

LANSDOWNNE POETS.

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COLERIDGE



NOTES, LIFE & C.



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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

S. T. COLERIDGE.



• Walter Simpson.



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THE LANSDOVNE POETS.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
S. T. COLERIDGE.

REPRINTED FROM THE EARLY EDITIONS,
WITH MEMOIR, NOTES, ETC.



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LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was the son of a Clergyman, and was born at Ottery/St Mary, in Devonshire, in the year 1773. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, and at Jesus College, Cambridge, where poetry and metaphysics became his favourite studies.

There is an anecdote related of him at this period of his life, that on his leaving college he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons: of course he did not remain long in the service. It was thought that his then democratical feelings made his officers willing to get rid of him; it is a fact, he could not be taught to ride.

Upon this singular fact, however, the Rev. Mr Bowles communicated the subsequent information to the *Times*. — "I am, perhaps, the only person now living who can explain all the circumstances from Mr Coleridge's own mouth, with whom I became acquainted after a sonnet addressed to me in his poems; moreover, being intimate from our school days, and at Oxford, with that very officer in his regiment who alone procured his discharge, from whom I also heard the facts after Coleridge became known as a poet.

"The regiment was the 15th, Elliot's light dragoons; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables, at Reading, he remarked, written on the

white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence in Latin :

‘Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem!’

Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. ‘Please your honour, to Comberback,’ answered the dragoon. ‘Comberback!’ said the captain, ‘send him to me.’ Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, ‘Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?’ ‘Please your Honour,’ answered the soldier, ‘I wrote it.’ ‘Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend.’ The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill. Comberback* was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge.”

He was first known to the public by some lines inserted in Southey’s ‘Joan of Arc;’ and in 1796 he published a collection of poems which immediately rendered him famous. Some of these consisted of short songs which evince much taste and feeling, though rather awkwardly expressed. In this volume was a piece entitled ‘Religious Musings,’ which contains the most original and sublime

* When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster-bridge, and instantly said his name was Comberback.

† It should be mentioned that by far the most correct, sublime, chaste, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, ‘Religious Musings,’ was written *non inter sylvas academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie,

thoughts, although they are now and then obscure and harsh. He soon after published his drama of 'the Fall of Robespierre,' which was most favourably received, and in his 'Ode to the Departing Year,' and his 'Tears in Solitude,' 1798, which shortly followed, we shall find the same originality of thought, with increased power of expression, and improved versification. The latter piece is a lofty and energetic satire of a new cast. It is occupied with the censure and reprobation of war and the vanity of glory, and is animated by so earnest and just a spirit, and such high-toned language and intense benevolence, as to entitle it to a very high place among the poetical productions of this country:—even the obscurity of the author will be found to have totally vanished in this poem, and to be replaced by the most vivid and clear ideas. The manner in which he embodies atheism, in this poem, shows a truly original turn of thought, and the question at the end is most admirable.

The very name of God
 Sounds like a juggler's charm ; while bold with joy,
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place
 (Portentous sight) the owllet *Atheism*,
 Sailing on wings obscure—athwart the moon,
 Drops his blue fringed lids, and holds them close ;
 And, hooting at the glorious sun in heaven,
 Cries out—' Where is it ?'

Soon after this he was introduced to Southey and Lovell, when the three, with an enthusiastic notion of reforming the political world, proceeded to put their intentions into effect. They commenced at Bristol, where Coleridge delivered lectures on the approaching happiness of the human race, by means of republicanism. These created a great sensation, and were received with great applause ; but on his leaving Bristol for other places, the number of his auditors diminished, nor did his writings in his journal called 'The Watch-man,' attract much notice. In one of these lectures he divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass ; their reading being as the sand—it runs in and runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Gol-

conda—who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

A very experienced short-hand writer was employed to take down Mr Coleridge's lectures on Shakspeare, but the manuscript was almost entirely unintelligible. Yet the lecturer was always slow and measured. The writer gave this account of the difficulty: that, with regard to every other speaker whom he had ever heard, however rapid or involved, he could almost always, by long experience in his art, guess the form of the latter part, or apodosis, of the sentence by the form of the beginning; but that the conclusion of every one of Coleridge's sentences was a *surprise* upon him: he was obliged to listen to the last word. Yet this unexpectedness, as it may be termed, was not the effect of quaintness or confusion of construction; so far from it, that we believe foreigners of different nations, especially Germans and Italians, have often borne very remarkable testimony to the grammatical purity and simplicity of his language, and have declared that they generally understood what he said much better than the sustained conversation of any other Englishman whom they had met. It is the uncommonness of the thoughts or the image which prevents your anticipating the end.

He published about this time a volume of poems, which met with great success, and put him in possession of a sum with which he resolved to proceed to America, and endeavour, in conjunction with his friends, to carry their theory into execution in the new world, by the name of *Pantisocracy*. The design, however, was broken off by a simultaneous attachment on the part of these enthusiasts towards three sisters of the name of Fricker, with whom the respective marriages of Coleridge, Lovell, and Southey, soon followed. Having nothing but his literary attainments to depend on, Coleridge soon fell into pecuniary embarrassments, from which he was relieved by the celebrated Mr Wedgwood, who enabled him to complete his studies in Germany. After his return home, he wrote the leading articles for the *Morning Post*, translated some dramas of Schiller, and accompanied Sir Alexander Ball, as his secretary, to Malta.

On his return he produced a tragedy called 'Remorse,' which raised him to a much higher pitch of fame than any of his former productions. In language it would be impossible to surpass it:—It was natural, free, forcible blank verse, equal in some parts to Shakspeare, and interspersed with a multitude of sublime thoughts which are evidently traceable to a German source, though still only as their cause, not their actual birth-place; that is to say, though he borrowed

hints he did not purloin conceptions ready formed. This play is a poetical study for its powerful thought and excellent expression.

He now took up his residence on the borders of one of the lakes in Cumberland, where he wrote 'Christabel,' in which he displayed much of the ridiculous mixed up with a little of the sublime, much of poetic wildness with a great deal of eccentricity.

During the last nineteen years of his life, he resided at Hampstead, with two old and valued friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his many virtues; and with these dear friends he breathed his last, at half-past six, on Friday, 25th July, 1834, and was interred in the vault of Highgate Church, on the 2nd August.

The fatal change was sudden and decisive; and six days before his death, he knew, assuredly, that his hour was come. His few worldly affairs had been long settled, and, after many tender adieus, he expressed a wish that he might be as little interrupted as possible. His sufferings were severe and constant till within thirty-six hours of his end; but they had no power to affect the deep tranquillity of his mind, or the wonted sweetness of his address. His prayer from the beginning was, that God would not withdraw his Spirit; and that by the way in which he would bear the last struggle, he might be able to evince the sincerity of his faith in Christ. If ever man did so, Coleridge did.

We believe it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely-differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the Academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines has never yet been published in print, and if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr Coleridge said, that with pen in hand he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rhythmical and clear when chaunted to their own music.

It now only remains for us to offer a few general remarks on his

poetical productions; and here we think that cold must be the temperature of that man's mind, who can rise from the perusal of the poems of Coleridge, without feeling that intense interest, and those vivid emotions of delight, which are ever excited by the wondrous operation of the magic wand of genius. To those whom constitution and cultivation have initiated into the sacred mysteries of song,—whose mental optics have often been enraptured with the delights of ecstatic vision,—and whose ear is tremulous to the touch of those harmonious undulations which fancy pours from her soul-subduing shell; to such, the genius of Coleridge, even in its wildest aberrations, can never be listened to with indifference. Warm admirers of his powers, we have often, however, painfully regretted the irregularity of their application. We regret that he, who was so capable of raising a chastely beautiful Grecian temple, should endeavour, seemingly for the sake of being the founder of a new order of poetic architecture, to erect a grotesque pagoda, where good taste may be sacrificed on the shrine of novelty. We regret this, because we are convinced that many of his admirers, mistaking the cause of his powerful influence on their minds, seize upon the grosser and reprehensible parts, as objects of their applause and imitation; and, indeed, it requires no little exercise of reflection and nice discrimination to convince them, that it may not be that very unsubdued irregularity of thought, and the illegitimacy of expression connected with it, which form the spell of that enchantment which binds us within the verge of its circle, benumbing the faculty of reason by delivering us up to the empire of feeling; and while we listen to the charm, depriving us of the power of perceiving the incongruity of its parts. We must add, and in proportion as we admire and honour his genius, so we lament that while he possessed strength sufficient to march forward with dignity in the path of legitimate excellence, unassisted and triumphant, he should thus have wilfully strayed aside to its more rugged borders, merely, it should seem, to form a track of his own; that he who could attune the muse's lyre with heavenly concord, should descend to the trickery of *phantomime* poetry, if such a term can be made use of to express our ideas of any verbal description; a term, the fitness of which we shall refer to the judgment of the reader in the following lines:—

And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
 Tu——whit!——tu——whoo!
 And hark, again! the crowing cock,

How drowsily it crew.
 Sir Leoline, the baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 She makes answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters and twelve for the hour,
 Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud ;
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.

From cliff and tower, tu——whoo ! tu——whoo !
 Tu——whoo ! tu——whoo ! from wood and fell !

Five warriors seized me, yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn.

Christabel

Took the key that fitted well ;
 A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate.

We have so much to talk about,
 So many sad things *to let out*.
 So many tears in our eye corners
 Sitting like little Jacky Horners :
 In short, as soon as it is day,
 Do go, dear Rain, do go away.

That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
 'I love my love, and my love loves me.'

Revolting as this is to our pre-conceived notions of *pleasure*, could it be proved that the pleasure we have felt and the *pleasure* we have received from the poetry of Mr Coleridge are *pleasure* of a degree from what we consider the inordinate peculiarities of *pleasure* manner, we should not fastidiously reject the emotions arising from *pleasure* called ideas of delight, because of the vehicle by which *pleasure* conveyed to us. We do not avert our eyes from the animated *pleasure*, because of the coarseness of the canvas. It is so often *pleasure* that we meet with dulness and insipidity, that while we thirst for a *pleasure*,

From the springs of genius, we may say to each other, with
 Pindar:

‘Num, tibi cum fauces urit sitis, aurea quæris
 Pocula?’

Very far, very far, also from wishing to bind for ever any opera-
 tion of the soul, and least of all heaven-born poesy, in the trammels
 which she has thought it expedient to coil around her. But while we
 are conscious that the space assigned for the flight of fancy be inter-
 minable, we only rejoice when she directs her course in the track of
 legitimate laws. We remember reading of a prince who offered a
 reward for the invention of a new pleasure; in like manner we
 should feel ourselves greatly indebted to the man who could charm
 a new species of poetry, and we should be little disposed to
 trace the source of that fountain from which we had quaffed so
 sweet a beverage. Our pleasure, however, would be greatly alloyed
 if we were to reflect on which would naturally arise in our minds on reflecting
 on the once an enterprising genius, confident of his own strength,
 attempted to pass the boundaries of human cultivation, and launch out
 into untrodden wilderness, he may draw many to follow his foot-
 steps, who cannot boast of possessing either his vigour or his resources,
 talents as Mr Coleridge possessed, never need to seek for no-
 velty in the paths of singularity. He who can speak well has no
 need to make use of violent and distorted gesticulation.

It is a great advantage that the new adaptation of terms, which may convey a
 new idea of any object or essence, distinctly marks the existence
 of a new genius. When Shakspeare mentions poetic inspiration as giv-
 ing birth to ‘airy nothings a local habitation and a name,’ who does not
 perceive the fitness of the term *airy* to bring to the mind all the idea
 of being too attenuated for perceptible outline, even to the imagin-
 ation? Yet air is a palpable substance, and cannot, philosophically
 speaking, be reckoned an attribute to *nothing*: but here poetry speaks
 to the fancy as it appeals to and is in unison with our first and natural
 perceptions, which consider air as nothing. ‘The angry cannon,’
 ‘the murmuring stream,’ are all metaphors borrowed from our natural
 and untutored perception of things, and affect our imagination as they
 are in unison with our associations. The cannon, however, is not
 angry, nor does the stream really murmur; yet no terms could better
 lead the imagination to the burst of the one, or the humming noise of
 the other. As we said before, to discover new, or skilfully adapt old
 terms, which may recall strongly the ideas of objects or their attributes

to the imagination, is the work of genius, and the true mark and criterion to judge of its presence. But to endeavour to heighten description by the ventriloquism, if we may so call it, of physical imitation, as in the lines we have quoted ; to try to awaken our feelings by the force of verbal reiteration, as if a passage to our minds could be obtained by overcharging our ears, and that often when the idea itself, naturally and simply expressed, would have placed the picture in a much more advantageous light, can only show the taste and the judgment led astray by an ardent quixotic desire of novelty. How much more unmixed pleasure it would have afforded to have marked all the circumstances connected with the poetical ideas we have quoted, by appropriate metaphorical terms, which the more regular materials of poetry, culled from heaven, earth, and ocean, can supply.

We are far from inferring that the muse of Mr Coleridge can only appear lovely when she is arrayed in that garb and in those colours which are generally worn. We, however, assert, that within the boundaries we should prescribe for her excursions, there are many beauties yet undiscovered, many a delightful isle yet untrodden, and many a blooming flower, which, though it lies in the regular path, would surprise as much by its novelty as charm by its beauty. We are thankful we have no occasion yet to invest poetry with a new form ; she has not exhausted all those bewitching attitudes in which may be placed all that we have so long and so ardently admired. As a proof that Mr Coleridge did delight the imagination while he satisfied the judgment ;—that he did bring to the mind's eye all the treasures of his rich and elegant fancy, without having recourse to the trifling earnestness of reiteration, or the ludicrous imitation of sounds foreign to the human organ, we subjoin the following beautifully wrought effusions :

They parted—ne'er to meet again !
 But never either found another
 To free the hollow heart from paining—
 They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
 Like cliffs that had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been

We should add also the beautiful ' Conclusion to part the second '

of the above Poem, did we not imagine that many of our readers have had the pleasure of perusing it so often as to have it ever mingled with their most delightful poetical recollections.

Very few passages in ancient or modern poetry are equal to the following :—

Hence ! thou lingerer, light !
 Eve saddens into night.
 Mother of wildly-working dreams ! we view
 The sombre hours, that round thee stand
 With downcast eyes (a duteous band !)
 Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
 Sorceress of the ebon throne !
 Thy power the Pixies own,
 When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent roses glow,
 And clouds, in wat'ry colours drest,
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest ;
 What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam :
 For mid the quivering light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

Does not the following bring to the mind's eye many a spot of bliss in lovely England ?—

Low was our pretty cot ; our tallest rose
 Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
 Our myrtles blossomed ; and across the porch
 Thick jasmins twined : the little landscape round
 Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call
 The Valley of Seclusion.

The following panoramic view is in the most beautiful style of poetic painting :—

O what a goodly scene ! *Here* the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep ;
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields ;
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,

Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire :
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean,
 It seemed like omnipresence ! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world
 Seemed *imaged* in its vast circumference.

And we cannot conclude these remarks without observing that however irregular he may be in the versification of some of his poems, however harsh and obscure some of his ideas may appear, however indistinct and overstrained some of his metaphors may be, yet take his poems as a whole they can only tend to cause us to recollect him as the elegant poet of truth, of nature, and of virtue.

It was a saying of Mr Wordsworth, that many men of this age had done wonderful *things*, as Davy, Scott, Cuvier, &c. ; but that Coleridge was the only wonderful *man* he ever knew. Something, of course, must be allowed in this as in all other such cases for the antithesis ; but we believe the fact really to be, that the greater part of those who occasionally visited Mr Coleridge left him with a feeling akin to the judgment indicated in the above remark. They admired the man more than his works, or they forgot the works in the absorbing impression made by the living author. And no wonder. Those who remember him in his more vigorous days can bear testimony to the peculiarity and transcendant power of his conversational eloquence. It was unlike anything that could be heard elsewhere ; the kind, the manner were different. The boundless range of scientific knowledge, the brilliancy and exquisite nicety of illustration, the deep and ready reasoning, the strangeness and immensity of bookish lore—were not all ; the dramatic story, the joke, the pun, the mirth, must be added—and with these the clerical-looking dress, the thick waving silver hair, the youthful-coloured cheek, the indefinable mouth and lips, the quick yet steady and penetrating greenish-grey eye, the slow and continuous enunciation, and the everlasting music of his tones,—all went to make up the image and to constitute the living presence of the man. He was then no longer young, and bodily infirmities pressed heavily upon him. His natural force was indeed abated ; but his eye was not dim, neither was his mind enfeebled. ‘O youth !’ he says in one of the most exquisitely finished of his later poems—

'O youth! for years so many and so sweet,
 'Tis known that thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone :
 Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled :—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold :
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone ?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size ;—
 But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes :
 Life is but thought ; so think I will
 That youth and I are house-mates still.'

Mr Coleridge's conversation, it is true, had not latterly all the brilliant versatility of his former years ; yet we know not whether the contrast between his bodily weakness and his mental power did not leave a deeper and a more solemnly affecting impression, than his most triumphant displays in youth could ever have done. To see the pain-stricken countenance relax, and the contracted frame dilate under the kindling of intellectual fire alone—to watch the infirmities of the flesh shrinking out of sight, or glorified and transfigured in the brightness of the awakening spirit—is an awful object of contemplation ; and we think in no other person was ever witnessed such a distinction,—nay, alienation of mind from body,—such a mastery of the purely intellectual over the purely corporeal, as in the instance of this remarkable man. Even to the last his conversation was characterized by all the essentials of its former excellence ; there was the same individuality, the same *unexpectedness*, the same universal grasp ; nothing was too high, nothing too low for it : it glanced from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, with a speed and a splendour, an ease and a power, which almost seemed inspired : yet its universality was not of the same kind with the superficial ranging of the clever talkers, whose criticism and whose information are called forth by, and spent upon, the particular topics in hand. No ; in this more, perhaps, than in anything else was Mr Coleridge's discourse distinguished : that it sprang from an inner centre, and illustrated by light from the soul. His thoughts were, as we may say, as the radii of a circle, the centre of which may be in the petals of a rose, and the circumference as wide as the boundary of things visible and invisible.

A few days before his death, this distinguished poet and metaphysician wrote the following impressive letter to his godchild. It is the last letter its writer ever penned ; and happy would it be if all

godfathers so well applied themselves to the dissemination of those principles which they undertake to inculcate upon the tender mind :—

‘ *To Adam Steinmetz Kinnaird.*

‘ My dear Godchild,—I offer up the same fervent prayer for you now as I did kneeling before the altar when you were baptized into Christ, and solemnly received as a living member of his spiritual body, the Church. Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write. But I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who by his only-begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy !) has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light ; out of death, but into life ; out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the ‘ Lord our righteousness ; ’ I trust that he will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and in mind. My dear godchild ! you received from Christ’s minister, at the baptismal font, as your Christian name, the name of a most dear friend of your father’s, and who was to me even as a son, the late *Adam Steinmetz* ; whose fervent aspirations and ever paramount aim, even from early youth, was to be a Christian in thought, word, and deed, in will, mind, and affections.

‘ I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow, and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing ; competence, obtained by honourable industry, a great blessing ; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives ;—but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities ; and for the last three or four years have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal. And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful

to perform what he has promised ; and has reserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will *deliver* me from the evil one. O, my dear godchild ! eminently blessed are they who begin *early* to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ. O ! preserve this as a legacy and bequest, from your unseen godfather and friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

13 *July*, 1834,
Grove, Highgate.

Mr Coleridge wrote, in his life-time, his own humble and affectionate epitaph, as follows :—

Stop, Christian passer-by : Stop, child of God,
And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.—
That he who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death :
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same.

It was, however, inapplicable to the place in which he was buried : a handsome tablet, erected in Highgate New Church, to his memory, bears the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
'Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen years of his life,
In this Hamlet.
He quitted 'the body of his death,'
July 25th, 1834,
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discursive genius,
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues.

JAMES AND ANN GILLMAN,
The friends with whom he resided,
During the above period, dedicate this tablet.
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend,
The gentlest and kindest teacher,
The most engaging home-companion.
 'O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts,
 O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
 Philosopher contemning wealth and death,
 Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love.'

HERE,
On this monumental stone, thy friends inscribe thy worth.
Reader! for the world mourn.
A Light has passed away from the earth!
But for this pious and exalted Christian,
'Rejoice, and again I say unto you, rejoice!'
Ubi
Thesaurus
ibi
Cor.
 S. T. C.



P R E F A C E.

COMPOSITIONS resembling those of the present volume are not unfrequently condemned for their querulous egotism. But egotism is to be condemned then only when it offends against time and place, as in an history or an epic poem. To censure it in a monody or sonnet is almost as absurd as to dislike a circle for being round. Why then write sonnets or monodies? Because they give me pleasure when perhaps nothing else could. After the more violent emotions of sorrow, the mind demands amusement, and can find it in employment alone; but full of its late sufferings, it can endure no employment not in some measure connected with them. Forcibly to turn away our attention to general subjects is a painful and most often an unavailing effort.

But oh! how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart—
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!—SHAW.

The communicativeness of our nature leads us to describe our own sorrows; in the endeavour to describe them, intellectual activity is exerted; and from intellectual activity there results a pleasure, which is gradually associated, and mingles as a corrective, with the

painful subject of the description. 'True!' (it may be answered) 'but how are the public interested in your sorrows or your description?' We are for ever attributing personal unities to imaginary aggregates.—What is the public, but a term for a number of scattered individuals? Of whom as many will be interested in these sorrows, as have experienced the same or similar.

'Holy be the lay

Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way.'

If I could judge of others by myself, I should not hesitate to affirm, that the most interesting passages in our most interesting poems are those in which the author develops his own feelings. The sweet voice of Cona * never sounds so sweetly, as when it speaks of itself; and I should almost suspect that man of an unkindly heart, who could read the opening of the third book of the *Paradise Lost* without peculiar emotion. By a law of our nature, he who labours under a strong feeling is impelled to seek for sympathy; but a poet's feelings are all strong.—*Quicquid amet valde amat.*—Akenside therefore speaks with philosophical accuracy when he classes Love and Poetry, as producing the same effects :

'Love and the wish of poets when their tongue
Would teach to others' bosoms, what so charms
Their own.'—PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

There is one species of egotism which is truly disgusting; not that which leads us to communicate our feelings to others, but that which would reduce the feelings of others to an identity with our own. The atheist, who exclaims, 'Pshaw!' when he glances his eye on the praises of Deity, is an egotist: an old man, when he speaks contemptuously of love verses, is an egotist: and the sleek favourites of fortune are egotists, when they condemn all 'melancholy, discontented' verses. Surely, it would be candid not merely to ask whether the poem pleases ourselves, but to consider whether or no there may

* Ossian.

not be others, to whom it is well calculated to give an innocent pleasure.

I shall only add, that each of my readers will, I hope, remember, that these poems on various subjects, which he reads at one time and under the influence of one set of feelings, were written at different times and prompted by very different feelings ; and therefore that the supposed inferiority of one poem to another may sometimes be owing to the temper of mind in which he happens to peruse it.

My poems have been rightly charged with a profusion of double epithets, and a general turgidness. I have pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand ; and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault, however, had insinuated itself into my religious musings with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed from the fear of snapping the flower. A third and heavier accusation has been brought against me, that of obscurity ; but not, I think, with equal justice. An author is obscure, when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or unappropriate, or involved. A poem that abounds in allusions, like the Bard of Gray, or one that impersonates high and abstract truths, like Collins's Ode on the poetical character, claims not to be popular, but should be acquitted of obscurity. The deficiency is in the reader. But this is a charge which every poet, whose imagination is warm and rapid, must expect from his *contemporaries*. Milton did not escape it ; and it was adduced with virulence against Gray and Collins. We now hear no more of it ; not that their poems are better understood at present than they were at their first publication ; but their fame is established ; and a critic would accuse himself of frigidity or inattention, who should profess not to understand them. But a living writer is yet sub judice ; and if we cannot follow his conceptions or enter into his feelings, it is more consoling to our pride to consider him as

lost beneath, than as soaring above, us. If any man expect from my poems the same easiness of style which he admires in a drinking-song, for him I have not written. *Intelligibilia, non intellectum adfero.*

I expect neither profit or general fame by my writings ; and I consider myself as having been amply repayed without either. Poetry has been to me its own 'exceeding great reward : ' it has soothed my afflictions ; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments ; it has endeared solitude ; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

S. T. C.

EARLY POEMS.—1803.

DEDICATION

TO THE REVEREND GEORGE COLERIDGE, OF OTTERY
ST MARY, DEVON.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

Hor. Carm. lib. ii. 2.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having past
His youth and early manhood in the stir
And turmoil of the world, retreats at length,
With cares that move, not agitate the heart,
To the same dwelling where his father dwelt ;
And haply views his tottering little ones
Embrace those aged knees, and climb that lap,
On which first kneeling his own infancy
Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, O my earliest friend !
Thine and thy brothers' favourable lot.
At distance did ye climb life's upland road,
Yet cheered and cheering : now fraternal love
Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days
Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live !

To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispensed
A different fortune and more different mind.—
Me from the spot where first I sprang to light,
Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fixed
Its first domestic loves ; and hence through life
Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while
Some have preserved me from life's pelting ills ;
But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem,
If the clouds lasted, or a sudden breeze
Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once

Dropt the collected shower : and some most false,
 False and fair-foliaged as the manchineel,
 Have tempted me to slumber in their shade
 E'en mid the storm ; then breathing subtlest damps,
 Mixed their own venom with the rain from heaven,
 That I woke poisoned ! . But (the praise be His
 Who gives us all things) more have yielded me
 Permanent shelter : and beside one friend,
 I, as beneath the covert of an oak,
 Have raised a lowly shed, and know the names
 Of husband and of father ; nor unhearing
 Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice,
 Which from my childhood to maturer years
 Spake to me of predestinated wreaths,
 Bright with no fading colours !

Yet at times

My soul is sad, that I have roamed through life
 Still most a stranger, most with naked heart,
 At mine own home and birth-place : chiefly then,
 When I remember thee, my earliest friend !
 Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and my youth ;
 Didst trace my wanderings with a father's eye ;
 And, boding evil yet still hoping good,
 Rebuked each fault and wept o'er all my woes.
 Who counts the beatings of the lonely heart,
 That Being knows, how I have loved thee ever,
 Loved as a brother, as a son revered thee !
 O 'tis to me an ever new delight,
 To talk of thee and thine ; or when the blast
 Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash,
 Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl ;
 Or when, as now, on some delicious eve,
 We in our sweet sequestered orchard-plot
 Sit on the tree crooked earthward ; whose old boughs,
 That hang above us in an arborous roof,
 Stirred by the faint gale of departing May,
 Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er our heads !

Nor dost not *thou* sometimes recall those hours,
 When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thine ear

To my wild firstling lays. Since then my song
 Hath sounded deeper notes, such as bescem
 Of that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind ;
 Or the high raptures of prophetic faith ;
 Or such as, tuned to these tumultuous times,
 Cope with the tempest's swell !

These various songs,

Which I have framed in many a various mood,
 Accept, my brother ; and (for some perchance
 Will strike discordant on thy milder mind)
 If aught of error or intemperate truth
 Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age
 Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it !

SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-covered hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling ; and on its sides are innumerable ciphers, among which the author discovered his own cipher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the author conducted a party of young ladies, during the summer months of the year 1793 ; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen : on which occasion, and at which time, the following irregular ode was written.

I.

WHOM the untaught shepherds call
 PIXIES in their madrigal,
 Fancy's children, here we dwell :
 Welcome, ladies ! to our cell.
 Here the wren of softest note
 Builds its nest and warbles well ;
 Here the blackbird strains his throat :
 Welcome, ladies ! to our cell.

II.

When fades the moon all shadowy-pale,
 And scuds the cloud before the gale,
 Ere morn with living gems bedight
 Streaks the east with purple light,
 We sip the furze-flower's fragrant dews,
 Clad in robes of rainbow hues
 Richer than the deepened bloom
 That glows on summer's scented plume :
 Or sport amid the rosy gleam
 Soothed by the distant-tinkling team,
 While lusty labour scouting sorrow
 Bids the dame a glad good-morrow,
 Who jogs th' accustomed road along,
 And paces cheery to her cheering song.

III.

But not our filmy pinion
 We scorch amid the blaze of day,
 When noontide's fiery-tressed minion
 Flashes the fervid ray.
 Aye from the sultry heat
 We to the cave retreat,
 O'er-canopied by huge roots intertwined
 With wildest texture, blackened o'er with age :
 Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,
 Beneath whose foliage pale
 Fanned by the unfrequent gale
 We shield us from the tyrant's mid-day rage.

IV.

Thither, while the murm'ring throng
 Of wild-bees hum their drowsy song,
 By indolence and fancy brought,
 A youthful bard, 'unknown to fame,'
 Woos the queen of solemn thought,
 And heaves the gentle mis'ry of a sigh
 Gazing with tearful eye,
 As round our sandy grot appear
 Many a rudely sculptured name
 To pensive mem'ry dear !

Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctured hue
 We glance before his view :
 O'er his hushed soul our soothing witch'ries shed,
 And twine our faery garlands round his head.

v.

When evening's dusky car
 Crowned with her dewy star
 Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight ;
 On leaves of aspen trees
 We tremble to the breeze,
 Veiled from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
 Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
 Along our wild sequestered walk,
 We listen to th' enamoured rustic's talk ;
 Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
 Where young-eyed loves have built their turtle nest ;
 Or guide of soul-subduing power
 Th' electric flash, that from the melting eye
 Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

vi.

Or thro' the mystic ringlets of the vale
 We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank ;
 Or, silent-sandalled, pay our defter court
 Circling the spirit of the western gale,
 Where, wearied with his flower-caressing sport,
 Supine he slumbers on a violet bank ;
 Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
 By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream ;
 Or where his wave with loud unquiet song
 Dashed o'er the rocky channel froths along ;
 Or where, his silver waters smoothed to rest,
 The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

vii.

Hence ! thou lingerer, light !
 Eve saddens into night.
 Mother of wildly-working dreams ! we view
 The sombre hours, that round thee stand
 With down-cast eyes (a duteous band !)
 Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.

Sorceress of the ebon throne!
 Thy power the Pixies own,
 When round thy raven brow
 Heaven's lucent roses glow,
 And clouds, in wat'ry colours drest,
 Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest ;
 What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
 Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam :
 For mid the quiv'ring light 'tis ours to play,
 Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

VIII.

Welcome, ladies ! to the cell,
 Where the blameless Pixies dwell,
 But thou, sweet nymph ! proclaimed our faery queen,
 With what obeisance meet
 Thy presence shall we greet ?
 For lo ! attendant on thy steps are seen
 Graceful ease in artless stole,
 And white-robed purity of soul,
 With honour's softer mien :
 Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,
 And meek-eyed pity eloquently fair,
 Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view,
 As snow-drop wet with dew.

IX.

Unboastful Maid ! tho' now the lily pale
 Transparent grace thy beauties meek ;
 Yet ere again along th' impurpling vale,
 The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,
 Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,
 We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek !
 And haply from the nectar-breathing rose
 Extract a blush for love !

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride !
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue ;
All purple glowed his check, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized th' unguarded power,
Nor scared his balmy rest ;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile
And stamped his faery feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient boy !
He gazed ! he thrilled with deep delight !
Then clapped his wings for joy.

And oh ! he cried—' Of magic kind
What charms this throne endear !
Some other Love let Venus find—
I'll fix *my* empire here.'

KISSES.

CUPID, if storying * legends tell aright,
 Once framed a rich elixir of delight.
 A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
 And in it nectar and ambrosia mixed :
 With these the magic dews which evening brings,
 Brushed from the Idalian star by faery wings :
 Each tender pledge of sacred faith he joined,
 Each gentler pleasure of th' unspotted mind—
 Day-dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
 And hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
 The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
 The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs ;
 Sweet sounds transpired, as when the enamoured dove
 Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
 The finished work might envy vainly blame,
 And ' kisses ' was the precious compound's name.
 With half, the god his Cyprian mother blest,
 And breathed on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

* Effinxit quondam blandum meditata laborem
 Basia lascivâ Cypria diva manu.
 Ambrosiæ succos occultâ temperat arte,
 Fragransque infuso nectare tingit opus.
 Sufficit et partem mellis, quod subdolos olim
 Non impune favis surripisset amor.
 Decussos violæ foliis admisceat odores,
 Et spolia æstivis plurima rapta rosis.
 Addit et illecebras et mille et mille lepores,
 Et quot acidalius gaudia cestus habet.
 Ex his composuit dea basia ; et omnia libans
 Invenias nitidæ sparsa per ora Cloës.

Carm. Quad. vol. ii.

TO SARA.

ONE kiss, dear maid ! I said and sighed—
 Your scorn the little boon denied.
 Ah why refuse the blameless bliss ?
 Can danger lurk within a kiss ?

Yon viewless wand'rer of the vale,
 The spirit of the western gale,
 At morning's break, at evening's close,
 Inhales the sweetness of the rose,
 And hovers o'er th' uninjured bloom
 Sighing back the soft perfume.
 Vigour to the zephyr's wing
 Her nectar-breathing kisses fling ;
 And he the glitter of the dew
 Scatters on the rose's hue.
 Bashful, lo ! she bends her head,
 And darts a blush of deeper red !

Too well those lovely lips disclose
 The triumphs of the op'ning rose :
 O fair ! O graceful ! bid them prove
 As passive to the breath of love.
 In tender accents, faint and low,
 Well-pleas'd I hear the whispered 'No !'
 The whispered 'No'—how little meant !
 Sweet falsehood, that endears consent !
 For on those lovely lips the while
 Dawns the soft relenting smile,
 And tempts with feigned dissuasion coy
 The gentle violence of joy.

THE SIGH.

I.

WHEN youth his faery reign began,
Ere sorrow had proclaimed me man ;
While peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled ;
Then, Mary ! 'mid my lightsome glee
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

II.

And when, as tossed on waves of woe,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen ;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguish'd sigh for thee !

III.

But soon reflection's power imprest
A stiller sadness on my breast ;
And sickly hope with waning eye
Was well content to droop and die :
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee !

IV.

And tho' in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care
And lull to sleep the joys, that were !
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary ! still I sigh for thee.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my love ! sweet Genevieve ! *
 In beauty's light you glide along :
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passion soft to glow :
 Within your soul a voice there lives !
 It bids you hear the tale of woe.
 When sinking low the suff'rer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
 Fair, as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve !

ABSENCE.—A FAREWELL ODE.

WHERE graced with many a classic spoil
 Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
 I haste to urge the learned toil
 That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
 Ah me ! too mindful of the days
 Illumed by passion's orient rays,
 When peace, and cheerfulness, and health
 Enriched me with the best of wealth.

Ah, fair delights ! that o'er my soul
 On mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly !
 Ah, flowers ! which joy from Eden stole
 While innocence stood smiling by !—
 But cease, fond heart ! this bootless moan.
 Those hours on rapid pinions flown

* This little poem was written when the author was a boy.

Shall yet return, by absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.

The sun, who ne'er remits his fires,
On heedless eyes may pour the day :
The moon, that oft from heaven retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What tho' she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest ?
When she relumes her lovely light,
We bless the wanderer of the night.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

ONCE more, sweet stream ! with slow foot wand'ring near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours,
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not thro' pathless grove with murmur rude
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, solitude :
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell !
Pride of the vale ! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve with pensive look
Whistling lorn ditties leans upon his crook,
Or starting pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustom'd tread :
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful stream ! thy fount with pebbled falls
The faded form of past delight recalls,

What time the morning sun of hope arose,
 And all was joy ; save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or silvery stole beneath the pensive moon :
 Ah ! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along !

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME,—AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild fancy, check thy wing ! No more
 Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore !
 Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight
 Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light ;
 Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
 With western peasants hail the morning ray !
 Ah ! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
 A shadowy train, across the soul of love !
 O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
 Each flower that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
 When blushing, like a bride, from hope's trim bower
 She leapt, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam,
 Aid, lovely sorceress ! aid thy poet's dream !
 With faery wand O bid the maid arise,
 Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes ;
 As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
 I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed :
 When, as she twined a laurel round my brow,
 And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
 O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
 And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
 O dear deceit ! I see the maiden rise,
 Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes,

When first the lark high-soaring swells his throat,
 Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
 I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
 I mark her glancing mid the gleams of dawn.
 When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps
 And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
 Amid the paly radiance soft and sad
 She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
 With her along the streamlet's brink I rove ;
 With her I list the warblings of the grove ;
 And seems in each low wind her voice to float
 Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note !

Spirits of love ! ye heard her name ! Obey
 The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair,
 Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,
 Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
 Or with fond languishment around my fair
 Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair ;
 O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
 Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze !
 Spirits ! to you the infant maid was given,
 Formed by the wondrous alchemy of Heaven !
 No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
 No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
 A thousand loves around her forehead fly ;
 A thousand loves sit melting in her eye ;
 Love lights her smile—in joy's bright nectar dips
 The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips !
 Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
 Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile :
 She speaks ! and hark that passion-warbled song—
 Still, fancy ! still those mazy notes prolong.
 Sweet as th' angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
 Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls !
 O (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
 Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god !
 A flower-entangled arbour I would seem
 To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam :
 Or bloom a myrtle, from whose od'rous boughs
 My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
 When twilight stole across the fading vale,
 To fan my love I'd be the evening gale ;

Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
 And flutter my faint pinions on her breast !
 On seraph wing I'd float a dream, by night,
 To soothe my love with shadows of delight :—
 Or soar aloft to be the spangled skies,
 And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes !

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
 Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
 Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
 The skyey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
 Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
 And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep :—
 So tost by storms along life's wild'ring way
 Mine eye reverted views that cloudless day,
 When by my native brook I wont to rove
 While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.

Dear native brook ! like peace, so placidly
 Smoothing thro' fertile fields thy current meek !
 Dear native brook ! where first young poesy
 Stared wildly-eager in her noontide dream,
 Where blameless pleasures dimple quiet's cheek,
 As water-lilies ripple a slow stream !
 Dear native haunts ! where virtue still is gay :
 Where friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray ;
 Where love a crown of thornless roses wears :
 Where softened sorrow smiles within her tears ;
 And mem'ry, with a vestal's chaste employ,
 Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy !
 No more your skylarks melting from the sight
 Shall thrill th' attunèd heart-string with delight :—
 No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
 Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between !
 Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
 That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope ! the aching eye ye leave
 Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve !
 Tearful and sadd'ning with the saddened blaze
 Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze ;

Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till chill and damp the moonless night descend.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
Ère yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters, pale,
I heard of guilt and wondered at the tale !
Yet tho' the hours flew by on careless wing,
Full heavily of sorrow would I sing.
Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
In broken radiance on the wavy stream,
My soul amid the pensive twilight gloom
Mourned with the breeze, O, Lee Boo !* o'er thy tomb.
Where'er I wandered, pity still was near,
Breathed from the heart and glistened in the tear :
No knell that tolled, but filled my anxious eye,
And suffering nature wept that *one* should die ! †

Thus to sad sympathies I soothed my breast,
Calm, as the rainbow in the weeping west :
When slumb'ring freedom roused by high disdain
With giant fury burst her triple chain !
Fierce on her front the blasting dog-star glowed ;
Her banners like a midnight meteor flowed ;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came, and scattered battles from her eyes !
Then exultation waked the patriot fire,
And swept with wilder hand the Alcæan lyre :
Red from the tyrant's wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France !

* Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, prince of the Pelew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich church-yard.

† Southey's Retrospect.

Fall'n is th' oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
 And my heart aches tho' mercy struck the blow.
 With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
 Where peaceful virtue weaves the myrtle braid.
 And O ! if eyes, whose holy glances roll,
 Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul ;
 If smiles more winning, and a gentler mien,
 Than the love-wildered maniac's brain hath seen
 Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
 If these demand th' impassioned poet's care—
 If mirth, and softened sense, and wit refined,
 The blameless features of a lovely mind ;
 Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
 No fading wreath to beauty's saintly shrine.
 Nor, Sara ! thou these early flowers refuse——
 Ne'er lurked the snake beneath their simple hues
 No purple bloom the child of nature brings
 From flatt'ry's night-shade : as he feels, he sings.

September, 1794.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.*

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
 In Lumin's *flowery* vale :
 Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
 Slow-waving to the gale.

'Cease, restless gale !' it seems to say,
 'Nor wake me with thy sighing ;
 The honours of my vernal day
 On rapid wing are flying.

* The flower hangs its head waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O gale ! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field.—*Berrathon*: see Ossian's Poems.

' To-morrow shall the trav'ler come
 Who late beheld me blooming :
 His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The dreary vale of Lumin.'

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
 My wonted haunts along,
 Thus, faithful maiden ! *thou* shalt seek
 The youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
 The voice of feeble power ;
 And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
 In slumber's nightly hour.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.*

How long will ye round me be swelling,
 O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea ?
 Not always in caves was my dwelling,
 Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
 Thro' the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma
 In the steps of my beauty I stray'd ;
 The warriors beheld Ninathóma,
 And they blessèd the white-bosomed maid !
 A ghost ! by my cavern it darted !
 In moon-beams the spirit was drest—
 For lovely appear the departed
 When they visit the dreams of my rest !
 But disturbed by the tempest's commotion
 Fleet the shadowy forms of delight—
 Ah, cease, thou shrill blast of the ocean !
 To howl through my cavern by night.

* How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean ? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was spread in Forthoma's hall. The youths beheld me in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Nina-thomà.—*Berrathon*.

IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

IF, while my passion I impart,
 You deem my words untrue,
 O place your hand upon my heart——
 Feel how it throbs for *you*!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
 In pity to your lover!
 That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
 It wishes to discover.

TO A YOUNG ASS,

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little foal of an oppressed race!
 I love the languid patience of thy face:
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade?
 And (most unlike the nature of things young)
 That earth-ward still thy moveless head 'is hung!
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
 Meek child of misery! thy future fate?
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
 'Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?'
 Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
 To see thy wretched mother's shortened chain?
 And truly, very piteous is *her* lot—
 Chained to a log within a narrow spot
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green!

Poor ass ! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe !
 For much I fear me, that he lives, like thee,
 Half-famished in a land of luxury !
 How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend !
 It seems to say, ‘ And have I then *one* friend ? ’
 Innocent foal ! thou poor despised forlorn !
 I hail thee brother—spite of the fool’s scorn !
 And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
 Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
 Where toil shall call the charmer health his bride,
 And laughter tickle plenty’s ribless side !
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
 Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that sooth to rest
 The aching of pale fashion’s vacant breast !

TO AN INFANT.

AN cease thy tears and sobs, my little life !
 I did but snatch away the unclasped knife :
 Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,
 And to quick laughter change this peevish cry !
 Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,
 Tutored by pain each source of pain to know !
 Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire
 Awake thy eager grasp and young desire :
 Alike the good, the ill offend thy sight,
 And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright !
 Untaught, yet wise ! mid all thy brief alarms
 Thou closely clingest to thy mother’s arms,
 Nestling thy little face in that fond breast
 Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest !
 Man’s breathing miniature ! thou mak’st me sigh—
 A babe art thou—and such a thing am I !

To anger rapid and as soon appeased,
 For trifles mourning and by trifles pleased ;
 Break friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
 Yet snatch what coals of fire on pleasure's altar glow !

O thou that rearest with celestial aim
 The future seraph in my mortal frame,
 Thrice holy Faith ! whatever thorns I meet
 As on I totter with unpractised feet,
 Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,
 Meek nurse of souls through their long infancy !

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
 And bade it blossom there.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
 May domestic peace be found ?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wings she flies
 From the pomp of sceptred state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells !
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless honour's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE KING'S-ARMS, ROSS,

FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF THE 'MAN OF ROSS.'

RICHER than misers o'er their countless hoards,
 Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,
 Here dwelt the man of Ross! O trav'ler, hear!
 Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
 If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheered moments pass,
 Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:
 To higher zest shall mem'ry wake thy soul,
 And virtue mingle in th' ennobled bowl.
 But if, like mine, thro' life's distressful scene
 Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;
 And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,
 Thou journeyest onward tempest-tost in thought;
 Here cheat thy cares! in generous visions melt,
 And dream of goodness thou hast never felt!

 TO A FRIEND;*

WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme
 Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart
 Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers
 I ask not now, my friend! the aiding verse,
 Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought
 Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)
 From business wand'ring far and local cares,
 Thou creepest round a dear-loved sister's bed

* Charles Lamb.

With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,
 And tenderest tones medicinal of love.
 I too a sister had, an only sister—
 She loved me dearly, and I doted on her !
 To her I poured forth all my puny sorrows
 (As a sick patient in his nurse's arms),
 And of the heart those hidden maladies
 That even from friendship's eye will shrink ashamed.
 O ! I have woke at midnight, and have wept,
 Because she was not !—Cheerily, dear Charles !
 Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many a year :
 Such warm presagings feel I of high hope.
 For not uninterested the dear maid
 I've viewed—her soul affectionate yet wise,
 Her polished wit as mild as lambent glories,
 That play around a sainted infant's head.
 He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,
 Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
 Aught to *implore** were impotence of mind)
 That my mute thoughts are sad before His throne,
 Prepared, when He His healing ray vouchsafes,
 To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,
 And praise Him gracious with a brother's joy !

December, 1794.

* I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love
 Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind,

it being written in Scripture, 'Ask, and it shall be given you,' and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to Deity.

LINES ON A FRIEND,

WHO DIED OF A FRENZY FEVER, INDUCED BY CALUMNIOUS
REPORTS.

EDMUND ! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for heaven's poor outcast, man !
'Tis tempest all or gloom : in early youth,
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of truth,
We force to start amid her feigned caress
Vice, siren-hag ! in native ugliness,
A brother's fate will haply rouse the tear :
Onward we move in heaviness and fear !
But if our fond hearts call to pleasure's bower
Some pigmy folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp th' enchanted ground
And mingled forms of mis'ry rise around :
Heart-fretting fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past ;
Remorse, the poisoned arrow in his side ;
And loud lewd mirth, to anguish close allied :
Till frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.

Rest, injured shade ! Shall slander squatting near
Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear ?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In merit's joy, and poverty's meek woe ;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The zoneless cares, and smiling courtesies.
Nursed in thy heart the firmer virtues grew,
And in thy heart they withered ! Such chill dew
Wan indolence on each young blossom shed ;
And vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that rolled around in asking gaze,
And tongue that trafficked in the trade of praise.
'Thy follies such ! the hard world mark'd them well—
Were they more wise, the proud who never fell ?

Rest, injured shade! the poor man's grateful prayer
 On heaven-ward wing thy wounded soul shall bear.
 As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
 And oft sit down upon its recent grass,
 With introverted eye I contemplate
 Similitude of soul, perhaps of—fate!
 To me hath Heaven with bounteous hand assign'd
 Energetic reason and a shaping mind,
 The daring ken of truth, the patriot's part,
 And pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart—
 Sloth-jaundiced all! and from my graspless hand
 Drop friendship's precious pearls, like hour-glass sand.
 I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
 A dreamy pang in morning's fev'rish doze.

Is this piled earth our being's passless mound?
 Tell me, cold grave! is death with poppies crown'd?
 Tired centinel! mid fitful starts I nod,
 And fain would sleep, though pillowed on a clod!

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

WHEN faint and sad o'er sorrow's desert wild
 Slow journeys onward poor misfortune's child;
 When fades each lovely form by fancy drest,
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast;
 (No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,
 No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head;)
 Assume, O death! the cherub wings of peace,
 And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease!

Thee, Chatterton! yon unblest stones protect
 From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect!
 Escaped the sore wounds of affliction's rod,
 Meek at the throne of mercy, and of God,
 Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptured hymn
 Amid the blaze of seraphim!

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)
 I weep, that heaven-born genius so should fall;

And oft, in fancy's saddest hour, my soul
 Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.
 Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
 Thy corse of livid hue ;
 And now a flash of indignation high
 Darts thro' the tear, that glistens in mine eye :

Is this the land of song-ennobled line ?
 Is this the land, where genius ne'er in vain
 Pour'd forth his lofty strain ?
 Ah me ! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,
 Beneath chill disappointment's shade,
 His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid,
 And o'er her darling dead
 Pity hopeless hung her head,
 While 'mid the pelting of that merciless storm,
 Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famished form !

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,
 From vales where Avon winds the minstrel * came.
 Light-hearted youth ! he hastes along,
 And meditates the future song,
 How dauntless Ælla fray'd the Dacian foes ;
 See, as floating high in air
 Glitter the sunny visions fair,
 His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows !

Ah ! where are fled the charms of vernal grace,
 And joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy face ?
 Youth of tumultuous soul, and haggard eye !
 Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,
 On thy cold forehead starts the anguished dew :
 And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh !

Such were the struggles of that gloomy hour,
 When care, of withered brow,
 Prepared the poison's power :
 Already to thy lips was raised the bowl,
 When near thee stood affection meek
 (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek) ;
 Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
 On scenes that well might melt thy soul ;

* *Avon*, a river near Bristol ; the birth-place of Chatterton.

Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,
 Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
 Peace smiling sate, and listened to thy lay ;
 Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,
 And mark thy mother's tear ;
 See, see her breast's convulsive throe,
 Her silent agony of woe !
 Ah ! dash the poisoned chalice from thy hand !

And thou hadst dashed it, at her soft command,
 But that despair and indignation rose,
 And told again the story of thy woes ;
 Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart ;
 The dread dependence on the low-born mind ;
 Told ev'ry pang, with which thy soul must smart,
 Neglect, and grinning scorn, and want combined !
 Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain
 Roll the black tide of death thro' every freezing vein !

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,
 To fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep !
 For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave ;
 Watching, with wistful eye, the sadd'ning tints of eve.
 Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,
 In solemn thought the minstrel wont to rove,
 Like star-beam on the slow sequestered tide
 Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.
 And here, in inspiration's eager hour,
 When most the big soul feels the madd'ning power,
 These wilds, these caverns roaming o'er,
 Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,
 With wild unequal steps he passed along,
 Oft pouring on the winds a broken song :
 Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow
 Would pause abrupt—and gaze upon the waves below.

Poor Chatterton ! *he* sorrows for thy fate
 Who would have praised and loved thee, ere too late.
 Poor Chatterton ! farewell ! of darkest hues
 This chaplet cast I on thy shapeless tomb ;
 But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
 Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom !

Hence, gloomy thoughts ! no more my soul shall dwell
 On joys that were ! No more endure to weigh
 The shame and anguish of the evil day,
 Wisely forgetful ! O'er the ocean swell
 Sublime of hope I seek the cottaged dell
 Where virtue calm with careless step may stray ;
 And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,
 The wizard passions weave an holy spell !

O Chatterton ! that thou wert yet alive !
 Sure thou would'st spread the canvas to the gale,
 And love, with us, the tinkling team to drive
 O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale ;
 And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
 Hanging, enraptured, on thy stately song !
 And greet with smiles the young-eyed poesy
 All deftly mask'd, as hoar antiquity.

Alas, vain phantasies ! the fleeting brood
 Of woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood !
 Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
 Where Susquehannah pours his untamed stream ;*
 And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
 Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,
 Will raise a solemn cenotaph to thee,
 Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy !
 And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
 Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SISTER of love-lorn poets, Philomel !
 How many bards in city garret pent,
 While at their window they with downward eye
 Mark the faint lamp-beam on the kennelled mud,
 And listen to the drowsy cry of watchmen,
 (Those hoarse unfeathered nightingales of time !)

* At this period Coleridge, with Southey, Wordsworth, and Lovell, contemplated the establishment of a Pantisocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna.

How many wretched bards address *thy* name,
 And hers, the full-orbed queen that shines above.
 But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,
 Within whose mild moon-mellowed foliage hid,
 Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.
 Oh! I have listened, till my working soul,
 Waked by those strains to thousand phantasies,
 Absorbed hath ceased to listen! Therefore oft,
 I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight
 Oft will I tell thee, minstrel of the moon!
 'Most musical, most melancholy' bird!
 That all thy soft diversities of tone,
 Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs
 That vibrate from a white-arm'd lady's harp,
 What time the languishment of lonely love
 Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,
 Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,
 My Sara—best beloved of human kind!
 When breathing the pure soul of tenderness
 She thrills me with the husband's promised name!

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O PEACE, that on a liliated bank dost love
 To rest thine head beneath an olive tree,
 I would that from the pinions of thy dove
 One quill withouten pain yplucked might be!
 For oh! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
 And fain to her some soothing song would write,
 Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
 Who vowed to meet her ere the morning light,
 But broke my plighted word—ah! false and recreant wight!

Last night as I my weary head did pillow
 With thoughts of my dissevered fair engrossed,
 Chill fancy drooped, wreathing herself with willow,
 As tho' my breast entombed a pining ghost.

'From some blest couch, young rapture's bridal boast,
 Rejected slumber! hither wing thy way;
 But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
 As night-closed floweret to the orient ray,
 My sad heart will expand, when I the maid survey.

But Love, who 'heard the silence of my thought,'
 Contrived a too successful wile, I ween:
 And whispered to himself, with malice fraught—
 'Too long our slave the damsel's *smiles* hath seen:
 To-morrow shall he ken her altered mien!
 He spake, and ambushed lay, till on my bed
 The morning shot her dewy glances keen,
 When as I 'gan uplift my drowsy head—
 'Now, bard! I'll work thee woe!' the laughing elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing god! his downy wing
 Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
 When twanged an arrow from Love's mystic string,
 With pathless wound it pierced him to the heart.
 Was there some magic in the elfin's dart?
 Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
 For straight so fair a form did upwards start
 (No fairer deck'd the bowers of old romance)
 That sleep enamoured grew, nor moved from his sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
 Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
 I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
 Whisp'ring we went, and love was all our theme—
 Love pure and spotless, as at first, I deem,
 He sprang from heaven! Such joys with sleep did 'bide
 That I the living image of my dream
 Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sighed—
 'O! how shall I behold my love at even-tide!'

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS,*

Published anonymously at Bristol, in September, 1795.

UNBOASTFUL bard ! whose verse concise yet clear
 'Tunes to smooth melody unconquered sense,
 May your fame fadeless live, as 'never-sere'
 The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defence
 Embowers me from noon's sultry influence !
 For, like that nameless riv'let stealing by,
 Your modest verse to musing quiet dear
 Is rich with tints heaven borrowed : the charmed eye
 Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the softened sky.

Circling the base of the poetic mount
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow
 Its coal-black waters from oblivion's fount:
 The vapour-poisoned birds that fly too low,
 Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.
 Escaped that heavy stream on pinion fleet
 Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,
 A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring feet.

Not there the cloud-climbed rock, sublime and vast,
 That, like some giant king, o'erglooms the hill ;
 Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast
 Makes solemn music ! but th' unceasing rill
 To the soft wren or lark's descending trill
 Murmurs sweet undersong 'mid jasmin bowers.
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will,
 I ween, you wandered—there collecting flowers
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers !

There for the monarch-murdered soldier's tomb
 You wove th' unfinished wreath † of saddest hues ;
 And to that holier chaplet ‡ added bloom
 Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dew.
 But lo ! your Henderson § awakes the muse—

* Mr Joseph Cottle.

‡ John the Baptist, a Poem.

† War, a Fragment.

§ Monody on John Henderson.

His spirit beckoned from the mountain's height !
 You left the plain and soared 'mid richer views !
 So nature mourned when sunk the first day's light,
 With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of night !

Still soar, my friend, those richer views among,
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing fancy's beam !
 Virtue and truth shall love your gentler song ;
 But poesy demands th' impassioned theme :
 Waked by heaven's silent dews at eve's mild gleam,
 What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around !
 But if the vext air rush a stormy stream,
 Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-honoured ground.

ODE TO SARA,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM BRISTOL.

Note.—*The first Stanza alludes to a passage in the Letter.*

NOR travels my meand'ring eye
 The starry wilderness on high ;
 Nor now with curious sight
 I mark the glow-worm as I pass,
 Move with 'green radiance' thro' the grass,
 An emerald of light.

O ever-present to my view !
 My wafted spirit is with you,
 And soothes your boding fears ;
 I see you all opprest with gloom
 Sit lonely in that cheerless room—
 Ah me ! you are in tears !

Belovèd woman ! did you fly
 Chilled friendship's dark disliking eye,
 Or mirth's untimely din ?
 With cruel weight these trifles press
 A temper sore with tenderness,
 When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unblest
 Should fancy rouse within my breast
 Dim-visaged shapes of dread?
 Untenanting its beauteous clay,
 My Sara's soul has winged its way,
 And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender dream,
 When, slowly sunk the day's last gleam,
 You roused each gentler sense;
 As sighing o'er the blossom's bloom
 Meek evening wakes its soft perfume
 With viewless influence.

And hark, my love! The sea-breeze moans
 Thro' yon reft house! O'er rolling stones,
 With broad impetuous sweep,
 The fast encroaching tides supply
 'The silence of the cloudless sky
 With mimic thunders deep.

Dark-redd'ning from the channel'd * isle
 (Where stands one solitary pile
 Unslated by the blast)
 The watchfire, like a sullen star,
 Twinkles to many a dozing tar
 Rude-cradled on the mast.

Ev'n there—beneath that light-house tower—
 In the tumultuous evil hour
 Ere peace with Sara came,
 Time was, I should have thought it sweet
 To count the echoings of my feet,
 And watch the troubled flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit
 A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
 And listen to the roar,
 When mountain surges, bellowing deep,
 With an uncouth monster leap
 Plunged foaming on the shore.

* The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
 Some toiling tempest-shattered bark :
 Her vain distress-guns hear :
 And when a second sheet of light
 Flashed o'er the blackness of the night--
 To see *no* vessel there !

But fancy now more gaily sings ;
 Or if awhile she droop her wings,
 As skylarks 'mid the corn,
 On summer fields she grounds her breast :
 Th' oblivious poppy o'er her nest
 Nods, till returning morn.

O mark those smiling tears, that swell
 The opened rose ! From heaven they fell,
 And with the sunbeam blend ;
 Blest visitations from above :
 Such are the tender woes of love
 Fost'ring the heart they bend !

When stormy midnight howling round
 Beats on our roof with clatt'ring sound,
 To me your arms you'll stretch :
 Great God ! you'll say—To us so kind,
 O shelter from this loud bleak wind
 The houseless, friendless wretch !

The tears that tremble down your cheek,
 Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek
 In pity's dew divine ;
 And from your heart the sighs that steal
 Shall make your rising bosom feel
 The answ'ring swell of mine !

How oft, my love ! with shapings sweet
 I paint the moment we shall meet !
 With eager speed I dart—
 I seize you in the vacant air,
 And fancy, with a husband's care,
 I press you to my heart !

TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

AWAY, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour !
Nor meanly thus complain of fortune's power,
When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train :
To-morrow shall the many-coloured main
In brightness roll beneath his orient beam !

Wild as th' autumnal gust, the hand of Time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre ! in shadowy dance
Th' alternate groups of joy and grief advance,
Responsive to his varying strains sublime !

Bears on its wing each hour a load of fate.
The swain, who lulled by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled State.

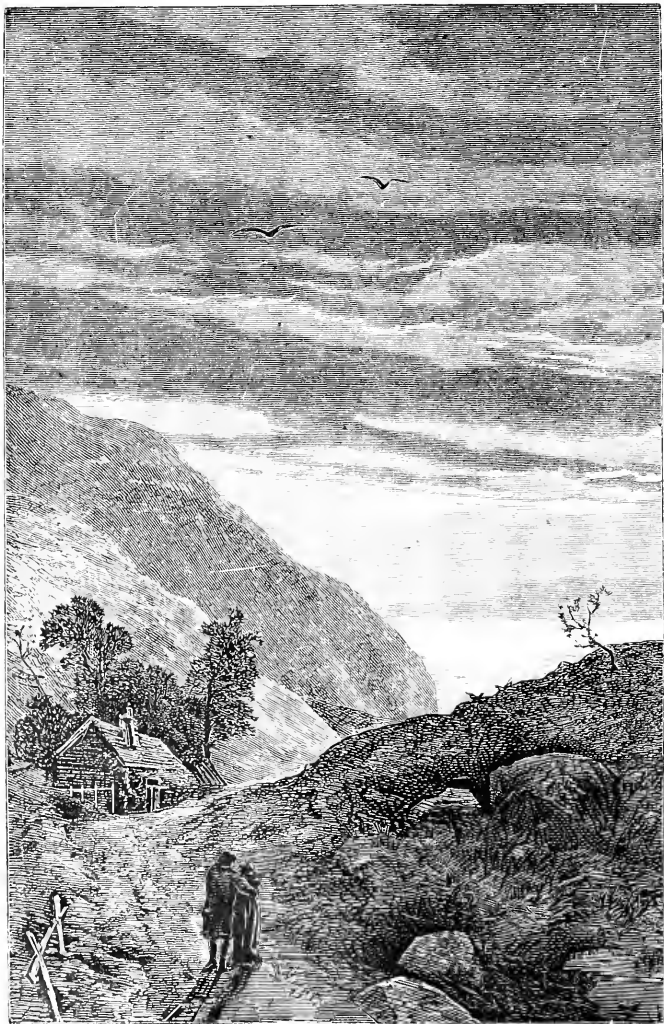
Nor shall not fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
And haply hurl the pageant from his height,
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There, shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest ;
And mixed with nails and beads, an equal jest !
Barter for food the jewels of his crown.

COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

My pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown
With white-flowered jasmin, and the broad-leaved myrtle,
And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,
Slow-sadd'ning round, and mark the star of eve
Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents
Snatched from yon bean-field ! and the world so hushed !
Hark ! the still murmur of the distant sea
Tells us of silence ! And th' Eolian lute,
How by the desultory breeze caressed,
Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs
Tempt to repeat the wrong ! And now its strings
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes
Over delicious surges sink and rise,
Such a soft floating witchery of sound.—
Methinks, it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world like this,
Where e'en the breezes of the simple air
Possess the power and spirit of melody !
And thus, my love ! as on the midway slope
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,
Whilst thro' my half-closed eyelids I behold
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity ;
Full many a thought uncalled and undetained,
And many idle flitting phantasies,
Traverse my indolent and passive brain,
As wild and various as the random gales
That swell or flutter on this subject lute !
And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed
'That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,





Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. — *Reflections, &c.*

Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
 At once the soul of each, and God of all?
 But thy more serious eye a mild reproof
 Darts, O belovèd woman! nor such thoughts
 Dim and unhallowed dost thou not reject,
 And biddest me walk humbly with my God.
 Meek daughter in the family of Christ,
 Well hast thou said, and holily dispraised
 These shapings of the unregenerate mind,
 Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break
 On vain philosophy's aye-babbling spring.
 For never guiltless may I speak of Him,
 Th' Incomprehensible! save when with awe
 I praise him, and with faith that inly * *feels* ;
 Who with His saving mercies healèd me,
 A sinful and most miserable man,
 Wildered and dark, and gave me to possess
 Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honoured maid!

REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Sermoni propria.—*Hor.*

Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose
 Peeped at the chamber-window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
 Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
 Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
 Was green and woody and refreshed the eye.
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call

* L'athée n'est point à mes yeux un faux esprit; je puis vivre avec lui aussi bien et mieux qu'avec le dévot, car il raisonne davantage, mais il lui manque un sens, et mon ame ne se fond point entièrement avec la sienne; il est froid au spectacle le plus ravissant, et il cherche un syllogisme lorsque je rends un action de grace.—*Appel à l'Impartiale Postérité*, par la Citoyenne Roland.

The Valley of Seclusion ! Once I saw
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
 A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
 Bristowa's citizen : methought, it calmed
 His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
 With wiser feelings : for he paused, and looked
 With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around,
 Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
 And sighed, and said, *it was a blessed place.*
 And we *were* blessèd. Oft with patient ear
 Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
 (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
 Gleaming on sunny wing)—'And such,' I said,
 'The inobtrusive song of happiness—
 Unearthly minstrelsy ! then only heard
 When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hushed
 And the heart listens !'

But the time, when first
 From that low dell steep up the stony mount
 I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
 O what a goodly scene ! *Here* the bleak mount,
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep ;
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrowed,
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks ;
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire :
 The Channel *there*, the islands and white sails,
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
 It seemed like omnipresence ! God, methought,
 Had built him there a temple : the whole world
 Seemed imaged in its vast circumference.
 No wish profaned my overwhelmèd heart.
 Blest hour ! it was a luxury—to be !

Ah quiet dell ! dear cot ! and mount sublime !
 I was constrained to quit you. Was it right,
 While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours
 On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart
 With feelings all too delicate for use ?

Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth :
 And he, that works me good with unmoved face,
 Does it but half : he chills me while he aids,
 My benefactor, not my brother man !
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence
 Seizes my praise, when I reflect on those,
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe !
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
 Nursing in some delicious solitude
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies !
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand,
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.
 Yet oft when after honourable toil
 Rests the tired mind, and waking loves to dream,
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot !
 Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,
 And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air.
 And I shall sigh fond wishes—sweet abode !
 Ah—had none greater ! and that all had such !

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS OF HER INNOCENCE.

MYRTLE leaf, that ill besped
 Pinest in the gladsome ray,
 Soiled beneath the common tread
 Far from thy protecting spray !

When the partridge o'er the sheaf
 Whirred along the yellow vale,
 Sad, I saw thee, heedless leaf !
 Love the dalliance of the gale.

Lightly didst thou, foolish thing !
 Heave and flutter to his sighs,

While the flatt'rer on his wing
 Wooed and whispered thee to rise.
 Gaily from thy mother stalk
 Wert thou danced and wafted high ;
 Soon on this unsheltered walk
 Flung to fade, to rot, and die !

LINES

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

SWEET flower ! that peeping from thy russet stem,
 Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
 This dark, freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month
 Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
 With 'blue voluptuous eye') ; alas, poor flower !
 These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
 Perchance escaped its unknown polar cave
 Ev'n now the keen north-east is on its way.
 Flower, that must perish ! shall I liken thee
 To some sweet girl of too, too rapid growth
 Nipped by consumption 'mid untimely charms ?
 Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy !
 An amaranth, which earth scarce seemed to own,
 Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste,
 Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
 Beat it to earth ? Or with indignant grief
 Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
 Bright flower of hope killed in the opening bud ?
 Farewell, sweet blossom ! better fate be thine
 And mock my boding ! dim similitudes
 Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
 From black anxiety that gnaws my heart
 For her who droops far-off on a sick bed :
 And the warm wooings of this sunny day
 Tremble along my frame and harmonize
 Th' attempered brain, that even the saddest thoughts

* Chatteron.

Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
 Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

(Composed during illness, and in absence.)

DIM hour ! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,
 O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car !
 Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,
 And give me to the bosom of my love !
 My gentle love, caressing and carest,
 With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest !
 Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,
 Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs !
 Chilled by the night, the drooping rose of May
 Mourns the long absence of the lovely day ;
 Young day returning at her promised hour
 Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower ;
 Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,
 And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.
 New life and joy th' expanding flowret feels :
 His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals !

TO C. LLOYD,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep,
 But a green mountain variously up-piled
 Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep
 Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep ;
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild ;
 And 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash

Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash ;
 Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguiled,
 Calm pensiveness might muse herself to sleep ;
 Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
 That rustling on the bushy cliff above
 With melancholy bleat of anxious love
 Made meek enquiry for her wand'ring lamb :
 Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb
 E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
 How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should bless
 Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime
 Now lead, now follow ; the glad landscape round,
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound !

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
 The berries of the half up-rooted ash
 Dripping and bright ; and list the torrent's dash—
 Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock ;
 In social silence now, and now t' unlock
 The treasured heart ; arm linked in friendly arm,
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
 Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag ;
 Till high o'er-head his beck'ning friend appears,
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly : for haply *there* uprears
 That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs
 Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
 Tinged yellow with the rich departing light ;
 And haply, basoued in some unsummed cleft,
 A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
 Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale !
 Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
 Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
 And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
 Ah, dearest Charles ! it were a lot divine
 To cheat our noons in moralizing mood,
 While west winds fanned our temples, toil-bedewed :
 Then downwards slope, oft-pausing, from the mount,
 To some low mansion in some woody dale,

Where, smiling with blue eye, domestic bliss
Gives *this* the husband's, *that* the brother's kiss !

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The hill of knowledge I essayed to trace ;
That verd'rous hill with many a resting-place
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
To glad and fertilize the subject plains ;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
Where inspiration, his diviner strains
Low-murm'ring, lay ; and starting from the rocks
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage !
O meek retiring spirit ! we will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime ;
And from the stirring world uplifted high
(Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply),
There while the prospect thro' the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighb'ring fountains image each the whole.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

A DESULTORY POEM, WRITTEN ON THE CHRISTMAS EVE OF 1794.

What tho' first,
 In years unseason'd, I attuned the lay
 To idle passion and unreal woe?
 Yet serious truth her empire o'er my song
 Hath now asserted: falsehood's evil brood,
 Vice and deceitful pleasure, she at once
 Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
 Drew to the better cause!—*Akenside.*

 ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Person of Christ. His prayer on the cross. The process of his doctrines on the mind of the individual. Character of the elect. Superstition. Digression to the present war. Origin and uses of government and property. The present state of society. French revolution. Millennium. Universal redemption. Conclusion.

THIS is the time, when, most divine to hear,
 The voice of adoration rouses me,
 As with a cherub's trump: and high upborne,
 Yea, mingling with the choir, I seem to view
 The vision of the heavenly multitude,
 Who hymned the song of peace o'er Bethlehem's fields!

Yet Thou more bright than all the angel host
 That harbingered thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
 Despisèd Galilæan! For the Great
 Invisible (by symbols only seen)
 With a peculiar and surpassing light
 Shines from the visage of th' oppressed good man,

When heedless of himself the scourged saint
 Mourns for the oppressor. Fair the vernal mead,
 Fair the high grove, the sea, the sun, the stars ;
 True impress each of their creating Sire !
 Yet nor high grove, nor many-coloured mead,
 Nor the green ocean with his thousand isles,
 Nor the starred azure, nor the sovran sun,
 E'er with such majesty of portraiture
 Imaged the supreme beauty uncreate,
 As Thou, meek Saviour ! at the fearful hour
 When thy insulted anguish winged the prayer
 Harped by archangels, when they sing of mercy !
 Which when the Almighty heard, from forth his throne,
 Diviner light filled heaven with ecstasy !
 Heav'n's hymnings paused : and hell her yawning mouth
 Closed a brief moment.

Lovely was the death
 Of Him, whose life was love ! Holy with power
 ✓ He on the thought-benighted sceptic beamed
 Manifest Godhead, melting into day
 What floating mists of dark idolatry
 Broke and misshaped the Omnipresent Sire :
 And first by fear uncharmed the drowsèd soul,
 Till of its nobler nature it 'gan feel
 Dim recollections ; and thence soared to hope,
 Strong to believe whate'er of mystic good
 Th' Eternal dooms for his immortal sons.
 From hope and firmer faith to perfect love
 Attracted and absorbed : and centred there
 God only to behold, and know, and feel,
 Till by exclusive consciousness of God
 All self-annihilated it shall make
 God its identity : God all in all !
 We and our Father one !

And blest are they,
 Who in this fleshly world, the elect of heaven,
 Their strong eye darting thro' the deeds of men,
 Adore with stedfast unpresuming gaze
 Him, nature's essence, mind, and energy !

And gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,
 Treading beneath their feet all visible things
 As steps, that upward to their Father's throne
 Lead gradual—else nor glorified nor loved.
 They nor contempt imbosom nor revenge :
 For they dare know of what may seem deform
 The supreme fair sole Operant : in whose sight
 All things are pure, his strong controlling love
 Alike from all educing perfect good.

Theirs, too, celestial courage, inly armed,
 Dwarfing earth's giant brood, what time they muse
 On their great Father, great beyond compare !
 And marching onwards view high o'er their heads
 His waving banners of omnipotence.

They cannot dread created might, who love
 God, the Creator !—fair and lofty thought !
 It lifts and swells my heart ! And as I muse,
 Behold ! a vision gathers in my soul,
 Voices and shadowy shapes ! In human guise
 I seem to see the phantom, fear, pass by,
 Hotly pursued, and pale ! From rock to rock
 He bounds with bleeding feet, and thro' the swamp,
 The quicksand, and the groaning wilderness,
 Struggles with feebler and yet feebler flight.
 But lo ! an altar in the wilderness,
 And eagerly, yet feebly, lo ! he grasps
 The altar of the living God ! and there
 With wan reverted face the trembling wretch
 All wildly list'ning to his hunter-fiends
 Stands, till the last faint echo of their yell
 Dies in the distance. Soon refreshed from heaven
 He calms the throb and tempest of his heart.
 His countenance settles : a soft solemn bliss
 Swims in his eyes ; his swimming eyes upraised ;
 And faith's whole armour girds his limbs ! And thus
 Transfigured, with a meek and dreadless awe,
 A solemn hush of spirit, he beholds
 All things of terrible seeming : yea, unmoved
 Views e'en th' immitigable ministers

That shower down vengeance on these latter days.
 For even these on wings of healing come,
 Yea, kindling with intenser Deity
 From the celestial mercy-seat they speed,
 And at the renovating wells of love
 Have filled their vials with salutary wrath,
 To sickly nature more medicinal
 Than what sweet balm the weeping good man pours
 Into the lone, despoiled traveller's wounds !

Thus from th' elect, regenerate thro' faith, ✓
 Pass the dark passions * and what thirsty cares
 Drink up the spirit and the dim regards
 Self-centre. Lo, they vanish ! or acquire
 New names, new features—by supernal grace
 Enrobed with light, and naturalized in heaven.
 As when a shepherd on a vernal morn
 Thro' some thick fog creeps tim'rous with slow foot,
 Darkling with earnest eyes he traces out
 Th' immediate road, all else of fairest kind
 Hid or deform'd. But lo ! the burning sun !
 Touched by the enchantment of that sudden beam
 Straight the black vapour melteth, and in globes
 Of dewy glitter gems each plant and tree ;
 On every leaf, on every blade it hangs ;
 Dance glad the new-born intermingling rays,
 And wide around the landscape streams with glory !

There is one Mind, one omnipresent Mind,
 Omnific. His most holy name is Love.
 Truth of subliming import ! with the which
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
 He from his small particular orbit flies
 With blest outstarting ! from himself he flies,
 Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
 Views all creation ; and he loves it all,

* Our evil passions under the influence of religion become innocent, and may be made to animate our virtue—in the same manner as the thick mist, melted by the sun, increases the light which it had before excluded. In the preceding paragraph, agreeably to this truth, we had allegorically narrated the transfiguration of fear into holy awe.

And blesses it, and calls it very good !
 This is indeed to dwell with the Most High !
 The cherubs and the trembling seraphim
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 Haply for this some younger angel now
 Looks down on human nature : and, behold !
 A sea of blood bestrewed with wrecks, where mad
 Embattling interests on each other rush
 With unhelmed rage !

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
 This fraternizes man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffused thro' all, that doth make all one whole ;
 This the worst superstition,* him except
 Aught to desire, supreme reality !
 The plenitude and permanence of bliss !
 O fiends of superstition ! not that oft
 The erring priest hath stained with brother's blood
 Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
 Thunder against you from the Holy One !
 But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
 Peopled with death ; or where more hideous trade
 Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish ;
 I will raise up a mourning, O ye fiends !
 And curse your spells, that film the eye of faith,
 Hiding the present God ; whose presence lost,
 The moral world's cohesion, we become
 An anarchy of spirits ! Toy-bewitched,
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
 No common centre, man no common sire

* If to make aught but the supreme reality the object of final pursuit, be superstition ; if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be superstition ; then avarice and ambition are superstitions : and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican deities, but to the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa.—Such is the sentiment conveyed in this and the subsequent lines.

Knoweth ! A sordid, solitary thing,
'Mid countless brethren, with a lonely heart
Thro' courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low self, the whole ;
When he by sacred sympathy might make
The whole one self ! self, that no alien knows !
Self, far diffused as fancy's wing can travel !
Self, spreading still ! oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing ! This is faith !
This the Messiah's destined victory !
But first offences needs must come ! Even now
(Black hell laughs horrible—to hear the scoff !)
Thee to defend, meek Galilæan ! Thee
And thy mild laws of love unutterable,
Mistrust and enmity have burst the bands
Of social peace ; and list'ning treachery lurks
With pious fraud to snare a brother's life ;
And childless widows o'er the groaning land
Wail numberless ; and orphans weep for bread !
Thee to defend, dear Saviour of mankind !
'Thee, Lamb of God ! Thee, blameless Prince of Peace !
From all sides rush the thirsty brood of war !
Austria, and that foul woman of the north,
The lustful murd'ress of her wedded lord !
And he, connatural mind ! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)
Some fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy ! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nursed in gore !
Soul-hardened barterers of human blood !
Death's prime slave-merchants ! scorpion-whips of fate !
Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blushed to call her sons !
Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, accomplice Deity,
In the fierce jealousy of wakened wrath,
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets

To scatter the red ruin on their foes !
 O blasphemy ! to mingle fiendish deeds
 With blessedness !

Lord of unsleeping love,*
 From everlasting Thou ! We shall not die.
 These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
 Teachers of good thro' evil, by brief wrong
 Making truth lovely, and her future might
 Magnetic o'er the fixed untrembling heart.

In the primeval age, a dateless while,
 The vacant shepherd wandered with his flock,
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
 But soon imagination conjured up
 An host of new desires : with busy aim,
 Each for himself, earth's eager children toiled.
 So property began, twy-streaming fount,
 Whence vice and virtue flow, honey and gall.
 Hence the soft couch, and many-coloured robe,
 The timbrel, and arched dome, and costly feast,
 With all th' inventive arts, that nursed the soul
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
 Unsensualized the mind, which in the means
 Learned to forget the grossness of the end,
 Best pleased with its own activity.
 And hence disease that withers manhood's arm,
 The daggered envy, spirit-quickening want,
 Warriors, and lords, and priests—all the sore ills
 That vex and desolate our mortal life :
 Wide-wasting ills ! yet each th' immediate source
 Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
 To ceaseless action goading human thought
 Have made earth's reasoning animal her lord ;

* 'Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment,' &c., Habakkuk i. 12. In this paragraph the author recalls himself from his indignation against the instruments of evil, to contemplate the *uses* of these evils in the great process of Divine benevolence. In the first age men were innocent from ignorance of vice : they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they might attain intellectual security, i. e. virtue, which is a wise and strong-nerved innocence.

And the pale-featured sage's trembling hand
Strong as an host of armed deities.

From avarice thus, from luxury and war,
Sprang heavenly science ; and from science freedom.
O'er wakened realms philosophers and bards
Spread in concentric circles : they whose souls,
Conscious of their high dignities from God,
Brook not wealth's rivalry ; and they who, long
Enamoured with the charms of order hate
Th' unseemly disproportion : and who'er
Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car
And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
On that blest triumph, when the patriot sage
Called the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing cloud
And dashed the beauteous terrors on the earth,
Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
Measured firm paces to the calming sound
Of Spartan flute ! These on the fated day,
When, stung to rage by pity, eloquent men
Have roused with pealing voice th' unnumbered tribes
That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind,
These, hushed awhile with patient eye serene,
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm ;
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might
Moulding confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day !
To float before them, when, the summer noon,
Beneath some arched romantic rock reclined
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet, inhaled
The wafted perfumes, gazing on the woods,
The many-tinted streams, and setting sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds,
In ecstasy ! then homeward as they stray'd
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mused
Why there was misery in a world so fair.

