case may be—that pleases!
 (See how that beetle burnishes in the path—
 There sparkles he along the dust! and, there—
 Your journey to that maize-tuft’s spoilt at least!)

1st Girl. When I was young, they said if you killed one
 Of those sunshiny beetles, that his friend
 Up there, would shine no more that day nor next.

2nd Girl. When you were young? Nor are you young,
 that’s true!

How your plump arms, that were, have dropped away!

Why, I can span them! Cecco beats you still?

No matter, so you keep your curious hair.

I wish they’d find a way to dye our hair

Your colour—any lighter tint, indeed,

Than black—the men say they are sick of black,

Black eyes, black hair!

4th Girl. Sick of yours, like enough!

Do you pretend you ever tasted lampreys

And ortolans? Giovita, of the palace,

Engaged (but there’s no trusting him) to slice me

Polenta with a knife that has cut up

An ortolan.

2nd Girl. Why, there! is not that, Pippa
 We are to talk to, under the window,—quick,—
 Where the lights are?

1st Girl. No—or she would sing;
 —For the Intendant said . . .

3rd Girl. Oh, you sing first—
 Then, if she listens and comes close . . . I’ll tell you,
 Sing that song the young English noble made,
 Who took you for the purest of the pure,
 And meant to leave the world for you—what fun!

2nd Girl. [*Sings.*]

You’ll love me yet!—and I can tarry
 Your love’s protracted growing:
 June reared that bunch of flowers you carry
 From seeds of April’s sowing.

I plant a heartfull now—some seed
 At least is sure to strike
 And yield—what you’ll not pluck indeed,
 Not love, but, may be, like!

You’ll look at least on love’s remains,
 A grave’s one violet:
 Your look?—that pays a thousand pains.
 What’s death?—You’ll love me yet!

3rd Girl. [To PIPPA who approaches.] Oh, you may come closer—we shall not eat you! Why, you seem the very person that the great rich handsome Englishman has fallen so violently in love with! I'll tell you all about it.

IV.—Night. *The Palace by the Duomo.* MONSIGNOR,
dismissing his Attendants.

Monsignor. Thanks, friends, many thanks. I chiefly desire life now, that I may recompense every one of you. Most I know something of already. What, a repast prepared? *Benedicto benedicatur . . . ugh . . . ugh!* Where was I? Oh, as you were remarking, Ugo, the weather is mild, very unlike winter-weather,—but I am a Sicilian, you know, and shiver in your Julys here: To be sure, when 'twas full summer at Messina, as we priests used to cross in procession the great square on Assumption Day, you might see our thickest yellow tapers twist suddenly in two, each like a falling star, or sink down on themselves in a gore of wax. But go, my friends, but go! [To the Intendant] Not you, Ugo! [The others leave the apartment] I have long wanted to converse with you, Ugo!

Intendant. Uguccio—

Monsignor. . . 'guccio Stefani, man! of Ascoli, Fermo, and Fossombruno;—what I do need instructing about, are these accounts of your administration of my poor brother's affairs. Ugh! I shall never get through a third part of your accounts: take some of these dainties before we attempt it, however: are you bashful to that degree? For me, a crust and water suffice.

Intendant. Do you choose this especial night to question me?

Monsignor. This night, Ugo. You have managed my late brother's affairs since the death of our elder brother—fourteen years and a month, all but three days. On the 3rd of December, I find him . . .

Intendant. If you have so intimate an acquaintance with your brother's affairs, you will be tender of turning so far back—they will hardly bear looking into, so far back.

Monsignor. Ay, ay, ugh, ugh,—nothing but disappointments here below! I remark a considerable payment made to yourself on this 3rd of December. Talk of disappointments! There was a young fellow here, Jules, a foreign sculptor, I did my utmost to advance, that the church might be a gainer by us both: he was going on hopefully enough, and of a sudden he notifies to me some marvellous change that has happened in his notions of

art ; here's his letter,—“ He never had a clearly conceived Ideal within his brain till to-day. Yet since his hand could manage a chisel, he has practised expressing other men's Ideals—and, in the very perfection he has attained to, he forsees an ultimate failure—his unconscious hand will pursue its prescribed course of old years, and will reproduce with a fatal expertness the ancient types, let the novel one appear never so palpably to his spirit : there is but one method of escape—confiding the virgin type to as chaste a hand, he will turn painter instead of sculptor, and paint, not carve, its characteristics,”—strike out, I dare say, a school like Correggio : how think you, Ugo ?

Intendant. Is Correggio a painter ?

Monsignor. Foolish Jules ! and yet, after all, why foolish ? He may—probably will, fail egregiously ; but if there should arise a new painter, will it not be in some such way by a poet, now, or a musician, (spirits who have conceived and perfected an Ideal through some other channel) transferring it to this, and escaping our conventional roads by pure ignorance of them ; eh, Ugo ? If you have no appetite, talk at least, Ugo !

Intendant. Sir, I can submit no longer to this course of yours : first, you select the group of which I formed one,—next you thin it gradually,—always retaining me with your smile,—and so do you proceed till you have fairly got me alone with you between four stone walls : and now then ? Let this farce, this chatter end now—what is it you want with me ?

Monsignor. Ugo . . .

Intendant. From the instant you arrived, I felt your smile on me as you questioned me about this and the other article in those papers—why your brother should have given me this villa, that *podere*,—and your nod at the end meant,—what ?

Monsignor. Possibly that I wished for no loud talk here : if once you set me coughing, Ugo !—

Intendant. I have your brother's hand and seal to all I possess : now ask me what for ! what service I did him—ask me !

