

Sieg. You shall do so—
Unless——

Gab. First, who accuses me?

Sieg. All things,
If not all men: the universal rumour—
My own presence on the spot—the place—the
time— 160
And every speck of circumstance unite
To fix the blot on you.

Gab. And on *me only*?
Pause ere you answer: is no other name,
Save mine, stained in this business?

Sieg. Trifling villain!
Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all that
breathe
Thou best dost know the innocence of him
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy bloody
slander.
But I will talk no further with a wretch,
Further than justice asks. Answer at once,
And without quibbling, to my charge.

Gab. 'Tis false! 170

Sieg. Who says so?

Gab. I.

Sieg. And how disprove it?

Gab. By
The presence of the murderer.

Sieg. Name him.

Gab. He
May have more names than one. Your Lord-
ship had so
Once on a time.

Sieg. If you mean me, I dare
Your utmost.

Gab. You may do so, and in safety;
I know the assassin.

Sieg. Where is he?

Gab. (*pointing to ULRIC*). Beside you!
[*ULRIC rushes forward to attack GABOR;*
SIEGENDORF interposes.

Sieg. Liar and fiend! but you shall not be
slain;
These walls are mine, and you are safe within
them.
Ulric, repel this calumny, as I
[*He turns to ULRIC.*
Will do. I avow it is a growth so monstrous,
I could not deem it earth-born: but be calm;
It will refute itself. But touch him not. 182
[*ULRIC endeavours to compose himself.*
Gab. Look at *him*, Count, and then *hear me.*
Sieg. (*first to GABOR, and then looking at*
ULRIC).

I hear thee.

My God! you look——

Ulr. How?

Sieg. As on that dread night,
When we met in the garden.

Ulr. (*composing himself*). It is nothing.

Gab. Count, you are bound to hear me. I
came hither
Not seeking you, but sought. When I knelt
down
Amidst the people in the church, I dreamed
not
To find the beggared Werner in the seat
Of Senators and Princes; but you have called
me, 190
And we have met.

Sieg. Go on, Sir.

Gab. Ere I do so,
Allow me to inquire, who profited
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor
as ever,
And poorer by suspicion on my name?
The Baron lost in that last outrage neither
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought.—
A life which stood between the claims of others
To honours and estates scarce less than
princely.

Sieg. These hints, as vague as vain, attach
no less
To me than to my son.

Gab. I can't help that. 200
But let the consequence alight on him
Who feels himself the guilty one amongst us.
I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because
I know you innocent, and deem you just.
But ere I can proceed—*dare* you protect me?
Dare you command me?
[*SIEGENDORF first looks at the Hungarian,*
and then at ULRIC, who has un-
buckled his sabre, and is drawing
lines with it on the floor—still in its
sheath.

Ulr. (*looks at his father, and says,*) Let the
man go on!

Gab. I am unarmed, Count, bid your son
lay down
His sabre.

Ulr. (*offers it to him contemptuously.*) Take
it.

Gab. No, Sir, 'tis enough
That we are both unarmed—I would not
choose
To wear a steel which may be stained with
more 210
Blood than came there in battle.

Ulr. (*casts the sabre from him in contempt.*)
It—or some

Such other weapon in my hand—spared yours
Once, when disarmed and at my mercy.

Gab. True—
I have not forgotten it: you spared me for
Your own especial purpose—to sustain
An ignominy not my own.

Ulr. Proceed.
The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.
But is it of my father to hear further?

[To SIEGENDORF.
Sieg. (takes his son by the hand). My son, I
know my own innocence, and doubt not
Of yours—but I have promised this man
patience; 220
Let him continue.

Gab. I will not detain you,
By speaking of myself much: I began
Life early—and am what the world has made
me.

At Frankfort on the Oder, where I passed
A winter in obscurity, it was
My chance at several places of resort
(Which I frequented sometimes, but not often)
To hear related a strange circumstance
In February last. A martial force, 229
Sent by the state, had, after strong resistance,
Secured a band of desperate men, supposed
Marauders from the hostile camp.—They
proved,

However, not to be so—but banditti,
Whom either accident or enterprise
Had carried from their usual haunt—the
forests

Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.
Many amongst them were reported of
High rank—and martial law slept for a time.
At last they were escorted o'er the frontiers,
And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction 240
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of *their* fate
I know no more.

Sieg. And what is this to Ulric?

Gab. Amongst them there was said to be
one man
Of wonderful endowments:—birth and fortune,
Youth, strength, and beauty, almost super-
human,

And courage as unrivalled, were proclaimed
His by the public rumour; and his sway,
Not only over his associates, but
His judges, was attributed to witchcraft,
Such was his influence:—I have no great
faith 250

In any magic save that of the mine—
I therefore deemed him wealthy.—But my soul
Was roused with various feelings to seek out
This prodigy, if only to behold him.

Sieg. And did you so?

Gab. You'll hear. Chance favoured me:
A popular affray in the public square
Drew crowds together—it was one of those
Occasions where men's souls look out of them,
And show them as they are—even in their
faces:

The moment my eye met his, I exclaimed,
"This is the man!" though he was then, as
since, 261

With the nobles of the city. I felt sure
I had not erred, and watched him long and
nearly;

I noted down his form—his gesture—features,
Stature, and bearing—and amidst them all,
'Midst every natural and acquired distinction,
I could discern, methought, the assassin's
eye

And gladiator's heart.

Ulr. (smiling). The tale sounds well.

Gab. And may sound better.—He appeared
to me 269

One of those beings to whom Fortune bends,
As she doth to the daring—and on whom
The fates of others oft depend; besides,
An indescribable sensation drew me
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune
Was to be fixed by him.—There I was wrong.

Sieg. And may not be right now.

Gab. I followed him,
Solicited his notice—and obtained it—
Though not his friendship:—it was his inten-
tion

To leave the city privately—we left it
Together—and together we arrived 280

In the poor town where Werner was con-
cealed,
And Stralenheim was succoured—Now we
are on

The verge—*dare* you hear further?

Sieg. I must do so—
Or I have heard too much.

Gab. I saw in you
A man above his station—and if not
So high, as now I find you, in my then
Conceptions, 'twas that I had rarely seen
Men such as you appeared in height of mind,
In the most high of worldly rank; you
were

Poor, even to all save rags: I would have
shared 290
My purse, though slender, with you—you
refused it.

Sieg. Doth my refusal make a debt to you
That thus you urge it?

Gab. Still you owe me something,
Though not for that; and I owed you my
safety,
At least my seeming safety, when the slaves
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds
That *I* had robbed him.

Sieg. I concealed you—I,
Whom and whose house you arraign, reviving
viper!

Gab. I accuse no man—save in my defence.
You, Count, have made yourself accuser—
judge: 300
Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.
Be just, and *I'll* be merciful!

Sieg. You merciful?—
You! Base calumniator!

Gab. I. 'Twill rest
With me at last to be so. You concealed me—
In secret passages known to yourself,
You said, and to none else. At dead of night,
Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious
Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,
Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:
I followed it, and reached a door—a secret
Portal—which opened to the chamber, where,
With cautious hand and slow, having first un-
done 312

As much as made a crevice of the fastening,
I looked through and beheld a purple bed,
And on it Stralenheim!—

Sieg. Asleep! And yet
You slew him!—Wretch!

Gab. He was already slain,
And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own
Blood became ice.

Sieg. But he was all alone!
You saw none else? You did not see the—
[*He pauses from agitation.*]

Gab. No,
He, whom you dare not name, nor even I 320
Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in
The chamber.

Sieg. (to ULRIC). Then, my boy! thou art
guiltless still—
Thou bad'st me say *I* was so once.—Oh!
now
Do thou as much.

Gab. Be patient! I can *not*
Recede now, though it shake the very walls
Which frown above us. You remember,—or
If not, your son does,—that the locks were
changed
Beneath *his* chief inspection on the morn
Which led to this same night: how he had
entered 329

He best knows—but within an antechamber
The door of which was half ajar, I saw
A man who washed his bloody hands, and oft
With stern and anxious glance gazed back
upon—

The bleeding body—but it moved no more.

Sieg. Oh! God of fathers!

Gab. I beheld his features
As I see yours—but yours they were not, though
Resembling them—behold them in Count
Ulric's!

Distinct as I beheld them, though the expression
Is not now what it then was!—but it was so
When I first charged him with the crime—so
lately. 340

Sieg. This is so—

Gab. (*interrupting him*). Nay—but hear
me to the end!

Now you must do so.—I conceived myself
Betrayed by you and *him* (for now I saw
There was some tie between you) into this
Pretended den of refuge, to become
The victim of your guilt; and my first thought
Was vengeance: but though armed with a
short poniard

(Having left my sword without), I was no match
For him at any time, as had been proved
That morning—either in address or force. 350
I turned and fled—i' the dark: chance rather
than

Skill made me gain the secret door of the hall,
And thence the chamber where you slept: if I
Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can tell
What vengeance and suspicion might have
prompted;

But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that night.

Sieg. And yet I had horrid dreams! and
such brief sleep,

The stars had not gone down when I awoke.
Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my
father—

And now my dream is out!

Gab. 'Tis not my fault, 360
If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid me—
Chance led me here after so many moons—
And showed me Werner in Count Siegendorf!
Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,
Inhabited the palace of a sovereign!

You sought me and have found me—now you
know

My secret, and may weigh its worth.

Sieg. (*after a pause*). Indeed!

Gab. Is it revenge or justice which inspires
Your meditation?

Sieg. Neither—I was weighing
The value of your secret.

Gab. You shall know it 370
At once:—When you were poor, and I,
though poor,
Rich enough to relieve such poverty
As might have envied mine, I offered you
My purse—you would not share it:—I'll be
franker
With you: you are wealthy, noble, trusted by
The imperial powers—you understand me?

Sieg. Yes.

Gab. Not quite. You think me venal, and
scarce true:
'Tis no less true, however, that my fortunes
Have made me both at present. You shall
aid me:

I would have aided you—and also have 380
Been somewhat damaged in my name to save
Yours and your son's. Weigh well what I
have said.

Sieg. Dare you await the event of a few
minutes'
Deliberation?

Gab. (*casts his eyes on ULRIC, who is lean-
ing against a pillar*). If I should do so?

Sieg. I pledge my life for yours. With-
draw into
This tower. [*Opens a turret-door.*

Gab. (*hesitatingly*). This is the second safe
asylum
You have offered me.

Sieg. And was not the first so?

Gab. I know not that even now—but will
approve
The second. I have still a further shield.—
I did not enter Prague alone; and should I 390
Be put to rest with Stralenheim, there are
Some tongues without will wag in my behalf.
Be brief in your decision!

Sieg. I will be so.—
My word is sacred and irrevocable
Within *these* walls, but it extends no further.

Gab. I'll take it for so much.

Sieg. (*points to ULRIC'S sabre, still upon
the ground*).

Take also *that*—
I saw you eye it eagerly, and him
Distrustfully.

Gab. (*takes up the sabre*). I will; and so
provide
To sell my life—not cheaply.

[*GABOR goes into the turret, which SIEGENDORF
closes.*

Sieg. (*advances to ULRIC*). Now, Count
Ulric!

Forson I dare not call thee—What say'st thou?

Ulr. His tale is true.

Sieg. True, monster!

Ulr. Most true, father! 401
And you did well to listen to it: what
We know, we can provide against. He must
Be silenced.

Sieg. Aye, with half of my domains;
And with the other half, could he and thou
Unsay this villany.

Ulr. It is no time
For trifling or dissembling. I have said
His story's true; and he too must be silenced.

Sieg. How so?

Ulr. As Stralenheim is. Are you so dull
As never to have hit on this before? 410

When we met in the garden, what except
Discovery in the act could make me know
His death? Or had the Prince's household been
Then summoned, would the cry for the police
Been left to such a stranger? Or should I
Have loitered on the way? Or could you,

Werner,

The object of the Baron's hate and fears,
Have fled, unless by many an hour before
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathomed you,
Doubting if you were false or feeble: I 420
Perceived you were the latter: and yet so
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted
At times your weakness.

Sieg. Parricide! no less
Than common stabber! What deed of my life,
Or thought of mine, could make you deem me
fit

For your accomplice?

Ulr. Father, do not raise
The devil you cannot lay between us. This
Is time for union and for action, not
For family disputes. While *you* were tortured,
Could *I* be calm? Think you that I have heard
This fellow's tale without some feeling?—You
Have taught me feeling for *you* and myself; 432
For whom or what else did you ever teach it?

Sieg. Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis
working now.

Ulr. Let it work on! the grave will keep
it down!

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,
Which winds its blind but living path beneath
you.

Yet hear me still!—If *you* condemn me, yet
Remember *who* hath taught me once too often
To listen to him! *Who* proclaimed to me 441
That *there were crimes* made venial by the
occasion?

That passion was our nature? that the goods
Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?
Who showed me his humanity secured
By his *nerves* only? *Who* deprived me of
All power to vindicate myself and race
In open day, by his disgrace, which stamped
(It might be) bastardy on me, and on
Himself—a *felon's* brand! The man who is 450
At once both warm and weak invites to deeds
He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange
That I should *act* what you could *think*?

We have done
With right and wrong; and now must only
ponder
Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *unknown*,
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's, I
slew

Known as our foe—but not from vengeance.
He

Was a rock in our way which I cut through,
As doth the bolt, because it stood between us
And our true destination—but not idly. 461
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*
His *life*: when due, I but resumed the debt.
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein
I have plunged our enemy. *You* kindled first
The torch—*you* showed the path; now trace
me that

Of safety—or let me!

Sieg. I have done with life!

Ulr. Let us have done with that which
cankers life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations
Of things which cannot be undone. We
have 470

No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,
And have within these very walls men who
(Although you know them not) dare venture
all things.

You stand high with the state; what passes
here

Will not excite her too great curiosity:
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to
me:

We must have no *third* babblers thrust
between us.

[*Exit* ULRIC.]

Sieg. (solus). Am I awake? are these my
father's halls?

And *you*—my son? *My* son! *mine*! who
have ever 480

Abhorred both mystery and blood, and yet
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!

I must be speedy, or more will be shed—
The Hungarian's!—Ulríc—he hath partisans,
It seems: I might have guessed as much.
Oh fool!

Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads
Into the turret. Now then! or once more
To be the father of fresh crimes, no less
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor!
Gabor! 490

[*Exit into the turret, closing the door after him.*]

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Turret.*

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

Gab. Who calls?

Sieg. I—Siegendorf! Take these and fly!
Lose not a moment!

[*Tears off a diamond star and other
jewels, and thrusts them into GABOR'S
hand.*]

Gab. What am I to do
With these?

Sieg. Whate'er you will: sell them, or
hoard,

And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!

Gab. You pledged your honour for my
safety!

Sieg. And
Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,
It seems, of my own castle—of my own
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!
Or you will be slain by—

Gab. Is it even so? 10
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, Count,
You sought this fatal interview!

Sieg. I did:
Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

Gab. By the same path I entered?

Sieg. Yes, that's safe still;
But loiter not in Prague;—you do not know
With whom you have to deal.

Gab. I know too well—
And knew it ere yourself, unhappy Sire!
Farewell! [*Exit* GABOR.]

Sieg. (solus and listening). He hath cleared
the staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is safe!
Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am
faint— 20

[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near
the wall of the tower, in a drooping
posture.*]

Enter ULRIC with others armed, and with weapons drawn.

Ulr. Despatch!—he's there!

Lud. The Count, my Lord!

Ulr. (*recognizing SIEGENDORF*). You here, Sir!

Sieg. Yes: if you want another victim, strike!

Ulr. (*seeing him stripped of his jewels*). Where is the ruffian who hath plundered you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see 'Twas as I said—the wretch hath stripped my father

Of jewels which might form a Prince's heirloom!

Away! I'll follow you forthwith.

[*Exeunt all but SIEGENDORF and ULRIC.*
What's this?

Where is the villain?

Sieg. There are *two*, Sir: which are you in quest of?

Ulr. Let us hear no more of this: he must be found. You have not let him

Escape? 30

Sieg. He's gone.

Ulr. With your connivance?

Sieg. With My fullest, freest aid.

Ulr. Then fare you well!
[*ULRIC is going.*

Sieg. Stop! I command—entreat—implore! Oh, Ulric!

Will you then leave me?

Ulr. What! remain to be Denounced—dragged, it may be, in chains; and all

By your inherent weakness, half-humanity, Selfish remorse, and temporising pity, That sacrifices your whole race to save A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, Count, Henceforth you have no son!

Sieg. I never had one; 40
And would you ne'er had borne the useless name!

Where will you go? I would not send you forth

Without protection.

Ulr. Leave that unto me. I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir Of your domains; a thousand, aye, ten thousand

Swords, hearts, and hands are mine.

Sieg. The foresters

With whom the Hungarian found you first at Frankfort!

Ulr. Yes—men—who are worthy of the name! Go tell

Your Senators that they look well to Prague; Their Feast of Peace was early for the times; 50

There are more spirits abroad than have been laid

With Wallenstein!

Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.

Jos. What is't we hear? My Siegendorf! Thank Heaven, I see you safe!

Sieg. Safe!

Ida. Yes, dear father!

Sieg. No, no; I have no children: never more

Call me by that worst name of parent.

Jos. What

Means my good Lord?

Sieg. That you have given birth To a demon!

Ida. (*taking ULRIC'S hand*). Who shall dare say this of Ulric?

Sieg. *Ida*, beware! there's blood upon that hand.

Ida (*stooping to kiss it*). I'd kiss it off, though it were mine.

Sieg. It is so!

Ulr. Away! it is your father's!

[*Exit ULRIC.*

Ida. Oh, great God! 60
And I have loved this man!

[*IDA falls senseless—JOSEPHINE stands speechless with horror.*

Sieg. The wretch hath slain Them both!—My Josephine! we are now alone!

Would we had ever been so!—All is over For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy grave; Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past.

WERNER.

NOV. 1815.

[FIRST DRAFT.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A ruinous chateau on the Silesian frontier of Bohemia.*

Josepha. THE storm is at its height—how
the wind howls,
Like an unearthly voice, through these lone
chambers!

And the rain patters on the flapping casement
Which quivers in its frame—the night is star-
less—

Yet cheerly Werner! still our hearts are warm:
The tempest is without, or should be so—
For we are sheltered here where Fortune's
clouds

May roll all harmless o'er us as the wrath
Of these wild elements that menace now,
Yet do not reach us.

*Werner (without attending, and walking
disturbedly, speaking to himself).* No—
'Tis past—'tis blighted, 10
The last faint hope to which my withered
fortune

Clung with a feeble and a fluttering grasp,
Yet clung convulsively—for 'twas the *last*—
Is broken with the rest: would that my heart
were!

But there is pride, and Passion's war within,
Which give my breast vitality to suffer,
As it hath suffered through long years till now.
My father's wrath extends beyond the grave,
And haunts me in the shape of Stralenheim!
He revels in my father's palace—I— 20
Exiled—disherited—a nameless outcast!

[*Werner pauses.*]

My boy, too, where and what is he?—my
father

Might well have limited his curse to me.
If that my heritage had passed to Ulric,
I had not mourned my own less happy lot.
No—No—all 's past—all torn away.

Josepha. Dear Werner,
Oh banish these discomfortable thoughts
That thus contend within you: we are poor,
So we have ever been—but I remember 29
The time when thy Josepha's smile could turn
Thy heart to hers—despite of every ill.
So let it now—alas! you hear me not.

Werner. What said you?—let it pass—no
matter what—

Think me not churlish, Sweet, I am not well.
My brain is hot and busy—long fatigue
And last night's watching have oppressed me
much.