Ah, far removed from all that glads the sense,

From all that softens or ennobles man,
 The wretched many ! Bent beneath their loads
 They gape at pageant power, nor recognize
 Their cots' transmuted plunder ! from the tree
 Of knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen,
 Rudely disbranched ! Evil society !
 Fitliest depicted by some sun-scorcht waste,
 Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
 The simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
 Who falls not prostrate dies ! and where, by night,
 Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
 The lion couches ; or hyæna dips
 Deep in the lucid stream his gore-stained jaws ;
 Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
 Caught in whose monstrous twine behemoth * yells,
 His bones loud-crashing !

O ye numberless,

Ye, whom oppression's ruffian gluttony
 Drives from the feast of life ! O thou poor wretch,
 Who nursed in darkness and made wild by want
 Roamest for prey, yea, thy unnatural hand
 Dost lift to deeds of blood ! O pale-eyed form,
 The victim of seduction, doomed to know
 Nights of pollution, days of blasphemy ;
 Who in thy orgies with loathed wassailers
 Must gaily laugh, while thy remembered home
 Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart !
 O agèd women ! ye who weekly catch
 The morsel tost by law-forced charity,
 And die so slowly, that none call it murder !
 O loathly suppliants ! ye that unreceived
 Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
 Of the full lazarus-house ; or, gazing, stand
 Sick with despair ! O ye to glory's field
 Forced or ensnared, who, as ye gasp in death,
 Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak !
 O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view

* Behemoth in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it is the elephant, some the hippopotamus ; some affirm it is the wild-bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
 Start'st with a shriek ; or in thy half-thatched cot,
 Waked by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
 Cower'st o'er thy screaming baby ! Rest awhile,
 Children of wretchedness ! more groans must rise,
 More blood must steam, or ere your wrongs be full.
 Yet is the day of retribution nigh :

The Lamb of God hath opened the fifth seal :
 And upward rush on swiftest wing of fire
 Th' innumerable multitude of wrongs
 By man on man inflicted ! Rest awhile,
 Children of wretchedness ! the hour is nigh
 And lo ! the great, the rich, the mighty men,
 The kings and the chief captains of the world,
 With all that fixed on high like stars of heaven
 Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
 Vile and down-trodden, as the untimely fruit
 Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden storm.
 Ev'n now the storm begins : each gentle name,
 Faith and meek piety, with fearful joy
 Tremble far off—for lo ! the giant frenzy,
 Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
 Mocketh high Heaven ; burst hideous from the cell
 Where the old hag, unconquerable, huge,
 Creation's eyeless drudge, black ruin, sits
 Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return :

Pure faith ! meek piety ! The abhorred form
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
 Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
 Whose names were many and all blasphemous,
 Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence that cry ?
 The mighty army of foul spirits shrieked,
 Disherited of earth ! For she hath fallen
 On whose black front was written Mystery ;
 She that reeled heavily, whose wine was blood ,
 She that worked whoredom with the demon power,
 And from the dark embrace all evil things
 Brought forth and nurtured—mitred atheism ;
 And patient folly, who on bended knee

Gives back the steel that stabbed him ; and pale fear,
 Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
 Moon-blasted madness when he yells at midnight !
 Return, pure faith ! return, meek piety !
 The kingdoms of the world are yours : each heart
 Self-governed, the vast family of love,
 Raised from the common earth by common toil,
 Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
 As float to earth, permitted visitants !
 When in some hour of solemn jubilee
 The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
 Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
 And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
 And they, that from the crystal river of life
 Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales !
 The favoured good man in his lonely walk
 Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
 Strange bliss which he shall recognize in heaven.
 And such delights, such strange beatitude
 Seize on my young anticipating heart
 When that blest future rushes on my view !
 For in his own and in his Father's might
 The Saviour comes ! while as the thousand years *
 Lead up their mystic dance, the desert shouts !
 Old Ocean claps his hands ! The mighty dead
 Rise to new life, whoe'er from earliest time
 With conscious zeal had urged love's wondrous plan,
 Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
 The high groves of the renovated earth
 Unbosom their glad echoes : inly hushed
 Adoring Newton his serener eye
 Raises to heaven : and he of mortal kind
 Wisest, he † first who mark'd the ideal tribes

* The millennium :—in which I suppose, that man will continue to enjoy the highest glory of which his human nature is capable.—That all who in past ages have endeavoured to ameliorate the state of man, will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former life ; and that the wicked will, during the same period, be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this earth, and by our entering the state of pure intellect ; when all creation shall rest from its labours.

† David Hartley.

Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain
 Pass in fine surges. Pressing on his steps,
 Lo ! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage !
 Him, full of years, from his loved native land
 Statesmen blood-stained and priests idolatrous,
 By dark lies madd'ning the blind multitude,
 Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying he retired,
 And mused expectant on these promised years.

O years ! the blest preëminence of saints !
 Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly-bright,
 The wings that veil th' adoring seraph's eyes,
 What time he bends before the jasper throne,*
 Reflect no lovelier hues ! yet ye depart,
 And all beyond is darkness ! Heights most strange,
 Whence fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
 For who of woman born may paint the hour,
 When, seized in his mid course, the sun shall wane,
 Making noon ghastly ! Who of woman born
 May image, how the red-eyed fiend outstretcht
 Beneath the unsteady feet of Nature groans,
 In feverish slumbers—destined then to wake,
 When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name,
 Destruction ! when the sons of morning shout,
 The angels shout, Destruction !—How his arm
 The last great spirit lifting high in air
 Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
 Time is no more !

Believe thou, O my soul,
 Life is a vision shadowy of truth ;
 And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
 Shapes of a dream ! The veiling clouds retire,
 And lo ! the throne of the redeeming God
 Wraps in one light earth, heaven, and deepest hell.

Contemplant spirits ! ye that hover o'er
 With untired gaze th' immeasurable fount
 Ebullient with creative Deity !
 And ye of plastic power, that interfused

* Rev. iv. 2, 3.

Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
 In organizing surge ! Holies of God !
 (And what if monads of the infinite mind ?^v
 I haply journeying my immortal course
 Shall sometime join your mystic choir ! Tili then
 I discipline my young noviciate thought
 In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
 And aye on meditation's heaven-ward wing
 Soaring aloft I breathe th' empyreal air
 Of love, omnific, omnipresent love,
 Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
 As the great sun, when he his influence
 Sheds on the frost-bound waters—The glad stream
 Flows to the ray and warbles as it flows.

THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

AUSPICIOUS Reverence ! Hush all meaner song,
 Ere we the deep preluding strain have poured
 To the Great Father, only Rightful King,
 Eternal Father ! King Omnipotent !
 To the Will Absolute, the One, the Good !
 The I AM, the Word, the Life, the Living God !

Such symphony requires best instrument.
 Seize, then, my soul ! from Freedom's trophied dome
 The harp which hangeth high between the shields
 Of Brutus and Leonidas ! With that
 Strong music, that solliciting spell, force back
 Man's free and stirring spirit that lies entranced.

For what is freedom, but the unfettered use
 Of all the powers which God for use had given ?
 But chiefly this, him first, him last, to view
 Through meaner powers and secondary things

Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his blaze.
 For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
 Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
 For infant minds ; and we in this low world
 Placed with our backs to bright reality,
 That we may learn with young unwounded ken
 The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love,
 Whose latence is the plenitude of all,
 Thou with retracted beams, and self-eclipse
 Veiling, revealest thine eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
 When they within this gross and visible sphere
 Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
 Proud in their meanness : and themselves they cheat
 With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
 Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
 Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
 Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,
 Untenanting creation of its God.

But properties are God : the naked mass
 (If mass there be, fantastic guess or ghost)
 Acts only by its inactivity.
 Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think
 That as one body seems the aggregate
 Of atoms numberless, each organized ;
 So by a strange and dim similitude
 Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds
 Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs
 With absolute ubiquity of thought
 (His one eternal self-affirming act !)
 All his involved Monads, that yet seem
 With various province and apt agency
 Each to pursue its own self-centring end.
 Some nurse the infant diamond in the mine ;
 Some roll the genial juices through the oak ;
 Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air,
 And rushing on the storm with whirlwind speed,
 Yoke the red lightnings to their volleying car.
 Thus these pursue their never-varying course,

No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild,
 With complex interests weaving human fates,
 Duteous or proud, alike obedient all,
 Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some rebellious o'er dark realms
 Arrogate power? yet these train up to God,
 And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day,
 Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom.
 As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head
 The Laplander beholds the far-off sun
 Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows,
 While yet the stern and solitary night
 Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn
 With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam,
 Guiding his course or by Niemi lake
 Or Balda Zhiok,* or the mossy stone
 Of Solfar-kapper,† while the snowy blast
 Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge,
 Making the poor babe at its mother's back ‡
 Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while
 Wins gentle solace as with upward eye
 He marks the streamy banners of the North
 Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join
 Who there in floating robes of rosy light
 Dance sportively. For Fancy is the power
 That first unsensualizes the dark mind,
 Giving it new delights; and bids it swell

* Balda Zhiok; i. e. mons altitudinus, the highest mountain in Lapland.

† Solfar-kapper; capitium Solfar, hic locus omnium quotquot veterum Lappo-
 num superstitio sacrificiis religiosoque cultui dedicavit, celebratissimus erat, in parte
 sinus australis situs semimilliaris spatio a mari distans. Ipse locus, quem curiosi-
 tatis gratia aliquando me invisisse memini, duabus prealtis lapidibus, sibi invicem
 oppositis, quorum alter musco circumdatus erat, constabat.—*Lemius de Lappo-
 nibus.*

‡ The Lapland women carry their infants at their back in a piece of excavated
 wood, which serves them for a cradle. Opposite to the infant's mouth there is a
 hole for it to breathe through.—Mirandum prorsus est et vix credibile nisi cui vidisse
 contigit. Lappones hyeme iter facientes per vastos montes, perque horrida et in via
 tesqua, eo presertim tempore quo omnia perpetuis nivibus oblecta sunt et nives
 ventis agitantur et in gyros aguntur, viam ad destinata loca absque errore invenire
 posse, lactantem autem infantem si quem habeat, ipsa mater in dorso bajulat, in
 excavato ligno (Gieed'k ipsi vocant) quod pro cunis utuntur: in hoc infans pannis
 et pellibus convolutus colligatus jacet.—*Lemius de Lappo-
 nibus.*

With wild activity ; and peopling air,
 By obscure fears of beings invisible,
 Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
 Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
 Till Superstition with unconscious hand
 Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not vain,
 Nor yet without permitted power impressed,
 I deem those legends terrible, with which
 The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng:
 Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan
 O'er slaughtered infants, or that giant bird
 Vuokho, of whose rushing wings the noise
 Is tempest, when the unutterable * shape
 Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once
 That shriek, which never murderer heard, and lived.

Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance
 Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed
 Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave
 By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such
 As earth ne'er bred, nor air, nor the upper sea:
 Where dwells the Fury Form, whose unheard name
 With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath,
 And lips half-opening with the dread of sound,
 Unsleping Silence guards, worn out with fear
 Lest haply 'scaping on some treacherous blast
 The fateful word let slip the elements
 And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her,
 Armed with Torngarsuck's † power, the Spirit of Good,
 Forces to unchain the foodful progeny
 Of the Ocean stream ;—thence thro' the realm of Souls,
 Where live the Innocent, as far from cares
 As from the storms and overwhelming waves

* Jaibme Aibmo.

† They call the Good Spirit Torngarsuck. The other great but malignant spirit is a nameless female ; she dwells under the sea in a great house, where she can detain in captivity all the animals of the ocean by her magic power. When a death befalls the Greenlanders, an Angekok or magician must undertake a journey thither. He passes through the kingdom of souls, over a horrible abyss into the Palace of this phantom, and by his enchantments causes the captive creatures to ascend directly to the surface of the ocean.—See *Crantz's History of Greenland*, vol. i. 206.

That tumble on the surface of the deep,
 Returns with far-heard pant, hotly pursued
 By the fierce Warders of the Sea, once more,
 Ere by the frost foreclosed, to repossess
 His fleshly mansion, that had staid the while
 In the dark tent within a cow'ring group
 Untenanted.—Wild phantasies ! yet wise,
 On the victorious goodness of high God
 Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope,
 Till from Bethabrah northward, heavenly Truth
 With gradual steps, winning her difficult way,
 Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be beings of higher class than Man,
 I deem no nobler province they possess,
 Than by disposal of apt circumstance
 To rear up kingdoms : and the deeds they prompt,
 Distinguishing from mortal agency,
 They choose their human ministers from such states
 As still the Epic song half fears to name,
 Repelled from all the minstrelsies that strike
 The palace-roof and soothe the monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words
 Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)
 Held commune with that warrior-maid of France
 Who scourged the Invader. From her infant days,
 With Wisdom, mother of retired thoughts,
 Her soul had dwelt ; and she was quick to mark
 The good and evil thing, in human lore
 Undisciplined. For lowly was her birth,
 And Heaven had doomed her early years to toil,
 That pure from tyranny's least deed, herself
 Unfeared by fellow-natures, she might wait
 On the poor labouring man with kindly looks,
 And minister refreshment to the tired
 Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn bench
 The sweltry man had stretched him, and aloft
 Vacantly watched the rudely-pictured board
 Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome creak
 Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid

Learnt more than schools could teach : Man's shifting mind,
 His vices and his sorrows ! And full oft
 At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress
 Had wept and shivered. To the tottering old
 Still as a daughter would she run : she placed
 His cold limbs at the sunny door, and loved
 To hear him story, in his garrulous sort,
 Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's form,
 Active and tall, nor sloth nor luxury
 Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad,
 Her flexile eye-brows wildly haired and low,
 And her full eye, now bright, now unillumed,
 Spake more than Woman's thought ; and all her face
 Was moulded to such features as declared
 That pity there had oft and strongly worked,
 And sometimes indignation. Bold her mien,
 And like a haughty huntress of the woods
 She moved : yet sure she was a gentle maid !
 And in each motion her most innocent soul
 Beamed forth so brightly, that who saw would say
 Guilt was a thing impossible in her !
 Nor idly would have said—for she had lived
 In this bad World, as in a place of tombs,
 And touched not the pollutions of the dead.

'Twas the cold season, when the rustic's eye
 From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields
 Rolls for relief to watch the skye tints
 And clouds slow varying their huge imagery :
 When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid
 Had left her pallet ere one beam of day
 Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone
 Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft,
 With dim inexplicable sympathies
 Disquieting the heart, shapes out Man's course
 To the predoomed adventure. Now the ascent
 She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top
 The Pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watched

The alien shine of unconcerning stars,
 Shouts to himself, there first the Abbey-lights
 Seen in Neufchatel's vale ; now slopes adown
 The winding sheep-track vale-ward : when, behold
 In the first entrance of the level road
 An unattended team ! The foremost horse
 Lay with stretched limbs ; the others, yet alive
 But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their manes
 Hoar with the frozen night dews. Dismally
 The dark-red dawn now glimmered ; but its gleams
 Disclosed no face of man. The Maiden paused,
 Then hailed who might be near. No voice replied.
 From the thwart wain at length there reached her ear
 A sound so feeble that it almost seemed
 Distant ; and feebly, with slow effort pushed,
 A miserable man crept forth : his limbs
 The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire.
 Faint on the shafts he rested. She, meantime,
 Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
 A mother and her children—lifeless all,
 Yet lovely ! not a lineament was marred—
 Death had put on so slumber-like a form !
 It was a piteous sight ; and one, a babe,
 The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
 Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
 Stretched on her bosom.

Mutely questioning,

The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch.
 He, his head feebly turning, on the group
 Looked with a vacant stare, and his eye spoke
 The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.
 She shuddered ; but, each vainer pang subdued,
 Quick disentangling from the foremost horse
 The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil
 The stiff cramped team forced homeward. There arrived,
 Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs,
 And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death
 Spreads o'er his limbs ; and ere the noontide hour,
 The hovering spirits of his wife and babes
 Hail him immortal ! Yet amid his pangs,

With interruptions long from ghastly throes,
His voice had faltered out this simple tale.

The village, where he dwelt a husbandman,
By sudden inroad had been seized and fired
Late on the yester-evening. With his wife
And little ones he hurried his escape.
They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame, they heard
Uproar and shrieks ! and terror-struck drove on
Through unfrequented roads, a weary way !
But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quenched
Their evening hearth-fire : for the alarm had spread.
The air clipped keen, the night was fanged with frost,
And they provisionless ! The weeping wife
Ill hushed her children's moans ; and still they moaned,
Till fright and cold and hunger drank their life.
They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas death.
He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team,
Gained a sad respite, till beside the base
Of the high hill his foremost horse dropped dead.
Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,
He crept beneath the coverture, entranced,
Till wakened by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah ! suffering to the height of what was suffered,
Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid
Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark !
And now her flushed tumultuous features shot
Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery fancy-crazed ! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fixed, and all within
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smouldered stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,
Unconscious of the driving element,
Yea, swallowed up in the ominous dream, she sate
Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber ! a dim anguish
Breathed from her look ! and still with pant and sob,

Inly she toiled to flee, and still subdued,
Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toiled in troublous ecstasy,
A horror of great darkness wrapt her round,
And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones,
Calming her soul,—‘O Thou of the Most High
Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven
Behold expectant ———

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the poem when finished.]

‘Maid beloved of Heaven !
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)
Of Chaos the adventurous progeny
Thou seest ; foul missionaries of foul sire,
Fierce to regain the losses of that hour
When Love rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings
Over the abyss fluttered with such glad noise,
As what time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze
Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night
A heavy unimaginable moan
Sent forth, when she the Protoplast beheld
Stand beauteous on confusion’s charmed wave.
Moaning she fled, and entered the Profound
That leads with downward windings to the cave
Of darkness palpable, desert of Death
Sunk deep beneath Gehenna’s massy roots.
There many a dateless age the beldam lurked
And trembled ; till engendered by fierce Hate,
Fierce Hate and gloomy Hope, a Dream arose,
Shaped like a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.
It roused the Hell-Hag : she the dew damp wiped
From off her brow, and through the uncouth maze
Retraced her steps ; but ere she reached the mouth
Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,
Nor dared re-enter the diminished Gulf.
As through the dark vaults of some mouldered tower
(Which, fearful to approach, the evening hind
Circles at distance in his homeward way)

The winds breathe hollow, deemed the plaining groan
 Of prisoned spirits ; with such fearful voice
 Night murmured, and the sound thro' Chaos went.
 Leaped at her call her hideous-fronted brood !
 A dark behest they heard, and rushed on earth ;
 Since that sad hour, in camps and courts adored,
 Rebels from God, and tyrants o'er Mankind !'

From his obscure haunt
 Shrieked Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly dam,
 Feverous yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow,
 As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,
 Ague, the biform hag ! when early Spring
 Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

' Even so (the exulting Maiden said)
 The sainted heralds of good tidings fell,
 And thus they witnessed God ! But now the clouds
 Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar
 Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing
 Loud songs of triumph ! O ye spirits of God,
 Hover around my mortal agonies !'
 She spake, and instantly faint melody
 Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow,
 Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard
 By aged hermit in his holy dream,
 Foretell and solace death ; and now they rise
 Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice
 The white-robed * multitude of slaughtered saints
 At Heaven's wide-opened portals grateful
 Receive some martyred patriot. The harmony
 Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense
 Brief slumber seized, and confused ecstasy.

* Revelations, vi. 9, 11. And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around :
 And through a mist, the relique of that trance,
 Still thinning as she gazed, an Isle appeared,
 Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs,
 Glassed on the subject ocean. A vast plain
 Stretched opposite, where ever and anon
 The plough-man following sad his meagre team
 Turned up fresh skulls unstartled, and the bones
 Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there
 All mingled lay beneath the common earth,
 Death's gloomy reconciliation ! O'er the fields
 Stept a fair Form, repairing all she might,
 Her temples olive-wreathed ; and where she trod,
 Fresh flowerets rose, and many a foodful herb.
 But wan her cheek, her footsteps insecure,
 And anxious pleasure beamed in her faint eye,
 As she had newly left a couch of pain,
 Pale convalescent ! (yet some time to rule
 With power exclusive o'er the willing world,
 That blest prophetic mandate then fulfilled—
 Peace be on Earth !) A happy while, but brief,
 She seemed to wander with assiduous feet,
 And healed the recent harm of chill and blight,
 And nursed each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moaned hollow :
 Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a dream)
 Their reddening shapes, transformed to warrior-hosts,
 Coursed o'er the sky, and battled in mid-air.
 Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from heaven
 Portentous ! while aloft were seen to float,
 Like hideous features booming on the mist,
 Wan stains of ominous light ! Resigned, yet sad,
 The fair Form bowed her olive-crowned brow,
 Then o'er the plain with oft reverted eye
 Fled till a place of tombs she reached, and there
 Within a ruined sepulchre obscure
 Found hiding-place.

The delegated Maid
 Gazed through her tears, then in sad tones exclaimed ;—

'Thou mild-eyed Form! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?
 The power of Justice, like a name all light,
 Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblamed
 Dwelt in thy dwellings, call thee Happiness.
 Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,
 Should multitudes against their brethren rush?
 Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery?
 Lenient of care, thy songs, O Peace! are sweet,
 As after showers the perfumed gale of eve,
 That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek;
 And gay thy grassy altar piled with fruits.
 But boasts the shrine of demon War one charm,
 Save that with many an orgie strange and foul,
 Dancing around with interwoven arms,
 The maniac Suicide and giant Murder
 Exult in their fierce union! I am sad,
 And know not why the simple peasants crowd
 Beneath the Chieftains' standard!' Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit said:
 'When luxury and lust's exhausted stores
 No more can rouse the appetites of kings;
 When the low flattery of their reptile lords
 Falls flat and heavy on the accustomed ear;
 When eunuchs sing, and fools buffoonery make,
 And dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain;
 Then War and all its dread vicissitudes
 Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts;
 Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats,
 Insipid royalty's keen condiment!
 Therefore uninjured and unprofited
 (Victims at once and executioners),
 The congregated husbandmen lay waste
 The vineyard and the harvest. As along
 The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line,
 Though hushed the winds and cloudless the high noon,
 Yet if Leviathan, weary of ease,
 In sports unwieldy toss his island-bulk,
 Ocean behind him billows, and before
 A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand.
 And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark,

Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,
 And War, his strained sinews knit anew,
 Still violate the unfinished works of Peace.
 But yonder look ! for more demands thy view !'
 He said : and straightway from the opposite Isle
 A vapour sailed, as when a cloud, exhaled
 From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,
 Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
 Till o'er some death-doomed land, distant in vain,
 It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the plain,
 Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose,
 And steered its course which way the vapour went.

The Maiden paused, musing what this might mean.
 But long time passed not, ere that brighter cloud
 Returned more bright ; along the plain it swept ;
 And soon from forth its bursting sides emerged
 A dazzling form, broad-bosomed, bold of eye,
 And wild her hair, save where with laurels bound.
 Not more majestic stood the healing God,
 When from his bow the arrow sped that slew
 Huge Python. Shriek'd Ambition's giant throng,
 And with them hissed the locust-fiends that crawled
 And glittered in Corruption's slimy track.
 Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign ;
 And such commotion made they, and uproar,
 As when the mad tornado bellows through
 The guilty islands of the western main,
 What time departing from their native shores,
 Eboe, or Koromantyn's * plain of palms,

* The Slaves in the West-Indies consider death as a passport to their native country. This sentiment is thus expressed in the introduction to a Greek Prize-Ode on the Slave-Trade, of which the thoughts are better than the language in which they are conveyed.

Ἦ σκότου πύλας Θάνατε, προλείπων
 Ἐς γένος σπεύδοις ὑποζευχθὲν Ἄτα·
 Οὐ ξενισθήσῃ γενύων σπαραγμοῖς,
 Οὐδ' ὀλολύγμῃ,

Ἄλλὰ καὶ κύκλοισι χοροῖτύποισι,
 Κ' ἀσμάτων χαρῶ· φοβερὸς μὲν ἔσοι
 Ἄλλ' ὁμῶς Ἐλευθερίᾳ συνοικεῖς,
 Στυγνὲ Τύραννε !

The infuriate spirits of the murdered make
 Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.
 Warmed with new influence, the unwholesome plain
 Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the morn :
 The Sun that rose on Freedom, rose in blood !

‘ Maiden beloved and Delegate of Heaven !
 (To her the tutelary Spirit said),
 Soon shall the morning struggle into day,
 The stormy morning into cloudless noon.
 Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
 But this be thy best omen—Save thy Country !’
 Thus saying, from the answering Maid he passed,
 And with him disappeared the heavenly Vision.

‘ Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven ! ✓
 All-conscious presence of the Universe !
 Nature’s vast ever-acting energy !
 In will, in deed, impulse of All to All !
 Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray
 Beam on the Prophet’s purged eye, or if
 Diseasing realms the enthusiast, wild of thought,
 Scatter new frenzies on the infected throng,
 Thou both inspiring and predooming both,
 Fit instruments and best, of perfect end :
 Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven !’

Δασκίοις ἐπὶ πτερόγεσσι σῆσι
 Ἄ ! θαλάσσιον καθορῶντες οὐδμα
 Αἰθεροπλάγκτοις ὑπὸ ποσσ’ ἀνεῖσι
 Πατρίδ’ ἐπ’ αἶαν.

* Ἐνθα μὰν * Ἐρασαι Ἐρωμενῆσιν
 Ἀμφὶ πηγῆσιν κιτρίνων ὑπ’ ἄλσων,
 Ὅσσ’ ὑπὸ βροτοῖς ἐπαθον βροτοί, τὰ
 Δεινὰ λέγοντι.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Leaving the gates of darkness, O Death ! hasten thou to a race yoked with misery ! Thou wilt not be received with lacerations of cheeks, nor with funeral ululation—but with circling dances and the joy of songs. Thou art terrible indeed, yet thou dwellest with Liberty, stern Genius ! Borne on thy dark pinions over the swelling of Ocean, they return to their native country. There, by the side of fountains beneath citron-groves, the lovers tell to their beloved what horrors, being men, they had endured from men.

And first a landscape rose
 More wild and waste and desolate than where
 The white bear, drifting on a field of ice,
 Howls to her sundered cubs with piteous rage
 And savage agony.

THE RAVEN.

A CHRISTMAS TALE, TOLD BY A SCHOOL-BOY TO HIS LITTLE
 BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

UNDERNEATH an old oak tree
 There was of swine a huge company
 That grunted as they crunched the mast :
 For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
 Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high :
 One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
 Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly :
 He belonged, they did say, to the witch Melancholy !
 Blacker was he than blackest jet,
 Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet.
 He picked up the acorn and buried it straight
 By the side of a river both deep and great.
 Where then did the Raven go ?
 He went high and low,
 Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.
 Many Autumns, many Springs,
 Travelled he with wandering wings :
 Many Summers, many Winters—
 I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a She,
 And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.
 They built them a nest in the topmost bough,
 And young ones they had, and were happy enow.
 But soon came a woodman in leathern guise,
 His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his eyes.

He'd an axe in his hand, not a word he spoke,
 But with many a hem ! and a sturdy stroke,
 At length he brought down the poor Raven's own oak.
 His young ones were killed, for they could not depart,
 And their mother did die of a broken heart.
 The boughs from the trunk the woodman did sever ;
 And they floated it down on the course of the river.
 They sawed it in planks, and its bark they did strip,
 And with this tree and others they made a good ship.
 The ship, it was launched ; but in sight of the land
 Such a storm there did rise as no ship could withstand.
 It bulged on a rock, and the waves rushed in fast :
 Round and round flew the Raven, and cawed to the blast.
 He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
 See ! See ! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls !
 Right glad was the Raven, and off he went fleet,
 And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
 And he thanked him again and again for this treat :
 They had taken his all, and Revenge it was sweet !

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

AN ALLEGORY.

ON the wide level of a mountain's head,
 (I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place)
 Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
 Two lovely children run an endless race,
 A sister and a brother !
 That far outstripp'd the other ;
 Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
 And looks and listens for the boy behind :
 For he, alas ! is blind !
 O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
 And knows not whether he be first or last.

THE FOSTER MOTHER'S TALE.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Ter. BUT that entrance, Selma?

Sel. Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

Ter. No one.

Sel. My husband's father told it me,
 Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul ;
 He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
 With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
 Which props the hanging wall of the old chapel?
 Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
 He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
 With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
 As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
 And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost,
 And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
 A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
 And never learn'd a prayer, nor told a bead,
 But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
 And whistled, as he were a bird himself.
 And all the autumn 'twas his only play
 To gather seeds of wild flowers, and to plant them
 With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
 A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
 A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy :
 The boy loved him, and, when the Friar taught him,
 He soon could write with the pen ; and from that time
 Lived chiefly at the convent or the castle.
 So he became a rare and learned youth :
 But O ! poor wretch ! he read, and read, and read,
 Till his brain turned ; and ere his twentieth year
 He had unlawful thoughts of many things :
 And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
 With holy men, nor in a holy place.
 But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,

The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
 And once, as by the north side of the chapel
 They stood together chained in deep discourse,
 The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
 That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
 Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened !
 A fever seized him, and he made confession
 Of all the heretical and lawless talk
 Which brought this judgment : so the youth was seized,
 And cast into that hole. My husband's father
 Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart :
 And once as he was working near this dungeon,
 He heard a voice distinctly ; 'twas the youth's,
 Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
 How sweet it were on lake or wide savanna
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
 And wander up and down at liberty.
 He always doted on the youth, and now
 His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
 He made that cunning entrance I described,
 And the young man escaped.

Ter.

'Tis a sweet tale :

Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
 His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
 And what became of him ?

Sel.

He went on shipboard

With those bold voyagers who made discovery
 Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
 He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more : but 'tis supposed,
 He lived and died among the savage men.

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER.

THO' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
 To find a likeness for friend V——ker,
 I've made, thro' earth, and air, and sea,
 A voyage of discovery !
 And let me add (to ward off strife)
 For V——kers, and for V——kers' wife—
She, large and round, beyond belief,
 A superfluity of beef !
 Her mind and body of a piece,
 And both composed of kitchen-grease.
 In short, dame Truth might safely dub her
 Vulgarity enshrined in blubber !
He, meagre bit of littleness,
 All snuff, and musk, and politesse ;
 So thin, that strip him of his clothing,
 He'd totter on the edge of *nothing* !
 In case of foe, he well might hide
 Snug in the collops of her side.
 Ah then, what simile will suit ?
 Spindle leg in great jack-boot ?
 Pismire crawling in a rut,
 Or a spigot in a butt ?
 Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,
 When Madam Memory, with a smile,
 Thus touched my ear—' Why sure, I ween
 In London streets thou oft hast seen
 The very image of this pair :
 A little ape, with huge she bear
 Linked by hapless chain together :
 An unlicked mass the one—the other
 An antic huge with nimble crupper '—
 But stop, my Muse ! for here comes supper.

ON A CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE, 1796.

I SIGH, fair injured stranger ! for thy fate ;
 But what shall sighs avail thee ? Thy poor heart,
 'Mid all the ' pomp and circumstance ' of state,
 Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start

Sad recollections of hope's gairish dream,
 That shaped a seraph form, and named it Love,
 Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam
 Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy,
 Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arched dome :
 Those plaudits, that thy public path annoy,
 Alas ! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch at home !

O then retire, and weep ! Their very woes
 Solace the guiltless. Drop the pearly flood
 On thy sweet infant, as the full-blown rose,
 Surcharged with dew, bends o'er its neighb'ring bud.

And oh that Truth some holy spell might lend
 To lure thy wanderer from the syren's power,
 Then bid your souls inseparably blend
 Like two bright dewdrops meeting in a flower.

ON THE CHRISTENING OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

THIS day among the faithful placed
 And fed with fontal manna ;
 O with maternal title graced,
 Dear Anna's dearest Anna !

While others wish thee wise and fair,
 A maid of spotless fame,
 I'll breathe this more compendious prayer—
 May'st thou deserve thy name !

Thy Mother's name, a potent spell,
 That bids the Virtues hie
 From mystic grove and living cell,
 Confessed to Fancy's eye :

Meek Quietness without offence ;
 Content in homespun kirtle ;
 True Love ; and True Love's Innocence,
 White blossom of the myrtle !

Associates of thy name, sweet Child !
 These Virtues may'st thou win ;
 With face as eloquently mild
 To say, they lodge within.

So, when her tale of days all flown,
 Thy mother shall be missed here ;
 When Heaven at length shall claim its own
 And angels snatch their sister ;

Some hoary-headed friend, perchance,
 May gaze with stifled breath ;
 And oft, in momentary trance,
 Forget the waste of death.

Ev'n thus a lovely rose I viewed
 In summer-swelling pride ;
 Nor marked the bud, that, green and rude,
 Peeped at the rose's side.

It chanced, I passed again that way,
 In Autumn's latest hour,
 And wond'ring saw the self-same spray
 Rich with the self-same flower.—

Ah, fond deceit ! the rude green bud
 Alike in shape, place, name,
 Had bloomed, where bloomed its parent stud,
 Another and the same !

SONNET.

I.

My heart has thanked thee, Bowles ! for those soft strains
 Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
 Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring !
 For hence not callous to the mourner's pains
 Thro' Youth's gay prime and thornless paths I went :
 And when the darker day of life began,
 And I did roam, a thought-bewildered man !
 Their mild and manliest melancholy lent
 A mingled charm, which oft the pang consigned
 To slumber, tho' the big tear it renewed :
 Bidding such strange mysterious pleasure brood
 Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,
 As made the soul enamoured of her woe :
 No common praise, dear Bard ! to thee I owe !

II.

ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE.

THOU bleedest, my poor Heart ! and thy distress
 Reas'ning I ponder with a scornful smile
 And probe thy sore wound sternly, tho' the while
 Swollen be mine eye and dim with heaviness.
 Why didst thou listen to Hope's whisper bland ?
 Or list'ning, why forget the healing tale,
 When Jealousy with fev'rish fancies pale
 Jarred thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand ?
 Faint was that Hope, and rayless !—Yet 'twas fair,
 And soothed with many a dream the hour of rest :
 Thou shouldst have loved it most, when most opprest.
 And nursed it with an agony of care,
 Even as a Mother her sweet infant heir,
 That wan and sickly droops upon her breast !

III.

THOU gentle Look, that didst my soul beguile,
 Why hast thou left me ? Still in some fond dream

Revisit my sad heart, auspicious Smile !
 As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam :
 What time, in sickly mood, at parting day
 I lay me down and think of happier years ;
 Of joys, that glimmered in Hope's twilight ray,
 Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.
 O pleasant days of Hope—for ever flown !
 Could I recall you !—But that thought is vain.
 Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone
 To lure the fleet-winged travellers back again :
 Yet fair, tho' faint, their images shall gleam
 Like the bright Rainbow on an evening stream.

IV.

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native Brook ! wild Streamlet of the West !
 How many various-fated years have passed,
 What blissful and what anguished hours, since last
 I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
 Numbering its light leaps ! Yet so deep imprest
 Sink the sweet scenes of Childhood, that mine eyes
 I never shut amid the sunny blaze,
 But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
 Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willow maze,
 And bedded sand that veined with various dyes
 Gleamed thro' thy bright transparence to the gaze !
 Visions of Childhood ! oft have ye beguiled
 Lone Manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,
 Ah ! that once more I were a careless Child !

V.

SWEET Mercy ! how my very heart has bled
 To see thee, poor old man ! and thy grey hairs
 Hoar with the snowy blast ; while no one cares
 To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
 My Father ! throw away this tattered vest
 That mocks thy shiv'ring ! take my garment—use
 A young man's arm ! I'll melt these frozen dews
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.

My Sara, too, shall tend thee, like a child :
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
 Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness.—
 He did not scowl, the Galilæan mild,
 Who met the Lazar turned from rich man's doors,
 And called him Friend, and wept upon his sores !

VI.

PALE Roamer thro' the Night ! thou poor forlorn !
 Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
 Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
 Betrayed, then cast thee forth to Want and scorn !
 The world is pityless ; the Chaste one's pride,
 Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress ;
 Thy kindred, when they see thee, turn aside,
 And Vice alone will shelter Wretchedness !
 O ! I am sad to think, that there should be
 Men, born of woman, who endure to place
 Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery,
 And force from Famine the caress of Love !
 Man has no feeling for thy sore Disgrace :
 Keen blows the blast upon the moulting dove !

VII.

TO BURKE.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
 With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise
 I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise :
 She spake ! not sadder moans the autumnal gale.
 ' Great Son of Genius ! sweet to me thy name,
 Ere in an evil hour with altered voice
 Thou bad'st Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
 Blasting with wizard spell my laurelled fame.
 Yet never, Burke ! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl !
 Thee stormy Pity, and the cherished lure
 Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul,
 Wildered with meteor fires. Ah, Spirit pure !
 That error's mist had left thy purged eye :
 So might I clasp thee with a Mother's joy !'

VIII.

TO MERCY.

NOT always should the tear's ambrosial dew
 Roll its soft anguish down thy furrowed cheek !
 Not always heaven-breathed tones of supplicance meek
 Beseem thee, Mercy ! Yon dark Scowler view,
 Who with proud words of dear-loved Freedom came—
 More blasting than the mildew from the south !
 And kissed his country with Iscariot mouth ;
 (Ah ! foul apostate from his Father's fame !)
 Then fixed her on the cross of deep distress,
 And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance
 Pierce her big side ! But oh ! if some strange trance
 The eye-lids of thy stern-browed Sister press,
 Seize, Mercy ! thou more terrible the brand,
 And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand !

IX.

TO PRIESTLEY.

THO' roused by that dark Visir riot rude
 Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell ;
 Tho' Superstition and her wolfish brood
 Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell ;
 Calm in his halls of Brightness he shall dwell ;
 For lo ! Religion at his strong behest
 Starts with mild anger from the Papal spell,
 And flings to Earth her tinsel-glittering vest,
 Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy ;
 And Justice wakes to bid th' Oppressor wail,
 Insulting aye the wrongs of patient folly ;
 And from her dark retreat by Wisdom won,
 Meek Nature slowly lifts her matron veil
 To smile with fondness on her gazing son !

X.

TO ERSKINE.

WHEN British Freedom for an happier land
 Spread her broad wings, that fluttered with affright,
 Erskine ! thy voice she heard, and paused her flight
 Sublime of hope ! For dreadless thou didst stand
 (Thy censer glowing with the hallowed flame)
 An hireless Priest before th' insulted shrine,
 And at her altar poured'st the stream divine
 Of unmatched eloquence. Therefore thy name
 Her Sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast
 With blessings heavenward breathed. And when the doom
 Of Nature bids thee rise beyond the tomb
 Thy light shall shine : as sunk beneath the West
 Tho' the great Summer Sun eludes our gaze,
 Still burns wide Heaven with his distended blaze.

XI.

TO SHERIDAN.

It was some spirit, Sheridan ! that breath'd
 O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power !
 My soul hath marked thee in her shaping hour,
 Thy temples with Hymettian * flowrets wreath'd :
 And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier
 Sad music trembled thro' Vauclusa's glade ;

* Hymettian flowrets, Hymettus, a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his Poetry.—In Shakespeare's 'Lover's Complaint' there is a fine Stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue .
 All kind of argument and question deep,
 All replication prompt and reason strong
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep
 'To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep :
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will :
 That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young and old.

Sweet, as at dawn the love-lorn Serenade
 That wafts soft dreams to Slumber's list'ning ear.
 Now patriot Rage and Indignation high
 Swell the full tones ! And now thine eye-beams dance
 Meanings of Scorn and Wit's quaint revelry !
 Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance
 Th' Apostate by the brainless rout adored,
 As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's sword.

XII.

TO MRS SIDDONS.

As when a child on some long winter's night,
 Affrighted clinging to its Grandam's knees,
 With eager wond'ring and perturbed delight
 Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees
 Muttered to wretch by necromantic spell ;
 Or of those hags, who at the witching time
 Of murky midnight ride the air sublime,
 And mingle foul embrace with fiends of Hell :
 Cold Horror drinks its blood ! Anon the tear
 More gentle starts, to hear the Beldame tell
 Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
 Murdered by cruel Uncle's mandate fell :
 Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,
 Ev'n so thou, Siddons ! meltest my sad heart !

XIII.

TO LA FAYETTE.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
 That soar on Morning's wing the vales among,
 Within his cage th' imprisoned matin bird
 Swells the full chorus with a generous song :
 He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
 No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
 Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
 His Fellows' freedom soothes the Captive's cares !
 Thou, Fayette ! who didst wake with startling voice
 Life's better Sun from that long wintry night,

Thus in thy Country's triumphs shalt rejoice
 And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might :
 For lo ! the morning struggles into day,
 And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray !

XIV.

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF BROCKLEY-
 COOMB, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET, MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
 I climb the Coomb's ascent ; sweet songsters near
 Warble in shade their wild-wood melody :
 Far off th' unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
 Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock
 That on green plots o'er precipices browse :
 From the forced fissures of the naked rock
 The Yew-tree bursts ! Beneath its dark green boughs
 (Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white),
 Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
 I rest—And now have gained the topmost site.
 Ah ! what a luxury of landscape meets
 My gaze ! proud towers, and cots more dear to me ;
 Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-bounding sea ;
 Deep sighs my lonely heart : I drop the tear :
 Enchanting spot ! O were my Sara here !

XV.*

TO SCHILLER.

SCHILLER ! that hour I would have wished to die,
 If thro' the shudd'ring midnight I had sent
 From the dark Dungeon of the Tower time-rent
 That fearful voice, a famished Father's † cry—

* One night in winter on leaving a College friend's room, with whom I had supped, I carelessly took away with me *The Robbers*, a drama, the very name of which I had never heard before : A winter midnight—the wind high and *The Robbers* for the first time. The readers of Schiller will conceive what I felt. Schiller introduces no supernatural beings ; yet his human beings agitate and astonish more than all the goblin rout even of Shakespeare.

† The Father of Moor, in the Play of *The Robbers*.

That in no after moment aught less vast
 Might stamp me mortal ! A triumphant shout
 Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin rout
 From the more with'ring scene diminished past,
 Ah ! Bard tremendous in sublimity !
 Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
 Wand'ring at eve with finely frenzied eye
 Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood !
 Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
 Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy !

XVI.

TO EARL STANHOPE.

NOT, Stanhope ! with the Patriot's doubtful name
 I mock thy worth—Friend of the human race
 Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim,
 Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
 Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
 Nobility : and aye unterrified,
 Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
 That sit complotting with rebellious pride
 'Gainst her,* who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
 With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love !
 Wherefore, ere Virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
 Angels shall lead thee to the Throne above :
 And thou from forth its clouds shall hear the voice,
 Champion of Freedom and her God ! rejoice !

XVII.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD ; THE AUTHOR HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH OF A SON, SEPT. 20, 1796.

OFt o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
 Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
 Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
 Mixed with such feelings, as perplex the soul

* Gallic Liberty.

Self-questioned in her sleep : and some have said *
 We lived, ere yet this fleshy robe we wore.
 O my sweet Baby ! when I reach my door,
 If heavy looks should tell me, thou wert dead
 (As sometimes, thro' excess of hope, I fear),
 I think, that I should struggle to believe
 Thou wert a Spirit, to this nether sphere
 Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve ;
 Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
 While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.

XVIII.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night !
 Mother of wildly-working visions ! hail !
 I watch thy gliding, while with wat'ry light
 Thy weak eye glimmers thro' a fleecy veil ;
 And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
 Behind the gathered blackness lost on high ;
 And when thou dardest from the wind-rent cloud
 Thy placid lightning o'er th' awakened sky.
 Ah, such is Hope ! as changeful and as fair !
 Now dimly peering on the wistful sight ;
 Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair :
 But soon emerging in her radiant night,
 She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
 Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

XIX.

TO A FRIEND, WHO ASKED HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST
PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES ! my slow heart was only sad, when first
 I scanned that face of feeble infancy ;
 For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
 All I had been, and all my babe might be !

* Ην που ημων η ψυχη πριν εν τωδε τω ανθρωπινω ειδει γενεσθαι.—*Plat. in Phædon.*

But when I saw it on its Mother's arm,
 And hanging at her bosom (she the while
 Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
 Then I was thrilled and melted, and most warm
 Impressed a Father's kiss : and all beguiled
 Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,
 I seemed to see an Angel's form appear—
 'Twas even thine, beloved Woman mild !
 So for the Mother's sake the Child was dear,
 And dearer was the Mother for the Child.

XX.

THE piteous sobs that choke the Virgin's breath
 For him, the fair betrothed Youth, who lies
 Cold in the narrow dwelling, or the cries
 With which a Mother wails her Darling's death,
 These from our Nature's common impulse spring
 Unblamed, unpraised ; but o'er the piled earth,
 Which hides the sheeted corse of grey-haired Worth,
 If droops the soaring Youth with slackened wing ;
 If he recall in saddest minstrelsy
 Each tenderness bestowed, each truth impressed ;
 Such Grief is Reason, Virtue, Piety !
 And from the Almighty Father shall descend
 Comforts on his late Evening, whose young breast
 Mourns with no transient love the aged friend.

XXI.

PENSIVE, at eve, on the hard world I mused,
 And my poor heart was sad : so at the moon
 I gazed—and sighed, and sighed—for, ah ! how soon
 Eve darkens into night. Mine eye perused,
 With tearful vacancy, the dampy grass,
 Which wept and glittered in the paly ray,
 And I did pause me on my lonely way,
 And mused me on those wretched ones, who pass
 O'er the black heath of Sorrow. But, alas !
 Most of myself I thought : when it befell,
 That the sooth Spirit of the breezy wood
 Breathed in mine ear—' All this is very well ;

But much of *one* thing is for *no* thing good.
Ah ! my poor heart's inexplicable swell !

XXII.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O ! I do love thee, meek Simplicity !
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress—
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me !
'Tis true, on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on ; yet tho' I know not why,
So sad I am ! but should a friend and I
Grow cool and miff, O ! I am very sad !
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall ;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general :
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek Simplicity.

A COUPLET,

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF POEMS PRESENTED

BY MR COLERIDGE TO DR A.

A HIGHLY RESPECTED FRIEND, THE LOSS OF WHOSE
SOCIETY HE DEEPLY REGRETTED.

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

1798.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in Tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET: ARCHÆOL. PHIL., p. 68.

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-
feast, and de-
taineth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
'By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand,
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
sea-faring
man, and con-
strained to
hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :

The Mariner
tells how the
ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and fair
weather, till
it reached the
Line.

The Wedding-
Guest heareth
the bridal
music ; but
the Mariner
continueth his
tale.

The ship
drawn by a
storm toward
the south pole.

The land of
ice, and of
fearful

sounds, where
no living
thing was to
be seen.

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross :
Through the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And lo ! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward,
through fog
and floating
ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

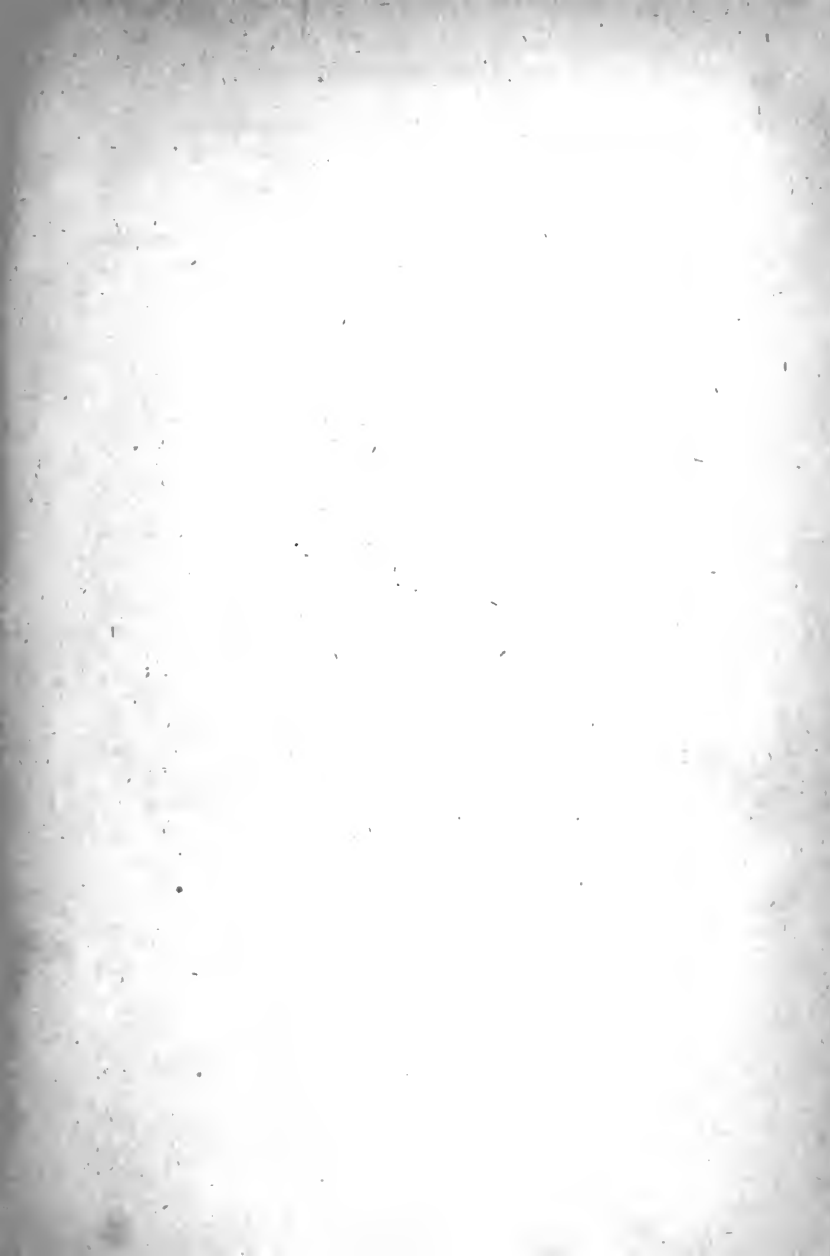
The ancient
Mariner
inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

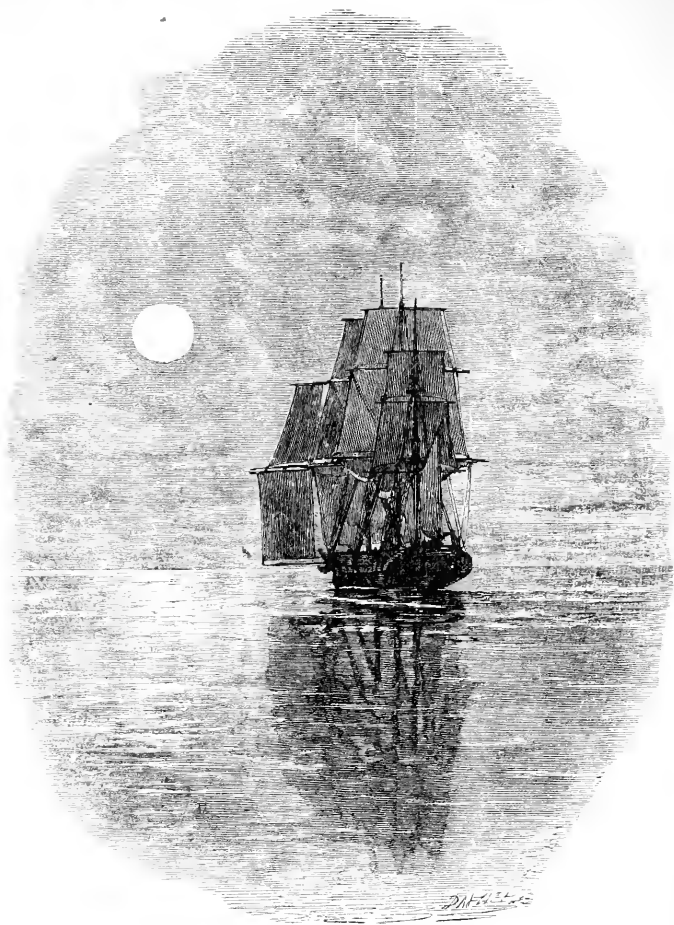
' God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ? '—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

PART THE SECOND.

THE Sun now rose upon the right :
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !





Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath, nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.—*The Ancient Mariner.*

And I had done an hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe :
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah, wretch ! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow !

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free :
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be ;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,
 And all the boards did shrink ;
 Water, water, every where,
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
 That ever this should be !
 Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
 Upon the slimy sea.

His ship-
 mates cry out
 against the
 ancient Mari-
 ner, for killing
 the bird of
 good luck.

But when the
 fog cleared
 off, they jus-
 tify the same,
 and thus make
 themselves
 accomplices
 in the crime.

The fair
 breeze con-
 tinues ; the
 ship enters
 the Pacific
 Ocean and
 sails north-
 ward, even
 till it reaches
 the Line.
 The ship hath
 been suddenly
 becalmed.

And the Al-
 batross begins
 to be avenged.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

A spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constanti-

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so :
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

nopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The ship-mates in their sore distress would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner : in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART THE THIRD.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld,
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist :
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

Nice

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could not laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its nearer
 approach, it
 seemeth him
 to be a ship ;
 and at a dear
 ransom he
 freeth his
 speech from
 the bonds of
 thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

M.S. u. 2. 128
 J.J.
 A flash of joy.

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

And horror
 follows. For
 can it be a
 ship that
 comes onward
 without wind
 or tide ?

The western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was well-nigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered,
 With broad and burning face.

It seemeth
 him but the
 skeleton of a
 ship.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
 How fast she nears and nears !
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres !

Ed.

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate ?
 And is that Woman all her crew ?
 Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
 Is Death that Woman's mate ?

And its ribs
 are seen as
 bars on the
 face of the set-
 ting Sun.
 The spectre-
 woman and her
 death-mate,
 and no other on
 board the ske-
 leton-ship.
 Like vessel,
 like crew !

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
 Her locks were yellow as gold :

Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

DEATH and
Life-in-
Death have
diced for the
ship's crew,
and she (the
latter) winneth
the ancient
Mariner.
No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
'The game is done ! I've, I've won !'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising
of the Moon,

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after
another,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sight
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates
drop down
dead ;

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death be-
gins her work
on the ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

// e

PART THE FOURTH.

' I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

The Wedding-Guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

' I fear thee, and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.'—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

But the curse
liveth for him,
in the eye of
the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-
ness and fixed-
ness he yearn-
eth towards
the journeying
Moon, and the
stars that still

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

sojourn, yet still move onward ; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread ;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he
beholdeth
God's crea-
tures of the
great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware ?
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

He blessed
them in his
heart.

The self same moment I could pray ;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea.

The spell be-
 gins to break.

PART THE FIFTH.

OH sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole !
 To Mary Queen the praise be given !
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
 And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of
 the holy
 Mother, the
 ancient Mari-
 ner is refresh-
 ed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
 sounds, and
 seeth strange
 sights and
 commotions in
 the sky and
 the element.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about !
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's
 crew are in-
 spired, and
 the ship moves
 on,

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
 Yet never a breeze up blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do :
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee :
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

But not by
 the souls of
 the men, nor
 by dæmons of
 earth or mid-
 dle air, but by
 a blessed troop
 of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the
 invocation of
 the guardian
 saint.

' I fear thee, ancient Mariner !'
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corsers came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the Sun ;
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are,
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air
 With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
 Now like a lonely flute ;
 And now it is an angel's song,
 That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
 A pleasant noise till noon,
 A noise like of a hidden brook
 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe :
 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid : and it was he
 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean :
 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion—
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound :
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The lonesome
 spirit from the
 south pole
 carries on the
 ship as far as
 the Line, in
 obedience to
 the angelic
 troop, but
 still requireth
 vengeance.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

The curse is finally expiated.

Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the an-
cient Mariner
beholdeth his
native
country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep away.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear
in their own
forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood !
 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was a heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light :

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast :
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
 It is the Hermit good !
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART THE SEVENTH.

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

The Hermit
 of the Wood,

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump :

It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
'Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?'

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
'And they answered not our cheer !
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails
How thin they are and sere !
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on !'
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha ! ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly en-
treateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the pe-
nance of life
falls on him.

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there :
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids singing are ;
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well, who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.'

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,
 Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
 Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
 And is of sense forlorn :
 A sadder and a wiser man,
 He rose the morrow morn.

And to teach,
 by his own
 example,
 love and
 reverence to
 all things that
 God made and
 loveth.

CHRISTABEL.

 PREFACE.*

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness, of a vision; I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is among us a set of critics, who seem to hold that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as far as the present poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this doggrel version of two monkish Latin hexameters:

'Tis mine and it is likewise yours,
 But an if this will not do,
 Let it be mine, good friend! for I
 Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the Christabel is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle: namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion.

* To the edition of 1816.

PART THE FIRST.

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
 And the owls have awakened the crowing cock !
 Tu—whit !——Tu—whoo !
 And hark, again ! the crowing cock,
 How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
 Hath a toothless mastiff, which
 From her kennel beneath the rock
 Maketh answer to the clock,
 Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour ;
 Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
 Sixteen short howls, not over loud :
 Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark ?
 The night is chilly, but not dark.
 The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
 It covers but not hides the sky.
 The moon is behind, and at the full ;
 And yet she looks both small and dull.
 The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
 'Tis a month before the month of May,
 And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
 Whom her father loves so well,
 What makes her in the wood so late,
 A furlong from the castle gate ?
 She had dreams all yesternight
 Of her own betrothed knight ;
 And she in the midnight wood will pray
 For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
 The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
 And naught was green upon the oak,
 But moss and rarest misletoe :
 She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
 And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
 The lovely lady, Christabel !
 It moaned as near, as near can be,
 But what it is, she cannot tell.—
 On the other side it seems to be,
 Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
 Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
 There is not wind enough in the air
 To move away the ringlet curl
 From the lovely lady's cheek—
 There is not wind enough to twirl
 The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
 That dances as often as dance it can,
 Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
 On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well !
 She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
 And stole to the other side of the oak.
 What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
 Drest in a silken robe of white,
 That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
 The neck that made that white robe wan,
 Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
 Her blue-veined feet unsandaled were ;
 And wildly glittered here and there
 The gems entangled in her hair.
 I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
 A lady so richly clad as she—
 Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
 (Said Christabel), And who art thou ?

The lady strange made answer meet,
 And her voice was faint and sweet :—
 Have pity on my sore distress,
 I scarce can speak for weariness.

Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear,
 Said Christabel, How camest thou here?
 And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
 Did thus pursue her answer meet:—

My sire is of a noble line,
 And my name is Geraldine:
 Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
 Me, even me, a maid forlorn:
 They choked my cries with force and fright,
 And tied me on a palfrey white.
 The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
 And they rode furiously behind.
 They spurred amain, their steeds were white;
 And once we crossed the shade of night.
 As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
 I have no thought what men they be;
 Nor do I know how long it is
 (For I have lain entranced I wis)
 Since one, the tallest of the five,
 Took me from the palfrey's back,
 A weary woman, scarce alive.
 Some muttered words his comrades spoke:
 He placed me underneath this oak,
 He swore they would return with haste;
 Whither they went I cannot tell—
 I thought I heard, some minutes past,
 Sounds as of a castle bell.
 Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
 And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
 And comforted fair Geraldine:
 O well bright dame may you command
 The service of Sir Leoline;
 And gladly our stout chivalry
 Will he send forth and friends withal
 To guide and guard you safe and free
 Home to your noble father's hall.
 She rose: and forth with steps they passed
 That strove to be, and were not, fast.
 Her gracious STARS the lady blest,

And thus spake on sweet Christabel ;
 All our household are at rest,
 The hall as silent as the cell,
 Sir Leoline is weak in health
 And may not well awakened be,
 But we will move as if in stealth ·
 And I beseech your courtesy
 This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
 Took the key that fitted well ;
 A little door she opened straight,
 All in the middle of the gate ;
 The gate that was ironed within and without,
 Where an army in battle-array had marched out
 The lady sank, belike through pain,
 And Christabel with might and main
 Lifted her up, a weary weight,
 Over the threshold of the gate :
 Then the lady rose again,
 And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court : right glad they were.
 And Christabel devoutly cried
 To the lady by her side,
 Praise we the Virgin all divine
 Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
 Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
 I cannot speak for weariness.
 So free from danger, free from fear,
 They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
 Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
 The mastiff old did not awake,
 Yet she an angry moan did make !
 And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
 Never till now she uttered yell
 Beneath the eye of Christabel.
 Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
 For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

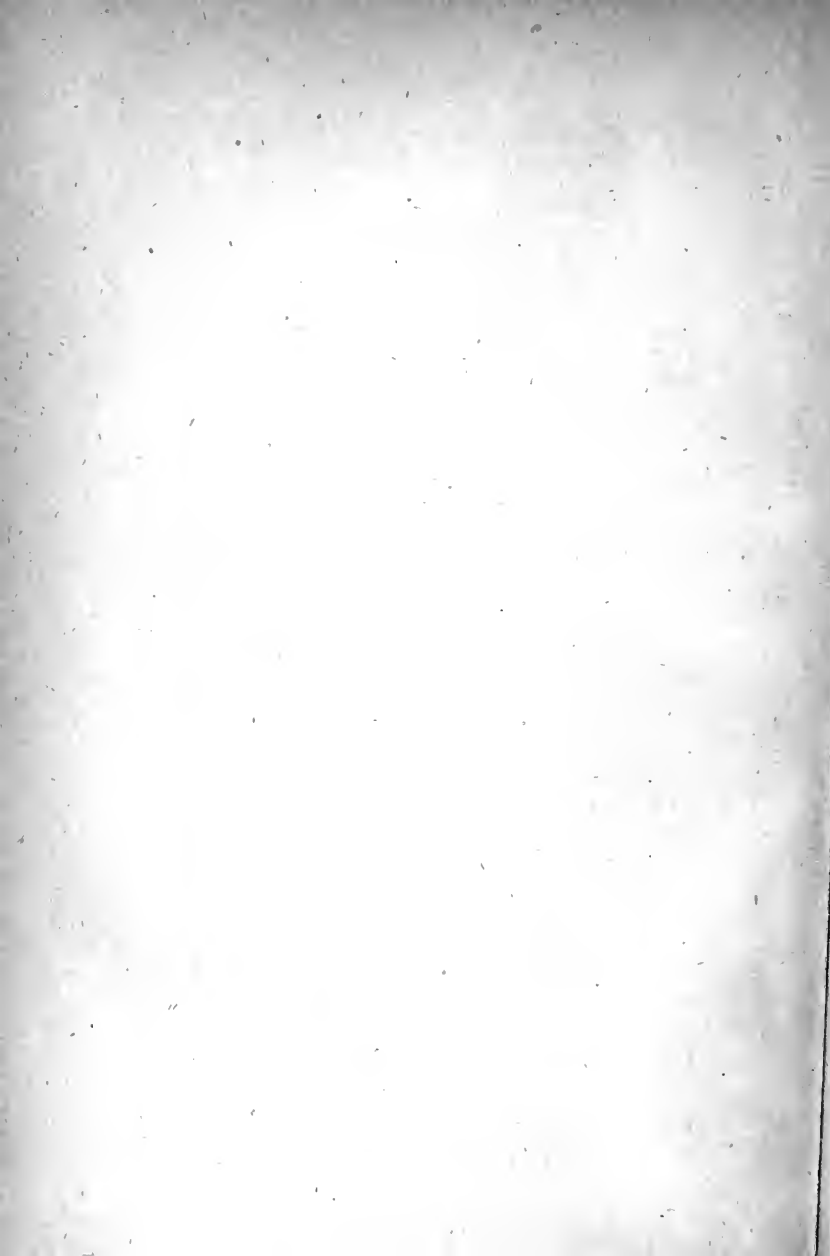
Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !



They passed the hall that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will'—*Christabel*.



It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?
Christabel answered—Woe is me !
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the gray-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.
O mother dear ! that thou wert here !
I would, said Geraldine, she were !

But soon with altered voice, said she—
' Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?
Why stares she with unsettled eye ?
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
' Off, woman, off ! this hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be,
Off, woman, off ! 'tis given to me.'

Then Christabel knelt by the lady's side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas ! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady ! it hath wildered you !
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, ' 'tis over now !'

Again the wild-flower wine she drank :
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright ;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel !

And you love them, and for their sake
 And for the good which me befell,
 Even I in my degree will try,
 Fair maiden, to requite you well.
 But now unrobe yourself; for I
 Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!
 And as the lady bade, did she.
 Her gentle limbs did she undress,
 And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
 So many thoughts moved to and fro,
 That vain it were her lids to close;
 So half-way from the bed she rose,
 And on her elbow did recline
 To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
 And slowly rolled her eyes around;
 Then drawing in her breath aloud,
 Like one that shuddered, she unbound
 The cincture from beneath her breast:
 Her silken robe, and inner vest,
 Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
 Behold! her bosom and half her side——
 A sight to dream of, not to tell!
 O shield her! shield sweet Christabel!

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs:
 Ah! what a stricken look was hers!
 Deep from within she seems half-way
 To lift some weight with sick assay,
 And eyes the maid and seeks delay;
 Then suddenly, as one defied,
 Collects herself in scorn and pride,
 And lay down by the Maiden's side!—
 And in her arms the maid she took,
 Ah, wel-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:

In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
 This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heardest a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair :
 And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows ;
 Her slender palms together prest,
 Heaving sometimes on her breast ;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
 Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)
 Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
 Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
 Dreaming that alone, which is—
 O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
 The lady who knelt at the old oak tree ?
 And lo ! the worker of these harms,
 That holds the maiden in her arms,
 Seems to slumber still and mild,
 As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
 Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,
 The night-birds all that hour were still.
 But now they are jubilant anew,
 From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !
 Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !

And see ! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance ;
 Her limbs relax, her countenance
 Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
 Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
 And oft the while she seems to smile *
 As infants at a sudden light !
 Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
 Like a youthful hermitess,
 Beauteous in a wilderness,
 Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
 What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
 What if she knew her mother near ?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 That saints will aid if men will call :
 For the blue sky bends over all !

PART THE SECOND.

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
 Knells us back to a world of death.
 These words Sir Leoline first said,
 When he rose and found his lady dead :

These words Sir Leoline will say,
 Many a morn to his dying day.
 And hence the custom and law began,
 That still at dawn the sacristan,
 Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
 Five and forty beads must tell
 Between each stroke—a warning knell,
 Which not a soul can choose but hear
 From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
 And let the drowsy sacristan
 Still count as slowly as he can !
 There is no lack of such, I ween
 As well fill up the space between.
 In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
 And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air
 Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
 Who all give back, one after t'other,
 The death-note to their living brother ;
 And oft too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
 The devil mocks the doleful tale
 With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud
 That merry peal comes ringing loud ;
 And Geraldine shakes off her dread,
 And rises lightly from the bed ;
 Puts on her silken vestments white,
 And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
 And nothing doubting of her spell
 Awakens the lady Christabel.
 ' Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?
 I trust that you have rested well.'

And Christabel awoke and spied
 The same who lay down by her side—
 O rather say, the same whom she
 Raised up beneath the old oak tree !
 Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair !

For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep !
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
'Sure I have sinned !' said Christabel,
'Now Heaven be praised if all be well !'
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknown,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,
And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might besem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,

Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face ;
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage ;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy !
'And if they dare deny the same,
My herald shall appoint a week,
And let the recreant traitors seek
My tourney court—that there and then
I may dislodge their reptile souls
From the bodies and forms of men !'
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.

Which when she viewed, a vision fell
 Upon the soul of Christabel,
 The vision of fear, the touch and pain !
 She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again
 (Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,
 Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
 Again she felt that bosom cold,
 And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :
 Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
 And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
 With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
 And in its stead that vision blest,
 Which comforted her after-rest,
 While in the lady's arms she lay,
 Had put a rapture in her breast,
 And on her lips and o'er her eyes
 Spread smiles like light !

With new surprise,

'What ails then my beloved child ?'
 The Baron said—His daughter mild
 Made answer, 'All will yet be well !'
 I ween she had no power to tell
 Aught else : so mighty was the spell.
 Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
 Had deemed her sure a thing divine,
 Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
 As if she feared she had offended
 Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid !
 And with such lowly tones she prayed,
 She might be sent without delay
 Home to her father's mansion.

'Nay !

Nay, by my soul !' said Leoline.
 'Ho ! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine !
 Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
 And take two steeds with trappings proud,
 And take the youth whom thou lov'st best

To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
 And clothe you both in solemn vest,
 And over the mountains haste along,
 Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
 Detain you on the valley road.
 And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
 My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes
 Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
 And reaches soon that castle good
 Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

Bard Bracy ! bard Bracy ! your horses are fleet,
 Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
 More loud than your horses' echoing feet !
 And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
 Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall !
 Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
 Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
 He bids thee come without delay
 With all thy numerous array,
 And take thy lovely daughter home ;
 And he will meet thee on the way
 With all his numerous array
 White with their panting palfreys' foam,
 And, by mine honour ! I will say,
 That I repent me of the day
 When I spake words of fierce disdain
 To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine !—
 —For since that evil hour hath flown,
 Many a summer's sun have shone ;
 Yet ne'er found I a friend again
 Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.'

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
 Her face upraised, her eyes o'erflowing ;
 And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
 His gracious hail on all bestowing :—
 Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
 Are sweeter than my harp can tell,
 Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
 This day my journey should not be ;

So strange a dream hath come to me :
 That I had vowed with music loud
 To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
 Warned by a vision in my rest !
 For in my sleep I saw that dove,
 That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
 And call'st by thy own daughter's name—
 Sir Leoline ! I saw the same
 Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
 Among the green herbs in the forest alone.
 Which when I saw and when I heard,
 I wondered what might ail the bird :
 For nothing near it could I see,
 Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
 To search out what might there be found :
 And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
 That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
 I went and peered, and could descry
 No cause for her distressful cry ;
 But yet for her dear lady's sake
 I stooped, methought, the dove to take,
 When lo ! I saw a bright green snake
 Coiled around its wings and neck.
 Green as the herbs on which it couched,
 Close by the dove's its head it crouched ;
 And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
 Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !
 I woke ; it was the midnight hour,
 The clock was echoing in the tower ;
 But though my slumber was gone by,
 This dream it would not pass away—
 It seems to live upon my eye !
 And thence I vowed this self-same day,
 With music strong and saintly song
 To wander through the forest bare
 Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while,
 Half-listening heard him with a smile ;

Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
 His eyes made up of wonder and love ;
 And said in courtly accents fine,
 Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
 With arms more strong than harp or song,
 Thy sire and I will crush the snake !
 He kissed her forehead as he spake,
 And Geraldine in maiden wise,
 Casting down her large bright eyes,
 With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
 She turned her from Sir Leoline ;
 Softly gathering up her train,
 That o'er her right arm fell again ;
 And folded her arms across her chest,
 And couched her head upon her breast,
 And looked askance at Christabel—
 Jesu, Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
 Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
 And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread
 At Christabel she looked askance !—
 One moment—and the sight was fled !
 But Christabel in dizzy trance,
 Stumbling on the unsteady ground—
 Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;
 And Geraldine again turned round,
 And like a thing, that sought relief,
 Full of wonder and full of grief,
 She rolled her large bright eyes divine
 Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
 She nothing sees—no sight but one !
 The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
 I know not how, in fearful wise
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
 That all her features were resigned
 To this sole image in her mind :

And passively did imitate
 That look of dull and treacherous nate,
 And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
 Still picturing that look askance,
 With forced unconscious sympathy
 Full before her father's view—
 As far as such a look could be,
 In eyes so innocent and blue !
 And when the trance was o'er, the maid
 Paused awhile, and inly prayed,
 Then falling at her father's feet,
 'By my mother's soul do I entreat
 That thou this woman send away !'
 She said ; and more she could not say,
 For what she knew she could not tell,
 O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
 Sir Leoline ? Thy only child
 Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
 So fair, so innocent, so mild ;
 The same, for whom thy lady died !
 O by the pangs of her dead mother
 Think thou no evil of thy child !
 For her, and thee, and for no other,
 She prayed the moment ere she died :
 Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
 Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !
 That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
 Sir Leoline !
 And would'st thou wrong thy only child,
 Her child and thine ?
 Within the Baron's heart and brain
 If thoughts, like these, had any share,
 They only swelled his rage and pain,
 And did but work confusion there.
 His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
 His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
 Dishonoured thus in his old age ;
 Dishonoured by his only child,

And all his hospitality
 To th' insulted daughter of his friend,
 By more than woman's jealousy,
 Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
 He rolled his eye with stern regard
 Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
 And said in tones abrupt, austere—
 Why, Bracy ! dost thou loiter here ?
 I bade thee hence ! The bard obeyed ;
 And turning from his own sweet maid,
 The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
 Led forth the lady Geraldine !

THE CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks
 That always finds and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight
 As fills a father's eyes with light ;
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
 Upon his heart, that he at last
 Must needs express his love's excess
 With words of unmeant bitterness.
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
 Thoughts so unlike each other ;
 To mutter and mock a broken charm,
 To dally with wrong that does no harm.
 Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
 At each wild word to feel within
 A sweet recoil of love and pity.
 And what, if in a world of sin
 (O sorrow and shame should this be true !)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.

SIBYLLINE LEAVES.

I. POEMS OCCASIONED BY POLITICAL EVENTS, OR FEELINGS
CONNECTED WITH THEM.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country! Am I to be blamed!
But, when I think of Thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark of the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.—WORDSWORTH.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.*

Ἴὸν, ἰὸν, ὦ ὦ κακά.
Ἵπ' αὐτὸ μὲ δεινὸς ὀρδομαντείας πόνος
Στροβεῖ, ταρασσῶν φρομίους ἐφημίους.
* * * * *
Τὸ μέλλον ἴξει. Καὶ σὺ μ' ἐν τάχει παρῶν
Ἀγαν γ' ἀληθόμαντιν οἰκτεῖρας ἐρεῖς.—*Æschyl. Agam.*, 1225.

ARGUMENT.

THE Ode commences with an address to the Divine Providence, that regulates into one vast harmony all the events of time, however calamitous some of them may appear to mortals. The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and devote them for a while to the cause of human nature in general. The first Epode speaks of the Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796; having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Kings combined against France. The first and second Antistrophe describe the Image of the Departing Year, &c. as in a vision. The second Epode prophesies, in anguish of spirit, the downfall of this country.

* This Ode was composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th days of December, 1796: and was first published on the last day of that year.

I.

SPIRIT who sweepest the wild harp of Time !
 It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
 Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
 Yet, mine eye fixed on Heaven's unchanging clime,
 Long had I listened, free from mortal fear,
 With inward stillness, and a bowed mind ;
 When lo ! its folds far waving on the wind,
 I saw the train of the departing Year !
 Starting from my silent sadness
 Then with no unholy madness
 Ere yet the ~~entered cloud~~ foreclosed my sight,
 I raised the impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
 From the prison's direr gloom,
~~From distemper's midnight anguish ;~~
 And thence, where poverty doth waste and languish !
 Or where, his two bright torches blending,
 Love illumines manhood's ~~maze~~ ;
 Or where o'er cradled infants bending
 Hope has fixed her wishful gaze ;
 Hither, in ~~perplexed~~ dance,
 Ye Woes ! ye young-eyed Joys ! advance !

 By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
 Whose indefatigable sweep
 Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
 I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band !
 From every private bower,
 And each domestic hearth,
 Haste for one solemn hour ;
 And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoice !
 Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell :
 And now advance in saintly jubilee
 Justice and Truth ! They too have heard thy spell,
 They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty !

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array !
 I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous cry—
 'Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay!
 Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
 Fly, mailed Monarch, fly!
 Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
 No more on murder's lurid face
 The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
 Manes of the unnumbered slain!
 Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
 Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
 When human ruin choked the streams,
 Fell in conquest's gluttoned hour,
 Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
 Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
 Oft, at night, in misty train,
 Rush around her narrow dwelling!
 The exterminating fiend is fled—
 (Foul her life, and dark her doom)
 Mighty armies of the dead
 Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!
 Then with prophetic song relate,
 Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore
 My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
 Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
 Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
 With many an unimaginable groan
 Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
 Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
 Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
 Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
 From the choired gods advancing,
 The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
 And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

v.

Throughout the blissful throng,
 Hushed were harp and song :
 Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
 (The mystic Words of Heaven),
 Permissive signal make :
 The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake !
 'Thou in stormy blackness throning
 Love and uncreated Light,
 By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
 Seize thy terrors, Arm of might !
 By peace with proffered insult scared,
 Masked hate and envying scorn !
 By years of havoc yet unborn !
 And hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared !
 But chief by Afric's wrongs,
 Strange, horrible, and foul !
 By what deep guilt belongs
 To the deaf Synod, " full of gifts and lies !"
 By wealth's insensate laugh ! by torture's howl !
 Avenger, rise !
 For ever shall the thankless Island scowl,
 Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow ?
 Speak ! from thy storm-black Heaven, O speak aloud !
 And on the darkling foe
 Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud !
 O dart the flash ! O rise and deal the blow !
 The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries !
 Hark ! how wide Nature joins her groans below !
 Rise, God of Nature ! rise.'

vi.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled ;
 Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
 And ever, when the dream of night
 Renews the phantom to my sight,
 Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs ;
 My ears throb hot ; my eye-balls start ;
 My brain with horrid tumult swims ;
 Wild is the tempest of my heart ;

And my thick and struggling breath
 Imitates the toil of death !
 No stranger agony confounds
 The soldier on the war-field spread,
 When all foredone with toil and wounds,
 Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead !
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
 And the night-wind clamours hoarse !
 See ! the starting wretch's head
 Lies pillowed on a brother's corse !)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
 O Albion ! O my mother Isle !
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers ;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
 Proudly ramparted with rocks) ;
 And Ocean mid his uproar wild
 Speaks safety to his island-child.
 Hence for many a fearless age
 Has social Quiet loved thy shore ;
 Nor ever proud invader's rage
 Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven ! mad avarice thy guide,
 At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
 Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
 And joined the wild yelling of famine and blood !
 The nations curse thee ! They with eager wondering
 Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream !
 Strange-eyed Destruction ! who with many a dream
 Of central fires through nether seas upthundering
 'Sooths her fierce solitude ; yet as she lies
 By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
 If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
 O Albion ! thy predestined ruins rise,
 The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
 Muttering distempered triumph in her charmed sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away !
 In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
 And hark ! I hear the famished brood of prey
 Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind !
 Away, my soul, away !
 I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
 With daily prayer and daily toil
 Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
 Have wailed my country with a loud Lament.
 Now I recentre my immortal mind
 In the deep sabbath of meek self-content ;
 Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
 God's Image, sister of the Seraphim.

FRANCE. AN ODE.

I.

YE Clouds ! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may control !
 Ye Ocean-Waves ! that, wheresoe'er ve roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws !
 Ye Woods ! that listen to the night-birds singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind !
 Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
 How oft, pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,
 Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound !
 O ye loud Waves ! and O ye Forests high !
 And O ye Clouds that far above me soared !
 Thou rising Sun ! thou blue rejoicing Sky !
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free !
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,

With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band :
And when to whelm the disenchanting nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The Monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array ;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
Had swol'n the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves ;
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed and vain retreat !
For ne'er, O Liberty ! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light or damped thy holy flame ;
But blessed the pæans of delivered France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

'And what,' I said, 'though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove !
Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream !
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light !'
And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled,
The dissonance ceased, and all seemed calm and bright ;
When France her front deep-scarr'd and gory
Concealed with clustering wreaths of glory ;
When, insupportably advancing,
Her arm made mockery of the warrior's tramp ;
While timid looks of fury glancing,
Domestic treason, crushed beneath her fatal stamp,

Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore ;
 Then I reproached my fears that would not flee ;
 ' And soon,' I said, ' shall Wisdom teach her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan !
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own.'