Monsignor. I had better not—I should rip up old disgraces—let out my poor brother's weaknesses. By the way, Maffeo of Forli, (which, I forgot to observe, is your true name) was the interdict ever taken off you, for robbing that church at Cesena ?

Intendant. No, nor needs be—for when I murdered your brother's friend, Pasquale, for him . . .

Monsignor. Ah, he employed you in that business, did he ? Well, I must let you keep, as you say, this villa and that *podere*, for fear the world should find out my relations

were of so indifferent a stamp! Maffeo, my family is the oldest in Messina, and century after century have my progenitors gone on polluting themselves with every wickedness under Heaven: my own father . . . rest his soul!—I have, I know, a chapel to support that it may rest: my dear two dead brothers were,—what you know tolerably well; I, the youngest, might have rivalled them in vice, if not in wealth, but from my boyhood I came out from among them, and so am not partaker of their plagues. My glory springs from another source; or if from this, by contrast only,—for I, the bishop, am the brother of your employers, Ugo. I hope to repair some of their wrong, however; so far as my brother's ill-gotten treasure reverts to me, I can stop the consequences of his crime; and not one *soldo* shall escape me. Maffeo, the sword we quiet men spurn away, you shrewd knaves pick up and commit murders with; what opportunities the virtuous forego, the villainous seize. Because, to pleasure myself, apart from other considerations, my food would be millet-cake, my dress sack-cloth, and my couch straw,—am I therefore to let you, the off-scouring of the earth, seduce the poor and ignorant, by appropriating a pomp these will be sure to think lessens the abominations so unaccountably and exclusively associated with it? Must I let villas and *poderes* go to you, a murderer and thief, that you may beget by means of them other murderers and thieves? No . . . if my cough would but allow me to speak!

Intendant. What am I to expect? You are going to punish me?

Monsignor. Must punish you, Maffeo. I cannot afford to cast away a chance. I have whole centuries of sin to redeem, and only a month or two of life to do it in! How should I dare to say . . .

Intendant. “Forgive us our trespasses”—

Monsignor. My friend, it is because I avow myself a very worm, sinful beyond measure, that I reject a line of conduct you would applaud, perhaps: shall I proceed, as it were, a-pardoning?—I?—who have no symptom of reason to assume that aught less than my strenuousest efforts will keep myself out of mortal sin, much less, keep others out. No—I do not trespass, but will not double that by allowing you to trespass.

Intendant. And suppose the villas are not your brother's to give, nor yours to take? Oh, you are hasty enough just now!

Monsignor. 1, 2—No. 3!—ay, can you read the substance of a letter, No. 3, I have received from Rome? It is precisely on the ground there mentioned, of the suspicion I have that a certain child of my late elder brother, who

would have succeeded to his estates, was murdered in infancy by you, Maffeo, at the instigation of my late brother—that the Pontiff enjoins on me not merely the bringing that Maffeo to condign punishment, but the taking all pains, as guardian of that infant's heritage for the Church, to recover it parcel by parcel, howsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever. While you are now gnawing those fingers, the police are engaged in sealing up your papers, Maffeo, and the mere raising my voice brings my people from the next room to dispose of yourself. But I want you to confess quietly, and save me raising my voice. Why, man, do I not know the old story? The heir between the succeeding heir, and that heir's ruffianly instrument, and their complot's effect, and the life of fear and bribes, and ominous smiling silence? Did you throttle or stab my brother's infant? Come, now!

Intendant. So old a story, and tell it no better? When did such an instrument ever produce such an effect? Either the child smiles in his face, or, most likely, he is not fool enough to put himself in the employer's power so thoroughly—the child is always ready to produce—as you say—howsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever.

Monsignor. Liar!

Intendant. Strike me? Ah, so might a father chastise! I shall sleep soundly to-night at least, though the gallows await me to-morrow; for what a life did I lead! Carlo of Cesena reminds me of his connivance, every time I pay his annuity (which happens commonly thrice a year). If I remonstrate, he will confess all to the good bishop—you!

Monsignor. I see thro' the trick, caitiff! I would you spoke truth for once; all shall be sifted, however—seven times sifted.

Intendant. And how my absurd riches encumbered me! I dared not lay claim to above half my possessions. Let me but once embosom myself, glorify Heaven, and die!

Sir, you are no brutal, dastardly idiot like your brother I frightened to death—let us understand one another. Sir, I will make away with her for you—the girl—here close at hand; not the stupid obvious kind of killing; do not speak—know nothing of her or me! I see her every day—saw her this morning: of course there is to be no killing; but at Rome the courtesans perish off every three years, and I can entice her thither—have, indeed, begun operations already. There's a certain lusty, blue-eyed, florid-complexioned, English knave I and the Police employ occasionally.—You assent, I perceive—no, that's not it—assent I do not say—but you will let me convert my present havings and holdings into cash, and give me time to cross the Alps? 'Tis but a little black-eyed, pretty singing

Felippa, gay silk-winding girl. I have kept her out of harm's way up to this present; for I always intended to make your life a plague to you with her! 'Tis as well settled once and for ever: some women I have procured will pass Bluphocks, my handsome scoundrel, off for somebody; and once Pippa entangled!—you conceive? Through her singing? Is it a bargain?

[From without is heard the voice of PIPPA, singing—

Over-head the tree-tops meet—
 Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet—
 There was nought above me, and nought below,
 My childhood had not learned to know!
 For, what are the voices of birds
 —Ay, and of beasts,—but words—our words,
 Only so much more sweet?
 The knowledge of that with my life begun!
 But I had so near made out the sun,
 And counted your stars, the Seven and One,
 Like the fingers of my hand:
 Nay, I could all but understand
 Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
 And just when out of her soft fifty changes
 No unfamiliar face might overlook me—
 Suddenly God took me!