Josepha. Then get thee to thy couch. I do
perceive

In thy pale cheek and in thy bloodshot eye
A strange distemperature—nay, as a boon,
I do entreat thee to thy rest.

Werner. My rest! 40
Well—be it so—Good Night!

Josepha. Thy hand is burning;
I will prepare a potion:—peace be with thee—
To-morrow's dawn I trust will find thee
healthful;

And, then, our Ulric may perchance—

Werner. Our Ulric—thine and mine—our
only boy—
Curse on his father and his father's Sire!
(For, if it is so, I will render back
A curse that Heaven will hear as well as his),
Our Ulric by his father's fault or folly,
And by my father's unrelenting pride, 50
Is at this hour, perchance, undone. This
night

That shelters us may shower its wrath on
him—

A homeless beggar for his parent's sin—
Thy sin and mine—Thy child and mine
atones—

Our Ulric—Woman!—I'll to no bed to-
night—

There is no pillow for my thoughts.

Josepha. What words,
What fearful words are these! what may they
mean?

Werner. Look on me—thou hast known me,
hitherto,
As an oppressed, but yet a humble creature;
By birth predestined to the yoke I've borne.
Till now I've borne it patiently, at least, 61
In bitter silence—but the hour is come,
That should and shall behold me as I was,
And ought again to be—

Josepha. I know not what
Thy mystery may tend to, but my fate—
My heart—my will—my love are linked with
thine,

And I would share thy sorrow: lay it open.

Werner. Thou see'st the son of Count—
but let it pass—

I forfeited the name in wedding thee:

That fault, of many faults, a father's pride 70

Proclaimed the last and worst—and, from that hour,

He disavowed, disherited, debased
A wayward son——'tis a long tale—too long—
And I am heartsick of the heavy thought.

Josepha. Oh, I could weep—but that were little solace :

Yet tell the rest—or, if thou wilt not, say—
Yet say—why, through long years, from me withheld,

This fearful secret that hath gnawed thy soul?

Werner. Why? had it not been base to call on thee

For patience and for pity—to awake 80
The thirst of grandeur in thy gentle spirit—
To tell thee what thou shouldst have been—the wife

Of one, in power — birth — wealth, pre-
eminent—

Then, sudden quailing in that lofty tone,
To bid thee soothe thy husband — peasant
Werner?

Josepha. I would thou wert, indeed, the peasant Werner ;

For then thy soul had been of calmer mould,
And suited to thy lot——

Werner. Was it not so?
Beneath a humble name and garb—the which
My youthful riot and a father's frown, 90
Too justly fixed upon me, had compelled
My bowed down spirit to assume too well—
Since it deceived the world, myself, and thee :
I linked my lot irrevocably with thine—
And I have loved thee deeply—long and
dearly—

Even as I love thee still—but these late crosses,
And most of all the last,—have maddened me ;
And I am wild and wayward as in youth,
Ere I beheld thee—

Josepha. Would thou never hadst !
Since I have been a blight upon thy hope, 100
And marred alike the present and the future.

Werner. Yet say not so—for all that I have known
Of true and calm content—of love—of peace—
Has been with thee and from thee : wert thou
not,

I were a lonely and self-loathing thing.
Ulric has left us ! all, save thou, have left me !
Father and son—Fortune—Fame—Power—
Ambition—

The ties of being—the high soul of man—
All save the long remorse—the consciousness,
The curse of living on, regretting life 110
Misspent in miserably gazing upward,
While others soared—Away, I'll think no more.

Josepha. But Ulric—wherefore didst thou let him leave

His home and us? 'tis now three weary years.

Werner (interrupting her quickly). Since my hard father, half-relenting, sent
The offer of a scanty stipend which
I needs must earn by rendering up my son—
Fool that I was—I thought this quick compliance,

And never more assuming in myself
The haught name of my house would soften him— 120

And for our child secure the heritage
Forfeit in me forever. Since that hour,
Till the last year, the wretched pittance came—
Then ceased with every tidings of my son
And Sire—till late I heard the last had ceased
To live—and unforgiving died—Oh God !

Josepha. Was it for this our Ulric left us so?
Thou did'st deceive me then—he went not
forth

To join the legions of Count Tilly's war?

Werner. I know not—he had left my father's castle, 130
Some months before his death—but why?—
but why?

Left it as I did ere his birth, perchance,
Like me an outcast. Old age had not made
My father meeker—and my son, Alas !
Too much his Sire resembled——

Josepha. Yet there's comfort.
Restrain thy wandering Spirit—Ulric cannot
Have left his native land—thou dost not know,
Though it looks strangely, thy Sire and he
In anger parted—Hope is left us still.

Werner. The best hope that I ever held in youth, 140
When every pulse was life, each thought a joy,
(Yet not irrationally sanguine, since
My birth bespoke high thoughts,) hath lured
and left me.

I will not be a dreamer in mine age—
The hunter of a shadow—let *boys hope* :
Of Hope I now know nothing but the name—
And that 's a sound which jars upon my heart.
I've wearied thee—Good night—my patient
Love !

Josepha. I must not leave thee thus—my husband—friend—
My heart is rent in twain for thee—I scarce 150
Dare greet thee as I would, lest that my love
Should seem officious and ill timed :—'tis
early—

Yet rest were as a healing balm to thee—
Then once again—Good night !

Voice Without. What Ho—lights ho !

SCENE II.

Josepha. What noise is that? 'tis nearer—
hush! they knock.

[*A knocking heard at the gate—WERNER starts.*

Werner (aside). It may be that the blood-
hounds of the villain,
Who long has tracked me, have approached
at last:

I'll not be taken tamely.

Josepha. 'Twas the voice,
The single voice of some lone traveller.
I'll to the door.

Werner. No—stay thou here—again!
[*Knocking repeated. Opens the door.*
Well—Sir—your pleasure?

Enter CARL the Bavarian.

Carl. Thanks most worthy Sir!
My pleasure, for to-night, depends on yours—
I'm weary, wet, and wayworn—without shelter,
Unless you please to grant it.

Josepha. You shall have it, 10
Such as this ruinous mansion may afford:
'Tis spacious, but too cold and crazy now
For Hospitality's more cordial welcome:
But as it is 'tis yours.

Werner (to his wife). Why say ye so?
At once such hearty greeting to a stranger?
At such a lonely hour, too—

Josepha (in reply to WERNER). Nay—he's
honest.

There is trust-worthiness in his blunt looks.

Werner (to JOSEPHA). "Trustworthiness in
looks!" I'll trust no looks!

I look into men's faces for their age,
Not for their actions—had he Adam's brow, 20
Open and goodly as before the fall,
I've lived too long to trust the frankest aspect.

(*To Carl.*) Whence come you, Sir?

Carl. From Frankfort, on my way
To my own country—I've a companion too—
He tarries now behind:—an hour ago,
On reaching that same river on your frontier,
We found it swoln by storms—a stranger's
carriage,

Despite the current, drawn by sturdy mules,
Essayed to pass, and nearly reached the middle
Of that which was the *ford* in gentler weather,
When down came driver, carriage, mules,
and all— 31

You may suppose the worthy Lord within
Fared ill enough:—worse still he might have
suffered,

But that my comrade and myself rushed in,

And with main strength and some good luck
beside,

Dislodged and saved him: he'll be here anon.
His equipage by this time is at Dresden—
I left it floating that way.

Werner. Where is he?

Carl. Hitherward on his way, even like my-
self—

We saw the light and made for the nearest
shelter: 40

You'll not deny us for a single night?

You've room enough, methinks—and this vast
ruin

Will not be worse for three more guests.

Werner. Two more:
And thou?—well—be it so—(*aside*) (to-night
will soon

Be overpast: they shall not stay to-morrow)—
Know you the name of him you saved?

Carl. Not I!

I think I heard him called a Baron Something—
But was too chill to stay and hear his titles:
You know they are sometimes tedious in the
reckoning,

If counted over by the noble wearer. 50

Hast any wine? I'm wet, stung to the marrow—
My comrade waited to escort the Baron:

They will be here, anon—they, too, want
cheering:

I'll taste for them, if it please you, courteous
host!

Josepha. Such as our vintage is shall give
you welcome:

I'll bring you some anon. [*goes out.*

Carl (looking round). A goodly mansion!
And has been nobly tenanted, I doubt not.
This worn magnificence some day has shone
On light hearts and long revels—those torn
banners

Have waved o'er courtly guests—and you
huge lamp 60

High blazed through many a midnight—I
could wish

My lot had led me here in those gay times!

Your days, my host, must pass but heavily.

Are you the vassal of these antient chiefs,
Whose heir wastes elsewhere their fast melt-
ing hoards,

And placed to keep their cobwebs company?

*Werner (who has been absorbed in thought
till the latter part of his speech).*

A Vassal!—I a vassal!—*who accosts
me*

With such familiar question?—(*checks himself
and says aside*)—Down startled pride!

Have not long years of wretchedness yet
quenched thee,
And, suffering evil, wilt thou start at scorn? 70
(*To Carl.*) Sir! if I boast no birth—and,
as you see,
My state bespeaks none — still, no being
breathes
Who calls me slave or servant.—Like yourself
I am a stranger here—a lonely guest—
But, for a time, on sufferance. On my way,
From—a far distant city—Sickness seized,
And long detained me in the neighbouring
hamlet.
The Intendant of the owner of this castle,
Then uninhabited, with kind intent,
Permitted me to wait returning health 80
Within these walls—more sheltered than the
cot
Of humble peasants.

Carl. Worthy Sir, your mercy!
I meant not to offend you—plain of speech,
And blunt in apprehension, I do judge
Men's station from their seeming—but them-
selves
From acts alone. You bid me share your shelter,
And I am bound to you; and had you been
The lowliest vassal had not thanked you less,
Than I do now, believing you his better,
Perhaps my own superior—

Werner. What imports it? 90
What—who I am—or whence—you are
welcome—sit—
You shall have cheer anon.

(*walks disturbedly aside.*)

Carl (to himself). Here's a strange fellow!
Wild, churlish, angry—*why*, I know not,
seek not.

Would that the wine were come! my doublet's
wet,
But my throat dry as Summer's drought in
deserts.
Ah—here it sparkles!

Enter JOSEPHA with wine in flask—and a cup.
As she pours it out a Voice is heard
without calling at a distance. WERNER
starts—JOSEPHA listens tremulously.

Werner. That voice—that voice—Hark!
No—no—'tis silent—Sir—I say—that voice—
Whose is it—speak—

Carl (drinking unconcernedly). Whose is
it? faith, I know not—
And, yet, 'tis my companion's: he's like you,
And does not care to tell his name and
station. 100

[*The voice again and nearer.*]

Josepha. 'Tis his—I knew it—Ulric!—
Ulric!—Ulric!

[*She drops the wine and rushes out.*]

Carl. The flask's unhurt—but every drop
is spilt.

Confound the voice! I say—would he were
dumb!

And faith! to me, he has been nearly so—
A silent and unsocial travelling mate.

Werner (stands in agitation gazing towards
the door).

If it be he—I cannot move to meet him,
Yes—it must be so—there is no such voice
That so could sound and shake me: he is
here,
And I am—

Enter STRALENHEIM.

Werner (turns and sees him). A curse
upon thee, stranger!
Where did'st thou learn a tone so like my
boy's? 110
Thou mock bird of my hopes—a curse upon
thee!

Out! Out! I say. Thou shalt not harbour
here.

Stralenheim. What means the peasant?
knows he unto whom
He dares address this language?

Carl. Noble Sir!
Pray heed him not—he's Phrenzy's next door
neighbour,
And full of these strange starts and causeless
jarrings.

Werner. Oh, that long wished for voice!—
I dreamed of it—
And then it did elude me—then—and now.

Enter ULRIC and JOSEPHA. WERNER falls
on his neck.

Oh God! forgive, for thou did'st not forget me.
Although I murmured—'tis—it is my Son!

Josepha. Aye, 'tis dear Ulric—Yet, me-
thinks, he's changed, too: 121
His cheek is tanned, his frame more firmly
knit!

That scar, too, dearest Ulric—I do fear me—
Thou hast been battling with these heretics,
And that's a Swedish token on thy brow.

Ulric. My heart is glad with yours—we
meet like those
Who never would have parted:—of the past
You shall know more anon—but, here's a
guest

That asks a gentle welcome. Noble Baron,

My father's silence looks discourtesy: 130
 Yet must I plead his pardon—'tis his love
 Of a long truant that has rapt him, thus,
 From hospitable greeting—you'll be seated—
 And, Father, we will sup like famished
 hunters.

JOSEPHA goes out here.

Stralenheim. I have much need of rest :
 no more refreshment !

Were all my people housed within the hamlet,
 Or can they follow ?

Ulric. Not to-night I fear.
 They staid in hope the damaged Cabriole
 Might, with the dawn of day, have such
 repairs,

As Circumstance admits of.

Carl. Nay—that's hopeless. 140
 They must not only mend but draw it too.
 The mules are drowned—a murrain on them
 both !

One kicked me as I would have helped him
 on.

Stralenheim. It is most irksome to me—
 this delay.

I was for Prague on business of great moment.

Werner. For Prague—Sir—Say you ?—

Stralenheim. Yes, my host ! for Prague.
 And these vile floods and villainous cross
 roads

Steal my time from its uses—but—my people?
 Where do they shelter ?

Ulric. In the boatman's shed,
 Near to the ferry : you mistook the ford— 150
 'Tis higher to the right :—their entertainment
 Will be but rough—but 'tis a single night,
 And they had best be guardians of the
 baggage.

The shed will hold the weather from their
 sleep,
 The woodfire warm them—and, for beds, a
 cloak

Is swansdown to a seasoned traveller :
 It has been mine for many a moon, and may
 To-night, for aught it recks me.

Stralenheim. And to-morrow
 I must be on my journey—and betimes. 159
 It is not more than three days travel, hence,
 To Mansfeldt Castle.

Werner and Ulric. Mansfeldt Castle !—

Stralenheim. Aye !
 For thither tends my progress—so, betimes,
 Mine host I would be stirring—think of that !
 And let me find my couch of rest at present.

Werner. You shall Sir—but—to Mans-
 feldt !—

[ULRIC stops his father and says aside to him,
 Silence—father—
 Whate'er it be that shakes you thus—tread
 down—

(To STRALENHEIM) My father, Sir, was
 born not far from Prague,
 And knows its environs—and, when he hears,
 The name endeared to him by native
 thoughts,
 He would ask of it, and its habitants— 170
 You will excuse his plain blunt mode of
 question.

Stralenheim. Indeed, perchance, then, he
 may aid my search.

Pray, know you aught of one named Werner?
 who

(But he no doubt has passed through many
 names),
 Lived long in Hamburgh—and has thence
 been traced

Into Silesia—and not far from hence—
 But there we lost him; he who can disclose
 Aught of him, or his hiding-place, will find
 Advantage in revealing it.

Ulric. Why so—Sir ?

Stralenheim. There are strong reasons to
 suspect this man 180
 Of crimes against the State—league with
 Swedes—

And other evil acts of moment :—he
 Who shall deliver him, bound hand and foot
 Will benefit his country and himself :
 I will reward him doubly too.

Ulric. You know him ?

Stralenheim. He never met my eyes—but
 Circumstance
 Has led me to near knowledge of the man.
 He is a villain—and an enemy
 To all men—most to me ! If earth contain
 him,
 He shall be found and fettered : I have
 hopes, 190
 By traces which to-morrow will unravel,
 A fresh clue to his lurking spot is nigh.

Carl. And, if I find it, I will break the
 thread.

What, all the world against one luckless
 wight !

And he a fugitive—I would I knew him !

Ulric. You'd help him to escape—is it not
 so ?

Carl. I would, indeed !

Ulric. The greater greenhorn you !
 I would secure him—nay—I will do so.

Stralenheim. If it be so—my gratitude for
aid, 199

And rescue of my life from the wild waters,
Will double in its strength and its requital.
Your father, too, perhaps can help our search?

Werner. I turn a spy—no—not for *Mansfeldt Castle*,

And all the broad domain it frowns upon.

Stralenheim. Mansfeldt again!—you know
it then? perchance,

You also know the story of its lords?

Werner. Whate'er I know, there is no
bribe of thine

Can swerve me to the crooked path thou
pointest.

The chamber's ready, which your rest
demands.

Stralenheim (aside). 'Tis strange—this
peasant's tone is wondrous high, 210

His air imperious—and his eye shines out
As wont to look command with a quick
glance—

His garb befits him not—why, he may be
The man I look for! now, I look again,
There is the very lip—short curling lip—
And the o'erjutting eye-brow dark and large,
And the peculiar wild variety

Of feature, even unto the Viper's eye,
Of that detested race and its descendant 219

Who stands alone between me and a power,
Which Princes gaze at with unquiet eyes!

This is no peasant—but, whate'er he be,
To-morrow shall secure him and unfold.

Ulric. It will not please you, Sir, then to
remain

With us beyond to-morrow?

Stralenheim. Nay—I do not say so—there
is no haste.

And now I think again—I'll tarry here—
Perhaps until the floods abate—we'll see—

In the mean time—to my chamber—so—
Good Night! [*Exit with WERNER.*]

Werner. This way, Sir.

Carl. And I to mine: pray, where are we
to rest? 230

We'll sup within—

Ulric. What matter where—there's room.

Carl. I would fain see my way through
this vast ruin;

Come take the lamp, and we'll explore
together.

Josepha (meeting them). And I will with
my son.

Ulric. Nay—stay—dear mother!
These chilly damps and the cold rush of
winds

Fling a rough paleness o'er thy delicate
cheek—

And thou seem'st lovely in thy sickliness
Of most transparent beauty:—but it grieves
me.

Nay! tarry here by the blaze of the bright
hearth:—

I will return anon—and we have much 240
To listen and impart. Come, Carl, we'll find

Some gorgeous canopy, and, thence, unroost
It's present bedfellows the bats—and thou

Shalt slumber underneath a velvet cloud
That mantles o'er the couch of some dead

Countess. [*Exit CARL and ULRIC.*]

Josepha (sola). It was my joy to see him—
nothing more

I should have said—which sent my gush of
blood

Back on my full heart with a dancing tide:
It was my weary hope's unthought fulfilment,

My agony of mother-feelings curdled 250
At once in gathered rapture—which did

change
My cheek into the hue of fainting Nature.

I should have answered thus—and yet I
could not:

For though 'twas true—it was not all the
truth.

I have much suffered in the thought of
Werner's

Late deep distemperature of mind and
fortunes,

Which since have almost driven him into
phrenzy:—

And though that I would soothe, not share,
such passions,

And show not how they shake me—when
alone,

I feel them prey upon me by reflection, 260
And want the very solace I bestowed;

And which, it seems, I cannot give and have.
Ulric must be my comforter—his father's

Hath long been the most melancholy soul
That ever hovered o'er the verge of Madness:

And, better, had he leapt into its gulph:
Though to the Mad thoughts are realities,

Yet they can play with sorrow—and live on.
But with the mind of consciousness and care

The body wears to ruin, and the struggle, 270
However long, is deadly— He is lost,

And all around him tasteless:—in his mirth
His very laughter moves me oft to tears,

And I have turned to hide them—for, in him,
As Sunshine glittering o'er unburied

bones—
Soft—he is here.—

Werner. Josepha—where is Ulric?
 Josepha. Gone with the other stranger to
 gaze o'er
 These shattered corridors, and spread them-
 selves
 A pillow with their mantles, in the least
 ruinous:
 I must replenish the diminished hearth 280
 In the inner chamber—the repast is ready,
 And Ulric will be here again.—

THE DEFORMED
 TRANSFORMED:¹
 A DRAMA.