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom ! O forgive those dreams !
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From Bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stained streams !
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perished,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds ; forgive me, that I cherished
 One thought that ever blessed your cruel foes !
 To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built ;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear ;
 And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,
 Are these thy boasts, Champion of humankind ?
 To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey ;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn ; to tempt and to betray ?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion ! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain !
 O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour ;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee

(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
 And there I felt thee!—on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February, 1797.

FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1798, DURING THE ALARM OF AN INVASION.

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,
 A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
 No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.
 The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
 Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
 All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
 Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
 Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
 As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
 When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
 The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
 Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
 Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly he,
 The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
 Knew just so much of folly, as had made
 His early manhood more securely wise!
 Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
 While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen
 The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
 And from the sun, and from the breezy air,

Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;
 And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
 Made up a meditative joy, and found
 Religious meanings in the forms of nature !
 And so, his senses gradually wrapt
 In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
 And dreaming hears thee still, O singing-lark ;
 That singest like an angel in the clouds !

My God ! it is a melancholy thing
 For such a man, who would full fain preserve
 His soul in calmness, yet perforce must feel
 For all his human brethren—O my God !
 It weighs upon the heart, that he must think
 What uproar and what strife may now be stirring
 This way or that way o'er these silent hills—
 Invasion, and the thunder and the shout,
 And all the crash of onset ; fear and rage,
 And undetermined conflict—even now,
 Even now, perchance, and in his native isle :
 Carnage and groans beneath this blessed sun !
 We have offended, oh ! my countrymen !
 We have offended very grievously,
 And been most tyrannous. From east to west
 A groan of accusation pierces Heaven !
 The wretched plead against us ; multitudes
 Countless and vehement, the sons of God,
 Our brethren ! Like a cloud that travels on,
 Steamed up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence,
 Even so, my countrymen ! have we gone forth
 And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
 And, deadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint
 With slow perdition murders the whole man,
 His body and his soul ! Meanwhile, at home,
 All individual dignity and power
 Engulfed in courts, committees, institutions,
 Associations and societies,
 A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,
 One benefit-club for mutual flattery,
 We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
 Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth ;

Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
 Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
 For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
 Of Christian promise, words that even yet
 Might stem destruction, were they wisely preached,
 Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
 How flat and wearisome they feel their trade:
 Rank scoffers some, but most too indolent
 To deem them falsehoods or to know their truth.
 Oh! blasphemous! the book of life is made
 A superstitious instrument, on which
 We gabble o'er the oaths we mean to break;
 For all must swear—all and in every place,
 College and wharf, council and justice-court;
 All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
 Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,
 The rich, the poor, the old man and the young;
 All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
 That faith doth reel; the very name of God
 Sounds like a juggler's charm; and, bold with joy,
 Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place,
 (Portentous sight!) the owlet Atheism,
 Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon,
 Drops his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close,
 And hooting at the glorious sun in Heaven,
 Cries out, 'Where is it?'

Thankless too for peace
 (Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas),
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
 Alas! for ages ignorant of all
 Its ghastlier workings (famine or blue plague,
 Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry-snows),
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous
 For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of,
 Spectators and not combatants! No guess
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
 No speculation or contingency,
 However dim and vague, too vague and dim

To yield a justifying cause ; and forth
 (Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
 And adjurations of the God in Heaven,)

We send our mandates for the certain death
 Of thousands and ten thousands ! Boys and girls,
 And women, that would groan to see a child
 Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
 The best amusement for our morning-meal !
 The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
 From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
 To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
 Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
 And technical in victories and defeats,
 And all our dainty terms for fratricide ;
 Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
 Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
 We join no feeling and attach no form !
 As if the soldier died without a wound ;
 As if the fibres of this godlike frame
 Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch,
 Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
 Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed ;
 As though he had no wife to pine for him,
 No God to judge him ! Therefore, evil days
 Are coming on us, O my countrymen !
 And what if all-avenging Providence,
 Strong and retributive, should make us know
 The meaning of our words, force us to feel
 The desolation and the agony
 Of our fierce doings !

Spare us yet awhile,

Father and God ! O ! spare us yet awhile !
 Oh ! let not English women drag their flight
 Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes,
 Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday
 Laughed at the breast ! Sons, brothers, husbands, all
 Who ever gazed with fondness on the forms
 Which grew up with you round the same fire-side,
 And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells
 Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure !

Stand forth ! be men ! repel an impious foe,
 Impious and false, a light yet cruel race,
 Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth
 With deeds of murder ; and still promising
 Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,
 Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart
 Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes
 And all that lifts the spirit ! Stand we forth ;
 Render them back upon the insulted ocean,¹
 And let them toss as idly on its waves
 As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-blast
 Swept from our shores ! And oh ! may we return
 Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear,
 Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung
 So fierce a foe to frenzy !

I have told,

O Britons ! O my brethren ! I have told
 Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
 Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed ;
 For never can true courage dwell with them,
 Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
 At their own vices. We have been too long
 Dupes of a deep delusion ! Some, belike,
 Groaning with restless enmity, expect
 All change from change of constituted power ;
 As if a Government had been a robe,
 On which our vice and wretchedness were tagged
 Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe
 Pulled off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
 A radical causation to a few
 Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
 Who borrow all their hues and qualities
 From our own folly and rank wickedness,
 Which gave them birth and nursed them. Others, meanwhile,
 Dote with a mad idolatry ; and all
 Who will not fall before their images,
 And yield them worship, they are enemies
 Even of their country !

Such have I been deemed—
 But, O dear Britain ! O my Mother Isle !

Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
 A husband, and a father ! who revere
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
 O native Britain ! O my Mother Isle !
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,
 All adoration of the God in nature,
 All lovely and all honourable things,
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
 The joy and greatness of its future being ?
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul
 Unborrowed from my country. O divine
 And beauteous island ! thou hast been my sole
 And most magnificent temple, in the which
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
 Loving the God that made me !

May my fears,
 My filial fears, be vain ! and may the vaunts
 And menace of the vengeful enemy
 Pass like the gust, that roared and died away
 In the distant tree : which heard, and only heard,
 In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad
 The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze :
 The light has left the summit of the hill,
 Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful,
 Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell,
 Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot !
 On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill,
 Homeward I wind my way ; and lo ! recalled
 From bodings that have well-nigh wearied me,
 I find myself upon the brow, and pause
 Startled ! And after lonely sojourning
 In such a quiet and surrounded nook,

This burst of prospect, here the shadowy main,
 Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
 Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
 And elmy fields, seems like society—
 Conversing with the mind, and giving it
 A livelier impulse and a dance of thought !
 And now, beloved Stowey ! I behold
 Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
 Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend ;
 And close behind them, hidden from my view,
 Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
 And my babe's mother dwell in peace ! With light
 And quickened footsteps thitherward I tend,
 Remembering thee, O green and silent dell !
 And grateful, that by nature's quietness
 And solitary musings, all my heart
 Is softened, and made worthy to indulge
 Love, and the thoughts that yearn for humankind.

Nether Stowey,
 April 28th, 1798.

FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR ECLOGUE.

The Scene a desolated Tract in la Vendée. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground ; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

Fam. SISTERS ! sisters ! who sent you here ?

Slau. [*to Fire*]. I will whisper it in her ear.

Fire. No ! no ! no !

Spirits hear what spirits tell :

'Twill make a holiday in Hell.

No ! no ! no !

Myself, I named him once below,
 And all the souls, that damned be,

Leaped up at once in anarchy,
 Clapped their hands and danced for glee.
 They no longer heeded me ;
 But laughed to hear Hell's burning rafters
 Unwillingly re-echo laughters !

No ! no ! no !

Spirits hear what spirits tell :
 'Twill make a holiday in Hell !

Fam. Whisper it, sister ! so and so !
 In a dark hint, soft and slow.

Slau. Letters four do form his name—
 And who sent you ?

Both. The same ! the same !

Slau. He came by stealth, and unlocked my den,
 And I have drunk the blood since then
 Of thrice three hundred thousand men.

Both. Who bade you do it ?

Slau. The same ! the same !

Letters four do form his name.
 He let me loose, and cried Halloo !
 To him alone the praise is due.

Fam. Thanks, sister, thanks ! the men have bled,
 Their wives and their children faint for bread.

I stood in a swampy field of battle ;
 With bones and skulls I made a rattle,
 To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow
 And the homeless dog—but they would not go.

So off I flew : for how could I bear
 To see them gorge their dainty fare ?
 I heard a groan and a peevish squall,
 And through the chink of a cottage-wall—
 Can you guess what I saw there ?

Both. Whisper it, sister ! in our ear.

Fam. A baby beat its dying mother :
 I had starved the one and was starving the other !

Both. Who bade you do't ?

Fam. The same ! the same !

Letters four do form his name.
 He let me loose, and cried Halloo !
 To him alone the praise is due.

Fire. Sisters ! I from Ireland came !

Hedge and corn-fields all on flame,
 I triumphed o'er the setting sun!
 And all the while the work was done,
 On as I strode with my huge strides,
 I flung back my head and I held my sides,
 It was so rare a piece of fun
 To see the sweltered cattle run
 With uncouth gallop through the night,
 Scared by the red and noisy light!
 By the light of his own blazing cot
 Was many a naked rebel shot:
 The house-stream met the flame and hissed,
 While crash! fell in the roof, I wist,
 On some of those old bed-ridden nurses,
 That deal in discontent and curses.

Both. Who bade you do't?

Fire.

The same! the same!

Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose, and cried Halloo!

To him alone the praise is due.

All. He let us loose, and cried Halloo!

How shall we yield him honour due?

Fam. Wisdom comes with lack of food.

I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude,

Till the cup of rage o'erbrim:

They shall seize him and his brood—

Slau. They shall tear him limb from limb!

Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue!

And is this all that you can do

For him, who did so much for you?

Ninety months he, by my troth!

Hath richly catered for you both:

And in an hour would you repay

An eight years' work?—Away! away!

I alone am faithful! I

Cling to him everlastingly.

II. LOVE POEMS.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo,
 Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta
 Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspidè vulnus.
 Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
 Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
 Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor :
 Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
 Voxque aliud sonat—
 Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
 Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
 Mens horret, relegensque alium putat ista locutum.—PETRARCHI.

 LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
 Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
 All are but ministers of Love,
 And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
 Live o'er again that happy hour,
 When midway on the mount I lay,
 Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
 Had blended with the lights of eve ;
 And she was there, my hope, my joy,
 My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,
 The statue of the armed knight ;
 She stood and listened to my lay,
 Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
 My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
 She loves me best, whene'er I sing
 The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
 For well she knew, I could not choose
 But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
 Upon his shield a burning brand ;
 And that for ten long years he wooed
 The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
 The deep, the low, the pleading tone
 With which I sang another's love,
 Interpreted my own.

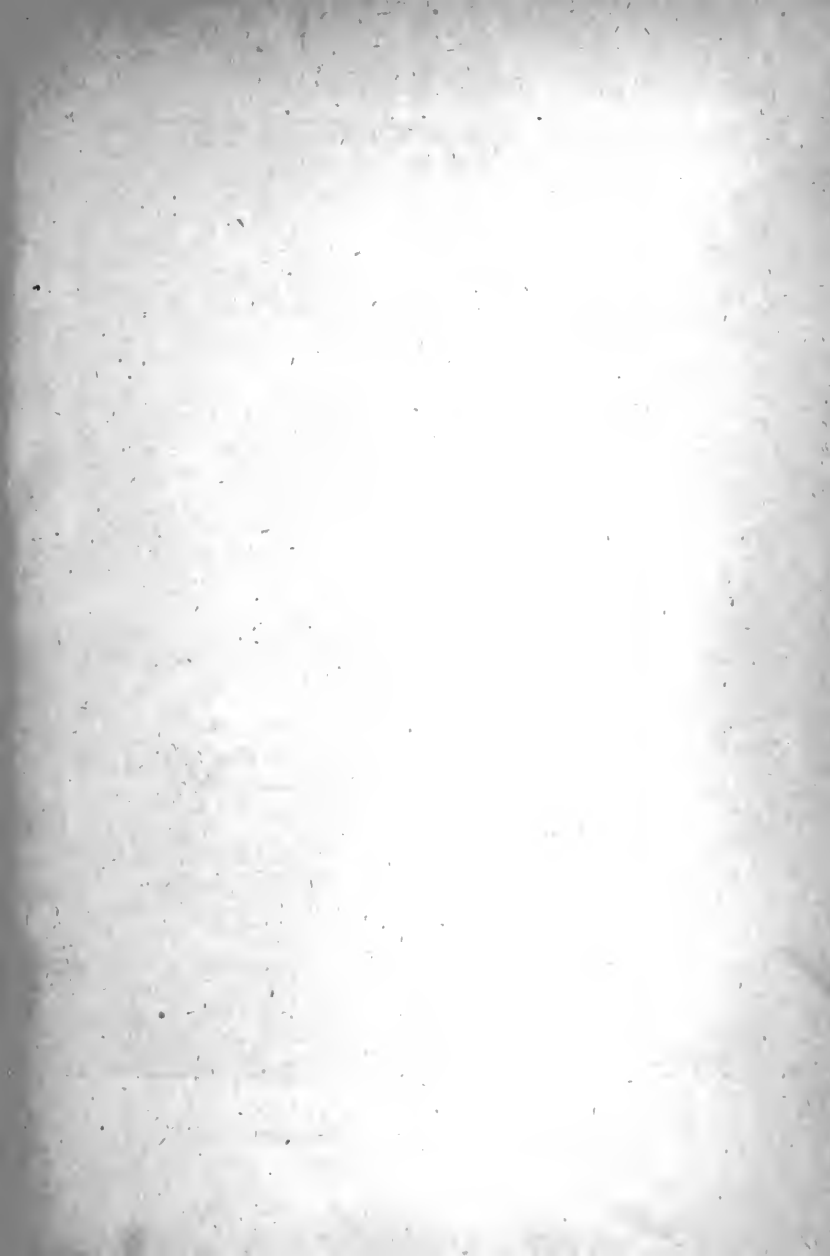
She listened with a flitting blush,
 With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
 And she forgave me, that I gazed
 Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
 That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
 And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
 Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
 And sometimes from the darksome shade,
 And sometimes starting up at once
 In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
 An angel beautiful and bright :
 And that he knew it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
 He leaped amid a murderous band,
 And saved from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land ;--





She half enclosed me with her arms ;
She pressed me with a meek embrace. . . *Love.*

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
 And how she tended him in vain—
 And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
 And how his madness went away,
 When on the yellow forest-leaves
 A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
 That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
 My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
 Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
 The music and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
 She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
 And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
 As conscious of my look she stept—
 Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
 She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
 She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
 And bending back her head, looked up,
 And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
 And partly 'twas a bashful art,
 That I might rather feel, than see,
 The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
 And told her love with virgin pride ;
 And so I won my Genevieve,
 My bright and beauteous Bride.

THE BALLAD OF THE DARK LADIE.

A FRAGMENT.

BENEATH yon birch with silver bark,
 And boughs so pendulous and fair,
 The brook falls scattered down the rock :
 And all is mossy there !

And there upon the moss she sits,
 The Dark Ladie in silent pain ;
 The heavy tear is in her eye,
 And drops and swells again.

Three times she sends her little page
 Up the castled mountain's breast,
 If he might find the Knight that wears
 The Griffin for his crest.

The sun was sloping down the sky,
 And she had lingered there all day,
 Counting moments, dreaming fears—
 O wherefore can he stay ?

She hears a rustling o'er the brook,
 She sees far off a swinging bough !
 'Tis He ! 'Tis my betrothed Knight !
 Lord Falkland, it is Thou !

She springs, she clasps him round the neck,
 She sobs a thousand hopes and fears,
 Her kisses glowing on his cheeks
 She quenches with her tears

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'My friends with rude ungentle words
They scoff and bid me fly to thee!
O give me shelter in thy breast!
O shield and shelter me!

'My Henry, I have given thee much,
I gave what I can ne'er recall,
I gave my heart, I gave my peace,
O Heaven! I gave thee all.'

The Knight made answer to the Maid,
While to his heart he held her hand,
'Nine castles hath my noble sire,
None statelier in the land.

'The fairest one shall be my love's,
The fairest castle of the nine!
Wait only till the stars peep out,
The fairest shall be thine:

'Wait only till the hand of eve
Hath wholly closed yon western bars,
And through the dark we too will steal
Beneath the twinkling stars!—

'The dark? the dark? No! not the dark?
The twinkling stars? How, Henry? How?
O God! 'twas in the eye of noon
He pledged his sacred vow!

'And in the eye of noon, my love
Shall lead me from my mother's door,
Sweet boys and girls all clothed in white
Strewing flowers before:

'But first the nodding minstrels go
With music meet for lordly bowers,
The children next in snow-white vests,
Strewing buds and flowers!

'And then my love and I shall pace,
My jet black hair in pearly braids,
Between our comely bachelors
And blushing bridal maids.'

LEWTI,

OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHAUNT.

At midnight by the stream I roved,
 To forget the form I loved.
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.

The moon was high, the moonlight gleam
 And the shadow of a star
 Heaved upon Tamaha's stream ;
 But the rock shone brighter far,
 The rock half sheltered from my view
 By pendent boughs of tressy yew—
 So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
 Gleaming through her sable hair.
 Image of Lewti ! from my mind
 Depart ; for Lewti is not kind.
 I saw a cloud of palest hue,
 Onward to the moon it passed ;
 Still brighter and more bright it grew,
 With floating colours not a few,
 Till it reached the moon at last :
 Then the cloud was wholly bright,
 With a rich and amber light !
 And so with many a hope I seek,
 And with such joy I find my Lewti ;
 And even so my pale wan cheek
 Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty !
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind,
 If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
 Away it goes ; away so soon ?
 Alas ! it has no power to stay :
 Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
 Away it passes from the moon !

How mournfully it seems to fly,
 Ever fading more and more,
 To joyless regions of the sky—
 And now 'tis whiter than before !
 As white as my poor cheek will be,
 When, Lewti ! on my couch I lie,
 A dying man for love of thee.
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—
 And yet, thou didst not look unkind.

I saw a vapour in the sky,
 Thin, and white, and very high :
 I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud :
 Perhaps the breezes that can fly,
 Now below and now above,
 Have snatched aloft the lawny shroud
 Of Lady fair—that died for love.
 For maids, as well as youths, have perished
 From fruitless love too fondly cherished.
 Nay, treacherous image ! leave my mind—
 For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush ! my heedless feet from under
 Slip the crumbling banks for ever :
 Like echoes to a distant thunder,
 They plunge into the gentle river.
 The river-swans have heard my tread,
 And startle from their reedy bed.
 O beauteous birds ! methinks ye measure
 Your movements to some heavenly tune !
 O beauteous birds ! 'tis such a pleasure
 To see you move beneath the moon,
 I would it were your true delight
 To sleep by day and wake all night.

I know the place where Lewti lies,
 When silent night has closed her eyes ;
 It is a breezy jasmine-bower.
 The nightingale sings o'er her head :
 Voice of the night ! had I the power
 That leafy labyrinth to thread,
 And creep, like thee, with soundless tread,

I then might view her bosom white
 Heaving lovely to my sight,
 As these two swans together heave
 On the gently swelling wave.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
 And dreamt that I had died for care;
 All pale and wasted I would seem,
 Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
 I'd die indeed, if I might see
 Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
 Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
 To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

1795.

THE PICTURE,

OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

THROUGH weeds, and thorns, and matted underwood
 I force my way; now climb, and now descend
 O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot
 Crushing the purple whorts; while, oft unseen,
 Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves,
 The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil
 I know not, ask not whither! A new joy,
 Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
 And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
 Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
 Playmate, or guide! The master-passion quelled,
 I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
 The fir-trees, and the unfrequent slender oak,
 Forth from this tangle wild of bush and brake
 Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
 High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.

Here Wisdom might resort, and here Remorse;
 Here too the love-lorn man, who, sick in soul,

And of this busy human heart weary,
 Worships the spirit of unconscious life
 In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle lunatic !
 If so he might not wholly cease to be,
 He would far rather not be that, he is ;
 But would be something, that he knows not of,
 In winds or waters, or among the rocks !

But hence, fond wretch ! breathe not contagion here !
 No myrtle-walks are these : these are no groves
 Where Love dare loiter ! If in sullen mood
 He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore
 His dainty feet, the brier and the thorn
 Makes his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird
 Easily caught, ensnare him, O ye Nymphs,
 Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades !
 And you, ye Earth-winds ! you that make at morn
 The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs !
 You, O ye wingless Airs ! that creep between
 The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze,
 Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon,
 The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—
 Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless damp,
 Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
 Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin Gnomes !
 With prickles sharper than his darts bemock
 His little Godship, making him perforce
 Creep through a thorn-bush on yon hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph ! I can now
 With my own fancies play the merry fool,
 And laugh away worse folly, being free.
 Here will I seat myself, beside this old,
 Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine
 Clothes as with net-work : here will I couch my limbs,
 Close by this river, in this silent shade,
 As safe and sacred from the step of man
 As an invisible world—unheard, unseen,
 And listening only to the pebbly brook
 That murmurs with a dead, yet tinkling sound ;
 Or to the bees, that in the neighbouring trunk

Make honey-hoards. The breeze that visits me
 Was never Love's accomplice, never raised
 The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow,
 And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek ;
 Ne'er played the wanton—never half disclosed
 The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence
 Eye-poisons for some love-distempered youth,
 Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-grove
 Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart
 Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze ! thou only, if I guess aright,
 Lifest the feathers of the robin's breast,
 That swells its little breast, so full of song,
 Singing above me, on the mountain-ash.
 And thou too, desert stream ! no pool of thine,
 Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve,
 Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe,
 The face, the form divine, the downcast look
 Contemplative ! Behold ! her open palm
 Presses her cheek and brow ! her elbow rests
 On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree,
 That leans towards its mirror ! Who erewhile
 Had from her countenance turned, or looked by stealth
 (For fear is true love's cruel nurse), he now,
 With steadfast gaze and unoffending eye,
 Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes
 Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain,
 E'en as that phantom world on which he gazed,
 But not unheeded gazed : for see, ah ! see,
 The sportive tyrant with her left hand plucks
 The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,
 Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells :
 And suddenly, as one that toys with time,
 Scatters them on the pool ! Then all the charm
 Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
 Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
 And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
 Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes,
 The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
 The visions will return ! And lo ! he stays :

And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
 Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
 The pool becomes a mirror ; and behold
 Each wild-flower on the marge inverted there,
 And there the half-uprooted tree—but where,
 O where the virgin's snowy arm, that leaned
 On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone!
 Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze
 Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth!
 Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime
 In mad love-yearning by the vacant brook,
 Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou
 Behold'st her shadow still abiding there,
 The Naiad of the mirror!

Not to thee,
 O wild and desert stream! belongs this tale:
 Gloomy and dark art thou—the crowded firs
 Spire from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,
 Making thee doleful as a cavern-well:
 Save when the shy king-fishers build their nest
 On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild stream!

This be my chosen haunt—emancipate
 From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone,
 I rise and trace its devious course. O lead,
 Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms.
 Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs,
 How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock,
 Isle of the river, whose disparted waves
 Dart off asunder with an angry sound,
 How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet,
 Each in the other lost and found: and see
 Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun
 Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye!
 With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds,
 The stains and shadings of forgotten tears,
 Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour
 Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief feuds;
 And hark, the noise of a near waterfall!
 I pass forth into light—I find myself
 Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful

Of forest-trees, the lady of the woods),
Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock
That overbrows the cataract. How bursts
The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills
Fold in behind each other, and so make
A circular vale, and land-locked, as might seem,
With brook and bridge, and grey stone cottages,
Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet,
The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray,
Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall.
How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass
Swings in its winnow; all the air is calm.
The smoke from cottage chimneys, tinged with light,
Rises in columns; from this house alone,
Close by the waterfall, the column slants,
And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is this?
That cottage, with its slanting chimney-smoke,
And close beside its porch a sleeping child,
His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog—
One arm between its fore legs, and the hand
Holds loosely its small handful of wild flowers,
Unfilleted, and of unequal lengths.
A curious picture, with a master's haste
Sketched on a strip of pinky-silver skin,
Peeled from the birchen bark! Divinest maid!
Yon bark her canvas, and those purple berries
Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried
On the fine skin! She has been newly here;
And lo! yon patch of heath has been her couch—
The pressure still remains! O blessed couch!
For this mayst thou flower early, and the sun,
Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long
Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel!
Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids!
More beautiful than whom Alcæus wooed,
The Lesbian woman of immortal song!
O child of genius! stately, beautiful,
And full of love to all, save only me,
And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart,
Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood
Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway

On to her father's house. She is alone !
 The night draws on—such ways are hard to hit—
 And fit it is I should restore this sketch,
 Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I yearn
 To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed
 The passion that consumes me. Let me haste !
 The picture in my hand which she has left ;
 She cannot blame me that I followed her :
 And I may be her guide the long wood through.

THE NIGHT-SCENE :

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Sandoval. You loved the daughter of Don Manrique?

Earl Henry. Loved?

Sandoval. Did you not say you wooed her?

Earl Henry. Once I loved

Her whom I dared not woo !

Sandoval. And wooed, perchance,

One whom you loved not !

Earl Henry. Oh ! I were most base,

Not loving Oropeza. True, I wooed her,
 Hoping to heal a deeper wound ; but she
 Met my advances with impassioned pride,
 That kindled love with love. And when her sire,
 Who in his dream of hope already grasped
 The golden circlet in his hand, rejected
 My suit with insult, and in memory
 Of ancient feuds poured curses on my head,
 Her blessings overtook and baffled them !
 But thou art stern, and with unkindly countenance
 Art inly reasoning whilst thou listenest to me.

Sandoval. Anxiously, Henry ! reasoning anxiously.
 But Oropeza—

Earl Henry. Blessings gather round her !
 Within this wood there winds a secret passage,
 Beneath the walls, which opens out at length

Into the gloomiest covert of the garden.—
 The night ere my departure to the army,
 She, nothing trembling, led me through that gloom,
 And to that covert by a silent stream,
 Which, with one star reflected near its marge,
 Was the sole object visible around me.
 No leaflet stirred; the air was almost sultry;
 So deep, so dark, so close, the umbrage o'er us!
 No leaflet stirred;—yet pleasure hung upon
 The gloom and stillness of the balmy night-air.
 A little further on an arbour stood,
 Fragrant with flowering trees—I well remember
 What an uncertain glimmer in the darkness
 Their snow-white blossoms made—thither she led me,
 To that sweet bower! Then Oropeza trembled—
 I heard her heart beat—if 'twere not my own.

Sandoval. A rude and scaring note, my friend!

Earl Henry.

Oh! no!

I have small memory of aught but pleasure.
 The inquietudes of fear, like lesser streams,
 Still flowing, still were lost in those of love:
 So love grew mightier from the fear, and Nature,
 Fleeting from pain, sheltered herself in joy.
 The stars above our heads were dim and steady,
 Like eyes suffused with rapture.—Life was in us:
 We were all life, each atom of our frames
 A living soul—I vowed to die for her:
 With the faint voice of one who, having spoken,
 Relapses into blessedness, I vowed it:
 That solemn vow, a whisper scarcely heard,
 A murmur breathed against a lady's ear.
 Oh! there is joy above the name of pleasure,
 Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

Sandoval [*with a sarcastic smile*]. No other than as eastern
 sages paint

The God, who floats upon a lotos leaf,
 Dreams for a thousand ages; then awaking,
 Creates a world, and smiling at the bubble,
 Relapses into bliss.

Earl Henry.

Ah! was that bliss

Feared as an alien, and too vast for man?

For suddenly, impatient of its silence,
 Did Oropeza, starting, grasp my forehead.
 I caught her arms ; the veins were swelling on them.
 Through the dark bower she sent a hollow voice ;—
 ‘ Oh ! what if all betray me ? what if thou ? ’
 I swore, and with an inward thought that seemed
 The purpose and the substance of my being,
 I swore to her, that were she red with guilt,
 I would exchange my unblenched state with hers.—
 Friend ! by that winding passage, to that bower
 I now will go—all objects there will teach me
 Unwavering love, and singleness of heart.
 Go, Sandoval ! I am prepared to meet her—
 Say nothing of me—I myself will seek her—
 Nay, leave me, friend ! I cannot bear the torment
 And keen inquiry of that scanning eye.—

[*Earl Henry retires into the wood.*]

Sandoval [*alone*]. O Henry ! always striv'st thou to be great
 By thine own act—yet art thou never great
 But by the inspiration of great passion.
 The whirl-blast comes, the desert-sands rise up
 And shape themselves : from earth to heaven they stand,
 As though they were the pillars of a temple,
 Built by Omnipotence in its own honour !
 But the blast pauses, and their shaping spirit
 Is fled : the mighty columns were but sand,
 And lazy snakes trail o'er the level ruins !

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN AT THE THEATRE.

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow
 Sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
 Like a scorched and mildewed bough
 Leafless 'mid the blooms of May !

Him who lured thee and forsook,
 Oft I watched with angry gaze,
 Fearful saw his pleading look,
 Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth,
 Soft his speech, and soft his sigh ;
 But no sound like simple truth,
 But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
 Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence !
 Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
 With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly,
 Thou hast felt that vice is woe ;
 With a musing melancholy
 Inly armed, go, Maiden ! go.

Mother sage of self-dominion,
 Firm thy steps, O Melancholy !
 The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
 Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
 While she moults the firstling plumes,
 That had skimmed the tender corn,
 Or the beanfield's odorous blooms.

Soon with renovated wing
 Shall she dare a loftier flight,
 Upward to the day-star spring,
 And embathe in heavenly light.

LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

NOR cold, nor stern, my soul ! yet I detest
 These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
 Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
 In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign
 To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint ;
 But when the long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain
 Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark ! the deep buzz of vanity and hate !

Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer
My lady eyes some maid of humbler state,
While the pert captain, or the primmer priest,
Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene released,
To hear our old musician, blind and gray,
(Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kissed,)
His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play,
By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night,
The while I dance amid the tedded hay
With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay
Of the calm glossy lake, O let me hide
Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees,
For round their roots the fisher's boat is tied,
On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease,
And while the lazy boat sways to and fro,
Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But O, dear Anne ! when midnight wind careers,
And the gust pelting on the out-house shed
Makes the cock shrilly on the rain-storm crow,
To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe,
Ballad of ship-wrecked sailor floating dead,
Whom his own true-love buried in the sands !
Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice re-measures
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures
The things of Nature utter ; birds or trees
Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves,
Or where the stiff grass mid the heath-plant waves,
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

THE KEEPSAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first-fruits of the soil,
 The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
 Show summer gone, ere come. The foxglove tall
 Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
 Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
 Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
 (In vain the darling of successful love)
 Stands, like some boasted beauty of past years,
 The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.
 Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
 By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side,
 That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
 Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not! *
 So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline
 With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk
 Has worked, (the flowers which most she knew I loved,)
 And, more beloved than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning twilight, early waked
 By her full bosom's joyous restlessness,
 Softly she rose, and lightly stole along,
 Down the slope coppice to the woodbine bower,
 Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning breeze,
 Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung,
 Making a quiet image of disquiet
 In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool.
 There, in that bower where first she owned her love,
 And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy
 From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretched
 The silk upon the frame, and worked her name
 Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-me-not—

* One of the names (and meriting to be the only one) of the *Myosotis Scorpioides Palustris*, a flower from six to twelve inches high, with blue blossom and bright yellow eye. It has the same name over the whole Empire of Germany (*Vergissmein nicht*), and, I believe, in Denmark and Sweden.

Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair !
 That forced to wander till sweet spring return,
 I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look,
 Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood
 Has made me wish to steal away and weep,)
 Nor yet the entrancement of that maiden kiss
 With which she promised, that when spring returned,
 She would resign one half of that dear name,
 And own thenceforth no other name but mine !

TO A LADY.

WITH FALCONER'S 'SHIPWRECK.'

AH ! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams
 In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice ;
 Nor while half-listening, mid delicious dreams,
 To harp and song from lady's hand and voice ;
 Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood
 On cliff, or cataract, in Alpine dell ;
 Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strewed,
 Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell ;
 Our sea-bard sang this song ! which still he sings,
 And sings for thee, sweet friend ! Hark, Pity, hark !
 Now mounts, now totters on the tempest's wings,
 Now groans, and shivers, the replunging bark !
 'Cling to the shrouds !' In vain ! The breakers roar—
 Death shrieks ! With two alone of all his clan
 Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
 No classic roamer, but a ship-wrecked man !
 Say then, what muse inspired these genial strains
 And lit his spirit to so bright a flame ?
 The elevating thought of suffered pains,
 Which gentle hearts shall mourn ; but chief, the name

Of gratitude ! remembrances of friend,
 Or absent or no more ! shades of the Past,
 Which Love makes substance ! Hence to thee I send,
 O dear as long as life and memory last !

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
 Sweet maid, for friendship formed ! this work to thee :
 And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed
 A tear for Falconer, wilt remember me.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

ON HER RECOVERY FROM A FEVER.

WHY need I say, Louisa dear !
 How glad I am to see you here,
 A lovely convalescent ;
 Risen from the bed of pain and fear,
 And feverish heat incessant.

The sunny showers, the dappled sky,
 The little birds that warble high,
 Their vernal loves commencing,
 Will better welcome you than I
 With their sweet influencing.

Believe me, while in bed you lay,
 Your danger taught us all to pray :
 You made us grow devouter !
 Each eye looked up and seemed to say,
 How can we do without her ?

Besides, what vexed us worse, we knew,
 They have no need of such as you
 In the place where you were going :
 This World has angels all too few,
 And Heaven is overflowing !

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
 And were a little feathery bird,
 To you I'd fly, my dear !
 But thoughts like these are idle things,
 And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
 I'm always with you in my sleep !
 The world is all one's own.
 But then one wakes, and where am I ?
 All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids
 So I love to wake ere break of day :
 For though my sleep be gone,
 Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
 And still dreams on.

HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him who all the week
 Through city-crowds must push his way,
 To stroll alone through fields and woods,
 And hallow thus the Sabbath-day.

And sweet it is, in summer bower,
 Sincere, affectionate, and gay,
 One's own dear children feasting round,
 To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
 Who having long been doomed to roam,
 Throws off the bundle from his back,
 Before the door of his own home ?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang ;
 This feel I hourly more and more :
 There's healing only in thy wings,
 Thou Breeze that play'st on Albion's shore !

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say ? The sparrow, the dove,
 The linnet, and thrush, say, ' I love and I love !'
 In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong.
 What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
 But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
 And singing, and loving—all come back together.
 But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
 The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
 That he sings, and he sings ; and for ever sings he--
 ' I love my Love, and my Love loves me !'

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 God grant me grace my prayers to say :
 O God ! preserve my mother dear
 In strength and health for many a year ;
 And, O ! preserve my father too,
 And may I pay him reverence due ;
 And may I my best thoughts employ
 To be my parents' hope and joy ;
 And, O ! preserve my brothers both
 From evil doings and from sloth,

And may we always love each other
 Our friends, our father, and our mother
 And still O Lord, to me impart
 An anxious and grateful heart
 That when my last sleep I may
 Awake to thy eternal day Amen

THE VISIONARY HOPE

Sad but to have no hope— Though living breathing
 He that would frame a proper vision he would
 Would him content for some sweet vision of healing
 That his sick body might more ease and rest
 He strove at first— the full night from his heart
 Against his will the suffering and the pain
 Though Nature shored— though his own nature gave
 Some royal physician to his bed and chamber
 An hour's respite would he had not found
 The sickness of his pains so very bitter
 Sometimes when he thought he was
 Though obscure pains were given to his frame
 And brand'd sore, was light repaid to him
 Each night was shattered of his own sweet dreams
 Yet never could his heart remember through the
 One day full wish to be no more a pain
 That hope, which was no never last and rest
 What wind and sea we ever hear him stand
 Though changed in nature, winter waste or wild—
 For Love's despair is but Hope's guiding quest
 For this one hope he makes his heart's true rest
 He wishes and can wish for this alone
 Forced as with light from Heaven, rather in plants
 So the love-sickness was many beams
 Disease would vanish like a summer shower
 Whose dewy ring sustains from the noon-day lover
 Or let it sure, yet this one hope should give
 Such strength that he would walk no pains and live

THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

OFT, oft methinks, the while with Thee
 I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear
 And dedicated name, I hear
 A promise and a mystery,
 A pledge of more than passing life,
 Yea, in that very name of Wife !
 A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep !
 A feeling that upbraids the heart
 With happiness beyond desert,
 That gladness half requests to weep !
 Nor bless I not the keener sense
 And unalarming turbulence
 Of transient joys, that ask no sting
 From jealous fears, or coy denying ;
 But born beneath Love's brooding wing,
 And into tenderness soon dying,
 Wheel out their giddy moment, then
 Resign the soul to love again ;—
 A more precipitated vein
 Of notes, that eddy in the flow
 Of smoothest song, they come, they go,
 And leave their sweeter understrain
 Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
 That seems, yet cannot greater be !

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

I.

How warm this woodland wild Recess !
 Love surely hath been breathing here ;
 And this sweet bed of heath, my dear !
 Swells up, then sinks with faint caress,
 As if to have you yet more near.

II.

Eight springs have flown, since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'erhead the sky-lark shrills.

III.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name ; yet why
That asking look ? that yearning sigh ?
That sense of promise everywhere ?
Beloved ! flew your spirit by ?

IV.

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild !
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

V.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream !

VI.

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar ?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in clamour's hour.

ON REVISITING THE SEA-SHORE,

AFTER LONG ABSENCE, UNDER STRONG MEDICAL
RECOMMENDATION NOT TO BATHE.

GOD be with thee, gladsome Ocean !
How gladly greet I thee once more !
Ships and waves, and ceaseless motion,
And men rejoicing on thy shore.

Dissuading spake the mild physician,
'Those briny waves for thee are death !'
But my soul fulfilled her mission,
And lo ! I breathe untroubled breath !

Fashion's pining sons and daughters,
That seek the crowd they seem to fly,
Trembling they approach thy waters ;
And what cares Nature, if they die ?

Me a thousand hopes and pleasures,
A thousand recollections bland,
Thoughts sublime, and stately measures,
Revisit on thy echoing strand :

Dreams, (the soul herself forsaking,)
Tearful raptures, boyish mirth ;
Silent adorations, making
A blessed shadow of this Earth !

O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above !
God is with me, God is in me !
I cannot die, if Life be Love.

III. MEDITATIVE POEMS.

IN BLANK VERSE.

YEA, he deserves to find himself deceived,
 Who seeks a Heart in the unthinking Man.
 Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life
 Impress their characters on the smooth forehead :
 Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth.
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
 Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul
 Warmeth the inner frame.—SCHILLER.

 HYMN

BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BESIDES the rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the *Gentiana Major* grows in immense numbers with its 'flowers of loveliest blue.'

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass : methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,

Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my Heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald : wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I STOOD on Brocken's * sovran height, and saw
 Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,

* The highest mountain in the Hartz, and indeed in North Germany.

A surging scene, and only limited
 By the blue distance. Heavily my way
 Downward I dragged through fir groves evermore,
 Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
 Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
 The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
 And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
 Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
 From many a note of many a waterfall,
 And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
 The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
 Leaped frolicsome, or old romantic goat
 Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
 In low and languid mood: * for I had found
 That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
 Their finer influence from the Life within;
 Fair cyphers else: fair, but of import vague
 Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
 History or prophecy of friend, or child,
 Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
 Or father, or the venerable name
 Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
 Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
 O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
 Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
 Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
 Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
 From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
 Floated away, like a departing dream,
 Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
 Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
 With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,

* When I have gazed
 From some high eminence on goodly vales
 And cots and villages embowered below,
 The thought would rise that all to me was strange
 Amid the scenes so fair, nor one small spot
 Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.

Southey's Hymn to the Penates.

That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
 That God is everywhere ! the God who framed
 Mankind to be one mighty family,
 Himself our Father, and the World our Home.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
 Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed
 May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
 The small round basin, which this jutting stone
 Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the Spring,
 Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
 Send up cold waters to the traveller
 With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
 Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
 Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
 As merry and no taller, dances still,
 Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
 Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,
 A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
 Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
 Drink, Pilgrim, here ; here rest ! and if thy heart
 Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
 Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
 Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees !

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane !
 (So call him, for so mingling blame with praise,
 And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
 Masking his birth-name, wont to character

His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,) 'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths, And honouring with religious love the great Of elder times, he hated to excess, With an unquiet and intolerant scorn, The hollow puppets of a hollow age, Ever idolatrous, and changing ever Its worthless idols ! learning, power, and time (Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true, Whole years of weary days, besieged him close, Even to the gates and inlets of his life ! But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm, And with a natural gladness, he maintained The citadel unconquered, and in joy Was strong to follow the delightful Muse. For not a hidden path, that to the shades Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads, Lurked undiscovered by him ; not a rill There issues from the fount of Hippocrene, But he had traced it upward to its source, Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell, Knew the gay wild-flowers on its banks, and culled Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone, Piercing the long-neglected holy cave, The haunt obscure of old Philosophy, He bade with lifted torch its starry walls Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage. O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts ! O studious Poet, eloquent for truth ! Philosopher ! contemning wealth and death, Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love ! Here, rather than on monumental stone, This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes, Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

THIS LIME-TREE BOWER MY PRISON.

IN the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the author's cottage; and on the morning of their arrival, he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the garden-bower.

WELL, they are gone, and here must I remain,
 This lime-tree bower my prison! I have lost
 Beauties and feelings, such as would have been
 Most sweet to my remembrance even when age
 Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,
 Friends, whom I never more may meet again,
 On springy heath, along the hill-top edge,
 Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance.
 To that still roaring dell, of which I told;
 The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep,
 And only speckled by the mid-day sun;
 Where its slim trunk the ash from rock to rock
 Flings arching like a bridge;—that branchless ash,
 Unsunned and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves
 Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still,
 Fanned by the water-fall! and there my friends
 Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds,*
 That all at once (a most fantastic sight!)
 Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge
 Of the blue clay-stone.

Now, my friends emerge
 Beneath the wide wide Heaven—and view again
 The many-steepled tract magnificent
 Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea,
 With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up
 The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two Isles

* *Of long lank weeds.*] The asplenium scolopendrium, called in some countries the Adder's Tongue, in others the Hart's Tongue: but Withering gives the Adder's Tongue as the trivial name of the ophioglossum only.

Of purple shadow ! Yes ! they wander on
 In gladness all ; but thou, methinks, most glad,
 My gentle-hearted Charles ! for thou hast pined
 And hungered after Nature, many a year,
 In the great City pent, winning thy way
 With sad yet patient soul, through evil and pain
 And strange calamity ! Ah ! slowly sink
 Behind the western ridge, thou glorious sun !
 Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb,
 Ye purple heath-flowers ! richlier burn, ye clouds !
 Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves !
 And kindle, thou blue ocean ! So my Friend
 Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood,
 Silent with swimming sense ; yea, gazing round
 On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
 Less gross than bodily ; and of such hues
 As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
 Spirits perceive his presence.

A delight

Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad
 As I myself were there ! Nor in this bower,
 This little lime-tree bower, have I not marked
 Much that has soothed me. Pale beneath the blaze
 Hung the transparent foliage ; and I watched
 Some broad and sunny leaf, and loved to see
 The shadow of the leaf and stem above
 Dappling its sunshine ! And that walnut-tree
 Was richly tinged, and a deep radiance lay
 Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps
 Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass
 Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue
 Through the late twilight : and though now the bat
 Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters,
 Yet still the solitary humble-bee
 Sings in the bean-flower ! Henceforth I shall know
 That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure ;
 No plot so narrow, be but Nature there,
 No waste so vacant, but may well employ
 Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart
 Awake to Love and Beauty ! and sometimes

'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,
 That we may lift the Soul, and contemplate
 With lively joy the joys we cannot share.
 My gentle-hearted Charles ! when the last rook
 Beat its straight path along the dusky air
 Homewards, I blest it ! deeming, its black wing
 (Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light)
 Had crossed the mighty orb's dilated glory,
 While thou stood'st gazing ; or when all was still,
 Flew creaking * o'er thy head, and had a charm
 For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom
 No sound is dissonant which tells of Life.

TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE
 POETRY.

DEAR Charles ! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
 That Genius plunged thee in that wizard fount
 High Castalie : and (sureties of thy faith)
 That Pity and Simplicity stood by,
 And promised for thee, that thou shouldst renounce
 The world's low cares and lying vanities,
 Steadfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse,
 And washed and sanctified to Poesy.
 Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand
 Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior son :
 And with those recreant unbaptized heels
 Thou'rt flying from thy bounden minist'ries—
 So sore it seems and burthensome a task
 To weave unwithering flowers ! But take thou heed :

* *Flew creaking.*] Some months after I had written this line, it gave me pleasure to find that Bartram had observed the same circumstance of the Savanna Crane. 'When these birds move their wings in flight, their strokes are slow, moderate, and regular ; and even when at a considerable distance or high above us, we plainly hear the quill feathers ; their shafts and webs upon one another creak as the joints or working of a vessel in a tempestuous sea.

For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed boy,
 And I have arrows * mystically dipt,
 Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?
 And shall he die unwept, and sink to earth
 'Without the meed of one melodious tear?'
 Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved bard,
 Who to the 'Illustrious † of his native Land
 So properly did look for patronage.'
 Ghost of Mæcenus! hide thy blushing face!
 They snatched him from the sickle and the plough—
 To gauge ale-firkins.

Oh! for shame return!
 On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount,
 There stands a lone and melancholy tree,
 Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
 Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough,
 Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
 And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.
 Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
 Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
 Of night-shade, or its red and tempting fruit,
 These with stopped nostril and glove-guarded hand
 Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine,
 The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.

1796.

TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITATION OF A POEM
 ON THE GROWTH OF AN INDIVIDUAL MIND.

FRIEND of the wise! and teacher of the good!
 Into my heart have I received that lay
 More than historic, that prophetic lay
 Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)

* Pind. Olymp. ii. l. 150.

† Verbatim from Burns' dedication of his Poem to the Nobility and Gentry of the Caledonian Hunt.

Of the foundations and the building up
 Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell
 What may be told, to the understanding mind
 Revealable ; and what within the mind
 By vital breathings secret as the soul
 Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart
 Thoughts all too deep for words !—

Theme hard as high,

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears
 (The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth),
 Of tides obedient to external force,
 And currents self-determined, as might seem,
 Or by some inner power ; of moments awful,
 Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,
 When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received
 The light reflected, as a light bestowed—
 Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,
 Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought
 Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens,
 Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !
 Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars
 Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,
 The guides and the companions of thy way !

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense
 Distending wide, and man beloved as man,
 Where France in all her towns lay vibrating
 Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst
 Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud
 Is visible, or shadow on the main.
 For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,
 Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,
 Amid a mighty nation jubilant,
 When from the general heart of humankind
 Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity !
 —Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,
 So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure
 From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,
 With light unwaning on her eyes, to look
 Far on—herself a glory to behold,

The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain)
 Of Duty, chosen laws controlling choice,
 Action and joy!—An Orphic song indeed,
 A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
 To their own music chanted!

O great Bard!

Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
 With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
 Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
 Have all one age, and from one visible space
 Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
 Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
 Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
 Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,
 And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
 Among the archives of mankind, thy work
 Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
 Of Truth profound a sweet continuous lay,
 Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!
 Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
 The pulses of my being beat anew:
 And even as life returns upon the drowned,
 Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
 Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
 Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
 And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
 And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
 Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
 And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;
 And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
 And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
 Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
 Strewed on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
 In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me,
 Who came a welcomer in herald's guise,
 Singing of glory, and futurity,
 To wander back on such unhealthful road,
 Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill

Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths
Strewed before thy advancing !

Nor do thou,
Sage Bard ! impair the memory of that hour
Of thy communion with my nobler mind
By pity or grief, already felt too long !
Nor let my words import more blame than needs.
The tumult rose and ceased : for peace is nigh
Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.
Amid the howl of more than wintry storms,
The halcyon hears the voice of vernal hours
Already on the wing.

Eve following eve,
Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
Is sweetest ! moments for their own sake hailed,
And more desired, more precious for thy song,
In silence listening, like a devout child,
My soul lay passive, by thy various strain
Driven as in surges now beneath the stars,
With momentary stars of my own birth,
Fair constellated foam,* still darting off
Into the darkness ; now a tranquil sea,
Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the moon.

And when—O Friend ! my comforter and guide !
Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength !—
Thy long-sustained Song finally closed,
And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it ? or aspiration ? or resolve ?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

* 'A beautiful white cloud of foam at momentary intervals coursed by the side of the vessel with a roar, and little stars of flame danced and sparkled and went out in it : and every now and then light detachments of this white cloud-like foam darted off from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.'—*The Friend*, p. 220.

THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATION POEM. APRIL, 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge !
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring : it flows silently,
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
 That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
 And hark ! the Nightingale begins its song,
 ' Most musical, most melancholy ' bird ! *
 A melancholy bird ! Oh ! idle thought !
 In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierce
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain.
 And many a poet echoes the conceit ;
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretched his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moon-light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements

* ' *Most musical, most melancholy.*'] This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description. It is spoken in the character of the melancholy man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton.

Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful ! so his fame
 Should share in Nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing ! and so his song
 Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved like Nature ! But 'twill not be so ;
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
 In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
 Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister ! we have learnt
 A different lore : we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
 And joyance ! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music !

And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
 Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales ; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's song,
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! On moon-lit bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,

Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a Lady vowed and dedicate
 To something more than Nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways ; she knows all their notes,
 That gentle Maid ! and oft a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence ; till the moon
 Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
 With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if some sudden gale had swept at once
 A hundred airy harps ! And she hath watched
 Many a nightingale perched giddily
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler ! till to-morrow eve,
 And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
 We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
 And now for our dear homes.—That strain again !
 Full fain it would delay me ! My dear babe,
 Who, capable of no articulate sound,
 Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
 How he would place his hand beside his ear,
 His little hand, the small forefinger up,
 And bid us listen ! And I deem it wise
 To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows well
 The evening-star ; and once, when he awoke
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
 I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
 And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,

Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam ! Well !—
 It is a father's tale : But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
 Sweet Nightingale ! Once more, my friends ! farewell.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

THE frost performs its secret ministry,
 Unhelped by any wind. The owl's cry
 Came loud—and hark, again ! loud as before.
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
 Have left me to that solitude, which suits
 Abstruser musings : save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
 'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
 This populous village ! Sea, and hill, and wood,
 With all the numberless goings on of life,
 Inaudible as dreams ! the thin blue flame
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not ;
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
 By its own moods interprets, everywhere
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
 And makes a toy of Thought.

But O ! how oft,
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
 To watch that fluttering stranger ! and as oft,
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt

Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come !
 So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreant
 Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams !
 And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fixed with mock study on my swimming book :
 Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
 A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My play-mate when we both were clothed alike !

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought !
 My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
 And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing

Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eve-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

THE THREE GRAVES.

A FRAGMENT OF A SEXTON'S TALE.

[THE Author has published the following humble fragment, encouraged by the decisive recommendation of more than one of our most celebrated living Poets. The language was intended to be dramatic ; that is suited to the narrator ; and the metre corresponds to the homeliness of the diction. It is therefore presented as the fragment, not of a Poem, but of a common Ballad-tale. Whether this is sufficient to justify the adoption of such a style, in any metrical composition not professedly ludicrous, the Author is himself in some doubt. At all events, it is not presented as poetry, and it is in no way connected with the Author's judgment concerning poetic diction. Its merits, if any, are exclusively psychological. The story which must be supposed to have been narrated in the first and second parts is as follows.

Edward, a young farmer, meets at the house of Ellen her bosom-friend Mary, and commences an acquaintance, which ends in a mutual attachment. With her consent, and by the advice of their common friend Ellen, he announces his hopes and intentions to Mary's mother, a widow-woman bordering on her fortieth year, and from constant health, the possession of a competent property, and from having had no other children but Mary and another daughter (the father died in their infancy), retaining for the greater part her personal attractions and comeliness of appearance ; but a woman of low education and violent temper. The answer which she at once returned to Edward's application was remarkable—'Well, Edward ! you are a handsome young fellow, and you shall have my daughter.' From this time all their wooing passed under the mother's eye ; and, in fine, she became herself enamoured of her future son-in-law, and practised every art, both of endearment and of calumny, to transfer his affections from her daughter to herself. (The outlines of the Tale are positive facts, and of no very distant date, though the Author has purposely altered the names and the scene of action, as well as invented the characters of the parties and the detail of the incidents.) Edward, however, though perplexed by her strange detractions from her daughter's good qualities, yet in the innocence of his own heart still mistaking her increasing fondness for motherly affection ; she at length, overcome by her miserable passion, after much abuse of Mary's temper and moral tendencies, exclaimed with violent

emotion—'O Edward! indeed, indeed, she is not fit for you—she has not a heart to love you as you deserve. It is I that love you! Marry me, Edward! and I will this very day settle all my property on you.' The Lover's eyes were now opened; and thus taken by surprise, whether from the effect of the horror which he felt, acting as it were hysterically on his nervous system, or that at the first moment he lost the sense of guilt of the proposal in the feeling of its strangeness and absurdity, he flung her from him and burst into a fit of laughter. Irritated by this almost to frenzy, the woman fell on her knees, and in a loud voice that approached to a scream, she prayed for a curse both on him and on her own child. Mary happened to be in the room directly above them, heard Edward's laugh, and her mother's blasphemous prayer, and fainted away. He, hearing the fall, ran up-stairs, and taking her in his arms, carried her off to Ellen's home; and after some fruitless attempts on her part toward a reconciliation with her mother, she was married to him.—And here the third part of the Tale begins.

I was not led to choose this story from any partiality to tragic, much less to monstrous events (though at the time that I composed the verses, somewhat more than twelve years ago, I was less averse to such subjects than at present), but from finding in it a striking proof of the possible effect on the imagination from an Idea violently and suddenly impressed on it. I had been reading Bryan Edwards's account of the effect of the Oby witchcraft on the Negroes in the West Indies, and Hearne's deeply interesting anecdotes of similar workings on the imagination of the Copper Indians (those of my readers who have it in their power will be well repaid for the trouble of referring to those works for the passages alluded to), and I conceived the design of showing that instances of this kind are not peculiar to savage or barbarous tribes, and of illustrating the mode in which the mind is affected in these cases, and the progress and symptoms of the morbid action on the fancy from the beginning.

The Tale is supposed to be narrated by an old Sexton, in a country church-yard, to a traveller whose curiosity had been awakened by the appearance of three graves, close by each other, to two only of which there were gravestones. On the first of these was the name, and dates, as usual: on the second, no name, but only a date, and the words, 'The Mercy of God is infinite.']

1818.

THE grapes upon the Vicar's wall
 Were ripe as ripe could be;
 And yellow leaves in sun and wind
 Were falling from the tree.

On the hedge-elms in the narrow lane
 Still swung the spikes of corn:
 Dear Lord! it seems but yesterday—
 Young Edward's marriage-morn.

Up through that wood behind the church,
 There leads from Edward's door
 A mossy track, all over-boughed,
 For half a mile or more.

And from their house-door by that track
 The bride and bridegroom went ;
 Sweet Mary, though she was not gay,
 Seemed cheerful and content.

But when they to the church-yard came,
 I've heard poor Mary say,
 As soon as she stepped into the sun,
 Her heart it died away.

And when the Vicar joined their hands,
 Her limbs did creep and freeze ;
 But when they prayed, she thought she saw
 Her mother on her knees.

And o'er the church-path they returned—
 I saw poor Mary's back,
 Just as she stepped beneath the boughs
 Into the mossy track.

Her feet upon the mossy track
 The married maiden set :
 That moment—I have heard her say—
 She wished she could forget.

The shade o'er-flushed her limbs with heat—
 Then came a chill like death :
 And when the merry bells rang out,
 They seemed to stop her breath.

Beneath the foulest mother's curse
 No child could ever thrive :
 A mother is a mother still,
 The holiest thing alive.

So five months passed : the mother still
 Would never heal the strife ;
 But Edward was a loving man,
 And Mary a fond wife.

' My sister may not visit us,
 My mother says her nay,
 O Edward ! you are all to me,
 I wish for your sake I could be
 More lifesome and more gay

'I'm dull and sad ! indeed, indeed
 I know I have no reason !
 Perhaps I am not well in health,
 And 'tis a gloomy season.'

'Twas a drizzly time—no ice, no snow !
 And on the few fine days
 She stirred not out, lest she might meet
 Her mother in the ways.

But Ellen, spite of miry ways
 And weather dark and dreary,
 Trudged every day to Edward's house,
 And made them all more cheery.

Oh ! Ellen was a faithful friend,
 More dear than any sister !
 As cheerful too as singing lark ;
 And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
 And then they always missed her.

And now Ash-Wednesday came—that day
 But few to church repair :
 For on that day you know we read
 The Commination prayer.

Our late old Vicar, a kind man,
 Once, Sir, he said to me,
 He wished that service was clean out
 Of our good liturgy.

The mother walked into the church—
 To Ellen's seat she went :
 Though Ellen always kept her church
 All church-days during Lent.

And gentle Ellen welcomed her
 With courteous looks and mild :
 Thought she ' what if her heart should melt,
 And all be reconciled !'

The day was scarcely like a day—
 The clouds were black outright :
 And many a night, with half a moon,
 I've seen the church more light.

The wind was wild ; against the glass
 The rain did beat and bicker ;
 The church-tower swinging over head,
 You scarce could hear the Vicar !

And then and there the mother knelt,
 And audibly she cried—
 ‘Oh ! may a clinging curse consume
 This woman by my side !

‘O hear me, hear me, Lord in Heaven,
 Although you take my life—
 O curse this woman, at whose house
 Young Edward woo’d his wife.

‘By night and day, in bed and bower,
 O let her cursed be !’
 So having prayed, steady and slow,
 She rose up from her knee,
 And left the church, nor e’er again
 The church-door entered she.

I saw poor Ellen kneeling still,
 So pale, I guessed not why :
 When she stood up, there plainly was
 A trouble in her eye.

And when the prayers were done, we all
 Came round and asked her why :
 Giddy she seemed, and sure there was
 A trouble in her eye.

But ere she from the church-door stepped
 She smiled and told us why :
 ‘It was a wicked woman’s curse,’
 Quoth she, ‘and what care I ?’

She smiled, and smiled, and passed it off
 Ere from the door she stept—
 But all agree it would have been
 Much better had she wept.

And if her heart was not at ease,
 This was her constant cry—

'It was a wicked woman's curse—
God's good, and what care I?'

There was a hurry in her looks,
Her struggles she redoubled :
'It was a wicked woman's curse,
And why should I be troubled?'

These tears will come—I dandled her
When 'twas the merest fairy—
Good creature ! and she hid it all :
She told it not to Mary.

But Mary heard the tale : her arms
Round Ellen's neck she threw ;
'O Ellen, Ellen, she cursed me,
And now she hath cursed you !'

I saw young Edward by himself
Stalk fast adown the lee,
He snatched a stick from every fence,
A twig from every tree.

He snapped them still with hand or knee,
And then away they flew !
As if with his uneasy limbs
He knew not what to do !

You see, good Sir ! that single hill?
His farm lies underneath ;
He heard it there, he heard it all,
And only gnashed his teeth.

Now Ellen was a darling love
In all his joys and cares :
And Ellen's name and Mary's name
Fast-linked they both together came,
Whene'er he said his prayers.

And in the moment of his prayers
He loved them both alike :
Yea, both sweet names with one sweet joy
Upon his heart did strike !

He reached his home, and by his looks
 They saw his inward strife :
 And they clung round him with their arms,
 Both Ellen and his wife.

And Mary could not check her tears,
 So on his breast she bowed ;
 Then frenzy melted into grief,
 And Edward wept aloud.

Dear Ellen did not weep at all,
 But closelier did she cling,
 And turned her face and looked as if
 She saw some frightful thing.

THE THREE GRAVES.

PART IV.

To see a man tread over graves
 I hold it no good mark ;
 'Tis wicked in the sun and moon,
 And bad luck in the dark !

You see that grave ? The Lord he gives,
 The Lord he takes away :
 O Sir ! the child of my old age
 Lies there as cold as clay.

Except that grave, you scarce see one
 That was not dug by me !
 I'd rather dance upon 'em all
 Than tread upon these three !

'Ay, Sexton ! 'tis a touching tale.'
 You, Sir ! are but a lad ;
 This month I'm in my seventieth year,
 And still it makes me sad.

And Mary's sister told it me,
 For three good hours and more ;

Though I had heard it, in the main,
From Edward's self before.

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more:
She managed all the dairy.

To market she on market-days,
To church on Sundays came;
All seemed the same: all seemed so, Sir!
But all was not the same!

Had Ellen lost her mirth? Oh! no!
But she was seldom cheerful;
And Edward looked as if he thought
That Ellen's mirth was fearful.

When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhyme;
She could not now be glad for hours,
Yet silent all the time.

And when she soothed her friend, through all
Her soothing words 'twas plain
She had a sore grief of her own,
A haunting in her brain.

And oft she said, I'm not grown thin!
And then her wrist she spanned;
And once when Mary was down-cast,
She took her by the hand,
And gazed upon her, and at first
She gently pressed her hand;

Then harder, till her grasp at length
Did gripe like a convulsion!
Alas! said she, we ne'er can be
Made happy by compulsion!

And once her both arms suddenly
Round Mary's neck she flung,
And her heart panted, and she felt
The words upon her tongue.

She felt them coming, but no power
 Had she the words to smother ;
 And with a kind of shriek she cried,
 ' Oh Christ ! you're like your mother !'

So gentle Ellen now no more
 Could make this sad house cheery ;
 And Mary's melancholy ways
 Drove Edward wild and weary.

Lingering he raised his latch at eve,
 Though tired in heart and limb :
 He loved no other place, and yet
 Home was no home to him.

One evening he took up a book,
 And nothing in it read ;
 Then flung it down, and groaning cried,
 ' Oh ! Heaven ! that I were dead.'

Mary looked up into his face,
 And nothing to him said ;
 She tried to smile, and on his arm
 Mournfully leaned her head.

And he burst into tears, and fell
 Upon his knees in prayer :
 ' Her heart is broke ! O God ! my grief,
 It is too great to bear !'

'Twas such a foggy time as makes
 Old sextons, Sir ! like me,
 Rest on their spades to cough ; the spring
 Was late uncommonly.

And then the hot days, all at once,
 They came, we knew not how :
 You looked about for shade, when scarce
 A leaf was on a bough.

It happened then ('twas in the bower
 A furlong up the wood :
 Perhaps you know the place, and yet
 I scarce know how you should,—)

No path leads thither, 'tis not nigh
 To any pasture-plot ;
 But clustered near the chattering brook,
 Lone hollies marked the spot.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
 As of an arbour took,
 A close, round arbour ; and it stands
 Not three strides from a brook.

Within this arbour, which was still
 With scarlet berries hung,
 Were these three friends, one Sunday morn
 Just as the first bell rung.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
 To hear the Sabbath-bell,
 'Tis sweet to hear them both at once,
 Deep in a woody dell.

His limbs along the moss, his head
 Upon a mossy heap,
 With shut-up senses, Edward lay :
 That brook e'en on a working day
 Might chatter one to sleep.

And he had passed a restless night,
 And was not well in health ;
 The women sat down by his side,
 And talked as 'twere by stealth.

' The sun peeps through the close thick leaves,
 See, dearest Ellen ! see !

'Tis in the leaves, a little sun,
 No bigger than your ee ;

' A tiny sun, and it has got
 A perfect glory too ;

Ten thousand threads and hairs of light,
 Make up a glory, gay and bright,
 Round that small orb, so blue.'

And then they argued of those rays,
 What colour they might be ;
 Says this, ' they're mostly green ;' says that,
 ' They're amber-like to me.'

So they sat chatting, while bad thoughts
 Were troubling Edward's rest ;
 But soon they heard his hard quick pants,
 And the thumping in his breast.

'A mother too !' these self-same words
 Did Edward mutter plain ;
 His face was drawn back on itself,
 With horror and huge pain.

Both groaned at once, for both knew well
 What thoughts were in his mind ;
 When he waked up, and stared like one
 That hath been just struck blind.

He sat upright ; and ere the dream
 Had had time to depart,
 'O God, forgive me ! (he exclaimed)
 I have torn out her heart.'

Then Ellen shrieked, and forthwith burst
 Into ungentle laughter ;
 And Mary shivered, where she sat,
 And never she smiled after.

Carmen reliquum in futurum tempus relegatum. To-morrow ! and To-mor-
 row ! and To-morrow !—

ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEJECTION : AN ODE.

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,
 With the old Moon in her arms ;
 And I fear, I fear, my Master dear !
 We shall have a deadly storm.

BALLAD OF SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

I.

WELL ! If the Bard was weather-wise who made
 The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
 This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
 Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade

Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
 Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes
 Upon the strings of this Eolian lute,
 Which better far wère mute.
 For lo ! the new Moon winter-bright !
 And overspread with phantom light,
 (With swimming phantom light o'erspread
 But rimmed and circled by a silver thread,)

I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
 The coming on of rain and squally blast.
 And oh ! that even now the gust were swelling,
 And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast !
 Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
 And sent my soul abroad,
 Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
 Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live !

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
 In word, or sigh, or tear—
 O Lady ! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
 All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,
 And its peculiar tint of yellow green :
 And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye !
 And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars ;
 Those stars, that glide behind them or between,
 Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen :
 Yon crescent Moon as fixed as if it grew
 In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;
 I see them all so excellently fair,
 I see, not feel, how beautiful they are !

III.

My genial spirits fail ;
 And what can these avail
 To lift the smothering weight from off my breast ?

It were a vain endeavour,
 Though I should gaze for ever
 On that green light that lingers in the west :
 I may not hope from outward forms to win
 The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O Lady ! we receive but what we give,
 And in our life alone does nature live :
 Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !
 And would we aught behold, of higher worth,
 Than that inanimate cold world allowed
 To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth,
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the Earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

V.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous Lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,
 Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,
 Joy, Lady ! is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
 A new Earth and new Heaven,
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

VI.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.
 But now afflictions bow me down to earth :
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth,
 But oh ! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of Imagination.
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan :
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream !
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
 Of agony by torture lengthened out
 That lute sent forth ! Thou Wind, that ravest without,
 Bare craig, or mountain-tairn,* or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad Lutanist ! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

* Tairn is a small lake, generally, if not always, applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the Storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold !
 What tell'st thou now about ?
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,
 With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold !
 But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !
 And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans, and tremulous shuddering—all is over—
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !
 A tale of less affright,
 And tempered with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,
 'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way :
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !
 Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth !
 With light heart may she rise,
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice ;
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
 Their life the eddying of her living soul !
 O simple spirit, guided from above,
 Dear Lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

ODE TO GEORGIANA,

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH STANZA
IN HER 'PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD.'

'And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart.'

SPLENDOUR'S fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,
From all that teaches brotherhood to Man
Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear,
Obeisance, praises soothed your infant heart:
Emblasonments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form of art,
Detained your eye from nature: stately vests,
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,
Were yours unearned by toil; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell!
O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure!
Whence learn'd you that heroic measure?

There crowd your finely-fibred frame,
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,

His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
 And bending low, with godlike kiss
 Breathed in a more celestial life ;
 But boasts not many a fair compeer,
 A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
 And some, perchance, might wage an equal strife,
 Some few, to nobler being wrought,
 Corrivals in the nobler gift of thought.

Yet these delight to celebrate
 Laurelled war and plummy state ;
 Or in verse and music dress
 Tales of rustic happiness—
 Pernicious tales ! insidious strains !
 That steel the rich man's breast,
 And mock the lot unblest,
 The sordid vices and the abject pains,
 Which evermore must be
 The doom of ignorance and penury !
 But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
 You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell !
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !
 Whence learn'd you that heroic measure ?

You were a mother ! That most holy name,
 Which Heaven and Nature bless,
 I may not vilely prostitute to those
 Whose infants owe them less
 Than the poor caterpillar owes
 Its gaudy parent fly.

You were a mother ! at your bosom fed
 The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
 Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read,
 Which you yourself created. Oh ! delight !
 A second time to be a mother,
 Without the mother's bitter groans :
 Another thought, and yet another,
 By touch, or taste, by looks or tones
 O'er the growing sense to roll,
 The mother of your infant's soul !

The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides
 His chariot-planet round the goal of day,
 All trembling gazes on the eye of God,
 A moment turned his awful face away ;
 And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
 New influences in your being rose,
 Blest intuitions and communions fleet
 With living Nature, in her joys and woes !
 Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
 The shrine of social Liberty !
 O beautiful ! O Nature's child !
 'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild
 Where once the Austrian fell
 Beneath the shaft of Tell !
 O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure !
 Thence learn'd you that heroic measure.

ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY ! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame !
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
 To low intrigue, or factious rage ;
 For oh ! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
 To thee I gave my early youth,
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scared me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him but seldom, Power divine,
 Thy spirit rests ! Satiety
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
 Mock the tired worldling. Idle hope
 And dire remembrance interlope,
 To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind :
 The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead
 At morning through the accustomed mead ;

And in the sultry summer's heat
 Will build me up a mossy seat ;
 And when the gust of Autumn crowds,
 And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
 Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
 Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
 To thee I dedicate the whole !
 And while within myself I trace
 The greatness of some future race,
 Aloof with hermit-eye I scan
 The present works of present man—
 A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
 Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

LINES TO W. L.

WHILE HE SANG A SONG TO PURCELL'S MUSIC.

WHILE my young cheek retains its healthful hues,
 And I have many friends who hold me dear ;
 L—— ! methinks, I would not often hear
 Such melodies as thine, lest I should lose
 All memory of the wrongs and sore distress,
 For which my miserable brethren weep !
 But should uncomforted misfortunes steep
 My daily bread in tears and bitterness ;
 And if at death's dread moment I should lie,
 With no beloved face at my bed-side,
 To fix the last glance of my closing eye,
 Methinks, such strains, breathed by my angel-guide,
 Would make me pass the cup of anguish by,
 Mix with the blest, nor know that I had died !

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDONED HIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS
MELANCHOLY.

HENCE that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear !
To plundered want's half-sheltered hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten infant hear
Moan haply in a dying mother's ear :
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sear elm-leaves strewed,
Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part
Was slaughtered, where o'er his uncoffined limbs
The flocking flesh-birds screamed ! Then, while thy heart
Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims,
Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young mind)
What nature makes thee mourn, she bids thee heal !
O abject ! if, to sickly dreams resigned,
All effortless thou leave life's common-weal
A prey to tyrants, murderers of mankind.

 THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE-HYMN.

COPIED FROM A PRINT OF THE VIRGIN, IN A ROMAN CATHOLIC
VILLAGE IN GERMANY.

DORMI, Jesu ! Mater ridet
Quæ tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu ! blandule !
Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.

ENGLISH.

SLEEP, sweet babe ! my cares beguiling :
 Mother sits beside thee smiling ;
 Sleep, my darling, tenderly !
 If thou sleep not, mother mourneth,
 Singing as her wheel she turneth :
 Come, soft slumber, balmily !

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Its balmy lips the infant blest
 Relaxing from its mother's breast,
 How sweet it heaves the happy sigh
 Of innocent satiety !

And such my infant's latest sigh !
 O tell, rude stone ! the passer by,
 That here the pretty babe doth lie,
 Death sang to sleep with Lullaby.

MELANCHOLY.

A FRAGMENT.

STRETCHED on a mouldered Abbey's broadest wall,
 Where ruining ivies propped the ruins steep—
 Her folded arms wrapping her tattered pall,
 Had Melancholy mused herself to sleep.
 The fern was pressed beneath her hair,
 The dark green adder's tongue was there ;
 And still as past the flagging sea-gale weak,
 The long lank leaf bowed fluttering o'er her cheek.

That pallid cheek was flushed : her eager look
 Beamed eloquent in slumber ! Inly wrought,
 Imperfect sounds her moving lips forsook,
 And her bent forehead worked with troubled thought.
 Strange was the dream——

TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

I.

MARK this holy chapel well !
 The birth-place, this, of William Tell.
 Here, where stands God's altar dread,
 Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

II.

Here, first, an infant to her breast,
 Him his loving mother prest ;
 And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
 And prayed as mothers use to pray.

III.

' Vouchsafe him health, O God ! and give
 The child thy servant still to live !'
 But God had destined to do more
 Through him, than through an armed power.

IV.

God gave him reverence of laws,
 Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
 A spirit to his rocks akin,
 The eye of the hawk and the fire therein !

V.

To Nature and to Holy Writ
 Alone did God the boy commit :
 Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
 His soul found wings, and soared aloft !

VI.

The straining oar and chamois chase
 Had formed his limbs to strength and grace :

On wave and wind the boy would toss,
Was great, nor knew how great he was !

VII.

He knew not that his chosen hand,
Made strong by God, his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of Slavery—the which he broke !

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

THE shepherds went their hasty way,
And found the lowly stable-shed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay :
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe, that at her bosom clung,
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.

II.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night !
While sweeter than a mother's song,
Blest Angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high ! and Peace on Earth.

III.

She listened to the tale divine,
And closer still the Babe she prest ;
And while she cried, the Babe is mine !
The milk rushed faster to her breast :
Joy rose within her, like a summer's morn ;
Peace, Peace on Earth ! the Prince of Peace is born.

IV.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple, and of low estate !

That strife should vanish, battle cease,
 O why should this thy soul elate?
 Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,—
 Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

V.

And is not War a youthful king,
 A stately hero clad in mail?
 Beneath his footsteps laurels spring;
 Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail
 Their friend, their playmate! and his bold bright eye
 Compels the maiden's love-confessing sigh.

VI.

'Tell this in some more courtly scene,
 To maids and youths in robes of state!
 I am a woman poor and mean,
 And therefore is my soul elate.
 War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
 That from the aged father tears his child!

VII.

'A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
 He kills the sire and starves the son;
 The husband kills, and from her board
 Steals all his widow's toil had won;
 Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
 All safety from the night, all comfort from the day.

VIII.

'Then wisely is my soul elate
 That strife should vanish, battle cease:
 I'm poor and of a low estate,
 The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
 Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn:
 Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.'

HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

IF dead, we cease to be ; if total gloom
 Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare
 As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom,
 Whose sound and motion not alone declare,
 But are their whole of being ! If the breath
 Be life itself, and not its task and tent,
 If even a soul like Milton's can know death ;
 O Man ! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant,
 Yet drone-hive strange of phantom purposes !
 Surplus of nature's dread activity,
 Which, as she gazed on some nigh-finished vase
 Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
 She formed with restless hands unconsciously !
 Blank accident ! nothing's anomaly !
 If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
 Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes, thy fears,
 The counter-weights !—Thy laughter and thy tears
 Mean but themselves, each fittest to create,
 And to repay the other ! Why rejoices
 Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good ?
 Why cowl thy face beneath the mourner's hood,
 Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
 Image of image, ghost of ghostly elf,
 That such a thing as thou feel'st warm or cold ?
 Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold
 These costless shadows of thy shadowy self ?
 Be sad ! be glad ! be neither ! seek, or shun !
 Thou hast no reason why ! Thou canst have none ;
 Thy being's being is contradiction.

THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone :

Scarce had I welcomed the sorrow-beguiler,
Iacchus ! but in came boy Cupid the smiler ;
Lo ! Phœbus the glorious descends from his throne !
They advance, they float in, the Olympians all !
With divinities fills my
Terrestrial hall !

How shall I yield you
Due entertainment,
Celestial quire ?

Me rather, bright guests ! with your wings of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre !
Hah ! we mount ! on their pinions they waft up my soul !
O give me the nectar !
O fill me the bowl !

Give him the nectar !
Pour out for the poet,
Hebe ! pour free !

Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be !
Thanks, Hebe ! I quaff it ! Io Pæan, I cry !
The wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die !

ELEGY,

IMITATED FROM ONE OF AKENSIDE'S BLANK-VERSE INSCRIPTIONS.

NEAR the lone pile with ivy overspread,
Fast by the rivulet's sleep-persuading sound,

Where 'sleeps the moonlight' on yon verdant bed—
 O humbly press that consecrated ground !
 For there does Edmund rest, the learned swain !
 And there his spirit most delights to rove :
 Young Edmund ! famed for each harmonious strain,
 And the sore wounds of ill-requited love.
 Like some tall tree that spreads its branches wide,
 And loads the west-wind with its soft perfume,
 His manhood blossomed : till the faithless pride
 Of fair Matilda sank him to the tomb.
 But soon did righteous Heaven her guilt pursue !
 Where'er with wildered step she wandered pale,
 Still Edmund's image rose to blast her view,
 Still Edmund's voice accused her in each gale.
 With keen regret, and conscious guilt's alarms,
 Amid the pomp of affluence she pined ;
 Nor all that lured her faith from Edmund's arms
 Could lull the wakeful horror of her mind.
 Go, Traveller ! tell the tale with sorrow fraught :
 Some tearful maid perchance, or blooming youth,
 May hold it in remembrance ; and be taught
 That riches cannot pay for Love or Truth.

THE PANG MORE SHARP THAN ALL.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

HE too has flitted from his secret nest,
 Hope's last and dearest Child without a name !—
 Has flitted from me, like the warmthless flame,
 That makes false promise of a place of rest
 To the tired Pilgrim's still believing mind ;—
 Or like some Elfin Knight in kingly court,
 Who having won all guerdons in his sport,
 Glides out of view, and whither none can find !

II.

Yes ! He hath flitted from me—with what aim,
 Or why, I know not ! 'Twas a home of bliss,
 And He was innocent, as the pretty shame
 Of babe, that tempts and shuns the menaced kiss,
 From its twy-cluster'd hiding-place of snow !
 Pure as the babe, I ween, and all aglow
 As the dear hopes, that swell the mother's breast—
 Her eyes down gazing o'er her clasped charge ;—
 Yet gay as that twice happy father's kiss,
 That well might glance aside, yet never miss,
 Where the sweet mark embossed so sweet a targe—
 Twice wretched he who hath been doubly blest !

III.

Like a loose blossom on a gusty night
 He flitted from me—and has left behind
 (As if to them his faith he ne'er did plight)
 Of either sex and answerable mind.
 Two playmates, twin-births of his foster-dame :—
 The one a steady lad (Esteem he hight),
 And Kindness is the gentler sister's name.
 Dim likeness now, tho' fair she be and good,
 Of that bright Boy who hath us all forsook ;—
 But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
 And while her face reflected every look,
 And in reflection kindled—she became
 So like Him, that almost she seemed the same !

IV.

Ah ! He is gone, and yet will not depart !—
 Is with me still, yet I from Him exiled !
 For still there lives within my secret heart
 The magic image of the magic Child,
 Which there He made up-grow by his strong art
 As in that crystal * orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
 The wondrous 'World of Glass,' wherein inisled
 All longed for things their beings did repeat ;—

* *Facrie Queene*, B. III. c. 2, s. 19.

And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete !

v.

Can wit of man a heavier grief reveal ?
Can sharper pang from hate or scorn arise ?—
Yes ! one more sharp there is that deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,
But sad compassion and atoning zeal !
One pang more blighting-keen than hope betrayed !
And this it is my woeful hap to feel,
When at her Brother's hest, the twin-born Maid,
With face averted and unsteady eyes,
Her truant playmate's faded robe puts on ;
And inly shrinking from her own disguise
Enacts the faery Boy that's lost and gone.
O worse than all ! O pang all pangs above,
Is Kindness counterfeiting absent Love !