[PIPPA passes.

Monsignor. [Springing up.] My people—one and all—
 all—within there! Gag this villain—tie him hand and
 foot! He dares—I know not half he dares—but remove
 him—quick! *Miserere mei, Domine!* Quick, I say!

PIPPA'S Chamber again. She enters it.

The bee with his comb,
 The mouse at her dray,
 The grub in its tomb,
 Wile winter away;
 But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and lob-worm, I pray,
 How fare they?
 Ha, ha, best thanks for your counsel, my Zanze—
 “Feast upon lampreys, quaff the Breganze”—
 The summer of life's so easy to spend,
 And care for to-morrow so soon put away!
 But winter hastens at summer's end,
 And fire-fly, hedge-shrew, lob-worm, pray,
 How fare they?
 No bidding me then to . . . what did she say?

" Pare your nails pearlwise, get your small feet shoes
 " More like . . . (what said she?)—and less like
 canoes—"
 How pert that girl was!—would I be those pert
 Impudent staring women! it had done me,
 However, surely no such mighty hurt
 To learn his name who passed that jest upon me:
 No foreigner, that I can recollect,
 Came, as she says, a month since, to inspect
 Our silk-mills—none with blue eyes and thick rings
 Of English-coloured hair, at all events.
 Well—if old Luca keeps his good intents,
 We shall do better: see what next year brings
 I may buy shoes, my Zanze, not appear
 More destitute than you, perhaps, next year!
 Bluph . . . something! I had caught the uncouth name
 But for Monsignor's people's sudden clatter
 Above us—bound to spoil such idle chatter
 As ours; it were, indeed, a serious matter
 If silly talk like ours should put to shame
 The pious man, the man devoid of blame,
 The . . . ah, but—ah, but, all the same,
 No mere mortal has a right
 To carry that exalted air;
 Best people are not angels quite—
 While—not the worst of people's doings scare
 The devils; so there's that proud look to spare!
 Which is mere counsel to myself, mind! for
 I have just been the holy Monsignor!
 And I was you too, Luigi's gentle mother,
 And you too, Luigi!—how that Luigi started
 Out of the Turret—doubtlessly departed
 On some good errand or another,
 For he past just now in a traveller's trim,
 And the sullen company that prowled
 About his path, I noticed, scowled
 As if they had lost a prey in him.
 And I was Jules the sculptor's bride,
 And I was Ottima beside,
 And now what am I?—tired of fooling!
 Day for folly, night for schooling!
 New year's day is over and spent,
 Ill or well, I must be content!
 Even my lily's asleep, I vow:
 Wake up—here's a friend I've pluckt you!
 See—call this flower a heart's-ease now!
 And something rare, let me instruct you,
 Is this—with petals triply swollen,
 Three times spotted, thrice the pollen,

While the leaves and parts that witness
 The old proportions and their fitness
 Here remain, unchanged unmoved now—
 So call this pampered thing improved now!
 Suppose there's a king of the flowers
 And a girl-show held in his bowers—
 "Look ye, buds, this growth of ours,"
 Says he, "Zanze from the Brenta,
 I have made her gorge polenta
 Till both cheeks are near as bouncing
 As her . . . name there's no pronouncing!
 See this heightened colour too—
 For she swilled Breganze wine
 Till her nose turned deep carmine—
 'Twas but white when wild she grew!
 And only by this Zanze's eyes
 Of which we could not change the size,
 The magnitude of what's achieved
 Otherwise, may be perceived!"
 Oh what a drear, dark close to my poor day!
 How could that red sun drop in that black cloud!
 Ah, Pippa, morning's rule is moved away,
 Dispensed with, never more to be allowed,
 Day's turn is over—now arrives the night's—
 Oh, Lark, be day's apostle
 To mavis, merle and throstle,
 Bid them their betters jostle
 From day and its delights!
 But at night, brother Howlet, far over the woods,
 Toll the world to thy chantry—
 Sing to the bats' sleek sisterhoods
 Full complines with gallantry—
 Then, owls and bats, cowls and twats,
 Monks and nuns, in a cloister's moods,
 Adjourn to the oak-stump pantry!

[After she has begun to undress herself.]

Now, one thing I should like really to know:
 How near I ever might approach all these
 I only fancied being, this long day—
 —Approached, I mean, so as to touch them—so
 As to . . . in some way . . . move them—if you please,
 Do good or evil to them some slight way.
 For instance, if I wind
 Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind

[Sitting on the bedside.]

And broider Ottima's cloak's hem—
 Ah, me and my important part with them,
 This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
 True in some sense or other, I suppose,

Though I passed by them all, and felt no sign.
 [As she lies down.]

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
 No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.

All service is the same with God—
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we: there is no last nor first.—
 [She sleeps.]

DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS

TO
JOHN KENYON, Esq.

DRAMATIC
ROMANCES AND LYRICS

1842-5

R. B.
To the Deeds that prompt our valiant
Cavaliers! — Lips from the cup
Hands from the party, nor bid take nor cup
Till you're (Chorus) marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampden to Hell, and his countrymen
Serve Maxims, Finnes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert's near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here.

(Chorus) *Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

* Such Poems as the following come properly enough, I suppose, under the head of "Dramatic Pieces;" being, though for the most part Lyric in character, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not alike.

Though I passed by them all, and felt no shame,
 [She sits down.]
 God bless me! I can pray no more to-night;
 No doubt, some way or other, I must say to-night.
 All service is the same with God—
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we; there is no last nor first.

[She sleeps.]