ADVERTISEMENT

THIS production is founded partly on the story of a novel called "The Three Brothers,"² published many years ago,

¹ [It is probable that *The Deformed Transformed* was written, at Pisa, in the summer of 1822. It was published (by John Hunt), February, 20, 1824.]

² [*The Three Brothers*, by Joshua Pickersgill, junior, was published in 1803. There is no copy of *The Three Brothers* in the British Museum. The following extracts are taken from a copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford (vol. 4, cap. xi. pp. 229-350):—

Arnaud, the natural son of the Marquis de Souvricour, was a child "extraordinary in Beauty and Intellect." When travelling with his parents to Languedoc, Arnaud being 8 years old, he was shot at by banditti, and forsaken by his parents. The Captain of the band nursed him. "But those perfections to which Arnaud owed his existence, ceased to adorn it. The ball had gored his shoulder, and the fall had dislocated it; by the latter misadventure his spine likewise was so fatally injured as to be irrecoverable to its pristine uprightness. Injuries so compound confounded the Captain, who sorrowed to see a creature so charming, at once deformed by a crooked back and an excrescent shoulder." Arnaud was found and taken back to his parents. "The bitterest consciousness of his deformity was derived from their indelicate, though, perhaps, insensible alteration of conduct.

. . . Of his person he continued to speak as of an abhorrent enemy." . . . "Were a blessing submitted to my choice, I would say, [said Arnaud] be it my immediate dissolution." "I think," said his mother, . . . "that you could wish better." "Yes," adjoined Arnaud, "for that wish should be that I ever had remained unborn." He polishes

from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken; and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

STRANGER, *afterwards* CÆSAR.

ARNOLD.

BOURBON.

PHILIBERT.

CELLINI.

BERTHA.

OLIMPIA.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, etc.

PART I.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter ARNOLD *and his mother* BERTHA.

Bert. OUT, Hunchback!

Arn. I was born so, Mother!¹

the broken blade of a sword, and views himself therein; the sight so horrifies him that he determines to throw himself over a precipice, but draws back at the last moment. He goes to a cavern, and conjures up the prince of hell. "Arnaud knew himself to be interrogated. What he required. . . . What was that answer the effects explain. . . . There passed in liveliest portraiture the various men distinguished for that beauty and grace which Arnaud so much desired, that he was ambitious to purchase them with his soul. He felt that it was his part to chuse whom he would resemble, yet he remained unresolved, though the spectator of an hundred shades of renown, among which glided by Alexander, Alcibiades, and Hephestion: at length appeared the supernatural effigy of a man, whose perfections human artist never could depict or insculp—Demetrius, the son of Antigonus. Arnaud's heart heaved quick with preference, and strait he found within his hand the resemblance of a poniard, its point inverted towards his breast. A mere automaton in the hands of the Demon, he thrust the point through his heart, and underwent a painless death. During his trance, his spirit metempsychosed from the body of his detestation to that of his admiration . . . Arnaud awoke a Julian!"

¹ [Moore (*Life*, p. 13) quotes these lines in connection with a passage in Byron's "Memoranda,"

Bert. Out,
Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven
sons,
The sole abortion!

Arn. Would that I had been so,
And never seen the light!

Bert. I would so, too!
But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do
thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arn. It bears its burthen;—but, my heart!
Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, Mother?
I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing to
Save You, in nature, can love aught like me.
You nursed me—do not kill me!

Bert. Yes—I nursed thee,
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew
not

If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of Nature. But get
hence,

And gather wood!

Arn. I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

Bert. As is the hedgehog's, 20
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome
dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple, next day, sore, and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[Exit BERTHA.]

Arn. (*solus*). Oh, mother!—She is
gone, and I must do
Her bidding;—wearily but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope 30
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing
this he wounds one of his hands.]

My labour for the day is over now.

Accursèd be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home—What home? I have no home,
no kin,

No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must
I bleed, too,

Like them? Oh, that each drop which falls
to earth

Would rise a snake to sting them, as they
have stung me!

Or that the Devil, to whom they liken me, 40
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD goes to a spring and stoops to
wash his hand: he starts back.]

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows
me,

What she hath made me. I will not look
on it

Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous
wretch

That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed 51
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein. [He pauses.]

And shall I live on,
A burden to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not, in a fuller stream,
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore, at once,
This hateful compound of her atoms, and 60
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This withered slip of Nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground,
with the point upwards.]

Now 'tis set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun which warmed me,
but 70

In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;

where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he described the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him "a lame brat!" . . . "It may be questioned," he adds, "whether that whole drama [*The Deformed Transformed*] was not indebted for its origin to that single recollection."

The fallen leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.

Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

*[As he rushes to throw himself upon the
knife, his eye is suddenly caught by
the fountain, which seems in motion.]*

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?

No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterranean 80
And rocking Power of the internal world.

What's here? A mist! No more?—

*[A cloud comes from the fountain. He
stands gazing upon it: it is dispelled,
and a tall black man comes towards
him.]*

Arn. What would you? Speak!
Spirit or man?

Stran. As man is both, why not
Say both in one?

Arn. Your form is man's, and yet
You may be devil.

Stran. So many men are that
Which is so called or thought, that you may
add me
To which you please, without much wrong to
either.

But come: you wish to kill yourself;—pursue
Your purpose.

Arn. You have interrupted me.

Stran. What is that resolution which can
e'er 90

Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made
you

Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

Arn. I said not
You *were* the Demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

Stran. Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such
high
Society) you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Looks likeliest what the boors believe to be 101
Their cloven-footed terror.

Arn. Do you—dare you
To taunt me with my born deformity?

Stran. Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy Sublime of Humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more
mighty

In action and endurance than thyself, 109
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man.

Arn. Give me the strength then of the
buffalo's foot,
When he spurns high the dust, beholding his
Near enemy; or let me have the long
And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
The helmless dromedary!—and I'll bear
Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

Stran. I will.

Arn. (with surprise). Thou canst?

Stran. Perhaps. Would you
ought else? 120

Arn. Thou mockest me.

Stran. Not I. Why should I mock
What all are mocking? That's poor sport,
methinks.

To talk to thee in human language (for
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester
Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,
Or wolf, or lion—leaving paltry game
To petty burghers, who leave once a year
Their walls, to fill their household cauldrons
with

Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at
thee,—

Now I can mock the mightiest.

Arn. Then waste not 130
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

Stran. Your thoughts
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:
I'm not so easily recalled to do
Good service.

Arn. What wilt thou do for me?

Stran. Change
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so
irks you;

Or form you to your wish in any shape.

Arn. Oh! then you are indeed the Demon,
for

Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

Stran. I'll show thee
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and
give thee

Thy choice.

Arn. On what condition?

Stran. There's a question! 140
An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.

Arn. No; I will not.
I must not compromise my soul,

Stran. What soul,
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a car-
case?

Arn. 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the
tenement
In which it is mislodge. But name your
compact:
Must it be signed in blood?

Stran. Not in your own.

Arn. Whose blood then?

Stran. We will talk of that hereafter.
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see 150
Great things within you. You shall have no
bond

But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
Are you content?

Arn. I take thee at thy word.

Stran. Now then!—

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain,
and turns to ARNOLD.*

A little of your blood.

Arn. For what?

Stran. To mingle with the magic of the
waters,
And make the charm effective.

Arn. (*holding out his wounded arm*). Take
it all.

Stran. Not now. A few drops will suffice
for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD'S
blood in his hand, and casts it into
the fountain.*

Shadows of Beauty!
Shadows of Power!
Rise to your duty— 160
This is the hour!

Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.

Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris 170

When ether is spanned;—
Such *his* desire is,
[*Pointing to ARNOLD.*

Such *my* command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
Or sophist of yore—

Or the shape of each victor—
From Macedon's boy, 179

To each high Roman's picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of Beauty!
Shadows of Power!

Up to your duty—
This is the hour!

[*Various phantoms arise from the waters,
and pass in succession before the
Stranger and ARNOLD.*

Arn. What do I see?

Stran. The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which
ne'er

Beheld a conqueror, or looked along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome
became 189

His, and all theirs who heired his very name.

Arn. The phantom's bald; *my* quest is
beauty. Could I

Inherit but his fame with his defects!

Stran. His brow was girt with laurels more
than hairs.

You see his aspect—choose it, or reject.

I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.

Arn. I will fight, too,
But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass:
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

Stran. Then you are far more difficult to
please 199

Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,
Or Cleopatra at sixteen¹—an age
When love is not less in the eye than heart.
But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[*The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*

Arn. And can it
Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone,
And left no footstep?

Stran. There you err. His substance
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and
fame

More than enough to track his memory;
But for his shadow—'tis no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crooked
I' the sun. Behold another! [*A second
phantom passes.*

Arn. Who is he? 210

Stran. He was the fairest and the bravest of
Athenians. Look upon him well.

Arn. He is
More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

¹ [Cleopatra, born B.C. 69, was twenty-one years
old when she met Cæsar, B.C. 48.]

Stran. Such was the curled son of Clinias ;
wouldst thou
Invest thee with his form ?

Arn. Would that I had
Been born with it ! But since I may choose
further,
I will look further. [*The shade of Alcibiades
disappears.*]

Stran. Lo ! behold again !

Arn. What ! that low, swarthy, short-
nosed, round-eyed satyr,
With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
The splayfeet and low stature ! I had better 220
Remain that which I am.

Stran. And yet he was
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.
But you reject him ?

Arn. If his form could bring me
That which redeemed it—no.

Stran. I have no power
To promise that ; but you may try, and find it
Easier in such a form—or in your own.

Arn. No. I was not born for philosophy,
Though I have that about me which has
need on't.

Let him fleet on.

Stran. Be air, thou Hemlock-drinker ! 230
[*The shadow of Socrates disappears :
another rises.*]

Arn. What's here ? whose broad brow and
whose curly beard
And manly aspect look like Hercules,¹
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,²
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

Stran. It was the man who lost
The ancient world for love.

Arn. I cannot blame him,
Since I have risked my soul because I find
not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

Stran. Since so far
You seem congenial, will you wear his
features ? 241

Arn. No. As you leave me choice, I am
difficult.

¹ ["Anthony had a noble dignity of countenance, a graceful length of beard, a large forehead, an aquiline nose : and, upon the whole, the same manly aspect that we see in the pictures and statues of Hercules."—Plutarch's *Lives*, Langhorne's Translation, 1838, p. 634.]

² [As in the "Farnese" Hercules.]

If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else, on this side of the dim
shore,

Whence they float back before us.

Stran. Hence, Triumvir,
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Antony disappears :
another rises.*]

Arn. Who is this ?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and
stature,

If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs, 250
Which he wears as the Sun his rays—a
something

Which shines from him, and yet is but
the flashing

Emanation of a thing more glorious still.

Was he e'er human only ?¹

Stran. Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

Arn. Who was this glory of mankind ?

Stran. The shame
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian, and
Taker of cities.

Arn. Yet one shadow more. 260

Stran. (*addressing the shadow*). Get thee
to Lamia's lap !

[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes
vanishes : another rises.*]

I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my Hunchback : if the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

Arn. Content ! I will fix here.

Stran. I must commend
Your choice. The godlike son of the sea-
goddess,

The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus, rolled o'er sands of gold, 270
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,

¹ [The beauty and mien [of Demetrius Poliorcetes] were so inimitable that no statuary or painter could hit off a likeness. His countenance had a mixture of grace and dignity ; and was at once amiable and awful ; and the unsubdued and eager air of youth was blended with the majesty of the hero and the king.—Plutarch's *Lives*, Langhorne's Translation, 1838, p. 616.]

All vowed to Sperchius¹ as they were—
behold them!

And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young
hand

Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So 280
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece looked her last upon her best, the
instant

Ere Paris' arrow flew.

Arn. I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

Stran. You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with
The extremest beauty—if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that Extremes meet.

Arn. Come! Be quick!
I am impatient.

Stran. As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not, 290
But dream it is what must be.

Arn. Must I wait?

Stran. No; that were a pity. But a word
or two:

His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a son
Of Anak?

Arn. Why not?

Stran. Glorious ambition!
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David: 299
But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and, yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new-found Mammoth; and their curséd
engines,

Their culverins, and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with
greater ease

¹ [Spercheus was a river-god, the husband of Polydora, the daughter of Peleus. Peleus casts into the river the hair of his son Achilles, in the pious hope that his son-in-law would accept the votive offering, and grant the youth a safe return from the Trojan War. See *Iliad*, xxiii. 140, sqq.]

Than the Adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize 310
In Styx.

Arn. Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

Stran. Thou shalt be beauteous as the
thing thou seest,
And strong as what it was, and——

Arn. I ask not
For Valour, since Deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Aye, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become
All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate 320
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.

They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of
fortune,
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar,¹ win
them.

Stran. Well spoken! And thou doubtless
wilt remain

Formed as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to incase
This daring soul, which could achieve no less
Without it.

Arn. Had no power presented me
The possibility of change, I would 329
Have done the best which spirit may to make
Its way with all Deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
An hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier men. I would have looked
On Beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful,
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,
Though to a heart all love, what could not
love me 340

In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have
borne

It all, had not my mother spurned me from her.
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
Of shape;—my Dam beheld my shape was
hopeless.

Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
Than what I am. But even thus—the lowest,

¹ [Timúr Bey, or Timúr Lang, *i.e.* "the lame Timúr" (A.D. 1336-1405), was the founder of the Mogul dynasty. He was the Tamerlane of history and of legend.]

Ugliest, and meanest of mankind — what
courage 350

And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something—as it has made
heroes

Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

Stran. Decide between
What you have been, or will be.

Arn. I have done so.
You have opened brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,
I might be feared — admired — respected —
loved 360

Of all save those next to me, of whom I
Would be beloved. As thou showest me
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
Haste! haste!

Stran. And what shall I wear?

Arn. Surely, he
Who can command all forms will choose the
highest,

Something superior even to that which was
Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*
Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—
The Poet's God, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a poetry.

Stran. Less will content me; 370
For I, too, love a change.

Arn. Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.¹

Stran. If I chose,
I might be whiter; but I have a *penchant*
For black—it is so honest, and, besides,
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with
fear;

But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I'll take your figure.

Arn. Mine!

Stran. Yes. You
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with
Bertha,
Your mother's offspring. People have their
tastes;

You have yours—I mine.

Arn. Despatch! despatch!

Stran. Even so.
[*The Stranger takes some earth and
moulds it along the turf, and then
addresses the phantom of Achilles.*

¹ ["I am black, but comely."—*Song of Solomon*
i. 5.]

Beautiful shadow 381
Of Thetis's boy!

Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,¹

Thy likeness I shape,
As the Being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.

Thou Clay, be all glowing,
Till the Rose in his cheek 390
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak!

Ye Violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes!
And thou, sunshiny Water,
Of blood take the guise!

Let these Hyacinth boughs
Be his long flowing hair
And wave o'er his brows,
As thou waviest in air! 400

Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock!

But his voice as the warble
Of birds on yon oak!

Let his flesh be the purest
Of mould, in which grew
The Lily-root surest,

And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest

Which clay can compound, 410
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!

Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirred,

Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word!

Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation!

'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in creation! 420

[*ARNOLD falls senseless; his soul passes
into the shape of Achilles, which rises
from the ground; while the phantom
has disappeared, part by part, as the
figure was formed from the earth.*

Arn. (*in his new form*). I love, and I shall
be beloved! Oh, life!

At last I feel thee! Glorious Spirit!

Stran. Stop!

What shall become of your abandoned
garment,

Yon hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
Which late you wore, or were?

¹ Adam means "*red earth*," from which the first
man was formed.

Arn. Who cares? Let wolves
And vultures take it, if they will.

Stran. And if
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace-time, and no better fare
Abroad i' the fields.

Arn. Let us but leave it there;
No matter what becomes on't.

Stran. That 's ungracious; 430
If not ungrateful. Whatsoe'er it be,
It hath sustained your soul full many a day.

Arn. Aye, as the dunghill may conceal a
gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

Stran. But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they¹
Who make men without women's aid have
long

Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your Interlopers. The Devil may take men,
Not make them, — though he reap the
benefit 440

Of the original workmanship:—and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

Arn. Who would do so?

Stran. That I know not
And therefore I must.

Arn. You!

Stran. I said it ere
You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

Arn. True. I forget all things in the new
joy

Of this immortal change.

Stran. In a few moments
I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

Arn. I would be spared this.

Stran. But it cannot be. 450
What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

Arn. Do as thou wilt.

Stran. (to the late form of ARNOLD,
extended on the earth).

¹ [The reference is to the *homunculi* of the alchemists. See Retzsch's illustration to Goethe's *Faust*, 1834, plates 3, 4, 5. Compare, too, *The Second Part of Faust*, act ii.—

“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?”

—Anster's Translation, 1886, p. 91.]

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,
An Immortal no less

Deigns not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;
Fire! but *in* which nought can live, 460

Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls, which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,

Howling for a drop of water,
Burning in a quenchless lot:

Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,
Save the Worm which dieth not,

Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with thyself be blent: 470

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born Daughter,
And Destruction's threatened Son,

When Heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!

His resurrection rests with me and you!

One little, marshy spark of flame—

And he again shall seem the same; 480
But I his Spirit's place shall hold!

[*An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood and
rests on the brow of the body. The
Stranger disappears: the body rises.*

Arn. (In his new form). Oh! horrible!

Stran. (in ARNOLD'S late shape). What!
tremblest thou?

Arn. Not so—
I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
Thou lately worest?

Stran. To the world of shadows.
But let us thread the present. Whither wilt
thou?

Arn. Must thou be my companion?

Stran. Wherefore not?
Your betters keep worse company.

Arn. My betters!

Stran. Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your
new form:

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's
well;

You improve apace;—two changes in an
instant, 490

And you are old in the World's ways already.

But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce

Where shall we now be errant?

Arn. Where the World
Is thickest, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

Stran. That's to say, where there is War
And Woman in activity. Let's see!
Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—¹
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice: the whole race are
just now 500
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

Arn. I have heard great things of Rome.

Stran. A goodly choice—
And scarce a better to be found on earth,
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide
too;
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish
scion

Of the old Vandals, are at play along
The sunny shores of the World's garden.

Arn. How
Shall we proceed?

Stran. Like gallants, on good coursers.
What, ho! my chargers! Never yet were
better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.² 510
Our pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.

Arn. A noble sight!

Stran. And of
A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
Or your Kochlini race of Araby,³
With these!

Arn. The mighty steam, which volumes
high
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies
wheel

Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

Stran. Mount, my Lord:
They and I are your servitors.

Arn. And these
Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their
names? 520

Stran. You shall baptize them.

¹ [The immediate reference is to the composite forces, German, French, and Spanish, of the Imperial Army under the command of Charles de Bourbon: but there is in lines 498-507 a manifest allusion to the revolutionary movements in South America, Italy, and Spain, which were at their height in 1822.]

² [See Euripides, *Hippolytus*, line 733.]

³ [Kochlini horses were bred in a central province of Arabia.]

Arn. What! in holy water?
Stran. Why not? The deeper sinner
better saint.

Arn. They are beautiful, and cannot, sure,
be demons.

Stran. True the Devil's always ugly: and
your beauty
Is never diabolical.

Arn. I'll call him
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such
bright

And blooming aspect, *Huon*; ¹ for he looks
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,
And never found till now. And for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles
not, 530

But looks as serious though serene as night,
He shall be *Memnon*, ² from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.
And you?

Stran. I have ten thousand names, and
twice

As many attributes; but as I wear
A human shape, will take a human name.