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

IN the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in 'Purchas's Pilgrimage : ' ' Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto : and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall.' The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise

and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas ! without the after restoration of the latter :

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair,
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile,
Poor youth ! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return ! And lo ! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the Author has frequently purposed to finish for himself what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *Ἀύριον ἄδιον ἄσω* : but the to-morrow is yet to come.

As a contrast to this vision, I have annexed a fragment of a very different character, describing with equal fidelity the dream of pain and disease.—1816.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray
 With moving lips or bended knees ;
 But silently, by slow degrees,
 My spirit I to Love compose,
 In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
 With reverential resignation,
 No wish conceived, no thought exprest,
 Only a sense of supplication ;
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest
 That I am weak, yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, everywhere
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.

But yester-night I prayed aloud
 In anguish and in agony,
 Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me :
 A lurid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And whom I scorned, those only strong !
 Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
 Still baffled, and yet burning still !
 Desire with loathing strangely mixed
 On wild or hateful objects fixed.
 Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !
 And shame and terror over all !
 Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
 Which all confused I could not know,
 Whether I suffered, or I did :
 For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe,
 My own or others, still the same
 Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

So two nights passed : the night's dismay
 Saddened and stunned the coming day.

Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child ;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stained with sin,—
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do !
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

PROSE IN RHYME:

OR, EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS
WITHOUT A NAME.

Ἔρωσ ἀεὶ λάγνηδρος ἔταιρος.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would show.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

UNCHANGED within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' Wanings shouldst thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor heed
Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite:
And tho' thou notest from thy safe recess
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *are*: nor love them less,
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*.

SONG.

THO' veiled in spires of myrtle wreath,
 Love is a sword that cuts its sheath,
 And thro' the clefts, itself has made,
 We spy the flashes of the Blade !

But thro' the clefts, itself had made,
 We likewise see Love's flashing blade
 By rust consumed or snapt in twain :
 And only Hilt and Stump remain.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
 And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
 A tender Love so pure from earthly leaven
 That I unnethe the fancy might control,
 'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven
 Wooing its gentle way into my soul !
 But ah ! the change—It had not stirred, and yet
 Alas ! that change how fain would I forget ?
 That shrinking back, like one that had mistook !
 That weary, wandering, disavowing Look !
 'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
 And still, methought, I knew it was the same !

FRIEND.

This riddling Tale, to what does it belong ?
 Is't History ? Vision ? or an idle Song ?
 Or rather say at once, within what space
 Of Time this wild disastrous change took place ?

AUTHOR.

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems),
 This Tale's a Fragment from the Life of Dreams ;
 But say, that years matured the silent strife,
 And 'tis a Record from the Dream of Life.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21ST FEBRUARY, 1827.

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
 And WINTER, slumbering in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye Amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll :
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?
 WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,
 And HOPE without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a Breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
 Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine ! Life went a maying
 With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
 When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woeful *WHEN* !
 Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then !

This breathing House not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,
 How lightly *then* it flashed along :—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
 That fear no spite of Wind or 'Tide !
 Nought cared this Body for wind or weather
 When YOUTH and I lived in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely ; LOVE is flower-like ;
 FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree ;
 O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old? Ah woeful *ERE*,
 Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here !
 O YOUTH ! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
 Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet tolled :—
 And thou wert aye a Masker bold !
 What strange Disguise hast now put on,
 To *make believe*, that thou art gone ?
 I see these Locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping Gait, this altered Size :
 But SPRINGTIDE blossoms on thy Lips,
 And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but Thought : so think I will
 That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures when they're shut :—
 I see a Fountain, large and fair,
 A Willow and a ruined Hut,
 And thee, and me, and Mary there.

O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green Willow !

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree :
And, lo ! where Mary leans her head,
Two dear names carved upon the tree !
And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :
Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas Day ! But now few, large, and bright
The stars are round the crescent moon !
And now it is a dark warm Night,
The balmiest of the month of June !
A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines, and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest !
For dearly, ASRA ! love I thee !
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me !
Fount, Tree, and Shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made ;
And now they slumber, moveless all !
And now they melt to one deep shade !
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !
But let me check this tender lay,
Which none may hear but she and thou !
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT WOMEN
HAVE NO SOULS.

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you *are*, you cannot *have*:
'Tis I, that *have* one since I first had *you*!

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS
OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul! I would have said:
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer

Right onward. What? though dread of threatened death
 And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
 Inconstant to the truth within thy heart?
 That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice didst start,
 Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
 Or not so vital as to claim thy life :
 And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
 Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
 Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
 And proudly talk of *recrunt* BERENGARE—
 O first the age, and then the man compare !
 That age how dark ! congenial minds how rare !
 No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn !
 No throbbing hearts awaited his return !
 Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
 He only disenchanted from the spell,
 Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
 Moved in the scanty circle of his light :
 And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
 That did but guide the night-birds to their prey ?

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
 Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn !
 Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
 The spots and struggles of the timid DAWN ;
 Lest so we tempt th' approaching NOON to scorn
 The mists and painted vapours of our MORN.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
 A walking the DEVIL is gone,
 To visit his little snug farm of the cart'ā
 And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
 And he went over the plain,

And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a LAWYER killing a Viper
On a dung heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A POTHECARY on a white horse
Rode by on his vocations,
And the Devil thought of his old Friend
DEATH in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
Quoth he! we are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a cormorant once
Fast by the tree of knowledge.*

* And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE
High, eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold (query *paper-money*), and next to Life
Our Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by.—

* * * * *

So clomb this first grand thief—
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant.—PAR. LOST, IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for 'LIFE' *Cod. quid. habent*, 'TRADE.' Though indeed THE TRADE, i. e. the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξόχην*, may be regarded as LIFE *sensu eminentiori*; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c., of the trade, exclaimed, 'Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!'—This 'Life, *our* Death,' is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
 A pig, with vast celerity,
 And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while
 It cut its own throat. There ! quoth he with a smile
 Goes ' England's commercial prosperity.'

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
 A solitary cell,
 And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
 For improving his prisons in Hell.

* * * * *

General —— burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to hell his way did he take,
 For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
 It was general conflagration.

THE ALIENATED MISTRESS :

A MADRIGAL.

(FROM AN UNFINISHED MELODRAMA.)

LADY.

IF Love be dead (and you aver it !)
 Tell me, Bard ! where Love lies buried.

POET.

Love lies buried where 'twas born,
 Ah, faithless nymph ! think it no scorn

Of this poem, which with the Fire, Famine, and Slaughter first appeared in the Morning Post, the three first stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr Southey. Between the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted, as grounded on subjects that have lost their interest—and for better reasons.

If any one should ask, who General —— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General ; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the Author never meant any one, or indeed anything but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

If in my fancy I presume
 To name thy bosom poor LOVE's Tomb,
 And on that Tomb to read the line,
 Here lies a Love that once was mine,
 But took a chill, as I divine,
 And died at length of a decline.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

SINCE all, that beat about in Nature's range,
 Or veer or vanish ; why should'st thou remain
 The only constant in a world of change,
 O yearning THOUGHT, that liv'st but in the brain ?
 Call to the HOURS, that in the distance play,
 The faery people of the future day——
 Fond THOUGHT ! not one of all that shining swarm
 Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
 Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
 Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death !
 Yet still thou haunt'st me : and though well I see,
 She is not thou, and only thou art she,
 Still, still as though some dear *embodied* Good,
 Some *living* Love before my eyes there stood
 With answering look a ready ear to lend,
 I mourn to thee and say—' Ah ! loveliest Friend !
 That this the meed of all my toils might be,
 To have a home, an English home, and thee !
 Vain repetition ! Home and Thou are one.
 The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,
 Lulled by the Thrush and wakened by the Lark,
 Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,
 Whose Helmsman on an Ocean waste and wide
 Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.'

And art thou nothing ? Such thou art, as when
 The woodman, winding westward up the glen
 At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
 The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,

Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
 An image * with a glory round its head :
 The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
 Nor knows he *makes* the shadow he pursues !

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

ERE the birth of my life, if I wished it or no
 No question was asked me—it could not be so !
 If the life was the question, a thing sent to try
 And to live on be YES : what can No be ? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned as 'twas sent ? Is't no worse for the wear ?
 Think first, what you ARE ! Call to mind what you WERE !
 I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
 Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
 Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair ?
 Make out the Invent'ry ; inspect, compare !
 Then die—if die you dare !

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE TREE.

A LAMENT.

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the un-

* This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passages of the AIDS TO REFLECTION :

'Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius : as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it as a *projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head*, or recoils from it as a spectre.'—AIDS TO REFLECTION, p. 220.

inspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose :

While our first parents were yet standing before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or moderator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed : 'Nay, Lord, in thy justice, for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain here all the days of his now mortal life, and enjoy the respite thou mayest grant him, in this thy Paradise which thou gavest to him, and hast planted with every tree pleasant to the sight of man and of delicious fruitage.' And the word of the Most High answered Satan : '*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend ! guilt deep as thine could not be, yet the love of kind not extinguished. But if having done what thou hast done, thou hadst yet the heart of man within thee, and the yearning of the soul for its answering image and completing counterpart, O spirit desperately wicked ! the sentence thou counsellest had been thy own.'

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting : and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.

S. T. C.

I.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. 'What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own.' The presence of a ONE,

The best beloved, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from with'in is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

2.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense, the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel

the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

3.

Hope, Imagination, honourable Aims,
 Free Commune with the choir that cannot die,
 Science and Song, delight in little things,
 The buoyant child surviving in the man,
 Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
 With all their voices mute—O dare I accuse
 My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen
 Or call my niggard destiny! No! no!
 It is her largeness, and her overflow,
 Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
 But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
 Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
 In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.
 Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
 Then melts the bubble into idle air,
 - And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5.

The mother with anticipated glee
 Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair
 And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee
 Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare
 To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
 She hears her own voice with a new delight;
 And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

6

Then is she tenfold gladder than before!
 But should disease or chance the darling take,
 What then avails those songs, which sweet of yore
 Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake?
 Dear maid! no prattler at a mother's knee
 Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee*:
 Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me?

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O ! it is pleasant with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy ; or with head bent low
 And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land !
 Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
 By those deep sounds possessed with inward light
 Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEE
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY, WITH
 UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be,
 That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st endure :
 When straight from Dreamland came a dwarf, and he
 Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
 Fixed on my heart ; and read aloud in game
 The loves and griefs therein, as from a book ;
 And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
 Two FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER !
That to let forth, and *this* to keep within !
 But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of PLEASURE only will to all dispense,
 That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
 Choked or turned inward; but still issue thence
 Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,
 That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
 Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
 Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright :

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
 Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
 Or e'er they sank to earth in vernal showers,
 Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza ! on that face of thine,
 On that benignant face, whose look alone
 (The soul's translucence through her crystal shrine !)
 Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own.

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
 But with a silent charm compels the stern
 And tort'ring Genius of the BITTER SPRING,
 To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
 In passion, spleen, or strife,) the FOUNT OF PAIN
 O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
 And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
 On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
 Had passed : yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
 Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream :

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
 Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,
 O sweet, sweet sufferer ! if the case be so,
 I pray thee, be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,
 On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !
 Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !
 Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give !

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

A PROSE composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto; I the second; and whichever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humorous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh: and the Ancient Mariner was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the 'Fortunate Isles' of the Muses; and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory. and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend's judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress!
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The morn was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree:
And all put on a gentle hue,

Hanging in the shadowy air
 Like a picture rich and rare.
 It was a climate where, they say,
 The night is more beloved than day.
 But who that beauteous Boy beguiled,
 That beauteous Boy to linger here?
 Alone, by night, a little child,
 In place so silent and so wild—
 Has he no friend, no loving Mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decease of the 'Wanderings of Cain, a poem.'—intreating, however, my readers not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment, (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record *pro tædio publico* a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content, therefore, with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

CANTO II.

'A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight.' Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

'It is dark, O my father!' said Enos, 'but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight.'

'Lead on, my child!' said Cain: 'guide me, little child!' And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. 'The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.' 'Yea, pleasantly, father, for I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on

these fir trees ! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me ? I would be good to them as thou art good to me : and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me ?' Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that ; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me ; he is around me even as the air ! O that I might be utterly no more ! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold ! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils. So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space ! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice ; and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me ; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up.' Then Enos spake to his father, 'Arise, my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher.' And Cain said, 'How knowest thou ?' and the child answered—'Behold, the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest ; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo.' Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him : and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly ; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air ; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire ; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath : and the black abundant locks on either side, a

rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate: the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn: and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, 'Woe, is me! woe, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger.'

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his father's robe, and raised his eyes to his father, and listening whispered, 'Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it:' and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his

face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother ABEL whom he had killed! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul, the SHAPE fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, 'Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery.' Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, 'What beholdest thou? Didst thou hear a voice, my son?' 'Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation.' Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said, 'The Creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?' Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; 'I know where the cold waters are but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?' But Cain said, 'Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?' The Shape answered, 'The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God.' Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. 'Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life,' exclaimed the Shape, 'who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion.' Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, 'The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?' and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sit-

ting, and where Enos still stood ; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, ' he has passed into the dark woods,' and he walked slowly back to the rocks ; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground ; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, ' Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead ? where doth he make his dwelling ? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him ? for I have offerèd, but have not been received ; I have prayed, and have not been heard ; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am ? ' The Shape arose and answered, ' O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam ! and bring thy child with thee ! '

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

ZAPOLYA :

A CHRISTMAS TALE,

IN TWO PARTS.

Πάρ πυρὶ χρῆ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὄρα.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

PART I.

THE PRELUDE,

ENTITLED

'THE USURPER'S FORTUNE.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the Winter's Tale of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a Prelude instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the Æschylian Trilogy of the Agamemnon, the Orestes, and the Eumenides. Though a matter of *form* merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the *Time* of the interval ; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i. e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARACTERS.

Men.

EMERICK	Usurping King of Illyria.
RAAB KIUPRILI	An Illyrian Chieftain.
CASIMIR	Son of Kiuprili.
CHEF RAGOZZI	A Military Commander.

Women.

ZAPOLYA	Queen of Illyria.
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SCENE I.

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHEF RAGOZZI, at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

My eyes deceive me not, it must be he.
 Who but our chief, my more than father, who
 But Raab Kiuprili moves with *such* a gait?
 Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
 But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
 My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
 Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.
Drums beat, &c., the Guard turns out. Enter RAAB.

KIUPRILI.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*Making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*)
 Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
 For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,
 Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
 Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.
 Soldiers, 'tis well! Retire! your General greets you,
 His loyal fellow-warriors. [*Guards retire.*]

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.

Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended!
 What may these wonders prophesy?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,
 How fares the king? His Majesty still lives?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise; but Emerick's friends
 (And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi! I have reared thee from a child,
 And *as* a child have reared thee. Whence this air
 Of mystery? That face was wont to open
 Clear as the morning to me, showing all things.
 Hide nothing from me.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honoured,
The mystery, that struggles in my looks,
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant ; but fear the worst.
And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion : and yet all is silent :
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*His hand to his heart.*)

I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commander's debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All—— (*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ha?—Well then, let it come ! Worse scarce can come.
This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal ANDREAS calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Robbed of ZAPOLYA'S soothing cares, the king
Years only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Remember you, my lord ! that Hebrew leech,
Whose face so much distempered you ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Barzoni ?

I held him for a spy ; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

To him in chief,
Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hide nothing, I conjure you ! What of him ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
 And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whispers ;
 Talks in dark words of women's fancies ; hints
 That 'twere a useless and a cruel zeal
 To rob a dying man of any hope,
 However vain, that soothes him : and, in fine,
 Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The venomous snake ! My heel was on its head,
 And (fool !) I did not crush it !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Nay, he fears,
 Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Manifest treason ! Even this brief delay
 Half makes me an accomplice—(If he live,)

[*Is moving toward the Palace.*

If he but live and know me, all may—

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Halt ! [*Stops him.*

On pain of death, my Lord ! am I commanded
 To stop all ingress to the palace.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

No Place, no Name, no Rank excepted—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili !
 I give it as a weapon to *thy* hands,
 Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,
 Useless to thee 'tis worthless to myself.
 Thou art the framer of my nobler being :
 Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,
 One honourable hope, but calls thee father.
 Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace
 Is guarded from within, that each access
 Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by Ruffians
 Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil

Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound?
Did my King love me? Did I earn his love?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace?
Was I his Arm, his Thunder-bolt? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery,—and with restless beak
Gore my own breast?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark, Ragozzi!

Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration:
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me! They have heard my voice in flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no longer
The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.
Ha! what is this?

[*Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace:
a Death-bell tolls, &c.*]

Vengeance of Heaven! He is dead.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death-flags are but treason's signals.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*looking forwards anxiously.*)

A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death-bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Was it over-haste,

Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
 Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
 Their infamous plot even to an idiot's sense.

CHIEF RAGOZZI.

Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurped ! Heaven's justice
 Bought like themselves !

*[During this conversation music is heard, first solemn and
 funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.*

Being equal all in crime

Do you press on, ye spotted parricides !
 For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
 The prize of foremost impudence in guilt ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
 For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi !

[musing to himself—then

Ragozzi ! I applaud,

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward,
 And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
 Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.

Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee :
 I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.

Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.

*[Enter a procession of Emerick's Adherents, Nobles, Chief-
 tains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the
 front of the Stage. Kiuprili makes the signal for them to
 stop.—The Music ceases.*

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili !—Welcome from the camp.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,
 In good time come ye hither, if ye come
 As loyal men with honourable purpose
 To mourn what can alone be mourned ; but chiefly
 To enforce the last commands of royal Andreas
 And shield the Queen, Zapolya : haply making
 The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession :
 A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

This patent written by your *lawful* king,
 (Lo! his own seal and signature attesting,)
 Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
 The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

[*Voices of Live King Emerick! an Emerick! an Emerick!*
 What means this clamour? Are these madmen's voices?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
 To infamize the name of the king's brother
 With a lie black as Hell? unmanly cruelty,
 Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason?

[*murmurs.*
 What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
 Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?

One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
 And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
 Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
 And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries — Emerick! No Baby
 Prince! No changeling!*

Yet bear with me awhile! Have I for this
 Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour!
 Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
 Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
 Fought with a foe, and stained its jagged points
 With gore from wounds, I felt not? Did the blast
 Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbered,
 Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
 From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
 And have I brought home with me VICTORY,
 And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed PEACE,
 Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
 As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven?
 But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
 Of usurpation!

[*Murmurs increase—and cries of Onward! onward!*

Have you then thrown off shame,
 And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
 Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
 Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
 Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
 Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,

This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[*During the last four lines, enter Lord Casimir, with expressions of anger and alarm.*

CASIMIR.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick ?

[*Starts—then approaching with timid respect.*

My Father !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*turning away.*)

Casimir ! He, he a traitor !

Too soon indeed, Ragozzi ! have I learnt it. [*aside.*

CASIMIR. (*with reverence.*)

My father and my lord !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I know thee not !

LEADER.

Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIMIR.

O hear me, Sire ! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.
The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
At least is doubtful : and of all our nobles,
The king, inheriting his brother's heart,
Hath honoured us the most. *Your* rank, my lord !
Already eminent, is—all it can be—
Confirmed : and me the king's grace hath appointed
Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

(Bought by a bribe !) I know thee now still less.

CASIMIR. (*struggling with his passion.*)

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
That no power, save that holy name of father,
Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,

Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
 Schooled to shrill forth his feeder's usurped titles,
 And scream, Long live king Emerick !

LEADERS.

Ay, king Emerick !
 Stand back, my lord ! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER.

Nay, let the general speak !

SOLDIERS.

Hear him ! Hear him !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hear me,

Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
 Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I
 Stood in your presence, honoured by the king,
 Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
 Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe ?
 Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear ?
 Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
 Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended ?
 And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
 A bought bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,
 Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
 Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave ?
 The underling accomplice of a robber,
 That from a widow and a widow's offspring
 Would steal their heritage ? To God a rebel,
 And to the common father of his country
 A recreant ingrate !

CASIMIR.

Sire ! your words grow dangerous.
 High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
 Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
 To guard his country's safety by what means
 It best may be protected—come what will
 Of these monk's morals !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

Ha ! the elder Brutus
 Made his soul iron, though *his* sons repented.
They BOASTED not *their* baseness.

[*starts, and draws his sword.*
 Infamous changeling !

Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
 And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will ;
 Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
 Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult enter,
 Emerick, alarmed.*]

EMERICK.

Call out the guard ! Ragozzi ! seize the assassin.——
 Kiuprili ? Ha !——[*with lowered voice, at the same time with
 one hand making signs to the guard to retire.*——

Pass on, friends ! to the palace.

[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into the Palace.
 —During which time Emerick and Kiuprili regard each
 other steadfastly.*]

EMERICK.

What ? Raab Kiuprili ? What ? a father's sword
 Against his own son's breast ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

'Twould best excuse him,
 Were he *thy* son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

EMERICK.

This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
 A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
 Hath called me, and the people, by regards
 Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow them ?

EMERICK.

By what right dares Kiuprili question me ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

By a right common to all loyal subjects—
 To *me* a duty ! As the realm's co-regent
 Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
 Writ by himself.—(*Grasping the patent.*)

EMERICK. (*with a contemptuous sneer.*)

Ay !—Writ in a delirium !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I likewise ask, by whose authority
 The access to the sovereign was refused me ?

EMERICK.

By whose authority dared the general leave

His camp and army, like a fugitive ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death !
A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince ! of *my* king and thine,
Hither I came : and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya ; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost show at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy king's last and solemn act—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

EMERICK.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning !
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed *thee* foremost.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince ! I listen.

EMERICK.

Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.

Sire ! speak the whole truth ! Say, her *fraud's* detected !

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)

Yes ! the Jew, Barzoni !

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR. (*to Kiuprili.*)

Trust me, my lord ! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his Grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take counsel of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir !
Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims ;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honours,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick ! you *speak* fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.

My lord ! you scarce know half his Grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his Grace's urgency, wooed and won for me.

EMERICK.

Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*sternly.*)

The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison :
And with the soul, the conscience is co-eval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.

Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage ? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,
Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance

Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
 In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
 Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
 Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
 On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
 The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

CASIMIR.

What better claim can sovereign wish or need,
 Than the free voice of men who love their country?
 Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who by right
 Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,
 So hath best learnt to govern: who, having suffered,
 Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
 Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
 By nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
 'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
 Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
 Possess the station of command!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick,
 Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK. (*Aside to Casimir.*)

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
 Bind him to us!—Thy Father thaws apace!

[*then aloud.*]

Leave us awhile, my lord!—Your friend, Ragozzi,
 Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
 Commands the guard to-day.

[*Casimir retires to the Guard-house; and after a
 time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.*]

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiupril?
 Then, with your assent——

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Mistake not for assent

The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve
 Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee, Prince!
 And I have watched thee, too; but have small faith in
 A plausible tale told with a flitting eye.

[*Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.*]

In the next moment I am in thy power,

In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.

Ha, ha!—Well, Sir!—Conclude your homily.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*in a somewhat suppressed voice.*)
A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mewed up—this too from anxious care
And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, falsehood,
Coils round in its perplexity, and fixes
Its sting in its own head?

EMERICK.

Aye! to the mark!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aloud: he and Emerick
standing at equi-distance from the Palace and
the Guard-House.*)

Hadst thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou *fancied*
Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
Wouldst thou have pilfered from our school-boys' themes
These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?
What people? How convened? or, if convened,
Must not the magic power that charms together
Millions of men in council, needs have power
To win or wield them? Better, O far better,
Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains
And with a thousand-fold reverberation
Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory! In all else
Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when returned.

EMERICK. (*aloud.*)

Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aloud.*)

O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble!
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery!
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors),
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venomed thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee? If a life outlaboured,
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,
For the land's fame and weal; if large acquests,
Made honest by the aggression of the foe,
And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety;
If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
Thro' the grey olive-branch; if these, Prince Emerick!
Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—
No! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
Be judge and arbiter between us!) I,
I were the rightful sovereign!—

EMERICK.

I have faith

That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,
A provident lady—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wretch beneath all answer!

EMERICK.

Offers at once the royal bed and throne!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
Is more than to be king; but see! thy rage

Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee! Ho!

[to the Guard.

EMERICK.

Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian!

Thus long I have listened.—Guard—ho! from the Palace.

[The Guard post from the guard-house with Chef Ragozzi at their head, and then a number from the Palace—Chef Ragozzi demands Kiuprili's sword, and apprehends him.

CASIMIR.

O agony! (to Emerick.) Sire, hear me!

[to Kiuprili, who turns from him.
Hear me, Father!

EMERICK.

Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!

Who pleads for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand

Amenable to none save to the States

Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,

Yet witness ye that before God and man

I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,

And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion

Of murder—

EMERICK.

Hence with the madman!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Your Queen's murder,

The Royal orphan's murder: and to the death

Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[Hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.

EMERICK.

Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre

This insolence shall be avenged.

CASIMIR.

O banish him!

This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,

Banish him, my liege Lord!

EMERICK. (*scornfully.*)

What? to the army?

Be calm, young friend! Nought shall be done in anger.

The child o'erpowers the man. In this emergence

I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[*Exit Casimir in agitation.*]

EMERICK. (*alone, looks at a Calendar.*)

The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon :
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new-born crescent.

[*Exit.*]

Scene changes to another view, namely, the back of the Palace — a Wooded Park, and Mountains.—Enter ZAPOLYA, with an Infant in Arms.

ZAPOLYA.

Hush, dear one ! hush ! My trembling arm disturbs thee !
Thou, the protector of the helpless ! Thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps ! Ah, whither ? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness !
Hush, sweet one ! Thou art no Hagar's offspring :

Thou art

The rightful heir of an anointed king !
What sounds are those ? It is the vesper chaunt
Of labouring men returning to their home !
Their queen has no home ! Hear me, heavenly Father !
And let this darkness——

Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us ! Start'st thou in thy slumbers !
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush !
Betray not thy poor mother ! For if they seize thee
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha ! what ? A soldier ?

[*She starts back—and enter CHEF RAGOZZI.*]

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Sure Heaven befriends us. Well ! he hath escaped !
O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
That can enchant the serpent treachery
From forth its lurking hole in the heart. '*Ragozzi !*
O brave Ragozzi ! Count ! Commander ! What not ?'
And all this too for nothing ! a poor nothing !

Merely to play the underling in the murder
 Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
 Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
 Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st *me* too
 A serviceable villain. Could I now
 But gain some sure intelligence of the Queen:
 Heaven bless and guard her!

ZAPOLYA. (*coming fearfully forward.*)

Art thou not Ragozzi?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
 I see Heaven's wisdom is an over-match
 For the devil's cunning. This way, madam, haste!

ZAPOLYA.

Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
 This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
 And be not treacherous!

[*kneeling.*]

CHEF RAGOZZI. (*raising her.*)

Madam! for mercy's sake!

ZAPOLYA.

But tyrants have an hundred eyes and arms!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Take courage, madam! 'Twere too horrible
 (I cannot do't) to swear I'm not a monster!—
 Scarce had I barred the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPOLYA.

Kiuprili! How?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

There is not time to tell it.—
 The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal—
 (And be assured I overtopt his cunning
 And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes: In fine,
 Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
 With letters to the army. The thought at once
 Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPOLYA.

What, Raab Kiuprili?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Yes! my noble general!
 I sent *him* off, with Emerick's own packet,
 Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him—

ZAPOLYA.

Ah, how? Is it joy or fear? My limbs seem sinking!—

CHEF RAGOZZI. (*supporting her.*)

Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!

ZAPOLYA.

One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may *have* strength. This babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought possessed me,
When the loud clamour rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord,—

[*then to the infant.*]

And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.
As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven!
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it—
But *Andreas* framed it not! *He* was no tyrant!

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Haste, madam: let me take this precious burden!

[*He kneels as he takes the child.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Take him! And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me! Flee and save thy king!

[*Then as going off she looks back on the palace.*]

Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace!

The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals ! Faith and honour,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attainted nation :
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)
Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry, *Lo ! a male child is born !*
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with *sounds* of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire ! O Pestilence ! O Sword !
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched hence,
(*Again to the infant.*) Poor friendless fugitive ! with mother's
wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return
With trump and timbrel clang, and popular shout,
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers !

[*Exeunt.*]

PART II.
 THE SEQUEL,
 ENTITLED
 'THE USURPER'S FATE.'
 1817.

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

Men.

- OLD BATHORY .. A Mountaineer.
 BETHLEN BATHORY The young Prince Andreas, supposed Son of Old Bathory.
 LORD RUDOLPH .. A Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.
 LASKA Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.
 PESTALUTZ An Assassin, in Emerick's employ.

Women.

- LADY SAROLTA .. Wife of Lord Casimir.
 GLYCINE Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.
-

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

USURPATION ENDED;
 OR,
 SHE COMES AGAIN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Mountainous Country. BATHORY's Dwelling at the end of the Stage. Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

WELL then! Our round of charity is finished.
 Rest, Madam! You breathe quick.

SAROLTA.

What, tired, Glycine?
 No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
 By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
 The good strength nature gave me.

GLYCINE.

That last cottage

Is built as if an eagle or a raven
 Had chosen it for her nest.

SAROLTA.

So many are

The sufferings which no human aid can reach,
 It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
 To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

GLYCINE.

There? [*Pointing to Bathory's dwelling. Sarolta answering,
 points to where she then stands.*]

SAROLTA.

Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
 Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
 I lost the misty image which so long
 Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

GLYCINE.

And what if even now, on that same ridge,
 A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
 As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
 To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
 Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
 From his high embassy?

SAROLTA.

Thou hast hit my thought!

All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
 The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
 Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
 Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
 And little more than nothing is enough
 To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
 Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier
 To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.

But our best sports belike, and gay processions,

Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.

I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orb'd drop an orb of glory in it),
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred ;
But, in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.

And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta,
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately——

SAROLTA.

Hush ! Innocent flatterer !

GLYCINE.

Nay ! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.

So doth the ignorant distance still delude us !
Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods !
Well ! but this broil that scared you from the dance ?
And was not Laska there : he, your betrothed ?

GLYCINE.

Yes, madam ! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.

SAROLTA.

Ah, Glycine ! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself ?

GLYCINE.

Because
My own dear lady wished it ! 'twas *you* asked me !

SAROLTA.

Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.

Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.

Oh, yes! It is a wife's chief duty, madam!
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

SAROLTA.

Not with fear, I think,
For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage.

*[Exit Glycine into the cottage, Sarolta continues her speech
looking after her.]*

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that--the courage,
Which, rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[Angry voices and clamour within, re-enter Glycine.]

GLYCINE.

Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And, in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This way!
Lady Sarolta's *here*. *[calling without.]*

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

LASKA. *(to Bathory.)*

We have no concern with you! What needs your presence?

OLD BATHORY.

What! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,

And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice!—
To tell its own tale?

[*Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta.*

SAROLTA.

Laska! What may this mean?

LASKA. (*pompously, as commencing a set speech.*)

Madam! and may it please your ladyship!
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir:
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

SAROLTA.

Be brief! We know his titles!

LASKA.

And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,
His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA. (*to the servants who offer to speak.*)

You have had your spokesman!

Where is the young man thus accused?

OLD BATHORY.

I know not:

But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent!

SAROLTA.

Thou art his father?

OLD BATHORY.

None ever with more reason prized a son;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice:
And if I swerve from truth——

GLYCINE.

Yes! good old man!

My lady! pray believe him!

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine !

Be silent, I command you. [*then to Bathory.*

Speak ! we hear you !

OLD BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,
 Your servants, the accusers of my son,
 Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
 To our village maidens. He (could he do less?)
 Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
 And so persuasive did his cudgel prove
 (Your hectoring sparks so over-brave to women
 Are always cowards), that they soon took flight,
 And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
 Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
 Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man ! you talk

Too bluntly ! Did your son owe no respect
 To the livery of our house ?

OLD BATHORY.

Even such respect
 As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
 That hath began to worry the poor lambs !

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian !

GLYCINE.

Pardon ! pardon, madam !

I saw the whole affray. The good old man
 Means no offence, sweet lady !—You, yourself,
 Laska ! know well, that these men were the ruffians !
 Shame on you !

SAROLTA. (*speaks with affected anger.*)

What ! Glycine ? Go, retire !

[Exit Glycine mournfully]

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
 Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
 Might have complained to *us*. Was ever access
 Denied you ? Or free audience ? Or are we
 Weak and unfit to punish our own servants ?

OLD BATHORY.

So then ! So then ! Heaven grant an old man patience !
 And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
 Leave his young roses to the rooting swine,
 While he goes ask their master, if perchance
 His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage ?

LASKA.

Ho ! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence !
 I will report her further will !

SAROLTA.

Wait, then,
 Till thou hast learnt it ! Fervent good old man !
 Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
 A face of sternness, alien to my meaning !

[*then speaks to the servants.*]

Hence ! leave my presence ! and you, Laska ! mark me !
 Those rioters are no longer of my household !
 If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose
 In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
 Restore the tear of wounded modesty
 To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—
 But these men, Laska—

LASKA. (*aside.*)

Yes, now 'tis coming.

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
 That they have sought to piece out their revenge
 With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
 Stamps them most dangerous ; and till I want
 Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
 Their services. Discharge them ! You, Bathory !
 Are henceforth of my household ! I shall place you
 Near my own person. When your son returns
 Present him to us !

OLD BATHORY.

Ha ! what strangers* here !
 What business have they in an old man's eye ?
 Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—

* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

I cannot—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but [then to Sarolta aside, not for
all ears !

SAROLTA.

I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall show it me ! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[*Bathory bowing, shows her into his cottage.*

LASKA. (*alone.*)

Vexation ! baffled ! schooled !

Ho ! Laska ! wake ! why ? what can all this mean ?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger !
Oh, the false witch ! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly !

[*Laska flings himself into the seat. Glycine peeps in
timidly.*

GLYCINE.

Laska ! Laska !

Is my lady gone ?

LASKA. (*surlily.*)

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him ?

Is he returned ?

[*Laska starts up from his seat.*

Has the seat stung you, Laska ?

LASKA.

No, serpent ! no ; 'tis you that sting me ; you !
What ? you would cling to him again !

GLYCINE.

Whom ?

LASKA.

Bethlen ! Bethlen !

Yes ; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him !
Ha ! you forget the scene of yesterday !
Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,

And your pretended fears !

GLYCINE.

Your fears, at least,
Were real, Laska ! or your trembling limbs
And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely !

LASKA.

I fear ! whom ? What ?

GLYCINE.

I know what *I* should fear,
Were I in Laska's place.

LASKA.

What ?

GLYCINE.

My own conscience,
For having fed my jealousy and envy
With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,
Against a brave and innocent young man's life !
Yet, yet, pray tell me !

LASKA. (*malignantly.*)

You will know too soon.

GLYCINE.

Would I could find my lady ! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [going.

LASKA.

Stop ! stop ! one question only—

I am quite calm—

GLYCINE.

Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay, now, I have marred the verse : well ! this one question—

LASKA.

Are you not bound to me by your own promise ?
And is it not as plain—

GLYCINE.

Halt ! that's two questions.

LASKA.

Pshaw ! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory ? When he was accused,
Why pressed *you* forward ? Why did *you* defend him ?

COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

GLYCINE.

Question meet question : that's a woman's privilege.
Why, Laska, did *you* urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me ?

LASKA.

So then, you say, Lady Sarolta *forced* you ?

GLYCINE.

Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay ? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands ?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASKA.

Not one for Bethlen ?

GLYCINE.

Oh ! that's a different thing.

To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for *loving* him—
Nay, *there*, indeed, you are mistaken, Laska !
Poor youth ! I rather think I *grieve* for him ;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him !
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats ; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf * had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest !

LASKA.

You dare own all this ?

Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.
Mine, pampered Miss ! you shall be ; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already ! [*makes threatening signs.*]

GLYCINE. (*aside.*)

Ha ! Bethlen coming this way !

[*Glycine then cries out as if afraid of being beaten.*]

Oh, save me ! save me ! Pray don't kill me, Laska !

Enter BETHLEN in an Hunting Dress.

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 13e.

BETHLEN.

What, beat a woman !

LASKA. (*to Glycine.*)

O you cockatrice !

BETHLEN.

Unmanly dastard, hold !

LASKA. (*pompously.*)

Do you chance to know

Who—I—am, Sir ?—('Sdeath ! how black he looks !)

BETHLEN.

I have started many strange beasts in my time,
 But none less like a man, than this before me
 That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.

Bold youth ! she's mine.

GLYCINE.

No, not my master yet,

But only *is* to be ; and all, because

Two years ago my lady asked me, and

I promised *her*, not *him* ; and if *she'll* let me,I'll *hate* you, my lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine !

GLYCINE.

Yes, I do, Bethlen ; for he just now brought

False witnesses to swear away your life :

Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.

Bathory's !

Where is my father ? Answer, or——Ha ! gone !

[*Laska during this time slinks off the Stage, using threatening
 gestures to Glycine.*]

GLYCINE.

Oh, heed not *him* ! I saw you pressing onward,

And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,

It is *your* life they seek !

BETHLEN.

My life ?

GLYCINE.

Alas,

Lady Sarolta even—

BETHLEN.

She does not know me !

GLYCINE.

Oh that she did ! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn me,
I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine !

What have I done ? or whom have I offended ?

GLYCINE.

Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.

[*Bethlen mutters to himself indignantly.*]

GLYCINE. (*aside.*)

So looks the statue, in our hall, o'the god,
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent !

BETHLEN. (*muttering aside.*)

King !

GLYCINE.

Ah, often have I wished *you* were a king.
You would protect the helpless everywhere,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do ; nor have
The tears come in my eyes ; nor dream bad dreams
That you were killed in the forest ; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say
(Yes, the base man, he says) that I—I love you.

BETHLEN.

Pretty Glycine ! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory ?

GLYCINE.

Hist ! 'tis my lady's step ! She must not see you !

[*Bethlen retires.*]

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.

SAROLTA.

Go, seek your son ! I need not add be speedy.

You here, Glycine !

[*Exit Bathory*]

GLYCINE.

Pardon, pardon Madam !
If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine !

GLYCINE.

No, I shall break my heart.

[*Sobbing.*

SAROLTA. (*taking her hand.*)

Ha ! is it so ?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,
That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet !

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

My lady does not mock me ?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska ?

Has he not told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—

Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—

SAROLTA.

His shame excuses him !

He is somewhat hardly tasked ; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.

GLYCINE.

The saints bless you !

Shame on my graceless heart ! How dared I fear
Lady Sarolta could be cruel ?

SAROLTA.

Come,

Be yourself, girl !

GLYCINE.

O, 'tis so full *here* ! [at her heart.

And now it cannot harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

SAROLTA.

Is *not* that old man's son !

A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his,
For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art
A soldier's orphan : left when rage intestine
Shook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria.
This other fragment, thrown back by that same earthquake,
This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,
Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.
Command thyself ! Be secret ! His true father—
Hear'st thou ?

GLYCINE. (*eagerly.*)

O tell—

BETHLEN. (*who had overheard the last few words, now rushes out.*)

Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven !

Who is my father ?

SAROLTA. (*gazing with surprise.*)

Thine ? Thy father ? Rise !

GLYCINE.

Alas ! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady !

SAROLTA.

His countenance, not his act !

GLYCINE.

Rise, Bethlen ! rise !

BETHLEN.

No ; kneel thou too ! and with thy orphan's tongue
Plead for me ! I am rooted to the earth
And have no power to rise ! Give me a father !
There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes
That seeks high Heaven ! But I will overtake it,
And bring it back, and make it plead for me
In thine own heart ! Speak ! Speak ! Restore to me
A name in the world !

SAROLTA.

By that blest Heaven I gazed at,

I know not who thou art. And if I knew,
Dared I—But rise !

BETHLEN.

Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye hover o'er me now ! Ye shine upon me !
And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light, I cannot see !

SAROLTA.

Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know !

BETHLEN.

Safe ? Safe ? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right !

SAROLTA. (*aside.*)

That look again !—
The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it, Bethlen ?

BETHLEN.

Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror—

GLYCINE.

Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous—

SAROLTA. (*with a smile.*)

Moon-calves, credulous girl !
Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.

[*Then speaking again to Bethlen.*]

After that last great battle (O young man !
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish), that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory,
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then a helpless babe.

The robe, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETHLEN.

An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.

O say—I fear to ask——

SAROLTA.

And I to tell thee.

BETHLEN.

Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.

[striking his breast.]

I am stone, cold stone.

SAROLTA.

Hid in a brake hard by,
 Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
 A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
 Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
 That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
 Painfully from her own weight disengaging,
 She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
 Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated,
 Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
 And kneeling spake: If aught of this world's comfort
 Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
 That at my life's risk I will save thy child!
 Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
 A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
 In a faint whisper, 'Fly! Save him! Hide—hide all!'

BETHLEN.

And did he leave her? What, had I a mother?
 And left her bleeding, dying? Bought I vile life
 With the desertion of a dying mother?
 Oh agony!

GLYCINE.

Alas! thou art bewildered,
 And dost forget thou wert a helpless infant!

BETHLEN.

What else can I remember, but a mother
 Mangled and left to perish?

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine!
 It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct:
 Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,

And it will find a mirror in the waters,
It now makes boil above it. Check him not!

BETHLEN.

O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She *cannot* die! O pardon, gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

SAROLTA.

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!

BETHLEN.

And found her still—

SAROLTA.

Alas! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

BETHLEN.

O whither?

GLYCINE.

Dearest Bethlen!

I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!

SAROLTA. (*continuing the story.*)

While he was absent
A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETHLEN.

Emerick.

Oh Hell!

GLYCINE. (*to silence him.*)

Bethlen!

BETHLEN.

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!
This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head.
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek:

Or else *she* were my mother !

SAROLTA.

Noble youth !

From me fear nothing ! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long passed that weigh me down, though innocent !
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts, as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state !
Vain was his care ! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears ! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts ! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance ! But haste hence !
Travel will ripen thee, and enterprise
Besecms thy years ! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier !
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth !
And may the light that streams from thine own honour
Guide thee to that thou seekest !

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us ?

BETHLEN.

And for such goodness can I return nothing,
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes ? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling ?
May Heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee ! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee !
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconsciously ;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me ! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name ?
O, at how dear a price have I been loved,

And no love could return ! One boon then, lady !
 Where'er thou bid'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
 But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
 Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
 Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest !
 Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
 Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
 They shall make answer to me, though my heart's blood
 Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for blood !

[*Exit Bethlen.*]

SAROLTA.

Ah ! it was this I feared. To ward off this
 Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
 Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
 Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
 Bound on his infant arm.

GLYCINE.

Oh, let me fly
 And stop him ! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
 Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
 And voices have been heard ! And there the plant grows
 That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard
 Power to put on the fell Hyæna's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath bewitched *thee*, Glycine ?
 I hoped that thou hadst learnt a nobler faith.

GLYCINE.

O chide me not, dear lady ; question Laska,
 Or the old man.

SAROLTA.

Forgive me, I spake harshly.
 It is indeed a mighty sorcery
 That doth enthral thy young heart, my poor girl,
 And what hath Laska told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Three days past
 A courier from the king did cross that wood ;
 A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose :
 And never hath been heard of from that time !

[*Sound of horns without.*]

SAROLTA.

Hark ! dost thou hear it ?

GLYCINE.

'Tis the sound of horns !

Our huntsmen are not out !

SAROLTA.

Lord Casimir

Would not come thus !

[*Horns again.*]

GLYCINE.

Still louder !

SAROLTA.

Haste we hence !

For I believe in part thy tale of terror !

But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed :

Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[*Sarolta and Glycine exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder. Enter*
EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and *Huntsmen and*
Attendants.]

RUDOLPH.

A gallant chace, sire.

EMERICK.

Ay, but this new quarry

That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[*Then to Laska.*]

And you—excuse me—what's your name ?

LASKA.

Whatever

Your Majesty may please.

EMERICK.

Nay, that's too late, man.

Say, what thy mother and thy godfather

Were pleased to call thee.

LASKA.

Laska, my liege sovereign.

EMERICK.

Well, my liege subject Laska ! And you are

Lord Casimir's steward ?

LASKA.

And your Majesty's creature.

EMERICK.

Two gentle dames made off at our approach.

Which was your lady?

LASKA.

My liege lord, the taller.

The other, please your Grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your Grace but speak—

EMERICK.

Hum, master steward!

I am honoured with this sudden confidence.

Lead on.

[*to Laska, then to Rudolph.*]

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.

Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

LORD RUDOLPH. (*aside.*)

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

EMERICK.

Now onward all.

[*Exeunt attendants*]

EMERICK *solus.*

A fair one by my faith!

If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.
'*Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*
Made early in the convent—His word pledged—'
All fictions, all! fictions of jealousy.

Well! if the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain! In this Laska
There's somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile's eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy.
ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially
the latter, in rude and savage garments.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPOLYA.

Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is Heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net:
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it,
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

ZAPOLYA.

Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger choaks!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground methought, but close above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me turned your face and shrieked.

ZAPOLYA.

I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mocked sense craved
To *hear* the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Nay! what ails you?

ZAPOLYA.

A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Cheerly! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me, I'll bring thee food!

ZAPOLYA.,

Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Hadst thou not done already—hadst thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friendship?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Yet be thou comforted! What! hadst thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us? Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?
Thou dar'st not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
Is on the stroke:—for Misery cannot add
Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance!

ZAPOLYA.

Cannot! Oh, what if thou were taken from me?
Nay, thou said'st well: for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed; the hard

Necessity of this inhuman state
 Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
 Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
 Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
 Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night !
 At once for food and safety to affrighten
 The traveller from his road—

[*Glycine is heard singing without.*]

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark ! heard you not

A distant chaunt ?

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
 From sky to earth it slanted :
 And poised therein a bird so bold—
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !
 He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
 Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
 His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
 All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : ' Adieu ! adieu !
 Love's dreams prove seldom true.
 Sweet month of May,
 We must away ;
 Far, far away !
 To day ! to day !'

ZAPOLYA.

Sure 'tis some blest spirit !

For since thou slew'st the usurper's emissary
 That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
 Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
 And starves the poor besieged.

[*Song again.*]

RAAB KIUPRILI.

It is a maiden's voice ! quick to the cave !

ZAPOLYA.

Hark ! her voice falters !

[*Exit Zapolya*]

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She must not enter

The cavern, else I will remain unseen !

[*Kiuprili retires to one side of the stage. GLYCINE enters singing.*GLYCINE. (*fearfully.*)

A savage place ! saints shield me ! Bethlen ! Bethlen !

Not here ?—There's no one here ! I'll sing again.

[*sings again.*

If I don't hear my own voice, I shall fancy

Voices in all chance sounds !

[*starts.*

'Twas some dry branch

Dropt of itself ! Oh, he went forth so rashly,

Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear !

What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,

Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest ?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*unseen.*)

Leave them and flee !

GLYCINE. (*shrieks, then recovering.*)

Where are you ?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Leave them !

GLYCINE.

'Tis Glycine !

Speak to me, Bethlen ! speak in your own voice !

All silent !—If this were the war-wolf's den !

'Twas not his voice !—

[*Glycine leaves the provisions and exit fearfully. Kiuprili comes forward, seizes them and carries them into the cavern.**Glycine returns, having recovered herself.*

GLYCINE.

Shame ! Nothing hurt me !

If some fierce beast hath gored him, he must needs

Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst and
hoarseness !

Speak, Bethlen ! or but moan. St—St——No-Bethlen !

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,

[*she creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.*

I should go mad !—Again !—'Twas my own heart !

Hush, coward heart ! better beat loud with fear,

Than break with shame and anguish !

[*As she approaches to enter the cavern, Kiuprili stops her.
Glycine shrieks.*

Saints protect me !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLYCINE.

Save me !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear secrecy and silence !

GLYCINE.

I swear !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest ?

GLYCINE.

Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wherefore in this wood ?

GLYCINE.

Alas ! it was his purpose—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

With what intention came he ? Would'st thou save him,
Hide nothing !

GLYCINE.

Save him ! O forgive his rashness !

He is good, and did not know that thou wert human !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*repeats the word.*)

Human ?

[*then sternly.*

With what design ?

GLYCINE.

To kill thee, or

If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee

By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,

To make disclosure of his parentage.

But most of all—

ZAPOLYA. (*rushing out from the cavern.*)

Heaven's blessing on thee ! Speak !

GLYCINE.

Whether his Mother live, or perished here !

ZAPOLYA.

Angel of Mercy, I was perishing
 And thou didst bring me food : and now thou bring'st
 The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
 To a mother's famished heart ! His name, sweet maiden ?

GLYCINE.

E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
 Bethlen Bathory !

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning ?
 This morning ? when my weak faith failed me wholly !
 Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
 And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse !
 Say on !

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth
 With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha ! my son !

GLYCINE.

And of Lord Casimir—

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*aside.*)O agony ! *my* son !

GLYCINE.

But my dear lady—

ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI.

Who ?

GLYCINE.

Lady Sarolta
 Frowned and discharged these bad men.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*turning off, and to himself.*)

Righteous Heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined
 That it was not a son. A son was given me.
 My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear :
 And lo ! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPOLYA. (*embraces Glycine.*)

Sweet innocent ! and you came here to seek him,
 And bring him food. Alas ! thou fear'st ?

GLYCINE.

Not much !

My own dear lady, when I was a child,
Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.
For I too am an orphan, motherless !

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*to Zapolya.*)

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen
The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy !
In that last conflict, following our escape,
The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight
With many a babe, and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck. [*Then to Glycine again.*

Well ! Casimir's wife—

GLYCINE.

She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart overflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—

ZAPOLYA. (*in agitation.*)

O speak !

GLYCINE.

A wounded lady—

[*Zapolya faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE.

Is that his mother ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles. [*Horn heard without.*
To the cavern !

Quick ! quick !

GLYCINE.

Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Emerick ?

GLYCINE.

He came this morning—

(*They retire to the cavern, bearing Zapolya. Then enter BETHLEN
armed with a boar-spear.*)

BETHLEN.

I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape ; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves

With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
 Bear off some human prey. O my preserver!
 Bathory! Father! Yes, thou deserv'st that name!
 Thou didst not mock me! These are blessed findings!
 The secret cypher of my destiny [looking at his signet.
 Stands here inscribed: it is the seal of fate!
 Ha!—(observing the cave.) Had ever monster fitting lair, 'tis
 yonder!

Thou yawning Den, I well remember thee!
 Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on!
 Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
 To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine!
 [Blows the horn—then a pause.

Another blast! and with another swell
 To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood!
 If haply I have come, the rightful heir
 Of vengeance: if in me survive the spirits
 Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!
 [Blows again louder.

Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield me!
 Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.
 (As Bethlen is about to enter, Kiuprili speaks from the cavern
 unseen.)

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear
 And wait obedient!

BETHLEN. (in amazement.)

Ha! What art thou? speak!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (still unseen.)

Avengers!

BETHLEN.

By a dying mother's pangs
 E'en such am I. Receive me!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (still unseen.)

Wait! Beware!

At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
 Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!

BETHLEN.

Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!
 Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shuddering.—

Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
 Year following year, that pressed upon my heart
 As on the altar of some unknown God,
 Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,
 Blazed up within me at a father's name—
 Do they desert me now!—at my last trial?
 VOICE of command! and thou, O hidden LIGHT!
 I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name
 I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
 Will make you gracious.

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Patience! Truth! Obedience!

Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
 Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
 Thy name?

BETHLEN.

Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
 Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.
 To him, perchance, rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
 In chase or battle won, have given a name.
 I have none—but like a dog have answered
 To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me!

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

Thy birth-place?

BETHLEN.

Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?
 Question the Night! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place!
 Yet hear! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
 Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle!
 The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
 And in it the wolf litters!—I invoke you,
 Tell me, ye secret ones! if ye beheld me
 As I stood there, like one who having delved
 For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
 O tell! what rights, what offices of duty
 This signet doth command? What rebel spirits
 Owe homage to its Lord?

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*still unseen.*)

More, guiltier, mightier,
 Than thou may'st summon! Wait the destined hour!

BETHLEN.

O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye! Mock me no more with shadows!
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice! did this
Enwrap one fatherless?

ZAPOLYA. (*unseen.*)

One fatherless!

BETHLEN. (*starting.*)

A sweeter voice!—A voice of love and pity!
Was it the softened echo of mine own?
Sad echo! but the hope, it killed, was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead!
One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are these
The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?

(ZAPOLYA *rushes out to embrace him.* BETHLEN *starts.*)

Ha!

ZAPOLYA. (*embracing him.*)

My son! my son!

A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!
[*They embrace. Kiuprili and Glycine come forward and the curtain drops.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A stately room in Lord Casimir's castle. Enter EMERICK
and LASKA.*

EMERICK.

I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

LASKA.

In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I* of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Sarolta,

Dishonouring Casimir ?

LASKA.

Far be it from me !

Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing ; braved a father's curse ?

LASKA. (*aside.*)

Would I but knew, now, what his Majesty meant !
Oh yes, Sire ! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMERICK.

'Tis your talk,

Is it, good statesman Laska ?

LASKA.

No, not mine,
Not mine, an please your Majesty ! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMERICK.

Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us
Of traitors ! But art sure the youth's devoured ?

LASKA.

Not a limb left an please your Majesty !
And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.

Thou followed'st her
Into the wood ? *[Laska bows assent.]*

Henceforth then I'll believe
That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.

Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil
When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves
Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.

Made thee shake like a leaf !

LASKA.

The war-wolf leapt ; at the first plunge he seized her ;
Forward I rushed !

EMERICK.

Most marvellous !

LASKA.

Hurled my javelin ;

Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.

Enough !

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou tonguest it,
Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
And leave untouched your *common talk* aforesaid,
What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.

My talk ?

The saints forbid ! I always said, for my part,
'*Was not the king Lord Casimir's dearest friend ?*
'*Was not that friend a king ? Whate'er he did*
'*'Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.'*

EMERICK.

And this then was *thy* talk ? While knave and coward,
Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
In slips the fool and takes the place of both.
Babbler ! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion.
All these were set upon a father's head :
Good truth ! a most unlucky accident !
For he but wished to hit the prize ; not graze
The head that bore it : so with steady eye
Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonour.
He winked not then, for love of *me* forsooth !
For love of *me* now let him wink ! Or if
The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.

[*passing his hand across his brow.*]

LASKA.

Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK. (*with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to
himself : then with scorn.*)

Thee !

'Tis well ! and more than meant. For by my faith

I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?
 And in your lady's chamber there's full space?
[*Laska bows.*]

LASKA.

Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.

Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
 If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betray'st me,
 Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag *thee* to his den
 Shall be no fiction.

[*Exit Emerick. Laska manet with a key in one hand, and
 a purse in the other.*]

LASKA.

Well then! Here I stand,
 Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
 Call this *(looking at the purse.)*
 Preferment; this *(holding up the key.)* Fidelity!
 And first my golden goddess: what bids she?
 Only:—'*This way, your Majesty! hush! The household
 Are all safe lodged.*'—Then, put Fidelity
 Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
 So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
 'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
 And—'*I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes.*'
 But what says the other?—Whisper on! I hear you!
[*putting the key to his ear.*]

All very true!—but, good Fidelity!
 If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,
 And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
 And save me from the hangman? Ay! you're silent!
 What not a word in answer? A clear nonsuit!—
 Now for one look to see that all are lodged
 At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
 For Laska and his royal friend king Emerick!

[*Exit Laska. Then enter BATHORY and BETHLEN.*]

BETHLEN.

He looked as if he were some god disguised
 In an old warrior's venerable shape
 To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
 Chapel or oratory in this mansion?

OLD BATHORY.

Even so.

BETHLEN.

From that place then am I to take
A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

OLD BATHORY.

Those very arms this day Sarolta showed me—
With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

BETHLEN.

O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
To break the first command a mother's will
Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
'Ask not, my son;' said she, 'our names or thine.
*The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!*'
Thus spake she, and she looked as she were then
Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[*Re-enter Laska, not perceiving them.*

LASKA.

All asleep!

[*Then observing Bethlen, stands in idiot-affright.*

I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!

I'll confess all!

[*Stammering with fear.*

OLD BATHORY.

Laska! what ails thee, man?

LASKA. (*pointing to BETHLEN.*)

There!

OLD BATHORY.

I see nothing! where?

LASKA.

He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

BETHLEN.

Soft! Rouse him gently!

He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,

With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

OLD BATHORY.

Ho ! Laska ! Don't you know us ? 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen !

LASKA. (*recovering himself.*)

Good now ! Ha ! ha ! An excellent trick.

Afraid ? Nay, no offence ? But I must laugh.

But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

BETHLEN. (*holding up his hand as if to strike him.*)
Would'st be convinced ?

LASKA.

No nearer, pray ! consider !

If it *should* prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me
To a tombstone. No nearer !

BETHLEN.

The fool is drunk !

LASKA. (*still more recovering.*)

Well now ! I love a brave man to my heart.

I myself braved the monster, and would fain

Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

OLD BATHORY.

You, Laska ?

BETHLEN. (*to Bathory.*)

Mark ! Heaven grant it may be so !

Glycine ?

LASKA.

She ! I traced her by the voice.

You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard

The close of a song : the poor wretch had been singing :

As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf

At once with music and a meal !

BETHLEN (*to Bathory.*)

Mark that !

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,

Wringing her hands, with, '*Bethlen ! O poor Bethlen !*'

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,

Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.

She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran

Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream

I heard. There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there !

We'll spare your modesty ! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy ?

LASKA.

You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound !
You played the hero at a cautious distance !
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach ? Dainties quickly
Fall on the taste and cloy the appetite !

OLD BATHORY.

Laska, beware ! Forget not what thou art !
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself !
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy !

LASKA.

What then ! you swell upon my lady's favour,
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth !
But other judges now sit on the bench !
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both son and father
Still higher ; to a height from which indeed
You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.
'Tis possible too, young man ! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETHLEN.

Soft ! my good Laska ! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate ?

LASKA.

'Tis well ! it shall content me ! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.

[then very pompously.]

First we demand the manner of her death ?

BETHLEN.

Nay ! that's superfluous ! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole ? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove

In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASKA.

Glycine?

BETHLEN.

Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered
Its own commission to you?

OLD BATHORY.

'Tis most likely!

And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing!

LASKA.

'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honour, to his Majesty!
Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost!

BETHLEN.

Listen! for thus it spake: '*Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel*'—thus.

[beats him off.]

Off! scoundrel! off!

[Laska runs away.]

OLD BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory?

OLD BATHORY.

Ascend yon flight of stairs!
Midway the corridor a silver lamp

Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
 And facing it, the low arched oratory !
 Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate :
 For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
 By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
 Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message !

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you ! And till then good night !
 Dear good old man, good night !

OLD BATHORY.

O yet one moment !

What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
 I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father !
 It cannot now mislead thee. O my son,
 Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
 Bethlen !—say—Father to me !

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever

My father ! other sire than thou, on earth
 I never had, a dearer could not have !
 From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
 And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
 Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father !

BATHORY.

Go ! Go !

[Bethlen breaks off and exit. Bathory looks affectionately after him.]

May every star now shining over us,
 Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him !

[Exit Bathory.]

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry.

SAROLTA in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, madam !

SAROLTA.

She deserved it !

Luckless Glycine ! rash unhappy girl !
 'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,
 With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,

She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!
That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
It was quite cruel—' *You'll be sure,*' said he,
To meet with PART at least of your son Bethlen,
Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion!
Go! Search the wood by all means! Go! I pray you!'

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch!

ATTENDANT.

And old Bathory answered
With a sad smile, '*It is a witch's prayer,*
And may Heaven read it backwards.' Though she was rash,
'Twas a small fault for such a punishment!

SAROLTA.

Nay! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
Small fault indeed! but leave me, my good girl!
I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten. [*Exit Attendant.*
O *they* were innocent, and yet have perished
In their May of life; and Vice grows old in triumph.
Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
Life's closing gate?——
Still passing thence petitionary Hours
To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance?
Or would this chillness tell me, that there is
Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal
And Hell its own probation!—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want!
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered!
Make our food bitter with despised tears!
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass!
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread!
With all the heaviest worldly visitations.

Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
 Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
 Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
 Only, O merciful in vengeance! let not
 That plague turn inward on my Casimir's soul!
 Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
 To his own heart! O save him! Save my husband!

[*During the latter part of this speech Emerick comes forward from his hiding-place. Sarolta seeing him, without recognizing him.*
 In such a shape a father's curse should come.

EMERICK. (*advancing.*)

Fear not!

SAROLTA.

Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

EMERICK.

Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
 Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
 Joy, love, and beauty from their natural thrones:
 Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROLTA.

Strengthen me, Heaven! I must not seem afraid!
 The king to-night then deigns to play the masker.
 What seeks your Majesty?

[*aside.*

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such debasement!
 Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
 On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave
 Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
 For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
 O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven,
 Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!

EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
 Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
 First then on him I will administer justice—
 If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture.

[*Seizes her.*

SAROLTA.

Help! Treason! Help!

EMERICK.

Call louder! Scream again,
Here's none can hear you!

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

EMERICK.

Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!

SAROLTA.

Yet, yet for one brief moment [struggling.
Unhand me, I conjure you.

[She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet. Emerick follows, and as she takes a dagger, he grasps it in her hand.]

EMERICK.

Ha! Ha! a dagger;

A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!
(During this Speech BETHLEN enters armed.)

BETHLEN.

Ruffian, forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!

EMERICK.

Pish! who is this?

SAROLTA.

O sleepless eye of Heaven!

A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou
May I still call thee Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Ever, lady,

Your faithful soldier!

EMERICK.

Insolent slave! Depart!

Know'st thou not me?

BETHLEN.

I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

SAROLTA.

Monster, retire! O touch him not, thou blest one!
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list!
Yon devil hath assumed a king's!

BETHLEN.

Usurped it!

EMERICK.

The king will play the devil with thee indeed!
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate
At this thy paramour's feet! then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and *[then to Sarolta,*
—mark you, traitress!

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary!
Thou prayed'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats!

BETHLEN.

Lady, be calm! fear not this king of the buskin!
A king? Oh laughter! A king Bajazet!
That from some vagrant actor's tiring room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown!

EMERICK.

Ah! treason!

Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this!
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel!

[Emerick points his hand haughtily towards Bethlen, who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.

BETHLEN.

It must be so! 'Tis e'en the counterpart!
But with a foul usurping cypher on it!
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must follow it!

O curst usurper! O thou brother-murderer!
 That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow!
 Who fill'st the land with curses, being thyself
 All curses in one tyrant! see and tremble!
 This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee!
 Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
 Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark! in Andreas' name,
 Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound! I defy thee.

[*They fight, and just as Emerick is disarmed, in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and attendants. Casimir runs in between the combatants, and parts them: in the struggle Bethlen's sword is thrown down.*

CASIMIR.

The king! disarmed too by a stranger! Speak!
 What may this mean?

EMERICK.

Deceived, dishonoured lord!
 Ask thou yon fair adultress! She will tell thee
 A tale, which, would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
 Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign!
 Thou art present *now*, and a friend's duty ceases:
 To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
 Of *half* thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
 For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
 I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*Then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon! and to-morrow,
 Ere the sun rises,—Hark! your heads or his!

BETHLEN.

Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice?

EMERICK.

Who speaks to him dies! The traitor that has menaced
 His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
 Even with a word!

CASIMIR. (*to Bathory.*)

Hence with him to the dungeon!

[*Exit Bethlen, hurried off by Bathory and Attendants.*

EMERICK.

We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest:
 Thou (*to Casimir*) wilt attend us; and wilt then explain
 This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit Emerick; Manent Casimir and Sarolta.*

SAROLTA.

My lord! my husband! look whose sword lies yonder!
 [*Pointing to the sword which Bethlen had been disarmed of
 by the Attendants.*]

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir; 'tis thy father's!
 And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled,
 Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

CASIMIR.

Hush! hush! [*In an under voice.*]

I had detected ere I left the city
 The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate!
 For him did I bring down a father's curse?
 Swift, swift must be our means? To-morrow's sun
 Sets on his fate or mine! O blest Sarolta! [*Embracing her.*]
 No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
 But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
 O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse!
 [*Exeunt consulting.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot! O, here he comes!

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met, Lord Rudolph!—

Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
 And I dare trust—

LORD RUDOLPH.

Enough! the time is precious!
 You left Temeswar late on yester-eve?
 And sojourned there some hours?

CASIMIR.

I did so!

LORD RUDOLPH.

Heard you

Aught of a hunt preparing ?

CASIMIR.

Yes ; and met

The assembled huntsmen !

LORD RUDOLPH.

Was there no word given ?

CASIMIR.

The word for me was this ;—*The royal Leopard
Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

Your answer ?

CASIMIR.

As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen !

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeemed their pledge ?

CASIMIR.

It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship !
[*They take hands, &c.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

But Emerick ! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards ?

CASIMIR.

O he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed me.

LORD RUDOLPH.

I entered as the door was closing on you :
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you
With such a look of hate, and scorn, and triumph,
As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush ! draw back !

CASIMIR.

This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.

LORD RUDOLPH.

There! mark them!

[*Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross the Stage.*]

CASIMIR.

Laska!

LORD RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognized this morning;
His name is Pestalutz: a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR. (*aside.*)

I deserve it.

The comrade of that ruffian is my servant;
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late?
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

LORD RUDOLPH.

And his main policy

To enthral the sluggish nature in ourselves
Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
To enthral the world: for the will governs all.
See the sky lowers! the cross-winds waywardly
Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
With a wild mockery of the coming hunt!

CASIMIR.

Mark, too, the edges of yon lurid mass!
Restless and vexed, as if some angering hand,
With fitful, tetchy snatch, unrolled and plucked
The jetting ringlets of the vapourous fleece!
These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
And elemental war!

[*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*]

LORD RUDOLPH.

That single blast

Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
Neighs at the gate.

[*A volley of trumpets.*]

Hark! now the king comes forth!

For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions
He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end,
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd.

Vain of his stately form and horsemanship !
I must away ! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.

Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts ; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili !

[*Exit Rudolph and manet Casimir.*]

The traitor, Laska !——
And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this ?—O she was innocent !
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir !
O fool ! O parricide ! through yon wood didst thou,
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,
A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause ?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili !
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement !
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country ! [Exit Casimir.]

Scene changes to the mouth of a cavern as in Act II.

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

ZAPOLYA.

Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave :
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine !
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

GLYCINE.

I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
 And the same moment I descry him, lady,
 I will return to you. [Exit Glycine.]

Enter OLD BATHORY, *speaking as he enters.*

OLD BATHORY.

Who hears? A friend!
 A messenger from him who bears the signet!
 [Zapolya, who had been gazing affectionately after Glycine,
 starts at Bathory's voice.]

ZAPOLYA.

He hath the watchword!—Art thou not Bathory?

OLD BATHORY.

O noble lady! greetings from your son! [Bathory kneels.]

ZAPOLYA.

Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
 And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
 Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
 I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
 Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
 Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
 Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

OLD BATHORY.

O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
 And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
 Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
 A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPOLYA.

Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

OLD BATHORY.

She is safe.

The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
 And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
 My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
 Your son——

ZAPOLYA

Hark! Is it he?

OLD BATHORY.

I hear a voice

Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,

Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPOLYA.

O life of terrors !

OLD BATHORY.

In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—

[*Exeunt Zapolya and Bathory into the Cave.*
Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.

LASKA.

Not a step further !

PESTALUTZ.

Dastard ! was this your promise to the king ?

LASKA.

I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you
As with a friend : have pointed out Lord Casimir :
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ. (*affecting to start.*)

Be on your guard, man !

LASKA. (*in affright.*)

Ha ! what now ?

PESTALUTZ.

Behind you !

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threatened you
For your most impudent hope to cheat his master !

LASKA.

Pshaw ! What, you think 'tis fear that makes me leave you ?

PESTALUTZ.

Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart ?

LASKA. (*pompously.*)

Friend ! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine !

PESTALUTZ. (*with a sneer.*)

What ! the girl

Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces ?

LASKA. (*throwing down a bow and arrows.*)

Well ! There's my arms ! Hark ! should your javelin fail you,

These points are tipt with venom.

[Starts and sees Glycine without.

By Heaven! Glycine!

Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[They run out after Glycine, and she shrieks without: then enter BATHORY from the cavern.

OLD BATHORY.

Rest lady, rest! I feel in every sinew

A young man's strength returning! Which way went they?

The shriek came thence.

[Clash of swords, and Bethlen's voice heard from behind the scenes! GLYCINE enters alarmed; then, as seeing Laska's bow and arrows.

GLYCINE.

Ha! weapons here? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine

Will die with thee or save thee!

[She seizes them and rushes out. Bathory following her. Lively and irregular music, and Peasants with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up! ye dames, ye lasses gay!

To the meadows trip away.

'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,

And scare the small birds from the corn.

Not a soul at home may stay;

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house

To the cricket and the mouse:

Find grannam out a sunny seat,

With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay:

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to-day.

Re-enter, as the Huntsmen pass off, BATHORY, BETHLEN, and
GLYCINE.

GLYCINE. (*leaning on Bethlen.*)

And now once more a woman——

BETHLEN.

Was it then
That timid eye, was it those maiden hands,
That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me?

OLD BATHORY. (*to Bethlen, exultingly.*)

'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud
By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme
Of life and death! I saw the traitor, Laska,
Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade;
The point was at your back, when her shaft reached him;
The coward turned, and at the self-same instant
The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.

Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

BETHLEN.

Mother! Queen!

Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!
Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet
Hath made his own arm minister of his justice.
So do the Gods who launch the thunder-bolt!

ZAPOLYA.

O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!
In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,
A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden incense——

BETHLEN. (*hastily.*)

And that majestic form that stood beside thee
Was Raab Kiuprili!

ZAPOLYA.

It was Raab Kiuprili;
As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

OLD BATHORY.

Hail, Andreas! hail, my king!

[*triumphantly.*]

ANDREAS.

Stop, thou revered one,
Lest we offend the jealous destinies
By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty

To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.

Accept thine hand-maid's service!

[*kneeling.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Raise her, son!

O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And, through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!

ANDREAS.

Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chace,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLYCINE.

Hark! Sure the hunt approaches.

[*Horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.*]

ZAPOLYA.

O Kiuprili!

OLD BATHORY.

The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn
Swells singly with irregular blast! the tempest
Has scattered them!

[*Horns heard as from different places at a distance.*]

ZAPOLYA.

O Heavens! where stays Kiuprili?

OLD BATHORY.

The wood will be surrounded! leave me here.

ANDREAS.

My mother! let me see *thee* once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed
To seek the hero!

OLD BATHORY.

Haste! my life upon it

I'll guide him safe.

ANDREAS. (*thunder again.*)

Ha! what a crash was there!
 Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal
 [*pointing without to the body of Pestalutz.*
 Than yon vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.

Your behest, High Powers,
 Lo, I obey! to the appointed spirit,
 That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,
 In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee!
 [*Exeunt Zapolya, Andreas, and Glycine. Andreas having in
 haste dropt his sword. Manet Bathory.*

OLD BATHORY.

Yon bleeding corse (*pointing to Pestalutz's body*) may work
 us mischief still:

Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
 From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
 I'll drag it hither.

[*Exit Bathory. After awhile several Hunters cross the stage
 as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his dis-
 guise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.*

RAAB KIUPRILI. (*throwing off his disguise.*)
 Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
 Shall be my trust.

[*Then speaking as to Zapolya in the Cavern.*
 Haste! haste! Zapolya, flee!

[*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.*

Gone! Seized perhaps? Oh no, let me not perish
 Despairing of Heaven's justice! Faint, disarmed,
 Each sinew powerless, senseless rock, sustain me!
 Thou art parcel of my native land. [*Then observing the sword.*
 A sword!

Ha! and *my* sword! Zapolya hath escaped,
 The murderers are baffled, and there lives
 An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall!—
 There was a time, when this dear sword did flash
 As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms—
 I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant!
 And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
 To end *his* work and thine! Kiuprili now
 Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of Pestalutz.

OLD BATHORY.

Poor tool and victim of another's guilt !
Thou follow'st heavily : a reluctant weight !
Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[*Then observing Kiuprili.*

'Tis he !—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
Follow me, reverend form ? Thou need'st not speak,
For thou canst be no other than Kiuprili !

KIUPRILI.

And are they safe ?

[*Noise without.*

OLD BATHORY.

Conceal yourself, my lord !

I will mislead them !

KIUPRILI.

Is Zapolya safe ?

OLD BATHORY.

I doubt it not ; but haste, haste, I conjure you !

[*As he retires, in rushes Casimir.*

CASIMIR. (*entering.*)

Monster !

Thou shalt not now escape me !

OLD BATHORY.

Stop, lord Casimir !

It is no monster.

CASIMIR.

Art thou too a traitor ?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk ?
Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,
First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers ?
Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin ?

OLD BATHORY. (*pointing to the body of Pestalutz.*)

There lies the assassin ! slain by that same sword
That was descending on his curst employer,
When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued !

CASIMIR.

Strange providence ! what then was he who fled me ?

[*Bathory points to the Cavern, whence Kiuprili advances.*

Thy looks speak fearful things ! Whither, old man !

Would thy hand point me ?

OLD BATHORY.

Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR. (*discovering Kiuprili.*)

The curse ! the curse ! Open and swallow me,
Unsteady earth ! Fall, dizzy rocks ! and hide me !

OLD BATHORY. (*to Kiuprili.*)

Speak, speak, my lord !

KIUPRILI. (*holds out the sword to Bathory.*)

Bid him fulfil his work !

CASIMIR.

Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit !
O for sweet mercy, take some other form,
And save me from perdition and despair !

OLD BATHORY.

He lives !

CASIMIR.

Lives ! A father's curse can never die !

KIUPRILI. (*in a tone of pity.*)

O Casimir ! Casimir !

OLD BATHORY.

Look ! he doth forgive you !

Hark ! 'tis the tyrant's voice. [*Emerick's voice without.*]

CASIMIR.

I kneel, I kneel !

Retract thy curse ! O, by my mother's ashes,
Have pity on thy self-abhorring child !
If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,
Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,
Permitting me again to call thee father !

KIUPRILI.

Son, I forgive thee ! Take thy father's sword ;
When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
In that same instant doth thy father bless thee !

[*Kiuprili and Casimir embrace ; they all retire to the Cavern supporting Kiuprili. Casimir as by accident drops his robe, and Bathory throws it over the body of Pestalutz.*]

EMERICK. (*entering.*)

Fools ! Cowards ! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded

As gods or wood-nymphs!—

[Then sees the body of Pestalutz, covered by Casimir's cloak.

Ha! 'tis done then!

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
And there lies Casimir, and our last fears!

Well!—Ay, well!—

And is it *not* well? For though grafted on us,
And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
Of the parent poison-tree, lurked in its fibres:
There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him:
The old enemy looked at me in his face,
E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[As Emerick moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern

CASIMIR and BATHORY.

OLD BATHORY. (*pointing to where the noise is, and aside to Casimir.*)

This way they come!

CASIMIR. (*aside to Bathory.*)

Hold them in check awhile,
The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK. (*aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory, and looking at the dead body.*)

And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,
I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here
Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[Uncovers the face, and starts.

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz.

CASIMIR. (*coming forward.*)

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!

'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!

To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMERICK.

Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen
Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?

Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIMIR.

Then have at thee, tyrant!

[They fight. Emerick falls.

EMERICK.

Betrayed and baffled
By mine own tool!—Oh!

[dies.

CASIMIR. (*triumphantly.*)

Hear, hear, my father !
 Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O father,
 Wake from that envious swoon ! The tyrant's fallen !
 Thy sword hath conquered ! As I lifted it
 Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me ;
 Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me
 And lighted on the tyrant !

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants.

RUDOLPH, and BATHORY. (*entering.*)

Friends ! friends to Casimir !

CASIMIR.

Rejoice, Illyrians ! the usurper's fallen.

RUDOLPH.

So perish tyrants ! so end usurpation !

CASIMIR.

Bear hence the body, and move slowly on !

One moment——

Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,
 I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen
 With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven——
 A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored !

[Exeunt Casimir into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.]

Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in Casimir's Castle.

CONFEDERATES *discovered.*

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

It cannot but succeed, friends. From this palace
 E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
 With such short interspace, that fast as sound
 Can travel to us, we shall learn the event !

Enter another CONFEDERATE.

What tidings from Temeswar ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

With one voice

Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant ;
 He is proclaimed the public enemy,
 And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

Just doom for him, who governs without law !
 Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

Nothing is yet decided : but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta !

SAROLTA.

Confederate friends ! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause ! Kiuprili lives,
And from his obscure exile, hath returned
To bless our country. More and greater tidings
Might I disclose ; but that a woman's voice
Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,
The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;
For he alone is worthy to announce it.

[*Shouts of 'Kiuprili, Kiuprili,' and 'The Tyrant's fallen,' without.*
Then enter KIUPRILI, CASIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants, after the clamour has subsided.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher waits you :
Behold, your Queen !

Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS, royally attired,
with GLYCINE.

CONFEDERATES.

Comes she from heaven to bless us ?

OTHER CONFEDERATES.

It is ! it is !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full !
Kiuprili, thou art safe !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Royal Zapolya !

To the heavenly powers pay we our duty first ;
Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee
And for our country, the one precious branch
Of Andreas' royal house. O countrymen,
Behold your King ! And thank our country's genius,
That the same means which have preserved our sovereign,
Have likewise reared him worthier of the throne
By virtue than by birth. The undoubted proofs
Pledged by his royal mother, and this old man

(Whose name henceforth be dear to all Illyrians),
We haste to lay before the assembled council.

ALL.

Hail, Andreas ! Hail, Illyria's rightful king !

ANDREAS.

Supported thus, O friends ! 'twere cowardice
Unworthy of a royal birth, to shrink
From the appointed charge. Yet, while we wait
The awful sanction of convened Illyria,
In this brief while, O let me feel myself
The child, the friend, the debtor !—Heroic mother !—
But what can breath add to that sacred name ?
Kiuprili ! gift of Providence, to teach us
That loyalty is but the public form
Of the sublimest friendship, let my youth
Climb round thee, as the vine around its elm :
Thou *my* support, and *I* thy faithful fruitage.
My heart is full, and these poor words express not,
They are but an art to check its overswelling.
Bathory ! shrink not from my filial arms !
Now, and from henceforth, thou shalt not forbid me
To call thee father ! And dare I forget
The powerful intercession of thy virtue,
Lady Sarolta ! Still acknowledge me
Thy faithful soldier !—But what invocation
Shall my full soul address to thee, Glycine ?
Thou sword that leap'st forth from a bed of roses :
Thou falcon-hearted dove ?

ZAPOLYA.

Hear that from me, son !
For ere she lived, her father saved *thy* life,
Thine, and thy fugitive mother's !

CASIMIR.

Chef Ragozzi !
O shame upon my head ! I would have given her
To a base slave !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven overruled thy purpose,
And sent an angel (*pointing to Sarolta*) to thy house to
guard her ;

Thou precious bark! freighted with all our treasures!
 The sport of tempests, and yet [to *Andreas*.
 How many may claim salvage in'er the victim,
 (*pointing to Glycine*.) Take her, se!
 A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
 Than orient kings can give!

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits!—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours
 I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
 With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
 E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
 That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
 May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
 None love their country, but who love their home:
 For freedom can with those alone abide,
 Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
 Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
 While mad ambition ever doth caress
 Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

1821

REMOUSE.