INSCRIBED

TO

JOHN KENYON, Esq.,

IN THE HOPE THAT A RECOLLECTION OF HIS
 OWN SUCCESSFUL "RHYMED PLEA FOR TOLERANCE"
 MAY INDUCE HIM TO ADMIT GOOD-NATUREDLY
 THIS HUMBLER PROSE ONE OF HIS VERY
 GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIEND.

R. B.

DRAMATIC ROMANCES AND LYRICS

IV

CAVALIER TUNES *

I.—MARCHING ALONG

1

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

2

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're (*Chorus*) *marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

3

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

(*Chorus*) *Marching along, fifty-score strong,*
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

* Such Poems as the following come properly enough, I suppose, under the head of "Dramatic Pieces;" being, though for the most part Lyric in expression, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine.

4

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

(Chorus) *March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

II.—GIVE A ROUSE

1

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

2

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

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

3

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

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

III.—BOOT AND SADDLE

1

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

(Chorus) *“Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!”*

2

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

(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

3

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

(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

4

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

(Chorus) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

v

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive; I call
 That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps

"Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 "Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 "Half-flush that dies along her throat;" such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
 Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine hundred years old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this
 "Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 "Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
 Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your Master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, tho',
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

VI

COUNT GISMOND

AIX IN PROvence

1

CHRIST God, who savest men, save most
 Of men Count Gismond who saved me !
 Count Gauthier, when he chose his post,
 Chose time and place and company
 To suit it ; when he struck at length
 My honour 'twas with all his strength.

2

And doubtlessly ere he could draw
 All points to one, he must have schemed !
 That miserable morning saw
 Few half so happy as I seemed,
 While being dressed in Queen's array
 To give our Tourney prize away.

3

I thought they loved me, did me grace
 To please themselves ; 'twas all their deed ;
 God makes, or fair or foul, our face ;
 If showing mine so caused to bleed
 My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
 A word, and straight the play had stopped.

4

They, too, so beauteous ! Each a queen
 By virtue of her brow and breast ;
 Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
 As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
 Had either of them spoke, instead
 Of glancing sideways with still head !

5

But no : they let me laugh, and sing
 My birthday song quite through, adjust
 The last rose in my garland, fling
 A last look on the mirror, trust
 My arms to each an arm of theirs,
 And so descend the castle-stairs—

6

And come out on the morning troop
 Of merry friends who kissed my cheek,
 And called me Queen, and made me stoop
 Under the canopy—(a streak
 That pierced it, of the outside sun,
 Powdered with gold its gloom's soft dun)—

7

And they could let me take my state
 And foolish throne amid applause
 Of all come there to celebrate
 My Queen's day—Oh, I think the cause
 Of much was, they forgot no crowd
 Makes up for parents in their shroud!

8

Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
 Upon me, when my cousins cast
 Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
 The victor's crown, but . . . there, 'twill last
 No long time . . . the old mist again
 Blinds me as then it did. How vain!

9

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
 With his two boys: I can proceed.
 Well, at that moment, who should stalk
 Forth boldly (to my face, indeed)
 But Gauthier, and he thundered "Stay!"
 And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!"

10

"Bring torches! Wind the penance-sheet
 "About her! Let her shun the chaste,
 "Or lay herself before their feet!
 "Shall she, whose body I embraced
 "A night long, queen it in the day?
 "For Honour's sake no crowns, I say!"

11

I? What I answered? As I live,
 I never fancied such a thing
 As answer possible to give.
 What says the body when they spring
 Some monstrous torture-engine's whole
 Strength on it? No more says the soul.

12

Till out strode Gismond; then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?

13

He strode to Gauthier, in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-handed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead,
And damned, and truth stood up instead.

14

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my content
In watching Gismond unalloyed
By any doubt of the event:
God took that on him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part: I did.

15

Did I not watch him while he let
His armourer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, on the fret
The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out, nor how anon
He pulled his ringing gauntlets on.

16

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false Knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
Of the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

17

Which done, he dragged him to my feet
And said "Here die, but end thy breath
"In full confession, lest thou fleet
"From my first, to God's second death!
"Say, hast thou lied?" And, "I have lied
"To God and her," he said, and died.

18

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked
 —What safe my heart holds, tho' no word
 Could I repeat now, if I tasked
 My powers for ever, to a third
 Dear even as you are. Pass the rest
 Until I sank upon his breast.

19

Over my head his arm he flung
 Against the world; and scarce I felt
 His sword, that dripped by me and swung,
 A little shifted in its belt,—
 For he began to say the while
 How South our home lay many a mile.

20

So 'mid the shouting multitude
 We two walked forth to never more
 Return. My cousins have pursued
 Their life, untroubled as before
 I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
 God lighten! May his soul find grace!

21

Our elder boy has got the clear
 Great brow; tho' when his brother's black
 Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?
 And have you brought my tercel back?
 I just was telling Adela
 How many birds it struck since May.

VII

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

VIII

SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

1

GR-R-R—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
 Water your damned flower-pots, do!
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,
 God's blood, would not mine kill you!
 What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
 Oh, that rose has prior claims—
 Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

2

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
 Wise talk of the kind of weather,
 Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley"?
 What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

3

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,
 Laid with care on our own shelf!
 With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,
 And a goblet for ourself,
 Rinsed like something sacrificial
 Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—
 Marked with L. for our initial!
 (He, he! There his lily snaps!)

4

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
 Squats outside the Convent bank,
 With Sanchicha, telling stories,
 Steeping tresses in the tank,
 Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,
 —Can't I see his dead eye glow
 Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
 (That is, if he'd let it show!)

5

When he finishes refection,
 Knife and fork he never lays
 Cross-wise, to my recollection,
 As do I, in Jesu's praise.
 I, the Trinity illustrate,
 Drinking watered orange-pulp—
 In three sips the Arian frustrate;
 While he drains his at one gulp!