Arn. More human than the shape (though
it was mine once)

I trust.

Stran. Then call me Cæsar.

Arn. Why, that name
Belongs to Empire, and has been but borne
By the World's lords.

Stran. And therefore fittest for 540
The Devil in disguise—since so you deem me,
Unless you call me Pope instead.

Arn. Well, then,
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain Arnold still.

Cæs. We'll add a title—
"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious
sound,

¹ [Byron's knowledge of Huon of Bordeaux was, most probably, derived from Sotheby's *Oberon; or, Huon de Bourdeaux: A Mask*, published in 1802.]

² [The so-called statue of Memnon, the beautiful son of Tithonus and Eos (Dawn), is now known to be that of Amenhotep III., who reigned in the eighteenth dynasty, about 1430 B.C. Strabo was the first to record the musical note which sounded from the statue when it was touched by the rays of the rising sun. It used to be argued that the sounds were produced by a trick, but of late years it has been maintained that the Memnon's wail was due to natural causes, the pressure of suddenly-warmed currents of air through the pores and crevices of the stone. After the statue was restored, the phenomenon ceased.]

And will look well upon a billet-doux.

Arn. Or in an order for a battle-field.

Cæs. (*sings*). To horse! to horse! my
coal-black steed

Paws the ground and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed 550

More knows whom he must bear;

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,

On the plain be overtaken;

In the wave he will not sink,

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble, 560

Time nor toil shall make him humble;

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be wingéd as a Griffin,

Only flying with his feet:

And will not such a voyage be sweet?

Merrily! merrily! never unsound,

Shall our bonny black horses skim over
the ground!

From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or
fly!

For we'll leave them behind in the glance of
an eye.

[*They mount their horses, and disappear.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp before the walls of Rome.*

ARNOLD and CÆSAR.

Cæs. You are well entered now.

Arn. Aye; but my path
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full
Of blood.

Cæs. Then wipe them, and see clearly.
Why!

Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late Constable of France;¹ and now to be

¹ [Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Montpensier, was born, February 17, 1490. He was appointed Constable of France by Francis I., January, 1515, and fought at the battle of Marignano, September 13, 1515. Not long afterwards he lost the favour of the king who was set against him by his mother, Louise de Savoie, and was recalled from his command in Italy. After the death of his wife (Susanne Duchesse de Bourbon) in 1521, he broke with Francis and attached himself to the Emperor, Charles V. After various and varying successes, both in the South of France and in Lombardy, he found himself, in the spring of 1527, not so much the commander-in-chief as the popular *capo* of a mixed body of German, Spanish, and Italian

Lord of the city which hath been Earth's
Lord

Under its emperors, and—changing sex,
Not sceptre, an Hermaphrodite of Empire—
Lady of the old world.

Arn. How *old*? What! are there 10
New worlds?

Cæs. To *you*. You'll find there are such
shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
From one *half* of the world named a *whole*
new one,

Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

Arn. I'll trust them.

Cæs. Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

Arn. Dog!

Cæs. Man!

Arn. Devil!

Cæs. Your obedient humble servant.

Arn. Say *master* rather. Thou hast lured
me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am
here. 20

Cæs. And where would'st thou be?

Arn. Oh, *at* peace—in peace!

Cæs. And where is that which is so? From
the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion;
and

In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds
its way,

Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the
subject

condottieri, unpaid and ill-disciplined, who had mutinied more than once, who could only be kept together by the prospect of unlimited booty, and a timely concession to their demands. "To Rome! to Rome!" cried the hungry and tumultuous *landsknechts*, and on May 5, 1527, the "late Constable of France," at the head of an army of 30,000 troops, appeared before the walls of the sacred city. On the morning of the 6th of May, he was killed by a shot from an arquebuse. His epitaph recounts his honours: "Aucto Imperio, Gallo victo, Superatâ Italiâ, Pontifice obsesso. Româ Captâ, Borbonius, Hic Jacet;" but in Paris they painted the sill of his gate-way yellow, because he was a renegade and a traitor. He could not have said, with the dying Bayard, "Ne me plaignez pas—je meurs sans avoir servi contre *ma patrie, mon roy, et mon serment.*"

Of something which has made it live and die.
 You must obey what all obey, the rule 31
 Of fixed Necessity: against her edict
 Rebellion prospers not.

Arn. And when it prospers—

Cæs. 'Tis no rebellion.

Arn. Will it prosper now?

Cæs. The Bourbon hath given orders for
 the assault,

And by the dawn there will be work.

Arn. Alas!

And shall the City yield? I see the giant
 Abode of the true God, and his true saint,
 Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
 That sky whence Christ ascended from the
 cross, 40
 Which his blood made a badge of glory and
 Of joy (as once of torture unto him),—
 God and God's Son, man's sole and only
 refuge!

Cæs. 'Tis there, and shall be.

Arn. What?

Cæs. The Crucifix

Above, and many altar shrines below.

Also some culverins upon the walls,

And harquebusses, and what not; besides

The men who are to kindle them to death

Of other men.

Arn. And those scarce mortal arches,
 Pile above pile of everlasting wall, 50

The theatre where Emperors and their subjects
 (Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon

The battles of the monarchs of the wild

And wood—the lion and his tusky rebels

Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust

In the arena—as right well they might,

When they had left no human foe un-
 conquered—

Made even the forest pay its tribute of

Life to their amphitheatre, as well

As Dacia, men to die the eternal death 60

For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on

To a new gladiator!"—Must it fall?

Cæs. The city, or the amphitheatre?

The church, or one, or all? for you confound
 Both them and me.

Arn. To-morrow sounds the assault
 With the first cock-crow.

Cæs. Which, if it end with
 The evening's first nightingale, will be
 Something new in the annals of great sieges;
 For men must have their prey after long toil.

Arn. The sun goes down as calmly, and
 perhaps 70

More beautifully, than he did on Rome
 On the day Remus leapt her wall.

Cæs.

I saw him.

Arn. You!

Cæs. Yes, Sir! You forget I am or was
 Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape,
 And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a
 hunch-back

Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a
 bald-head,

And loved his laurels better as a wig

(So history says) than as a glory. Thus

The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.

I saw your Romulus (simple as I am) 80

Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same
 womb,

Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,

Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest
 cement

Was brother's blood; and if its native blood

Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red

As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear

The deep hue of the Ocean and the Earth,

Which the great robber sons of fratricide

Have made their never-ceasing scene of
 slaughter,

For ages.

Arn. But what have these done, their far go
 Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
 The peace of Heaven, and in her sunshine of
 Piety?

Cæs. And what had *they* done, whom the old
 Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

Arn. They are soldiers singing

A reckless roundelay, upon the eve

Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

Cæs. And why should they not sing as well
 as swans?

They are black ones, to be sure.

Arn. So, you are learned,
 I see, too?

Cæs. In my grammar, certes. I
 Was educated for a monk of all times, 100

And once I was well versed in the forgotten

Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—

Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
 Your alphabet.

Arn. And wherefore do you not?

Cæs. It answers better to resolve the
 alphabet

Back into hieroglyphics. Like your states-
 man,

And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,

Philosopher, and what not, they have built

More Babels, without new dispersion, than

The stammering young ones of the flood's
 dull ooze, 110

Who failed and fled each other. Why? why,
marry,
Because no man could understand his
neighbour.

They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth—their Koran—Talmud—
their

Cabala—their best brick-work, wherewithal
They build more——

Arn. (interrupting him). Oh, thou ever-
lasting sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldier's rough strain
seems

Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
Listen!

Cæs. Yes. I have heard the angels sing. 120

Arn. And demons howl.

Cæs. And man, too. Let us listen:
I love all music.

Song of the Soldiers within.

The black bands came over
The Alps and their snow;
With Bourbon, the rover,
They passed the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
We have captured a King,¹
We have turned back on no men,
And so let us sing! 130

Here 's the Bourbon for ever!
Though penniless all,
We'll have one more endeavour
At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather
At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
Or break or climb o'er
The wall: on the ladder,
As mounts each firm foot, 140

Our shout shall grow gladder,
And Death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
The spoils of each dome?
Up! up with the Lily!
And down with the Keys!
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We'll revel at ease. 150

Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!¹
The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burden!
And fire, fire away!

With Spain for the vanguard,
Our varied host comes; 160
And next to the Spaniard
Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances

Are couched at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
Who warred with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
To plunder old Rome. 170

Cæs. An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.
Arn. Yes, if they keep to their chorus.
But here comes
The general with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel!

*Enter the Constable BOURBON "cum suis,"
etc., etc.*

Phil. How now, noble Prince,
You are not cheerful?
Bourb. Why should I be so?
Phil. Upon the eve of conquest, such
as ours,
Most men would be so.

Bourb. If I were secure!
Phil. Doubt not our soldiers. Were the
walls of adamant,
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp
artillery. 180

Bourb. That they will falter is my least of
fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like
the gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
But now——

Phil. They are but men who war with
mortals.

¹ [Brantôme (*Memoires, etc.*, 1722, i. 215) quotes a "chanson" of "Les soldats Espagnols" as they marched Romewards. "Calla calla Julio Cesar, Hannibal, y Scipion! Viva la fama de Bourbon."]

¹ [Francis the First was taken prisoner at the Battle of Pavia, February 24, 1525.]

Bourb. True: but those walls have girded
in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past
earth
And present phantom of imperious Rome 190
Is peopled with those warriors; and, methinks,
They flit along the eternal City's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy
hands,
And beckon me away!

Phil. So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of
shadows?

Bourb. They do not menace me. I could
have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike
hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed
eyes

Fascinate mine. Look there!

Phil. I look upon 200
A lofty battlement.

Bourb. And there!

Phil. Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Sheltered by the grey parapet from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

Bourb. You are blind.

Phil. If seeing nothing more than may be
seen
Be so.

Bourb. A thousand years have manned the
walls

With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave. 210
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

Phil. Then conquer
The walls for which he conquered, and be
greater!

Bourb. True: so I will, or perish.

Phil. You can *not*.
In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance.*]

Cæs. And the mere men—do they, too,
sweat beneath

The noon of the same ever-scorching glory?

Bourb. Ah!

Welcome the bitter Hunchback! and his
master,

The beauty of our host, and brave as
beauteous, 220

And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

Cæs. You will find,
So please your Highness, no less for yourself.

Bourb. And if I do, there will not be a
labourer

More forward, Hunchback!

Cæs. You may well say so,
For *you* have seen that back—as general,
Placed in the rear in action—but your foes
Have never seen it.

Bourb. That's a fair retort,
For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced 230
In danger's face as yours, were you the *Devil*.

Cæs. And if I were, I might have saved
myself

The toil of coming here.

Phil. Why so?

Cæs. One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

Bourb. Arnold, your
Slight crooked *friend's* as snake-like in his
words

As his deeds.

Cæs. Your Highness much mistakes me.
The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when
stung. 240

Bourb. You are brave, and *that's* enough
for me; and quick
In speech as sharp in action—and *that's*
more.

I am not alone the soldier, but the soldiers'
Comrade.

Cæs. They are but bad company, your
Highness;

And worse even for their friends than foes,
as being

More permanent acquaintance.

Phil. How now, fellow!
Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
Of a buffoon.

Cæs. You mean I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero.

Bourb. Philibert! 250

Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
Been first, with that swart face and mountain
shoulder,

In field or storm, and patient in starvation;
And for his tongue, the camp is full of
licence,

And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
Is, to my mind, far preferable to
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
Of a mere famished sullen grumbling slave,
Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
And wine, and sleep, and a few Mara-
vedis, 260
With which he deems him rich.

Cæs. It would be well
If the earth's princes asked no more.

Bourb. Be silent!

Cæs. Aye, but not idle. Work yourself
with words!

You have few to speak.

Phil. What means the audacious prater?

Cæs. To prate, like other prophets.

Bourb. Philibert!

Why will you vex him? Have we not enough
To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
To-morrow.

Arn. I have heard as much, my Lord.

Bourb. And you will follow?

Arn. Since I must not lead.

Bourb. 'Tis necessary for the further
daring 270

Of our too needy army, that their chief
Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's
First step.

Cæs. Upon its topmost, let us hope:
So shall he have his full deserts.

Bourb. The world's
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.
Through every change the seven-hilled city
hath

Retained her sway o'er nations, and the
Cæsars

But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or priest,
Still the world's masters! Civilised, bar-
barian, 280

Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus
Have been the circus of an Empire. Well!
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us
hope

That we will fight as well, and rule much
better.

Cæs. No doubt, the camp's the school of
civic rights.

What would you make of Rome?

Bourb. That which it was.

Cæs. In Alaric's time?

Bourb. No, slave! in the first Cæsar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs—

Cæs. And kings!

'Tis a great name for blood-hounds.

Bourb. There's a demon
In that fierce rattlesnake thy tongue. Wilt
never 290
Be serious?

Cæs. On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the
general

To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should
we think?

Our tutelary Deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from
hosts!

If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

Bourb. You may sneer, since
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse
for 't.

Cæs. I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the
only 300
Pay I have taken in your Highness' service.

Bourb. Well, Sir, to-morrow you shall pay
yourself.

Look on those towers; they hold my treasury:
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

Arn. Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

Bourb. In both we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at daybreak.

Cæs. And mine?

Bourb. To follow glory with the Bourbon.
Good night!

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Prepare our armour for
the assault,
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, *etc.*]

Cæs. (*solus*). Within thy tent! 310
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my
presence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which contained
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's
bastards!

This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought. It is a stubborn sub-
stance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets:
'tis 320

The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.
When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures
deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a
 jest now
 To bring one down amongst them, and set fire
 Unto their anthill: how the pismires then
 Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and,
 ceasing
 From tearing down each other's nests, pipe
 forth
 One universal orison! ha! ha!

[Exit CÆSAR.]

PART II.

SCENE I.—*Before the walls of Rome.—The
 Assault: the Army in motion, with
 ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON
 with a white scarf over his armour,
 foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

I.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
 Whither flies the silent lark?
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
 Is the day indeed begun?
 Nature's eye is melancholy
 O'er the city high and holy:
 But without there is a din
 Should arouse the saints within,
 And revive the heroic ashes
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes. 10
 Oh, ye seven hills! awaken,
 Ere your very base be shaken!

II.

Hearken to the steady stamp!
 Mars is in their every tramp!
 Not a step is out of tune,
 As the tides obey the moon!
 On they march, though to self-slaughter,
 Regular as rolling water,
 Whose high-waves o'ersweep the border
 Of huge moles, but keep their order, 20
 Breaking only rank by rank.
 Hearken to the armour's clank!
 Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
 How he glares upon the barrier:
 Look on each step of each ladder,
 As the stripes that streak an adder.

III.

Look upon the bristling wall,
 Manned without an interval!
 Round and round, and tier on tier,
 Cannon's black mouth, shining spear, 30
 Lit match, bell-mouthed Musquetoon,
 Gaping to be murderous soon;

All the warlike gear of old,
 Mixed with what we now behold,
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,
 Gather like a locusts' crew.
 Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
 Awful as thy brother's crime!
 Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
 Must its lot be like to thine? 40

IV.

Near—and near—and nearer still,
 As the Earthquake saps the hill,
 First with trembling, hollow motion,
 Like a scarce awakened ocean,
 Then with stronger shock and louder,
 Till the rocks are crushed to powder,—
 Onward sweeps the rolling host!
 Heroes of the immortal boast!
 Mighty Chiefs! eternal shadows!
 First flowers of the bloody meadows 50
 Which encompass Rome, the mother
 Of a people without brother!
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
 Plough the root up of your laurels?
 Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,
 Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!¹

V.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
 Famine long hath dealt their rations.
 To the wall, with hate and hunger,
 Numerous as wolves, and stronger, 60
 On they sweep. Oh, glorious City!
 Must thou be a theme for pity?
 Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
 Alaric was a gentle foeman,
 Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
 Rouse thee, thou eternal City;
 Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
 With thine own hand to thy porch,
 Than behold such hosts pollute
 Your worst dwelling with their foot. 70

VI.

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!
 Ilion's children find no Hector;
 Priam's offspring loved their brother;
 Rome's great sire forgot his mother,
 When he slew his gallant twin,
 With inexpiable sin.
 See the giant shadow stride
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!

¹ Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer [*Iliad*, vi. 448], and wept over the burning of Carthage [B.C. 146]. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

When the first o'erleapt thy wall,
 Its foundation mourned thy fall. 80
 Now, though towering like a Babel,
 Who to stop his steps are able?
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

VII.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
 Fire and smoke and hellish clangour
 Are around thee, thou world's wonder!
 Death is in thy walls and under.
 Now the meeting steel first clashes,
 Downward then the ladder crashes, 90
 With its iron load all gleaming,
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!
 Up again! for every warrior
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.
 Rome! although thy wall may perish,
 Such manure thy fields will cherish,
 Making gay the harvest-home;
 But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!— 100
 Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
 Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

VIII.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
 Let not your quenched hearts be Atés!
 Yet again, ye shadowy Heroes,
 Yield not to these stranger Neros!
 Though the son who slew his mother
 Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
 'Twas the Roman curbed the Roman;—
 Brennus was a baffled foeman. 110
 Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,
 Rise! for yours are holier charters!
 Mighty Gods of temples falling,
 Yet in ruin still appalling!
 Mightier Founders of those altars,
 True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!
 Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
 Show even Nature's self abhorrent.
 Let each breathing heart dilated
 Turn, as doth the lion baited! 120
 Rome be crushed to one wide tomb,
 But be still the Roman's Rome!

[BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, and others,
 arrive at the foot of the wall.
 ARNOLD is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my Lord.

Bourb. Hold, Sir, I charge you! Follow!
 I am proud

Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.
 [BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins
 to mount.

Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

Cæs. And off!

Arn. Eternal powers!

The host will be appalled,—but vengeance!
 vengeance!

Bourb. 'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.

[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand,
 and rises; but as he puts his foot on
 the step, falls again.

Arnold! I am sped.

Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!
 Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon; 130
 Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn. You must be

Removed; the aid of—

Bourb. No, my gallant boy!

Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?

The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,

'Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

Cæs. Would not your Highness choose to
 kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
 May serve instead:—it did the same for
 Bayard.¹

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at
 this time! 140

But I deserve it.

Arn. (to CÆSAR). Villain, hold your peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies? Shall
 I not offer

A Christian "Vade in pace?"

Arn. Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing which o'erlooked the
 world,

And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, shouldst thou see
 France—But hark! hark! the assault grows
 warmer—Oh!

For but an hour, a minute more of life,
 To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold, hence!
 You lose time—they will conquer Rome with-
 out thee.

Arn. And without *thee*.

Bourb. Not so; I'll lead them still 150

¹ ["Quand il sentit le coup, se print à crier:
 'Jésus!' et puis il dist 'Hélas! mon Dieu, je suis
 mort!' Si prit son espée par la poignée en signe de
 croix en disant tout hault, 'Miserere mei, Deus,
 secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.'" —
Chronique de Bayart, 1836, cap. lxiv., p. 119.]

In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious.

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up! up! the
world is winning. [*BOURBON dies.*]

Cæs. (to *ARNOLD*). Come, Count, to business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter.

[*ARNOLD covers BOURBON'S body with a
mantle, mounts the ladder, crying*

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome
is ours!

Cæs. Good-night, Lord Constable! thou
wert a Man.

[*CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach the
battlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR are
struck down.*]

Cæs. A precious somerset! Is your count-
ship injured?

Arn. No. [*Remounts the ladder.*]

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his own is
heated!

And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them
down! 160

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it
As though it were an altar; now his foot
Is on it, and—What have we here?—a
Roman?

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen
[*A man falls.*]

On the outside of the nest. Why, how now,
fellow?