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, Father to the two brothers, and Donna Teresa's Guardian.
 DON ALVAR, the eldest son.
 DON ORDONIO, the youngest son.
 MONVIEDRO, a Dominican and Inquisitor.
 ZULIMEZ, the faithful attendant on Alvar.
 ISIDORE, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.
 FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.
 NAOMI.
 MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.
 DONNA TERESA, an Orphan Heiress.
 ALHADRA, Wife to Isidore.

Time.—The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbade the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Sea-shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat cloak, and ZULIMEZ (a Moresco), both as just landed.*

ZULIMEZ.

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

ALVAR.

My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
 Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.

If aught on earth demand an unmixed feeling,
 'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
 To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
 To hail at once our country, and our birth-place.
 Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
 Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

ZULIMEZ.

Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
 Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
 It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
 And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

ALVAR.

Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
 Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
 Ordonio's brother.

ZULIMEZ.

Nobly-minded Alvar!
 This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

ALVAR.

The more behoves it, I should rouse within him
 REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.

REMORSE is as the heart in which it grows:
 If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
 Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
 It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
 Weeps only tears of poison!

ALVAR.

And of a brother,
 Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
 To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell thee,
 That this same life, which he conspired to take,
 Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
 And at the imminent hazard of his own.
 Add too my oath—

ZULIMEZ.

You have thrice told already
 The years of absence and of secrecy,
 To which a forced oath bound you; if in truth
 A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
 A binding oath—

ALVAR.

My long captivity
 Left me no choice: the very *Wish* too languished
 With the fond *Hope* that nursed it; the sick babe
 Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
 But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy;
 The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
 No motive could have tempted him to falsehood;
 In the first pangs of his awakened conscience,
 When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
 The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
 Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.

Heavy presumption!

ALVAR.

It weighed not with me—Hark! I will tell thee all:
 As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
 Of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.

That rocky seat you mean,
 Shaped by the billows?—

ALVAR.

There Teresa met me
 The morning of the day of my departure.
 We were alone: the purple hue of dawn,
 Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
 And blending with the blushes on her cheek
 Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
 There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
 The angel of the vision! *[then with agitation.]*

Hadst thou seen

How in each motion her most innocent soul
 Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st tell me,
 Guilt is a thing impossible in her!
 She must be innocent!

ZULIMEZ. (*with a sigh.*)

Proceed, my Lord!

ALVAR.

A portrait which she had procured by stealth
 (For even then it seems her heart foreboded
 Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry),

A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
 She tied around my neck, conjuring me
 With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
 To my own knowledge : nor did she desist,
 Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
 That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it
 Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
 Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.

A damning proof!

ALVAR.

My own life wearied me !
 And but for the imperative Voice within
 With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
 That Voice, which quelled me, calmed me : and I sought
 The Belgic states : there joined the better cause ;
 And there too fought as one that courted death !
 Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
 In death-like trance : a long imprisonment followed.
 The fulness of my anguish by degrees
 Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
 And still the more I mused, my soul became
 More doubtful, more perplexed ; and still Teresa,
 Night after night, she visited my sleep,
 Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
 Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
 Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
 I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless !
 Hear then my fixed resolve : I'll linger here
 In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
 The Moorish robes ?—

ZULIMEZ.

All, all are in the sea-cave,
 Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
 Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.

Above all, the picture
 Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.

Be assured
 That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.

Thus disguised,
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks,
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ,

Will they not know you?

ALVAR.

With your aid, friend, I shall unfearedly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar, and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
Manhood has sworn my chest, and taught my voice
A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead:
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.

'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shaped you to a Moorish chieftain,
I'll seek our mariners; and in the dusk
Transport what'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.

I know it well: it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—

[*Both stand listening.*

Voices at a distance!

Let us away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

TERESA.

I hold Ordonio dear; he is your son,
And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.

Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,
But Heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

TERESA.

There are woes
Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! if it be wretched
To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them;
* (As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid,
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain-cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self-same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death-bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return!

* [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner apologizes for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.]

Then see him listening to my constancy,
 Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
 Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon ;
 Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
 To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
 Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
 And there to wait his coming ! O my sire !
 My Alvar's sire ! if this be wretchedness
 That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
 If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from *my* arms ?
 Oh what a thought ! [Clasping her forehead.]

VALDEZ.

A thought ? even so ! mere thought ! an empty thought.
 The very week he promised his return——

TERESA. (*abruptly.*)

Was it not then a busy joy ? to see him,
 After those three years' travels ! we had no fears—
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
 Almost endeared his absence ! Yet the gladness,
 The tumult of our joy ! What then if now——

VALDEZ.

O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
 Spite of conviction ! I am old and heartless !
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
 Hectic and unrefreshed with rest——

TERESA. (*with great tenderness.*)

My father !

VALDEZ.

The sober truth is all too much for me !
 I see no sail which brings not to my mind
 The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
 By the Algerine—to perish with his captors !

TERESA.

Oh no ! he did not !

VALDEZ.

Captured in sight of land !

From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
 We might have seen——

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

Alas! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
 Thou ne'er didst wish to learn! my brave Ordonio
 Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
 In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
 And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes:
 Gallant Ordonio! (*pauses, then tenderly*) O beloved Teresa,
 Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
 And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
 His brother happy, make his aged father
 Sink to the grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake
 Press me no more! I have no power to love him.
 His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
 Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night:
 My love, a timorous and tender flower,
 Closes beneath his touch.

VALDEZ.

You wrong him, maiden!
 You wrong him, by my soul! Nor was it well
 To character by such unkindly phrases
 The stir and workings of that love for you
 Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
 Nor is it grateful in you to forget
 His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
 With an heroic fearlessness of danger
 He roamed the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
 It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

TERESA.

Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez! pardon me!
 It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
 A most ungrateful speech! But I am hurried
 Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
 Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
 Born in one day, like twins of the same parent?
 Nursed in one cradle? Pardon me, my father!
 A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
 Yet still the hope survives——

VALDEZ. (*looking forward.*)

Hush! 'tis Monviedro.

TERESA.

The Inquisitor! on what new scent of blood?

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

MONVIEDRO. (*having first made his obeisance to VALDEZ and*

TERESA.)

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my lord,

My present need is with your son.

[*Looking forward.*]

We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman

(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.

Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse

To his false creed, so recently abjured,

The secret servants of the Inquisition

Have seized her husband, and at my command

To the supreme tribunal would have led him,

But that he made appeal to you, my lord,

As surety for his soundness in the faith.

Though lessened by experience what small trust

The asseverations of these Moors deserve,

Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,

Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour

The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,

Thus far prevailed with me that——

ORDONIO.

Reverend father,

I am much beholden to your high opinion,

Which so o'erprizes my light services.

[*Then to ALHADRA.*]

I would that I could serve you; but in truth

Your face is new to me.

MONVIEDRO.

My mind foretold me

That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,

'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,

That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely

Some four years since to quell those rebel Moors,

Should prove the patron of this infidel!

The guarantee of a Moresco's faith!

Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts*.)—You may remember it :
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO.

Palpably false !

This very week, three years ago, my lord
(You needs must recollect it by your wound),
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar !

[TERESA *looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror.* OR-
DONIO'S *appearance to be collected from what follows.*

MONVIEDRO. (*to Valdez and pointing at Ordonio.*)

What, is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks !

VALDEZ. (*angrily.*)

You pressed upon him too abruptly, father !
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

ORDONIO. (*starting as in sudden agitation.*)

O Heavens ! I ?—I doted? (*then recovering himself.*)

Yes ! I doted on him.

[ORDONIO *walks to the end of the stage, Valdez follows,*
soothing him.

TERESA. (*her eye following Ordonio.*)

I do not, cannot, love him. Is my heart hard ?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it !

MONVIEDRO.

The drops did start and stand upon his forehead !
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho ! attend me, woman !

ALHADRA. (*to Teresa.*)

O gentle lady ! make the father stay,
Until my lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

TERESA.

Stay, father ! stay ! my lord will soon recover.

ORDONIO. (*as they return, to VALDEZ.*)

Strange, that this Monviedro
Should have the power so to distemper me !

VALDEZ.

Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son !

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, I truly grieve——

ORDONIO.

Tut ! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father ! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him,I know him well, and that he *is* a Christian.

MONVIEDRO.

I hope, my lord, your merely human pity

Doth not prevail——

ORDONIO.

'Tis certain that he *was* a catholic ;

What changes may have happened in three years,

I cannot say ; but grant me this, good father :

Myself I'll sift him : if I find him sound,

You'll grant me your authority and name

To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.

Your zeal, my lord,

And your late merits in this holy warfare,

Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

I will attend you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Meantime return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free ! I may not do it.

I will stay here.

TERESA. (*aside.*)

Who is this Isidore ?

VALDEZ.

Daughter !

TERESA.

With your permission, my dear lord,

I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea-breeze.

[*Exeunt Valdez, Monviedro, and Ordonio.*]

ALHADRA.

Hah ! there he goes ! a bitter curse go with him,

A scathing curse !

[Then, as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look,
You hate him, don't you, lady ?

TERESA. (*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she has spoken
imprudently.*)

Oh fear not me ! *my* heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell inquisitors ! these sons of blood !
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it—

TERESA.

Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.

And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager :
'Twas with hard toil I made myself rewer
That his Familiars held my babes and husband.
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurled him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet !

TERESA.

Hush ! hush for shame !

Where is your woman's heart ?

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady !

You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,
Many and strange ! Besides (*ironically*), I am a Christian,
And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith !

TERESA.

Shame fall on those who so have shown it to thee !

ALHADRA.

I know that man ; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent),
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

TERESA.

What might your crime be ?

ALHADRA.

I was a Moresco !

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison-house,

Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
 No touch, no sound of comfort! The black air,
 It was a toil to breathe it! when the door,
 Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
 One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
 Covered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
 Oh miserable! by that lamp to see
 My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
 Brought daily: for the little wretch was sickly—
 My rage had dried away its natural food.
 In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
 Which haply told me, that the all-cheering Sun
 Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,
 My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
 And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,
 I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
 And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
 That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

TERESA.

O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

ALHADRA.

What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
 That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
 What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
 Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
 And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter Pestilence.

TERESA.

You were at length released?

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length

[I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
 'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
 For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
 A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
 All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
 And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
 That you would start and shudder!

TERESA.

But your husband—

ALHADRA.

A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.



Teresa. See, we have disturbed him.
I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face.—*Remorse.*

TERESA.

Alas, poor man !

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,
 Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance ;
 Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
 He worships nature in the hill and valley,
 Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in Moorish garments.

TERESA.

Know you that stately Moor ?

ALHADRA.

I know him not :

But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
 Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

TERESA.

The Alpuxarras ? Does he know his danger,
 So near this seat ?

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,
 As in defiance of the royal edict.

[Alhadra advances to Alvar, who has walked to the back of the stage, near the rocks. Teresa drops her veil.]

ALHADRA.

Gallant Moresco ! an Inquisitor,
 Monviedro, of known hatred to our race—

ALVAR. *(interrupting her.)*

You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

ALHADRA.

He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him :
 Speak to him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,
 And not believe you innocent of guile.

TERESA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir—

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[Alvar sinks down and hides his face in his robe.]

TERESA.

See we have disturbed him.

[approaches nearer to him.]

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,

For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows healing.
I pray you think us friends !

ALVAR. (*raising his head.*)

Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice ! She is no traitress !

TERESA.

Let us retire. (*haughtily to Alhadra.*)

[*They advance to the front of the Stage.*]

ALHADRA. (*with scorn.*)

He is indeed a Christian.

ALVAR. (*aside.*)

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment !
Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments ?

(*To Teresa.*)

Your pardon, noble dame ! that I disturbed you :
I had just started from a frightful dream.

TERESA.

Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophesy—

ALVAR.

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever-frowning Present is its image.

TERESA.

Traitress ! (*then aside.*)

What sudden spell o'er masters me ?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman ?

[*Teresa looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive
as Alvar proceeds in the next speech.*]

ALVAR.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me ;
For mine own self seemed nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body !
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,

I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts ! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought : hear him no more, sweet Lady !

TERESA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood !
Well, sir, what happened then ?

ALVAR.

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal ! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close ! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one havock.
The second flash of lightning showed a tree,
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous :
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's bite !

TERESA. (*shuddering.*)

A fearful curse !

ALHADRA. (*fiercely.*)

But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them ?
Dreamt you of no revenge ?

ALVAR. (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress.*)

She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands !
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave !
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts :

For still I loved her !

ALHADRA.

And you dreamt all this ?

TERESA.

My soul is full of visions all as wild !

ALHADRA.

There's no room in this heart for puling love tales.

TERESA. (*lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar.*)

Stranger, farewell ! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and I own, perplexed me
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell !
But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt Teresa and Alhadra.*

ALVAR. (*alone.*)

'Tis strange ! It cannot be *my* Lord Ordonio !
Her Lord Ordonio ! Nay, I will not do it !
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough !
How sad she looked, and pale ! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy !
If the bad spirit retained his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent ?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her ?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour.
Ah ! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin ? Who should tell it *him*,
If it were truth ? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie ? all else, I *know*, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience !
And she referred to *me*—fondly, methought !
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress ?

Here where we played together in our childhood?
 Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
 Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings
 She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
 'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
 That I shall meet her where no evil is,
 No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
 I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
 Her husband—ay, her *husband!* May this angel
 New mould his cankered heart! Assist me, Heaven,
 That I may pray for my poor guilty brother. [Exit.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.

ORDONIO.

Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
 Yet we secured from listeners.

ISIDORE.

Now indeed
My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
 Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
 That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!—
 Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
 You gave it me: next rescued me from suicide
 When for my follies I was made to wander,
 With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them:
 Now, but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
 Had been my bed and pillow.

ORDONIO.

Good Isidore!
 Why this to me? It is enough, you know it.

ISIDORE.

A common trick of Gratitude, my lord,
 Seeking to ease her own full heart—

ORDONIO.

Enough!

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.
You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.

And how, my lord? I pray you to name the thing.
I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice
To pluck a weed you fancied!

ORDONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation.*)

Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.

'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you :
Have you a son, my lord?

ORDONIO.

O miserable—

[*aside.*]

Isidore! you are a man, and know mankind.
I told you what I wished—now for the *truth*—
She loved the man you killed.

ISIDORE. (*looking as suddenly alarmed.*)

You jest, my lord?

ORDONIO.

And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

ISIDORE.

You sport with me, my lord?

ORDONIO.

Come, come! this foolery

Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it!

ISIDORE.

I can bear this, and anything more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here?

ORDONIO.

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.

I am dull, my lord! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.

In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church, 'tis true :
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense!
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.

She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,
 Shivers, and cannot keep the tears in her eye :
 And such do love the marvellous too well
 Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
 With a strange music, that she knows not of—
 With fumes of frankincense, and mummary,
 Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
 That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
 I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.

Will that be a sure sign ?

ORDONIO.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favoured lover
 (By some base spell he had bewitched her senses),
 She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
 As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
 And as she coyly bound it round his neck
 She made him promise silence ; and now holds
 The secret of the existence of this portrait
 Known only to her lover and herself.
 But I had traced her, stolen unnoticed on them,
 And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.

But now I should have cursed the man who told me
 You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
 But this I cannot do.

ORDONIO.

Where lies your scruple ?

ISIDORE. (*with stammering.*)

Why—why, my lord !

You know you told me that the lady loved you,
 Had loved you with *incautious* tenderness ;
 That if the young man, her betrothed husband,
 Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
 Must perish. Now, though with no tenderer scruples
 Than those which being *native* to the heart,
 Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

ORDONIO. (*aloud, though to express his contempt he speaks in the third person.*)

This Fellow is a Man—he killed for hire

One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples!

[Then turning to *Isidore*.

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool! thou blunder'st through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villainy.

ISIDORE.

My lord—my lord,

I can bear much—yes, very much from you!
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness;
I am no villain—never killed for hire—
My gratitude—

ORDONIO.

O ay—your gratitude!

'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done with it?

ISIDORE.

Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

ORDONIO. (*with bitter scorn.*)

Virtue—

ISIDORE.

Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.
I knew not 'twas your brother!

ORDONIO. (*alarmed.*)

And who told you?

ISIDORE.

He himself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha! you talked with him!

And those, the two Morescoes who were with you?

ISIDORE.

Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO. (*in a low voice.*)

My brother—

ISIDORE.

Yes, my lord, I could not tell you!
I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.
But listen to me now—I pray you listen—

ORDONIO.

Villain! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.

My lord, it much imports your future safety

That you should hear it.

ORDONIO. (*turning off from Isidore.*)

Am not I a Man?

'Tis as it should be! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler!

ISIDORE.

We met him in the very place you mentioned,
Hard by a grove of firs—

ORDONIO.

Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all;
In fine, compelled a parley.

ORDONIO. (*sighing, as if lost in thought.*)

Alvar! brother!

ISIDORE. †

He offered me his purse—

ORDONIO. (*with eager suspicion.*)

Yes?

ISIDORE. (*indigmantly.*)

Yes—I spurned it.—

He promised us I know not what—in vain!
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,
He said, What mean you, friends? My life is dear:
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours:
I asked his brother's name: he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed I said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ),
That woman is dishonoured by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He looked
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Ay, just as you look now—only less ghastly!
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

ORDONIO.

And you killed him?

Oh blood-hounds! may eternal wrath flame round you!

He was his Maker's Image undefaced! [a pause.

It seizes me—by Hell I will go on!

What—would'st thou stop, man? thy pale looks won't save thee! [a pause.

Oh cold—cold—cold! shot through with icy cold!

ISIDORE. (*aside.*)

Were he alive he had returned ere now.

The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

ORDONIO.

O this unutterable dying away—here—

This sickness of the heart! [a pause.

What if I went

And lived in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?

Ay! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!

[a pause

What have I done but that which nature destined,

Or the blind elements stirred up within me?

If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?

And if not meant—

ISIDORE.

You are disturbed, my lord!

ORDONIO. (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after a pause, during which his features are forced into a smile.*)

A gust of the soul! 'faith, it overset me.

O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!

Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

ISIDORE. (*in a low voice.*)

I'll perish first!

ORDONIO.

What dost thou mutter of?

ISIDORE

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO.

There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

ISIDORE.

They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched

A stranger near the ruin in the wood,

Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild-flowers.

I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
 Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
 Stol'n after him unnoticed. There I marked,
 'That mid the chequer-work of light and shade
 With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
 But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
 I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A Wizard—
 Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

ORDONIO.

Doubtless you question'd him?

ISIDORE.

'Twas my intention,
 Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
 But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
 Lurk everywhere, already (as it seemed)
 Had given commission to his apt familiar
 To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
 Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
 I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
 In that lone place, again concealed myself:
 Yet within hearing. So the Moor was questioned,
 And in *your* name, as lord of this domain,
 Proudly he answered, 'Say to the Lord Ordonio,
 'He that can bring the dead to life again!'

ORDONIO.

A strange reply!

ISIDORE.

Ay, all of him is strange.
 He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
 The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO.

Where does this wizard live?

ISIDORE. (*pointing to the distance.*)

You see that brooklet?
 Trace its course backward: through a narrow opening
 It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO.

How shall I know it?

ISIDORE.

You cannot err. It is a small green dell
 Built all around with high off-sloping hills,

And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
 The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
 And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
 And makes a kind of faery forest grow
 Down in the water. At the further end
 A puny cataract falls on the lake ;
 And there, a curious sight ! you see its shadow
 For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
 Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
 His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO. (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of the scene,
 and then turning round to Isidore.*)

Ha !—Who lurks there ? Have we been overheard ?
 There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glitters——

ISIDORE.

'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the other,
 Form a mock portal with their pointed arch ?
 Pardon my smiles ? 'Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
 Who sits in the Sun, and twirls a Bough about,
 His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears.
 And so he sits, swaying his cone-like Head,
 And staring at his Bough from Morn to Sun-set
 See-saws his Voice in inarticulate Noises.

ORDONIO.

'Tis well ! and now for this same Wizard's Lair.

ISIDORE.

Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash,
 Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
 O'er the old thatch

ORDONIO.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt Ordonio and Isidore.*]

SCENE II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers Alvar, Zulimez, and Alhadra, as on the point of leaving.

ALHADRA. (*addressing Alvar.*)

Farewell then ! and though many thoughts perplex me,
Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of thee ! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

ALVAR.

Nobly-minded woman !
Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain :
TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found : but ere the spear ?
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose,
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart !
Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more farewell. [*Exit Alhadra.*]

Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us, the heroic Maurice
Will grant us an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

ZULIMEZ.

And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold ?

ALVAR.

O faithful Zulimez !

That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my TERESA—
Her husband proved a murderer, and *her* infants
His infants—poor TERESA !—all would perish,
All perish—all ! and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin !

ZULIMEZ. (*much affected.*)

Nay now ! I have distressed you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome !
You are a painter,* one of many fancies !
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas ; and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name——

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

ALVAR.

What if it were my brother coming onwards ?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.ALVAR. (*startling.*)

It is he !

ORDONIO. (*to himself as he enters.*)

If I distinguished right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjurer
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing Alvar.*]

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.

* Vide Appendix.

I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

ALVAR. (*with deep emotion.*)

The Son of Valdez!

Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.

ZULIMEZ. (*to Alvar.*)

Why what ails you now?

How your hand trembles! Alvar, speak! what wish you?

ALVAR.

To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO. (*returning, and aloud.*)

Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—

Those only, which the pale rays visited!

O the unintelligible power of weeds,

When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er them:

Then they work miracles! I warrant you,

There's not a leaf but underneath it lurks

Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you

Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.

I am he.

ORDONIO.

With you, then, I am to speak:

(*Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.*)

And mark you, alone.

[*Exit Zulimez.*]

'He that can bring the dead to life again!'—

Such was your message, sir! You are no dullard,

But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALVAR.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,

That are all dust and rottenness within.

Would'st thou I should strip such?

ORDONIO.

Thou quibbling fool,

What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed hither,

To sport with thee?

ALVAR.

O no, my lord! to sport

Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

ORDONIO. (*aside.*)

O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A fool! a fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*]

You are poor!

ALVAR.

What follows thence?

ORDONIO.

That you would fain be richer.
The Inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

ALVAR. (*solemnly.*)

Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

ORDONIO.

The slave begins to soften.

[*aside.*]

You are, my friend,
'He that can bring the dead to life again.'
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.
(*then with great bitterness.*)

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

ALVAR. (*aside.*)

Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

ORDONIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?

[*Ordonio steps to the door.*]

ALVAR.

What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starred Teresa——Wretch! my softer soul
Is passed away, and I will probe his conscience!

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady loved another man,
But he has perished.

ALVAR.

What! you killed him? hey?

ORDONIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

[*Turns abruptly from Alvar, and then to himself.*

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

ALVAR. (*watching his agitation.*)

Fare thee well—

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish. [*Alvar is retiring.*

ORDONIO. (*having recovered himself.*)

Ho!

[*calling to Alvar.*

ALVAR.

Be brief, what wish you?

ORDONIO.

You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALVAR.

I listen to you.

ORDONIO.

In a sudden tempest,
Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——

ALVAR.

Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

ORDONIO. (*hesitating.*)

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

ALVAR. (*with eager vehemence.*)

Are you not wedded then? Merciful Heaven!
Not wedded to TERESA?

ORDONIO.

Why what ails thee?

What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?
Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

ALVAR. (*recollecting himself.*)
 Proceed, I shall be silent.

[*Alvar sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*

ORDONIO.

To Teresa?

Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
 You had conned your lesson, made yourself proficient
 In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophesied
 A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
 Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.

ALVAR. (*lifting up his head.*)

Well! and this lady!

ORDONIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,
 She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
 She tied a little portrait round his neck,
 Entreating him to wear it.

ALVAR. (*sighing.*)

Yes! he did so!

ORDONIO.

Why no: he was afraid of accidents,
 Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
 In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
 Till his return.

ALVAR.

What! he was your friend then?

ORDONIO. (*wounded and embarrassed.*)

I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,
 This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
 Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
 He is in heaven then—there you have no influence.
 Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
 Something he wore about him when he died.
 And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
 Is passed, your spirits will have left this picture.
 What say you now?

ALVAR. (*after a pause.*)

Ordonio, I will do it.

ORDONIO.

We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,

In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense),
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture
And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

ALVAR.

I will not fail to meet you.

ORDONIO.

Till next we meet, farewell!

[Exit Ordonio.

ALVAR. (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away and gazes passionately at the portrait.*)

And I did curse thee?

At midnight? on my knees? and I believed
Thee perjured, *thee* a traitress? *Thee* dishonoured?
O blind and credulous fool! O guilt of folly!
Should not thy *inarticulate* Fondnesses,
Thy *Infant* Loves—should not thy *Maiden* Vows
Have come upon my heart? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee! barter for Life
This farewell Pledge, which with impassioned Vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-pang!

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,
Which ever smiled on me! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisped thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Hall of Armoury, with an Altar at the back of the Stage.
Soft Music from an Instrument of Glass or Steel.*

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.

ORDONIO.

This was too melancholy, Father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,

My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor ALVAR, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR.

My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father!

Enter TERESA, and Attendants.

TERESA.

Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

Believe you then no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

TERESA.

Say rather that I have imagined it
 A possible thing : and it has soothed my soul
 As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
 To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
 That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
 (To Alvar.) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
 On such employment ! With far other thoughts
 I left you.

ORDONIO. (*aside.*)

Ha ! he has been tampering with her ?

ALVAR.

O high-souled Maiden ! and more dear to me
 Than suits the *Stranger's* name !—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not ! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scene.*

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
 I call up the Departed !

Soul of Alvar !

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell :
 So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarred,
 Cease thy swift toils ! Since haply thou art one
 Of that innumerable company
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard :
 Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless
 And rapid Travellers ! what ear unstunned,
 What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
 The rushing of your congregated wings ?
 Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music.*

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow.*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
 That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
 A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
 To the parched caravan that roams by night !
 And ye build up on the becalmed waves
 That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven

Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split
 The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulphs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty Army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear,
 Sweet Spirit.'*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm !
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
 Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense !
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead !

SONG.

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel !
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a Chapel on the shore,
 Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
 Miserere Domine !

Hark ! the cadence dies away
 On the yellow, moonlight sea :
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine !

[*A long pause.*

ORDONIO.

The innocent obey nor charm nor spell !
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
 Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
 Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee
 O 'twere a joy to me !

ALVAR.

A joy to thee !

What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard ?
What if (his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence ?

VALDEZ.

These are unholy fancies !

ORDONIO. (*struggling with his feelings.*)

Yes, my father,

He is in Heaven !

ALVAR. (*still to Ordonio.*)

But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang ?

VALDEZ.

Idly prating man !
Thou hast guessed ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

ALVAR. (*still to Ordonio.*)

What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud ?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt ?
Yet still he stalked a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning ;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness ?
Young Lord ! I tell thee that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stir and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites !
Away, away ! Now let me hear more music. [*Music again.*]

TERESA.

'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures !
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer

Be present at these lawless mysteries,
 This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers !
 Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
 Yet Alvar's Memory !—Hark ! I make appeal
 Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
 To bend before a lawful Shrine, and seek
 That voice which whispers, when the still Heart listens,
 Comfort and faithful Hope ! Let us retire.

ALVAR. (*to Teresa anxiously.*)

O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
 Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
 Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent !

[*Exeunt Teresa and Attendant
 (Music as before.)*]

The spell is muttered—Come, thou wandering Shape,
 Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
 Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
 If he be dead, O come ! and bring with thee
 That which he grasped in death ! But if he live,
 Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*The whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*]

CHORUS.

Wandering Demons hear the spell !
 Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination is discovered, and having remained a few seconds is then hidden by ascending flames.*]

ORDONIO. (*starting in great agitation.*)

Duped ! duped ! duped !—the traitor Isidore !

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, Monviedro and the familiars of the Inquisition, servants, &c. enter and fill the stage.*]

MONVIEDRO.

First seize the sorcerer ! suffer him not to speak !
 The holy judges of the Inquisition
 Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord Valdez ?
 Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery
 There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
 And as you hope for mild interpretation,
 Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

ORDONIO. (*recovering himself as from stupor, to servants.*)

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!

[*All rush out in tumult.*]

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.

Enter TERESA.

When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
 Pressed heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
 Such calm unwonted bliss possessed my spirit,
 A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
 Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
 As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
 Beats on the roof of some fair banquet-room,
 While sweetest melodies are warbling—

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
 And extricate us from this net of peril?

TERESA.

Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

VALDEZ.

O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
 This was no feat of mortal agency!
 That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
 With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
 Self-kindled, self-consumed: bright as thy Life,
 Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,
 Alvar! My Son! My Son!—The Inquisitor—

TERESA.

Torture me not! But Alvar—Oh, of Alvar?

VALDEZ.

How often would He plead for these Morescoes!
 The brood accurst! remorseless, coward murderers!

TERESA. (*wildly.*)

So? so?—I comprehend you—he is—

VALDEZ. (*with averted countenance.*)

He is no more!

TERESA.

O sorrow ! that a Father's Voice should say this,
A Father's Heart believe it !

VALDEZ.

A worse sorrow
Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing !

TERESA.

These rays that slant in through those gorgeous windows,
From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord Valdez !
Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,
Speaks yet the Truth : and Alvar lives for me !

VALDEZ.

Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit !
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

TERESA.

I breathed to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswered,
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief ?

VALDEZ.

O not to-day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

[*turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.*

Accurst assassin !

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seemed to grasp some relict
More dear than was his life——

TERESA. (*with faint shriek.*)

O Heavens ! my portrait !
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang !

Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head !

[*Ordonio enters with the keys of the dungeon in his hand.*
Hush ! who comes here ? The wizard Moor's employer !
Moors were his murderers, you say ? Saints shield us

From wicked thoughts—

[*Valdez moves towards the back of the stage to meet Ordonio, and during the concluding lines of Teresa's speech appears as eagerly conversing with him.*

Is Alvar dead? what then?

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away! they see me not.—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!

To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmarked—a moment will restore me.

[*Retires out of sight.*

ORDONIO. (*as he advances with Valdez.*)

These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not

That I too had received the wizard's message,

'He that can bring the dead to life again.'

But now he is satisfied, I planned this scheme

To work a full conviction on the culprit,

And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VALDEZ.

'Tis well, my son! But have you yet discovered

(Where is Teresa?) what those speeches meant—

Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning?

Then when the wizard fixed his eye on you,

And you, I know not why, looked pale and trembled—

Why—why, what ails you now?—

ORDONIO. (*confused.*)

Me? what ails me?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happened

At any other time.—Why scan you me?

VALDEZ.

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,

Bore reference to the assassins—

ORDONIO.

Duped! duped! duped!

The traitor, Isidore!

[*a pause, then wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father!

I am most glad of this.

VALDEZ. (*confused.*)

True—Sorcery

Merits its doom; and this perchance may guide us

To the discovery of the murderers.
 I have their statures and their several faces
 So present to me, that but once to meet them
 Would be to recognize.

ORDONIO.

Yes! yes! we recognize them.

I was benumbed, and staggered up and down
 Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
 My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
 As had a snake coiled round them!—Now 'tis sunshine,
 And the blood dances freely through its channels!

[Turns off abruptly; then to himself.

This is my virtuous, grateful Isidore!

[Then mimicking Isidore's manner and voice.

'A common trick of gratitude, my lord!'

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His 'own full heart'—'twere good to see its colour.

VALDEZ.

These magic sights! O that I ne'er had yielded
 To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
 But that in spite of your own seeming faith
 I held it for some innocent stratagem,
 Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
 Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

ORDONIO. (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself.*)

Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore?

Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!

What? if one reptile sting another reptile,

Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature

Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.

Are we not all predestined Transiency,

And cold Dishonour? Grant it, that this hand

Had given a morsel to the hungry worms

Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?

That this must needs bring on the idiotcy

Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!

VALDEZ.

Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——

[averting himself.

Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO. (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his father: and just after the speech has commenced, Teresa reappears and advances slowly.*)

Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sentient beings
In place of that one man.—Say, I had killed him!

[*Teresa starts, and stops listening.*

Yet who shall tell me, that each one and all
Of these ten thousand lives is not as happy,
As that one life, which being pushed aside,
Made room for these unnumbered—

VALDEZ.

O mere madness!

[*Teresa moves hastily forwards, and places herself directly before Ordonio.*

ORDONIO. (*checking the feeling of surprise and forcing his tones into an expression of playful courtesy.*)

Teresa? or the Phantom of Teresa?

TERESA.

Alas! the Phantom only, if in truth
The substance of her Being, her Life's life,
Have ta'en its flight through Alvar's death-wound—

(*A pause.*)

Where—

(Even coward Murder grants the dead a grave)
O tell me, Valdez!—answer me, Ordonio!
Where lies the corse of my betrothed husband?

ORDONIO.

There, where Ordonio likewise would fain lie!
In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierced darkness!
For while we LIVE—

An inward day that never, never sets,
Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids!
Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs
A lulling ceaseless dirge! 'Tis well with HIM.

[*Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but returns as Valdez is speaking.*

TERESA. (*recoiling with the expression appropriate to the passion.*)

The rock! the fir-grove!

[*To Valdez.*

Didst thou hear him say it?

Hush! I will ask him!

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now!

This we *beheld*. Nor *hè* nor I know more,
Than what the magic imagery revealed.
The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villain,
Whom I will strangle!

VALDEZ. (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son, yet attempting to proceed with his description.*)

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

Dead! dead already! what care we for the dead?

VALDEZ. (*to Teresa.*)

Pity him! soothe him! disenchant his spirit!
These supernatural shows, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.

ORDONIO.

Is it so?

Yes! yes! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

(*Then mysteriously.*)

Father!

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours? What if the bolt,
Though aimed, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet missed its true aim when it fell on Alvar?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate; but you had marched
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps,
Captured, yet, as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now ?

TERESA.

A better, surer light

To guide me——

Both VALDEZ and ORDONIO.

Whither ?

TERESA.

To the only place

Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.

These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me !

Detain me not ! a dim power drives me hence,

And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover !

Suits that a high born maiden's modesty ?

O folly and shame ! Tempt not my rage, Teresa !

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.

And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven !

I haste but to the grave of my beloved !

[Exit, Valdez following after her.]

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward ! and I must love her ?

Scorned ! shuddered at ! yet love her still ? yes ! yes !

By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate

I will still love her—woo her—win her too !

(a pause) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait

Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poisoned

To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts triumph !

The mine is undermined ! Blood ! Blood ! Blood !

They thirst for thy blood ! *thy* blood, Ordonio ! *[a pause.]*

The Hunt is up ! and in the midnight wood

With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek

A timid prey : and lo ! the tiger's eye

Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch !

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,

And lure him to the cavern ! ay, that cavern !

He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him

Whence he shall never, never more return !

[Looks through the side window.]

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
 And now 'tis gone! All shall be done to-night. [Exit.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

ISIDORE.

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!
 'His life in danger, no place safe but this!
 'Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.'
 And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
 It cannot be!

Thanks to that little crevice,
 Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it.
 To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
 Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
 Anything but this crash of water drops!
 These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
 With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
 So beats the death-watch to a sick man's ear.

[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute's elapse, in an ecstasy of fear.]

A hellish pit! The very same I dreamt of!
 I was just in—and those damned fingers of ice
 Which clutched my hair up! Ha!—what's that—it moved.

[Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time Ordonio enters with a torch, and halloos to Isidore.]

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there!
 The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—
 I swear, I saw it move.

ORDONIO. *(goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.)*

A jutting clay stone
 Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath:

And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE. (*forcing a laugh faintly.*)

A jest to laugh at!

It was not that which scared me, good, my lord.

ORDONIO.

What scared you, then?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift?

But first permit me!

[*Lights his torch at Ordonio's, and while lighting it,*

(*A lighted torch in the hand,*

Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath

Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours

As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)

You see that crevice there?

My torch extinguished by these water drops,

And marking that the moonlight came from thence,

I stept in to it, meaning to sit there;

But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—

My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced

Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink

Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine

Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,

That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.

Was it my own fear?

Fear too hath its instincts!

(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,

And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)

An arm of frost above and from behind me

Plucked up and snatched me backward. Merciful Heaven!

You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!

My lord, I pray you go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh

Should creep, each one with a particular life,

Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!

Or had it drizzled needle points of frost

Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

ORDONIO. (*interrupting him.*)

Why, Isidore,

I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my lord !

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Pushed in huge stones and heard them strike and rattle
Against its horrid sides : then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now ?

ISIDORE.

Call him that fears his fellow-man a coward !
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Beside (you'll smile, my lord), but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
By what had passed between us in the morning.
O sleep of horrors ! Now run down and stared at
By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being *afraid*—stified with Fear !
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me !
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes ;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream——

ORDONIO.

Well ?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act

Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
Waked me : she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough!

Had you been here before?

ISIDORE.

Never, my lord!

But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO. (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause.*)
I know not why it should be! yet it is—

ISIDORE.

What is, my lord?

ORDONIO.

Ahhorrent from our nature,

To kill a man.—

ISIDORE.

Except in self-defence.

ORDONIO.

Why that's my case; and yet the soul recoils from it—
'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings?

ISIDORE.

Something troubles you.

How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord!
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose, a wicked thing. The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
It must be innocent.

[*Ordonio darkly, and in the feeling of self-justification, tells what he conceives of his own character and actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*]

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.

One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

Who? when? my lord?

ORDONIO.

What boots it who or when?

Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in the cavern.*

He was a man different from other men,

And he despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE. (*aside.*)

He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!

I am on my guard, however: no surprise.

[*Then to Ordonio.*

What, he was mad?

ORDONIO.

All men seemed mad to him!

Nature had made him for some other planet,

And pressed his soul into a human shape

By accident or malice. In this world

He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.

Of himself he speaks. [*aside.*

Alas! poor wretch!

Mad men are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.

He walked alone,

And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.

Something within would still be shadowing out

All possibilities; and with these shadows

His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,

A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:

To this in moody murmur and low voice

He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep:

The man who heard him.—

Why didst thou look round?—

ISIDORE.

I have a prattler three years old, my lord!

In truth he is my darling. As I went

From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—

But I am talking idly—pray proceed!

And what did this man?

ORDONIO.

With his human hand

He gave a substance and reality

To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well it was done!

[*then very wildly.*]

Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?

ISIDORE.

I would, my lord, you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight:
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.

ORDONIO.

Where was I?

ISIDORE.

He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same ever ready agent—he—

ISIDORE.

Ah! what of *him*, my lord?

ORDONIO.

He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it—

[*Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from Isidore, then
after a pause returns.*]

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.

A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.

ORDONIO.

That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he killed the Traitor.

ISIDORE.

No! the fool!

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
 Poor thick-eyed beetle ! not to have foreseen
 That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
 To murder his own brother, would not scruple
 To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
 And he could steal upon thee in the dark !

ORDONIO.

Thou would'st not then have come, if—

ISIDORE.

Oh yes, my lord !

I would have met him armed, and scared the coward.

[Isidore throws off his robe ; shows himself armed and draws his sword.]

ORDONIO.

Now this is excellent and warms the blood !
 My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
 With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Vengeance
 Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,
 And claims that life, my pity robbed her of—
 Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
 Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

ISIDORE.

And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

[They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess with his torch, Ordonio follows him ; a loud cry of 'Traitor ! Monster !' is heard from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.]

ORDONIO.

I have hurled him down the Chasm ! Treason for Treason.
 He *dreamt* of it : henceforward let him sleep,
 A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
 His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend.

[Exit Ordonio.]

SCENE II.*

The Interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle, with the Iron Gate of Dungeon visible.

TERESA.

Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
 Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
 In vain I urge the tortures that await him;
 Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
 My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
 Well, I have won from her what most imports
 The present need, this secret of the dungeon
 Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
 No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
 Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
 I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
 To act some part in some unholy fraud;
 As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
 He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
 And that Ordonio meditates revenge!
 But my resolve is fixed; myself will rescue him,
 And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Still sad?—and gazing at the massive door
 Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er hadst sight of,
 Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shaped it
 When the nurse stilled thy cries with unmeant threats.
 Now by my faith, Girl! this same wizard haunts thee!
 A stately man, and eloquent and tender— [with a sneer.
 Who then need wonder if a lady sighs
 Even at the thought of what these stern Dominicans—

TERESA. (*with solemn indignation.*)

The horror of their ghastly punishments
 Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
 That I should feel too little for mine enemy,

* Vide Appendix.

If it were possible I could feel more,
 Even though the dearest inmates of our household
 Were doomed to suffer them. That such things are—

VALDEZ.

Hush, thoughtless woman!

TERESA.

Nay, it wakes within me
 More than a woman's spirit.

VALDEZ.

No more of this—
 What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us!
 I dare not listen to you.

TERESA.

My honoured lord,
 These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
 I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
 As if to give a voice to the mute Image.

VALDEZ.

———We have mourned for Alvar.
 Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
 Have I no other son?

TERESA.

Speak not of him!
 That low imposture! That mysterious picture!
 If this be madness, must I wed a madman?
 And if not madness, there is mystery,
 And guilt doth lurk behind it.

VALDEZ.

Is this well?

TERESA.

Yes, it is truth: saw you his countenance?
 How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear,
 Displaced each other with swift interchanges?
 O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.—
 I would call up before thine eyes the image
 Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy First-born!
 His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
 His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips!
 That spiritual and almost heavenly light
 In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
 Virtue's own native heraldry! to man

Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
 Whene'er he gladdened, how the gladness spread
 Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,
 Flashed through by indignation, he bewailed
 The wrongs of Belgium's martyred patriots,
 Oh, what a Grief was *there*—for Joy to envy
 Or gaze upon enamoured !

O my father !

Recall that morning when we knelt together,
 And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
 Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him
 As at that moment he rose up before thee,
 Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him
 Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
 Then bid me (oh, thou could'st not) bid me turn
 From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
 To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
 Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

VALDEZ.

Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
 An old man's passion ! was it not enough,
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,
 Banished his health, and half unhinged his reason ;
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion ?
 And toil to blast his honour ? I am old,
 A comfortless old man !

TERESA.

O Grief ! to hear

Hateful entreaties from a voice we love !

Enter a peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.

VALDEZ. (*reading it.*)

'He dares not venture hither !' Why, what can this mean ?
 'Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
 That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;
 But he conjures me, that without delay
 I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
 To guard from danger him I hold imprisoned—
 He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
 Will even outweigh the sorrow.'—Why, what can this be ?
 Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
 To have in me an hostage for his safety.

Nay, that they dare not? Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves. [*Exit Valdez.*]

TERESA. (*alone.*)

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hushed,
Yet, anxious listener! I have seemed to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return,
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two went to talk at eventide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmured!
O we have listened, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart. [*a pause.*]

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery
Be groping for him with envenomed poignard—
Hence, womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit Teresa*]

SCENE III.

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress

ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touched by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods' most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine; and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.

Why such a thing am I!—Where are these men?
 I need the sympathy of human faces,
 To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
 Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
 The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
 To bring me food! or rather that my soul
 Could drink in life from the universal air!
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only Being alive!

My children!—Isidore's children!—Son of Valdez,
 This hath new-strung mine arm. Thou coward Tyrant!
 To stupefy a Woman's Heart with anguish,
 'Till she forgot—even that she was a Mother!

[She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round Alhadra, and remain silent till the Second in command, Naomi, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.]

NAOMI.

Woman! May Alla and the prophet bless thee!
 We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief?
 And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments?

ALHADRA. *(raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle.)*

Warriors of Mahomet! faithful in the battle!
 My countrymen! Come ye prepared to work
 An honourable deed? And would ye work it
 In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
 They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
 His arm shrinks withered, his heart melts away,
 And his bones soften.

NAOMI.

Where is Isidore?

ALHADRA. *(in a deep low voice.)*

This night I went from forth my house, and left
 His children all asleep: and he was living!
 And I returned and found them still asleep,

But he had perished—

ALL MORESCOS.

Perished?

ALHADRA.

He had perished!

Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know

That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!

Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm

Revenge his murder?

ONE MORESCOE (*to another.*)

Did she say his murder?

NAOMI.

Murder? Not murdered?

ALHADRA.

Murdered by a Christian!

[*They all at once draw their sabres.*

ALHADRA. (*To Naomi, who advances from the circle.*)

Brother of Zagri! fling away thy sword:

This is thy chieftain's! [*He steps forward to take it.*

Dost thou dare receive it?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,

No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart

Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword

Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez! [*a pause.*

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer!

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla!

ALL. (*kneeling.*)

By Alla!

ALHADRA.

This night your chieftain armed himself,

And hurried from me. But I followed him

At distance, till I saw him enter—*there!*

NAOMI.

The cavern?

ALHADRA.

Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.

After a while I saw the son of Valdez

Rush by with flaring torch: he likewise entered.

There was another and a longer pause;

And once, methought, I heard the clash of swords!

And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared .
 He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
 And seemed as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,
 Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

NAOMI.

Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern—

'Twas dark and very silent. (*Then wildly.*)

What saidst thou ?

No ! no ! I did not dare call, Isidore,
 Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,
 Belike, I lost all thought and memory
 Of that for which I came ! After that pause,
 O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and followed it :
 And yet another groan, which guided me
 Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
 A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
 Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :
 I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
 Came from that chasm ! it was his last ! his death-groan !

NAOMI.

Comfort her, Alla.

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance
 And agony that cannot be remembered,
 Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
 But I had heard his last : my husband's death-groan ?

NAOMI.

Haste ! let us onward.

ALHADRA.

I looked far down the pit—
 My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment :
 And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
 My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
 And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
 Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood !
 And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
 When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
 And it said, Vengeance !—Curses on my tongue !
 The moon hath moved in heaven, and I am here ;

And he hath not had vengeance ! Isidore !
 Spirit of Isidore ! thy murderer lives !
 Away ! away !

ALL.

Away, away !

[*She rushes off, all following her.*]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Dungeon.

ALVAR (*alone*) rises slowly from a bed of reeds.

ALVAR.

And this place my forefathers made for man !
 This is the process of our Love and Wisdom
 To each poor brother who offends against us—
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
 Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
 By Ignorance and parching Poverty,
 His energies roll back upon his heart
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
 They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !
 Then we call in our pampered mountebanks ;
 And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
 And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,
 And savage Faces, at the clanking hour,
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
 Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
 By sights of evermore deformity !
 With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !

Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit healed and harmonized
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary ! Yon rude bench of stone,
 In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !
 But the self-approving mind is its own light,
 And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
 Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[Retires out of sight.]

Enter TERESA with a Taper.

TERESA.

It has chilled my very life——my own voice scares me ;
 Yet when I hear it not, I seem to lose
 The substance of my being——my strongest grasp
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
 I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half-sounds
 Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here——

[looking round.]

O for one human face here—but to see
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage !
 It is but my own fear ! The life within me,
 It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
 Beyond which I scarce dare look onward ! Oh !

[shuddering.]

If I faint ? If this inhuman den should be
 At once my death-bed and my burial vault ?

[Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the recess.]

ALVAR. *(rushes towards her, and catches her as she is falling.)*

O gracious Heaven ! it is, it is Teresa !
 Shall I reveal myself ? The sudden shock
 Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
 And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
 O ye impetuous beatings here, be still !
 Teresa, best beloved ! pale, pale, and cold !
 Her pulse doth flutter ! Teresa ! my Teresa !

TERESA. *(recovering, looks round wildly.)*

I heard a voice ; but often in my dreams

I hear that voice! and wake, and try—and try—
 To hear it waking! but I never could—
 And 'tis so now—even so! Well! he is dead—
 Murdered perhaps! And I am faint, and feel
 As if it were no painful thing to die!

ALVAR. (*eagerly.*)

Believe it not, sweet maid! Believe it not,
 Beloved woman! 'Twas a low imposture,
 Framed by a guilty wretch.

TERESA. (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against
 a pillar of the dungeon.*)

Ha! Who art thou?

ALVAR. (*exceedingly affected.*)

Suborned by his brother—

TERESA.

Didst *thou* murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
 I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

ALVAR.

Ordonio—he—

TERESA.

If thou didst murder him—

His spirit ever at the throne of God
 Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
 With tears in Heaven!

ALVAR.

Alvar was not murdered.

Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

TERESA. (*wildly.*)

Nay, nay, but tell me! [*a pause, then presses her forehead.*

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain— [*a pause, she gazes at Alvar.*

Mysterious man!

Methinks I cannot fear thee: for thine eye
 Doth swim with love and pity—Well! Ordonio—
 Oh, my foreboding heart! And *he* suborned thee,
 And thou didst spare his life? Blessings shower on thee,
 As many as the drops twice counted o'er
 In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa!

ALVAR.

I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That picture—

TERESA. (*advances towards him.*)

Ha! speak on!

ALVAR.

Beloved Teresa!
It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here!
Thy much deceived but ever-faithful Alvar.

[*Takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

TERESA. (*receiving the portrait.*)

The same—it is the same. Ah! Who art thou?
Nay, I will call thee, ALVAR! [*She falls on his neck.*]

ALVAR.

O joy unutterable!

But hark! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while
Conceal thyself, my love! It is Ordonio.
For the honour of our race, for our dear father;
O for himself too (he is still my brother),
Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
That he may wake as from a dream of murder!
O let me reconcile him to himself,
Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

TERESA.

O my all-virtuous Love! I fear to leave thee
With that obdurate man.

ALVAR.

Thou dost not leave me!

But a brief while retire into the darkness:
O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee!

TERESA.

The sound of thy voice shall be my music!

[*Retiring, she returns hastily and embracing Alvar.*]

Alvar! my Alvar! am I sure I hold thee?

Is it no dream? thee in my arms, my Alvar! [*Exit.*]

[*A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and Ordonio enters, with a goblet in his hand.*]

ORDONIO.

Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
 I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
 And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.
 Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
 Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.
 Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
 'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
 And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
 And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
 And when one bubble runs foul of another,
 [waving his hand to Alvar.
 The weaker needs must break.

ALVAR.

I see thy heart!
 There is a frightful glitter in thine eye,
 Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
 This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
 Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
 And quell each human feeling.

ORDONIO.

Feeling! feeling!
 The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
 'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
 But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
 If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
 Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.
 [Ordonio proffers the goblet.

ALVAR.

Yon insect on the wall,
 Which moves this way and that, its hundred limbs,
 Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
 It were an infinitely curious thing!
 But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
 And by the power of its miraculous will
 Wields all the complex movements of its frame
 Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
 Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
 I would remove it with an anxious pity!

ORDONIO.

What meanest thou?

ALVAR.

There's poison in the wine.

ORDONIO.

Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die !

ALVAR.

Whom dost thou think me ?

ORDONIO.

The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

ALVAR.

I know him not.

And yet, methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?
Isidore ? Isidore ?

ORDONIO.

Good ! good ! that Lie ! by Heaven, it has restored me.
Now I am thy master !—Villain ! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

ALVAR.

What a strange solution

Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep ?

*[Alvar takes the goblet, and throwing it to the ground with
stern contempt.]*

My master !

ORDONIO.

Thou mountebank !

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain !

What then art thou ? For shame, put up thy sword !
What boots a weapon in a withered arm ?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest !
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction !
Thou blind self-worshipper ! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them !
What have they done for thee ? have they given thee peace ?
Cured thee of starting in thy sleep ? or made

The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight ?
 Art happy when alone ? Canst walk by thyself
 With even step and quiet cheerfulness ?
 Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——

ORDONIO. (*vacantly repeating the words.*)

Saved ? saved ?

ALVAR.

One pang !

Could I call up one pang of true Remorse !

ORDONIO.

He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
 His fatherless little ones ! Remorse ! Remorse !
 Where got'st thou that fool's word ? Curse on Remorse !
 Can it give up the dead, or recompact
 A mangled body ? mangled—dashed to atoms !
 Not all the blessings of an host of angels
 Can blow away a desolate widow's curse !
 And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atonement,
 It will not weigh against an orphan's tear !

ALVAR. (*almost overcome by his feelings.*)

But Alvar——

ORDONIO.

Ha ! it chokes thee in the throat,
 Even thee ; and yet I pray thee speak it out—
 Still Alvar !—Alvar !—howl it in mine ear !
 Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
 And shoot it hissing through my brain !

ALVAR.

Alas !

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
 Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
 And bore him to the strand ; then, son of Valdez,
 How sweet and musical the name of Alvar !
 Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
 And thou wert dear to him : Heaven only knows
 How very dear thou wert ! Why did'st thou hate him ?
 O Heaven ! how he would fall upon thy neck,
 And weep forgiveness !

ORDONIO.

Spirit of the dead !

Methinks I know thee ! ha ! my brain turns wild

At its own dreams !—off—off—fantastic shadow !

ALVAR.

I fain would tell thee what I am ? but dare not !

ORDONIO.

Cheat ! villain ! traitor ! whatsoever thou be—

I fear thee, Man !

TERESA. (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck.*)

Ordonio ! 'tis thy Brother.

[*Ordonio with frantic wildness runs upon Alvar with his sword. Teresa flings herself on Ordonio and arrests his arm.*]

Stop, madman, stop !

ALVAR.

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee ? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was ! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt !

Ordonio—Brother !

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

ORDONIO. (*drawing back, and gazing at Alvar with a countenance of at once awe and terror.*)

Touch me not !

Touch not pollution, Alvar ! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, Alvar and Teresa prevent him.*]

ALVAR.

We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio ! for our father's sake !
Spare his grey hairs !

TERESA.

And you may yet be happy.

ORDONIO.

O horror ! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy !
Live ! Live ! Why yes ! 'Twere well to live with you :
For is it fit a villain should be proud ?
My Brother ! I will kneel to you, my Brother ! [*kneeling.*]
Forgive me, Alvar !—Curse me with forgiveness !

ALVAR.

Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee !
Now is the time for greatness ! Think that heaven—

TERESA.

O mark his eye ! he hears not what you say.

ORDONIO. (*pointing at the vacancy.*)

Yes, mark his eye ! there's fascination in it !
Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he !
He comes upon me !

ALVAR.

Heal, O heal him, Heaven !

ORDONIO.

Nearer and nearer ! and I cannot stir !
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me ?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father !—

TERESA.

Some secret poison

Drinks up his spirits !

ORDONIO. (*fiercely recollecting himself.*)

Let the Eternal Justice

Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—
I will not bear to live—to live—O agony !
And be myself alone my own sore torment !

[*The doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in rush Alhadra,
and the band of Morescoes.*]

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man !

[*Alvar presses onward to defend Ordonio.*]

ORDONIO.

Off, Ruffians ! I have flung away my sword.
Woman, my life is thine ! to thee I give it !
Off ! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,
I'll rend his limbs asunder !—I have strength
With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—

ORDONIO.

Yes, I murdered him most foully.

ALVAR and TERESA.

O horrible !

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children?
 Demon, thou shouldst have sent thy dogs of hell
 To lap their blood. Then, then, I might have hardened
 My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
 I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
 And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
 For a deep horror of a desolation,
 Too great to be one soul's particular lot!
 Brother of Zagri! let me lean upon thee.

[*struggling to suppress her feelings.*]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
 I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
 Where is our father? I shall curse thee then!
 Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee thence!

TERESA.

He doth repent! See, see, I kneel to thee!
 O let him live! That aged man, his father——

ALHADRA. (*sternly.*)

Why had he such a son?

[*Shouts from the distance of, Rescue! Rescue! Alvar!*
Alvar! and the voice of Valdez heard.]

ALHADRA.

Rescue?—and Isidore's Spirit unavenged?

The deed be mine! [*suddenly stabs Ordonio.*]

Now take my Life!

ORDONIO. (*staggering from the wound.*)

ATONEMENT!

ALVAR. (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio.*)

Arm of avenging Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!

Brave not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[*then turning his eyes languidly to Alvar.*]

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.
 Forgive me, Alvar!—

Oh!—could'st thou forget me! [*Dies.*
[Alvar and Teresa bend over the body of Ordonio.

ALHADRA. (*to the Moors.*)

I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,
 That still extremes bring their own cure. That point
 In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
 Regardless of his own life, makes him too
 Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I an hundred men
 Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
 This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World;
 The deep foundations of iniquity
 Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
 The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,
 Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should fall,
 Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
 And all that were and had the spirit of Life,
 Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
 Conquering and still to conquer!

*[Alhadra hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills with
 armed peasants, and servants, Zulimez and Valdez at their
 head. Valdez rushes into Alvar's arms.*

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
 Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
 Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.

[both kneel to Valdez.

VALDEZ.

My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, Heaven!

TERESA.

Me too, my Father?

VALDEZ.

Bless, Oh bless my children!

[both rise.

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
 Were ominous. In these strange dread events
 Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
 That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
 Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,

If listened to ; but if repelled with scorn,
 At length, as dire REMORSE, she reappears,
 Works in our guilty hopes and selfish fears !
 Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !
 And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

THE following Scene, as unfit for the Stage, was taken from the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this with my other Poems in that collection (the NIGHTINGALE, LOVE, and the ANCIENT MARINER) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it, as a Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 377.

Enter TERESA and SELMA.

TERESA.

'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
 As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

SELMA.

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be,
 That joined your names with mine ! O my sweet Lady,
 As often as I think of those dear times,
 When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
 On each side of my chair, and make me learn
 All you had learnt in the day ; and how to talk
 In gentle phrase ; then bid me sing to you——
 'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been !

TERESA.

But that entrance, Selma ?

SELMA.

Can no one hear ? It is a perilous tale !

TERESA.

No one.

SELMA.

My husband's father told it me,
 Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul ;
 He was a woodman, and could fell and saw

With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild-flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
'Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things;
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray
With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment: so the youth was seized,
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart:
And once as he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,

How sweet it were on lake or wide savannah
 To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
 And wander up and down at liberty.
 He always doted on the youth, and now
 His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
 He made that cunning entrance I described
 And the young man escaped.

TERESA.

'Tis a sweet tale :
 Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
 His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
 And what became of him ?

SELMA.

He went on shipboard
 With those bold voyagers who made discovery
 Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
 He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more : but 'tis supposed,
 He lived and died among the savage men.

Note to the words 'you are a painter,' p. 352, Scene II. Act II.

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait ; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one, * who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

ZULIMEZ. (*speaking of Alvar in the third person.*)
 Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
 He told me, too, how in his early youth,
 And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
 To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice ;
 There won the love of that divine old man,
 Courted by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN !
 Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
 By the sweet mystery of lines and colours

* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]

Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,
 That made the Absent present ; and to Shadows
 Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
 He loved the old man, and revered his art :
 And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
 The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
 But his inalienable ornament,
 To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
 By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
 Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
 The Art, he honoured thus, requited him :
 And in the following and calamitous years
 Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

ALHADRA.

And then he framed this picture ? and unaided
 By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman ?

ALVAR.

A potent spell, a mighty talisman !
 The imperishable memory of the deed,
 Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation !
 So vivid were the forms within his brain,
 His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them !

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.*

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

1794.

TO

H. MARTIN, Esq.,

OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,—Accept, as a small testimony of my grateful attachment, the following Dramatic Poem, in which I have endeavoured to detail, in an interesting form, the fall of a man whose great bad actions have cast a disastrous lustre on his name. In the execution of the work, as intricacy of plot could not have been attempted without a gross violation of recent facts, it has been my sole aim to imitate the impassioned and highly-figurative language of the French orators, and to develop the characters of the chief actors on a vast stage of horrors.

Yours fraternally,

JESUS COLLEGE, *Sept.* 22, 1794.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Tuilleries.*

Enter BARRÈRE.

BARRÈRE.

THE tempest gathers—be it mine to seek
A friendly shelter, ere it bursts upon him.
But where? and how? I fear the Tyrant's soul—
Sudden in action, fertile in resource,

* The Fall of Robespierre was published in 1794, but as it was only partially written by Coleridge we place it next to his magnificent Translation of Schiller. The second and third Acts were written by Southey, but as the play would be incomplete without them, we leave it as Coleridge published it.

And rising awful 'mid impending ruins ;
 In splendour gloomy, as the midnight meteor,
 That fearless thwarts the elemental war.
 When last in secret conference we met,
 He scowled upon me with suspicious rage,
 Making his eye the inmate of my bosom.
 I know he scorns me—and I feel, I hate him—
 Yet there is in him that which makes me tremble !

[*Exit.*

Enter TALLIEN and LEGENDRE.

TALLIEN.

It was Barrère, Legendre ! didst thou mark him ?
 Abrupt he turned, yet lingered as he went,
 And towards us cast a look of doubtful meaning.

LEGENDRE.

I marked him well. I met his eye's last glance ;
 It menaced not so proudly as of yore.
 Methought he would have spoke—but that he dared not—
 Such agitation darkened on his brow.

TALLIEN.

'Twas all-distrusting guilt that kept from bursting
 The imprisoned secret struggling in the face :
 E'en as the sudden breeze upstarting onwards
 Hurries the thunder-cloud, that poised awhile
 Hung in mid air, red with its mutinous burthen.

LEGENDRE.

Perfidious Traitor !—still afraid to bask
 In the full blaze of power, the rustling serpent
 Lurks in the thicket of the Tyrant's greatness,
 Ever prepared to sting who shelters him.
 Each thought, each action in himself converges ;
 And love and friendship on his coward heart
 Shine like the powerless sun on polar ice :
 To all attached, by turns deserting all,
 Cunning and dark—a necessary villain !

TALLIEN.

Yet much depends upon him—well you know
 With plausible harangue 'tis his to paint
 Defeat like victory—and blind the mob
 With truth-mixed falsehood. They, led on by him,
 And wild of head to work their own destruction,
 Support with uproar what he plans in darkness.

LEGENDRE.

O what a precious name is Liberty
 To scare or cheat the simple into slaves!
 Yes,—we must gain him over: by dark hints
 We'll show enough to rouse his watchful fears,
 Till the cold coward blaze a patriot.
 O Danton! murdered friend! assist my counsels—
 Hover around me on sad memory's wings,
 And pour thy daring vengeance in my heart.
 Tallien! if but to-morrow's fateful sun
 Beholds the Tyrant living—we are dead!

TALLIEN.

Yet his keen eye that flashes mighty meanings—

LEGENDRE.

Fear not—or rather fear the alternative,
 And seek for courage e'en in cowardice—
 But see—hither he comes—let us away!
 His brother with him, and the bloody Couthon,
 And high of haughty spirit, young St Just.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ROBESPIERRE, COUTHON, ST JUST, and ROBESPIERRE JUN.

ROBESPIERRE.

What! did La Fayette fall before my power?
 And did I conquer Roland's spotless virtues?
 The fervent eloquence of Vergniaud's tongue?
 And Brissot's thoughtful soul unbribed and bold?
 Did zealot armies haste in vain to save them?
 What! did the assassin's dagger aim its point,
 Vain as a *dream* of murder, at my bosom?
 And shall I dread the soft luxurious Tallien?
 The Adonis Tallien? banquet-hunting Tallien?
 Him, whose heart flutters at the dice-box? Him,
 Who ever on the harlot's downy pillow
 Resigns his head impure to feverish slumbers!

ST JUST.

I cannot fear him—yet we must not scorn him.
 Was it not Antony that conquered Brutus,
 The Adonis, banquet-hunting Antony?
 The state is not yet purified: and though
 The stream runs clear, yet at the bottom lies
 The thick black sediment of all the factions—
 It needs no magic hand to stir it up!

COUTHON.

O we did wrong to spare them—fatal error !
 Why lived Legendre, when that Danton died ?
 And Collot d'Herbois dangerous in crimes ?
 I've feared him, since his iron heart endured
 To make of Lyons one vast human shambles,
 Compared with which the sun-scorched wilderness
 Of Zara were a smiling paradise.

ST JUST.

Rightly thou judgest, Couthon ! He is one
 Who flies from silent solitary anguish,
 Seeking forgetful peace amid the jar
 Of elements. The howl of maniac uproar
 Lulls to sad sleep the memory of himself.
 A calm is fatal to him—then he feels
 The dire upboilings of the storm within him.
 A tiger mad with inward wounds !—I dread
 The fierce and restless turbulence of guilt.

ROBESPIERRE.

Is not the commune ours ? the stern tribunal ?
 Dumas ? and Vivier ? Fleuriot ? and Louvet ?
 And Henriot ? We'll denounce a hundred, nor
 Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward.

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Nay—I am sick of blood ; my aching heart
 Reviews the long, long train of hideous horrors
 That still have gloomed the rise of the republic.
 I should have died before Toulon, when war
 Became the patriot !

ROBESPIERRE.

Most unworthy wish !
 He, whose heart sickens at the blood of traitors,
 Would be himself a traitor, were he not
 A coward ! 'Tis congenial souls alone
 Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
 O thou art brave, my brother ! and thine eye
 Full firmly shines amid the groaning battle—
 Yet in thine heart the woman-form of pity
 Asserts too large a share, an ill-timed guest !
 There is unsoundness in the state—To-morrow
 Shall see it cleansed by wholesome massacre !

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Beware! already do the sections murmur—
‘O the great glorious patriot, Robespierre—
The tyrant guardian of the country’s freedom!’

COUTHON.

’Twere folly sure to work great deeds by halves!
Much I suspect the darksome fickle heart
Of cold Barrère!

ROBESPIERRE.

I see the villain in him!

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

If he—if all forsake thee—what remains?

ROBESPIERRE.

Myself! the steel-strong Rectitude of soul
And Poverty sublime ’mid circling virtues!
The giant Victories, my counsels formed,
Shall stalk around me with sun-glittering plumes,
Bidding the darts of calumny fall pointless.

[*Exeunt cæteri. Manet* COUTHON.

COUTHON. (*solus.*)

So we deceive ourselves! What goodly virtues
Bloom on the poisonous branches of ambition!
Still, Robespierre! thou’lt guard thy country’s freedom
To despotise in all the patriot’s pomp;
While Conscience, ’mid the mob’s applauding clamours,
Sleeps in thine ear, nor whispers—blood-stained tyrant!
Yet what is Conscience? Superstition’s dream,
Making such deep impression on our sleep
That long the awakened breast retains its horrors!
But he returns—and with him comes Barrère.

[*Exit* COUTHON.

Enter ROBESPIERRE and BARRÈRE.

ROBESPIERRE.

There is no danger but in cowardice.—
Barrère! we make the danger, when we fear it.
We have such force without, as will suspend
The cold and trembling treachery of these members.

BARRÈRE.

’Twill be a pause of terror—

ROBESPIERRE.

But to whom?

Rather the short-lived slumber of the tempest,
 Gathering its strength anew. The dastard traitors !
 Moles, that would undermine the rooted oak !
 A pause !—a moment's pause?—'Tis all their life.

BARRÈRE.

Yet much they talk—and plausible their speech.
 Couthon's decree has given such powers, that——

ROBESPIERRE.

That what?

BARRÈRE.

The freedom of debate——

ROBESPIERRE.

Transparent mark !

They wish to clog the wheels of government,
 Forcing the hand that guides the vast machine
 To bribe them to their duty—*English* patriots,
 Are not the congregated clouds of war
 Black all around us? In our very vitals
 Works not the king-bred poison of rebellion?
 Say, what shall counteract the selfish plottings
 Of wretches, cold of heart, nor awed by fears
 Of him, whose power directs the eternal justice?
 Terror? or secret sapping gold? The first
 Heavy, but transient as the ills that cause it ;
 And to the virtuous patriot rendered light
 By the necessities that gave it birth :
 The other fouls the fount of the republic,
 Making it flow polluted to all ages ;
 Inoculates the state with a slow venom,
 That once imbibed, must be continued ever.
 Myself incorruptible I ne'er could bribe them—
 Therefore they hate me.

BARRÈRE.

Are the sections friendly?

ROBESPIERRE.

There are who wish my ruin—but I'll make them
 Blush for the crime in blood !

BARRÈRE

Nay—but I tell thee

Thou art too fond of slaughter—and the right
 (If right it be) workest by most foul means !

ROBESPIERRE.

Self-centering Fear ! how well thou canst ape Mercy !
 Too fond of slaughter—matchless hypocrite !
 Thought Barrère so, when Brissot, Danton, died ?
 Thought Barrère so, when through the streaming streets,
 Of Paris red-eyed Massacre o'erwearied
 Reeled heavily, intoxicate with blood ?
 And when (O heavens !) in Lyons' death-red square
 Sick fancy groaned o'er putrid hills of slain,
 Didst thou not fiercely laugh, and bless the day ?
 Why, thou hast been the mouth-piece of all horrors,
 And, like a blood-hound, crouched for murder ! Now
 Aloof thou standest from the tottering pillar,
 Or, like a frightened child behind its mother,
 Hidest thy pale face in the skirts of—Mercy !

BARRÈRE.

O prodigality of eloquent anger !
 Why now I see thou'rt weak—thy case is desperate !
 The cool ferocious Robespierre turned scolder !

ROBESPIERRE.

Who from a bad man's bosom wards the blow
 Reserves the whetted dagger for his own.
 Denounced twice—and twice I saved his life !

[Exit.

BARRÈRE.

The sections will support them—there's the point !
 No ! he can never weather out the storm—
 Yet he is sudden in revenge—No more !
 I must away to Tallien.

[Exit.

*Scene changes to the house of ADELAIDE.**ADELAIDE enters, speaking to a Servant.*

ADELAIDE.

Didst thou present the letter that I gave thee ?
 Did Tallien answer, he would soon return ?

SERVANT.

He is in the Tuilleries—with him Legendre—
 In deep discourse they seemed : as I approached
 He waved his hand as bidding me retire :
 I did not interrupt him.

[Returns the letter.

ADELAIDE.

Thou didst rightly.

[Exit Servant.

O this new freedom! at how dear a price
 We've bought the seeming good! The peaceful virtues
 And every blandishment of private life,
 The father's cares, the mother's fond endearment,
 All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.
 The wingèd hours, that scattered roses round me,
 Languid and sad drag their slow course along,
 And shake big gall-drops from their heavy wings.
 But I will steal away these anxious thoughts
 By the soft languishment of warbled airs,
 If haply melodies may lull the sense
 Of sorrow for awhile.

Soft Music. Enter TALLIEN.

TALLIEN.

Music, my love? O breathe again that air!
 Soft nurse of pain, it soothes the weary soul
 Of care, sweet as the whispered breeze of evening
 That plays around the sick man's throbbing temples.

SONG.

Tell me, on what holy ground
 May domestic peace be found?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wing she flies,
 From the pomp of sceptered state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottaged vale she dwells
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
 Still around her steps are seen,
 Spotless honour's meeker mien,
 Love, the fire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

TALLIEN.

I thank thee, Adelaide! 'twas sweet, though mournful,
 But why thy brow o'ercast, thy cheek so wan?
 Thou lookest a lorn maid beside some stream
 That sighs away the soul in fond despairing,
 While sorrow sad, like the dank willow near her,

Hangs o'er the troubled fountain of her eye.

ADELAIDE.

Oh! rather let me ask what mystery lours
On Tallien's darkened brow. Thou dost me wrong—
Thy soul distempered, can my heart be tranquil?

TALLIEN.

Tell me, by whom thy brother's blood was spilt?
Asks he not vengeance on these patriot murderers?
It has been borne too tamely. Fears and curses
Groan on our midnight beds, and e'en our dreams
Threaten the assassin hand of Robespierre.
He dies!—nor has the plot escaped his fears.

ADELAIDE.

Yet—yet—be cautious! much I fear the Commune—
The tyrant's creatures, and their fate with his
Fast linked in close indissoluble union.
The pale Convention—

TALLIEN.

Hate him as they fear him,
Impatient of the chain, resolved and ready.

ADELAIDE.

The enthusiast mob, confusion's lawless sons—

TALLIEN.

They are weary of his stern morality,
The fair-masked offspring of ferocious pride.
The sections too support the delegates:
All—all is ours! e'en now the vital air
Of Liberty, condensed awhile, is bursting
(Force irresistible!) from its compressure—
To shatter the arch-chemist in the explosion!

Enter BILLAUD VARENNES and BOURDON L'OISE.

[ADELAIDE *retires.*

BOURDON L'OISE.

Tallien! was this a time for amorous conference?
Henriot, the tyrant's most devoted creature,
Marshals the force of Paris: The fierce club,
With Vivier at their head, in loud acclaim,
Have sworn to make the guillotine in blood
Float on the scaffold—But who comes here?

Enter BARRÈRE abruptly.

BARRÈRE.

Say, are ye friends to freedom? I am hers!
Let us, forgetful of all common feuds,
Rally around her shrine! E'en now the tyrant
Concerts a plan of instant massacre!

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Away to the Convention! with that voice,
So oft the herald of glad victory,
Rouse their fallen spirits, thunder in their ears
The names of tyrant, plunderer, assassin!
The violent workings of my soul within
Anticipate the monster's blood!
[*Cry from the street of*—'No Tyrant! Down with the Tyrant!'

TALLIEN.

Hear ye that outcry?—If the trembling members
Even for a moment hold his fate suspended,
I swear by the holy poniard, that stabbed Cæsar,
This dagger probes his heart! [Exeunt omnes.

ACT II.—BY SOUTHEY.

SCENE.—*The Convention.*—ROBESPIERRE *mounts the Tribune.*

ROBESPIERRE.

Once more befits it that the voice of truth,
Fearless in innocence, though leaguered round
By envy and her hateful brood of hell,
Be heard amid this hall; once more befits
The patriot, whose prophetic eye so oft
Has pierced through faction's veil, to flash on crimes
Of deadliest import. Mouldering in the grave
Sleeps Capet's caitiff corse; my daring hand
Levelled to earth his blood-cemented throne,
My voice declared his guilt, and stirred up France
To call for vengeance. I too dug the grave
Where sleep the Girondists, detested band!
Long with the show of freedom they abused

Her ardent sons. Long time the well-turned phrase,
 The high-fraught sentence, and the lofty tone
 Of declamation thundered in this hall,
 Till reason, 'midst a labyrinth of words
 Perplexed, in silence seemed to yield assent.
 I durst oppose. Soul of my honoured friend,
 Spirit of Marat, upon thee I call—
 Thou know'st me faithful, know'st with what warm zeal
 I urged the cause of justice, stripped the mask
 From faction's deadly visage, and destroyed
 Her traitor brood. Whose patriot arm hurled down
 Hébert and Ronsin, and the villain friends
 Of Danton, foul apostate! those, who long
 Marked treason's form in liberty's fair garb,
 Long deluged France with blood, and durst defy
 Omnipotence! But I it seems am false!
 I am a traitor too! I Robespierre!
 I—at whose name the dastard despot brood
 Look pale with fear, and call on saints to help them!
 Who dares accuse me? who shall dare belie
 My spotless name? Speak, ye accomplice band;
 Of what am I accused? of what strange crime
 Is Maximilian Robespierre accused,
 That through this hall the buzz of discontent
 Should murmur? who shall speak?

BILLAUD VARENNES.

O patriot tongue
 Belying the foul heart! Who was it urged
 Friendly to tyrants that accurst decree,
 Whose influence brooding o'er this hallowed hall,
 Has chilled each tongue to silence? Who destroyed
 The freedom of debate, and carried through
 The fatal law, that doomed the delegates,
 Unheard before their equals, to the bar
 Where cruelty sat throned, and murder reigned
 With her Dumas co-equal? Say, thou man
 Of mighty eloquence, whose law was that?

COUTHON.

That law was mine. I urged it—I proposed—
 The voice of France assembled in her sons
 Assented, though the tame and timid voice

Of traitors murmured. I advised that law—
I justify it. It was wise and good.

BARRÈRE.

Oh, wondrous wise and most convenient too !
I have long marked thee, Robespierre—and now
Proclaim thee traitor—tyrant ! [*Loud applauses.*]

ROBESPIERRE.

I am a traitor ! oh, that I had fallen
When Regnault lifted high the murderous knife,
Regnault the instrument belike of those
Who now themselves would fain assassinate,
And legalize their murders. I stand here
An isolated patriot—hemmed around
By faction's noisy pack ; beset and bayed
By the foul hell-hounds who know no escape
From justice' outstretched arm, but by the force
That pierces through her breast.

[*Murmurs, and shouts of—'Down with the Tyrant !'*]

ROBESPIERRE.

Nay, but I will be heard. There was a time
When Robespierre began, the loud applauses
Of honest patriots drowned the honest sound.
But times are changed, and villany prevails.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

No—villany shall fall. France could not brook
A monarch's sway—sounds the dictator's name
More soothing to her ears ?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Rattle her chains
More musically now than when the hand
Of Brissot forged her fetters ; or the crew
Of Hébert thundered out their blasphemies,
And Danton talked of virtue ?

ROBESPIERRE.

Oh, that Brissot
Were here again to thunder in this hall !
That Hébert lived, and Danton's giant form
Scowled once again defiance ! so my soul
Might cope with worthy foes.

People of France
Hear me ! Beneath the vengeance of the law,

Traitors have perished countless ; more survive :
 The hydra-headed faction lifts anew
 Her daring front, and fruitful from her wounds,
 Cautious from past defeats, contrives new wiles
 Against the sons of Freedom.

TALLIEN.

Freedom lives !

Oppression falls—for France has felt her chains,
 Has burst them too. Who traitor-like stept forth
 Amid the hall of Jacobins to save
 Camille Desmoulins, and the venal wretch
 D'Eglantine ?

ROBESPIERRE.

I did—for I thought them honest.
 And Heaven forfend that vengeance e'er should strike,
 Ere justice doomed the blow.

BARRÈRE.

Traitor, thou didst.

Yes, the accomplice of their dark designs,
 Awhile didst thou defend them, when the storm
 Loured at safe distance. When the clouds frowned darker,
 Feared for yourself and left them to their fate.
 Oh, I have marked thee long, and through the veil
 Seen thy foul projects ; yes, ambitious man,
 Self-willed dictator o'er the realm of France,
 The vengeance thou hast planned for patriots
 Falls on thy head. Look how thy brother's deeds
 Dishonour thine ! He the firm patriot,
 Thou the foul parricide of Liberty !

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

Barrère—attempt not meanly to divide
 Me from my brother. I partake his guilt,
 For I partake his virtue.

ROBESPIERRE.

Brother, by my soul,
 More dear I hold thee to my heart, that thus
 With me thou dar'st to tread the dangerous path
 Of virtue, than that nature twined her cords
 Of kindred round us.

BARRÈRE.

Yes, allied in guilt,

Even as in blood ye are. Oh, thou worst wretch,
 Thou worse than Sylla ! hast thou not proscribed,
 Yea, in most foul anticipation slaughtered,
 Each patriot representative of France ?

BOURDON L'OISE.

Was not the younger Cæsar too to reign
 O'er all our valiant armies in the south,
 And still continue there his merchant wiles ?

ROBESPIERRE JUN.

His merchant wiles ! O grant me patience, Heaven !
 Was it by merchant wiles I gained you back
 Toulon, when proudly on her captive towers
 Waved high the English flag ? or fought I then
 With merchant wiles, when sword in hand I led
 Your troops to conquest ? fought I merchant-like,
 Or bartered I for victory, when death
 Strode o'er the reeking streets with giant stride,
 And shook his ebon plumes, and sternly smiled
 Amid the bloody banquet ? when appalled
 The hireling sons of England spread the sail
 Of safety, fought I like a merchant then ?
 Oh, patience ! patience !

BOURDON L'OISE.

How this younger tyrant
 Mouths out defiance to us ! even so
 He had led on the armies of the south,
 Till once again the plains of France were drenched
 With her best blood.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Till, once again displayed,
 Lyons' sad tragedy had called me forth
 The minister of wrath, whilst slaughter by
 Had bathed in human blood.

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

No wonder, friend,
 That we are traitors—that our heads must fall
 Beneath the axe of death ! When Cæsar-like
 Reigns Robespierre, 'tis wisely done to doom
 The fall of Brutus. Tell me, bloody man,
 Hast thou not parcelled out deluded France,
 As it had been some province won in fight

Between your curst triumvirate? You, Couthon,
Go with my brother to the southern plains;
St Just, be yours the army of the north;
Meantime I rule at Paris.