6

Oh, those melons! If he's able
 We're to have a feast; so nice!
 One goes to the Abbot's table,
 All of us get each a slice.
 How go on your flowers? None double?
 Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
 Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,
 Keep 'em close-nipped on the sly!

7

There's a great text in Galatians,
 Once you trip on it, entails
 Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
 One sure, if another fails.
 If I trip him just a-dying,
 Sure of Heaven as sure can be,
 Spin him round and send him flying
 Off to Hell, a Manichee?

8

Or, my scrofulous French novel,
 On grey paper with blunt type!
 Simply glance at it, you grovel
 Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
 If I double down its pages
 At the woeful sixteenth print
 When he gathers his greengages,
 Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

9

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
 Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
 Such a flaw in the indenture
 As he'd miss till, past retrieve,

Blasted lay that rose-acacia

We're so proud of! *Hy, Zy, Hine . . .*
'St, there's Vespers! *Plena gratiâ*
Ave, Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

IX

IN A GONDOLA

He sings.

I SEND my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing!
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place.

She speaks.

Say after me, and try to say
My very words, as if each word
Came from you of your own accord,
In your own voice, in your own way:
"This woman's heart, and soul, and brain
"Are mine as much as this gold chain
"She bids me wear; which" (say again)
"I choose to make by cherishing
"A precious thing, or choose to fling
"Over the boat-side, ring by ring."
And yet once more say . . . no word more!
Since words are only words. Give o'er!
Unless you call me, all the same,
Familiarly by my pet-name
Which, if the Three should hear you call,
And me reply to, would proclaim
At once our secret to them all:
Ask of me, too, command me, blame—
Do break down the partition-wall
'Twixt us, the daylight world beholds
Curtained in dusk and splendid folds.
What's left but—all of me to take?
I am the Three's; prevent them, slake
Your thirst! 'Tis said, the Arab sage
In practising with gems can loose

Their subtle spirit in his cruce
 And leave but ashes : so, sweet mage,
 Leave them my ashes when thy use
 Sucks out my soul, thy heritage!

He sings.

1

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 What's that poor Agnese doing
 Where they make the shutters fast?
 Grey Zanobi's just a-wooing
 To his couch the purchased bride:
 Past we glide!

2

Past we glide, and past, and past!
 Why's the Pucci Palace flaring
 Like a beacon to the blast?
 Guests by hundreds—not one caring
 If the dear host's neck were wried
 Past we glide!

She sings.

1

The Moth's kiss, first!
 Kiss me as if you made believe
 You were not sure, this eve,
 How my face, your flower, had pursed
 Its petals up; so, here and there
 You brush it, till I grow aware
 Who wants me, and wide open burst.

2

The Bee's kiss, now!
 Kiss me as if you entered gay
 My heart at some noonday,
 A bud that dares not disallow
 The claim, so all is rendered up,
 And passively its shattered cup
 Over your head to sleep I bow.

He sings.

1

What are we two?
 I am a Jew,
 And carry thee, farther than friends can pursue,

To a feast of our tribe,
 Where they need thee to bribe
 The devil that blasts them unless he imbibe
 Thy . . . Shatter the vision for ever! And now,
 As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou!

2

Say again, what we are?
 The sprite of a star,
 I lure thee above where the Destinies bar
 My plumes their full play
 Till a ruddier ray
 Than my pale one announce there is withering away
 Some . . . Shatter the vision for ever! And now,
 As of old, I am I, Thou art Thou!

He muses.

Oh, which were best, to roam or rest?
 The land's lap or the water's breast?
 To sleep on yellow millet-sheaves,
 Or swim in lucid shallows, just
 Eluding water-lily leaves,
 An inch from Death's black fingers, thrust
 To lock you, whom release he must;
 Which life were best on Summer eves?

He speaks, musing.

Lie back; could thought of mine improve you?
 From this shoulder let there spring
 A wing; from this, another wing;
 Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you!
 Snow-white must they spring, to blend
 With your flesh, but I intend
 They shall deepen to the end,
 Broader, into burning gold,
 Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
 Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
 To o'er your head, where, lo, they meet
 As if a million sword-blades hurled
 Defiance from you to the world!
 Rescue me thou, the only real!
 And scare away this mad Ideal
 That came, nor motions to depart!
 Thanks! Now, stay ever as thou art!

Still he muses.

1

What if the Three should catch at last
Thy serenader? While there's cast
Paul's cloak about my head, and fast
Gian pinions me, Himself has past
His stilet thro' my back; I reel;
And . . . is it Thou I feel?

2

They trail me, these three godless knaves,
Past every church that sains and saves,
Nor stop till, where the cold sea raves
By Lido's wet accursed graves,
They scoop mine, roll me to its brink,
And . . . on Thy breast I sink!

She replies, musing.

Dip your arm o'er the boat-side, elbow-deep,
As I do: thus: were Death so unlike Sleep,
Caught this way? Death's to fear from flame, or steel,
Or poison doubtless; but from water—feel!

Go find the bottom! Would you stay me? There!
Now pluck a great blade of that ribbon-grass
To plait in where the foolish jewel was,
I flung away: since you have praised my hair,
'Tis proper to be choice in what I wear.

He speaks.