Wounded Man. A drop of water!

Cæs. Blood 's the only liquid
Nearer than Tiber.

Wounded Man. I have died for Rome.
[*Dies.*]

Cæs. And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
Oh, these immortal men! and their great
motives!

But I must after my young charge. He is 170
By this time 'i the Forum. Charge! charge!

[*CÆSAR mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The City.*—*Combats between the
Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. In-
habitants flying in confusion.*

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. I cannot find my hero; he is mixed
With the heroic crowd that now pursue
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.
What have we here? A Cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could
they doff

Their hose as they have doffed their hats,
'twould be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.
But let them fly; the crimson kennels now
Will not much stain their stockings, since the
mire 10

Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a Party fighting—ARNOLD at the head
of the Besiegers.*

He comes,
Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and
Glory.

Holla! hold, Count!

Arn. Away! they must not rally.

Cæs. I tell thee, be not rash; a golden
bridge

Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee

A form of beauty, and an
Exemption from some maladies of body,
But not of mind, which is not mine to give.

But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,
I dipped thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe
I would not warrant thy chivalric heart 21
More than Pelides' heel; why, then, be
cautious,

And know thyself a mortal still.

Arn. And who

With aught of soul would combat if he were
Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.
Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions
roar?

[*ARNOLD rushes into the combat.*]

Cæs. A precious sample of humanity!
Well, his blood 's up; and, if a little 's shed,
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[*ARNOLD engages with a Roman, who
retires towards a portico.*]

Arn. Yield thee, slave!
I promise quarter.

Rom. That 's soon said.

Arn. And done—30

My word is known.

Rom. So shall be my deeds.

[*They re-engage. CÆSAR comes forward.*]

Cæs. Why, Arnold! hold thine own: thou
hast in hand

A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew
The Bourbon from the wall.

Arn. Aye, did he so?

Then he hath carved his monument.

Rom. I yet

May live to carve your better's.

Cæs. Well said, my man of marble!
Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and
he
Who slays Cellini will have worked as hard ⁴⁰
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI,
but slightly: the latter draws a
pistol, and fires; then retires, and
disappears through the portico.

Cæs. How farest thou? Thou hast a taste,
methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet.

Arn. (*staggers*). 'Tis a scratch.
Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me
thus.

Cæs. Where is it?

Arn. In the shoulder, not the sword
arm—
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I
had
A helm of water!

Cæs. That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at.

Arn. And my thirst increases;—but 50
I'll find a way to quench it.

Cæs. Or be quenched
Thyself.

Arn. The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in
prating;
Prithee be quick.

[CÆSAR binds on the scarf.

And what dost thou so idly?
Why dost not strike?

Cæs. Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I behold a
prize

Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

Arn. Aye, 'gainst an oak.

Cæs. A forest, when it suits me:
I combat with a mass, or not at all. 60
Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;
Which is just now to gaze, since all these
labourers

Will reap my harvest gratis.

Arn. Thou art still
A fiend!

Cæs. And thou—a man.

Arn. Why, such I fain would show me.

Cæs. True—as men are.

Arn. And what is that?

Cæs. Thou feelest and thou see'st.
Exit ARNOLD, joining in the combat
which still continues between detached
parties. The scene closes.

SCENE III.—*St. Peter's—The interior of the
Church—The Pope at the Altar—Priests,
etc., crowding in confusion, and Citizens
flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.*

Enter CÆSAR.

A Spanish Soldier. Down with them,
comrades, seize upon those lamps!
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary's of gold!

Lutheran Soldier. Revenge! revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

Cæs. (*interposing*). How now, schismatic?
What wouldst thou?

Luth. Sold. In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ.¹ I am a
Christian.

Cæs. Yea, a disciple that would make the
founder
Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to
plunder. 10

Luth. Sold. I say he is the Devil.

Cæs. Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognise you for his own.

Luth. Sold. Why would you save him? I
repeat he is
The Devil, or the Devil's vicar upon earth.

Cæs. And that's the reason: would you
make a quarrel

With your best friends? You had far best be
quiet;

His hour is not yet come.

Luth. Sold. That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward:
a shot strikes him from one of the
Pope's Guards, and he falls at the
foot of the Altar.*

Cæs. (*to the Lutheran*). I told you so.

Luth. Sold. And will you not avenge me?

¹ [Among the Imperial troops which Charles de Bourbon led against Rome were at least six thousand Landsknechts, ardent converts to the Reformed religion, and eager to prove their zeal by the slaughter of Catholics and the destruction of altars and crucifixes. Their leader, George Frundsberg, had set out for Rome with the pious intention of hanging the Pope (see *The Popes of Rome*, by Leopold Ranke, translated by Sarah Austen, 1866, i. 72).]

Cæs. Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's":

You see he loves no interlopers.

Luth. Sold. (dying). Oh! 20

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crowned with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reached him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sack-
cloth

And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*]

Cæs. Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.*]

Cæs. Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great
professions, 30

Together by the ears and hearts! I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best
then;

Now they must take their turn.

Soldiers. He hath escaped!

Follow!

Another Sold. They have barred the narrow
passage up,

And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

Cæs. I am glad he hath escaped: he may
thank me for't

In part. I would not have his bulls abolished—
'Twere worth one half our empire: his
indulgences

Demand some in return; no, no, he must
not 40

Fall;—and besides, his now escape may
furnish

A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility. [*To the Spanish Soldiery.*]

Well, cut-throats!

What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left.

And *you*, too, Catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?

The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

Soldiers. By holy Peter!

He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear 50
The best away.

Cæs. And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church, others enter.*]

Cæs. They are gone,

And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call Eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the
Ocean,

While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

*Enter OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit—
She springs upon the Altar.*

Sold. She's mine!

Another Sold. (opposing the former). You
lie, I tracked her first: and were she
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

[*They fight.*]

3d *Sold. (advancing towards OLIMPIA).*

You may settle

Your claims; I'll make mine good.

Olimp. Infernal slave! 60

You touch me not alive.

3d *Sold.* Alive or dead!

Olimp. (embracing a massive crucifix).

Respect your God!

3d *Sold.* Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix; it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*]

3d *Sold.* Oh, great God!

Olimp. Ah! now you recognise him.

3d *Sold.* My brain's crushed!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

[*He dies.*]

Other Soldiers (coming up). Slay her,
although she had a thousand lives:
She hath killed our comrade.

Olimp. Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! through thy
redeeming Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as 70
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him,
and thee!

Enter ARNOLD.

Arn. What do I see? Accurséd jackals!
Forbear!

Cæs. (aside and laughing). Ha! ha! here's
equity! The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

Soldiers. Count, she hath slain our comrade.

Arn. With what weapon?

Sold. The cross, beneath which he is
crushed; behold him
Lie there, more like a worm than man; she
cast it
Upon his head.

Arn. Even so: there is a woman
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
Ye would have honoured her. But get ye
hence, 80
And thank your meanness, other God you
have none,
For your existence. Had you touched a hair
Of those dishevelled locks, I would have
thinned
Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,
But not even these till he permits.

A Sold. (murmuring). The lion
Might conquer for himself then.

Arn. (cuts him down). Mutineer!
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!
[*The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.*]

Arn. Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show
you, slaves,
How you should be commanded, and who
led you 90
First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,
Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[*ARNOLD mows down the foremost; the
rest throw down their arms.*]

Soldiers. Mercy! mercy!

Arn. Then learn to grant it. Have I
taught you *who*
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

Soldiers. We saw it, and we know it;
yet forgive

A moment's error in the heat of conquest—
The conquest which you led to.

Arn. Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them
fixed
In the Colonna palace.

Olimp. (aside). In my father's 100
House!

Arn. (to the Soldiers). Leave your arms;
ye have no further need
Of such: the City's rendered. And mark well
You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out
a stream

As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

*Soldiers (deposing their arms and depart-
ing).* We obey!

Arn. (to OLIMPIA). Lady, you are safe.

Olimp. I should be so,

Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the
marble,

Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dashed,
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee,
man! 110

Arn. I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

Olimp. No! Thou hast only sacked my
native land,—

No injury!—and made my father's house
A den of thieves! No injury!—this temple—
Slippery with Roman and with holy gore!
No injury! And now thou wouldst preserve
me,

To be—but that shall never be!

[*She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds
her robe round her, and prepares
to dash herself down on the side
of the Altar opposite to that where
ARNOLD stands.*]

Arn. Hold! hold!
I swear.

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even Hell would loathe
thee. 120

I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

Olimp. I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me,
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptized me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy

But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeemed infant) than the holy water 130
The saints have sanctified!

[*OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD
with disdain, and dashes herself on
the pavement from the Altar.*]

Arn. Eternal God!
I feel thee now! Help! help! she's gone.
Cæs. (approaches). I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæs. (assisting him to raise OLIMPIA). She
hath done it well!

The leap was serious.

Arn. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs.

She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn. Slave!

Cæs. Aye, slave or master, 'tis all one: me-thinks
 Good words, however, are as well at times.
Arn. Words!—Canst thou aid her?
Cæs. I will try. A sprinkling
 Of that same holy water may be useful. 140
[He brings some in his helmet from the font.]
Arn. 'Tis mixed with blood.
Cæs. There is no cleaner now
 In Rome.
Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how life-
 less!
 Alive or dead, thou Essence of all Beauty,
 I love but thee!
Cæs. Even so Achilles loved
 Penthesilea;¹ with his form it seems
 You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.
Arn. She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing,
 or the last
 Faint flutter Life disputes with Death.
Cæs. She breathes.
Arn. Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.
Cæs. You do me right—
 The Devil speaks truth much oftener than
 he's deemed: 150
 He hath an ignorant audience.
Arn. (*without attending to him*). Yes! her
 heart beats.
 Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
 I ever wished to beat with mine should vibrate
 To an assassin's pulse.
Cæs. A sage reflection,
 But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall
 we bear her?
 I say she lives.
Arn. And will she live?
Cæs. As much
 As dust can.
Arn. Then she is dead!
Cæs. Bah! bah! You are so,
 And do not know it. She will come to life—
 Such as you think so, such as you now are;
 But we must work by human means.
Arn. We will 160
 Convey her unto the Colonna palace,
 Where I have pitched my banner.
Cæs. Come then! raise her up!
Arn. Softly!
Cæs. As softly as they bear the dead,
 Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

¹ [Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons, was slain by Achilles, who wept over her as she lay a-dying, bewailing her beauty and her daring.]

Arn. But doth she live indeed?
Cæs. Nay, never fear!
 But, if you rue it after, blame not me.
Arn. Let her but live!
Cæs. The Spirit of her life
 Is yet within her breast, and may revive.
 Count! count! I am your servant in all
 things,
 And this is a new office:—'tis not oft 170
 I am employed in such; but you perceive
 How staunch a friend is what you call a
 fiend.
 On earth you have often only fiends for
 friends;
 Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her
 hence,
 The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!
 I am almost enamoured of her, as
 Of old the Angels of her earliest sex.
Arn. Thou!
Cæs. I! But fear not. I'll not be your rival.
Arn. Rival!
Cæs. I could be one right formidable;
 But since I slew the seven husbands of 180
 Tobias' future bride (and after all
 Was smoked out by some incense),¹ I have
 laid
 Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble
 Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—
 Getting rid of your prize again; for there's
 The rub! at least to mortals.
Arn. Prithee, peace!
 Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!
Cæs. Like stars, no doubt; for that's a
 metaphor
 For Lucifer and Venus.
Arn. To the palace
 Colonna, as I told you!
Cæs. Oh! I know 190
 My way through Rome.
Arn. Now onward, onward! Gently!
[Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA. The scene closes.]

¹ ["It came to pass the same day, that in Ecbatane a city of Media, Sara the daughter of Raguel was also reproached by her father's maids; because that she had been married to seven husbands, whom Asmodeus the evil spirit had killed before they had lain with her. . . . And as he went, he remembered the words of Raphael, and took the ashes of the perfumes, and put the heart and the liver of the fish thereupon, and made smoke therewith. The which smell when the evil spirit had smelled, he fled into the utmost parts of Egypt."—*Tobit* iii. 7, 8; viii. 2, 3.]

PART III.

SCENE I.—*A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling Country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.*

Chorus.

I.

The wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

II.

The spring is come; the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun:
With us she is but a winter's flower, 9
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

III.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

IV.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald out of dim December—
The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours;
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget 21
The virgin—virgin Violet.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæs. (singing). The wars are all over,
Our swords are all idle,
The steed bites the bridle,
The casque's on the wall.
There's rest for the rover;
But his armour is rusty,
And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall. 30
He drinks—but what's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death
call.

Chorus.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
To spring from her hood:

On the wrist of the noble
She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble 40
With birds from their nest.

Cæs. Oh! shadow of Glory!
Dim image of war!
But the chase hath no story,
Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the founder
Of empire and chase,
Who made the woods wonder
And quake for their race.
When the lion was young, 50
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming behemoth;
While man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first born of Nature, 60
And, like her, sublime!

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home:
They are happy, and we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo from every
voice!

[Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.]

FRAGMENT OF THE THIRD
PART OF *THE DEFORMED
TRANSFORMED.*

Chorus.

When the merry bells are ringing,
And the peasant girls are singing,
And the early flowers are flinging
Their odours in the air;
And the honey bee is clinging
To the buds; and birds are winging
Their way, pair by pair:
Then the earth looks free from trouble
With the brightness of a bubble:
Though I did not make it, 10
I could breathe on and break it;

But too much I scorn it,
Or else I would mourn it,
To see despots and slaves
Playing o'er their own graves.

Enter COUNT ARNOLD.

Mem. Jealous — Arnold of
Cæsar. Olimpia at first not
liking Cæsar—then?—Arnold
jealous of himself under his
former figure, owing to the
power of intellect, etc., etc.,
etc.

Arnold. You are merry, Sir — what?
singing too?

Cæsar. It is
The land of Song—and Canticles you know
Were once my avocation.

Arn. Nothing moves you;
You scoff even at your own calamity—
And such calamity! how wert thou fallen 20
Son of the Morning! and yet Lucifer
Can smile.

Cæs. His shape can — would you have me
weep,
In the fair form I wear, to please you?

Arn. Ah!

Cæs. You are grave—what have you on
your spirit!

Arn. Nothing.

Cæs. How mortals lie by instinct! If you
ask

A disappointed courtier—What's the matter?
"Nothing"—an outshone Beauty what has
made

Her smooth brow crisp—"Oh, Nothing!"
—a young heir

When his Sire has recovered from the Gout,
What ails him? "Nothing!" or a Monarch
who 30

Has heard the truth, and looks imperial on
it—

What clouds his royal aspect? "Nothing,"
"Nothing!"

Nothing—eternal nothing—of these nothings
All are a lie—for all to them are much!

And they themselves alone the real
"Nothings."

Your present Nothing, too, is something to
you—

What is it?

Arn. Know you not?

Cæs. I only know
What I desire to know! and will not waste
Omniscience upon phantoms. Out with it,

If you seek aid from me! or else be silent, 40
And eat your thoughts—till they breed snakes
within you.

Arn. Olimpia!

Cæs. I thought as much—go on.

Arn. I thought she had loved me.

Cæs. Blessings on your Creed!
What a good Christian you were found to be!
But what cold Sceptic hath appalled your faith
And transubstantiated to crumbs again
The *body* of your Credence?

Arn. No one—but—
Each day—each hour—each minute shows
me more

And more she loves me not—

Cæs. Doth she rebel?

Arn. No, she is calm, and meek, and
silent with me, 50
And coldly dutiful, and proudly patient—
Endures my Love—not meets it.

Cæs. That seems strange.
You are beautiful and brave! the first is much
For passion—and the rest for Vanity.

Arn. I saved her life, too; and her Father's
life,
And Father's house from ashes.

Cæs. These are nothing.
You seek for Gratitude—the Philosopher's
stone.

Arn. And find it not.

Cæs. You cannot find what is not.
But *found* would it content you? would you owe
To thankfulness what you desire from Passion?
No! No! you would be *loved*—what you call
loved— 61

Self-loved — loved for *yourself* — for neither
health,

Nor wealth, nor youth, nor power, nor rank,
nor beauty—

For these you may be stripped of—but *beloved*
As an abstraction—for—you know not what!
These are the wishes of a moderate lover—
And *so* you love.

Arn. Ah! could I be beloved,
Would I ask wherefore?

Cæs. Yes! and not believe
The answer—You are jealous.

Arn. And of whom?

Cæs. It may be of yourself, for Jealousy 70
Is as a shadow of the Sun. The Orb
Is mighty—as you mortals deem—and to
Your little Universe seems universal;
But, great as He appears, and is to you,
The smallest cloud—the slightest vapour of
Your humid earth enables you to look

Upon a Sky which you revile as dull;
Though your eyes dare not gaze on it when
cloudless.

Nothing can blind a mortal like to light.
Now Love in you is as the Sun—a thing 80
Beyond you—and your Jealousy's of Earth—
A cloud of your own raising.

Arn. Not so always!
There is a cause at times.

Cæs. Oh, yes! when atoms jostle,
The System is in peril. But I speak
Of things you know not. Well, to earth again!
This precious thing of dust — this bright
Olimpia—

This marvellous Virgin, is a marble maid—
An Idol, but a cold one to your heat
Promethean, and unkindled by your torch.

Arn. Slave!

Cæs. In the victor's Chariot, when Rome
triumphed, 90
There was a Slave of yore to tell him truth!
You are a Conqueror—command your Slave.

Arn. Teach me the way to win the woman's
love.

Cæs. Leave her.

Arn. Were that the path—I'd not pursue it.

Cæs. No doubt! for if you did, the remedy
Would be for a disease already cured.

Arn. All wretched as I am, I would not quit
My unrequited love, for all that's happy.

Cæs. You have possessed the woman—still
possess.

What need you more?

Arn. To be myself possessed— 100
To be her heart as she is mine.

THE AGE OF BRONZE; ¹

OR

CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.

“*Impar Congressus Achilli.*”

I.

THE “good old times”—all times when old
are good—

Are gone; the present might be if they would;
Great things have been, and are, and greater still
Want little of mere mortals but their will:

¹ [*The Age of Bronze* was begun in December 1822, and finished on January 10, 1823. It was published (by John Hunt, but not with the author's name), April 1, 1823.]

A wider space, a greener field, is given
To those who play their “tricks before high
heaven.”

I know not if the angels weep, but men
Have wept enough—for what?—to weep
again!

II.

All is exploded—be it good or bad.
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad, 10
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deemed him such.¹
We—we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flowed all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they—the rivals! a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.² 20
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave,
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave,
Which oversweeps the World. The theme is old
Of “Dust to Dust,” but half its tale untold:
Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its
form,

Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine—the ashes will not glow—
Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea³
O'er which from empire she lured Anthony; 30
Though Alexander's urn⁴ a show be grown

¹ [Fox used to say, “I never want *a* word, but Pitt never wants *the* word.”]

² [The grave of Fox, in Westminster Abbey is within eighteen inches of that of Pitt.]

³ [The Cleopatra whose mummy is preserved in the British Museum was a member of the Theban Archon family. Her date was *circ.* A.D. 100.]

⁴ [According to Strabo, Ptolemæus Soter brought Alexander's body back from Babylon, and buried it in Alexandria, in the spot afterwards known as the *Soma*. In 1801 a sarcophagus came into the possession of the English Army, and was presented by George III. to the British Museum. Hieroglyphics were as yet undeciphered, and, in 1805, the traveller Edward Daniel Clarke published a quarto monograph (*The Tomb of Alexander, etc.*), in which he proves, to his own satisfaction, that “this surprising sarcophagus in one entire block of green Egyptian *breccia*,” had once contained the ashes of Alexander the Great. Byron knew Clarke, and, no doubt, respected his authority; and, hence, the description of “Alexander's urn” as “a show.” The sarcophagus which has, since 1844, been assigned to its rightful occupant, Nectanebus II., is a conspicuous object in the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum.]