ROBESPIERRE.

Matchless knave!

What—not one blush of conscience on thy cheek—
Not one poor blush of truth! Most likely tale!
That I who ruined Brissot's towering hopes,
I who discovered Hébert's impious wiles,
And sharpened for Danton's recreant neck the axe,
Should now be traitor! had I been so minded,
Think ye I had destroyed the very men
Whose plots resemble mine! Bring forth your proofs
Of this deep treason. Tell me in whose breast
Found ye the fatal scroll? or tell me rather
Who forged the shameless falsehood?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ask you proofs?

Robespierre, what proofs were asked when Brissot died?

LEGENDRE.

What proofs adduced you when the Danton died?
When at the imminent peril of my life
I rose, and fearless of thy frowning brow,
Proclaimed him guiltless?

ROBESPIERRE.

I remember well

The fatal day. I do repent me much
That I killed Cæsar and spared Antony.
But I have been too lenient. I have spared
The stream of blood, and now my own must flow
To fill the current. [*Loud applauses.*]

Triumph not too soon,

Justice may yet be victor.

Enter ST JUST, and mounts the Tribune.

ST JUST.

I come from the committee—charged to speak
Of matters of high import. I omit
Their orders. Representatives of France,
Boldly in his own person speaks St Just
What his own heart shall dictate.

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this,
 Insulted delegates of France? St Just
 From your committee comes—comes charged to speak
 Of matters of high import—yet omits
 Their orders! Representatives of France,
 That bold man I denounce, who disobeys
 The nation's orders.—I denounce St Just. [*Loud applauses.*
 ST JUST.

Hear me! [*Violent murmurs.*

ROBESPIERRE.

He shall be heard!

BOURDON L'OISE.

Must we contaminate this sacred hall
 With the foul breath of treason?

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Drag him away!

Hence with him to the bar.

COUTHON.

Oh, just proceedings!

Robespierre prevented liberty of speech—
 And Robespierre is a tyrant! Tallien reigns,
 He dreads to hear the voice of innocence—
 And St Just must be silent!

LEGENDRE.

Heed we well

That justice guide our actions. No light import
 Attends this day. I move St Just be heard.

FRERON.

Inviolable be the sacred right of man,
 The freedom of debate. [*Violent applauses.*

ST JUST.

I may be heard then! much the times are changed,
 When St Just thanks this hall for hearing him.
 Robespierre is called a tyrant. Men of France,
 Judge not too soon. By popular discontent
 Was Aristides driven into exile,
 Was Phocion murdered. Ere ye dare pronounce
 Robespierre is guilty, it befits ye well,
 Consider who accuse him. Tallien,
 Bourdon of Oise—the very men denounced,

For that their dark intrigues disturbed the plan
Of government. Legendre the sworn friend
Of Danton fallen apostate. Dubois Crancé,
He who at Lyons spared the royalists—
Collot d'Herbois—

BOURDON L'OISE.

What—shall the traitor rear
His head amid our tribune—and blaspheme
Each patriot? shall the hireling slave of faction—

ST JUST.

I am of no one faction. I contend
Against all factions.

TALLIEN.

I espouse the cause
Of truth. Robespierre on yester-morn pronounced
Upon his own authority a report :
To-day St Just comes down. St Just neglects
What the committee orders, and harangues
From his own will. O citizens of France,
I weep for you—I weep for my poor country—
I tremble for the cause of Liberty,
When individuals shall assume the sway,
And with more insolence than kingly pride
Rule the republic.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Shudder, ye representatives of France,
Shudder with horror. Henriot commands
The marshalled force of Paris. Henriot,
Foul parricide—the sworn ally of Hébert,
Denounced by all—upheld by Robespierre.
Who spared La Valette? who promoted him,
Stained with the deep dye of nobility?
Who to an ex-peer gave the high command?
Who screened from justice the rapacious thief?
Who cast in chains the friends of Liberty?
Robespierre, the self-styled patriot Robespierre—
Robespierre, allied with villain Daubigné—
Robespierre, the foul arch-tyrant Robespierre.

BOURDON L'OISE.

He talks of virtue—of morality—
Consistent patriot! he Daubigné's friend!

Henriot's supporter virtuous! preach of virtue,
 Yet league with villains, for with Robespierre
 Villains alone ally. Thou art a tyrant!
 I style thee tyrant, Robespierre! [Loud applauses.

ROBESPIERRE.

Take back the name. Ye citizens of France—
 [Violent clamour. Cries of—'Down with the Tyrant!'

TALLIEN.

Oppression falls. The traitor stands appalled—
 Guilt's iron fangs engrasp his shrinking soul—
 He hears assembled France denounce his crimes!
 He sees the mask torn from his secret sins—
 He trembles on the precipice of fate.
 Fallen guilty tyrant! murdered by thy rage
 How many an innocent victim's blood has stained
 Fair freedom's altar! Sylla-like thy hand
 Marked down the virtues, that, thy foes removed,
 Perpetual Dictator thou might'st reign,
 And tyrannize o'er France, and call it freedom!
 Long time in timid guilt the traitor planned
 His fearful wiles—success emboldened sin—
 And his stretched arm had grasped the diadem
 Ere now, but that the coward's heart recoiled,
 Lest France awaked should rouse her from her dream,
 And call aloud for vengeance. He, like Cæsar,
 With rapid step urged on his bold career,
 Even to the summit of ambitious power,
 And deemed the name of King alone was wanting.
 Was it for this we hurled proud Capet down?
 Is it for this we wage eternal war
 Against the tyrant horde of murderers,
 The crowned cockatrices whose foul venom
 Infects all Europe? was it then for this
 We swore to guard our liberty with life,
 That Robespierre should reign? the spirit of freedom
 Is not yet sunk so low. The glowing flame
 That animates each honest Frenchman's heart
 Not yet extinguished. I invoke thy shade,
 Immortal Brutus! I too wear a dagger;
 And if the representatives of France,
 Through fear of favour should delay the sword

Of justice, Tallien emulates thy virtues ;
 Tallien, like Brutus, lifts the avenging arm ;
 Tallien shall save his country. [Violent applauses.]

BILLAUD VARENNES.

I demand

The arrest of all these traitors. Memorable
 Will be this day for France.

ROBESPIERRE.

Yes ! Memorable

This day will be for France—for villains triumph.

LEBAS.

I will not share in this day's damning guilt.

Condemn me too. [Great cry—'Down with the Tyrants.'

[The two ROBESPIERRES, COUTHON, ST JUST, and LEBAS
 are led off.]

ACT III. (By SOUTHEY.)

SCENE continues.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Cæsar is fallen ! The baneful tree of Java,
 Whose death-distilling boughs dropt poisonous dew,
 Is rooted from its base. This worse than Cromwell,
 The austere, the self-denying Robespierre,
 Even in this hall, where once with terror mute
 We listened to the hypocrite's harangues,
 Has heard his doom.

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Yet must we not suppose

The tyrant will fall tamely. His sworn hireling
 Henriot, the daring desperate Henriot
 Commands the force of Paris. I denounce him.

FRERON.

I denounce Fleuriot too, the mayor of Paris.

Enter DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

DUBOIS CRANCÉ.

Robespierre is rescued. Henriot at the head

Of the armed force has rescued the fierce tyrant.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

Ring the tocsin—call all the citizens
To save their country—never yet has Paris
Forsook the representatives of France.

TALLIEN.

It is the hour of danger. I propose
This sitting be made permanent. [Loud applause.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The national Convention shall remain
Firm at its post.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Robespierre has reached the Commune. They espouse
The tyrant's cause. St Just is up in arms!
St Just—the young ambitious bold St Just
Harangues the mob. The sanguinary Couthon
Thirsts for your blood. [Tocsin rings.

TALLIEN.

These tyrants are in arms against the law:
Outlaw the rebels.

Enter MERLIN of Douay.

MERLIN.

Health to the representatives of France!
I passed this moment through the armed force—
They asked my name—and when they heard a delegate,
Swore I was not the friend of France.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

The tyrants threaten us as when they turned
The cannon's mouth on Brissot.

Enter another MESSENGER.

SECOND MESSENGER.

Vivier harangues the Jacobins—the club
Espouse the cause of Robespierre.

Enter another MESSENGER.

THIRD MESSENGER.

All's lost—the tyrant triumphs. Henriot leads
The soldiers to his aid—already I hear
The rattling cannon destined to surround
This sacred hall.

TALLIEN.

Why, we will die like men then.
 The representatives of France dare death,
 When duty steels their bosoms. [Loud applause.

TALLIEN. (*addressing the galleries.*)
 Citizens!

France is insulted in her delegates—
 The majesty of the republic is insulted—
 Tyrants are up in arms. An armèd force
 Threats the Convention. The Convention swears
 To die, or save the country!
 [*Violent applause from the galleries.*

CITIZEN. (*from above.*)

We too swear
 To die or save the country. Follow me.
 [*All the men quit the galleries.*

Enter another MESSENGER.

FOURTH MESSENGER.

Henriot is taken!— [Loud applause.
 Henriot is taken. Three of your brave soldiers
 Swore they would seize the rebel slave of tyrants,
 Or perish in the attempt. As he patrolled
 The streets of Paris stirring up the mob,
 They seized him. [*Applauses.*

BILLAUD VARENNES.

Let the names of these brave men
 Live to the future day.

Enter BOURDON L'OISE, *sword in hand.*

BOURDON L'OISE.

I've cleared the Commune. [*Applauses.*
 Through the throng I rushed,
 Brandishing my good sword to drench its blade
 Deep in the tyrant's heart. The timid rebels
 Gave way. I met the soldiery—I spake
 Of the dictator's crimes—of patriots chained
 In dark deep dungeons by his lawless rage—
 Of knaves secure beneath his fostering power.
 I spake of Liberty. Their honest hearts
 Caught the warm flame. The general shout burst forth,

'Live the Convention—Down with Robespierre!'

[*Applauses*
[*Shouts from without*—'Down with the Tyrant!'

TALLIEN.

I hear, I hear the soul-inspiring sounds,
France shall be saved! her generous sons, attached
To principles, not persons, spurn the idol
They worshipped once. Yes, Robespierre shall fall
As Capet fell! Oh! never let us deem
That France shall crouch beneath a tyrant's throne,
That the almighty people who have broke
On their oppressors' head the oppressive chain,
Will court again their fetters! easier were it
To hurl the cloud-capt mountain from its base,
Than force the bonds of slavery upon men
Determined to be free!

[*Applauses.*

Enter LEGENDRE—*A pistol in one hand, keys in the other.*

LEGENDRE. (*flinging down the keys.*)

So—let the mutinous Jacobins meet now
In the open air.

[*Loud applauses.*

A factious turbulent party
Lording it o'er the state since Danton died,
And with him the Cordeliers.—A hireling band
Of loud-tongued orators controlled the club
And bade them bow the knee to Robespierre.
Vivier has 'scaped me. Curse his coward heart—
This fate-fraught tube of Justice in my hand,
I rushed into the hall. He marked mine eye
That beamed its patriot anger, and flashed full
With death-denouncing meaning. 'Mid the throng
He mingled. I pursued—but staid my hand,
Lest haply I might shed the innocent blood.

[*Applauses.*

FRERON.

They took from me my ticket of admission—
Expelled me from their sittings.—Now, forsooth,
Humbled and trembling re-insert my name.
But Freron enters not the club again
Till it be purged of guilt—till, purified
Of tyrants and of traitors, honest men
May breathe the air in safety.

[*Shouts from without.*

BARRÈRE.

What means this uproar? if the tyrant band
Should gain the people once again to rise—
We are as dead!

TALLIEN.

And wherefore fear we death?
Did Brutus fear it? or the Grecian friends
Who buried in Hipparchus' breast the sword,
And died triumphant? Cæsar should fear death,
Brutus must scorn the bugbear.

[*Shouts from without* — 'Live the Convention!' — 'Down
with the tyrants!']

TALLIEN.

Hark! again

The sounds of honest Freedom!

Enter Deputies from the Sections.

CITIZEN.

Citizens! representatives of France!
Hold on your steady course. The men of Paris
Espouse your cause. The men of Paris swear
They will defend the delegates of Freedom.

TALLIEN.

Hear ye this, Colleagues? hear ye this, my brethren?
And does no thrill of joy pervade your breasts?
My bosom bounds to rapture. I have seen
The sons of France shake off the tyrant yoke;
I have, as much as lies in mine own arm,
Hurled down the usurper.—Come death when it will
I have lived long enough. [*Shouts without.*]

BARRÈRE.

Hark! how the noise increases! through the gloom
Of the still evening—harbinger of death
Rings the tocsin! the dreadful generale
Thunders through Paris.—

[*Cry without*—'Down with the Tyrants!']

Enter LECOINTRE.

LECOINTRE.

So may eternal justice blast the foes
Of France! so perish all the tyrant brood,
As Robespierre has perished! Citizens,
Cæsar is taken.

[*Loud and repeated applauses.*]

I marvel not that with such fearless front
 He braved our vengeance, and with angry eye
 Scowled round the hall defiance. He relied
 On Henriot's aid—the Commune's villain friendship,
 And Henriot's boughten succours. Ye have heard
 How Henriot rescued him—how with open arms
 The Commune welcomed in the rebel tyrant—
 How Flenriot aided, and seditious Vivier
 Stirred up the Jacobins. All had been lost—
 The representatives of France had perished—
 Freedom had sunk beneath the tyrant arm
 Of this foul parricide, but that her spirit
 Inspired the men of Paris. Henriot called
 'To arms' in vain, whilst Bourdon's patriot voice
 Breathed eloquence, and o'er the Jacobins
 Legendre frowned dismay. The tyrants fled—
 They reached the Hotel. We gathered round—we called
 For vengeance! Long time, obstinate in despair,
 With knives they hacked around them. Till foreboding
 The sentence of the law, the clamorous cry
 Of joyful thousands hailing their destruction,
 Each sought by suicide to escape the dread
 Of death. Lebas succeeded. From the window
 Leapt the younger Robespierre, but his fractured limb
 Forbade to escape. The self-willed dictator
 Plunged often the keen knife in his dark breast,
 Yet impotent to die. He lives all mangled
 By his own tremulous hand! All gashed and gored
 He lives to taste the bitterness of death.
 Even now they meet their doom. The bloody Couthon,
 The fierce St Just, even now attend their tyrant
 To fall beneath the axe. I saw the torches
 Flash on their visages a dreadful light—
 I saw them whilst the black blood rolled adown
 Each stern face, even then with dauntless eye
 Scowl round contemptuous, dying as they lived,
 Fearless of fate. [*Loud and repeated applause*

BARRÈRE. (*mounts the Tribune.*)

For ever hallowed be this glorious day,
 When Freedom, bursting her oppressive chain,
 Tramples on the oppressor. When the tyrant

Hurled from his blood-cemented throne, by the arm
Of the almighty people, meets the death
He planned for thousands. Oh! my sickening heart
Has sunk within me, when the various woes
Of my brave country crowded o'er my brain
In ghastly numbers—when assembled hordes
Dragged from their hovels by despotic power
Rushed o'er her frontiers, plundered her fair hamlets,
And sacked her populous towns, and drenched with blood
The reeking fields of Flanders.—When within,
Upon her vitals preyed the rankling tooth
Of treason; and oppression, giant-form,
Trampling on freedom, left the alternative
Of slavery, or of death. Even from that day,
When, on the guilty Capet, I pronounced
The doom of injured France, has faction reared
Her hated head amongst us. Roland preached
Of mercy—the uxorious dotard Roland,
The woman-governed Roland durst aspire
To govern France; and Pétion talked of virtue,
And Vergniaud's eloquence, like the honeyed tongue
Of some soft Siren, wooed us to destruction.
We triumphed over these. On the same scaffold
Where the last Louis poured his guilty blood,
Fell Brissot's head, the womb of darksome treasons,
And Orleans, villain kinsman of the Capet,
And Hébert's atheist crew, whose maddening hand
Hurled down the altars of the living God,
With all the infidel's intolerance.
The last worst traitor triumphed—triumphed long,
Secured by matchless villany. By turns
Defending and deserting each accomplice
As interest prompted. In the goodly soil
Of Freedom, the foul tree of treason struck
Its deep-fixed roots, and dropt the dews of death
On all who slumbered in its specious shade.
He wove the web of treachery. He caught
The listening crowd by his wild eloquence,
His cool ferocity that persuaded murder,
Even whilst it spake of mercy! never, never
Shall this regenerated country wear

The despot yoke. Though myriads round assail,
And with worse fury urge this new crusade
Than savages have known; though the leagued despots
Depopulate all Europe, so to pour
The accumulated mass upon our coast,
Sublime amid the storm shall France arise,
And like the rock amid surrounding waves
Repel the rushing ocean.—She shall wield
The thunderbolt of vengeance—she shall blast
The despot's pride, and liberate the world!

THE PICCOLOMINI;

OR, THE

FIRST PART OF WALLENSTEIN;

A DRAMA, IN FIVE ACTS.

AND THE

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN;

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

 PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

It was my intention to have prefixed a Life of Wallenstein to this translation ; but I found that it must either have occupied a space wholly disproportionate to the nature of the publication, or have been merely a meagre catalogue of events narrated not more fully than they already are in the play itself. The recent translation, likewise, of Schiller's 'History of the Thirty Years' War' diminished the motives thereto. In the translation I endeavoured to render my Author *literally* wherever I was not prevented by absolute differences of idiom ; but I am conscious, that in two or three short passages I have been guilty of dilating the original ; and, from anxiety to give the full meaning, have weakened the force. In the metre I have availed myself of no other liberties than those which Schiller had permitted to himself, except the occasional breaking-up of the line by the substitution of a trochee for an iambic ; of which liberty, so frequent in *our* tragedies, I find no instance in these dramas.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WALLENSTEIN, Duke of Friedland, Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces in the Thirty Years' War.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieutenant-General.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his Son, Colonel of a Regiment of Cuirassiers.

COUNT TERTSKY, the Commander of several regiments, and Brother-in-law of Wallenstein.

ILLO, Field-Marshal, Wallenstein's Confidant.

ISOLANI, General of the Croats.

BUTLER, an Irishman, Commander of a regiment of Dragoons.

TIEFENBACH,

DON MARADAS,

GOETZ,

KOLATTO,

} Generals under Wallenstein.

NEUMANN, Captain of Cavalry, Aide-de-camp to Tertsky.

VON QUESTENBERG, the War Commissioner, Imperial Envoy.

GENERAL WRANGEL, Swedish Envoy.

BAPTISIA SENI, Astrologer.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND, Wife of Wallenstein.

THEKLA, her Daughter, Princess of Friedland.

THE COUNTESS TERTSKY, Sister of the Duchess.

A CORNET.

COLONELS and GENERALS (several).

PAGES and ATTENDANTS belonging to Wallenstein.

ATTENDANTS and HOBOISTS belonging to Tertsky.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR to Count Tertsky.

VALET DE CHAMBRE of Count Piccolomini.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An old Gothic chamber in the Council-house at Pilsen, decorated with colours and other war insignia.

ILLO, *with BUTLER and ISOLANI.*

ILLO.

YE have come late—but ye are come! The distance, Count Isolan, excuses your delay.

ISOLANI.

Add this too, that we come not empty-handed.

At Donauwert* it was reported to us,

* A town about twelve German miles N.E. of Ulm,

A Swedish caravan was on its way,
Transporting a rich cargo of provision,
Almost six hundred waggons. This my Croats
Plunged down upon and seized, this weighty prize!—
We bring it hither——

ILLO.

Just in time to banquet
The illustrious company assembled here.

BUTLER.

'Tis all alive! a stirring scene here!

ISOLANI.

Ay!

The very churches are full of soldiers. [*Casts his eye round.*
And in the Council-house too, I observe,
You're settled, quite at home! Well, well! we soldiers
Must shift and suit us in what way we can.

ILLO.

We have the Colonels here of thirty regiments,
You'll find Count Tertsy here, and Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, Goetz, Maradas, Hinnersam,
The Piccolomini, both son and father——
You'll meet with many an unexpected greeting
From many an old friend and acquaintance. Only
Galas is wanting still, and Altringer.

BUTLER.

Expect not Galas!

ILLO. (*hesitating.*)

How so? Do you know——

ISOLANI. (*interrupting him.*)

Max. Piccolomini here?—O bring me to him.
I see him yet ('tis now ten years ago,
We were engaged with Mansfield hard by Dessau),
I see the youth, in my mind's eye I see him,
Leap his black war-horse from the bridge adown,
And t'ward his father, then in extreme peril,
Beat up against the strong tide of the Elbe.
The down was scarce upon his chin! I hear
He has made good the promise of his youth,
And the full hero now is finished in him.

ILLO.

You'll see him yet ere evening. He conducts

The Duchess Friedland hither, and the Princess
From Carnthen. We expect them here at noon.

BUTLER.

Both wife and daughter does the Duke call hither?
He crowds in visitants from all sides.

ISOLANI.

Hm !

So much the better ! I had framed my mind
To hear of nought but warlike circumstance,
Of marches, and attacks, and batteries :
And lo ! the Duke provides, that something too
Of gentler sort, and lovely, should be present
To feast our eyes.

ILLO. (*who has been standing in the attitude of meditation, to
Butler, whom he leads a little on one side.*) :

And how came you to know

That the Count Galas joins us not ?

BUTLER.

Because

He importuned me to remain behind.

ILLO. (*with warmth.*)

And you ?—You hold out firmly ?

[*Grasping his hand with affection.*

Noble Butler !

BUTLER.

After the obligation which the Duke
Had laid so newly on me——

ILLO.

I had forgotten

A pleasant duty—Major-General,
I wish you joy !

ISOLANI.

What, you mean, of his regiment ?
I hear, too, that, to make the gift still sweeter,
The Duke has given him the very same
In which he first saw service, and since then,
Worked himself, step by step, thro' each preferment,
From the ranks upwards. And verily, it gives
A precedent of hope, a spur of action
To the whole corps, if once in their remembrance
An old deserving soldier makes his way.

BUTLER.

I am perplexed and doubtful, whether or no
I dare accept this your congratulation.
The Emperor has not yet confirmed th' appointment.

ISOLANI.

Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post
Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his Ministers!

ILLO.

Ay, if we would but so consider it!—
If we would *all* of us consider it so!
The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke
Comes all—whate'er we hope, whate'er we have.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo.*)

My noble brother! did I tell you how
The Duke will satisfy my creditors?
Will be himself my banker for the future,
Make me once more a creditable man!—
And this is now the third time, think of that!
This kindly-minded man has rescued me
From absolute ruin, and restored my honour.

ILLO.

O that his power but kept pace with his wishes!
Why, friend! he'd give the whole world to his soldiers.
But at Vienna, brother!—here's the grievance!
What politic schemes do they not lay to shorten
His arm, and, where they can, to clip his pinions.
Then these new dainty requisitions! these,
Which this same Questenberg brings hither!—

BUTLER.

Ay,

These requisitions of the Emperor—
I too have heard about them; but I hope
The Duke will not draw back a single inch!

ILLO.

Not from his right most surely, unless first
—From office!

BUTLER. (*shocked and confused.*)

Know you aught then?

You alarm me.

ISOLANI. (*at the same time with Butler, and in a hurrying voice.*)

We should be ruined, every one of us!

ILLO.

No more!

Yonder I see our worthy friend approaching
With the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

BUTLER. (*shaking his head significantly.*)

I fear we shall not go hence as we came.

SCENE II.

Enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *and* QUESTENBERG.

OCTAVIO. (*still in the distance.*)

Ay, ay! more still! still more new visitors!
Acknowledge, friend! that never was a camp,
Which held at once so many heads of heroes.

[*Approaching nearer.*]

Welcome, Count Isolani!

ISOLANI.

My noble brother,
Even now am I arrived; it had been else my duty—

OCTAVIO.

And Colonel Butler—trust me, I rejoice
Thus to renew acquaintance with a man
Whose worth and services I know and honour.
See, see, my friend!

There might we place at once before our eyes
The sum of war's whole trade and mystery—

[*To Questenberg, presenting Butler and Isolani at the same time to him.*]

These two the total sum—Strength and Dispatch.

QUESTENBERG. (*to Octavio.*)

And lo! betwixt them both experienced Prudence!

OCTAVIO. (*presenting Questenberg to Butler and Isolani.*)

The Chamberlain and War-commissioner Questenberg,
The bearer of the Emperor's behests,
The long-tried friend and patron of all soldiers,
We honour in this noble visitor.

[*Universal silence.*]

ILLO. (*moving towards Questenberg.*)

'Tis not the first time, noble Minister,
You have shown our camp this honour.

QUESTENBERG.

Once before

I stood before these colours.

ILLO.

Perchance, too, you remember *where* that was.
It was at Znäim* in Moravia, where
You did present yourself upon the part
Of the Emperor, to supplicate our Duke
That he would straight assume the chief command.

QUESTENBERG.

To *supplicate*? Nay, noble General!
So far extended neither my commission
(At least to my own knowledge) nor my zeal.

ILLO.

Well, well, then—to *compel* him, if you choose,
I can remember me right well, Count Tilly
Had suffered total rout upon the Lech.
Bavaria lay all open to the enemy,
Whom there was nothing to delay from pressing
Onwards into the very heart of Austria.
At that time you and Werdenberg appeared
Before our General, storming him with prayers,
And menacing the Emperor's displeasure,
Unless he took compassion on this wretchedness.

ISOLANI. (*steps up to them.*)

Yes, yes, 'tis comprehensible enough,
Wherefore with your commission of to-day
You were not all too willing to remember
Your former one.

QUESTENBERG.

Why not, Count Isolan?

No contradiction sure exists between them.
It was the urgent business of that time
To snatch Bavaria from her enemy's hand;
And my commission of to-day instructs me
To free her from her good friends and protectors.

* A town not far distant from the Mine-mountains, on the high road from Vienna to Prague.

ILLO.

A worthy office ! After with our blood
 We have wrested this Bohemia from the Saxon,
 To be swept *out* of it is all our thanks,
 The sole reward of all our hard won victories.

QUESTENBERG.

Unless that wretched land be doom'd to suffer
 Only a change of evils, it must be
 Freed from the scourge alike of friend and foe.

ILLO.

What? 'Twas a favourable year ; the Boors
 Can answer fresh demands already.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay,

If *you* discourse of herds and meadow-grounds—

ISOLANI.

The war maintains the war. Are the Boors ruined,
 'The Emperor gains so many more new soldiers.

QUESTENBERG.

And is the poorer by even so many subjects.

ISOLANI.

Poh ! We are all his subjects.

QUESTENBERG.

Yet with a difference, General ! the one fill
 With profitable industry the purse,
 The others are well skilled to empty it.
 The sword has made the Emperor poor ; the plough
 Must reinvigorate his resources.

ISOLANI.

Sure !

Times are not yet so bad. Methinks I see

[*Examining with his eye the dress and ornaments of Questenberg.*]

Good store of gold that still remains uncoined.

QUESTENBERG.

Thank Heaven ! that means have been found out to hide
 Some little from the fingers of the Croats.

ILLO.

There ! The Stawata and the Martinitz,
 On whom the Emperor heaps his gifts and graces,
 To the heart-burning of all good Bohemians—

Those minions of court favour, those court harpies,
 Who fatten on the wrecks of citizens
 Driven from their house and home—who reap no harvests
 Save in the general calamity—
 Who now, with kingly pomp, insult and mock
 The desolation of their country—*these*,
 Let *these*, and such as these, support the war,
 The fatal war, which they alone enkindled !

BUTLER.

And those state-parasites, who have their feet
 So constantly beneath the Emperor's table,
 Who cannot let a benefice fall, but they
 Snap at it with dog's hunger—they, forsooth,
 Would *pare* the soldier's bread, and cross his reckoning

ISOLANI.

My life long will it anger me to think,
 How when I went to court seven years ago,
 To see about new horses for our regiment,
 How from one antechamber to another
 They dragged me on, and left me by the hour
 To kick my heels among a crowd of simpering,
 Feast-fattened slaves, as if I had come thither
 A mendicant suitor for the crumbs of favour
 That fall beneath their tables. And, at last,
 Whom should they send me but a Capuchin !
 Straight I began to muster up my sins
 For absolution—but no such luck for *me* !
This was the man, this Capuchin, with whom
 I was to treat concerning the army horses :
 And I was forced at last to quit the field,
 The business unaccomplished. Afterwards
 The Duke procured me in three days, what I
 Could not obtain in thirty at Vienna.

QUESTENBERG.

Yes, yes ! your travelling bills soon found their way to us :
 Too well I know we have still accounts to settle.

ILLO.

War is a violent trade ; one cannot always
 Finish one's work by soft means ; every trifle
 Must not be blackened into sacrilege.
 If we should wait till you, in solemn council,

With due deliberation had selected
 The smallest out of four-and-twenty evils,
 I' faith we should wait long.—
 'Dash! and through with it!'—That's the better watchword.
 Then after come what may come. 'Tis man's nature
 To make the best of a bad thing once past,
 A bitter and perplexed 'What shall I do?'
 Is worse to man than worst necessity.

QUESTENBERG.

Ay, doubtless, it is true; the Duke *does* spare us
 The troublesome task of choosing.

BUTLER.

Yes, the Duke
 Cares with a father's feelings for his troops;
 But how the Emperor feels for us, we see.

QUESTENBERG.

His cares and feelings all ranks share alike,
 Nor will he offer one up to another.

ISOLANI.

And therefore thrusts he us into the deserts,
 As beasts of prey, that so he may preserve
 His dear sheep fattening in his fields at home.

QUESTENBERG. (*with a sneer.*)

Count, this comparison you make, not I.

BUTLER.

Why, were we all the court supposes us,
 'Twere dangerous, sure, to give us liberty.

QUESTENBERG.

You have taken liberty—it was not given you.
 And therefore it becomes an urgent duty
 To rein it in with curbs.

OCTAVIO. (*interposing and addressing Questenberg.*)

My noble friend,

This is no more than a remembrancing
 That you are now in camp, and among warriors.
 The soldier's boldness constitutes his freedom.
 Could he act daringly, unless he dared
 Talk even so? One runs into the other.

The boldness of this worthy officer, [*pointing to Butler.*]
 Which now has but mistaken in its mark,
 Preserved, when nought but boldness could preserve it,

To the Emperor his capital city, Prague,
 In a most formidable mutiny
 Of the whole garrison. [*Military music at a distance.*
 Hah! here they come!

ILLO.

The sentries are saluting them: this signal
 Announces the arrival of the Duchess.

OCTAVIO. (*to Questenberg.*)

Then my son Max. too has returned. 'Twas he
 Fetched and attended them from Carnthen hither.

ISOLANI. (*to Illo.*)

Shall we not go in company to greet them?

ILLO.

Well, let us go.—Ho! Colonel Butler, come.

(*To Octavio.*)

You'll not forget that yet ere noon we meet
 The noble Envoy at the General's palace.

[*Exeunt all but Questenberg and Octavio.*]

SCENE III.

QUESTENBERG and OCTAVIO.

QUESTENBERG. (*with signs of aversion and astonishment.*)

What have I not been forced to hear, Octavio!
 What sentiments! what fierce, uncurbed defiance!
 And were this spirit universal—

OCTAVIO.

Hm!

You are now acquainted with three-fourths of the army.

QUESTENBERG.

Where must we seek then for a second host
 To have the custody of this? That Illo
 Thinks worse, I fear me, than he speaks. And then
 This Butler too—he cannot even conceal
 The passionate workings of his ill intentions.

OCTAVIO.

Quickness of temper—irritated pride;
 'Twas nothing more. I cannot give up Butler.
 I know a spell that will soon dispossess
 The evil spirit in him.

QUESTENBERG. (*walking up and down in evident disquiet.*)

Friend, friend!

O! this is worse, far worse, than we had suffered
Ourselves to dream of at Vienna. There
We saw it only with a courtier's eyes,
Eyes dazzled by the splendour of the throne.
We had not seen the War-chief, the Commander,
The man all-powerful in his camp. Here, here,
'Tis quite another thing.
Here is no Emperor more—the Duke is Emperor.
Alas, my friend! alas, my noble friend!
This walk which you have ta'en me through the camp
Strikes my hopes prostrate.

OCTAVIO.

Now you see yourself
Of what a perilous kind the office is,
Which you deliver to me from the Court.
The least suspicion of the General
Costs me my freedom and my life, and would
But hasten his most desperate enterprise.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reason sleeping when we trusted
This madman with the sword, and placed such power
In such a hand? I tell you, he'll refuse,
Flatly refuse, t'obey the Imperial orders.
Friend, he *can* do't, and what he can, he will.
And then th' impunity of his defiance—
O! what a proclamation of our weakness!

OCTAVIO.

D'ye think, too, he has brought his wife and daughter
Without a purpose hither! Here in camp!
And at the very point of time, in which
We're arming for the war? That he has taken
These, the last pledges of his loyalty,
Away from out the Emperor's domains—
This is no doubtful token of the nearness
Of some eruption!

QUESTENBERG.

How shall we hold footing
Beneath this tempest, which collects itself
And threats us from all quarters? Th' enemy

Of th' empire on our Borders, now already
 The master of the Danube, and still farther,
 And farther still, extending every hour !
 In our interior, the alarum-bells
 Of insurrection—peasantry in arms—
 All orders discontented—and the army,
 Just in the moment of our expectation
 Of aidance from it—lo ! this very army
 Seduced, run wild, lost to all discipline,
 Loosened, and rent asunder from the state
 And from their sov'reign, the blind instrument
 Of the most daring of mankind, a weapon
 Of fearful power, which at his will he wields !

OCTAVIO.

Nay, nay, friend ! let us not despair too soon.
 Men's words are ever bolder than their deeds :
 And many a resolute, who now appears
 Made up to all extremes, will, on a sudden,
 Find in his breast a heart he wot not of,
 Let but a single honest man speak out
 The true name of his crime ! Remember, too,
 We stand not yet so wholly unprotected.
 Counts Altringer and Galas have maintained
 Their little army faithful to its duty,
 And daily it becomes more numerous.
 Nor can he take us by surprise ; you know,
 I hold him all encompassed by my list'ners.
 Whate'er he does, is mine, even while 'tis doing—
 No step so small, but instantly I hear it ;
 Yea, his own mouth discloses it.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis quite

Incomprehensible, that he detects not
 The foe so near !

OCTAVIO.

Beware, you do not think
 That I by lying arts, and complaisant
 Hypocrisy, have skulked into his graces ;
 Or with the sustenance of smooth professions
 Nourish his all-confiding friendship ! No—
 Compelled alike by prudence, and that duty

Which we all owe our country, and our sovereign,
To hide my genuine feelings from him, yet
Never have I duped him with base counterfeits !

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible ordinance of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that so attracts
And links him both to me and to my son.
Comrades and friends we always were—long habit,
Adventurous deeds performed in company,
And all those many and various incidents
Which store a soldier's memory with affections,
Had bound us long and early to each other—
Yet I can name the day when all at once
His heart rose on me, and his confidence
Shot out in sudden growth. It was the morning
Before the memorable fight at Lützner.
Urged by an ugly dream, I sought him out,
To press him to accept another charger.
At distance from the tents, beneath a tree,
I found him in a sleep. When I had waked him,
And had related all my bodings to him,
Long time he stared upon me, like a man
Astounded ; thereon fell upon my neck,
And manifested to me an emotion
That far outstripped the worth of that small service.
Since then his confidence has followed me
With the same pace that mine has fled from him.

QUESTENBERG.

You lead your son into the secret ?

OCTAVIO.

No !

QUESTENBERG.

What ! and not warn him either what bad hands
His lot has placed him in ?

OCTAVIO.

I must perforce

Leave him in wardship to his innocence.
His young and open soul—dissimulation
Is foreign to its habits ! Ignorance
Alone can keep alive the cheerful air,

The unembarrassed sense and light free spirit,
That make the Duke secure.

QUESTENBERG. (*anxiously.*)
My honoured friend! most highly do I deem
Of Colonel Piccolomini—yet—if—
Reflect a little——

OCTAVIO.
I must venture it.
Hush!—There he comes!

SCENE IV.

MAX. PICCOLOMINI, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, QUESTENBERG.

MAX.
Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes
Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]
You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

OCTAVIO.
How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor,
Attention, Max., an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

MAX. (*drily.*)
Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you
Aught good to our head-quarters.

QUESTENBERG. (*seizing his hand.*)
Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
[*taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

MAX.
Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault, and to scold us—

I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

OCTAVIO. (*to Max.*)

He comes from court, where people are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.

MAX.

What now have they contrived to find out in him ?

That he alone determines for himself

What he himself alone doth understand ?

Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.

Heaven never meant him for that passive thing

That can be struck and hammered out to suit

Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance

To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.

He is possessed by a commanding spirit,

And his too is the station of command.

And well for us it is so ! There exist

Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use

Their intellects intelligently.—Then

Well for the whole, if there be found a man,

Who makes himself what nature destined him,

The pause, the central point of thousand thousands——

Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,

Where all may press with joy and confidence.

Now such a man is Wallenstein ; and if

Another better suits the court—no other

But such a one as he can serve the army.

QUESTENBERG.

The army ? Doubtless !

OCTAVIO. (*to Questenberg.*)

Hush ! suppress it, friend !

Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—

Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

MAX. (*continuing.*)

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,

Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him

More than the ills for which they called him up.

The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be

Like things of every day.—But in the field,

Ay, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.

The personal must command, the actual eye
 Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
 All that is great in nature, let it be
 Likewise his privilege to move and act
 In all the correspondencies of greatness.
 The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
 He must invoke and question—not dead books,
 Not ordinances, not mould-rotted papers.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! of those old narrow ordinances
 Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
 Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
 Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
 For always formidable was the league
 And partnership of free power with free will.
 The way of ancient ordinance, tho' it winds,
 Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
 The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
 Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
 Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
 My son ! the road the human being travels,
 That, on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
 Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
 Honouring the holy bounds of property !
 And thus secure, tho' late, leads to its end.

QUESTENBERG.

O hear your father, noble youth ! hear *him*,
 Who is at once the hero and the man.

OCTAVIO.

My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee !
 A war of fifteen years
 Hath been thy education and thy school.
 Peace hast thou never witnessed ! There exists
 A higher than the warrior's excellence.
 In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
 These are not they, my son, that generate
 The Calm, the Blissful, and th' enduring Mighty !
 Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect !

Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
 The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
 With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth, and quarrel !
 The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams
 Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and hurries !
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard,
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

MAX.

O let the Emperor make peace, my father !
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
 For the first violet of the leafless spring,
 Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed !

OCTAVIO.

What ails thee ? What so moves thee all at once ?

MAX.

Peace have I ne'er beheld ? I *have* beheld it.
 From thence am I come hither : O ! that sight,
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
 Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape !
 My road conducted me thro' countries where
 The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
 My venerable father, life has charms
 Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
 But voyaging along its barren coasts,
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,
 Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
 Of fair and exquisite, O ! nothing, nothing,
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

OCTAVIO. (*attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.*)
 And so your journey has revealed this to you ?

MAX.

'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
 What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
 The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,

Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
 A spirit uninformed, unornamented.
 For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
 The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
 Th' unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
 Word of command, and exercise of arms—
 There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
 To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart !
 Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
 This cannot be the sole felicity,
 These cannot be man's best and only pleasures !

OCTAVIO.

Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

MAX.

O ! day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
 Returns home into life ; when he becomes
 A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
 The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
 Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark !
 Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home !
 The caps and helmets are all garlanded
 With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
 The city gates fly open of themselves,
 They need no longer the petard to tear them.
 The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 O happy man, O fortunate ! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

QUESTENBERG. (*apparently much affected.*)

O ! that you should speak
 Of such a distant, distant time, and not
 Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

MAX. (*turning round to him quick and vehement.*)
 Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna ?
 I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here,

(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
 'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye!*—and the warrior,
 It is the warrior that must force it from you.
 Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,
 Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
 And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy ;
 Which yet's the only way to peace ; for if
 War intermits not during war, *how* then
 And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
 Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
 And here make I this vow, here pledge myself ;
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

QUESTENBERG, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas, alas! and stands it so?

[*then in pressing and impatient tone.*

What, friend! and do we let him go away

In this delusion—let him go away?

Not call him back immediately, not open

His eyes upon the spot?

OCTAVIO. (*recovering himself out of a deep study.*)

He has now opened mine,
 And I see more than pleases me.

QUESTENBERG.

What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Curse on this journey!

QUESTENBERG.

But why so? What is it?

OCTAVIO.

Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
 The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
 Are opened now, and I must use them. Come!

[*Draws Questenberg on with him.*

QUESTENBERG.
What now? *Where* go you then?

OCTAVIO.

To her herself.

QUESTENBERG.

To——

OCTAVIO. (*interrupting him, and correcting himself.*)
To the Duke. Come, let us go.—'Tis done, 'tis done!
I see the net that is thrown over him.
O! he returns not to me as he went.

QUESTENBERG.

Nay, but explain yourself.

OCTAVIO.

And that I should not
Foresee it, not prevent this journey. Wherefore
Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.
I should have warned him! Now it is too late.

QUESTENBERG.

But *what's* too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,
That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

OCTAVIO. (*more collected.*)

Come!—to the Duke's. 'Tis close upon the hour
Which he appointed you for audience. Come!
A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

[*He leads Questenberg off.*]

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a spacious chamber in the house of the Duke of Friedland.
—Servants employed in putting the tables and chairs in order.—
During this enters Seni, like an old Italian doctor in black, and
clothed somewhat fantastically.—He carries a white staff, with
which he marks out the quarters of the heaven.*

1ST SERVANT.

Come—to it lads, to it! Make an end of it. I hear the sentry
call out, 'Stand to your arms!' They will be there in a minute.

2ND SERVANT.

Why were we not told before that the audience would be held
here? Nothing prepared—no orders—no instructions—

3RD SERVANT.

Ay, and why was the balcony-chamber countermanded ; that with the great worked carpet ?—there one can look about one.

1ST SERVANT.

Nay, that you must ask the mathematician there. He says it is an unlucky chamber.

2ND SERVANT.

Poh ! stuff and nonsense ! That's what I call a *hum*. A chamber is a chamber ; what much can the place signify in the affair ?

SENI. (*with gravity.*)

My son, there's *nothing* insignificant,
Nothing! But yet in every earthly thing
First and most principal is place and time.

1ST SERVANT. (*to the Second.*)

Say nothing to him, Nat. The Duke must let him have his own will.

SENI. (*counts the chairs, half in a loud, half in a low voice, till he comes to eleven, which he repeats.*)

Eleven ! an evil number ! Set twelve chairs.
Twelve ! twelve signs hath the zodiac : five and seven,
The holy numbers, include themselves in twelve.

2ND SERVANT.

And what may you have to object against eleven ? I should like to know that, now.

SENI.

Eleven is—transgression : eleven oversteps
The ten commandments.

2ND SERVANT.

That's good ! and why do you call five a holy number ?

SENI.

Five is the soul of man : for even as man
Is mingled up of good and evil, so
The five is the first number that's made up
Of even and odd.

2ND SERVANT.

The foolish old coxcomb !

1ST SERVANT.

Ay ! let him alone though. I like to hear him ; there is more in his words than can be seen at first sight.

3RD SERVANT.

Off ! They come.

2ND SERVANT.

There! Out at the side door.

[*They hurry off, Seni follows slowly. A page brings the staff of command on a red cushion, and places it on the table near the Duke's chair. They are announced from without, and the wings of the door fly open.*]

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

WALLENSTEIN.

You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the Queen of Hungary?

DUCHESS.

Yes; and to the Empress too;
And by both Majesties were we admitted
To kiss the hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

And how was it received,
That I had sent for wife and daughter hither
To the camp, in winter time?

DUCHESS.

I did even that
Which you commissioned me to do. I told them,
You had determined on our daughter's marriage,
And wished, ere yet you went into the field,
To show th' elected husband his betrothed.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did they guess the choice which I had made?

DUCHESS.

They only hoped and wished it may have fallen
Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

WALLENSTEIN.

And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

DUCHESS.

Your will, you know, was always mine.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pause.*)

Well then!

And in all else, of what kind and complexion

Was your reception at the court?

[*The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground and remains silent.*
Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

DUCHESS.

O! my dear Lord, all is not what it was.
A cankerworm, my lord, a cankerworm
Has stolen into the bud.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay! is it so?

What, they were lax? they failed of th' old respect?

DUCHESS.

Not of respect. No honours were omitted,
No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honours and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favour.
No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes; they have ta'en offence. My latest conduct,
They railed at it, no doubt.

DUCHESS.

O that they had!

I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distempered spirits.
No; no one railed at you. They wrapped them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The Queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

WALLENSTEIN.

Now she omitted it?

DUCHESS. (*wiping away her tears, after a pause.*)

She *did* embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken

My formal leave, and when the door already
Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And pressed me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than with tenderness.

WALLENSTEIN. (*seizes her hand soothingly.*)

Nay now, collect yourself.

And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?

DUCHESS. (*shaking her head.*)

I saw none.

WALLENSTEIN.

Th' Ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

DUCHESS.

Silent, silent!

WALLENSTEIN.

These suns then are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

DUCHESS.

And were it—were it, my dear Lord, in that
Which moved about the Court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and———

WALLENSTEIN. (*eagerly.*)

Lamormain! what said he?

DUCHESS.

That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the power entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of th' Emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers.—
That there's a storm collecting over you,
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirled you headlong down at Regensburg.
And people talk, said he, of——Ah!——

[*stifling extreme emotion.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed!

DUCHESS.

I cannot utter it !

WALLENSTEIN.

Proceed !

DUCHESS.

They talk——

WALLENSTEIN.

Well !

DUCHESS.

Of a second—— [*Catches her voice and hesitates.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Second——

DUCHESS.

More disgraceful

——Dismission.

WALLENSTEIN.

Talk they ?

[*Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.*

O ! they force, they thrust me

With violence, against my own will, onward !

DUCHESS. (*presses near to him, in entreaty.*)

O ! if there yet be time, my husband ! If

By giving way and by submission, this

Can be averted—my dear Lord, give way !

Win down your proud heart to it ! Tell that heart,

It is your sovereign lord, your Emperor,

Before whom you retreat. O let no longer

Low trickling malice blacken your good meaning

With abhorred venomous glosses. Stand you up,

Shielded and helmed and weaponed with the truth,

And drive before you into uttermost shame

These slanderous liars ! Few firm friends have we.

You know it !—The swift growth of our good fortune

It hath but set us up, a mark for hatred.

What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favour

Stand not before us !

SCENE VIII.

Enter the Countess Tertsky, leading in her hand the Princess Thekla, richly adorned with brilliants.

COUNTESS, THEKLA, WALLENSTEIN, DUCHESS.

COUNTESS.

How, sister? What already upon business,
[observing the countenance of the Duchess.
 And business of no pleasing kind I see,
 Ere he has gladdened at his child. The first
 Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!
 This is thy daughter.

[Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and bends herself as about to kiss his hand, he receives her in his arms, and remains standing for some time lost in the feeling of her presence.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes; pure and lovely hath hope risen on me;
 I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

DUCHESS.

'Twas but a little child when you departed
 To raise up that great army for the Emperor:
 And after at the close of the campaign,
 When you returned home out of Pomerania,
 Your daughter was already in the convent,
 Wherein she has remained till now.

WALLENSTEIN.

The while

We in the field here gave our cares and toil
 To make her great, and fight her a free way
 To the loftiest of earthly good; lo! mother Nature
 Within the peaceful silent convent walls
 Has done her part, and out of her free grace
 Hath she bestowed on the beloved child
 The godlike; and now leads her thus adorned
 To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

DUCHESS. *(to Thekla.)*

Thou wouldst not have recognized thy father,
 Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,

When last she saw your face.

THEKLA.

O yes, yes, mother!

At the first glance!—my father is not altered.
The form, that stands before me, falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

WALLENSTEIN.

The voice of my child!

[then after a pause.]

I was indignant at my destiny
That it denied me a man-child to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And re-illumine my soon extinguished being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom, will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war;
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmitted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

[He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.]

SCENE IX.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI, *and some time after* COUNT
TERTSKY, *the others remaining as before.*

COUNTESS.

There comes the Palladin who protected us.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

MAX.

My General——

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now it was the Emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

MAX.

My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
 I come with shame. Yea, not without a pang!
 For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
 The mother and the daughter to your arms,
 But there is brought to me from your equerry
 A splendid richly plated hunting dress,
 So to remunerate me for my trouble—
 Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
 It must be, a mere office, not a favour
 Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
 I came already with full heart to thank you for.
 No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
 Should be my highest, best good fortune!

[Tertsy enters and delivers letters to the Duke which he breaks open hurriedly.]

COUNTESS. *(to Max.)*

Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
 He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
 For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
 So tenderly—my brother it beseems
 To show himself for ever great and princely.

THEKLA.

Then I too must have scruples of his love:
 For his munificent hands did ornament me
 Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

MAX.

Yes: 'tis his nature ever to be giving,
 And making happy.

[He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still increasing warmth.]

How my heart pours out
 Its all of thanks to him: O! how I seem
 To utter all things in the dear name Friedland.
 While I shall live, so long will I remain
 The captive of this name: in it shall bloom
 My every fortune, every lovely hope.
 Inextricably as in some magic ring
 In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

COUNTESS. (*who during this time has been anxiously watching the Duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.*)

My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

WALLENSTEIN. (*turns himself round quickly, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.*)

Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp.

Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,

Will now again administer your old office,

While we perform the sovereign's business here.

[*Max. Piccolomini offers the Duchess his arm, the Countess accompanies the Princess.*

TERTSKY. (*calling after him.*)

Max., we depend on seeing you at the meeting.

SCENE X.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in deep thought to himself.*)

She hath seen all things as they are—It is so,

And squares completely with my other notices.

They have determined finally in Vienna,

Have given me my successor already ;

It is the king of Hungary, Ferdinand,

The Emperor's delicate son ! he's now their saviour,

He's the new star that's rising now ! Of us

They think themselves already fairly rid,

And as we were deceased, the heir already

Is entering on possession—Therefore—despatch !

[*As he turns round he observes Tertsky, and gives him a letter.*

Count Altringer will have himself excused,

And Galas too—I like not this !

TERTSKY.

And if

Thou loiterest longer, all will fall away,

One following the other.

WALLENSTEIN.

Altringer

Is master of the Tyrole passes. I must forthwith

Send some one to him, that he let not in

The Spaniards on me from the Milanese.

—Well, and the old Sesin, that ancient trader

In contraband negotiations, he
Has shown himself again of late. What brings he
From the Count Thur?

TERTSKY.

The Count communicates,
He has found out the Swedish chancellor
At Halberstadt, where the convention's held,
Who says, you've tired him out, and that he'll have
No further dealings with you.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why so?

TERTSKY.

He says, you are never in earnest in your speeches ;
That you decoy the Swedes—to make fools of them,
Will league yourself with Saxony against them,
And at last make yourself a riddance of them
With a paltry sum of money.

WALLENSTEIN.

So then, doubtless,
Yes, doubtless, this same modest Swede expects
That I shall yield him some fair German tract
For his prey and booty, that ourselves at last
On our own soil and native territory,
May be no longer our own lords and masters !
An excellent scheme !—No, no ! They must be off,
Off ! off ! away !—we want no such neighbours.

TERTSKY.

Nay, yield them up that dot, that speck of land—
It goes not from your portion. If you win
The game, what matters it to you who pays it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Off with them, off ! Thou understand'st not this.
Never shall it be said of me, I parcelled
My native land away, dismembered Germany,
Betrayed it to a foreigner, in order
To come with stealthy tread, and filch away
My own share of the plunder.—Never ! never !
No foreign power shall strike root in the empire,
And least of all these Goths ! these hunger-wolves !
Who send such envious, hot, and greedy glances
T'wards the rich blessings of our German lands !

I'll have their aid to cast and draw my nets,
 But not a single fish of all the draught
 Shall they come in for.

TERTSKY.

You will deal, however,
 More fairly with the Saxons? They lose patience
 While you shift ground and make so many curves.
 Say, to what purpose all these masks? Your friends
 Are plunged in doubts, baffled, and led astray in you.
 There's Oxenstein, there's Arnheim—neither knows
 What he should think of your procrastinations.
 And in the end I prove the liar; all
 Pass through me. I have not even your handwriting.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never give my hand-writing; thou know'st it.

TERTSKY.

But how can it be known that you're in earnest
 If the act follows not upon the word?
 You must yourself acknowledge, that in all
 Your intercourses hitherto with th' enemy,
 You might have done with safety all you have done,
 Had you meant nothing further than to gull him
 For th' Emperor's service.

WALLENSTEIN. (*After a pause, during which he looks narrowly
 on Tertsky.*)

And from whence dost thou know
 That I'm *not* gulling him for the Emperor's service?
 Whence knowest thou that I'm not gulling all of you?
 Dost thou know *me* so well? When made I thee
 Th' intendant of my secret purposes?
 I am not conscious that I ever opened
 My inmost thoughts to thee. Th' Emperor, it is true,
 Hath dealt with me amiss; and if I would,
 I could repay him with usurious interest
 For th' evil he hath done me. It delights me
 To know my power; but whether I shall use it,
 Of that, I should have thought that thou couldst speak
 No wiselier than thy fellows.

TERTSKY.

So hast thou always played thy game with us. [Enter Illo.]

SCENE XI.

ILLO, WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

How stand affairs without? Are they prepared?

ILLO.

You'll find them in the very mood you wish.
They know about the Emperor's requisitions,
And are tumultuous.

WALLENSTEIN.

How hath Isolan

Declared himself?

ILLO.

He's yours both soul and body,
Since you built up again his Faro-bank.

WALLENSTEIN.

And which way doth Kolatto bend? Hast thou
Made sure of Tiefenbach and Deodate?

ILLO.

What Piccolomini does, that they do too.

WALLENSTEIN.

You mean, then, I may venture somewhat with them?

ILLO.

—If you are assured of the Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not more assured of mine own self.

TERTSKY.

And yet

I would you trusted not so much to Octavio,
The fox!

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou teachest me to know my man?
Sixteen campaigns I have made with that old warrior.
Besides, I have his horoscope,

We both are born beneath like stars—in short

[with an air of mystery.]

To this belongs its own particular aspect.

If therefore thou canst warrant me the rest—

ILLO.

There is among them all but this one voice
 You *must* not lay down the command. I hear
 They mean to send a deputation to you.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I'm in aught to bind myself to them,
 They too must bind themselves to me.

ILLO.

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN.

Their words of honour they must give, their oaths,
 Give them in writing to me, promising
 Devotion to my service *unconditional*.

ILLO.

Why not?

TERTSKY.

Devotion *unconditional*?

The exception of their duties towards Austria
 They'll always place among the premises.
 With this reserve———

WALLENSTEIN. (*shaking his head.*)All *unconditional*!

No premises, no reserves.

ILLO.

A thought has struck me
 Does not Count Tertsy give us a set banquet
 This evening?

TERTSKY.

Yes; and all the Generals
 Have been invited.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Say, will you here fully
 Commission me to use my own discretion?
 I'll gain for you the Generals' words of honour,
 Even as you wish.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain me their signatures!
 How you come by them, that is your concern.

ILLO.

And if I bring it to you, black on white,
 That all the leaders who are present here

Give themselves up to you, without condition ;
 Say, will you then—then will you show yourself
 In earnest, and with some decisive action
 Make trial of your luck ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The signatures !

Gain me the signatures.

ILLO.

Seize, seize the hour
 Ere it slips from you. Seldom comes the moment
 In life, which is indeed sublime and weighty.
 To make a great decision possible,
 O ! many things, all transient and all rapid,
 Must meet at once : and, haply, they thus met
 May, by that confluence, be enforced to pause
 Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
 Far, far too short a time for doubt and scruple !
 This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
 Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you,
 Their kinglike leader ! On your nod they wait.
 The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
 Hath woven together in one potent web
 Instinct with destiny, O ! let them not
 Unravel of themselves. If you permit
 These chiefs to separate, so unanimous
 Bring you them not a second time together.
 'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
 And every individual's spirit waxes
 In the great stream of multitude. Behold,
 They are still here, here still ! But soon the war
 Bursts them once more asunder, and in small
 Particular anxieties and interests
 Scatters their spirit, and the sympathy
 Of each man with the whole. He, who to-day
 Forgets himself, forced onward with the stream,
 Will become sober, seeing but himself,
 Feel only his own weakness, and with speed
 Will face about, and march on in the old
 High road of duty, the old broad-trodden road,
 And seek but to make shelter in good plight.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is not yet come.

TERTSKY.

So you say always.

But when will it be time?

WALLENSTEIN.

When I shall say it.

ILLO.

You'll wait upon the stars, and on their hours,
Till the earthly hour escapes you. O! believe me,
In your own bosom are your destiny's stars.
Confidence in yourself, prompt resolution,
This is your Venus! and the sole malignant,
The only one that harmeth you, is Doubt.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou speakest as thou understand'st. How oft
And many a time I've told thee, Jupiter,
That lustrous god, was setting at thy birth.
Thy visual power subdues no mysteries;
Mole-eyed, thou mayst but burrow in the earth,
Blind as that subterrestrial, who, with wan,
Lead-coloured shine, lighted thee into life.
The common, the terrestrial, thou mayst see,
With servicable cunning knit together,
The nearest with the nearest; and therein
I trust thee and believe thee! but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves,
And fashions in the depths—the spirit's ladder,
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Even to the starry world, with thousand rounds,
Builds itself up; on which the unseen powers
Move up and down on heavenly ministries—
The circles in the circles, that approach
The central sun with ever-narrowing orbit—
These see the glance alone, the unsealed eye,
Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre.

[*He walks across the chamber, then returns, and standing still, proceeds.*]

The heavenly constellations make not merely
The day and night, summer and spring; not merely
Signify to the husbandman the seasons

Of sowing and of harvest. Human action,
 That is the seed too of contingencies,
 Strewed on the dark land of futurity
 In hopes to reconcile the powers of fate.
 Whence it behoves us to seek out the seed time,
 To watch the stars, select their proper hours,
 And trace with searching eye the heavenly houses,
 Whether the enemy of growth and thriving,
 Hide himself not, malignant, in his corner.
 Therefore permit me my own time. Meanwhile
 Do you your part. As yet I cannot say
 What *I* shall do—only, give way I will not.
 Depose me too they shall not. On these points
 You may rely.

PAGE. (*entering.*)

My Lords the Generals.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in.

SCENE XII.

Wallenstein, Tertsky, Illo.—To them enter Questenberg, Octavio, and Max. Piccolomini, Butler, Isolani, Maradas, and three other Generals. Wallenstein motions Questenberg, who, in consequence, takes the chair directly opposite to him; the others follow, arranging themselves according to their rank. There reigns a momentary silence.

WALLENSTEIN.

I have understood, 'tis true, the sum and import
 Of your instructions, Questenberg, have weighed them,
 And formed my final, absolute resolve;
 Yet it seems fitting, that the Generals
 Should hear the will of th' Emperor from your mouth.
 May't please you then to open your commission
 Before these noble Chieftains.

QUESTENBERG.

I am ready
 To obey you; but will first entreat your Highness,
 And all these noble Chieftains, to consider,
 Th' Imperial dignity and sov'reign right

Speaks from my mouth, and not my own presumption.

WALLENSTEIN.

We excuse all preface.

QUESTENBERG.

When his Majesty

The Emperor to his courageous armies
Presented in the person of Duke Friedland
A most experienced and renowned commander,
He did it in glad hope and confidence,
To give thereby to the fortune of war
A rapid and auspicious change. The onset
Was favourable to his royal wishes.
Bohemia was delivered from the Saxons,
The Swede's career of conquest checked! These lands
Began to draw breath freely, as Duke Friedland
From all the streams of Germany forced hither
The scattered armies of the enemy,
Hither invoked, as round one magic circle,
The Rhinegrave, Bernhard, Banner, Oxenstirn,
Yea, and that never-conquered king himself;
Here finally, before the eye of Nürnberg,
The fearful game of battle to decide.

WALLENSTEIN.

May't please you, to the point.

QUESTENBERG.

In Nürnberg's camp the Swedish monarch left
His fame—in Lützen's plains his life. But who
Stood not astounded, when victorious Friedland
After this day of triumph, this proud day,
Marched towards Bohemia with the speed of flight,
And vanished from the theatre of war;
While the young Weimar hero forced his way
Into Franconia, to the Danube, like
Some delving winter stream, which, where it rushes,
Makes its own channel; with such sudden speed
He marched, and now at once fore Regensburg
Stood to th' affright of all good Catholic Christians.
Then did Bavaria's well-deserving Prince
Entreat swift aidance in his extreme need;
The Emperor sends seven horsemen to Duke Friedland,
Seven horsemen couriers sends he with th' entreaty:

He superadds his own, and supplicates,
 Where as the sovereign lord he can command.
 In vain his supplication ! At this moment
 The Duke hears only his old hate and grudge,
 Barters the general good to gratify
 Private revenge—and so falls Regensburg.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., to what period of the war alludes he ?
 My recollection fails me here.

MAX.

He means

When we were in Silesia.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay ! Is it so ?

But what had we to do there ?

MAX.

To beat out

The Swedes and Saxons from the province.

WALLENSTEIN.

True.

In that description which the minister gave
 I seemed to have forgotten the whole war.

Well, but proceed a little.

[To Questenberg.]

QUESTENBERG.

Yes ! at length

Beside the river Oder did the Duke
 Assert his ancient fame. Upon the fields
 Of Steinau did the Swedes lay down their arms,
 Subdued without a blow. And here, with others,
 The righteousness of Heaven to his avenger
 Delivered that long practised stirrer-up
 Of insurrection, that curse-laden torch
 And kindler of this war, Matthias Thur.
 But he had fallen into magnanimous hands !
 Instead of punishment he found reward,
 And with rich presents did the Duke dismiss
 The arch-foe of his Emperor.

WALLENSTEIN. (*laughs.*)

I know,

I know you had already in Vienna,
 Your windows and balconies all forestalled

To see him on the executioner's cart.
 I might have lost the battle, lost it too
 With infamy, and still retained your graces—
 But, to have cheated them of a spectacle,
 Oh! *that* the good folks of Vienna never,
 No, never can forgive me.

QUESTENBERG.

So Silesia

Was freed, and all things loudly called the Duke
 Into Bavaria, now pressed hard on all sides.
 And he *did* put his troops in motion; slowly,
 Quite at his ease, and by the longest road
 He traverses Bohemia; but ere ever
 He hath once seen the enemy, faces round,
 Breaks up the march, and takes to winter quarters.

WALLENSTEIN.

The troops were pitiaibly destitute
 Of every necessary, every comfort.
 The winter came. What thinks his Majesty
 His troops are made of? A'n't we men? subjected
 Like other men to wet, and cold, and all
 The circumstances of necessity?
 O miserable lot of the poor soldier!
 Wherever he comes in, all flee before him,
 And when he goes away the general curse
 Follows him on his rout. All must be seized,
 Nothing is given him. And compelled to seize
 From every man, he's every man's abhorrence.
 Behold, here stand my Generals. Karaffa!
 Count Deodate! Butler! Tell this man
 How long the soldier's pay is in arrears.

BUTLER.

Already a full year.

WALLENSTEIN.

And 'tis the hire

That constitutes the hireling's name and duties,
 The soldier's pay is the soldier's covenant.*

* The original is not translatable into English :

—————Und sein *sold*

Mus dem *soldaten* warden, darnach heisst er.
 It might perhaps have been thus rendered :

QUESTENBERG.

Ah! this is a far other tone from that
In which the Duke spoke eight, nine years ago.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes! 'tis my fault, I know it: I myself
Have spoilt the Emperor by indulging him.
Nine years ago, during the Danish war,
I raised him up a force, a mighty force,
Forty or fifty thousand men, that cost him
Of his own purse no doit. Through Saxony
The fury goddess of the war marched on,
E'en to the surf-rocks of the Baltic, bearing
The terrors of his name. That was a time!
In the whole Imperial realm no name like mine
Honoured with festival and celebration—
And Albrecht Wallenstein, it was the title
Of the third jewel in his crown!
But at the Diet, when the Princes met
At Regensburg, there, there the whole broke out,
There 'twas laid open, there it was made known,
Out of what money-bag I had paid the host.
And what was now my thanks, what had I now,
That I, a faithful servant of the Sovereign,
Had loaded on myself the people's curses,
And let the Princes of the empire pay
The expenses of this war, that aggrandizes
The Emperor alone—What thanks had I!
What? I was offered up to their complaints,
Dismissed, degraded!

QUESTENBERG.

But your Highness knows
What little freedom he possessed of action
In that disastrous Diet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and hell!
I had that which could have procured him freedom.
No! Since 'twas proved so inauspicious to me
To serve the Emperor at the empire's cost,

'And that for which he sold his services,
The soldier must receive.'

But a false or doubtful etymology is no more than a dull pun.

I have been taught far other trains of thinking
 Of th' empire, and the Diet of the empire.
 From th' Emperor, doubtless, I received this staff,
 But now I hold it as the empire's General—
 For the common weal, the universal interest,
 And no more for that one man's aggrandizement !
 But to the point. What is it that's desired of me ?

QUESTENBERG.

First, His Imperial Majesty hath willed,
 That without pretexts of delay the army
 Evacuate Bohemia.

WALLENSTEIN.

In this season ?

And to what quarter, wills the Emperor
 That we direct our course ?

QUESTENBERG.

To the enemy.

His Majesty resolves, that Regenspurg
 Be purified from the enemy ere Easter,
 That Luth'ranism may be no longer preached
 In that cathedral, nor heretical
 Defilement desecrate the celebration
 Of that pure festival.

WALLENSTEIN.

My Generals,

Can this be realized ?

ILLO.

'Tis not possible.

BUTLER.

It can't be realized.

QUESTENBERG.

The Emperor

Hath already commanded Colonel Suis
 To advance toward Bavaria.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did Suis ?

QUESTENBERG.

That which his duty prompted. He advanced !

WALLENSTEIN.

What ? he advanced ! And I, his General,
 Had given him orders, peremptory orders,

Not to desert his station! Stands it thus
 With my authority? Is this th' obedience
 Due to my office, which being thrown aside
 No war can be conducted? Chieftains, speak!
 You be the judges, Generals! What deserves
 That officer, who, of his oath neglectful,
 Is guilty of contempt of orders?

ILLO.

Death.

WALLENSTEIN. (*raising his voice, as all but Illo had remained
 silent, and seemingly scrupulous.*)

Count Piccolomini, what has he deserved?

MAX. (*after a long pause.*)

According to the letter of the law,

Death.

ISOLANI.

Death.

BUTLER.

Death, by the laws of war.

[*Questenberg rises from his seat, Wallenstein follows, all the
 rest rise.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

To this the law condemns him, and not I.
 And if I show him favour, 'twill arise
 From the rev'rence that I owe my Emperor.

QUESTENBERG.

If so, I can say nothing further—*here!*

WALLENSTEIN.

I accepted the command but on conditions!
 And this the first, that to the diminution
 Of my authority, no human being,
 Not even the Emperor's self, should be entitled
 To do aught, or to say aught, with the army.
 If I stand warranter of the event,
 Placing my honour and my head in pledge,
 Needs must I have full mastery in all
 The means thereto. What rendered this Gustavus
 Resistless, and unconquered upon earth?
 This: that he was the monarch in his army;
 A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,
 Was never yet subdued but by his equal.

But to the point! The best is yet to come.
Attend now, generals!

QUESTENBERG.

The Prince Cardinal
Begins his route at the approach of spring
From the Milanese; and leads a Spanish army
Thro' Germany into the Netherlands.
That he may march secure and unimpeded,
'Tis th' Emperor's will, you grant him a detachment
Of eight horse-regiments from the army here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, yes! I understand!—Eight regiments! Well,
Right well concerted, father Lamormain!
Eight thousand horse! Yes, yes! 'Tis as it should be!
I see it coming.

QUESTENBERG.

There is nothing coming;
All stands in front: the counsel of state-prudence,
The dictate of necessity!—

WALLENSTEIN.

What then?

What, my Lord Envoy? May I not be suffered
To understand that folks are tired of seeing
The sword's hilt in *my* grasp: and that your court
Snatch eagerly at this pretence, and use
The Spanish title, to drain off my forces,
To lead into the empire a new army
Unsubjected to my control. To throw me
Plumply aside—I am still too powerful for you
To venture that. My stipulation runs,
That all the Imperial forces shall obey me
Where'er the German is the native language.
Of Spanish troops, and of Prince Cardinals,
That take their route, as visitors, thro' the empire,
There stands no syllable in my stipulation.
No syllable! And so the politic court
Steals in a tiptoe, and creeps round behind it;
First makes me weaker, then to be dispensed with,
Till it dares strike at length a bolder blow
And make short work with me.
What need of all these crooked ways, Lord Envoy?

Straight-forward, man! His compact with me pinches
The Emperor. He would that I moved off!—
Well!—I will gratify him!—

[Here there commences an agitation among the generals which increases continually.]

It grieves me for my noble officers' sake!
I see not yet, by what means they will come at
The moneys they have advanced, or how obtain
The recompense their services demand.
Still a new leader brings new claimants forward,
And prior merit superannuates quickly.
There serve here many foreigners in the army,
And were the man in all else brave and gallant,
I was not wont to make nice scrutiny
After his pedigree or catechism.
This will be otherwise i' the time to come.
Well—me no longer it concerns. *[He scats himself.]*

MAX.

Forbid it, Heaven, that it should come to this!
Our troops will swell in dreadful fermentation—
The Emperor is abused—it cannot be.

ISOLANI.

It cannot be; all goes to instant wreck.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou hast said truly, faithful Isolani!
What *we* with toil and foresight have built up,
Will go to wreck—all go to instant wreck.
What then? another chieftain is soon found,
Another army likewise (who dares doubt it?)
Will flock from all sides to the Emperor
At the first beat of his recruiting drum.

[During this speech, Isolani, Tertsy, Illo, and Maradas talk confusedly with great agitation.]

MAX. *(busily and passionately going from one to another, and soothing them.)*

Hear, my commander! hear me, Generals!
Let me conjure you, Duke! Determine nothing,
Till we have met and represented to you
Our joint remonstrances.—Nay, calmer! Friends!
I hope all may be yet set right again.

TERTSKY.

Away! let us away! in th' antechamber
Find we the others.

[*They go.*]BUTLER. (*to Questenberg.*)

If good counsel gain
Due audience from your wisdom, my Lord Envoy!
You will be cautious how you show yourself
In public for some hours to come—or hardly
Will that gold key protect you from mal-treatment.

[*Commotions heard from without.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

A salutary counsel—Thou, Octavio!
Wilt answer for the safety of our guest.

Farewell, Von Questenberg! [*Questenberg is about to speak.*]

Nay, not a word.

Not one word more of that detested subject!
You have performed your duty—We know how
To separate the office from the man.

*As Questenberg is going off with Octavio, Goetz, Tiefenbach,
Kolatto, press in, several other generals following them.*

GOETZ.

Where's he, who means to rob us of our General?

TIEFENBACH. (*at the same time.*)

What are we forced to hear? That thou wilt leave us?

KOLATTO. (*at the same time.*)

We will live with thee, we will die with thee.

WALLENSTEIN. (*with stateliness, and pointing to Illo.*)

There! the Field-Marshal knows our will.

[*Exit.*][*While all are going off the stage, the curtain drops.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A small Chamber.

ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Now for this evening's business! How intend you
To manage with the generals at the banquet?

ILLO.

Attend! We frame a formal declaration,
 Wherein we to the Duke consign ourselves
 Collectively, to be and to remain
His both with life and limb, and not to spare
 The last drop of our blood for *him*, provided
 So doing we infringe no oath or duty
 We may be under to the Emp'rор.—Mark!
 This reservation we expressly make
 In a particular clause, and save the conscience.
 Now hear! This formula so framed and worded
 Will be presented to them for perusal
 Before the banquet. No one will find in it
 Cause of offence or scruple. Hear now further!
 After the feast, when now the vap'ring wine
 Opens the heart, and shuts the eyes, we let
 A counterfeited paper, in the which
 This one particular clause has been left out,
 Go round for signatures.

TERTSKY.

How? think you then
 That they'll believe themselves bound by an oath,
 Which we had tricked them into by a juggle?

ILLO.

We shall have caught and caged them! Let them then
 Beat their wings bare against the wires, and rave
 Loud as they may against our treachery,
 At court their signatures will be believed
 Far more than their most holy affirmations.
 Traitors they are, and must be; therefore wisely
 Will make a virtue of necessity.

TERTSKY.

Well, well, it shall content me; let but something
 Be *done*, let only some decisive blow
 Set us in motion.

ILLO.

Besides, 'tis of subordinate importance
 How, or how far, we may thereby propel
 The generals. 'Tis enough that we persuade
 The Duke, that they are his—Let him but act
 In his determined mood, as if he had them,

And he *will* have them. Where he plunges in,
He makes a whirlpool, and all stream down to it.

TERTSKY.

His policy is such a labyrinth,
That many a time when *I* have thought myself
Close at his side, he's gone at once, and left me
Ignorant of the ground where I was standing.
He lends the enemy his ear, permits me
To write to them, to Arnheim, to Sesina ;
Himself comes forward blank and undisguised,
Talks with us by the hour about his plans,
And when I think I have him—off at once——
He has slipped from me, and appears as if
He had no scheme, but to retain his place.

ILLO.

He give up his old plans ! I'll tell you, friend !
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep—they are his thoughts, his dreams——
That day by day he questions for this purpose
The motions of the planets——

TERTSKY.

Ay ! you know
This night, that is now coming, he with Seni
Shuts himself up in the astrological tower
To make joint observations—for I hear,
It is to be a night of weight and crisis,
And something great, and of long expectation,
Is to make its procession in the heaven.

ILLO.

Come ! be we bold and make despatch. The work
In this next day or two must thrive and grow
More than it has for years. And let but only
Things first turn up auspicious here below——
Mark what I say—the right stars too will show themselves.
Come to the generals. All is in the glow,
And must be beaten while 'tis malleable.

TERTSKY.

Do you go thither, Illo. I must stay
And *wait* here for the Countess Tertsky. Know,
That we too are not idle. Break one string,
A second is in readiness.

ILLO.

Yes! Yes!

I saw your Lady smile with such sly meaning.
What's in the wind?

TERTSKY.

A secret. Hush! she comes.

[*Exit Illo.*]

SCENE II.

(*The COUNTESS steps out from a closet.*)

COUNT AND COUNTESS TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Well—is she coming?—I can keep him back
No longer.

COUNTESS.

She will be there instantly;
You only send him.

TERTSKY.

I am not quite certain,
I must confess it, Countess, whether or no
We are earning the Duke's thanks hereby. You know
No ray has broke out from him on this point.
You have o'erruled me, and yourself knows best
How far you dare proceed.

COUNTESS.

I take it on me.

[*talking to herself, while she is advancing.*]

Here's no need of full powers, and commissions—
My cloudy Duke! we understand each other—
And without words. What, could I not unriddle,
Wherefore the daughter should be sent for hither,
Why first *he*, and no other, should be chosen
To fetch her hither! This sham of betrothing her
To a bridegroom,* whom no one knows—No! no!
This may blind others! I see thro' thee, Brother!
But it beseems thee not, to draw a card
At such a game. Not yet!—It all remains

* In Germany, after honourable addresses have been paid and formally accepted, the lovers are called bride and bridegroom, even though the marriage should not take place till years afterwards.

Mutely delivered up to my finessing—
Well—thou shalt not have been deceived, Duke Friedland !
In her who is thy sister.—

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The commanders !

TERTSKY. (*to the Countess.*)

Take care you heat his fancy and affections—
Possess him with a reverie, and send him
Absent and dreaming to the banquet ; that
He may not boggle at the signature.

COUNTESS.

Take you care of your guests !—Go, send him hither.

TERTSKY.

All rests upon his undersigning.

COUNTESS. (*interrupting him.*)

Go to your guests ! Go—

ILLO. (*comes back.*)

Where art staying, Tertsy ?
The house is full, and all expecting you.

TERTSKY.

Instantly ! instantly ! [*To the Countess.*]

And let him not

Stay here too long. It might awake suspicion
In the old man—

COUNTESS.

A truce with your precautions ! [*Excunt Tertsy and Illo.*]

SCENE III.

COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*peeping in on the stage shily.*)

Aunt Tertsy ! may I venture !

[*Advances to the middle of the stage, and looks around him
with uneasiness.*]

She's not here !

Where is she ?

COUNTESS.

Look but somewhat narrowly

In yonder corner, lest perhaps she lie
Concealed behind that screen,

MAX.

There lie her gloves !

[*Snatches at them, but the Countess takes them herself.*

You unkind Lady ! You refuse me this—
You make it an amusement to torment me.

COUNTESS.

And this the thanks you give me for my trouble ?

MAX.

O, if you felt the oppression at *my* heart !
Since we've been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits !

COUNTESS.

You have still

Many new habits to acquire, young friend !
But on this proof of your obedient temper
I must continue to insist ; and only
On this condition can I play the agent
For your concerns.

MAX.

But wherefore comes she not ?

Where is she ?

COUNTESS.

Into *my* hands you must place it
Whole and entire. Whom could you find, indeed,
More zealously affected to your interest ?
No soul on earth must know it—not your father.
He must not above all.

MAX.

Alas ! what danger ?

Here is no face on which I might concentrate
All, the enraptured soul stirs up within me.
O Lady ! tell me. Is all changed around me ;
Or is it only I ?

I find myself

As among strangers ! Not a trace is left
Of all my former wishes, former joys.
Where has it vanished to ? There was a time
When even, methought, with such a world as this
I was not discontented. Now, how flat !
How stale ! No life, no bloom, no flavour in it !

My comrades are intolerable to me.
 My father—Even to him I can say nothing.
 My arms, my military duties—O!
 They are such wearying toys!

COUNTESS.

But, gentle friend!
 I must entreat it of your condescension,
 You would be pleased to sink your eye, and favour
 With one short glance or two this poor stale world,
 Where even now much, and of much moment,
 Is on the eve of its completion.

MAX.

Something,
 I can't but know, is going forward round me.
 I see it gathering, crowding, driving on,
 In wild uncustomary movements. Well,
 In due time, doubtless, it will reach even me.
 Where think you I have been, dear Lady? Nay,
 No raillery. The turmoil of the camp,
 The spring-tide of acquaintance rolling in,
 The pointless jest, the empty conversation,
 Oppressed and stifled me. I gasped for air—
 I could not breathe—I was constrained to fly,
 To seek a silence out for my full heart;
 And a pure spot wherein to feel my happiness.
 No smiling, Countess! In the church was I.
 There is a cloister here to the heaven's gate,*
 Thither I went, there found myself alone.
 Over the altar hung a holy mother;
 A wretched painting 'twas, yet 'twas the friend
 That I was seeking in this moment. Ah,
 How oft have I beheld that glorious form
 In splendour, 'mid extatic worshippers,
 Yet still it moved me not! and now at once
 Was my devotion cloudless as my love

COUNTESS.

Enjoy your fortune and felicity!