Row home? must we row home? Too surely
Know I where its front's demurely
Over the Giudecca piled;
Window just with window mating,
Door on door exactly waiting,
All's the set face of a child:
But behind it, where's a trace
Of the staidness and reserve,
And formal lines without a curve,
In the same child's playing-face?
No two windows look one way
O'er the small sea-water thread
Below them. Ah, the autumn day
I, passing, saw you overhead!
First, out a cloud of curtain blew,
Then, a sweet cry, and last, came you—

To catch your loory that must needs
Escape just then, of all times then,
To peck a tall plant's fleecy seeds,
And make me happiest of men.
I scarce could breathe to see you reach
So far back o'er the balcony,
(To catch him ere he climbed too high
Above you in the Smyrna peach)
That quick the round smooth cord of gold,
This coiled hair on your head, unrolled,
Fell down you like a gorgeous snake
The Roman girls were wont, of old,
When Rome there was, for coolness' sake
To let lie curling o'er their bosoms.
Dear loory, may his beak retain
Ever its delicate rose stain
As if the wounded lotus-blossoms
Had marked their thief to know again!
Stay longer yet, for others' sake
Than mine! what should your chamber do?
—With all its rarities that ache
In silence while day lasts, but wake
At night-time and their life renew,
Suspended just to pleasure you
—That brought against their will together
These objects, and, while day lasts, weave
Around them such a magic tether
That they look dumb: your harp, believe,
With all the sensitive tight strings
That dare not speak, now to itself
Breathes slumbrously as if some elf
Went in and out the chords, his wings
Make murmur wheresoe'er they graze,
As an angel may, between the maze
Of midnight palace-pillars, on
And on, to sow God's plagues have gone
Through guilty glorious Babylon.
And while such murmurs flow, the nymph
Bends o'er the harp-top from her shell,
As the dry limpet for the lymph
Come with a tune he knows so well.
And how your statues' hearts must swell!
And how your pictures must descend
To see each other, friend with friend!
Oh, could you take them by surprise,
You'd find Schidone's eager Duke
Doing the quaintest courtesies
To that prim Saint by Haste-thee-Luke:
And, deeper into her rock den,

Bold Castelfranco's Magdalen
 You'd find retreated from the ken
 Of that robed counsel-keeping Ser—
 As if the Tizian thinks of her,
 And is not, rather, gravely bent
 On seeing for himself what toys
 Are these, his progeny invent,
 What litter now the board employs
 Whereon he signed a document
 That got him murdered! Each enjoys
 Its night so well, you cannot break
 The sport up, so, indeed must make
 More stay with me, for others' sake.

She speaks.

1

To-morrow, if a harp-string, say,
 Is used to tie the jasmine back
 That overflows my room with sweets,
 Contrive your Zorzi somehow meets
 My Zanze: in the ribbon's black,
 The Three are watching; keep away.

2

Your gondola—let Zorzi wreath
 A mesh of water-weeds about
 Its prow, as if he unaware
 Had struck some quay or bridge-foot stair;
 That I may throw a paper out
 As you and he go underneath.

There's Zanze's vigilant taper; safe are we!
 Only one minute more to-night with me?
 Resume your past self of a month ago!
 Be you the bashful gallant, I will be
 The lady with the colder breast than snow:
 Now bow you, as becomes, nor touch my hand
 More than I touch yours when I step to land,
 And say, "All thanks, Siora!"—

Heart to heart,
 And lips to lips! Yet once more, ere we part,
 Clasp me, and make me thine, as mine thou art!

[He is surprised, and stabbed.]

It was ordained to be so, Sweet,—and best
 Comes now, beneath thine eyes, and on thy breast.

Still kiss me! Care not for the cowards! Care
 Only to put aside thy beauteous hair
 My blood will hurt! The Three, I do not scorn
 To death, because they never lived: but I
 Have lived indeed, and so—(yet one more kiss)—
 can die!

x

ARTEMIS PROLOGUIZES

I AM a Goddess of the ambrosial courts,
 And save by Here, Queen of Pride, surpassed
 By none whose temples whiten this the world.
 Thro' Heaven I roll my lucid moon along ;
 I shed in Hell o'er my pale people peace ;
 On Earth, I, caring for the creatures, guard
 Each pregnant yellow wolf and fox-bitch sleek,
 And every feathered mother's callow brood,
 And all that love green haunts and loneliness.
 Of men, the chaste adore me, hanging crowns
 Of poppies red to blackness, bell and stem,
 Upon my image at Athenai here ;
 And this dead Youth, Asclepios bends above,
 Was dearest to me. He my buskined step
 To follow thro' the wild-wood leafy ways,
 And chase the panting stag, or swift with darts
 Stop the swift ounce, or lay the leopard low,
 Neglected homage to another God :
 Whence Aphrodite, by no midnight smoke
 Of tapers lulled, in jealousy dispatched
 A noisome lust that, as the gadbee stings,
 Possessed his stepdame Phaidra for himself
 The son of Theseus her great absent spouse.
 Hippolutos exclaiming in his rage
 Against the miserable Queen, she judged
 Life insupportable, and, pricked at heart
 An Amazonian stranger's race should dare
 To scorn her, perished by the murderous cord :
 Yet, ere she perished, blasted in a scroll
 The fame of him her swerving made not swerve,
 Which Theseus read, returning, and believed,
 So, exiled in the blindness of his wrath,
 The man without a crime, who, last as first,
 Loyal, divulged not to his sire the truth.
 Now Theseus from Poseidon had obtained
 That of his wishes should be granted Three,
 And this he imprecated straight—alive