On shores he wept to conquer, though
 unknown—¹
 How vain, how worse than vain, at length
 appear
 The madman's wish, the Macedonian's tear!
 He wept for worlds to conquer—half the
 earth
 Knows not his name, or but his death, and
 birth,
 And desolation; while his native Greece
 Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
 He "wept for worlds to conquer"! he who
 ne'er
 Conceived the Globe, he panted not to spare! ⁴⁰
 With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
 Which holds his urn—and never knew his
 throne.

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
 Who, born no king, made monarchs draw
 his car;
 The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves with
 wings,
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled
 of late,
 Chained to the chariot of the Chieftain's
 state?
 Yes! where is he, "the champion and the
 child"²
 Of all that's great or little—wise or wild; ⁵⁰
 Whose game was Empire, and whose stakes
 were thrones;
 Whose table Earth—whose dice were human
 bones?
 Behold the grand result in yon lone Isle,
 And, as thy nature urges—weep or smile—
 Sigh to behold the Eagle's lofty rage
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
 Smile to survey the queller of the nations
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
 O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stinted wines; ⁶⁰
 O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.
 Is this the Man who scourged or feasted kings?

¹ [It was "Other Worlds" the planets and stars which Alexander "wept to conquer," not the undiscovered countries of the Ancient World.]

² [In a speech delivered in the House of Commons, February 17, 1800, "On the continuance of the War with France," Pitt described Napoleon as the "child and champion of Jacobinism."]

Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
 A surgeon's¹ statement, and an earl's
 harangues!

A bust delayed,³—a book⁴ refused, can shake
 The sleep of Him who kept the world awake.
 Is this indeed the tamer of the Great,
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate—
 The paltry gaoler⁵ and the prying spy,
 The staring stranger with his note-book
 nigh?⁶

Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been
 great;

How low, how little was this middle state,
 Between a prison and a palace, where
 How few could feel for what he had to bear!
 Vain his complaint,—My Lord presents his
 bill,

His food and wine were doled out duly still;
 Vain was his sickness, never was a clime
 So free from homicide—to doubt's a crime;
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his
 cause,

Hath lost his place, and gained the world's
 applause.

¹ Barry Edward O'Meara (1786-1836), who had been surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*, and who accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena in the *Northumberland*. He published in 1819, a work entitled *Exposition of some of the Transactions that have taken place at St. Helena since the appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor*, which was afterwards expanded into *Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice from St. Helena* (2 vols. 8vo. 1822). He is the "stiff surgeon" of line 891.

² [Henry, Earl Bathurst (1762-1834), Secretary for War and the Colonies, replied to Lord Holland's motion "for papers connected with the personal treatment of Napoleon Buonaparte at St. Helena," March 18, 1817.]

³ [A bust of Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had been forwarded to St. Helena. It was detained on board ship for inspection, before it was transferred to Longwood.]

⁴ [The book in question was *The Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman in Paris*, 1816 (by J. C. Hobhouse). It was inscribed "To the Emperor Napoleon."]

⁵ [Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe, K.C.B. (1769-1844), was the son of an army surgeon, John Hudson Lowe. He was appointed Governor of St. Helena, August 23, 1815, and landed in the island April 14, 1816.]

⁶ [There is reason to think that "the staring stranger" was the traveller Captain Basil Hall (1788-1844), who called upon Byron at Venice, but did not see him. His account of his interview with Napoleon is attached to his narrative of a *Voyage to Java*, 1840.]

But smile—though all the pangs of brain and
heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;
Though, save the few fond friends and
imaged face
Of that fair boy his Sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the
mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes
mankind :
Smile — for the fettered Eagle breaks his
chain,
And higher Worlds than this are his again.

IV.

How, if that soaring Spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign, 90
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be !
What though his Name a wider empire found
Than his Ambition, though with scarce a
bound ;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted Empire's blessings and its curse ;
Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* Tyrant's
ape ;
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone
grave,
The proudest Sea-mark that o'ertops the
wave ! 100
What though his gaoler, duteous to the last,
Scarce deemed the coffin's lead could keep
him fast,
Refusing one poor line¹ along the lid,
To date the birth and death of all it hid ;
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore :
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast ;
When Victory's Gallic column² shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies, 110

¹ [At the end of vol ii. of O'Meara's *Voice, etc.* (ed. 5), there is a statement signed by Count Montholon, to the effect that he wished the following inscription to be placed on Napoleon's coffin—

“ Napoléon.

Né à Ajaccio le 15 Août, 1769,

Mort à Ste. Hélène le 5 Mai, 1821 ;”

but that the Governor said, “that his instructions would not allow him to sanction any other name being placed on the coffin than that of ‘General Bonaparte.’”]

² [The Colonne Vendôme.]

The rocky Isle that holds or held his dust,
Shall crown the Atlantic like the Hero's bust,
And mighty Nature o'er his obsequies
Do more than niggard Envy still denies.
But what are these to him? Can Glory's lust
Touch the freed spirit or the fettered dust?
Small care hath he of what his tomb consists ;
Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists :
Alike the better-seeing Shade will smile
On the rude cavern¹ of the rocky isle, 120
As if his ashes found their latest home
In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome.²
He wants not this ; but France shall feel the
want

Of this last consolation, though so scant :
Her Honour—Fame—and Faith demand his
bones,
To rear above a Pyramid of thrones ;
Or carried onward in the battle's van,
To form, like Guesclin's dust, her Talisman.³
But be it as it is—the time may come
His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's
drum.⁴ 130

V.

Oh Heaven ! of which he was in power a
feature ;
Oh Earth ! of which he was a noble creature ;
Thou Isle ! to be remembered long and well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his
shell !
Ye Alps which viewed him in his dawning
flights
Hover, the Victor of a hundred fights !
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds
outdone !
Alas ! why passed he too the Rubicon—
The Rubicon of Man's awakened rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites ? 140
Egypt ! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,

¹ [Napoleon was buried, May 9, 1821, in a garden in the middle of a deep ravine, under the shade of two willow trees.]

² [The Pantheon, where Mirabeau is buried, and where cenotaphs have been erected to Voltaire and Rousseau.]

³ [Guesclin (1320-1380) died during the siege of a city ; it surrendered, and the keys were brought and laid upon his bier, so that the place might appear rendered to his ashes.]

⁴ [John of Trocnow (1360-1424) surnamed Zizka, or the “One-eyed.” Voltaire, in his *Essai sur Les Mœurs et L'Esprit des Nations* (cap. lxxiii.) mentions the legend as a fact, “ Il ordonna qu' après sa mort on fit un tambour de sa pœau.”]

And shook within their pyramids to hear
 A new Cambyses thundering in their ear ;
 While the dark shades of Forty Ages stood
 Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood ;¹
 Or from the Pyramid's tall pinnacle
 Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
 With clashing hosts, who strewed the barren
 sand,

To re-manure the uncultivated land ! 150
 Spain ! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
 Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid !²
 Austria ! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital³
 Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall !
 Ye race of Frederic !—Frederics but in name
 And falsehood—heirs to all except his fame :
 Who, crushed at Jena, crouched at Berlin,⁴
 fell

First, and but rose to follow ! Ye who dwell
 Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
 The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody
 debt !⁵ 160

Poland ! o'er which the avenging Angel past,
 But left thee as he found thee, still at waste,
 Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
 Thy lotted people and extinguished name,
 Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
 That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear—
 Kosciusko !⁶ On—on—on—the thirst of War
 Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their Czar.
 The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
 Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets ! 170

¹ [“ Au moment de la bataille Napoléon avait dit a ses troupes en leur montrant les Pyramides : ‘ Soldats, quarant siècles vous regardent. ’ ” — *Campagnes d'Égypte et de Syrie*, 1798-9, par le Général Bertrand, 1847, i. 160.]

² [Madrid was taken by the French, first in March, 1808, and again December 2, 1808.]

³ [Vienna was taken by the French under Murat, November 14, 1805, evacuated January 12, 1806, captured by Napoleon, May, 1809, and restored at the conclusion of peace, October 14, 1809. Her treachery consisted in her share in the Treaty of Vienna, March 25, 1815.]

⁴ [At Jena Napoleon defeated Prince Hohenlohe, and at Auerstadt General Davoust defeated the King of Prussia, October 14, 1806. Napoleon then advanced to Berlin, October 27, from which he issued his famous decree against British commerce, November 20, 1806.]

⁵ [The partition of Poland was first discussed between Henry of Prussia, and the Empress Catherine, December 9, 1770.]

⁶ [The final partition of Poland took place after the Battle of Maciejowice, October 12, 1794, when “ Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. ”]

Moscow ! thou limit of his long career,
 For which rude Charles had wept his frozen
 tear¹

To see in vain—*he* saw thee—how ? with spire
 And palace fuel to one common fire.

To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
 To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
 To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
 The prince his hall—and Moscow was no
 more !

Sublimest of volcanoes ! Etna's flame
 Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's
 tame ; 180

Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
 For gaping tourists, from his hackneyed
 height :

Thou stand'st alone unrivalled, till the Fire
 To come, in which all empires shall expire !

Thou other Element ! as strong and stern,
 To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn !—
 Whose icy wing flapped o'er the faltering foe,
 Till fell a hero with each flake of snow ;
 How did thy numbing beak and silent fang
 Pierce, till hosts perished with a single
 pang ! 190

In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
 For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks !
 In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
 Her Youth—their blood flows faster than her
 wines ;

Or stagnant in their human ice remains
 In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.
 In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
 Her offspring chilled ; its beams are now
 forsaken.

Of all the trophies gathered from the war,
 What shall return ? the Conqueror's broken
 car !² 200

The Conqueror's yet unbroken heart ? Again
 The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
 Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,³
 Beholds him conquer, but, alas ! not die :

¹ [The reference is to Charles's chagrin when the Grand Vizier allowed the Russians to retire in safety from the banks of the Pruth, and assented to the Treaty of Jassy, July 21, 1711.]

² [The “ broken car ” was a sledge made of four pieces of pine which had suffered in the “ terrible journey from Moscow. ” Napoleon's “ unbroken heart ” was evinced by a remark which he made in response to some who wished him a prosperous return to Paris. “ If I carried the devil with me I should be all the better for that. ” See *Quart. Rev.* vol. xiv. pp. 64, 68.]

³ [Gustavus Adolphus fell at the great battle of

Dresden¹ surveys three despots fly once more
Before their sovereign,—sovereign as before;
But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,
And Leipsic's² treason bids the unvanquished
yield;

The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide;
And backward to the den of his despair 211
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair!

Oh ye! and each, and all! Oh France!
who found
Thy long fair fields ploughed up as hostile
ground,
Disputed foot by foot, till Treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill³
Looked down o'er trampled Paris! and thou
Isle,
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till wooed by danger, his yet weeping bride!
Oh, France! retaken by a single march, 221
Whose path was through one long triumphal
arch!

Oh bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
Which proves how fools may have their fortune
too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
Oh dull Saint Helen! with thy gaoler nigh—
Hear! hear Prometheus⁴ from his rock appeal
To Earth,—Air,—Ocean,—all that felt or feel
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year; 230
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly—learn to do no wrong!

Lutzen, in November, 1632. Napoleon defeated the allied Russian and Prussian armies at Lutzen, May 2, 1813.]

¹ [On June 26, 1813, Napoleon re-entered Dresden, and on the 27th repulsed the allied sovereigns, the Emperors of Russia and Prussia, with tremendous loss.]

² [At the battle of Leipzig, October 18, 1813, on the appearance of Bernadotte, the Saxon soldiers under Regnier deserted and went over to the Allies. Napoleon, whose army was already weakened, lost 30,000 men at Leipzig.]

³ [Joseph Buonaparte, who had been stationed on the heights of Montmartre, March 30, 1814, to witness if not direct the defence of Paris against the Allies under Blücher, authorized Marmont to capitulate. His action was, unjustly, regarded as a betrayal of his brother's capital.]

⁴ I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.—*Prometheus Vincetus*, line 88, sq.

A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed:
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,
Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod;
His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity of fall. 240
Yet Vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on History's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to
Heaven,
Calming the lightning which he hence hath
riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his
birth;¹
While Washington's a watchword, such as
ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air:
While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and
war 251
Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!²
Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave—
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the
slave,
Who burst the chains of millions to renew
The very fetters which his arm broke through,
And crushed the rights of Europe and his own,
To flit between a dungeon and a throne?

VI.

But 'twill not be—the spark's awakened—lo!
The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;
The same high spirit which beat back the
Moor 262

Through eight long ages of alternate gore
Revives—and where? in that avenging clime
Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,

¹ [The allusion is to Turgot's epigram on Franklin:—"Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis," which celebrates, in one line, the discovery of the lightning-conductor, and the deliverance of the United States from the tyranny of George III.]

² [Simon Bolivar (*El Libertador*), 1783-1830, was at the height of his power and fame at the beginning of 1823. In 1821 he had united New Grenada to Venezuela under the name of the Republic of Columbia, and on the 1st of September he made a solemn entry into Lima. Byron, at one time, had a mind to settle in "Bolivar's country"; and he christened his yacht *The Bolivar*.]

Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
The infant world redeems her name of "*New*."
'Tis the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
Where Greece *was*—No! she still is Greece
once more. 271

One common cause makes myriads of one
breast,

Slaves of the East, or helots of the West:
On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurled,
The self-same standard streams o'er either
world:

The Athenian¹ wears again Harmodius'
sword;

The Chili chief² abjures his foreign lord;
The Spartan knows himself once more a
Greek,³

Young Freedom plumes the crest of each
cacique; 279

Debating despots, hemmed on either shore,
Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;
Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides ad-
vance,

Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would
fain

Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:
But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
Of Salamis!—there, there the waves arise,
Not to be lulled by tyrant victories.

Lone, lost, abandoned in their utmost need
By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed,
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle, 292
The foster feud encouraged to beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolonged but in the hope to make a prey;—
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can
show

The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.

¹ [The capitulation of Athens was signed June 21, 1822. "Three days after, the Greeks commenced murdering their helpless prisoners. . . . The streets of Athens were stained with the blood of four hundred men, women, and children."—*History of Greece*, by George Finlay, 1877, vi. 283. The sword was hid in the myrtle bough. Hence the allusion to Harmodius.]

² [The independence of Chili dated from April 5, 1818, when General José de San Martín routed the Spanish army on the plains of Maypo.]

³ [On the 8th of August, 1822, Niketas and Hypsilantes defeated the Turks under Dramali, near Lerna. The Moreotes attributed their good fortune to the generalship of Kolokotronis, a Messenian.]

But this is well: Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his masque of peace,
How should the Autocrat of bondage be 300
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan;
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate,—
Numbered by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the Czar's regard;
While their immediate owner never tastes 310
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes:
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the Camel—than purvey the Bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime
Where Freedom dates her birth with that of
Time,

And not alone where, plunged in night, a
crowd

Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,
The dawn revives: renowned, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.
Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
Demands her fields as lists to prove the
sword; 321

Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both;
Nor old Pelayo¹ on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reaped, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage;
The Zegri,² and the captive victors, flung 330
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they
sprung.

But these are gone—their faith, their swords,
their sway.

Yet left more anti-Christian foes than they;
The bigot monarch, and the butcher priest,³
The Inquisition, with her burning feast,

¹ [Pelayo, said to be the son of Favila, Duke of Cantabria, was elected king by the Christians of the Asturias in 718, and defeated the Arab generals Suleyman and Manurza. He died A.D. 737.]

² [For the Zegri and Abencerrages, rival Moorish tribes, whose quarrels, at the close of the fifteenth century, deluged Granada with blood, see the *Civil Wars of Granada*, a prose fiction, interspersed with ballads, by Ginés Pérez de Hita, published in 1595.]

³ [Ferdinand VII. returned to Madrid in March,

The Faith's red "Auto," fed with human fuel,
While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of Agony!

The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both 340
By turns; the haughtiness whose pride was
sloth;

The long degenerate noble; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,
But more degraded; the unpeopled realm;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm;
The once impervious phalanx disarrayed;
The idle forge that formed Toledo's blade;
The foreign wealth that flowed on every
shore,

Save hers who earned it with the native's
gore;

The very language which might vie with
Rome's, 350

And once was known to nations like their
homes,

Neglected or forgotten:—such *was* Spain;
But such she is not, nor shall be again.

These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and
feel

The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
Up! up again! undaunted Tauridor!

The bull of Phalaris renews his roar;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo! not in vain
Revive the cry—"Iago! and close Spain!"¹
Yes, close her with your arméd bosoms
round, 360

And form the barrier which Napoleon
found,—

The exterminating war, the desert plain,
The streets without a tenant, save the slain;
The wild Sierra, with its wilder troop
Of vulture-plumed Guerrillas, on the stoop
For their incessant prey; the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;

The Man nerved to a spirit, and the Maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade;²
The knife of Arragon, Toledo's steel; 370
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile;³
The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the van;

1814. Once more on his throne, the nobles re-
covered their privileges, the Inquisition resumed its
activity; and the Jesuits returned to Spain.]

¹ "St. Jago and close Spain!" the old Spanish
war-cry. ["Santiago y serra España."]

² [The "Man" was Jorge Ibort: the "Maid,"
Augustina, the "Maid of Zaragoza."]

³ The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in
the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly
in former French wars.

The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—
Such have been, such shall be, such are.

Advance,
And win—not Spain! but thine own freedom,
France!

VIII.

But lo! a Congress!¹ What! that hallowed
name

Which freed the Atlantic! May we hope
the same

For outworn Europe? With the sound
arise, 380

Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic
eyes,

The prophets of young Freedom, summoned
far

From climes of Washington and Bolivar;

Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,

Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;²

And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,

Robed in the lightnings which his hand
allayed;

And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,

To bid us blush for these old chains, or
break.

But *who* compose this Senate of the few 390

That should redeem the many? *Who* renew

This consecrated name, till now assigned

To councils held to benefit mankind?

Who now assemble at the holy call?

The blest Alliance, which says three are all!

An earthly Trinity! which wears the shape

Of Heaven's, as man is mimicked by the ape.

A pious Unity! in purpose one—

To melt three fools to a Napoleon. 399

¹ [The Congress of Allied Powers met at Verona, in November, 1822. A revolution had broken out in Spain, and the main question which the Congress was summoned to determine, was whether France should be permitted to invade Spain and crush the revolution. The Powers decided to send monitory despatches to Spain, and to leave France to do as she pleased. The Duke of Wellington, on behalf of Great Britain, declined to interfere with the domestic policy of Spain, and would not sign the *procès verbaux*.]

² [Patrick Henry, born May 29, 1736, died June 6, 1799, was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution.

He was delegate to the first Continental Congress, five times Governor of Virginia, and was appointed U.S. Senator in 1794.

His contemporaries said that he was "the greatest orator that ever lived."]

Why, Egypt's Gods were rational to these ;
 Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
 And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
 Cared little, so that they were duly fed ;
 But these, more hungry, must have some-
 thing more—

The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.
 Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's
 frogs

Than we ! for ours are animated logs,
 With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
 And crushing nations with a stupid blow ;
 All dully anxious to leave little work 410
 Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice blest Verona ! since the holy three
 With their imperial presence shine on thee !
 Honoured by them, thy treacherous site
 forgets

The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets !"¹
 Thy Scaligers—for what was "Dog the
 Great,"

"Can Grande,"² (which I venture to
 translate,)

To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
 Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new ;³
 Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate ; 420
 And Dante's exile sheltered by thy gate ;
 Thy good old man, whose world was all
 within

Thy wall, nor knew the country held him
 in ;⁴

Would that the royal guests it girds about
 Were so far like, as never to get out !
 Aye, shout ! inscribe !⁵ rear monuments of
 shame,

To tell Oppression that the world is tame !