* I am doubtful whether this be the dedication of the cloister, or the name of one of the city gates, near which it stood. I have translated it in the former sense; but fearful of having made some blunder, I add the original;—

Es ist ein Kloster hier zur *Himmelsforte*.

Forget the world around you. Meantime, friendship
 Shall keep strict vigils for you, anxious, active.
 Only be manageable when that friendship
 Points you the road to full accomplishment.
 How long may it be since you declared your passion?

MAX.

This morning did I hazard the first word.

COUNTESS.

This morning the first time in twenty days?

MAX.

'Twas at that hunting-castle, betwixt here
 And Nepomuck, where *you* had joined us, and—
 That was the last relay of the whole journey!
 In a balcony we were standing mute,
 And gazing out upon the dreary field:
 Before us the dragoons were riding onward,
 The safe-guard which the Duke had sent us—heavy
 The inquietude of parting lay upon me,
 And trembling ventured I at length these words:
 This all reminds me, noble maiden, that
 To-day I must take leave of my good fortune.
 A few hours more, and you will find a father,
 Will see yourself surrounded by new friends,
 And I henceforth shall be but as a stranger,
 Lost in the many—'Speak with my aunt Tertsy!'
 With hurrying voice she interrupted me.
 She faltered. I beheld a glowing red
 Possess her beautiful cheeks, and from the ground
 Raised slowly up, her eye met mine—no longer
 Did I control myself.

[*The Princess Thekla appears at the door, and remains standing, observed by the Countess, but not by Piccolomini.*

With instant boldness

I caught her in my arms, my mouth touched hers;
 There was a rustling in the room close by;
 It parted us—"Twas you. What since has happened,
 You know.

COUNTESS. (*after a pause, with a stolen glance at Thekla.*)

And is it your excess of modesty;

Or are you so incurious, that you do not
 Ask me too of my secret?

MAX.

Of your secret?

COUNTESS.

Why, yes! When in the instant after you
I stepped into the room, and found my niece there,
What she in this first moment of the heart,
Ta'en with surprise—

MAX. (*with eagerness.*)

Well!

SCENE IV.

THEKLA (*hurries forward*), COUNTESS, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA. (*to the Countess.*)

Spare yourself the trouble.

That hears he better from myself.

MAX. (*stepping backward.*)

My Princess!

What have you let her hear me say, aunt Tertsky!

THEKLA. (*to the Countess.*)

Has he been here long?

COUNTESS.

Yes; and soon must go.

Where have *you* stayed so long?

THEKLA.

Alas! my mother

Wept so again! and I—I see her suffer,
Yet cannot keep myself from being happy.

MAX.

Now once again I have courage to look on you,
To-day at noon I could not.
The dazzle of the jewels that played round you
Hid the beloved from me.

THEKLA.

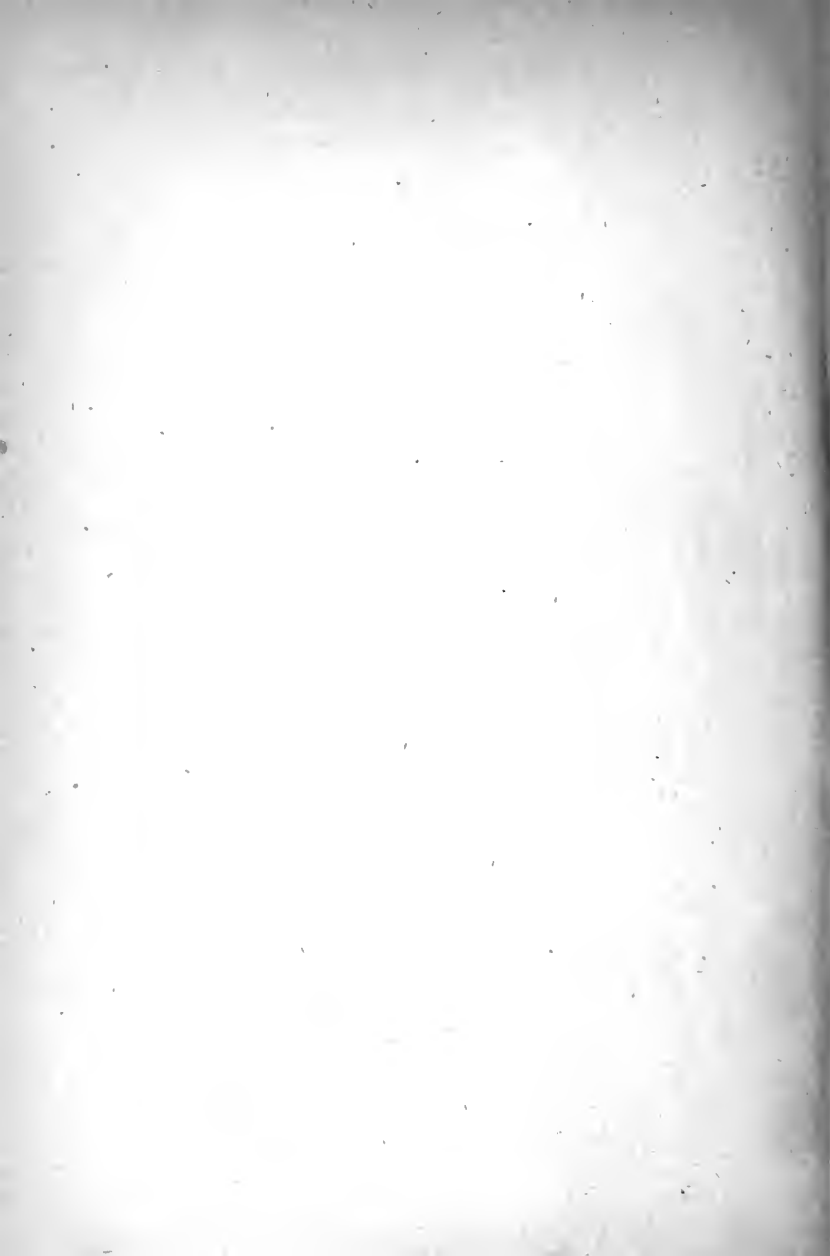
Then you saw me
With your eye only—and not with your heart?

MAX.

This morning, when I found you in the circle
Of all your kindred, in your father's arms,
Beheld myself an alien in this circle,



Thekla (to the Countess). Spare yourself the trouble ;
That hears he better from myself.



O! what an impulse felt I in that moment
 To fall upon his neck, to call him *father!*
 But his stern eye o'erpowered the swelling passion—
 It dared not but be silent. And those brilliants,
 That like a crown of stars enwreathed your brows,
 They scared me too! O wherefore, wherefore should he
 At the first meeting spread as 'twere the bann
 Of excommunication round you, wherefore
 Dress up the angel as for sacrifice,
 And cast upon the light and joyous heart
 The mournful burthen of *his* station? Fitly
 May love dare woo for love; but such a splendour
 Might none but monarchs venture to approach.

THEKLA.

Hush! not a word more of this mummerly,
 You see how soon the burthen is thrown off.
 He is not in spirits. Wherefore is he not? [*to the Countess.*
 'Tis you, aunt, that have made him all so gloomy!
 He had quite another nature on the journey—
 So calm, so bright, so joyous, eloquent.
 It was my wish to see you always so, [*to Max.*
 And never otherwise!

MAX.

You find yourself
 In your great father's arms, beloved lady!
 All in a new world, which does homage to you,
 And which, were't only by its novelty,
 Delights your eye.

THEKLA.

Yes; I confess to you
 That many things delight me here: this camp,
 This motley stage of warriors which renews
 So manifold the image of my fancy,
 And binds to life, binds to reality,
 What hitherto had but been present to me
 As a sweet dream!

MAX.

Alas! not so to me.
 It makes a dream of my reality.
 Upon some island in the ethereal heights
 I've lived for these last days. This mass of men

Forces me down to earth. It is a bridge
That, reconducting to my former life,
Divides me and my heaven.

THEKLA.

The game of life
Looks cheerful, when one carries in one's heart
The unalienable treasure. 'Tis a game,
Which having once reviewed, I turn more joyous
Back to my deeper and appropriate bliss.

[breaking off and in a sportive tone

In this short time that I've been present here,
What new unheard of things have I not seen?
And yet they all must give place to the wonder
Which this mysterious castle guards.

COUNTESS. *(recollecting.)*

And what
Can this be then? Methought I was acquainted
With all the dusky corners of this house.

THEKLA. *(smiling.)*

Ay, but the road thereto is watched by spirits,
Two griffins still stand sentry at the door.

COUNTESS. *(laughs.)*

The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access,
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you e'en at your approach?

THEKLA.

A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hairs, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, opened me the doors.

MAX.

That is the Duke's astrologer, old Seni.

THEKLA.

He questioned me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

COUNTESS.

He wished
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

THEKLA.

My hand too he examined, shook his head

With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

COUNTESS.

Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side glance, and away!

THEKLA.

It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepped in; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars: all seemed to come from them.
'These are the planets,' said that low old man,
'They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imaged here as kings. That farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the king with the red light,
An armed man for the battle, that is Mars:
And both these bring but little luck to man.'
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glittered silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star:
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

MAX.

O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love

This visible nature, and this common world,
 Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
 Lurks in the legend told my infant years
 • Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
 For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace :
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
 And spirits ; and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths ; all these have vanished ;
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down : and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair !

THEKLA.

And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable height above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.

COUNTESS.

Not only roses,
 But thorns too hath the heaven ; and well for you,
 Leave they your wreath of love inviolate.
 What Venus twined, the bearer of glad fortune,
 The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to pieces.

MAX.

Soon will its gloomy empire reach its close.
 Blest be the General's zeal : into the laurel

Will he inweave the olive-branch, presenting
 Peace to the shouting nations. Then no wish
 Will have remained for his great heart! Enough
 Has he performed for glory, and can now
 Live for himself and his. To his domains
 Will he retire; he has a stately seat
 Of fairest view at Gitschin; Reichenberg,
 And Friedland Castle, both lie pleasantly—
 Even to the foot of the huge mountains here
 Stretches the chase and covers of his forests;
 His ruling passion, to create the splendid,
 He can indulge without restraint; can give
 A princely patronage to every art,
 And to all worth a sovereign's protection.
 Can build, can plant, can watch the starry courses—

COUNTESS.

Yet I would have you look, and look again,
 Before you lay aside your arms, young friend!
 A gentle bride, as she is, is well worth it
 That you should woo and win her with the sword.

MAX.

O, that the sword could win her!

COUNTESS.

What was that?
 Did you hear nothing? Seemed as if I heard
 Tumult and larum in the banquet-room. [*Exit Countess.*]

SCENE V.

THEKLA and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA. (*As soon as the Countess is out of sight, in a quick low voice to Piccolomini.*)

Don't trust them! They are false!

MAX.

Impossible!

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once,
 They had a *purpose*.

MAX.

Purpose! but what purpose?

And how can we be instrumental to it?

THEKLA.

I know no more than you ; but yet, believe me,
There's some design in this ! To make us happy,
To realize our union—trust me, love !
They but pretend to wish it.

MAX.

But these Tertskies—

Why use we them at all ? Why not your mother ?
Excellent creature ! she deserves from us
A full and filial confidence.

THEKLA.

She doth love you,
Doth rate you high before all others—but—
But such a secret—she would never have
The courage to conceal it from my father.
For her own peace of mind we must preserve it
A secret from her too.

MAX.

Why any secret ?

I love not secrets. Mark what I will do.
I'll throw me at your father's feet—let *him*
Decide upon my fortunes !—He is true,
He wears no mask—he hates all crooked ways—
He is so good, so noble !

THEKLA. (*falls on his neck.*)

That are you !

MAX.

You knew him only since this morn ; but I
Have lived ten years already in his presence,
And who knows whether in this very moment
He is not merely waiting for us both
To own our loves, in order to unite us.

You are silent?—

You look at me with such a hopelessness !

What have you to object against your father ?

THEKLA.

I ? Nothing. Only he's so occupied—

He has no leisure time to think about

The happiness of us two.

[*Taking his hand tenderly.*

Follow me !

Let us not place too great a faith in men.
 These Tertsbies—we will still be grateful to them
 For every kindness, but not trust them further
 Than they deserve ;—and in all else rely——
 On our own hearts !

MAX.

O ! shall we *c'er* be happy ?

THEKLA.

Are we not happy now ? Art thou not mine ?
 Am I not thine ? There lives within my soul
 A lofty courage—'tis love gives it me !
 I ought to be less open—ought to hide
 My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates.
 But where in this place could'st thou seek for truth,
 If in my mouth thou did'st not find it ?

SCENE VI.

To them enters the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

COUNTESS. (*in a pressing manner.*)

Come !

My husband sends me for you—It is now
 The latest moment.

[*They not appearing to attend to what she says, she steps between them.*]

Part you !

THEKLA.

O, not yet !

It has been scarce a moment.

COUNTESS.

Ay ! Then time

Flies swiftly with your Highness, Princess niece !

MAX.

There is no hurry, aunt.

COUNTESS.

Away ! away !

The folks begin to miss you. Twice already
 His father has asked for him.

THEKLA.

Ha ! his father ?

COUNTESS.

You understand *that*, niece.

THEKLA.

Why needs he

To go at all to that society?

'Tis not his proper company. They may
Be worthy men, but he's too young for them.
In brief, he suits not such society.

COUNTESS.

You mean, you'd rather keep him wholly here?

THEKLA. (*with energy.*)

Yes! you have hit it, aunt! That is my meaning.
Leave him here wholly! Tell the company—

COUNTESS.

What?—have you lost your senses, niece?—
Count, you remember the conditions. Come!

MAX. (*to Thekla.*)

Lady, I must obey. Farewell, dear lady!

[*Thekla turns away from him with a quick motion.*]

What say you then, dear lady?

THEKLA. (*without looking at him*)

Nothing. Go!

MAX.

Can I, when you are angry——

[*He draws up to her, their eyes meet, she stands silent a moment, then throws herself into his arms; he presses her fast to his heart.*]

COUNTESS.

Off! Heavens! if any one should come!

Hark! What's that noise? It comes this way.—Off!

[*Max. tears himself away out of her arms, and goes. The Countess accompanies him. Thekla follows him with her eyes at first, walks restlessly across the room, then stops, and remains standing, lost in thought. A guitar lies on the table she seizes it as by a sudden emotion, and after she has played awhile an irregular and melancholy symphony, she falls gradually into the music and sings.*]

THEKLA. (*Plays and sings.*)

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might, with might;

And she flings out her voice to the darksome night ;
 Her bosom is swelling with sorrow :
 The world it is empty, the heart will die,
 There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky :
 Thou Holy One, call thy child away !
 I've lived and loved, and that was to-day——
 Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.*

* I found it not in my power to translate this song with *literal* fidelity, preserving at the same time the Alcaic movement ; and have therefore added the original with a prose translation. Some of my readers may be more fortunate.

THEKLA. (*Spickt und singt.*)

Der Eichenwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn,
 Das Mägdlein wandelt an Ufers Grün,
 Es bricht sich die Welle mit Macht, mit Macht,
 And sie singt hinaus in die finstre Nacht,
 Das Auge von Weinen getrübet :
 Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer.
 Und weiter giebt sie dem Wunsche nichts mehr.
 Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück,
 Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
 Ich habe gelebt and geliebet.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

THEKLA. (*Plays and sings.*)

The oak-forest bellows, the clouds gather, the damsel walks to and fro on the green of the shore ; the wave breaks with might, with might, and she sings out into the dark night, her eye discoloured with weeping : the heart is dead, the world is empty, and further gives it nothing more to the wish. Thou Holy One, call thy child home, I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

I cannot but add here an imitation of this song, with which the author of 'The Tale of Rosamund Gray and Blind Margaret' has favoured me, and which appears to me to have caught the happiest manner of our old ballads.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threatening
 The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan ;
 Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching :
 Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
 Her eye upward roving :
 The world is empty, the heart is dead surely,
 In this world plainly all seemeth amiss ;
 To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
 I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
 Both living and loving.

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS (*returns*), THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

Fie, lady niece ! to throw yourself upon him,
 Like a poor gift to one who cares not for it,
 And so must be flung after him ! For you,
 Duke Friedland's only child, I should have thought
 It had been more beseeeming to have shown yourself
 More chary of your person.

THEKLA. (*rising.*)

And what mean you ?

COUNTESS.

I mean, niece, that you should not have forgotten
 Who *you* are, and who he is. But perchance
 That never once occurred to you.

THEKLA.

What then ?

COUNTESS.

That you're the daughter of the Prince-duke Friedland.

THEKLA.

Well—and what further ?

COUNTESS.

What ? a pretty question !

THEKLA.

He was *born* that which we have but *become*.
 He's of an ancient Lombard family,
 Son of a reigning princess.

COUNTESS.

Are you dreaming ?

Talking in sleep ? An excellent jest, forsooth !
 We shall, no doubt, right courteously *entreat* him
 To honour with his hand the richest heiress
 In Europe.

THEKLA.

That will not be necessary.

COUNTESS.

Methinks 'twere well tho' not to run the hazard.

THEKLA.

His father loves him, Count Octavio
Will interpose no difficulty—

COUNTESS.

His!

His father! his! But yours, niece, what of yours?

THEKLA.

Why I begin to think you fear his father,
So anxiously you hide it from the man;
His father, his, I mean.

COUNTESS. (*looks at her, as scrutinizing.*)

Niece, you are *false*.

THEKLA.

Are you then wounded? O, be friends with me!

COUNTESS.

You hold your game for won already. Do not
Triumph too soon!—

THEKLA. (*interrupting her, and attempting to soothe her.*)
Nay now, be friends with me.

COUNTESS.

It is not yet so far gone.

THEKLA.

I believe you

COUNTESS.

Did you suppose your father had laid out
His most important life in toils of war,
Denied himself each quiet earthly bliss,
Had banished slumber from his tent, devoted
His noble head to care, and for this only,
To make a happy pair of you? At length
To draw you from your convent, and conduct
In easy triumph to your arms the man
That chanced to please your eyes! All this, methinks,
He might have purchased at a cheaper rate.

THEKLA.

That which he did not plant for me, might yet
Bear me fair fruitage of its own accord.
And if my friendly and affectionate fate,
Out of his fearful and enormous being,
Will but prepare the joys of life for me—

COUNTESS.

Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes:
 Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art.
 Into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
 For no espousals dost thou find the walls
 Decked out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
 Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou
 That all these thousands are here congregated
 To lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
 Thou see'st thy father's forehead full of thought,
 Thy mother's eyes in tears: upon the balance
 Lies the great destiny of all our house.
 Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
 O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
 That thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—*his*
 Who where he moves creates the wonderful.
 Not to herself the woman must belong,
 Annexed and bound to alien destinies.
 But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
 Who can transmute the alien into self,
 Meet and disarm necessity by choice:
 And what must be, take freely to her heart,
 And bear and foster it with mother's love.

THEKLA.

Such ever was my lesson in the convent.
 I had no loves, no wishes, knew myself
 Only as his—his daughter—his, the Mighty!
 His fame, the echo of whose blast drove to me
 From the far distance, wakened in my soul
 No other thought than this—I am appointed
 To offer up myself in passiveness to him.

COUNTESS.

That *is* thy fate. Mould thou thy wishes to it,
 I and thy mother gave thee the example.

THEKLA.

My fate hath shown me *him*, to whom behoves it
 That I should offer up myself. In gladness
Him will I follow.

COUNTESS.

Not thy fate hath shown him;
 Thy heart, say rather—'twas thy heart, my child!

THEKLA.

Fate hath no voice but the heart's impulses.
 I am all his! *His* present—*his* alone
 Is this new life, which lives in me. He hath
 A right to his own creature. What was I
 Ere his fair love infused a soul into me?

COUNTESS.

Thou would'st oppose thy father then, should he
 Have otherwise determined with thy person?

[*Thekla remains silent. The Countess continues.*]

Thou mean'st to force him to thy liking?—Child,
 His name is Friedland.

THEKLA.

My name too is Friedland.

He shall have found a genuine daughter in me.

COUNTESS.

What? he has vanquished all impediment,
 And in the wilful mood of his own daughter
 Shall a new struggle rise for him? Child! child!
 As yet thou hast seen thy father's smiles alone;
 The eye of his rage thou hast not seen. Dear child,
 I will not frighten thee. To that extreme,
 I trust, it ne'er shall come. His will is yet
 Unknown to me: 'tis possible, his aims
 May have the same direction as thy wish.
 But this can never, never be his will,
 That thou, the daughter of his haughty fortunes,
 Should'st e'er demean thee as a love-sick maiden;
 And like some poor cost-nothing, fling thyself
 Toward the man, who, if that high prize ever
 Be destined to await him, yet, with sacrifices
 The highest love can bring, must pay for it.

[*Exit* COUNTESS.]

THEKLA. (*who during the last speech had been standing evidently lost
 in her reflections.*)

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
 My sad presentiment to certainty.
 And it is so!—Not one friend have we here,
 Not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
 O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
 Beam on this covenant of our affections.

This is no theatre, where hope abides.
 The dull thick noise of war alone stirs here.
 And Love himself, as he were armed in steel,
 Steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.

[*Music from the banquet-room is heard.*

There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
 And swiftly will the destiny close on us.
 It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
 It mocks my soul with charming witchery,
 It lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
 I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
 It draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
 And lo!—the abyss—and thither am I moving—
 I have no power within me not to move!

[*The music from the banquet-room becomes louder.*

O when a house is doomed in fire to perish,
 Many and dark heaven drives his clouds together,
 Yea, shoots his lightnings down from sunny heights,
 Flames burst from out the subterraneous chasms,
 *And fiends and angels, mingling in their fury,
 Fling fire-brands at the burning edifice.

[*Exit Thekla.*

SCENE VIII.

A large saloon lighted up with festal splendour; in the midst of it, and in the centre of the stage, a table richly set out, at which eight generals are sitting, among whom are OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, TERTSKY, and MARADAS. Right and left of this, but farther back, two other tables, at each of which six persons are placed. The middle door, which is standing open, gives to the prospect a fourth table, with the same number of persons. More forward stands the sideboard. The whole front of the stage is kept open for the pages and servants in waiting. All is in motion. The band of music belonging to Tertsky's regiment march across the stage, and draw up round the tables. Before they are quite off from the front of the

* There are few, who will not have taste enough to laugh at the two concluding lines of this soliloquy; and still fewer, I would fain hope, who would not have been more disposed to shudder, had I given a *faithful* translation. For the readers of German I have added the original:—

Blind-wüthend schleudert selbst der Gott der Freude
 Den Pechkranz in das brennende Gebäude.

stage, MAX. PICCOLOMINI appears; TERTSKY advances towards him with a paper, ISOLANI comes up to him with a beaker or service-cup.

TERTSKY, ISOLANI, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

ISOLANI.

Here, brother, what we love! Why, where hast been?

Off, to thy place—quick! Tertsy here has given

The mother's holiday wine up to free booty.

Here it goes on as at the Heidelberg castle.

Already hast thou lost the best. They're giving

At yonder table ducal crowns in shares;

There's Sternberg's lands and chattels are put up,

With Eggenberg's, Stawata's, Lichtenstein's,

And all the great Bohemian feudalities.

Be nimble, lad! and something may turn up

For thee—who knows? Off—to thy place! quick! march!

TIEFENBACH and GOETZ (*call out from the second and third tables.*)

Count Piccolomini!

TERTSKY.

Stop, ye shall have him in an instant.—Read

This oath here, whether as 'tis here set forth,

The wording satisfies you. They've all read it,

Each in his turn, and each one will subscribe

His individual signature.

MAX. (*reads.*)

'Ingratis servire nefas.'

ISOLANI.

That sounds to my ears very much like Latin,

And being interpreted, pray what may't mean?

TERTSKY.

No honest man will serve a thankless master

MAX.

'Inasmuch as our supreme commander, the illustrious Duke of Friedland, in consequence of the manifold affronts and grievances which he has received, had expressed his determination to quit the Emperor, but on our unanimous entreaty has graciously consented to remain still with the army, and not to part from us without our approbation thereof, so we, collectively and *each in particular*, in the stead of an oath personally taken, do hereby oblige ourselves—likewise by him honourably and faithfully to hold, and in no wise whatsoever from him to part, and to be ready to shed for his interests the

last drop of our blood, so far, namely, as *our oath to the Emperor will permit it.* (*These last words are repeated by Isolani.*) In testimony of which we subscribe our names.'

TERTSKY.

Now!—are you willing to subscribe this paper?

ISOLANI.

Why should he not? All officers of honour
Can do it, ay, must do it.—Pen and ink here!

TERTSKY.

Nay, let it rest till after meal.

ISOLANI. (*drawing Max. along.*)

Come, Max. [*Both seat themselves at their table.*]

SCENE IX.

TERTSKY, NEUMANN.

TERTSKY. (*beckons to Neumann who is waiting at the side table, and steps forward with him to the edge of the stage.*)

Have you the copy with you, Neumann? Give it.
It may be changed for the other?

NEUMANN.

I have copied it
Letter by letter, line by line; no eye
Would e'er discover other difference,
Save only the omission of that clause,
According to your Excellency's order.

TERTSKY.

Right! Lay it yonder, and away with this—

It has performed its business—to the fire with it—

[*Neumann lays the copy on the table, and steps back again to the side table.*]

SCENE X.

ILLO (*comes out from the second chamber*), TERTSKY.

ILLO.

How goes it with young Piccolomini?

TERTSKY.

All right, I think. He has started no objection.

ILLO.

He is the only one I fear about—
He and his father. Have an eye on both !

TERTSKY.

How looks it at your table ? You forget not
To keep them warm and stirring ?

ILLO.

O, quite cordial,
They are quite cordial in the scheme. We have them.
And 'tis as I predicted too. Already
It is the talk, not merely to maintain
The Duke in station. 'Since we're once for all
Together and unanimous, why not,'
Says Montecuculi, 'ay, why not onward,
And make conditions with the Emperor
There in his own Vienna ?' Trust me, Count,
Were it not for these said Piccolomini,
We might have spared ourselves the cheat.

TERTSKY.

And Butler ?

How goes it there ? Hush !

SCENE XI.

To them enters BUTLER from the second table.

BUTLER.

Don't disturb yourselves.
Field-Marshal, I have understood you perfectly,
Good luck be to the scheme ; and as to me,
[*with an air of mystery.*]
You may depend upon me.

ILLO. (*with vivacity.*)

May we, Butler ?

BUTLER.

With or without the clause, all one to me !
You understand me ? My fidelity
The Duke may put to any proof—I'm with him !
Tell him so ! I'm the Emperor's officer,
As long as 'tis his pleasure to remain
The Emperor's general ; and Friedland's servant,

As soon as it shall please him to become
His own lord.

TERTSKY.

You would make a good exchange ;
No stern economist, no Ferdinand,
Is he to whom you plight your services.

BUTLER. (*with a haughty look.*)

I do not put up my fidelity
To sale, Count Tertsky ! Half a year ago
I would not have advised you to have made me
An overture to that, to which I now
Offer myself of my own free accord.—
But that is past ! and to the Duke, Field-Marshal,
I bring myself together with my regiment.
And mark you, 'tis my humour to believe,
The example which I give will not remain
Without an influence.

ILLO.

Who is ignorant,
That the whole army look to Colonel Butler,
As to a light that moves before them ?

BUTLER.

Ey ?

Then I repent me not of that fidelity
Which for the length of forty years I held,
If in my sixtieth year my good old name
Can purchase for me a revenge so full.
Start not at what I say, sir generals !
My real motives—they concern not you.
And you yourselves, I trust, could not expect
That this your game had crooked *my* judgment—or
That fickleness, quick blood, or such like cause,
Has driven the old man from the track of honour,
Which he so long had trodden.—Come, my friends !
I'm not thereto determined with less firmness,
Because I know and have looked steadily
At that on which I have determined.

ILLO.

Say,

And speak roundly, what are we to deem you ?

BUTLER.

A friend! I give you here my hand! I'm yours
 With all I have. Not only men, but money
 Will the Duke want.—Go, tell him, sirs!
 I've earned and laid up somewhat in his service,
 I lend it him! and is he my survivor,
 It has been already long ago bequeathed him.
 He is my heir. For me, I stand alone
 Here in the world; nought know I of the feelings
 That bind the husband to a wife and children,
 My name dies with me, my existence ends.

ILLO.

'Tis not your money that he needs—a heart
 Like yours weighs tons of gold down, weighs down millions!

BUTLER.

I came a simple soldier's boy from Ireland
 To Prague—and with a master, whom I buried.
 From lowest stable duty I climbed up,
 Such was the fate of war, to this high rank,
 The plaything of a whimsical good fortune.
 And Wallenstein too is a child of luck,
 I love a fortune that is like my own.

ILLO.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

BUTLER.

This is an awful moment! to the brave,
 To the determined, an auspicious moment.
 The Prince of Weimer arms, upon the Maine
 To found a mighty dukedom. He of Halberstadt,
 That Mansfeld wanted but a longer life
 To have marked out with his good sword a lordship
 That should reward his courage. Who of these
 Equals our Friedland? There is nothing, nothing
 So high, but he may set the ladder to it!

TERTSKY.

That's spoken like a man!

BUTLER.

Do you secure the Spaniard and Italian—
 I'll be your warrant for the Scotchman Lesly.
 Come! to the company!

TERTSKY.

Where is the master of the cellar? Ho!
 Let the best wines come up. Ho! cheerly, boy!
 Luck comes to-day, so give her hearty welcome.

[*Exeunt each to his table.*]

SCENE XII.

*The MASTER OF THE CELLAR advancing with NEUMANN,
 SERVANTS passing backwards and forwards.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The best wines! O! if my old mistress, his lady mother, could but see these wild goings on, she would turn herself round in her grave. Yes, yes, sir officer! 'tis all down the hill with this noble house! no end, no moderation! And this marriage with the Duke's sister, a splendid connection, a very splendid connection! but I tell you, sir officer, it bodes no good.

NEUMANN.

Heaven forbid! Why, at this very moment the whole prospect is in bud and blossom!

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

You think so?—Well, well, much may be said on that head.

1ST SERVANT. (*comes.*)

Burgundy for the fourth table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Now, sir lieutenant, if this isn't the seventieth flask——

1ST SERVANT.

Why, the reason is, that German lord, Tiefenbach, sits at that table.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*continuing his discourse to Neumann.*)

They are soaring too high. They would rival kings and electors in their pomp and splendour; and wherever the Duke leaps, not a minute does my gracious master, the Count, loiter on the brink.—(*To the Servants.*)—What do you stand there listening for? I will let you know you have legs presently. Off! see to the tables, see to the flasks! Look there! Count Palfi has an empty glass before him!

RUNNER. (*comes.*)

The great service-cup is wanted, sir; that rich gold cup with the Bohemian arms on it. The Count says you know which it is.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Ay! that was made for Frederick's coronation, by the artist William—there was not such another prize in the whole booty at Prague.

RUNNER.

The same!—a health is to go round in him.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*shaking his head while he fetches and rinses the cup.*)

This will be something for the tale-bearers—this goes to Vienna.

NEUMANN.

Permit me to look at it.—Well, this is a cup indeed! How heavy! as well it may be, being all gold.—And what neat things are embossed on it! how natural and elegant they look!—There, on the first quarter, let me see. That proud Amazon there on horseback, she that is taking a leap over the crosiers and mitres, and carries on a wand, a hat, together with a banner, on which there's a goblet represented. Can you tell me what all this signifies?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The woman whom you see there on horseback, is the Free Election of the Bohemian crown. That is signified by the round hat, and by that fiery steed on which she is riding. The hat is the pride of man; for he who cannot keep his hat on before kings and emperors is no free man.

NEUMANN.

But what is the cup there on the banner?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

The cup signifies the freedom of the Bohemian Church, as it was in our forefathers' times. Our forefathers, in the wars of the Hussites, forced from the pope this noble privilege; for the pope, you know, will not grant the cup to any layman. Your true Moravian values nothing beyond the cup; it is his costly jewel, and has cost the Bohemians their precious blood in many and many a battle.

NEUMANN.

And what says that chart that hangs in the air there, over it all?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

That signifies the Bohemian letter royal, which we forced from the Emperor Rodolph—a precious, never to be enough valued parchment, that secures to the new Church the old privileges of free ringing and open psalmody. But since he of Steiermärk has ruled over us, that is at an end; and after the battle at Prague, in which Count Palatine Frederick lost his crown and empire, our faith hangs

upon the pulpit and altar—and our brethren look at their homes over their shoulders; but the letter royal the Emperor himself cut to pieces with his scissors.

NEUMANN.

Why, my good Master of the Cellar! you are deep read in the chronicles of your country?

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

So were my forefathers, and for that reason were they minstrels, and served under Procopius and Ziska. Peace be with their ashes! Well, well! they fought for a good cause tho'—There! carry it up!

NEUMANN.

Stay! let me but look at this second quarter. Look *there!* That is, when at Prague Castle the Imperial Counsellors, Martinitz and Stawata, were hurled down head over heels. 'Tis even so! there stands Count Thur who commands it.

[*Runner takes the service-cup and goes off with it.*

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

O let me never more hear of that day. It was the three and twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand, six hundred, and eighteen. It seems to me as it were but yesterday—from that unlucky day it all began, all the heart-aches of the country. Since that day it is now sixteen years, and there has never once been peace on the earth.

[*Health drank aloud at the second table.*

The Prince of Weimar! Hurra! [*At the third and fourth tables.*

Long live Prince William! Long live Duke Bernard! Hurra!

[*Music strikes up.*

1ST SERVANT.

Hear'em! Hear'em! What an uproar!

2ND SERVANT. (*comes in running.*)

Did you hear? They have drunk the Prince of Weimar's health.

3RD SERVANT.

The Swedish Chief Commander!

1ST SERVANT. (*speaking at the same time.*)

The Lutheran!

2ND SERVANT.

Just before, when Count Deodate gave out the Emperor's health, they were all as mum as a nibbling mouse.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR.

Poh, poh! When the wine goes in strange things come out. A good servant hears and hears not!—You should be nothing but eyes and feet, except when you're called to.

2ND SERVANT. (*to the Runner, to whom he gives secretly a flask of wine, keeping his eye upon the Master of the Cellar, standing between him and the Runner.*)

Quick, Thomas, before the Master of the Cellar looks this way—'tis a flask of Frontignac! Snapped it up at the third table.—Canst go off with it?

RUNNER. (*hides it in his pocket.*)

All right! [*Exit the 2nd Servant.*]

3RD SERVANT. (*aside, to the first.*)

Be on the hark, Jack! that we may have right plenty to tell to father Quivoga—He will give us right plenty of absolution in return for it.

1ST SERVANT.

For that very purpose I am always having something to do behind Illo's chair!—He is the man for speeches to make you stare with.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to Neumann.*)

Who, pray, may that swarthy man be, he with the cross, that is chatting so confidentially with Esterhats?

NEUMANN.

Ay, he too is one of those to whom they confide too much. He calls himself Maradas, a Spaniard is he.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*impatiently.*)

Spaniard! Spaniard! I tell you, friend, nothing good comes of these Spaniards. All these outlandish fellows* are little better than rogues.

NEUMANN.

Fie, fie! you should not say so, friend. There are among them our very best generals, and those on whom the Duke at this moment relies the most.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*taking the flask out of the Runner's pocket.*)

My son, it will be broken to pieces in your pocket.

[*Tertsky hurries in, fetches away the paper, and calls to a servant for pen and ink, and goes to the back of the stage.*]

* There is a humour in the original which cannot be given in the translation. [?] Die *welschen* alle,' &c., which word in classical German means the *Italians* alone; but in its first sense, and at present in the *vulgar* use of the word, it signifies foreigners in general. Our word wallnuts, I suppose, means *outlandish* nuts—Wallæ nuces, in German 'Welsch nüsse.'—T.

MASTER OF THE CELLAR. (*to the Servants.*)

The Lietenant-General stands up.—Be on the watch.—Now! They break up.—Off, and move back the forms!

[*They rise at all the tables, the servants hurry off the front of the stage to the tables; part of the guests come forward.*]

SCENE XIII.

[OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI *enters in conversation with* MARADAS, *and both place themselves quite on the edge of the stage on one side of the proscenium. On the side directly opposite, MAX. PICCOLOMINI, by himself, lost in thought, and taking no part in anything that is going forward. The middle space between both, but rather more distant from the edge of the stage, is filled up by* BUTLER, ISOLANI, GOETZ, TIEFENBACH, *and* KOLATTO.

ISOLANI. (*while the company is coming forward.*)

Good night, good night, Kolatto! Good night, Lietenant-General! —I should rather say good morning.

GOETZ. (*to Tiefenbach.*)

Noble brother!

[*making the usual compliment after meals.*
TIEFENBACH.

Ay! 'twas a royal feast indeed.

GOETZ.

Yes, my Lady Countess understands these matters. Her mother-in-law, heaven rest her soul, taught her!—Ah! that was a housewife for you.

TIEFENBACH.

There was not her like in all Bohemia for setting out a table.

OCTAVIO. (*aside to Maradas.*)

Do me the favour to talk to me—talk of what you will—or of nothing. Only preserve the appearance at least of talking. I would not wish to stand up myself, and yet I conjecture that there will be goings on here worthy of our attentive observation.

[*He continues to fix his eye on the whole following scene.*]

ISOLANI. (*on the point of going.*)

Lights, lights!

TERTSKY. (*advances with the paper to Isolani.*)

Noble brother! two minutes longer! here is something to subscribe.

ISOLANI.

Subscribe as much as you like—but you must excuse me from reading it.

TERTSKY.

There is no need. It is the oath which you have already read.— Only a few marks of your pen!

[*Isolani hands over the paper to Octavio respectfully.*

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay, first come first served. There is no precedence here.

[*Octavio runs over the paper with apparent indifference. Tertsy watches him at some distance.*

GOETZ. (*to Tertsy.*)

Noble Count! with your permission—Good night.

TERTSKY.

Where's the hurry? Come, one other composing draught—(*To the servants.*)—Ho!

GOETZ.

Excuse me—an't able.

TERTSKY.

A thimble-full!

GOETZ.

Excuse me.

TIEFENBACH. (*sits down.*)

Pardon me, nobles.—This standing does not agree with me!

TERTSKY.

Consult only your own convenience, General.

TIEFENBACH.

Clear at head, sound in stomach—only my legs won't carry me any longer.

ISOLANI. (*pointing at his corpulence.*)

Poor legs! how should they? Such an unmerciful load!

[*Octavio subscribes his name, and reaches over the paper to Tertsy, who gives it to Isolani; and he goes to the table to sign his name.*

TIEFENBACH.

'Twas that war in Pomerania that first brought it on. Out in all weathers—ice and snow—no help for it.—I shall never get the better of it all the days of my life.

GOETZ.

Why, in simple verity, your Swede makes no nice enquiries about the season.

TERTSKY. (*observing Isolani, whose hand trembles excessively, so that he can scarcely direct his pen.*)

Have you had that ugly complaint long, noble brother?—
Despatch it.

ISOLANI.

The sins of youth! I have already tried the Chalybeate waters.
Well—I must bear it.

[*Tertsky gives the paper to Maradas; he steps to the table to subscribe.*

OCTAVIO. (*advancing to Butler.*)

You are not over-fond of the orgies of Bacchus, Colonel! I have observed it. You would, I think, find yourself more to your liking in the uproar of a battle, than of a feast.

BUTLER.

I must confess, 'tis not in my way.

OCTAVIO. (*stepping nearer to him friendly.*)

Nor in mine either, I can assure you; and I'm not a little glad, my much-honoured Colonel Butler, that we agree so well in our opinions. A half-dozen good friends at most, at a small round table, a glass of genuine Tokay, open hearts, and a rational conversation—that's my taste!

BUTLER.

And mine too, when it can be had.

[*The paper comes to Tiefenbach, who glances over it at the same time with Goetz and Kolatto. Maradas in the mean time returns to Octavio. All this takes place, the conversation with Butler proceeding uninterrupted.*

OCTAVIO. (*introducing Maradas to Butler.*)

Don Balthasar Maradas! likewise a man of our stamp, and long ago your admirer.

[*Butler bows.*

OCTAVIO. (*continuing.*)

You are a stranger here—'twas but yesterday you arrived;—you are ignorant of the ways and means here. 'Tis a wretched place—I know, at our age, one loves to be snug and quiet—What if you moved your lodgings?—Come, be my visitor. (*Butler makes a low bow.*) Nay, without compliment!—For a friend like you, I have still a corner remaining.

BUTLER. (*coldly.*)

Your obliged humble servant, my Lord Lieutenant-General.

[*The paper comes to Butler, who goes to the table to subscribe it. The front of the stage is vacant, so that both the Picco-*

lominis, each on the side where he had been from the commencement of the scene, remain alone.

OCTAVIO. (*After having some time watched his son in silence, advances somewhat nearer to him.*)

You were long absent from us, friend !

MAX.

I——urgent business detained me.

OCTAVIO.

And, I observe, you are still absent !

MAX.

You know this crowd and bustle always make me silent.

OCTAVIO. (*advancing still nearer.*)

May I be permitted to ask what the business was that detained you?—Tertsky knows it without asking !

MAX.

What does Tertsky know ?

OCTAVIO.

He was the only one who did not miss you.

ISOLANI. (*who has been attending to them from some distance, steps up.*)

Well done, father ! Rout out his baggage ! Beat up his quarters ! There is something there that should not be.

TERTSKY. (*with the paper.*)

Is there none wanting ? Have the whole subscribed ?

OCTAVIO.

All.

TERTSKY. (*calling aloud.*)

Ho ! who subscribes ?

BUTLER. (*to Tertsky.*)

Count the names. There ought to be just thirty.

TERTSKY.

Here is a cross.

TIEFENBACH.

That's my mark.

ISOLANI.

He cannot write ; but his cross is a good cross, and is honoured by Jews as well as Christians.

OCTAVIO. (*presses on to Max.*)

Come, General ; let us go. It is late.

TERTSKY.

One Piccolomini only has signed.

ISOLANI. (*pointing to Max.*)

Look! that is your man, that statue there, who has had neither eye, ear, nor tongue for us the whole evening.

[*Max. receives the paper from Tertsky, which he looks upon vacantly.*]

SCENE XIV.

(*To these enter ILLO from the inner room. He has in his hand the golden service-cup, and is extremely distempered with drinking. GOETZ and BUTLER follow him, endeavouring to keep him back.*)

ILLO.

What do you want? Let me go.

GOETZ and BUTLER.

Drink no more, Illo! For heaven's sake, drink no more.

ILLO. (*goes up to Octavio, and shakes him cordially by the hand, and then drinks.*)

Octavio! I bring this to you! Let all grudge be drowned in this friendly bowl! I know well enough, ye never loved me—Devil take me!—and I never loved you!—I am always even with people in that way!—Let what's past be past—that is, you understand—forgotten! I esteem you infinitely. (*Embracing him repeatedly.*) You have not a dearer friend on earth than I—but that you know. The fellow that cries rogue to you, calls me villain—and I'll strangle him!—my *dear* friend!

TERTSKY. (*whispering to him.*)

Art in thy senses? For heaven's sake, Illo! think where you are.

ILLO. (*aloud.*)

What do you mean?—There are none but friends here, are there? (*Looks round the whole circle with a jolly and triumphant air.*) Not a sneaker among us, thank heaven!

TERTSKY. (*to Butler, eagerly.*)

Take him off with you, force him off, I entreat you, Butler!

BUTLER. (*to Illo.*)

Field-Marshal! a word with you. [*Leads him to the side-board.*]

ILLO. (*cordially.*)

A thousand for one! Fill—Fill it once more up to the brim.—To this gallant man's health!

ISOLANI. (*to Max., who all the while has been staring on the paper with fixed but vacant eyes.*)

Slow and sure, my noble brother!—Hast *parsed* it all yet?—Some words yet to go thro'?—Ha?—

MAX. (*waking as from a dream.*)

What am I to do?

TERTSKY. (*and at the same time Isolani.*)

Sign your name.

[*Octavio directs his eyes on him with intense anxiety.*

MAX. (*returns the paper.*)

Let it stay till to-morrow. It is *business*—to-day I am not sufficiently collected. Send it to me to-morrow.

TERTSKY.

Nay, collect yourself a little.

ISOLANI.

Awake, man! awake!—Come, thy signature, and have done with it! What? Thou art the youngest in the whole company, and wouldst be wiser than all of us together? Look there! thy father has signed—we have all signed.

TERTSKY. (*to Octavio.*)

Use your influence. Instruct him.

OCTAVIO.

My son is at the age of discretion.

ILLO. (*leaves the service-cup on the sideboard.*)

What's the dispute?

TERTSKY.

He declines subscribing the paper.

MAX.

I say, it may as well stay till to-morrow.

ILLO.

It cannot stay. We have all subscribed to it—and so must you.—You must subscribe.

MAX.

Illo, good night.

ILLO.

No!—You come not off so. The Duke shall learn who are his friends.

[*All collect round Illo and Max.*

MAX.

What my sentiments are towards the Duke, the Duke knows, every one knows—what need of this wild stuff?

ILLO.

This is the thanks the Duke gets for his partiality to Italians and foreigners.—Us Bohemians he holds for little better than dullards—nothing pleases him but what's outlandish.

TERTSKY. (*in extreme embarrassment, to the commanders, who at Illo's words gave a sudden start, as preparing to resent them.*)

It is the wine that speaks and not his reason. Attend not to him, I entreat you.

ISOLANI. (*with a bitter laugh.*)

Wine invents nothing: it only *tattles*.

ILLO.

He who is not with me is against me. Your tender consciences! Unless they can slip out by a back-door, by a puny proviso!

TERTSKY. (*interrupting him.*)

He is stark mad—don't listen to him.

ILLO. (*raising his voice to the highest pitch.*)

Unless they can slip out by a *proviso*.—What of the proviso? The devil take this proviso!

MAX. (*has his attention roused, and looks again into the paper.*)

What is there here then of such perilous import? You make me curious—I must look closer at it

TERTSKY. (*in a low voice to Illo.*)

What are you doing, Illo? You are ruining us.

TIEFENBACH. (*to Kolatto.*)

Ay, ay! I observed, that before we sat down to supper, it was read differently.

GOETZ.

Why, I seemed to think so too.

ISOLANI.

What do I care for that? Where there stand other names, mine can stand too.

TIEFENBACH.

Before supper there *was* a certain proviso therein, or short clause concerning our duties to the Emperor.

BUTLER. (*to one of the commanders.*)

For shame, for shame! Bethink you. What is the main business here? The question now is, whether we shall keep our General, or let him retire. One must not take these things too nicely and over-scrupulously.

ISOLANI. (*to one of the generals.*)

Did the Duke make any of these provisos when he gave you your regiment?

TERTSKY. (*to Goetz.*)

Or when he gave you the office of army-purveyancer, which brings you in yearly a thousand pistoles.

ILLO.

He is a rascal who makes us out to be rogues. If there be any one that wants satisfaction, let him say so. I am his man.

TIEFENBACH.

Softly, softly ! 'Twas but a word or two.

MAX. (*having read the paper gives it back.*)

Till to-morrow, therefore !

ILLO. (*stammering with rage and fury, loses all command over himself, and presents the paper to Max. with one hand, and his sword in the other.*)

Subscribe—Judas !

ISOLANI.

Out upon you, Illo !

OCTAVIO, TERTSKY, BUTLER. (*all together.*)

Down with the sword.

MAX. (*rushes on him suddenly and disarms him, then to Count Tertsky.*)

Take him off to bed.

[*Max. leaves the stage. Illo cursing and raving is held back by some of the officers, and amidst a universal confusion the curtain drops.*]

ACT III.

Scene, a chamber in Piccolomini's Mansion.— It is Night.

SCENE I.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. A VALET DE CHAMBRE, *with Lights.*

OCTAVIO.

———And when my son comes in, conduct him hither.
What is the hour ?

VALET.

'Tis on the point of morning.

OCTAVIO.

Set down the light. We mean not to undress.

You may retire to sleep.

[*Exit Valet. Octavio paces, musing, across the chamber. Max. Piccolomini enters unobserved, and looks at his father for some moments in silence.*]

MAX.

Art thou offended with me? Heaven knows
That odious business was no fault of mine.
'Tis true, indeed, I saw thy signature.
What *thou* hadst sanctioned should not, it might seem,
Have come amiss to me. But—'tis my nature—
Thou know'st, that in such matters I must follow
My own light, not another's.

OCTAVIO. (*goes up to him, and embraces him.*)

Follow it,

O follow it still further, my best son!
To-night, dear boy! it hath more faithfully
Guided thee than th' example of thy father.

MAX.

Declare thyself less darkly.

OCTAVIO.

I will do so.

For after what has taken place this night,
There must remain no secrets 'twixt us two.

[*Both seat themselves.*]

Max. Piccolomini; what think'st thou of
The oath that was sent round for signatures?

MAX.

I hold it for a thing of harmless import,
Altho' I like not these set declarations.

OCTAVIO.

And on no other ground hast thou refused
The signature they fain had wrested from thee?

MAX.

It was a serious business———I was absent—
The affair itself seemed not so urgent to me.

OCTAVIO.

Be open, Max. Thou hadst then no suspicion?

MAX.

Suspicion! what suspicion? Not the least.

OCTAVIO.

Thank thy good angel, Piccolomini;
He drew thee back unconscious from the abyss.

MAX.

I know not what thou meanest.

OCTAVIO.

I will tell thee.

Fain would they have extorted from thee, son,
The sanction of thy name to villany ;
Yea, with a single flourish of thy pen,
Made thee renounce thy duty and thy honour !

MAX. (*rises.*)

Octavio !

OCTAVIO.

Patience ! Seat yourself. Much yet
Hast thou to learn from me, friend !—hast for years
Lived in incomprehensible illusion,
Before thine eyes is treason drawing out
As black a web as e'er was spun from venom :
A power of hell o'erclouds thy understanding,
I dare no longer stand in silence—dare
No longer see thee wandering on in darkness,
Nor pluck the bandage from thine eyes.

MAX.

My father !

Yet, ere thou speak'st, a moment's pause of thought.
If your disclosures should appear to be
Conjectures only—and almost I fear
They will be nothing further—spare them ! I
Am not in that collected mood at present,
That I could listen to them quietly.

OCTAVIO.

The deeper cause thou hast to hate this light,
The more impatient cause have I, my son,
To force it on thee. To the innocence
And wisdom of thy heart I could have trusted thee
With calm assurance—but I see the net
Preparing—and it is thy heart itself
Alarms me for thine innocence—that secret,

[*fixing his eyes steadfastly on his son's face.*Which thou concealest, forces *mine* from me.[*Max. attempts to answer, but hesitates, and casts his eyes to the ground embarrassed.*OCTAVIO. (*after a pause.*)

Know, then, they are duping thee ;—a most foul game
With thee and with us all—nay, hear me calmly—

The Duke even now is playing. He assumes
 The mask, as if he would forsake the army ;
 And in this moment makes he preparations
 That army from the Emperor—to *steal*,
 And carry it over to the enemy !

MAX.

That low priest's legend I know well, but did not
 Expect to hear it from thy mouth.

OCTAVIO.

That mouth,
 From which thou hear'st it at this present moment
 Doth warrant thee that it is no priest's legend.

MAX.

How mere a maniac they suppose the Duke.
 What, he can meditate?—the Duke?—can dream
 That he can lure away full thirty thousand
 Tried troops and true, all honourable soldiers,
 More than a thousand noblemen among them,
 From oaths, from duty, from their honour lure them,
 And make them all unanimous to do
 A deed that brands them scoundrels ?

OCTAVIO.

Such a deed,

With such a front of infamy, the Duke
 No way desires—what he requires of us
 Bears a far gentler appellation. Nothing
 He wishes, but to give the empire peace.
 And so, because the Emperor hates *this* peace,
 Therefore the Duke—the Duke will *force* him to it.
 All parts of the empire will he pacify.
 And for his trouble will retain in payment
 (What he has already in his gripe)—Bohemia !

MAX.

Has he, Octavio, merited of us,
 That we—that we should think so vilely of him ?

OCTAVIO.

What *we would* think is not the question here.
 The affair speaks for itself—and clearest proofs !
 Hear me, my son—'tis not unknown to thee,
 In what ill credit with the Court we stand.
 But little dost thou know or guess what tricks,

What base intrigues, what lying artifices,
 Have been employed—for this sole end—to sow
 Mutiny in the camp! All bands are loosed—
 Loosed all the bands that link the officer
 To his liege Emperor, all that bind the soldier
 Affectionately to the citizen.

Lawless he stands, and threat'ningly beleaguers
 The state he's bound to guard. To such a height
 'Tis swoln, that at this hour the Emperor
 Before his armies—his own armies—trembles ;
 Yea, in his capital, his palace, fears
 The traitors' poniards, and is meditating
 To hurry off and hide his tender offspring—
 Not from the Swedes, not from the Lutherans—
 No! from his own troops hide and hurry them!

MAX.

Cease, cease! thou tortur'st, shatter'st me. I know
 That oft we tremble at an empty terror ;
 But the false phantasm brings a real misery.

OCTAVIO.

It is no phantasm. An intestine war,
 Of all the most unnatural and cruel,
 Will burst out into flames, if instantly
 We do not fly and stifle it. The Generals
 Are many of them long ago won over ;
 The subalterns are vacillating—whole
 Regiments and garrisons are vacillating.
 To foreigners our strong-holds are entrusted ;
 To that suspected Schafgotch is the whole
 Force of Silesia given up ; to Tertsky
 Five regiments, foot and horse—to Isolani,
 To Illo, Kinsky, Butler, the best troops.

MAX.

Likewise to both of us.

OCTAVIO.

Because the Duke
 Believes he has secured us—means to lure us
 Still further on by splendid promises.
 To me he portions forth the princedom Glatz
 And Sagan ; and too plain I see the angel
 With which he doubts not to catch *thee*.

MAX.

No! no!

I tell thee—no!

OCTAVIO.

O open yet thine eyes!
 And to what purpose think'st thou he has called us
 Hither to Pilsen? To avail himself
 Of our advice? O when did Friedland ever
 Need our advice? Be calm, and listen to me.
 To sell ourselves are we called hither, and
 Decline we that—to be his hostages.
 Therefore doth noble Galas stand aloof;
 Thy father, too, thou would'st not have seen here,
 If higher duties had not held him fettered.

MAX.

He makes no secret of it—needs make none—
 That we're called hither for his sake—he owns it.
 He needs our aidance to maintain himself—
 He did so much for us; and 'tis but fair
 That we, too, should do somewhat now for him.

OCTAVIO.

And know'st thou what it is which we must do?
 That Illo's drunken mood betrayed it to thee.
 Bethink thyself—what hast thou heard, what seen?
 The counterfeited paper—the omission
 Of that particular clause, so full of meaning,
 Does it not prove that they would bind us down
 To nothing good?

MAX.

That counterfeited paper
 Appears to me no other than a trick
 Of Illo's own device. These underhand
 Traders in great men's interests, ever use
 To urge and hurry all things to the extreme.
 They see the Duke at variance with the Court,
 And fondly think to serve him, when they widen
 The breach irreparably. Trust me, father,
 The Duke knows nothing of all this.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me
 That I must dash to earth, that I must shatter

A faith so specious ; but I may not spare thee !
 For this is not a time for tenderness.
 Thou must take measures, speedy ones—must act.
 I therefore will confess to thee, that all
 Which I've intrusted to thee now—that all
 Which seems to thee so unbelievable,
 That—yes, I will tell thee—(*a pause*)—Max., I had it all
 From his own mouth—from the Duke's mouth I had it.

MAX. (*in excessive agitation.*)

No!—no!—never!

OCTAVIO.

Himself confided to me
 What I, 'tis true, had long before discovered
 By other means—himself confided to me,
 That 'twas his settled plan to join the Swedes!
 And, at the head of the united armies,
 Compel the Emperor——

MAX.

He is passionate.
 The Court has stung him—he is sore all over
 With injuries and affronts ; and in a moment
 Of irritation, what if he, for once,
 Forgot himself? He's an impetuous man.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, in cold blood, he did confess this to me ;
 And having construed my astonishment
 Into a scruple of his power, he showed me
 His written evidences—showed me letters,
 Both from the Saxon and the Swede, that gave
 Promises of aidance, and defined th' amount.

MAX.

It cannot be!—can *not* be!—*can* not be!
 Dost thou not see, it cannot!
 Thou wouldest of necessity have shown him
 Such horror, such deep loathing—that or he
 Had taken thee for his better genius, or
 Thou stood'st not now a living man before me—

OCTAVIO.

I have laid open my objections to him,
 Dissuaded him with pressing earnestness ;
 But my *abhorrence*, the full sentiment

Of my *whole* heart—that I have still kept sacred
To my own consciousness.

MAX.

And *thou* hast been
So treacherous? That looks not like my father!
I trusted not thy words, when thou didst tell me
Evil of him; much less can I *now* do it,
That thou calumniatest thy own self.

OCTAVIO.

I did not thrust myself into his secrecy.

MAX.

Uprightness merited his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

He was no longer worthy of sincerity.

MAX.

Dissimulation, sure, was still less worthy
Of thee, Octavio!

OCTAVIO.

Gave I him a cause
To entertain a scruple of my honour?

MAX.

That he did not, evinced his confidence.

OCTAVIO.

Dear son, it is not always possible
Still to preserve that infant purity
Which the voice teaches in our inmost heart.
Still in alarm, for ever on the watch
Against the wiles of wicked men, e'en Virtue
Will sometimes bear away her outward robes
Soiled in the wrestle with Iniquity.
This is the curse of every evil deed,
That, propagating still, it brings forth evil.
I do not cheat my better soul with sophisms;
I but perform my orders; the Emperor
Prescribes my conduct to me. Dearest boy,
Far better were it, doubtless, if we all
Obeyed the heart at all times; but so doing,
In this our present sojourn with bad men,
We must abandon many an honest object.
'Tis now our call to serve the Emperor,
By what means he can best be served—the heart

May whisper what it will—this is our call!

MAX.

It seems a thing appointed that to-day
I should not comprehend, not understand thee.
The Duke, thou say'st, did honestly pour out
His heart to thee, but for an evil purpose;
And thou dishonestly hast cheated him
For a good purpose!—Silence, I entreat thee—
My friend thou stealest not from me—
Let me not lose my father?

OCTAVIO. (*suppressing resentment.*)

As yet thou know'st not all, my son. I have
Yet somewhat to disclose to thee.

[*After a pause.*

Duke Friedland

Hath made his preparations. He relies
Upon his stars. He deems us unprovided,
And thinks to fall upon us by surprise.
Yea, in his dream of hope, he grasps already
The golden circle in his hand. He errs.
We too have been in action—he but grasps
His evil fate, most evil, most mysterious!

MAX.

O nothing rash, my sire. By all that's good
Let me invoke thee—no precipitation!

OCTAVIO.

With light tread stole he on his evil way,
And light of tread hath Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him—
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp!
Thou hast seen Questenberg with me. As yet
Thou know'st but his ostensible commission—
He brought with him a *private* one, my son,
And that was for me only.

MAX.

May I know it?

OCTAVIO. (*seizes the patent.*)

Max! [*A pause.*

———In this disclosure place I in thy hands
The Empire's welfare and thy father's life.
Dear to thy inmost heart is Wallenstein:
A powerful tie of love, of veneration,

Hath knit thee to him from thy earliest youth.
 Thou nourishest the *wish*—O let me still
 Anticipate thy loitering confidence !
 The *hope* thou nourishest to knit thyself
 Yet closer to him——

MAX.

Father——

OCTAVIO.

O my son !

I trust thy heart undoubtingly. But am I
 Equally sure of thy collectedness ?
 Wilt thou be able, with calm countenance,
 To enter this man's presence, when that I
 Have trusted to thee his whole fate ?

MAX.

According

As thou dost trust me, father, with his crime.

[*Octavio takes a paper out of his escrutoire, and gives it to him.*]

MAX.

What ? how ?—a full imperial patent !

OCTAVIO.

Read it.

MAX. (*just glances on it.*)

Duke Friedland sentenced and condemned !

OCTAVIO.

Even so.

MAX. (*throws down the paper.*)

O this is too much !—O unhappy error !

OCTAVIO.

Read on. Collect thyself.

MAX. (*after he has read further with a look of affright and astonishment on his father.*)

How ! what !—Thou !—thou !

OCTAVIO.

But for the present moment, till the King
 Of Hungary may safely join the army,
 Is the command assigned to me

MAX.

And think'st thou,

Dost thou believe, that thou wilt tear it from him ?

O never hope it!—Father! father! father!
 An inauspicious office is enjoined thee.
 This paper here—this! and wilt thou enforce it?
 The mighty, in the middle of his host,
 Surrounded by his thousands, him would'st thou
 Disarm—degrade! Thou'rt lost, both thou and all of us.

OCTAVIO.

What hazard I incur thereby, I know.
 In the great hand of God I stand. The Almighty
 Will cover with his shield the imperial house,
 And shatter, in his wrath, the work of darkness.
 The Emperor hath true servants still; and, even
 Here in the camp, there are enough brave men,
 Who for the good cause will fight gallantly.
 The faithful have been warned—the dangerous
 Are closely watched. I wait but the first step,
 And then immediately——

MAX.

What! on suspicion?

Immediately?

OCTAVIO.

The Emperor is no tyrant.
 The deed alone he'll punish, not the wish.
 The Duke hath yet his destiny in his power.
 Let him but leave the treason uncompleted,
 He will be silently displaced from office,
 And make way to his Emperor's royal son.
 An honourable exile to his castles
 Will be a benefaction to him rather
 Than punishment. But the first open step——

MAX.

What call'st thou such a step? A wicked step
 Ne'er will he take: but thou might'st easily,
 Yea, thou hast done it, misinterpret him.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, howsoever punishable were
 Duke Friedland's purposes, yet still the steps
 Which he hath taken openly, permit
 A mild construction. It is my intention
 To leave this paper wholly unenforced
 Till some act is committed which convicts him

Of a high-treason, without doubt or plea,
And that shall sentence him.

MAX.

But who the judge?

OCTAVIO.

Thyself.

MAX.

For ever, then, this paper will lie idle.

OCTAVIO.

Too soon, I fear, its powers must all be proved.
After the counter-promise of this evening,
It cannot be but he must deem himself
Secure of the majority with *us* ;
And of the army's general sentiment
He hath a pleasing proof in that petition
Which thou deliver'st to him from the regiments.
Add this too—I have letters that the Rhinegrave
Hath changed his route, and travels by forced marches
To the Bohemian Forest. What this purports,
Remains unknown ; and, to confirm suspicion,
This night a Swedish nobleman arrived here.

MAX.

I have thy word. Thou'lt not proceed to action
Before thou hast convinced me—me myself.

OCTAVIO.

Is it possible? Still, after all thou know'st,
Canst thou believe still in his innocence?

MAX. (*with enthusiasm.*)

Thy judgment may mistake ; my heart cannot.

[*moderates his voice and manner*

These reasons might expound thy spirit or mine,
But they expound not Friedland—I have faith :
For as he knits his fortunes to the stars,
Even so doth he resemble them in secret,
Wonderful, still inexplicable courses !
Trust me, they do him wrong. All will be solved.
These smokes, at once, will kindle into flame—
The edges of this black and stormy cloud
Will brighten suddenly, and we shall view
The Unapproachable glide out in splendour.

OCTAVIO.

I will await it.

SCENE II.

OCTAVIO and MAX. as before. To them the VALET OF THE CHAMBER.

OCTAVIO.

How now, then?

VALET.

A despatch is at the door.

OCTAVIO.

So early? From whom comes he then? Who is it?

VALET.

That he refused to tell me.

OCTAVIO.

Lead him in:

And, hark you—let it not transpire.

[Exit Valet—the Cornet steps in.]

Ha! Cornet—is it you? and from Count Galas?

Give me your letters.

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general

Trusted it not to letters.

OCTAVIO.

And what is it?

CORNET.

He bade me tell you—Dare I speak openly here?

OCTAVIO.

My son knows all.

CORNET.

We have him.

OCTAVIO.

Whom?

CORNET.

Sesina.

The old negotiator.

OCTAVIO. (*eagerly.*)

And you have him?

CORNET.

In the Bohemian forest, Captain Mohrbrand

Found and secured him yester-morning early :
 He was proceeding then to Regensburg,
 And on him were despatches for the Swede.

OCTAVIO.

And the despatches——

CORNET.

The Lieutenant-general
 Sent them that instant to Vienna, and
 The prisoner with them.

OCTAVIO.

This is, indeed, a tidings!
 That fellow is a precious casket to us,
 Enclosing weighty things.—Was much found on him?

CORNET.

I think, six packets, with Count Tertsy's arms.

OCTAVIO.

None in the Duke's own hand?

CORNET.

Not that I know.

OCTAVIO.

And old Sesina?

CORNET.

He was sorely frightened,
 When it was told him he must to Vienna.
 But the Count Altringer bade him take heart,
 Would he but make a full and free confession.

OCTAVIO.

Is Altringer then with your lord? I heard
 That he lay sick at Linz.

CORNET.

These three days past
 He's with my master, the Lieutenant-general,
 At Frauemburg. Already have they sixty
 Small companies together, chosen men :
 Respectfully they greet you with assurances,
 That they are only waiting your commands.

OCTAVIO.

In a few days may great events take place.
 And when must you return?

CORNET.

I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

Remain till evening.

[*Cornet signifies his assent and obeisance, and is going.*

OCTAVIO.

No one saw you—ha?

CORNET.

No living creature. Thro' the cloister wicket
The Capuchins, as usual, let me in.

OCTAVIO.

Go, rest your limbs, and keep yourself concealed.

I hold it probable, that yet ere evening
I shall despatch you. The development
Of this affair approaches: ere the day,
That even now is dawning in the heaven,
Ere this eventful day hath set, the lot
That must decide our fortunes will be drawn. [Exit Cornet.

SCENE III.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

OCTAVIO.

Well—and what now, son? All will soon be clear,
For all, I'm certain, went thro' that Sesina.MAX. (*who through the whole of the foregoing scene has been in a violent
and visible struggle of feelings, at length starts as one resolved.*)I will procure me light a shorter way.
Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Where now?—Remain here.

MAX.

To the Duke.

OCTAVIO. (*alarmed.*)

What—

MAX. (*returning.*)If thou hast believed that I shall act
A part in this thy play——
Thou hast miscalculated on me grievously.
My way must be straight on. True with the tongue,
False with the heart—I may not, cannot be:
Nor can I suffer that a man should trust me—

As his friend trust me—and then lull my conscience
 With such low pleas as these :—‘ I asked him not—
 He did it all at his own hazard—and
 My *mouth* has never lied to him.’—No, no !
 What a friend takes me for, that I must be.
 —I’ll to the Duke ; ere yet this day is ended
 Will I demand of him that he do save
 His good name from the world, and with one stride
 Break through and rend this fine-spun web of yours.
 He can, he will !—*I* still am his believer.
 Yet I’ll not pledge myself, but that those letters
 May furnish you, perchance, with proofs against him.
 How far may not this Tertsy have proceeded—
 What may not he himself, too, have permitted
 Himself to do, to snare the enemy,
 The laws of war excusing ? Nothing save
 His own mouth shall convict him—nothing less !
 And face to face will I go question him.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt ?

MAX.

I will, as sure as this heart beats.

OCTAVIO.

I have, indeed, miscalculated on thee.
 I calculated on a prudent son,
 Who would have blest the hand beneficent
 That plucked him back from the abyss—and lo !
 A fascinated being I discover,
 Whom his two eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
 Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.
 Go, question him !—Be mad enough, I pray thee.
 The purpose of thy father, of thy Emperor,
 Go, give it up free booty !—Force me, drive me
 To an open breach before the time. And now,
 Now that a miracle of heaven had guarded
 My secret purpose even to this hour,
 And laid to sleep Suspicion’s piercing eyes,
 Let me have lived to see that mine own son,
 With frantic enterprise, annihilates
 My toilsome labours and state-policy.

MAX.

Ay—this state-policy ! O how I curse it !
 You will some time, with your state-policy,
 Compel him to the measure : it may happen,
 Because ye are *determined* that he's guilty,
 Guilty ye'll *make* him. All retreat cut off,
 You close up every outlet, hem him in
 Narrower and narrower, till at length ye force him—
 Yes, *ye*,—ye *force* him, in his desperation,
 To set fire to his prison.—Father ! father !
 That never can end well—it cannot—will not !
 And let it be decided as it may,
 I see with boding heart the near approach
 Of an ill-starred unblest catastrophe.
 For this great Monarch-spirit, if he fall,
 Will drag a world into the ruin with him.
 And as a ship, that midway on the ocean
 Takes fire, at once, and with a thunder-burst,
 Explodes, and with itself shoots out its crew
 In smoke and ruin betwixt sea and heaven ;
 So will he, falling, draw down in his fall
 All us, who're fixed and mortised to his fortune.
 Deem of it what thou wilt ; but pardon me,
 That I must bear me on in my own way.
 All must remain pure betwixt him and me ;
 And, ere the day-light dawns, it must be known
 Which I must lose—my father, or my friend.
 [*During his exit the curtain drops.*

ACT IV.

Scene—a room fitted up for astrological labours, and provided with celestial charts, with globes, telescopes, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments.—Seven colossal figures, representing the planets, each with a transparent star of a different colour on its head, stand in a semi-circle in the back-ground, so that Mars and Saturn are nearest the eye.—The remainder of the scene, and its disposition, is given in the fourth scene of the second act.—There

must be a curtain over the figures, which may be dropped, and conceal them on occasions.

[*In the fifth scene of this act it must be dropped: but, in the seventh scene, it must be again drawn up wholly or in part.*]

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN *at a back table, on which a speculum astrologicum is described with chalk. SENI is taking observations through a window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

All well—and now let it be ended, Seni.—Come,
The dawn commences, and Mars rules the hour.
We must give o'er the operation. Come,
We know enough.

SENI.

Your Highness must permit me
Just to contemplate Venus. She's now rising:
Like as a sun, so shines she in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,
And shoots down now her strongest influences.

[*Contemplating the figure on the table.*]

Auspicious aspect—fateful in conjunction,
At length the mighty three corradiate;
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter
And Venus, take between them the malignant
Slily-malicious Mars, and thus compel
Into *my* service that old mischief-founder:
For long he viewed me hostilely, and ever
With beam oblique, or perpendicular,
Now in the quartile, now in the secundan,
Shot his red lightnings at my stars, disturbing
Their blessed influences and sweet aspects.
Now they have conquered the old enemy,
And bring him in the heavens a prisoner to me.

SENI. (*who has come down from the window.*)

And in a corner house, your Highness—think of that!
That makes each influence of double strength.

WALLENSTEIN.

And sun and moon, too, in the sextile aspect,

The soft light with the veh'ment—so I love it.
Sol is the heart, Luna the head of heaven.
Bold be the plan, fiery the execution.

SENI.

And both the mighty lumina by no
Maleficus affronted. Lo! Saturnus,
Innocuous, powerless, in cadente domo.

WALLENSTEIN.

The empire of Saturnus is gone by :
Lord of the secret birth of things is he ;
Within the lap of earth, and in the depths
Of the imagination dominates ;
And his are all things that eschew the light.
The time is o'er of brooding and contrivance ;
For Jupiter, the lustrous, lordeth now,
And the dark work, complete of preparation,
He draws by force into the realm of light.
Now must we hasten on to action, ere
The scheme and most auspicious posture
Parts o'er my head, and takes once more its flight ;
For the heavens journey still, and sojourn not.

[*There are knocks at the door.*]

There's some one knocking there. See who it is.

TERTSKY. (*from without.*)

Open, and let me in.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay—'tis Tertsky.

What is there of such urgency? We are busy.

TERTSKY. (*from without.*)

Lay all aside at present, I entreat you.

It suffers no delaying.

WALLENSTEIN.

Open, Seni !

[*While Seni opens the door for Tertsky, Wallenstein draws the curtain over the figures.*]

TERTSKY. (*enters.*)

Hast thou already heard it? He is taken.

Galas has given him up to the Emperor.

[*Seni draws off the black table, and exit.*]

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, COUNT TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to Tertsky.*)

Who has been taken?—Who is given up?

TERTSKY.

The man who knows our secrets, who knows every
Negotiation with the Swede and Saxon,
Thro' whose hands all and everything has passed—

WALLENSTEIN. (*drawing back.*)

Nay, not Sesina?—Say, No! I entreat thee.

TERTSKY.

All on his road for Regensburg to the Swede
He was plunged down upon by Galas' agent,
Who had been long in ambush, lurking for him.
There must have been found on him my whole packet
To Thur, to Kinsky, to Oxenstirn, to Aruhcim:
All this is in their hands; they have now an insight
Into the whole—our measures, and our motives.

SCENE III.

*To them enters ILLO.*ILLO. (*to Tertsky.*)

Has he heard it?

TERTSKY.

He has heard it.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Think'st thou still
To make thy peace with the Emp'ror, to regain
His confidence?—E'en were it now thy wish
To abandon all thy plans, yet still they know
What thou hast wished; then forward thou must press;
Retreat is now no longer in thy power.

TERTSKY.

They have documents against us, and in hands,
Which show beyond all power of contradiction—

WALLENSTEIN.

Of my hand-writing—no iota. Thee

I punish for thy lies.

ILLO.

And thou believ'st
That what this man, that what thy sister's husband
Did in thy name, will not stand on thy reckoning?
His word must pass for thy word with the Swede,
And not with those that hate thee at Vienna.

TERTSKY.

In writing thou gav'st nothing—But bethink thee,
How far thou ventured'st by word of mouth
With this Sesina? And will he be silent?
If he can save himself by yielding up
Thy secret purposes, will he retain them?

ILLO.

Thyself dost not conceive it possible ;
And since they now have evidence authentic
How far thou hast already gone, speak !—tell us,
What art thou waiting for? Thou canst no longer
Keep thy command ; and beyond hope of rescue
Thou'rt lost, if thou resign'st it.

WALLENSTEIN.

In the army

Lies my security. The army will not
Abandon me. Whatever they may know,
The power is mine, and they must gulp it down—
And substitute I caution for my fealty ;
They must be satisfied, at least appear so.

ILLO.

The army, Duke, *is* thine now—for this moment—
'Tis thine : but think with terror on the slow,
The quiet power of time. From open violence
The attachment of thy soldiery secures thee
To-day—to-morrow ; but grant'st thou them a respite,
Unheard, unseen, they'll undermine that love
On which thou now dost feel so firm a footing,
With wily theft will draw away from thee
One after th' other——

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis a cursed accident !

ILLO.

O I will call it a most blessed one

If it work on thee as it ought to do,
Hurry thee on to action—to decision—
The Swedish General——

WALLENSTEIN.

He's arrived!—Know'st thou
What his commission is——

ILLO.

To thee alone
Will he intrust the purpose of his coming.

WALLENSTEIN.

A cursed, cursed accident!—Yes, yes,
Sesina knows too much, and wont be silent.

TERTSKY.

He's a Bohemian fugitive and rebel,
His neck is forfeit. Can he save himself
At thy cost, think you he will scruple it?
And if they put him to the torture, will he,
Will *he*, that dastardling, have strength enough—

WALLENSTEIN. (*lost in thought.*)

Their confidence is lost—irreparable!
And I may act what way I will, I shall
Be and remain for ever in their thought
A traitor to my country. How sincerely
Soever I return back to my duty,
It will no longer help me——

ILLO.

Ruin thee,
That it will do! Not thy fidelity,
Thy weakness will be deemed the sole occasion——

WALLENSTEIN. (*pacing up and down in extreme agitation.*)

What! I must realize it now in earnest,
Because I toyed too freely with the thought?
Accursed he who dallies with a devil!
And must I—I *must* realize it now—
Now, while I have the power, it *must* take place?

ILLO.

Now—now—ere they can ward and parry it!
WALLENSTEIN. (*looking at the paper of signatures.*)
I have the Generals' words—a written promise!
Max. Piccolomini stands not here—how's that?

TERTSKY.

It was—he fancied——

ILLO.

Mere self-willedness.

There needed no such thing 'twixt him and you.

WALLENSTEIN.

He is quite right—there needeth no such thing.
The regiments, too, deny to march for Flanders—
Have sent me in a paper of remonstrance,
And openly resist the imperial orders.
The first step to revolt's already taken.

ILLO.

Believe me, thou wilt find it far more easy
To lead them over to the enemy
Than to the Spaniard.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will hear, however,

What the Swede has to say to me.

ILLO. (*cagerly to Tertsky.*)

Go, call him!

He stands without the door in waiting.

WALLENSTEIN.

Stay!

Stay yet a little. It hath taken me
All by surprise,—it came too quick upon me;
'Tis wholly novel that an accident,
With its dark lordship, and blind agency,
Shall force me on with it.

ILLO.

First hear him only,

And after weigh it.

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in soliloquy.*)

Is it possible?

Is't so? I *can* no longer what I *would*?
No longer draw back at my liking? I
Must *do* the deed because I *thought* of it.
And fed this heart here with a dream? Because
I did not scowl temptation from my presence,

Dallied with thoughts of possible fulfilment,
 Commenced no movement, left all time uncertain,
 And only kept the road, the access open?
 By the great God of Heaven! it was not
 My serious meaning, it was ne'er resolve.
 I but amused myself with thinking of it.
 The free-will tempted me, the power to do
 Or not to do it.—Was it criminal
 To make the fancy minister to hope,
 To fill the air with pretty toys of air,
 And clutch fantastic sceptres moving toward me?
 Was not the will kept free? Beheld I not
 The road of duty close beside me—but
 One little step, and once more I was in it!
 Where am I? Whither have I been transported?
 No road, no track behind me, but a wall,
 Impenetrable, insurmountable,
 Rises obedient to the spells I muttered
 And meant not—my own doings tower behind me.

[Pauses and remains in deep thought.]

A punishable man I seem, the guilt,
 Try what I will, I cannot roll off from me;
 The equivocal demeanour of my life
 Bears witness on my prosecutor's party;
 And even my purest acts from purest motives
 Suspicion poisons with malicious gloss.
 Were I that thing for which I pass, that traitor,
 A goodly outside I had sure reserved,
 Had drawn the covering thick and double round me,
 Been calm and chary of my utterance.
 But being conscious of the innocence
 Of my intent, my uncorrupted will,
 I gave way to my humours, to my passion:
 Bold were my words, because my deeds were *not*.
 Now every planless measure, chance event,
 The threat of rage, the vaunt of joy and triumph,
 And all the May-games of a heart o'erflowing,
 Will they connect, and weave them all together
 Into one web of treason: all will be plain,
 My eye ne'er absent from the far-off mark,
 Step tracing step, each step a politic progress;

And out of all they'll fabricate a charge
 So specious, that I must myself stand *dumb*.
 I'm caught in my own net, and only force,
 Nought but a sudden *rent*, can liberate me. [*Pauses again.*
 How else! since that the heart's unbiassed instinct,
 Impelled me to the daring deed, which now
 Necessity, self-preservation, *orders*.

Stern is the on-look of necessity,
 Not without shudder may a human hand
 Grasp the mysterious urn of destiny.
 My deed was mine, remaining in my bosom.
 Once suffered to escape from its safe corner
 Within the heart, its nursery and birth-place,
 Sent forth into the foreign, it belongs
 For ever to those sly malicious powers
 Whom never art of man concilia...