May ne'er Hippolutos reach other lands !
 Poseidon heard, ai ai ! And scarce the prince
 Had stepped into the fixed boots of the car,
 That gave the feet a stay against the strength
 Of the Henetian horses, and around
 His body flung the reins, and urged their speed
 Along the rocks and shingles of the shore,
 When from the gaping wave a monster flung
 His obscene body in the coursers' path !
 These, mad with terror as the sea-bull sprawled
 Wallowing about their feet, lost care of him
 That reared them ; and the master-chariot-pole
 Snapping beneath their plunges like a reed,
 Hippolutos, whose feet were trammeled fast,
 Was yet dragged forward by the circling rein
 Which either hand directed ; nor was quenched
 The frenzy of that flight before each trace,
 Wheel-spoke and splinter of the woeful car,
 Each boulder-stone, sharp stub, and spiny shell,
 Huge fish-bone wrecked and wreathed amid the sands
 On that detested beach, was bright with blood
 And morsels of his flesh : then fell the steeds
 Head-foremost, crashing in their mooned fronts,
 Shivering with sweat, each white eye horror-fixed.
 His people, who had witnessed all afar,
 Bore back the ruins of Hippolutos.
 But when his sire, too swoln with pride, rejoiced,
 (Indomitable as a man foredoomed)
 That vast Poseidon had fulfilled his prayer,
 I, in a flood of glory visible,
 Stood o'er my dying votary, and deed
 By deed revealed, as all took place, the truth.
 Then Theseus lay the woofullest of men,
 And worthily ; but ere the death-veils hid
 His face, the murdered prince full pardon breathed
 To his rash sire. Whereat Athenai wails.
 So, I who ne'er forsake my votaries,
 Lest in the cross-way none the honey-cake
 Should tender, nor pour out the dog's hot life ;
 Lest at my fain the priests disconsolate
 Should dress my image with some faded poor
 Few crowns, made favours of, nor dare object
 Such slackness to my worshippers who turn
 The trusting heart and loaded hand elsewhere
 As they had climbed Oulumpos to report
 Of Artemis and nowhere found her throne—
 I interposed : and, this eventful night,
 While round the funeral pyre the populace
 Stood with fierce light on their black robes that blind

Each sobbing head, while yet their hair they clipped
 O'er the dead body of their withered prince,
 And, in his palace, Theseus prostrated
 On the cold hearth, his brow cold as the slab
 'Twas bruised on, groaned away the heavy grief—
 As the pyre fell, and down the cross logs crashed,
 Sending a crowd of sparkles thro' the night,
 And the gay fire, elate with mastery,
 Towered like a serpent o'er the clotted jars
 Of wine, dissolving oils and frankincense,
 And splendid gums, like gold,—my potency
 Conveyed the perished man to my retreat
 In the thrice venerable forest here.
 And this white-bearded Sage who squeezes now
 The berried plant, is Phoibos' son of fame,
 Asclepios, whom my radiant brother taught
 The doctrine of each herb and flower and root,
 To know their secret'st virtue and express
 The saving soul of all—who so has soothed
 With lavers the torn brow and murdered cheeks,
 Composed the hair and brought its gloss again,
 And called the red bloom to the pale skin back,
 And laid the strips and jagged ends of flesh
 Even once more, and slacked the sinew's knot
 Of every tortured limb—that now he lies
 As if mere sleep possessed him underneath
 These interwoven oaks and pines. Oh, cheer,
 Divine presenter of the healing rod
 Thy snake, with ardent throat and lulling eye,
 Twines his lithe spires around! I say, much cheer!
 Proceed thou with thy wisest pharmacies!
 And ye, white crowd of woodland sister-nymphs,
 Ply, as the Sage directs, these buds and leaves
 That strew the turf around the Twain! While I
 Await, in fitting silence, the event.

XI

WARING

I

1

WHAT'S become of Waring
 Since he gave us all the slip,
 Chose land-travel or seafaring,
 Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,

Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London-town ?

2

Who'd have guessed it from his lip,
Or his brow's accustomed bearing,
On the night he thus took ship,
Or started landward ?—little caring
For us, it seems, who supped together,
(Friends of his too, I remember)
And walked home thro' the merry weather,
The snowiest in all December ;
I left his arm that night myself
For what's-his-name's, the new prose-poet,
That wrote the book there, on the shelf—
How, forsooth, was I to know it
If Waring meant to glide away
Like a ghost at break of day ?
Never looked he half so gay !

3

He was prouder than the Devil :
How he must have cursed our revel !
Ay, and many other meetings,
Indoor visits, outdoor greetings,
As up and down he paced this London,
With no work done, but great works undone,
Where scarce twenty knew his name.
Why not, then, have earlier spoken,
Written, bustled ? Who's to blame
If your silence kept unbroken ?
“ True, but there were sundry jottings,
“ Stray-leaves, fragments, blurrs and blottings,
“ Certain first steps were achieved
“ Already which ”—(is that your meaning ?)
“ Had well borne out who'er believed
“ In more to come ! ” But who goes gleaning
Hedge-side chance-blades, while full-sheaved
Stand cornfields by him ? Pride, o'erweening
Pride alone, puts forth such claims
O'er the day's distinguished names.

4

Meantime, how much I loved him,
I find out now I've lost him :
I, who cared not if I moved him,
Who could so carelessly accost him,

Henceforth never shall get free
 Of his ghostly company,
 His eyes that just a little wink
 As deep I go into the merit
 Of this and that distinguished spirit—
 His cheeks' raised colour, soon to sink,
 As long I dwell on some stupendous
 And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
 Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
 Demoniaco-seraphic
 Penman's latest piece of graphic.
 Nay, my very wrist grows warm
 With his dragging weight of arm!
 E'en so, swimmingly appears,
 Thro' one's after-supper musings,
 Some lost Lady of old years,
 With her beauteous vain endeavour,
 And goodness unrepaid as ever;
 The face, accustomed to refusings,
 We, puppies that we were . . . Oh never
 Surely, nice of conscience, scrupled
 Being aught like false, forsooth, to?
 Telling aught but honest truth to?
 What a sin, had we centupled
 Its possessor's grace and sweetness!
 No! she heard in its completeness
 Truth, for truth's a weighty matter,
 And, truth at issue, we can't flatter!
 Well, 'tis done with: she's exempt
 From damning us thro' such a sally;
 And so she glides, as down a valley,
 Taking up with her contempt,
 Past our reach; and in, the flowers
 Shut her unregarded hours.