¹ [The tombs of the Scaligers are close to the Church of Santa Maria l'Antica. Juliet's tomb, in the garden of the *Orfanotrofio*, is not "that ancient vault where all the kindred of the Capulets lie," which has long since been destroyed. Since 1814 Verona had been under Austria's sway, and had "treacherously" forgotten her republican traditions.]

² [Francesco Can Grande della Scalla died in 1329.]

³ [Ippolito Pindemonte, the modern Tibullus (1753-1828).]

⁴ [Claudian's famous old man of Verona, "*qui suburbium nunquam egressus est.*"

"Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
 Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli."
 C. Claudiani *Opera*, lii., *Epigramma*, ii. lines 9,
 10.]

⁵ [After the sittings of the Congress Verona was

Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
 The comedy is not upon the stage ;
 The show is rich in ribandry and stars, 430
 Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars ;
 Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
 For thus much still thy fettered hands are free !

X.

Resplendent sight ! Behold the coxcomb
 Czar,¹

The Autocrat of waltzes and of war !
 As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
 And just as fit for flirting as the helm ;
 A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
 And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit ;
 Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw, 440
 But hardened back whene'er the morning's
 raw ;

With no objection to true Liberty,
 Except that it would make the nations free.
 How well the imperial dandy prates of peace !
 How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free
 Greece !

How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
 Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet !
 How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
 With all her pleasant Pulks,² to lecture Spain !
 How royally show off in proud Madrid 450
 His goodly person, from the South long hid !
 A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
 By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
 Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's son !
 La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on ;³
 And that which Scythia was to him of yore
 Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.

en fête. An illuminated inscription on the Church of St Agnes, ran thus :—

"*A Cesare Augusto Verona esultante.*"

¹ [Alexander I. 1777-1825, succeeded his father in 1801. At the height of his power and influence, when he was regarded as the Liberator of Europe, he granted a Constitution to Poland, based on liberal if not democratic principles (June 21, 1815), but after a time he reverted to absolutism. When the allied Sovereigns were received in London, in June 1814, the Czar attended the assemblies at Almack's, and helped to make "The Waltz" then on its promotion, fashionable.]

² ["Pulk" is Polish for "regiment." The allusion must be to the military colonies planted at Kharkof, and elsewhere.]

³ [Frédéric César La Harpe (1754-1838) was appointed by Catherine II. Governor to the Grand-Dukes Alexander and Constantine. It was from La Harpe's teaching that Alexander imbibed his liberal ideas.]

Yet think upon, thou somewhat agéd youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman,¹ but not Catherine;² 461
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and
defiles—

The Bear may rush into the Lion's toils.
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields?
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir³
hordes,

Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are
pure 470

With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure:
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe:
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher
prey?

Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey,
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun⁴
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun;
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free; 480
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 'tis found,
Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round?
Our British Commons sometimes deign to
"hear!" 490

A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;

¹ [Alexander's platonic attachment to the Baronne de Krüdener (Barbe Julie de Wietenhoff), beauty, novelist, *illuminée*, then in her fiftieth year, was the source of amusement rather than scandal.]

² The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

³ [The Bashkirs are a Turco-Mongolian tribe inhabiting the slopes of the Ural Mountains. They supply a body of irregular cavalry to the Russian army.]

⁴ [The Austrian and Russian armies stood between the Greeks and other peoples, and their independence, as Alexander the Great stood between Diogenes and the sunshine.]

Even Constant,¹ their sole master of debate,
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.
But this costs little to true Franks, who'd rather
Combat than listen, were it to their father.
What is the simple standing of a shot,
To listening long, and interrupting not?
Though this was not the method of old Rome,
When Tully fulminated o'er each vocal dome,
Demosthenes has sanctioned the transac-
tion, 500
In saying eloquence meant "Action, action!"

XII.

But where 's the monarch?² hath he dined?
or yet

Groans beneath Indigestion's heavy debt?
Have revolutionary patés risen,
And turned the royal entrails to a prison?
Have discontented movements stirred the
troops?

Or have *no* movements followed traitorous
soups?

Have Carbonaro³ cooks not carbonadoed
Each course enough? or doctors dire
dissuaded

Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks 510
I read all France's treason in her cooks!
Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
Desirable to be the "Desiré"?

Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's
green abode,

Apician table, and Horatian ode,
To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than
schooled?

Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones; the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, formed, at best, 520
To be a kind host and as good a guest,

¹ [Constant (Henri Benjamin de Rebecque, 1767-1830) was the "stormy petrel" of debate in the French Chamber. The duel with the Marquis de Forbin des Issarts was fought in June, 1822.]

² [Louis XVIII. (1755-1824) passed several years of exile in England, latterly at Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire. A scholar and a wit, he was not only *gourmet* but *gourmand*. Fifteen mutton cutlets, "sautées au jus," for breakfast; fifteen mutton cutlets served with a "sauce à la champagne," for dinner; to say nothing of strawberries, and sweet apple-puffs between meals, made digestion and locomotion difficult. It was no wonder that he was a martyr to the gout.]

³ [Louvel, who assassinated the Duc de Berri, and who was executed June 7, 1820, was supposed to have been an agent of the *carbonari*.]

To talk of Letters, and to know by heart
 One *half* the Poet's, *all* the Gourmand's art;
 A scholar always, now and then a wit,
 And gentle when Digestion may permit;—
 But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
 The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
 From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
 "Arts—arms—and George—and glory—and
 the Isles, 530
 And happy Britain, wealth, and Freedom's
 smiles,
 White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof,
 Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,
 Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curled,
 That nose, the hook where he suspends the
 world!¹
 And Waterloo, and trade, and——(hush!
 not yet
 A syllable of imposts or of debt)——
 And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,²
 Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t'other day—
 And, 'pilots who have weathered every
 storm'—³ 540
 (But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name
 Reform)."

These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
 Methinks we need not sing them any more;
 Found in so many volumes far and near,
 There's no occasion you should find them here.
 Yet something may remain perchance to chime
 With reason, and, what stranger's still, with
 rhyme.

Even this thy genius, Canning!⁴ may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,

¹ "Naso suspendis adunco." — HORACE
 [*Sat.* i.6.5.].

The Roman applies it to one who merely was
 imperious to his acquaintance.

² [Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry (1769-1822), who had been labouring under a "mental delirium" (Letter of Duke of Wellington, August 9, 1822), committed suicide by cutting his throat with a penknife (August 12, 1822)].

³ ["The Pilot that weathered the Storm" was written by Canning, to be recited at a dinner given on Pitt's birthday, May 28, 1802.]

⁴ [George Canning (1770-1827) succeeded Lord Londonderry as Foreign Secretary, September 8, 1822. He was not a *persona grata* to George IV., who had been offended by Canning's attitude, towards Queen Caroline. There was, too, the prospect of Catholic Emancipation. If Canning

And never, even in that dull House, couldst
 tame 550
 To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
 Our last, our best, our only orator,
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no more;
 Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man,
 because

Thy Spirit less upholds them than it awes.
 The hounds will gather to their huntsman's
 hollo,
 And where he leads the duteous pack will
 follow;
 But not for love mistake their yelling cry;
 Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
 Less faithful far than the four-footed-pack, 560
 A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
 Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
 Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;
 The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
 To stumble, kick—and now and then stick fast
 With his great Self and Rider in the mud;
 But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV.

Alas, the Country! how shall tongue or pen
 Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen?
 The last to bid the cry of warfare cease, 570
 The first to make a malady of peace.
 For what were all these country patriots born?
 To hunt—and vote—and raise the price of
 corn?
 But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
 Kings—Conquerors—and markets most of all
 And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
 Why would you trouble Buonaparté's reign?
 He was your great Triptolemus;¹ his vices
 Destroyed but realms, and still maintained
 your prices;

He amplified to every lord's content 580
 The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.
 Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
 And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
 Why did you chain him on yon Isle so lone?
 The man was worth much more upon his
 throne.

True, blood and treasure boundlessly were
 spilt,
 But what of that? the Gaul may bear the
 guilt;

persisted in his advocacy of Catholic claims, the
 king's conscience might turn restive, and urge him
 to effectual resistance. Hence the warning in
 lines 563-567.]

¹ [Demeter gave Triptolemus a chariot drawn by
 serpents, and bade him scatter wheat throughout
 the world.]

But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.

But where is now the goodly audit ale? 590
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaimed to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;¹
The *Landed Interest*—(you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the
land)—

The land self-interest groans from shore
to shore, 600

For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up, up again, ye rents, exalt your notes,
Or else the Ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;
For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content.

They who are not so, *had* their turn—and
turn 610

About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves
prepared.

See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling
hands,

Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle—why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent., 620
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—why?
—for rent!

They roared, they dined, they drank, they
swore they meant

To die for England—why then live?—for
rent!

The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent!

And will they not repay the treasures lent?

No: down with everything, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or dis-
content, 630

Being, end, aim, religion—*rent—rent—rent!*

¹ [A bill regulating the price of wheat in accordance with a sliding scale was passed May 13, 1822.]

Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess;
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten
less;

Now thou hast swilled thy pottage, thy
demands

Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords! was your appetite for war,
And gorged with blood, you grumble at a
scar!

What! would they spread their earthquake
even o'er cash?

And when land crumbles, bid firm paper
crash?¹

So rent may rise, bid Bank and Nation
fall, 640

And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital?
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring—Tithes;
The Prelates go to—where the Saints have
gone,

And proud pluralities subside to one;
Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,
Tossed by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.

And why? to pamper the self-seeking
wants, 650

And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
"Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be
wise;"

Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations:—pray *who made it high?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades²—the crushing Stocks
Where Midas might again his wish behold 660
In real paper or imagined gold.

That magic palace of Alcina³ shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleavened ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds
the stake

And the World trembles to bid brokers break.

¹ [Peel's bill for the resumption of cash payments (Act 59 Geo. III. cap. 49) was passed June 14, 1819.]

² [The Symplegades, or "justling rocks," were supposed to crush the ships which sailed between them.]

³ [Alcina the personification of carnal pleasure in the *Orlando Furioso*, is the counterpart of Homer's *Circe*.]

How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,
 Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines;
 No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey, 670
 Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:
 But let us not to own the truth refuse,
 Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?
 Those parted with their teeth to good King
 John,
 And now, ye kings, they kindly draw your own;
 All states, all things, all sovereigns they
 control,
 And waft a loan "from Indus to the pole."
 The banker — broker — baron¹ — brethren,
 speed
 To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
 Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less 680
 Fresh speculations follow each success;
 And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
 Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.
 Not without Abraham's seed can Russia
 march;
 'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's
 arch.

Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
 In every realm their Scripture-promised
 land:—

Two Jews, keep down the Romans,² and
 uphold

The accurséd Hun, more brutal than of old:
 Two Jews,—but not Samaritans—direct 690
 The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
 What is the happiness of earth to them?
 A congress forms their "New Jerusalem,"
 Where baronies and orders both invite—
 Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the sight?
 Thy followers mingling with these royal
 swine,

Who spit not "on their Jewish gaberdine,"
 But honour them as portion of the show—
 (Where now, oh Pope! is thy forsaken toe?
 Could it not favour Judah with some
 kicks? 700
 Or has it ceased to "kick against the
 pricks"?)

¹ [There were five brothers Rothschild: Anselm, of Frankfort, 1773-1855; Salomon, of Vienna, 1774-1855; Nathan Mayer, of London, 1777-1836; Charles, of Naples, 1788-1855; and James, of Paris, 1792-1868. In 1821 Austria raised 37½ million gulden through the firm, and, as an acknowledgment of their services, the Emperor raised the brothers to the rank of baron, and appointed Baron Nathan Mayer Consul-General in London, and Baron James to the same post in Paris.]

² [In 1822 the Neapolitan Government raised 22,000,000 ducats through the Rothschilds.]

On Shylock's shore behold them stand afresh,
 To cut from Nation's hearts their "pound
 of flesh."

XVI.

Strange sight this Congress! destined to unite
 All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.
 I speak not of the Sovereigns—they're alike,
 A common coin as ever mint could strike;
 But those who sway the puppets, pull the
 strings,

Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
 Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, com-
 bine, 710

While Europe wonders at the vast design:
 There Metternich, power's foremost parasite,
 Cajoles; there Wellington forgets to fight;
 There Chateaubriand¹ forms new books of
 martyrs;

And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid Tartars;
 There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters,²

Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,
 To furnish articles for the "Débats";
 Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure
 As his dismissal in the "Moniteur." 720

Alas! how could his cabinet thus err!
 Can Peace be worth an ultra-minister?
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
 "Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain."³

XVII.

Enough of this—a sight more mournful woos
 The averted eye of the reluctant Muse.
 The Imperial daughter, the Imperial bride,⁴
 The imperial Victim—sacrifice to pride;

¹ Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: "Ah! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written something?" (*écrit quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy. [François René Vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768-1848) published *Les Martyrs ou le Triomphe de la religion chrétienne* in 1809.]

² [Jean Mathieu Félicité, Duc de Montmorenci (1766-1826), was, in his youth, a Jacobin. His dismissal (Dec. 29, 1822) from the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs was published in the *Moniteur*.]

³ [From Pope's line on Lord Peterborough, *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. i. 132.]

⁴ [Marie Louise, daughter of Francis I. of Austria, was born December 12, 1791, and died December 18, 1849. She was married to Napoleon, April 2, 1810, and gave birth to a son, March 29, 1811. In accordance with the Treaty of Paris, she

The mother of the Hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of Modern Troy;¹ 730
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest Queen
 That Earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;
 She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
 The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
 Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
 A daughter? What did France's widow there?
 Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
 Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
 But, no,—she still must hold a petty reign,
 Flanked by her formidable chamberlain;² 740
 The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes²
 Must watch her through these paltry page-
 antries.
 What though she share no more, and shared
 in vain,
 A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
 Which swept from Moscow to the southern
 seas!
 Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
 Where Parma views the traveller resort,
 To note the trappings of her mimic court.
 But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
 Of all her beams—while nations gaze and
 mourn— 750
 Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
 To chill in their inhospitable clime;
 (If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—
 But no,—their embers soon will burst the
 mould;)
 She comes!—the Andromache (but not
 Racine's,
 Nor Homer's,)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm³ she
 leans!
 Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
 Which cut her lord's half-shattered sceptre
 through,
 Is offered and accepted? Could a slave
 Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new
 grave! 760

renounced the title of Empress, and was created
 Duchess of Parma. After Napoleon's death
 (May 5, 1821), she did not long remain a widow,
 but speedily and secretly married her chamberlain
 and gentleman of honour, Count Adam de
 Neipperg, to whom she had long been attached.]

¹ [Napoleon François Charles Joseph, Duke of
 Reichstadt, died at the palace of Schonbrunn,
 July 22, 1832, having just attained his twenty-first
 year.]

² [Count Adam Albrecht de Neipperg had lost
 an eye from a wound in battle.]

³ [Pyrrhus must stand for the Duke of Wellington
 whose "respectful gallantry" to the Ex-Empress
 was noted in the Parisian newspapers.]

Her eye—her cheek—betray no inward strife,
 And the *Ex*-Empress grows as *Ex* a wife!
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own
 are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
 And sketch the group—the picture's yet to
 come.
 My Muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!¹
 While thronged the chiefs of every Highland
 clan
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alder-
 man! 770
 Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse
 roar,
 While all the Common Council cry "Clay-
 more!"
 To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
 Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,
 She burst into a laughter so extreme,
 That I awoke—and lo! it was *no* dream!

Here, reader, will we pause:—if there's no
 harm in
 This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second
 "Carmen."

THE ISLAND;²

OR,

CHRISTIAN AND HIS
COMRADES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE foundation of the following story will
 be found partly in Lieutenant Bligh's
 "Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of
 the Bounty, in the South Seas (in 1789);"³

¹ [Sir William Curtis (1752-1805), maker of sea-
 biscuits at Wapping, was M.P. for the City of
 London 1790-1818, Lord Mayor 1795-6. When the
 king visited Scotland in August, 1822, Curtis
 followed in his train, and on more than one
 occasion wore a kilt. There was much joking, at
 the expense of the "Fat Knight" in his "pyramid
 of Tartan."]

² [*The Island* was written January 10—February
 14, 1823. It was published (by John Hunt) June
 26, 1823.]

³ [*A Narrative of the Mutiny on board His
 Majesty's ship Bounty, and the subsequent voyage*

and partly in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands."¹

GENOA, 1823.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

THE morning watch was come; the vessel lay
Her course, and gently made her liquid way;
The cloven billow flashed from off her prow
In furrows formed by that majestic plough;
The waters with their world were all before;
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet shore.
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to wane,
Dividing darkness from the dawning main;
The dolphins, not unconscious of the day,
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray; 10
The stars from broader beams began to creep,
And lift their shining eyelids from the deep;
The sail resumed its lately shadowed white,
And the wind fluttered with a freshening flight;
The purpling Ocean owns the coming Sun,
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

II.

The gallant Chief² within his cabin slept,
Secure in those by whom the watch was kept:

of . . . the ship's Boat from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, to Timon, a Dutch Settlement in the East Indies, written by Lieutenant William Bligh, 1790.]

¹ [An Account of the Natives of the Tonga Islands, compiled and arranged from the extensive communications of Mr. William Mariner, by John Martin, M. D., 1817.]

² [William Bligh, the son of Cornish parents, was born September 9, 1754. He served under Cook in his second voyage in the *Resolution*, 1772-75, as sailing-master; and, in 1782, fought under Lord Howe at Gibraltar. He married a daughter of William Betham, first collector of customs in the Isle of Man, and hence his connection with Fletcher Christian, who belonged to a Manx family, and the midshipman Peter Hayward, who was the son of a Deemster. He was appointed to the *Bounty* in December, 1787, and in 1791 to the *Providence*, which was despatched to the Society Islands to obtain a fresh cargo of bread-fruit trees in place of those which were thrown overboard by the mutineers. He commanded the *Glatton* at Copenhagen, May 21, 1801, and on that and other occasions served with distinction. He was made Governor of New South Wales in 1805, but was forcibly deposed in an insurrection headed by Major Johnston, January, 1808. He was kept in prison till 1810, but on his return to England his administration of his office was approved, and

His dreams were of Old England's welcome shore,

Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er; 20
His name was added to the glorious roll
Of those who search the storm-surrounded Pole.

The worst was over, and the rest seemed sure,
And why should not his slumber be secure?
Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's sheet;
Young hearts, which languished for some sunny isle,

Where summer years and summer women smile;

Men without country, who, too long estranged,
Had found no native home, or found it changed, 30

And, half uncivilised, preferred the cave
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—
The gushing fruits that nature gave untilled;
The wood without a path—but where they willed;

The field o'er which promiscuous Plenty poured

Her horn; the equal land without a lord;
The wish—which ages have not yet subdued
In man—to have no master save his mood;

The earth, whose mine was on its face, unsold,
The glowing sun and produce all its gold; 40
The Freedom which can call each grot a home;
The general garden, where all steps may roam,
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;

Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth they know,

Their unexploring navy, the canoe;
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the chase;

Their strangest sight, an European face:—
Such was the country which these strangers yearned

To see again—a sight they dearly earned. 50

III.

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!
Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late!
Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage and fear.

Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy breast;

The hands, which trembled at thy voice, arrest;

Johnston was cashiered. He was advanced to the rank of Vice-Admiral of the Blue in 1814, and died, December 7, 1817.]

Dragged o'er the deck, no more at thy
command

The obedient helm shall veer, the sail expand;
That savage Spirit, which would lull by wrath
Its desperate escape from Duty's path, 60
Glares round thee, in the scarce believing eyes
Of those who fear the Chief they sacrifice:
For ne'er can Man his conscience all assuage,
Unless he drain the wine of Passion—Rage.

IV.

In vain, not silenced by the eye of Death,
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced
breath:—

They come not; they are few, and, over-
awed,

Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts applaud.
In vain thou dost demand the cause: a curse
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse. 70
Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering blade,
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet laid.
The levelled muskets circle round thy breast
In hands as steeled to do the deadly rest.
Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaiming
—“Fire!”

But they who pitied not could yet admire;
Some lurking remnant of their former awe
Restrained them longer than their broken law;
They would not dip their souls at once in
blood,
But left thee to the mercies of the flood. 80

V.

“Hoist out the boat!” was now the leader's
cry;

And who dare answer “No!” to Mutiny,
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,
The Saturnalia of unhopèd-for power?
The boat is lowered with all the haste of hate,
With its slight plank between thee and thy
fate;

Her only cargo such a scant supply
As promises the death their hands deny;
And just enough of water and of bread 89
To keep, some days, the dying from the dead:
Some cordage, canvass, sails, and lines, and
twine,

But treasures all to hermits of the brine,
Were added after, to the earnest prayer
Of those who saw no hope, save sea and air;
And last, that trembling vassal of the Pole—
The feeling compass—Navigation's soul.

VI.

And now the self-elected Chief finds time
To stun the first sensation of his crime,

And raise it in his followers—“Ho! the
bowl!”

Lest Passion should return to Reason's shoal.
“Brandy for heroes!” Burke could once ex-
claim— 101

No doubt a liquid path to Epic fame;
And such the new-born heroes found it here,
And drained the draught with an applauding
cheer.

“Huzza! for Otaheite!” was the cry.
How strange such shouts from sons of Mutiny!
The gentle island, and the genial soil,
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a toil,
The courteous manners but from nature
caught,

The wealth unhoarded, and the love un-
bought; 110
Could these have charms for rudest sea-boys,
driven

Before the mast by every wind of heaven?
And now, even now prepared with others' woes
To earn mild Virtue's vain desire, repose?
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim
At the same end by pathways not the same;
Our means—our birth—our nation, and our
name,

Our fortune—temper—even our outward
frame,

Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay
Than aught we know beyond our little day.
Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's
din: 122

Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the Oracle of God.

VII.

The launch is crowded with the faithful few
Who wait their Chief, a melancholy crew:
But some remained reluctant on the deck
Of that proud vessel—now a moral wreck—
And viewed their Captain's fate with piteous
eyes; 129

While others scoffed his augured miseries,
Sneered at the prospect of his pigmy sail,
And the slight bark so laden and so frail.
The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free.
He, when the lightning-winged Tornados
sweep

The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—
And triumphs o'er the armadas of Mankind,
Which shake the World, yet crumble in the
wind. 140

VIII.

When all was now prepared, the vessel clear
 Which hailed her master in the mutineer,
 A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,
 Showed the vain pity which but irritates;
 Watched his late Chieftain with exploring eye,
 And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;
 Held the moist shaddock to his parchéd
 mouth,
 Which felt Exhaustion's deep and bitter
 drouth.
 But soon observed, this guardian was with-
 drawn, 149
 Nor further Mercy clouds Rebellion's dawn.
 Then forward stepped the bold and froward
 boy
 His Chief had cherished only to destroy,
 And, pointing to the helpless prow beneath,
 Exclaimed, "Depart at once! delay is death!"
 Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased not all:
 In that last moment could a word recall
 Remorse for the black deed as yet half done,
 And what he hid from many showed to one:
 When Bligh in stern reproach demanded where
 Was now his grateful sense of former care? 160
 Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,
 And blazon Britain's thousand glories higher?
 His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy spell,
 "'Tis that! 'tis that! I am in hell! in hell!"
 No more he said; but urging to the bark
 His Chief, commits him to his fragile ark;
 These the sole accents from his tongue that
 fell,
 But volumes lurked below his fierce farewell.

IX.

The arctic Sun rose broad above the wave;
 The breeze now sank, now whispered from
 his cave; 170
 As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings
 Now swelled, now fluttered o'er his Ocean
 strings.
 With slow, despairing oar, the abandoned
 skiff
 Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce seen
 cliff,
 Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:
That boat and ship shall never meet again!
 But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
 Their days of danger, and their nights of
 pain;
 Their manly courage even when deemed in
 vain; 180

The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
 Known to his mother in the skeleton;
 The ills that lessened still their little store,
 And starved even hunger till he wrung no
 more;
 The varying frowns and favours of the deep,
 That now almost ingulfs, then leaves to
 creep
 With crazy oar and shattered strength along
 The tide that yields reluctant to the strong;
 The incessant fever of that arid thirst
 Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that
 burst 190
 Above their naked bones, and feels delight
 In the cold drenching of the stormy night,
 And from the outspread canvass gladly
 wrings
 A drop to moisten Life's all-gasping springs;
 The savage foe escaped, to seek again
 More hospitable shelter from the main;
 The ghastly Spectres which were doomed at
 last
 To tell as true a tale of dangers past,
 As ever the dark annals of the deep 199
 Disclosed for man to dread or woman weep.

X.

We leave them to their fate, but not unknown
 Nor unredressed. Revenge may have her
 own:
 Roused Discipline aloud proclaims their
 cause,
 And injured Navies urge their broken laws.
 Pursue we on his track the mutineer,
 Whom distant vengeance had not taught to
 fear.
 Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!
 Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome
 bay;
 Once more the happy shores without a law
 Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;
 Nature, and Nature's goddess—Woman—
 woos 211
 To lands where, save their conscience, none
 accuse;
 Where all partake the earth without dispute,
 And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;¹

¹ The now celebrated bread fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken. [The bread-fruit (*Artocarpus incisa*) was discovered by Dampier, in 1688. "Cook says that its taste is insipid, with a slight sweetness, somewhat resembling that of the crumb of wheaten bread mixed with a Jerusalem artichoke."—*The Eventful History, etc.*, 1831, p. 43.]

Where none contest the fields, the woods,
 the streams:—
 The goldless Age, where Gold disturbs no
 dreams,
 Inhabits or inhabited the shore,
 Till Europe taught them better than before;
 Bestowed her customs, and amended theirs,
 But left her vices also to their heirs. 220
 Away with this! behold them as they were,
 Do good with Nature, or with Nature err.
 "Huzza! for Otaheite!" was the cry,
 As stately swept the gallant vessel by.
 The breeze springs up; the lately flapping
 sail
 Extends its arch before the growing gale;
 In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,
 Which her bold bow flings off with dashing
 ease.
 Thus Argo ploughed the Euxine's virgin
 foam,
 But those she wafted still looked back to
 home; 230
 These spurn their country with their rebel
 bark,
 And fly her as the raven fled the Ark;
 And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,
 And tame their fiery spirits down to Love.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,¹
 When Summer's Sun went down the coral
 bay!
 Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,
 And hear the warbling birds! the damsels
 said:
 The wood-dove from the forest depth shall
 coo,
 Like voices of the Gods from Bolotoo;²

¹ The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in "Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands." Toobonai is *not* however one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

² [Bolotoo is a visionary island to the north westward, the home of the Gods. The souls of chieftains, priests, and, possibly, the gentry, ascend to Bolotoo after death; but the souls of the lower classes "come to dust" with their bodies.—*An Account, etc.*, 1817, ii. 104, 105.]

We'll cull the flowers that grow above the
 dead,
 For these most bloom where rests the
 warrior's head;
 And we will sit in Twilight's face, and see
 The sweet Moon glancing through the Tooa¹
 tree, 10
 The lofty accents of whose sighing bough
 Shall sadly please us as we lean below;
 Or climb the steep, and view the surf in vain
 Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,
 Which spurn in columns back the baffled
 spray.
 How beautiful are these! how happy they,
 Who, from the toil and tumult of their lives,
 Steal to look down where nought but Ocean
 strives!
 Even He too loves at times the blue lagoon,
 And smooths his ruffled mane beneath the
 Moon. 20

II.

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather flowers,
 Then feast like spirits in their promised
 bowers,
 Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,
 Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,
 And, wet and shining from the sportive toil,
 Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,
 And plait our garlands gathered from the
 grave,
 And wear the wreaths that sprung from out
 the brave.
 But lo! night comes, the Mooa² woos us
 back,
 The sound of mats³ are heard along our
 track; 30
 Anon the torchlight dance shall fling its sheen
 In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's⁴ green;
 And we too will be there; we too recall
 The memory bright with many a festival,

¹ [The Toa, or drooping casuarina. "Formerly the toa was regarded as sacred, and planted in groves round the 'Morais' of Tahiti."—*Polynesia*, by G. F. Angas, 1866, p. 44.]

² [The capital town of an island.]

³ [The preparation of *gnatoo*, or *tappa*-cloth, from the inner bark of the paper mulberry tree, occupies much of the time of the Tongan women. The bark, after being soaked in water, is beaten out by means of wooden mallets. . . . "Early in the morning," says Mariner, "when the air is calm and still, the beating of the *gnatoo* at all the plantations about has a very pleasing effect."]

⁴ [Marly, or Malái, is an open grass plat set apart for public ceremonies.]

Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes
 For the first time were wafted in canoes.
 Alas! for them the flower of manhood bleeds;
 Alas! for them our fields are rank with weeds:
 Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,
 Of wandering with the Moon and Love
 alone. 40

But be it so:—*they* taught us how to wield
 The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field:
 Now let them reap the harvest of their art!
 But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.
 Strike up the dance! the Cava bowl¹ fill high!
 Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.
 In summer garments be our limbs arrayed;
 Around our waists the Tappa's white dis-
 played;
 Thick wreaths shall form our coronal,² like
 Spring's,
 And round our necks shall glance the Hooni
 strings; 50
 So shall their brighter hues contrast the glow
 Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III.

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;
 Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.
 To-morrow for the Mooa we depart,
 But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.
 Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,
 Ye young Enchantresses of gay Licoo!³

¹ [Cava, "kava," or "ava," is an intoxicating drink, prepared from the roots and stems of a kind of pepper. Mariner (*An Account, etc.*, 1817, ii. 183-206) gives an account of the process of brewing the kava, and of the solemn "kava-drinking," which was attended with ceremonial rites. Briefly, a large wooden bowl, about three feet in diameter, and one foot in depth in the centre (see, for a typical specimen, King Thakombau's kava-bowl, in the British Museum), is placed in front of the king or chief, who sits in the midst, surrounded by his guests and courtiers. A portion of kava root is handed to each person present, who chews it to a pulp, and then deposits his quid in the kava bowl. Water being gradually added, the roots are well squeezed and twisted by various "curvilinear turns" of the hands and arms through the "fow," *i.e.* shavings of fibrous bark. When the "kava is in the cup," quaihs made of the "unexpanded leaf of the banana" are handed round to the guests, and the symposium begins.]

² [The gnato, which is a piece of tappa cloth, is worn in different ways. "Twenty yards of fine cloth are required by a Tahitian woman to make one dress, which is worn from the waist downwards."—*Polynesia*, by G. F. Angas, 1866, p. 45.]

³ [*Licoo* is the name given to the back of or unfrequented part of any island.]

How lovely are your forms! how every sense
 Bows to your beauties, softened, but
 intense, 60

Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,
 Which fling their fragrance far athwart the
 deep!—

We too will see Licoo; but—oh! my heart!—
 What do I say?—to-morrow we depart!

IV.

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times
 Before the winds blew Europe o'er these
 climes.

True, they had vices—such are Nature's
 growth—

But only the barbarian's—we have both;
 The sordor of civilisation, mixed
 With all the savage which Man's fall hath
 fixed. 70

Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,
 The prayers of Abel linked to deeds of Cain?
 Who such would see may from his lattice view
 The Old World more degraded than the
 New,—

Now *new* no more, save where Columbia rears
 Twin giants, born by freedom to her spheres,
 Where Chimborazo, over air,—earth,—
 wave,—

Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

V.

Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,
 Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys 80
 In song, where Fame as yet hath left no sign
 Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
 Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
 But yields young History all to Harmony—
 A boy Achilles, with the Centaur's lyre
 In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
 For one long-cherished ballad's simple stave,
 Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
 Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,
 Or gathering mountain echoes as they
 glide, 90

Hath greater power o'er each true heart and
 ear,

Than all the columns Conquest's minions
 rear;

Invites, when Hieroglyphics are a theme
 For sages' labours, or the student's dream;
 Attracts, when History's volumes are a
 toil,—

The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.
 Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the
 rude—

But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,

Who came and conquered; such, wherever
 rise
 Lands which no foes destroy or civilise, 100
 Exist: and what can our accomplished art
 Of verse do more than reach the awakened
 heart?

VI.

And sweetly now those untaught melodies
 Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,
 The sweet siesta of a summer day,
 The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,
 When every flower was bloom, and air was
 balm,
 And the first breath began to stir the palm,
 The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave
 All gently to refresh the thirsty cave, 110
 Where sat the Songstress with the stranger
 boy,
 Who taught her Passion's desolating joy,
 Too powerful over every heart, but most
 O'er those who know not how it may be lost;
 O'er those who, burning in the new-born fire,
 Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,
 With such devotion to their ecstasy,
 That Life knows no such rapture as to die:
 And die they do; for earthly life has nought
 Matched with that burst of Nature, even in
 thought; 120
 And all our dreams of better life above
 But close in one eternal gush of Love.

VII.

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
 In growth a woman, though in years a child,
 As childhood dates within our colder clime,
 Where nought is ripened rapidly save crime;
 The infant of an infant world, as pure
 From Nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
 Dusky like night, but night with all her stars;
 Or cavern sparkling with its native spars; 130
 With eyes that were a language and a spell,
 A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,
 With all her loves around her on the deep,
 Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
 Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
 The blush would make its way, and all but
 speak;
 The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and
 threw
 O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
 Like coral reddening through the darkened
 wave,
 Which draws the diver to the crimson
 cave. 140

Such was this daughter of the southern seas,
 Herself a billow in her energies,
 To bear the bark of others' happiness,
 Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:
 Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom knew
 No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er
 drew

Aught from Experience, that chill touchstone,
 whose

Sad proof reduces all things from their hues:
 She feared no ill, because she knew it not,
 Or what she knew was soon—too soon—
 forgot: 150

Her smiles and tears had passed, as light
 winds pass

O'er lakes to ruffle, not destroy, their glass
 Whose depths unsearched, and fountains
 from the hill,

Restore their surface, in itself so still,
 Until the Earthquake tear the Naiad's cave,
 Root up the spring, and trample on the wave,
 And crush the living waters to a mass,
 The amphibious desert of the dank morass!
 And must their fate be hers? The eternal
 change

But grasps Humanity with quicker range; 160
 And they who fall but fall as worlds will fall,
 To rise, if just, a Spirit o'er them all.

VIII.

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child¹
 Of isles more known to man, but scarce less
 wild;

¹ [George Stewart was born at Ronaldshay (circ. 1764), but was living at Stromness in 1780 (where his father's house, "The White House," is still shown), when, on the homeward voyage of the *Resolution*, Cook and Bligh were hospitably entertained by his parents. Lieutenant Bligh took Stewart with him, partly in return for the "civilities" at Stromness, but also because "he was a seaman, and had always borne a good character." Alexander Smith told Captain Beachey (*Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific*, 1831, Part I. p. 53) that it was Stewart who advised Christian "to take possession of the ship," but Peter Hayward, who survived to old age, strenuously maintained that this was a calumny, that Stewart was forcibly detained in his cabin, and that he would not, in any case, have taken part in the mutiny. He had, perhaps, already wooed and won a daughter of the isles, and when the *Bounty* revisited Tahiti, September 20, 1789, he was put ashore, and took up his quarters in her father's house. There he remained till March, 1791, when he "voluntarily surrendered himself" to the captain of the *Pandora*, and was

The fair-haired offspring of the Hebrides,
 Where roars the Pentland with its whirling
 seas ;
 Rocked in his cradle by the roaring wind,
 The tempest-born in body and in mind,
 His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
 Had from that moment deemed the deep his
 home, 170
 The giant comrade of his pensive moods,
 The sharer of his craggy solitudes,
 The only Mentor of his youth, where'er
 His bark was borne ; the sport of wave and
 air ;
 A careless thing, who placed his choice in
 chance,
 Nursed by the legends of his land's romance ;
 Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,
 Acquainted with all feelings save despair.
 Placed in the Arab's clime he would have
 been
 As bold a rover as the sands have seen, 180
 And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
 As Ishmael, wafted on his Desert-Ship ;¹
 Fixed upon Chili's shore, a proud cacique ;
 On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek ;
 Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane ;
 Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
 For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If reared to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,²
 Plunging for pleasure into pain : the same
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst
 shame, 191
 A humbler state and discipline of heart,
 Had formed his glorious namesake's counter-
 part ;³

immediately put in irons. The story of his parting from his bride is told in *A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean in the Ship Duff* (by W. Wilson), 1799, p. 360 : "A beautiful little girl had been the fruit of their union, and was at the breast when the *Pandora* arrived. . . . Frantic with grief, the unhappy Peggy . . . flew with her infant in a canoe to the arms of her husband. She was separated from him by violence, and conveyed on shore in a state of despair and grief too big for utterance . . . she sank into the deepest dejection, . . . and fell a victim to her feelings, dying literally of a broken heart." Stewart was drowned or killed by an accident during the wreck of the *Pandora*, August 29, 1791.]

¹ The "ship of the desert" is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary ; and they deserve the metaphor well,—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

² "Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
 Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm."
 —POPE [*Moral Essays*, i. 218, 219.]

³ The consul Nero, who made the unequalled

But grant his vices, grant them all his own,
 How small their theatre without a throne !

IX.

Thou smilest :—these comparisons seem high
 To those who scan all things with dazzled
 eye ;
 Linked with the unknown name of one whose
 doom
 Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,
 With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby ;— 200
 Thou smilest ?—Smile ; 'tis better thus than
 sigh ;
 Yet such he might have been ; he was a man,
 A soaring spirit, ever in the van,
 A patriot hero or despotic chief,
 To form a nation's glory or its grief,
 Born under auspices which make us more
 Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.
 But these are visions ; say, what was he here ?
 A blooming boy, a truant mutineer—
 The fair-haired Torquil, free as Ocean's
 spray, 210
 The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

X.

By Neuha's side he sate, and watched the
 waters,—
 Neuha, the sun-flower of the island daughters,
 Highborn, (a birth at which the herald smiles,
 Without a scutcheon for these secret isles,)
 Of a long race, the valiant and the free,
 The naked knights of savage chivalry,
 Whose grassy cairns ascend along the shore ;
 And thine—I've seen—Achilles ! do no more.
 She, when the thunder-bearing strangers
 came, 220
 In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,
 Topped with tall trees, which, loftier than
 the palm,
 Seemed rooted in the deep amidst its calm :
 But when the winds awakened, shot forth
 wings
 Broad as the cloud along the horizon flings,
 march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated
 Asdrubal ; thereby accomplishing an achievement
 almost unrivalled in military annals. The first
 intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the
 sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp.
 When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh,
 that "Rome would now be the mistress of the
 world." And yet to this victory of Nero's it might
 be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all.
 But the infamy of one has eclipsed the glory of the
 other. When the name of "Nero" is heard, who
 think of the consul ?—But such are human things !