5

Oh, could I have him back once more,
 This Waring, but one half-day more!
 Back, with the quiet face of yore,
 So hungry for acknowledgment
 Like mine! I'd fool him to his bent!
 Feed, should not he, to heart's content?
 I'd say, "to only have conceived
 "Your great works, tho' they ne'er make progress,
 "Surpasses all we've yet achieved!"
 I'd lie so, I should be believed.
 I'd make such havoc of the claims
 Of the day's distinguished names

To feast him with, as feasts an ogress
 Her sharp-toothed golden-crowned child !
 Or, as one feasts a creature rarely
 Captured here, unreconciled
 To capture ; and completely gives
 Its pettish humours licence, barely
 Requiring that it lives.

6

Ichabod, Ichabod,
 The glory is departed !
 Travels Waring East away ?
 Who, of knowledge, by hearsay,
 Reports a man upstarted
 Somewhere as a God,
 Hordes grown European-hearted,
 Millions of the wild made tame
 On a sudden at his fame ?
 In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?
 Or who, in Moscow, toward the Czar,
 With the demurest of footfalls
 Over the Kremlin's pavement, bright
 With serpentine and syenite,
 Steps, with five other Generals,
 That simultaneously take snuff,
 For each to have pretext enough
 To kerchiefwise unfurl his sash
 Which, softness' self, is yet the stuff
 To hold fast where a steel chain snaps,
 And leave the grand white neck no gash ?
 Waring, in Moscow, to those rough
 Cold northern natures borne, perhaps,
 Like the lambwhite maiden dear
 From the circle of mute kings,
 Unable to repress the tear,
 Each as his sceptre down he flings,
 To Dian's fane at Taurica,
 Where now a captive priestess, she alway
 Mingles her tender grave Hellenic speech
 With theirs, tuned to the hailstone-beaten beach,
 As pours some pigeon, from the myrrhy lands
 Rapt by the whirlblast to fierce Scythian strands
 Where breed the swallows, her melodious cry
 Amid their barbarous twitter !
 In Russia ? Never ! Spain were fitter !
 Ay, most likely 'tis in Spain
 That we and Waring meet again—
 Now, while he turns down that cool narrow lane

Into the blackness, out of grave Madrid
 All fire and shine—abrupt as when there's slid
 Its stiff gold blazing pall
 From some black coffin-lid.
 Or, best of all,
 I love to think
 The leaving us was just a feint ;
 Back here to London did he slink ;
 And now works on without a wink
 Of sleep, and we are on the brink
 Of something great in fresco-paint :
 Some garret's ceiling, walls and floor,
 Up and down and o'er and o'er
 He splashes, as none splashed before
 Since great Caldara Polidore :
 Or Music means this land of ours
 Some favour yet, to pity won
 By Purcell from his Rosy Bowers,—
 " Give me my so long promised son,
 " Let Waring end what I begun ! "

Then down he creeps and out he steals
 Only when the night conceals
 His face—in Kent 'tis cherry-time,
 Or, hops are picking ; or, at prime
 Of March, he wanders as, too happy,
 Years ago when he was young,
 Some mild eve when woods grew sappy,
 And the early moths had sprung
 To life from many a trembling sheath
 Woven the warm boughs beneath ;
 While small birds said to themselves
 What should soon be actual song,
 And young gnats, by tens and twelves,
 Made as if they were the throng
 That crowd around and carry aloft
 The sound they have nursed, so sweet and pure,
 Out of a myriad noises soft,
 Into a tone that can endure
 Amid the noise of a July noon,
 When all God's creatures crave their boon,
 All at once and all in tune,
 And get it, happy as Waring then,
 Having first within his ken
 What a man might do with men,
 And far too glad, in the even-glow,
 To mix with your world he meant to take
 Into his hand, he told you, so—
 And out of it his world to make,
 To contract and to expand

As he shut or oped his hand.
 Oh, Waring, what's to really be ?
 A clear stage and a crowd to see !
 Some Garrick—say—out shall not he
 The heart of Hamlet's mystery pluck ?
 Or, where most unclean beasts are rife,
 Some Junius—am I right ?—shall tuck
 His sleeve, and out with flaying-knife !
 Some Chatterton shall have the luck
 Of calling Rowley into life !
 Some one shall somehow run a muck
 With this old world, for want of strife
 Sound asleep : contrive, contrive
 To rouse us, Waring ! Who's alive ?
 Our men scarce seem in earnest now :
 Distinguished names !—but 'tis, somehow,
 As if they played at being names
 Still more distinguished, like the games
 Of children. Turn our sport to earnest
 With a visage of the sternest !
 Bring the real times back, confessed
 Still better than our very best !

II

1

“ WHEN I last saw Waring . . .”
 (How all turned to him who spoke—
 You saw Waring ? Truth or joke ?
 In land-travel, or sea-faring ?)

2

“ We were sailing by Triest,
 “ Where a day or two we harboured :
 “ A sunset was in the West,
 “ When, looking over the vessel's side,
 “ One of our company espied
 “ A sudden speck to larboard.
 “ And, as a sea-duck flies and swims
 “ At once, so came the light craft up,
 “ With its sole lateen sail that trims
 “ And turns (the water round its rims
 “ Dancing, as round a sinking cup)
 “ And by us like a fish it curled,
 “ And drew itself up close beside,
 “ Its great sail on the instant furled,
 “ And o'er its planks, a shrill voice cried,