[*Paces in agitation thro' the chamber, then pauses, and
 after the pause, breaks on again into audible soliloquy.*

What is thy enterprise? thy aim? thy object?
 Hast honestly confessed it to thyself?
 Power seated on a quiet throne thou'dst shake,
 Power on an ancient consecrated throne,
 Strong in possession, founded in old custom;
 Power by a thousand tough and stringy roots
 Fixed to the people's pious nursery-faith.
 This, this will be no strife of strength with strength.
 That feared I not. I brave each combatant,
 Whom I can look on, fixing eye to eye,
 Who full himself of courage kindles courage
 In me too. 'Tis a foe invisible
 The which I fear—a fearful enemy,
 Which in the human heart opposes me,
 By its coward fear alone made fearful to me.
 Not that, which full of life, instinct with power,
 Makes known its present being, that is not
 The true, the perilously formidable.
 O no! it is the common, the quite common,
 The thing of an eternal yesterday.
 What ever was, and ever more returns,
 Sterling to morrow, for to-day 'twas sterling!
 For of the wholly common is man made,

And custom is his nurse! Woe then to them,
 Who lay irreverent hands upon his old
 House furniture, the dear inheritance
 From his forefathers. For time consecrates;
 And what is grey with age becomes religion.
 Be in possession, and thou hast the right,
 And sacred will the many guard it for thee!

[*To the Page who here enters.*

The Swedish officer?—Well, let him enter.

[*The Page exit, Wallenstein fixes his eye in deep thought on the door.*

Yet is it pure—as yet!—the crime has come
 Not o'er this thresh'old yet—so slender is
 The boundary that divideth life's two paths.

SCENES
 V.

WALLENSTEIN and WRANGEL.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after having fixed a searching look on him.*)
 Your name is Wrangel?

WRANGEL.

Gustavus Wrangel, General

Of the Sudermanian blues.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was a Wrangel

Who injured me materially at Stralsund,
 And by his brave resistance was'the cause
 Of th' opposition which that sea-port made.

WRANGEL.

It was the doing of the element
 With which you fought, my Lord! and not my merit.
 The Baltic Neptune did assert his freedom;
 The sea and land, it seemed, were not to serve
 One and the same.

WALLENSTEIN. (*makes a motion for him to take a seat, and seats himself.*)

And where are your credentials?
 Come you provided with full powers, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

There are so many scruples yet to solve——

WALLENSTEIN. (*having read the credentials.*)
 An able letter!—Ay—he is a prudent,
 Intelligent master, whom you serve, Sir General!
 The Chancellor writes me, that he but fulfils
 His late departed Sovereign's own idea
 In helping me to the Bohemian crown

WRANGEL.

He says the truth. Our great King, now in heaven,
 Did ever deem most highly of your Grace's
 Pre-eminent sense and military genius;
 And always the commanding intellect,
 He said, should have command, and be the King.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, he *might* say it safely.—General Wrangel,
[taking his hand affectionately.]
 Come, fair and open. Trust me, I was always
 A Swede at heart. Ey! that did you experience
 Both in Silesia and at Nuremburg;
 I had you often in my power, and let you
 Always slip out by some back door or other.
 'Tis this for which the court can ne'er forgive me,
 Which drives me to this present step: and since
 Our interests so run in one direction,
 E'en let us have a thorough confidence
 Each in the other.

WRANGEL.

Confidence will come,
 Has each but only first security.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Chancellor still, I see, does not quite trust me,
 And I confess—the game does not lie wholly
 To my advantage—Without doubt he thinks
 If I can play false with the Emperor,
 Who is my Sov'reign, I can do the like
 With the enemy, and that *the one*, too, were
 Sooner to be forgiven me than the *other*.
 Is not this your opinion too, Sir General?

WRANGEL.

I have here an office merely, no opinion.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor hath urged me to the uttermost.

I can no longer honourably serve him.
 For my security in self-defence,
 I take this hard step which my conscience blames.

WRANGEL.

That I believe. So far would no one go
 Who was not forced to it. [After a pause.

What may have impelled

Your princely Highness in this wise to act
 Toward your Sovereign Lord and Emperor,
 Beseems not us to expound or criticize.
 The Swede is fighting for his good old cause,
 With his good sword and conscience. This concurrence,
 This opportunity, is in our favour,
 And all advantages in war are lawful.
 We take what offers without questioning ;
 And if all have its due and just proportions——

WALLENSTEIN.

Of what then are ye doubting? Of my will?
 Or of my power? I pledged me to the Chancellor,
 Would he trust *me* with sixteen thousand men,
 That I would instantly go over to them
 With eighteen thousand of the Emperor's troops.

WRANGEL.

Your Grace is known to be a mighty war-chief,
 To be a second Attila and Pyrrhus.
 'Tis talked of still with fresh astonishment,
 How some years past, beyond all human faith,
 You called an army forth, like a creation :
 But yet——

WALLENSTEIN.

But yet?

WRANGEL.

But still the Chancellor thinks,

It might yet be an easier thing from nothing
 To call forth sixty-thousand men of battle,
 Than to persuade one sixtieth part of them——

WALLENSTEIN.

What now? Out with it, friend!

WRANGEL.

To break their oaths.

WALLENSTEIN.

And he thinks so? He judges like a Swede,
 And like a Protestant. You Lutherans
 Fight for your Bible. You are int'rested
 About the cause; and with your *hearts* you follow
 Your banners.—Among *you*, whoe'er deserts
 To the enemy, hath broken covenant
 With two Lords at one time.—We've no such fancies.

WRANGEL.

Great God in Heaven! Have then the people here
 No house and home, no fire-side, no altar?

WALLENSTEIN.

I will explain that to you, how it stands—
 The Austrian *has* a country, ay, and loves it,
 And has good cause to love it—but this army
 That calls itself th' Imperial, this that houses
 Here in Bohemia, this has none—no country;
 This is an outcast of all foreign lands,
 Unclaimed by town or tribe, to whom belongs
 Nothing, except the universal sun.

WRANGEL.

But then the nobles and the officers?
 Such a desertion, such a felony,
 It is without example, my Lord Duke,
 In the world's history.

WALLENSTEIN.

They all are mine—
 Mine unconditionally—mine on all terms.
 Not me, your own eyes you may trust.

[He gives him the paper containing the written oath. Wrangel reads it through, and having read it, lays it on the table remaining silent.]

So then?

Now comprehend you?

WRANGEL.

Comprehend, who can?
 My Lord Duke! I will let the mask drop—yes!
 I've full powers for a final settlement.
 The Rhinegrave stands but four days' march from here
 With fifteen thousand men, and only waits
 For orders to proceed and join your army.

These orders *I* give out, immediately
We're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

What asks the Chancellor ?

WRANGEL. (*considerately.*)

Twelve regiments, every man a Swede—my head
The warranty—and all might prove at last
Only false play——

WALLENSTEIN. (*starting.*)

Sir Swede !

WRANGEL. (*calmly proceeding.*)

Am therefore forced

T' insist thereon, that he do formally,
Irrevocably break with th' Emperor,
Else not a Swede is trusted to Duke Friedland.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come, brief and open ! what is the demand ?

WRANGEL.

That he forthwith disarm the Spanish reg'ments
Attached to th' Emperor, that he seize Prague,
And to the Swedes give up that city, with
The strong pass Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is much indeed !

Prague !—Egra's granted—But—but Prague !—'Twon't do.
I give you every security
Which you may ask of me in common reason—
But Prague—Bohemia—these, Sir General,
I can myself protect.

WRANGEL.

We doubt it not.

But 'tis not the protection that is now
Our sole concern. We want security,
That we shall not expend our men and money
All to no purpose.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis but reasonable.

WRANGEL.

And till we are indemnified, so long
Stays Prague in pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then trust you us so little?

WRANGEL. (*rising.*)

The Swede, if he would treat well with the German,
Must keep a sharp look-out. We have been called
Over the Baltic, we have saved the empire
From ruin—with our best blood have we sealed
The liberty of faith, and gospel truth.
But now already is the benefaction
No longer felt, the load alone is felt,——
Ye look askance with evil eye upon us,
As foreigners, intruders in the empire,
And would fain send us, with some paltry sum
Of money, home again to our old forests.
No, no! my Lord Duke! no!—it never was
For Judas' pay, for chinking gold and silver,
That we did leave our King by the Great Stone.*
No, not for gold and silver have there bled
So many of our Swedish nobles—neither
Will we, with empty laurels for our payment,
Hoist sail for our own country. *Citizens*
Will we remain upon the soil, the which
Our monarch conquered for himself, and died.

WALLENSTEIN.

Help to keep down the common enemy,
And the fair border land must needs be yours.

WRANGEL.

But when the common enemy lies vanquished,
Who knits together our new friendship then!
We know, Duke Friedland! though perhaps the Swede
Ought not t' have known it, that you carry on
Secret negotiations with the Saxons.
Who is our warranty, that *we* are not
The sacrifices in those articles
Which 'tis thought needful to conceal from us?

WALLENSTEIN. (*rises.*)

Think you of something better, Gustave Wrangel!
Of Prague no more.

* A great stone near Lützen, since called the Swede's Stone, the body of their great king having been found at the foot of it, after the battle in which he lost his life.

WRANGEL.

Here my commission ends.

WALLENSTEIN.

Surrender up to you my capital !
Far lier would I face about, and step
Back to my Emperor.

WRANGEL.

If time yet permits——

WALLENSTEIN.

That lies with me, even now, at any hour.

WRANGEL.

Some days ago, perhaps. To-day, no longer ;
No longer since Sesina's been a prisoner.

[*Wallenstein is struck, and silenced.*]

My Lord Duke, hear me—We believe that you
At present do mean honourably by us.
Since *yesterday* we're sure of that—and now
This paper warrants for the troops, there's nothing
Stands in the way of our full confidence.
Prague shall not part us. Hear ! The Chancellor
Contents himself with Albstadt ; to your Grace
He gives up Ratschin and the narrow side,
But Egra, above all, must open to us,
Ere we can think of any junction.

WALLENSTEIN.

You,

You therefore must I trust, and you not me ?
I will consider of your proposition.

WRANGEL.

I must entreat that your consideration
Occupy not too long a time. Already
Has this negotiation, my Lord Duke !
Crept on into the second year. If nothing
Is settled this time, will the Chancellor
Consider it as broken off for ever.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye press me hard. A measure, such as this,
Ought to be *thought* of.

WRANGEL.

Ay ! but think of this too,

That sudden action only can procure it
Success—think first of this, your Highness. [*Exit Wrangel.*]

SCENE VI.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY *and* ILLO (*re-enter*).

ILLO.

Is't all right?

TERTSKY.

Are you compromised?

ILLO.

This Swede

Went smiling from you. Yes! you're compromised.

WALLENSTEIN.

As yet is nothing settled: and (well weighed)

I feel myself inclined to leave it so.

TERTSKY.

How? What is that?

WALLENSTEIN.

Come on me what will come,

The doing evil to avoid an evil

Cannot be good!

TERTSKY.

Nay, but bethink you, Duke?

WALLENSTEIN.

To live upon the mercy of these Swedes!

Of these proud-hearted Swedes! I could not bear it.

ILLO.

Goest thou as fugitive, as mendicant?

Bring'st thou not more to them than thou receiv'st?

SCENE VII.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who sent for you? There is no business here
For women.

COUNTESS.

I am come to bid you joy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Use thy authority, Tertsy, bid her go.

COUNTESS.

Come I perhaps too early? I hope not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Set not this tongue upon me, I entreat you,
You know it is the weapon that destroys me.
I am routed, if a woman but attack me.
I cannot traffic in the trade of words
With that unreasoning sex.

COUNTESS.

I had already

Given the Bohemians a king.

WALLENSTEIN. (*sarcastically.*)

They have one,

In consequence, no doubt.

COUNTESS. (*to the others.*)

Ha! what new scruple?

TERTSKY.

The Duke will not.

COUNTESS.

He *will not* what he *must!*

ILLO.

It lies with you now. Try. For I am silenced,
When folks begin to talk to me of conscience,
And of fidelity.

COUNTESS.

How? then, when all
Lay in the far-off distance, when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the dastard now?
Planned merely, 'tis a common felony;
Accomplished, an immortal undertaking;
And with success comes pardon hand in hand;
For all event is God's arbitrement.

SERVANT. (*enters.*)

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS. (*hastily.*)
—Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

But for two minutes he entreats an audience ;
Of the most urgent nature is his business.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what he may bring us? I will hear him.

COUNTESS. (*laughs.*)

Urgent for him, no doubt ; but thou may'st wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt be informed hereafter
First let the Swede and thee be compromised. [*Exit Servant.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

If there were yet a choice ; if yet some milder
Way of escape were possible—I still
Will choose it, and avoid the last extreme.

COUNTESS.

Desirest thou nothing further? Such a way
Lies still before thee. Send this Wrangel off.
Forget thou thy old hopes, cast far away
All thy past life ; determine to commence
A new one. Virtue hath her heroes too,
As well as Fame and Fortune.—To Vienna—
Hence—to the Emperor—kneel before the throne ;
Take a full coffer with thee—say aloud,
Thou didst but wish to prove thy fealty ;
Thy whole intention but to dupe the Swede.

ILLO.

For that, too, 'tis too late. They know too much.
He would but bear his own head to the block.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. They have not evidence
To attain him legally, and they avoid
The avowal of an arbitrary power.
They'll let the Duke resign without disturbance.
I see how all will end. The king of Hungary
Makes his appearance, and 'twill of itself

Be understood, that then the Duke retires.
 There will not want a formal declaration.
 The young King will administer the oath
 To the whole army ; and so all returns
 To the old position. On some morrow morning
 The Duke departs ; and now 'tis stir and bustle
 Within his castles. He will hunt, and build,
 Superintend his horses' pedigrees,
 Creates himself a court, gives golden keys,
 And introduceth strictest ceremony
 In fine proportions, and nice etiquette ;
 Keeps open table with high cheer ; in brief
 Commenceth mighty king—in miniature.
 And while he prudently demeans himself,
 And gives himself no actual importance,
 He will be let appear whate'er he likes ;
 And who dares doubt, the Friedland will appear
 A mighty Prince to his last dying hour ?
 Well now, what then ? Duke Friedland is as others,
 A fire-new Noble, whom the war hath raised
 To price and currency, a Jonah's gourd,
 An over-night creation of court-favour,
 Which with an undistinguishable ease
 Makes Baron or makes Prince.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in extreme agitation.*)

Take her away.

Let in the young Count Piccolomini.

COUNTESS.

Art thou in earnest ? I entreat thee ! Canst thou
 Consent to bear thyself to thy own grave,
 So ignominiously to be dried up ?
 Thy life, that arrogated such a height,
 To end in such a nothing ! To be nothing,
 When one was always nothing, is an evil
 That asks no stretch of patience, a light evil ;
 But to become a nothing, having been—

WALLENSTEIN. (*starts up in violent agitation.*)

Show me a way out of this stifling crowd,
 Ye Powers of aidance ? Show me such a way
 As *I* am capable of going.—I
 Am no tongue-hero, no fine virtue-prattler ;

I cannot warm by thinking ! cannot say
 To the good luck that turns her back upon me,
 Magnanimously : 'Go ! I need thee not.'
 Cease I to work, I am annihilated.
 Dangers nor sacrifices will I shun,
 If so I may avoid the last extreme ;
 But ere I sink down into nothingness,
 Leave off so little, who begun so great,
 Ere that the world confuses me with those
 Poor wretches, whom a day creates and crumbles,
 This age and after-ages speak my name
 With hate and dread ; and Friedland be redemption
 For each accursed deed !

COUNTESS.

What is there here, then,
 So against nature ? Help me to perceive it !
 O let not Superstition's nightly goblins
 Subdue thy clear bright spirit ! Art thou bid
 To murder ?—with abhorred, accursed poniard,
 To violate the breasts that nourished thee ?
 That *were* against our nature, that might aptly
 Make thy flesh shudder, and thy whole heart sicken ;—
 Yet not a few, and for a meaner object,
 Have ventured even this, ay, and performed it.
 What is there in thy case so black and monstrous ?
 Thou art accused of treason—whether with
 Or without justice, is not now the question—
 Thou'rt lost if thou dost not avail thee quickly
 Of the power which thou possessest.—Friedland ! *Duke !*
 Tell me, where lives that thing so meek and tame,
 That doth not all his living faculties
 Put forth in preservation of his life ?
 What deed so daring, which necessity
 And desperation will not sanctify ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Once was this Ferdinand so gracious to me :
 He loved me ; he esteemed me ; I was placed
 The nearest to his heart. Full many a time
 We, like familiar friends, both at one table,
 Have banquetted together. He and I—
 And the young kings themselves held me the basin

Wherewith to wash me—and is't come to this?

COUNTESS.

So faithfully preserv'st thou each small favour,
 And hast no memory for contumelies?
 Must I remind thee how at Regenspurg
 This man repaid thy faithful services?
 All ranks and all conditions in the empire
 Thou hadst wronged, to make him great,—hadst loaded on
 thee,

On *thee*, the hate, the curse of the whole world
 No friend existed for thee in all Germany,
 And why? because thou hadst existed only
 For th' Emperor. To th' Emperor alone
 Clung Friedland in that storm which gathered round him.
 At Regenspurg in the Diet—and he dropped thee!
 He let thee fall! He let thee fall a victim
 To the Bavarian, to that insolent!
 Deposed, stript bare of all thy dignity
 And power, amid the taunting of thy foes,
 Thou wert let drop into obscurity.—
 Say not, the restoration of thy honour
 Has made atonement for that first injustice.
 No honest good-will was it that replaced thee,
 The law of hard necessity replaced thee,
 Which they had fain opposed, but that they could not.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their good wishes, that is certain,
 Nor yet to his affection I'm indebted
 For this high office; and if I abuse it,
 I shall therein abuse no confidence.

COUNTESS.

Affection! confidence!—They *needed* thee.
 Necessity, impetuous remonstrant!
 Who not with empty names, or shows of proxy,
 Is served, who'll have the thing and not the symbol,
 Ever seeks out the greatest and the best,
 And at the rudder places *him*, e'en though
 She had been forced to take him from the rabble,
 She, this Necessity, it was that placed thee
 In this high office, it was she that gave thee
 Thy letters patent of inauguration.

For, to the uttermost moment that they can,
 This race still help themselves at cheapest rate
 With slavish souls, with puppets! At the approach
 Of extreme peril, when a hollow image
 Is found a hollow image and no more,
 Then falls the power into the mighty hands
 Of nature, of the spirit giant-born,
 Who listens only to himself, knows nothing
 Of stipulation, duties, reverences;
 And, like th' emancipated force of fire,
 Unmastered scorches, ere it reaches them,
 Their fine-spun webs, their artificial policy.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true! they saw me always as I am—
 Always! I did not cheat them in the bargain.
 I never held it worth my pains to hide
 The bold, all-grasping habit of my soul.

COUNTESS.

Nay rather—thou hast ever shown thyself
 A formidable man, without restraint;
 Hast exercised the full prerogatives
 Of thy impetuous nature, which had been
 Once granted to thee. Therefore, Duke, not *thou*,
 Who hast still remained consistent with thyself,
 But *they* are in the wrong, who fearing thee,
 Intrusted such a power in hands they feared.
 For, by the laws of spirit, in the right
 Is every individual character
 That acts in strict consistence with itself.
 Self-contradiction is the only wrong.
 Wert thou another being, then, when thou
 Eight years ago pursuedst thy march with ire
 And sword, and desolation, through the circles
 Of Germany, the universal scourge,
 Didst mock all ordinances of the Empire,
 The fearful rights of strength alone exertedst,
 Trampledst to earth each rank, each magistracy,
 All to extend thy Sultan's domination?
 Then was the time to break thee in, to curb
 Thy haughty will, to teach thee ordinance.
 But no! the Emperor felt no touch of conscience,

What served him pleased him, and without a murmur
 He stamped his broad seal on these lawless deeds.
 What at that time was right, because thou didst it
For him, to-day is all at once become
 Opprobrious, foul, because it is directed
Against him.—O most flimsy superstition !

WALLENSTEIN. (*rising*.)

I never saw it in this light before.
 'Tis even so. The Emperor perpetrated
 Deeds through my arm, deeds most unorderedly.
 And even this prince's mantle, which I wear,
 I owe to what were services to him,
 But most high misdemeanours 'gainst the Empire.

COUNTESS.

Then betwixt thee and him (*confess it, Friedland !*)
 The point can be no more of right and duty,
 Only of power and th' opportunity.
 That opportunity, lo ! it comes yonder,
 Approaching with swift steeds ; then with a swing
 Throw thyself up into the chariot-seat,
 Seize with firm hand the reins, ere thy opponent
 Anticipate thee, and himself make conquest
 Of the now empty seat. The moment comes,
 It is already here, when thou must write
 The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.
 The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,
 The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,
 And tell thee, ' Now's the time ! ' The starry courses
 Hast thou thy life long measured to no purpose ?
 The quadrant and the circle, were they playthings ?
 [*pointing to the different objects in the room.*]
 The zodiacs, the rolling orbs of heaven,
 Hast pictured on these walls, and all around thee,
 In dumb, forboding symbols hast thou placed
 These seven presiding lords of destiny—
 For toys ? Is all this preparation nothing ?
 Is there no marrow in this hollow art,
 That even to thyself it doth avail
 Nothing, and has no influence over thee
 In the great moment of decision ?——

WALLENSTEIN. (*during this last speech walks up and down with inward struggles, labouring with passions ; stops suddenly, stands still, then interrupting the Countess.*)

Send Wrangel to me—I will instantly
Despatch three couriers——

ILLO. (*hurrying out.*)

God in heaven be praised !

WALLENSTEIN.

It is *his* evil genius and *mine*.
Our evil genius ! It chastises *him*
Through me, the instrument of his ambition ;
And I expect no less than that revenge
E'en now is whetting for *my* breast the poniard.
Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart.
He can no longer trust me.—Then no longer
Can I retreat—so come that which must come,
Still destiny preserves its due relations ;
The heart within us is its absolute
Vicegerent.

[*to Tertsky.*

Go, conduct your Gustave Wrangel
To my state-cabinet.—Myself will speak to
The couriers.—And despatch immediately
A servant for Octavio Piccolomini.

[*to the Countess, who cannot conceal her triumph*

No exultation !—woman, triumph not !
For jealous are the powers of destiny
Joy premature, and shouts ere victory,
Encroach upon their rights and privileges.
We sow the seed, and they the growth determine.

[*While he is making his exit, the curtain drops.*

ACT V.

Scene as in the preceding Act.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN, OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

WALLENSTEIN. (*coming forward in conversation.*)

He sends me word from Linz, that he lies sick ;
 But I have sure intelligence, that he
 Secretes himself at Frauenberg with Galas.
 Secure them both, and send them to me hither
 Remember, thou tak'st on thee the command
 Of those same Spanish regiments,—constantly
 Make preparation, and be never ready ;
 And if they urge thee to draw out against me,
 Still answer *yes*, and stand as thou wert fettered.
 I know, that it is doing thee a service
 To keep thee out of action in this business.
 Thou lov'st to linger on in fair appearances ;
 Steps of extremity are not thy province,
 Therefore have I sought out this part for thee
 Thou wilt this time be of most service to me
 By thy inertness. The mean time, if fortune
 Declare itself on my side, thou wilt know
 What is to do.

Enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

Now go, Octavio.

This night must thou be off, take my own horses :
 Him here I keep with me—make short farewell—
 Trust me. I think we all shall meet again
 In joy and thriving fortunes.

OCTAVIO. (*to his son.*)

I shall see you

Yet ere I go.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX. (*advances to him.*)

My General !

WALLENSTEIN.

That am I no longer, if
Thou styl'st thyself the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou wilt leave the army, General?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And thou wilt leave the army?

WALLENSTEIN.

Rather hope I

To bind it nearer still and faster to me. [*He seats himself.*]

Yes, Max., I have delayed to open it to thee,

Even till the hour of acting 'gins to strike.

Youth's fortunate feeling doth seize easily

The absolute right, yea, and a joy it is

To exercise the single apprehension

Where the sums square in proof;

But where it happens, that of two sure evils

One must be taken, where the heart not wholly

Brings itself back from out the strife of duties,

There 'tis a blessing to have no election,

And blank necessity is grace and favour.—

This is now present: do not look behind thee—

It can no more avail thee. Look thou forwards!

Think not! judge not! prepare thyself to act!

The Court—it hath determined on my ruin,

Therefore I will to be beforehand with them.

We'll join the Swedes—right gallant fellows are they,

And our good friends.

[*He stops himself, expecting Piccolomini's answer.*]

I have ta'en thee by surprise. Answer me not.

I grant thee time to recollect thyself.

[*He rises, and retires to the back of the stage. Max. remains for a long time motionless, in a trance of excessive anguish.*]

At his first motion Wallenstein returns, and places himself before him.

MAX.

My General, this day thou makest me

Of age to speak in my own right and person,

For till this day I have been spared the trouble

To find out my own road. Thee have I followed
 With most implicit, unconditional faith,
 Sure of the right path if I followed thee.
 To-day, for the first time, dost thou refer
 Me to myself, and forcest me to make
 Election between thee and my own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Soft cradled thee thy fortune till to-day :
 Thy duties thou couldst exercise in sport,
 Indulge all lovely instincts, act for ever
 With undivided heart. It can remain
 No longer thus. Like enemies, the roads
 Start from each other. Duties strive with duties.
 Thou must needs choose thy party in the war
 Which is now kindling 'twixt thy friend and him
 Who is thy Emperor.

MAX.

War ! is that the name ?

War is as frightful as heaven's pestilence,
 Yet it is good, is it heaven's will as that is.
 Is that a good war, which against the Emperor
 Thou wagest with the Emperor's own army ?
 O God of Heaven ! what a change is this.
 Beseems it me to offer such persuasion
 To thee, who, like the fixed star of the pole,
 Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean ?
 O ! what a rent thou makest in my heart !
 The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
 The holy habit of obediency,
 Must I pluck life asunder from thy name ?
 Nay, do not turn thy countenance upon me—
 It always was a god looking at me !
 Duke Wallenstein, its power is not departed :
 The senses still are in thy bonds ; although,
 Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max. hear me.

MAX.

O ! do it not, I pray thee, do it not !
 There is a pure and noble soul within thee,
 Knows not of this unblest, unlucky doing.

Thy will is chaste, it is thy fancy only
 Which hath polluted thee—and innocence,
 It will not let itself be driven away
 From that world-awing aspect. Thou wilt not,
 Thou canst not end in this. It would reduce
 All human creatures to disloyalty
 Against the nobleness of their own nature.
 'Twill justify the vulgar misbelief,
 Which holdeth nothing noble in free will,
 And trusts itself to impotence alone,
 Made powerful only in an unknown power.

WALLENSTEIN.

The world will judge me sternly ; I expect it.
 Already have I said to my own self
 All thou canst say to me. Who but avoids
 Th' extreme—can he by going round avoid it?
 But here there is no choice. Yes—I must use
 Or suffer violence—so stands the case,
 There remains nothing possible but that.

MAX.

O that is never possible for thee !
 'Tis the last desperate resource of those
 Cheap souls, to whom their honour, their good name,
 Is their poor *saving*, their last worthless *keep*,
 Which having staked and lost, they stake themselves
 In the mad rage of gaming. Thou art rich,
 And glorious : with an unpolluted heart
 Thou canst make conquest of whate'er seems highest !
 But he, who once hath acted infamy,
 Does nothing more in this world.

WALLENSTEIN. (*grasps his hand.*)

Calmly, Max. !

Much that is great and excellent will we
 Perform together yet. And if we only
 Stand on the height with dignity, 'tis soon
 Forgotten, Max., by what road we ascended.
 Believe me, many a crown shines spotless now,
 That yet was deeply sullied in the winning.
 To the evil spirit doth the earth belong,
 Not to the good. All that the powers divine
 Send from above, are universal blessings :

Their light rejoices us, their air refreshes,
 But never yet was man enriched by them :
 In their eternal realm, no *property*
 Is to be struggled for—all there is general.
 The jewel, the all-valued gold we win
 From the deceiving powers, depraved in nature,
 That dwell beneath the day and blessed sun-light.
 Not without sacrifices are they rendered
 Propitious, and there lives no soul on earth
 That e'er retired unsullied from their service.

MAX.

Whate'er is human, to the human being
 Do I allow—and to the vehement
 And striving spirit readily I pardon
 Th' excess of action ; but to thee, my General !
 Above *all* others make I large concession,
 For thou must move a world, and be the master—
 He kills thee, who condemns thee to inaction.
 So be it then ! maintain thee in thy post
 By violence. Resist the Emperor,
 And if it must be, force with force repel :
 I will not praise it, yet I can forgive it.
 But not—not to the *traitor*—yes!—the word
 Is spoken out——
 Not to the traitor can I yield a pardon.
 That is no mere excess ! that is no error
 Of human nature—that is wholly different,
 O that is black, black as the pit of hell !

[*Wallenstein betrays a sudden agitation.*]

Thou canst not hear it *named*, and wilt thou *do* it ?
 O turn back to thy duty. That thou canst
 I hold it certain. Send me to Vienna.
 I'll make thy peace for thee with th' Emperor.
 He knows thee not. But I do know thee. He
 Shall see thee, Duke ! with my unclouded eye,
 And I bring back his confidence to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Thou know'st not what has happened.

MAX.

Were it too late, and were it gone so far,
 That a crime only could prevent thy fall,

Then—fall ! fall honourably, even as thou stood'st.
Lose the command. Go from the stage of war.
Thou canst with splendour do it—do it too
With innocence. Thou hast lived much for others,
At length live thou for thy own self. I follow thee.
My destiny I never part from thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late ! Even now, while thou art losing
Thy words, one after the other are the mile-stones
Left fast behind by my post couriers,
Who bear the order on to Prague and Egra.

[*Max. stands as convulsed, with a gesture and countenance expressing the most intense anguish.*

Yield thyself to it. We act as we are forced.
I cannot give assent to my own shame
And ruin. *Thou*—no—thou canst not forsake me !
So let us do, what must be done, with dignity,
With a firm step. What am I doing worse
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,
When he the legions led against his country,
The which his country had delivered to him ?
Had he thrown down the sword he had been lost,
As I were, if I but disarmed myself.
I trace out something in me of his spirit.
Give me his luck, *that other thing* I'll bear.

[*Max. quits him abruptly. Wallenstein, startled and overpowered, continues looking after him, and is still in this posture when Tertsky enters.*

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Max. Piccolomini just left you ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is Wrangel ?

TERTSKY.

He is already gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

In such a hurry ?

TERTSKY.

It is as if the earth had swallowed him.
 He had scarce left thee when I went to seek him.
 I wished some words with him—but he was gone.
 How, when, and where, could no one tell me. Nay,
 I half believe it was the devil himself ;
 A human creature could not so at once
 Have vanished.

ILLO. (*enters.*)

Is it true that thou wilt send Octavio ?

TERTSKY.

How, Octavio ! Whither send him ?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes to Frauenberg, and will lead hither
 The Spanish and Italian regiments.

ILLO.

No !—

Nay, Heaven forbid !

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should Heaven forbid ?

ILLO.

Him ! that deceiver ! Would'st thou trust to him
 The soldiery ? Him wilt thou let slip from thee,
 Now, in the very instant that decides us—

TERTSKY.

Thou wilt not do this !—No ! I pray thee, no !

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are whimsical.

ILLO.

O but for this time, Duke,
 Yield to our warning ! Let him not depart.

WALLENSTEIN.

And why should I not trust him only this time,
 Who have always trusted him ? What, then, has happened
 That I should lose my good opinion of him ?
 In complaisance to your whims, not my own,
 I must, forsooth, give up a rooted judgment.
 Think not I am a woman. Having trusted him
 E'en till to-day, to-day too will I trust him.

TERTSKY.

Must it be he—he only ? Send another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, whom I myself have chosen!
He is well fitted for the business. Therefore
I gave it him.

ILLO.

Because he's an Italian—
Therefore is he well fitted for the business.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know you love them not—nor sire nor son—
Because that I esteem them, love them—visibly
Esteem them, love them more than you and others,
E'en as they merit. Therefore are they eye-blights,
Thorns in your footpath. But your jealousies,
In what affect they me or my concerns?
Are they the worse to *me*, because you hate them?
Love or hate one another as you will,
I leave to each man his own moods and likings;
Yet know the worth of each of you to me.

ILLO.

Von Questenberg, while he was here, was always
Lurking about with this Octavio.

WALLENSTEIN.

It happened with my knowledge and permission.

ILLO.

I know that secret messengers came to him
From Galas———

WALLENSTEIN.

ILLO.

That's not true.

O thou art blind,

With thy deep-seeing eyes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake

My faith for me—my faith which finds itself
On the profoundest science. If 'tis false,
Then the whole science of the stars is false.
For know, I have a pledge from fate itself,
That he is the most faithful of my friends.

ILLO.

Hast thou a pledge, that this pledge is not false?

WALLENSTEIN.

There exist moments in the life of man,
 When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
 Than is man's custom, and possesses freely
 The power of questioning his destiny :
 And such a moment 'twas, when in the night
 Before the action in the plains of Lützen,
 Leaning against a tree, thoughts crowding thoughts,
 I looked out far upon the ominous plain.
 My whole life, past and future, in this moment
 Before my mind's eye glided in procession,
 And to the destiny of the next morning
 The spirit, filled with anxious presentiment,
 Did knit the most removed futurity.
 Then said I also to myself, 'So many
 Dost thou command. They follow all thy stars,
 And as on some great number set their all
 Upon thy single head, and only man
 The vessel of thy fortune. Yet a day
 Will come, when Destiny shall once more scatter
 All these in many a several direction :
 Few be they who will stand out faithful to thee.'
 I yearned to know which one was faithfullest
 Of all this camp included. Great Destiny,
 Give me a sign ! And he shall be the man,
 Who, on th' approaching morning, comes the first
 To meet me with some token of his love :
 And thinking this, I fell into a slumber.
 Then midmost in the battle was I led
 In spirit. Great the pressure and the tumult !
 Then was my horse killed under me : I sank ;
 And over me away, all unconcernedly,
 Drove horse and rider—and thus trod to pieces
 I lay, and panted like a dying man.
 Then seized me suddenly a saviour arm.
 It was Octavio's—I awoke at once.
 'Twas broad day, and *Octavio* stood before me.
 'My brother,' said he, 'do not ride to-day
 The dapple, as you're wont ; but mount the horse
 Which I have chosen for thee. Do it, brother !
 In love to me. A strong dream warned me so.'

It was the swiftness of this horse that snatched me
From the hot pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.
My cousin rode the dapple on that day,
And never more saw I or horse or rider.

ILLO.

That was a chance.

WALLENSTEIN. (*significantly.*)

There's no such thing as chance.

In brief, 'tis signed and sealed that this Octavio
Is my good angel—and now no word more. [*He is retiring.*]

TERTSKY.

This is my comfort—Max. remains our hostage.

ILLO.

And he shall never stir from here alive.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stops, and turns himself round.*)

Are ye not like the women, who for ever
Only recur to their first word, altho'
One had been talking reason by the hour?
Know, that the human being's thoughts and deeds
Are not, like ocean billows, blindly moved.
The inner world, his microcosmus, is
The deep shaft, out of which they spring eternally,
They grow by certain laws, like the tree's fruit—
No juggling chance can metamorphose them.
Have I the human *kernel* first examined?
Then I know, too, the future will and action.

SCENE IV.

Scene—a chamber in Piccolomini's dwelling-house.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, ISOLANI, (*entering.*)

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well! who comes yet of the others?

OCTAVIO. (*with an air of mystery.*)

But, first, a word with you, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI. (*assuming the same air of mystery.*)

Will it explode, ha?—Is the Duke about
To make th' attempt? In me, friend, you may place
Full confidence.—Nay, put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may happen.

ISOLANI.

Noble brother, I am
 Not one of those men, who in words are valiant,
 And when it comes to action skulk away.
 The Duke has acted towards me as a friend.
 God knows it is so ; and I owe him all——
 He may rely on my fidelity.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen hereafter.

ISOLANI.

Be on your guard.
 All think not as I think ; and there are many
 Who still hold with the Court—yes, and they say
 That those stolen signatures bind them to nothing.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced to hear it.

ISOLANI.

You rejoice !

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor hath yet such gallant servants
 And loving friends.

ISOLANI.

Nay, jeer not, I entreat you.
 They are no such worthless fellows, I assure you.

OCTAVIO.

I am assured already. God forbid
 That I should jest !—In very serious earnest
 I am rejoiced to see an honest cause
 So strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil !—what !—why, what means this ?
 Are you not, then——For what, then, am I here ?

OCTAVIO.

That you may make full declaration, whether
 You will be called the friend or enemy
 Of th' Emperor.

ISOLANI. (*with an air of defiance.*)

That declaration, friend,
 I'll make to him in whom a right is placed
 To put that question to me.

OCTAVIO.

Whether, Count,
That right is mine, this paper may instruct you.

ISOLANI. (*stammering.*)

Why—why—what ! this is the Emperor's hand and seal?

[*Reads.*

'Whereas the officers collectively
Throughout our army will obey the orders
Of the Lieutenant-General Piccolomini,
As from ourselves.'—*Hem !*—Yes ! so !—Yes ! yes !—
I—I give you joy, Lieutenant-General !

OCTAVIO.

And you, submit you to the order ?

ISOLANI.

I——

But you have taken me so by surprise—
Time for reflection one *must* have—

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes.

ISOLANI.

My God ! But then the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Plain and simple.

You must declare you, whether you determine
To act a treason 'gainst your Lord and Sovereign,
Or whether you will serve him faithfully.

ISOLANI.

Treason !—My God !—But who talks then of treason ?

OCTAVIO.

That is the case. The Prince-duke is a traitor—
Means to lead over to the enemy
The Emperor's army.—Now, Count !—brief and full—
Say will you break your oath to th' Emperor ?
Sell yourself to the enemy ?—Say, will you ?

ISOLANI.

What mean you ? I—I break my oath, d'ye say,
To his Imperial Majesty.

Did I say so ?—When, when have I said that ?

OCTAVIO.

You have not said it yet—not yet. This instant
I wait to hear, Count, whether you *will* say it.

ISOLANI.

Ay ! that delights me now, that you yourself
Bear witness for me that I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

And you renounce the Duke then ?

ISOLANI.

If he's planning

Treason—why, treason breaks all bonds asunder.

OCTAVIO.

And are determined, too, to fight against him ?

ISOLANI.

He has done me service—but if he's a villain,
Perdition seize him !—All scores are rubbed off.

OCTAVIO.

I am rejoiced that you're so well disposed.
This night break off in th' utmost secrecy
With all the light-armed troops—it must appear
As came the order from the Duke himself.
At Frauenberg's the place of rendezvous ;
There will Count Galas give you further orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done. But you'll remember me
With th' Emperor—how well-disposed you found me.

OCTAVIO.

I will not fail to mention it honourably.

[Exit Isolani. A Servant enters.]

What, Colonel Butler !—Show him up.

ISOLANI. *(returning.)*

Forgive me, too, my bearish ways, old father !
Lord God ! how should I know, then, what a great
Person I had before me.

OCTAVIO.

No excuses.

ISOLANI.

I am a merry lad, and if at times
A rash word might escape me 'gainst the court
Amidst my wine—you know no harm was meant.

OCTAVIO.

You need not be uneasy on that score.
That has succeeded. Fortune favour us
With all the others only but as much !

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, BUTLER.

BUTLER.

At your command, Lieutenant-General.

OCTAVIO.

Welcome, as honoured friend and visitor.

BUTLER.

You do me too much honour.

OCTAVIO. (*after both have seated themselves.*)

You have not

Returned the advances which I made you yesterday....

Misunderstood them, as mere empty forms.

That wish proceeded from my heart—I was

In earnest with you—for 'tis now a time

In which the honest should unite most closely.

BUTLER.

'Tis only the like-minded can unite.

OCTAVIO.

True! and I name all honest men like-minded.

I never charge a man but with those acts

To which his character deliberately

Impels him; for alas! the violence

Of blind misunderstandings often thrusts

The very best of us from the right track.

You came thro' Frauenberg. Did the Count Galas

Say nothing to you? Tell me. He's my friend.

BUTLER.

His words were lost on *me*.

OCTAVIO.

It grieves me sorely

To hear it, for his counsel was most wise.

I had myself the like to offer.

BUTLER.

Spare

Yourself the trouble—me th' embarrassment,

To have deserved so ill your good opinion.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious—let us talk openly.

You know how matters stand here. Wallenstein
 Meditates treason—I can tell you further—
 He has committed treason ; but few hours
 Have past, since he a covenant concluded
 With th' enemy. The messengers are now
 Full on their way to Egra and to Prague.
 To-morrow he intends to lead us over
 To th' enemy. But he deceives himself ;
 For prudence wakes—the Emperor has still
 Many and faithful friends here, and they stand
 In closest union, mighty tho' unseen.
 This manifesto sentences the Duke—
 Recalls the obedience of the army from him,
 And summons all the loyal, all the honest,
 To join and recognize in me their leader.
 Choose—will you share with us an honest cause ?
 Or with the evil share an evil lot ?

BUTLER. (*rises.*)

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

Is that your last resolve ?

BUTLER.

It is.

OCTAVIO.

Nay, but bethink you, Colonel Butler !
 As yet you have time. Within my faithful breast
 That rashly uttered word remains interred.
 Recall it, Butler ! choose a better party.
 You have not chosen the right one.

BUTLER. (*going.*)

Any other

Commands for me, Lieutenant-General ?

OCTAVIO.

See your white hairs ! Recall that word !

BUTLER.

Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

What would you draw this good and gallant sword
 In such a cause ? Into a curse would you
 Transform the gratitude which you have earned
 By forty years' fidelity from Austria ?

BUTLER. (*laughing with bitterness.*)

Gratitude from the house of Austria.

[*He is going.*

OCTAVIO. (*permits him to go as far as the door, then calls after him.*)

Butler!

BUTLER.

What wish you?

OCTAVIO.

How was't with the Count?

BUTLER.

Count? what?

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

The title that you wished I mean.

BUTLER. (*starts in sudden passion.*)

Hell and damnation!

OCTAVIO. (*coldly.*)

You petitioned for it—

And your petition was repelled—Was't so?

BUTLER.

Your insolent scoff shall not go by unpunished.

Draw!

OCTAVIO.

Nay! your sword to its sheath! and tell me calmly

How all that happened. I will not refuse you

Your satisfaction afterwards.—Calmly, Butler.

BUTLER.

Be the whole world acquainted with the weakness

For which I never can forgive myself,

Lieutenant-General! Yes, I have ambition.

Ne'er was I able to endure contempt.

It stung me to the quick, that birth and title

Should have more weight than merit has in th' army.

I would fain not be meaner than my equal,

So in an evil hour I let myself

Be tempted to that measure—It was folly!

But yet so hard a penance it deserved not.

It might have been refused; but wherefore barb

And venom the refusal with contempt?

Why dash to earth and crush with heaviest scorn

The grey-haired man, the faithful veteran?

Why to the baseness of his parentage

Refer him with such cruel roughness, only

Because he had a weak hour and forgot himself?
 But nature gives a sting e'en to the worm
 Which wanton power treads on in sport and insult.

OCTAVIO.

You must have been caluminated. Guess you
 The enemy, who did you this ill service?

BUTLER.

Be't who it will—a most low-hearted scoundrel,
 Some vile court-minion must it be, some Spaniard,
 Some young squire of some ancient family,
 In whose light I may stand, some envious knave,
 Stung to his soul by my fair self-earned honours!

OCTAVIO.

But tell me! Did the Duke approve that measure?

BUTLER.

Himself impelled me to it, used his interest
 In my behalf with all the warmth of friendship.

OCTAVIO.

Ay? Are you sure of that?

BUTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO.

And so did I—but the contents were different.

[Butler is suddenly struck.]

By chance I'm in possession of that letter—
 Can leave it to your own eyes to convince you.

[He gives him the letter.]

BUTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,
 An infamous game have they been playing with you.
 The Duke, you say, impelled you to this measure?
 Now, in this letter talks he in contempt
 Concerning you; counsels the minister
 To give sound chastisement to your conceit,
 For so he calls it.

[Butler reads through the letter, his knees tremble, he seizes a chair, and sinks down in it.]

You have no enemy, no persecutor;
 There's no one wishes ill to you. Ascribe

The insult you received to the Duke only.
 His aim is clear and palpable. He wished
 To tear you from your Emperor—he hoped
 To gain from your revenge what he well knew
 (What your long-tried fidelity convinced him)
 He ne'er could dare expect from your calm reason.
 A blind tool would he make you, in contempt
 Use you as means of most abandoned ends.
 He has gained his point. Too well has he succeeded
 In luring you away from that good path
 On which you had been journeying forty years !

BUTLER. (*his voice trembling.*)

Can e'er the Emperor's Majesty forgive me ?

OCTAVIO.

More than forgive you. He would fain compensate
 For that affront, and most unmerited grievance
 Sustained by a deserving, gallant veteran.
 From his free impulse he confirms the present,
 Which the Duke made you for a wicked purpose.
 The regiment, which you now command, is yours

[*Butler attempts to rise, sinks down again. He labours inwardly with violent emotions; tries to speak, and cannot. At length he takes his sword from the belt, and offers it to Piccolomini.*]

OCTAVIO.

What wish you ? Recollect yourself, friend.

BUTLER.

O take it.

OCTAVIO.

But to what purpose ? Calm yourself.

BUTLER.

O take it !

I am no longer worthy of this sword.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it then anew from my hands—and
 Wear it with honour for the right cause ever.

BUTLER.

———Perjure myself to such a gracious Sovereign !

OCTAVIO.

You'll make amends. Quick ! break off from the Duke !

BUTLER.

Break off from him !

OCTAVIO.

What now? Bethink thyself.

BUTLER. (*no longer governing his emotion.*)

Only break off from him !—He dies ! he dies !

OCTAVIO.

Come after me to Frauenberg, where now
All, who are loyal, are assembling under
Counts Altringer and Galas. Many others
I've brought to a remembrance of their duty.
This night be sure that you escape from Pilsen.

BUTLER. (*strides up and down in excessive agitation, then steps up to
Octavio with resolved countenance.*)

COUNT Piccolomini ! Dare that man speak
Of honour to you, who once broke his troth.

OCTAVIO.

He, who repents so deeply of it, dares.

BUTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my word of honour !

OCTAVIO.

What's your design ?

BUTLER.

Leave me and my regiment.

OCTAVIO.

I have full confidence in you. But tell me
What are you brooding ?

BUTLER.

That the deed will tell you

Ask me no more at present. Trust to me
Ye may trust safely. By the living God
Ye give him over, not to his good angel !
Farewell !

[*Exit Butler.*]

SERVANT. (*enters with a billet.*)

A stranger left it, and is gone.

The Prince-Duke's horses wait for you below. [*Exit Servant.*]

OCTAVIO. (*reads.*)

'Be sure, make haste ! Your faithful Isolan.'
—O that I had but left this town behind me.
To split upon a rock so near the haven !—
Away ! This is no longer a safe place for me !
Where can my son be tarrying ?

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO and MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

(MAX. enters almost in a state of derangement from extreme agitation, his eyes roll wildly, his walk is unsteady, and he appears not to observe his father, who stands at a distance, and gazes at him with a countenance expressive of compassion. He paces with long strides through the chamber, then stands still again, and at last throws himself into a chair, staring vacantly at the object directly before him.)

OCTAVIO. (*advances to him.*)

I am going off, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, he takes his hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt soon follow me?

MAX.

I follow thee?

Thy way is crooked—it is not my way.

[*Octavio drops his hand, and starts back.*

O, hadst thou been but simple and sincere,
 Ne'er had it come to this—all had stood otherwise.
 He had not done that foul and horrible deed,
 The virtuous had retained their influence o'er him :
 He had not fallen into the snares of villains.
 Wherefore so like a thief, and thief's accomplice,
 Didst creep behind him—lurking for thy prey?
 O, unblest falsehood ! Mother of all evil !
 Thou misery-making demon, it is thou
 That sink'st us in perdition. Simple truth,
 Sustainer of the world, had saved us all !
 Father, I will not, I cannot excuse thee !
 Wallenstein has deceived me—O, most foully !
 But thou has acted not much better.

OCTAVIO.

Son !

My son, ah ! I forgive thy agony !

MAX. (*rises and contemplates his father with looks of suspicion.*)

Was't possible? hadst thou the heart, my father,
 Hadst thou the heart to drive it to such lengths,
 With cold premeditated purpose? Thou—
 Hadst thou the heart, to wish to see him guilty,
 Rather than saved? Thou risest by his fall.
 Octavio, 'twill not please me.

OCTAVIO.

God in heaven!

MAX.

Ó, woe is me! sure I have changed my nature.
 How comes suspicion here—in the free soul?
 Hope, confidence, belief, are gone; for all
 Lied to me, all that I e'er loved or honoured.
 No! No! Not all; She—she yet lives for me,
 And she is true, and open as the heavens!
 Deceit is everywhere, hypocrisy,
 Murder, and poisoning, treason, perjury:
 The single holy spot is our love,
 The only unprofaned in human nature.

OCTAVIO.

Max. !—we will go together. 'Twill be better.

MAX.

What? ere I've taken a last parting leave,
 The very last—no, never!

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself

The pang of necessary separation,
 Come with me! Come, my son!

[*Attempts to take him with him.*]

MAX.

No! as sure as God lives, no!

OCTAVIO. (*more urgently.*)

Come with me, I command thee! I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I stay here.

OCTAVIO.

Max. ! in the Emperor's name I bid thee come.

MAX.

No Emperor hath power to prescribe
 Laws to the heart; and would'st thou wish to rob me

Of the sole blessing which my fate has left me,
 Her sympathy. Must then a cruel deed
 Be done with cruelty? The unalterable
 Shall I perform ignobly—steal away,
 With stealthy coward flight forsake her? No!
 She shall behold my suffering, my sore anguish,
 Hear the complaints of the disparted soul,
 And weep tears o'er me. O! the human race
 Have steely souls—but she is as an angel.
 From the black deadly madness of despair
 Will she redeem my soul, and in soft words
 Of comfort, plaining, loose this pang of death!

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away, thou canst not.
 O, come, my son! I bid thee save thy virtue.

MAX.

Squander not thou thy words in vain;
 The heart I follow, for I dare trust to it.

OCTAVIO. (*trembling, and losing all self-command.*)

Max! Max! if that most damned thing could be,
 If thou—my son—my own blood—(dare I *think* it?)
 Do sell thyself to him, the infamous;
 Do stamp this brand upon our noble house;
 Then shall the world behold the horrible deed,
 And in unnatural combat shall the steel
 Of the son trickle with the father's blood.

MAX.

O hadst thou always better thought of men,
 Thou hadst then acted better. Curst suspicion!
 Unholy miserable doubt! To him
 Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm,
 Who has no faith.

OCTAVIO.

And if I trust thy heart,
 Will it be always in thy power to follow it?

MAX.

The heart's voice *thou* hast not o'erpowered—as little
 Will Wallenstein be able to o'erpower it.

OCTAVIO.

O Max! I see thee never more again!

MAX.

Unworthy of thee wilt thou never see me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg—the Pappenheimers
I leave thee here, the Lothrings too; Toskana
And Tiefenbach remain here to protect thee.
They love thee, and are faithful to their oath,
And will far rather fall in gallant contest
Than leave their rightful leader, and their honour.

MAX.

Rely on this, I either leave my life
In the struggle, or conduct them out of Pilsen.

OCTAVIO.

Farewell, my son!

MAX.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

How? not one look
Of filial love? No grasp of the hand at parting?
It is a bloody war, to which we are going,
And the event uncertain and in darkness.
So used we not to part—it was not so!
Is it then true? I have a son no longer.

*[Max. falls into his arms, they hold each other for a long
time in a speechless embrace, then go away at different sides.
The curtain drops.]*

THE
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

ACT I.

Scene—A Chamber in the House of the Duchess of Friedland.

SCENE I.

COUNTESS TERTSKY, THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.
(The two latter sit at the same table at work.)

COUNTESS. *(watching them from the opposite side.)*
So you have nothing, niece, to ask me? Nothing?
I have been waiting for a word from you.
And could you then endure in all this time
Not once to speak his name?

[Thekla remaining silent, the Countess rises and advances to her.]

Why, how comes this?

Perhaps I am already grown superfluous,
And other ways exist, besides through me?
Confess it to me, Thekla! have you seen him?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

And not heard from him either? Come, be open!

THEKLA.

No syllable.

COUNTESS.

And still you are so calm?

THEKLA.

I am.

COLERIDGE'S POEMS.

COUNTESS.

May't please you, leave us, Lady Neubrunn !
 [Exit Lady Neubrunn.]

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

It does not please me, Princess ! that he holds
 Himself so *still*, exactly at *this* time.

THEKLA.

Exactly at *this* time.

COUNTESS.

He now knows all.

'Twere now the moment to declare himself.

THEKLA.

If I'm to understand you, speak less darkly.

COUNTESS.

'Twas for that purpose that I bade her leave us.
 Thekla, you are no more a child. Your heart
 Is now no more in nonage ; for you love,
 And boldness dwells with love—that *you* have proved.
 Your nature moulds itself upon your father's
 More than your mother's spirit. Therefore may you
 Hear, what were too much for her fortitude.

THEKLA.

Enough ! no further preface, I entreat you,
 At once, out with it ! Be it what it may,
 It is not possible that it should torture me
 More than this introduction. What have you
 To say to me ? Tell me the whole, and briefly !

COUNTESS.

You'll not be frightened—

THEKLA.

Name it, I entreat you.

COUNTESS.

It lies within your power to do your father
 A weighty service—

THEKLA.

Lies within *my* power ?

COUNTESS.

Max. Piccolomini loves you. You can link him
Indissolubly to your father.

THEKLA.

I ?

What need of me for that ? And is he not
Already linked to him ?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

And wherefore

Should he not be so now—not be so always ?

COUNTESS.

He cleaves to the Emp'rour too.

THEKLA.

Not more than duty

And honour may demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask

Proofs of his love, and not proofs of his honour.

Duty and honour !

Those are ambiguous words with many meanings.

You should interpret them for him : his love

Should be the sole definer of his honour

THEKLA.

How ?

COUNTESS.

The Emperor or you must he renounce.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly

In his retirement. From himself you heard,

How much he wished to lay aside the sword.

COUNTESS.

He must *not* lay the sword aside, we mean ;

He must unsheath it in your father's cause.

THEKLA.

He'll spend with gladness and alacrity

His life, his heart's blood, in my father's cause,

If shame or injury be intended him.

COUNTESS.

You will not understand me. Well, hear then !

Your father has fallen off from the Emperor, -
 And is about to join the enemy
 With the whole soldiery—

THEKLA.

Alas, my mother!

COUNTESS.

There needs a great example to draw on
 The army after him. The Piccolomini
 Possess the love and rev'rence of the troops ;
 They govern all opinions, and wherever
 They lead the way, none hesitate to follow ;
 The son secures the father to our interests—
 You've much in your hands at this moment.

THEKLA.

Ah,

My miserable mother! what a death-stroke
 Awaits thee!—No! She never will survive it.

COUNTESS.

She will accommodate her soul to that
 Which is and must be. I do know your mother.
 The far-off future weighs upon her heart
 With torture of anxiety ; but is it
 Unalterably, actually present,
 She soon resigns herself, and bears it calmly.

THEKLA.

O my foreboding bosom! Even now,
 E'en now 'tis here, that icy hand of horror!
 And my young hope lies shuddering in its grasp.
 I knew it well—no sooner had I entered,
 A heavy, ominous presentiment
 Revealed to me, that spirits of death were hov'ring
 Over my happy fortune. But why think I
 First of myself? My mother! O my mother!

COUNTESS.

Calm yourself! Break not out in vain lamenting!
 Preserve you for your father the firm friend,
 And for yourself the lover ; all will yet
 Prove good and fortunate.

THEKLA.

Prove *good*? What good?
 Must we not part? Part ne'er to meet again?

COUNTESS.

He parts not from you ! He *can* not part from you.

THEKLA.

Alas for his sore anguish ! It will rend
His heart asunder.

COUNTESS.

If indeed he loves you,
His resolution will be speedily taken.

THEKLA.

His resolution will be speedily taken—
O do not doubt of that ! A resolution !
Does there remain one to be *taken* !

COUNTESS.

Hush !

Collect yourself ! I hear your mother coming.

THEKLA.

How shall I bear to see her ?

COUNTESS.

Collect yourself.

SCENE III.

To them enter the DUCHESS.

DUCHESS. (*to the Countess.*)

Who was here, sister ? I heard some one talking,
And passionately too.

COUNTESS.

Nay ! There was no one.

DUCHESS.

I am grown so timorous, every trifling noise
Scatters my spirits, and announces to me
The footstep of some messenger of evil.
And can you tell me, sister, what the event is ?
Will he agree to do the Emperor's pleasure,
And send th' horse-regiments to the Cardinal ;
Tell me, has he dismissed Von Questenberg
With a favourable answer ?

COUNTESS.

No, he has not.

DUCHESS.

Alas ! then all is lost ! I see it coming,

The worst that can come ! Yes, they will depose him ;
 The accursed business of the Regenspurg diet
 Will all be acted o'er again !

COUNTESS.

No ! never !

Make your heart easy, sister, as to that.

[*Thekla, in extreme agitation, throws herself upon her mother,
 and enfolds her in her arms, weeping.*]

DUCHESS.

Yes, my poor child !
 Thou too hast lost a most affectionate godmother
 In th' empress. O that stern unbending man
 In this unhappy marriage what have I
 Not suffered, not endured. For ev'n as if
 I had been linked on to some wheel of fire,
 That restless, ceaseless, whirls impetuous onward,
 I have past a life of frights and horrors with him,
 And ever to the brink of some abyss
 With dizzy headlong violence he whirls me.
 Nay, do not weep, my child ! Let not my sufferings
 Presignify unhappiness to thee,
 Nor blacken with their shade, the *fate* that waits thee.
 There lives no second Friedland : thou, my child,
 Hast not to fear thy mother's destiny.

THEKLA.

O let us supplicate him, dearest mother !
 Quick ! quick ! here's no abiding place for us.
 Here every coming hour broods into life
 Some new affrightful monster.

DUCHESS.

Thou wilt share
 An easier, calmer lot, my child ! We too,
 I and thy father, witnessed happy days.
 Still think I with delight of those first years,
 When he was making progress with glad effort,
 When his ambition was a genial fire,
 Not that consuming *flame* which now it is.
 The Emperor loved him, trusted him ; and all
 He undertook, could not but be successful.
 But since that ill-starred day at Regenspurg,
 Which plunged him headlong from his dignity,

A gloomy uncompanionable spirit,
 Unsteady and suspicious, has possessed him.
 His quiet mind forsook him, and no longer
 Did he yield up himself in joy and faith
 To his old luck, and individual power :
 But thenceforth turned his heart and best affections
 All to those cloudy sciences, which never
 Have yet made happy him who followed them.

COUNTESS.

You see it, sister ! as *your* eyes permit you.
 But surely this is not the conversation
 To pass the time in which we are waiting for him.
 You know he will be soon here. Would you have him
 Find *her* in this condition !

DUCHESS.

Come, my child !
 Come, wipe away thy tears, and show thy father
 A cheerful countenance. See, the tie-knot here
 Is off—this hair must not hang so dishevelled.
 Come, dearest ! dry thy tears up. They deform
 Thy gentle eye—well now—what was I saying ?
 Yes, in good truth, this Piccolomini
 Is a most noble and deserving gentleman.

COUNTESS.

That is he, sister !

THEKLA. (*to the Countess, with marks of great oppression of spirits.*)

Aunt, you will excuse me ? [*is going.*]

COUNTESS.

But whither ? See, your father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

Nay, but bethink you.

THEKLA.

Believe me, I cannot sustain his presence.

COUNTESS.

But he will miss you, will ask after you.

DUCHESS.

What now ? Why is she going ?

COUNTESS.

She's not well.

DUCHESS.

What ails then my beloved child ? (*anxiously.*)

[*Both follow the Princess, and endeavour to detain her. During this Wallenstein appears, engaged in conversation with Illo.*]

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN, ILLO, COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the camp ?

ILLO.

It is all quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours may couriers come from Prague
 With tidings that this capital is ours.
 Then we may drop the mask, and to the troops
 Assembled in this town, make known the measure
 And its result together. In such cases
 Example does the whole. Whoever is foremost
 Still leads the herd. An imitative creature
 Is man. The troops at Prague conceive no other,
 Than that the Pilsen army has gone through
 The forms of homage to us ; and in Pilsen
 They shall swear fealty to us, because
 The example has been given them by Prague.
 Butler, you tell me, has declared himself.

ILLO.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
 He came to offer you himself and regiment.

WALLENSTEIN.

I find we must not give implicit credence
 To every warning voice that makes itself
 Be listened to in th' heart. To hold us back,
 Oft does the lying spirit counterfeit
 The voice of truth and inward revelation,
 Scatt'ring false oracles. And thus have I
 To entreat forgiveness, for that secretly
 I've wronged this honourable gallant man,
 This Butler : for a feeling, of the which

I am not master (*fear* I would not call it),
 Creeps o'er me instantly, with sense of shudd'ring,
 At his approach, and stops love's joyous motion.
 And this same man, against whom I was warned,
 This honest man is he, who reaches to me
 The first pledge of my fortune.

ILLO.

And doubt not
 That this example will win over to you
 The best men in the army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go and send
 Isolani hither. Send him immediately.
 He is under recent obligations to me.
 With him will I commence the trial. Go.

[*Exit Illo.*]

WALLENSTEIN. (*turns himself round to the females.*)
 Lo, there the mother with the darling daughter,
 For once we'll have an interval of rest—
 Come! my heart yearns to live a cloudless hour
 In the beloved circle of my family.

COUNTESS.

'Tis long since we've been thus together, brother.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Countess, aside.*)

Can she sustain the news? Is she prepared?

COUNTESS.

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN.

Come here, my sweet girl! Seat thee by me,
 For there is a good spirit on thy lips.
 Thy mother praised to me thy ready skill:
 She says a voice of melody dwells in thee,
 Which doth enchant the soul. Now such a voice
 Will drive away for me the evil demon
 That beats his black wings close above my head.

DUCHESS.

Where is thy lute, my daughter? Let thy father
 Hear some small trial of thy skill.

THEKLA.

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Trembling? Come, collect thyself. Go, cheer
Thy father.

THEKLA.

O my mother! I—I cannot.

COUNTESS.

How, what is that, niece?

THEKLA. (*to the Countess.*)

O spare me—sing—now—in this sore anxiety
Of the o'erburthened soul—to sing to *him*,
Who is thrusting, even now, my mother headlong
Into her grave.

DUCHESS.

How, Thekla? Humoursome?

What! shall thy father have expressed a wish
In vain?

COUNTESS

Here is the lute.

THEKLA.

My God! how can I—

[*The orchestra plays. During the ritornello, Thekla expresses, in her gestures and countenance, the struggle of her feelings; and at the moment that she should begin to sing, contracts herself together, as one shuddering, throws the instrument down, and retires abruptly.*]

DUCHESS.

My child! O she is ill—

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the maiden?

Say, is she often so?

COUNTESS.

Since, then, herself

Has now betrayed it, I too must no longer
Conceal it.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

COUNTESS.

She loves him!

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves him! Whom?

COUNTESS.

Max. does she love ! Max. Piccolomini.
Hast thou ne'er noticed it ? Nor yet my sister ?

DUCHESS.

Was it this that lay so heavy on her heart ?
God's blessing on thee, my sweet child ! Thou need'st
Never take shame upon thee for thy choice.

COUNTESS.

This journey, if 'twere not thy aim, ascribe it
To thine own self. Thou should'st have chosen another
To have attended her.

WALLENSTEIN.

And does he know it ?

COUNTESS.

Yes, and he hopes to win her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hopes to win her !

Is the boy mad ?

COUNTESS.

Well—hear it from themselves.

WALLENSTEIN.

He thinks to carry off Duke Friedland's daughter ?
Ay?—the thought pleases me.
The young man has no grovelling spirit.

COUNTESS.

Since

Such and such constant favour you have shown him.

WALLENSTEIN.

He chooses finally to be my heir.
And true it is, I love the youth ; yea, honour him.
But must he, therefore, be my daughter's husband ?
Is it daughters only ? Is it only children
That we must show our favour by ?

DUCHESS.

His noble disposition and his manners—

WALLENSTEIN.

Win him my heart, but not my daughter.

DUCHESS.

Then

His rank, his ancestors—

WALLENSTEIN.

Ancestors ! What !

He is a subject ; and my son-in-law
I will seek out upon the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O dearest Albrecht ! Climb we not too high,
Lest we should fall too low.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ? have I paid

A price so heavy to ascend this eminence,
And jut out high above the common herd,
Only to close the mighty part I play
In life's great drama, with a common kinsman ?
Have I for this—

[stops suddenly, repressing himself.]

She is the only thing
That will remain behind of me on earth ;
And I will see a crown around her head,
Or die in the attempt to place it there.
I hazard all—all ! and for this alone,
To lift her into greatness—

Yea, in this moment, in the which we are speaking—

[he recollects himself.]

And I must now, like a soft-hearted father,
Couple together in good peasant fashion
The pair, that chance to suit each other's liking—
And I must do it now, ev'n now, when I
Am stretching out the wreath, that is to twine
My full accomplished work—no ! she is the jewel,
Which I have treasured long, my last, my noblest,
And 'tis my purpose not to let her from me
For less than a king's sceptre.

DUCHESS.

O my husband !

You're ever building, building to the clouds,
Still building higher, and still higher building,
And ne'er reflect, that the poor narrow basis
Cannot sustain the giddy tottering column.

WALLENSTEIN. *(to the Countess.)*

Have you announced the place of residence
Which I have destined for her ?

COUNTESS.

No ! not yet.
'Twere better you yourself disclosed it to her.

DUCHESS.

How? Do we not return to Karn then?

WALLENSTEIN.

No.

DUCHESS.

And to no other of your lands or seats?

WALLENSTEIN.

You would not be secure there.

DUCHESS.

Not secure
In the Emperor's realms, beneath the Emperor's
Protection?

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's wife may be permitted
No longer to hope *that*.

DUCHESS.

O God in heaven !

And have you brought it even to this?

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland

You'll find protection.

DUCHESS.

In a Lutheran country?

What? And you send us into Lutheran countries?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz, of Lauenberg, conducts you thither.

DUCHESS.

Duke Franz of Lauenberg?

The ally of Sweden, the Emperor's enemy.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's enemies are mine no longer.

DUCHESS. (*casting a look of terror on the Duke and the Countess.*)

Is it then true? It is. You are degraded?

Deposed from the command? O God in heaven !

COUNTESS. (*aside to the Duke.*)

Leave her in this belief.

Thou seest she cannot

Support the real truth.

SCENE V.

To them enter COUNT TERTSKY.

COUNTESS.

—Tertsky!

What ails him? What an image of affright!
He looks as he had seen a ghost.

TERTSKY. (*leading Wallenstein aside.*)
Is it thy command that all the Croats—

WALLENSTEIN.

Mine!

TERTSKY.

We are betrayed.

WALLENSTEIN.

What?

TERTSKY.

They are off! This night
The Jägers likewise—all the villages
In the whole round are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

Isolani?

TERTSKY.

Him thou hast sent away. Yes, surely.

WALLENSTEIN.

I?

TERTSKY.

No! Hast thou not sent him off? Nor Deodate?
They are vanished both of them.

SCENE VI.

To them enter ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Tertsky told thee?

TERTSKY.

He knows all.

ILLO.

And likewise
That Esterhatzy, Goetz, Maradas, Kaunitz,

Kolatto, Palfi, have forsaken thee?

TERTSKY.

Damnation!

WALLENSTEIN. (*winks at them.*)

Hush!

COUNTESS. (*who has been watching them anxiously from the distance, and now advances to them.*)

Tertsky! Heaven! What is it? What has happened?

WALLENSTEIN. (*scarcely suppressing his emotions.*)

Nothing! let us be gone!

TERTSKY. (*following him.*)

Theresa, it is nothing.

COUNTESS. (*holding him back.*)

Nothing? Do I not see, that all the life-blood
Has left your cheeks—look you not like a ghost?
That even my brother but affects a calmness?

PAGE. (*enters.*)

An aide-de-camp inquires for the Count Tertsky.

[*Tertsky follows the page.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, hear his business.

[*to Illo.*]

This could not have happened

So unsuspected without mutiny.

Who was on guard at the gates?

ILLO.

'Twas Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach leave guard without delay,

And Tertsky's grenadiers relieve him.

[*Illo is going.*]

Stop!

Hast thou heard aught of Butler?

ILLO.

Him I met.

He will be here himself immediately.

Butler remains unshaken.

[*Illo exit. Wallenstein is following him.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him not leave thee, sister? go, detain him!

There's some misfortune.

DUCHESS. (*clinging to him.*)

Gracious Heaven! What is it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Be tranquil ! leave me, sister ! dearest wife !
 We are in camp, and this is nought unusual ;
 Here storm and sunshine follow one another
 With rapid interchanges. These fierce spirits
 Champ the curb angrily, and never yet
 Did quiet bless the temples of the leader.
 If I am to stay, go you. The plaints of women
 Ill suit the scene where men must act.

[*He is going ; Tertsy returns.*]

TERTSKY.

Remain here. From this window must we see it.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Countess.*)

Sister, retire !

COUNTESS

No—never.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis my will.

TERTSKY. (*leads the Countess aside, and drawing her attention to the
 Duchess.*)

Theresa !

DUCHESS.

Sister, come ! since he commands it.

SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stepping to the window.*)

What now, then ?

TERTSKY.

There are strange movements among all the troops,
 And no one knows the cause. Mysteriously,
 With gloomy silentness, the several corps
 Marshal themselves, each under its own banners.
 Tiefenbach's corps make threatening movements ; only
 The Pappenheimers still remain aloof
 In their own quarters, and let no one enter.

WALLENSTEIN.

Does Piccolomini appear among them ?

TERTSKY.

We are seeking him : he is nowhere to be met with.

WALLENSTEIN.

What did the aide-de-camp deliver to you?

TERTSKY.

My regiments had despatched him ; yet once more
They swear fidelity to thee, and wait
The shout for onset, all prepared, and eager.

WALLENSTEIN.

But whence arose this larum in the camp?
It should have been kept secret from the army,
Till fortune had decided for us at Prague.

TERTSKY.

O that thou hadst believed me ! Yester-evening
Did we conjure thee not to let that skulker,
That fox, Octavio, pass the gates of Pilsen.
Thou gavest him thy own horses to flee from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The old tune still ! Now, once for all, no more
Of this suspicion—it is doting folly.

TERTSKY.

Thou didst confide in Isolani too ;
And lo ! he was the first that did desert thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was but yesterday I rescued him
From abject wretchedness. Let that go by,
I never reckoned yet on gratitude.
And wherein doth he wrong in going from me?
He follows still the god whom all his life
He has worshipped at the gaming table. With
My fortune, and my seeming destiny,
He made the bond, and broke it not with me.
I am but the ship in which his hopes were stowed,
And with the which well-pleased and confident
He traversed the open sea ; now he beholds it
In imminent jeopardy among the coast-rocks,
And hurries to preserve his wares. As light
As the free bird from the hospitable twig
Where it had nested, he flies off from me :
No human tie is snapped betwixt us two.
Yea, he deserves to find himself deceived,
Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.
Like shadows on a stream, the forms of life

Impress their characters on the smooth forehead,
 Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth :
 Quick sensibility of pain and pleasure
 Moves the light fluids lightly ; but no soul
 Warmeth the inner frame.

TERTSKY.

Yet, would I rather
 Trust the smooth brow than that deep furrow'd one.

SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, *who enters agitated with rage.*

ILLO.

Treason and mutiny !

TERTSKY.

And what further now ?

ILLO.

Tiefenbach's soldiers, when I gave the orders
 To go off guard—Mutinous villains !

TERTSKY.

Well ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What followed ?

ILLO.

They refused obedience to them.

TERTSKY.

Fire on them instantly ! Give out the order.

WALLENSTEIN.

Gently ! What cause did they assign ?

ILLO.

No other,

They said, had right to issue orders but
 Lieutenant-General *Piccolomini*.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in a convulsion of agony.*)

What ? How is that ?

ILLO.

He takes that office on him by commission,
 Under sign-manual of the Emperor.

TERTSKY.

From th' Emperor—hear'st thou, Duke ?

ILLO.

At his incitement.

The Generals made that stealthy flight—

TERTSKY.

Duke! hear'st thou?

ILLO.

Caraffa, too, and Montecuculi,
 Are missing, with six other Generals,
 All whom he had induced to follow him.
 This plot he has long had in writing by him
 From the Emperor; but 'twas finally concluded,
 With all the detail of the operation,
 Some days ago with the Envoy Questenberg.

[*Wallenstein sinks down into a chair and covers his face.*]

TERTSKY.

O hadst thou but believed me!

SCENE IX.

To them enter the COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

This suspense,

This horrid fear—I can no longer bear it.

For Heaven's sake, tell me, what has taken place.

ILLO.

The regiments are all falling off from us.

TERTSKY.

Octavio Piccolomini is a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O my foreboding!

[*rushes out of the room.*]

TERTSKY. ;

Hadst thou but believed me!

Now seest thou how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

The stars lie not; but we have here a work

Wrought counter to the stars and destiny.

The science is still honest: this false heart

Forces a lie on the truth-telling heaven.

On a divine law divination rests;

Where Nature deviates from that law, and stumbles

Out of her limits, there all science errs.
 True, I did not suspect! Were it superstition
 Never by such suspicion t' have affronted
 The human form, O may that time ne'er come
 In which I shame me of th' infirmity.
 The wildest savage drinks not with the victim,
 In whose breast he means to plunge the sword.
 This, this, Octavio, was no hero's deed:
 'Twas not thy prudence that did conquer mine;
 A bad heart triumphed o'er an honest one.
 No shield received the assassin stroke: thou plungest
 Thy weapon on an unprotected breast—
 Against such weapons I am but a child.

SCENE X.

To these enter BUTLER.

TERTSKY. (*meeting him.*)

O look there! Butler! Here we've still a friend!

WALLENSTEIN. (*meets him with outspread arms, and embraces him with warmth.*)

Come to my heart, old comrade! Not the sun
 Looks out upon us more revivingly
 In the earliest month of spring,
 Than a friend's countenance in such an hour.

BUTLER.

My General! I come—

WALLENSTEIN. (*leaning on Butler's shoulder.*)

Know'st thou already?

That old man has betrayed me to the Emperor.
 What say'st thou? Thirty years have we together
 Lived out, and held out, sharing joy and hardship.
 We have slept in one camp-bed, drunk from one glass,
 One morsel shared! I leaned myself on *him*,
 As now I lean me on *thy* faithful shoulder,
 And now, in the very moment when, all love,
 All confidence, my bosom beat to his,
 He sees and takes the advantage, stabs the knife
 Slowly into my heart. [*he hides his face in Butler's breast.*]

BUTLER.

Forget the false one.

What is your present purpose?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well remembered!

Courage, my soul! I am still rich in friends,
 Still loved by destiny; for in the moment,
 That it unmask the plotting hypocrite,
 It sends and proves to me one *faithful* heart.
 Of the hypocrite no more! Think not, his loss
 Was that which struck the pang: O no! his treason
 Is that which strikes this pang! No more of him!
 Dear to my heart, and honoured were they both.
 And the young man—yes—he *did* truly love me,
 He—he—has not deceived me. But enough,
 Enough of this—Swift counsel now beseems us,
 The courier, whom Count Kinsky sent from Prague,
 I expect him every moment: and whatever
 He may bring with him, we must take good care
 To keep it from the mutineers. Quick, then!
 Despatch some messenger you can rely on
 To meet him, and conduct him to me.

[*Illo is going.*]

BUTLER. (*detaining him.*)

My General, whom expect you then?

WALLENSTEIN.

The courier

Who brings me word of the event at Prague.

BUTLER. (*hesitating.*)

Hem!

WALLENSTEIN.

And what now?

BUTLER.¹

You do not know it?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well?

BUTLER.

From what that larum in the camp arose?

WALLENSTEIN.

From what?

BUTLER.

That courier—

WALLENSTEIN. (*with eager expectation.*)

Well?

BUTLER.

Is already here.

TERTSKY and ILLO. (*at the same time.*)

Already here?

WALLENSTEIN.

My courier?

BUTLER.

For some hours.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I not know it?

BUTLER.

The sentinels detain him

In custody.

ILLO. (*stamping with his foot.*)

Damnation!

BUTLER.

And his letter

Was broken open, and is circulated

Through the whole camp.

WALLENSTEIN.

You know what it contains?

BUTLER.

Question me not?

TERTSKY.

Illo! alas for us!

WALLENSTEIN.

Hide nothing from me—I can hear the worst.

Prague then is lost. It is. Confess it freely.

BUTLER.

Yes! Prague *is* lost. And all the several regiments

At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Konigingratz,

At Brun, and Znaym, have forsaken you,

And ta'en the oaths of fealty anew

To the Emperor. Yourself, with Kinsky, Tertsy,

And Illo, have been sentenced.

[*Tertsy and Illo express alarm and fury. Wallenstein remains firm and collected.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis decided!

'Tis well ! I have received a sudden cure
 From all the pangs of doubt : with steady stream
 Once more my life-blood flows ! My soul's secure !
 In the night only Friedland's stars can beam.
 Ling'ring, irresolute, with fitful fears
 I drew the sword—'twas with an inward strife,
 While yet the choice was mine. The murd'rous knife
 Is lifted for my heart ! Doubt disappears !
 I fight now for my head and for my life.

[Exit Wallenstein, the others follow him.]

SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY *enters from a side room.*

COUNTESS.

I can endure no longer. No ! *[looks around her]*
 Where are they ?

No one is here. They leave me all alone,
 Alone in this sore anguish of suspense.
 And I must wear the outward show of calmness
 Before my sister, and shut in within me
 The pangs and agonies of my crowded bosom.
 It is not to be borne.—If all should fail ;
 If—if he must go over to the Swedes,
 An empty-handed fugitive, and not
 As an ally, a covenanted equal,
 A proud commander with his army following ;
 If we must wander on from land to land,
 Like the Count Palatine, of fallen greatness
 An ignominious monument—But no !
 That day I will not see ! And could himself
 Endure to sink so low, I would not bear
 To see him so low sunken.

SCENE XII.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, THEKLA.

THEKLA. *(endeavouring to hold back the Duchess.)*
 Dear mother, do stay here !

DUCHESS. °

No ! Here is yet
Some frightful mystery that is hidden from me.
Why does my sister shun me ? Don't I see her
Full of suspense and anguish roam about
From room to room ?—Art thou not full of terror ?
And what import these silent nods and gestures
Which stealthwise thou exchangest with her ?

THEKLA.

Nothing ;

Nothing, dear mother !

DUCHESS. (*to the Countess.*)

Sister, I will know.

COUNTESS.

What boots it now to hide it from her ? Sooner
Or later she *must* learn to hear and bear it.
'Tis not the time now to indulge infirmity ;
Courage beseems us now, a heart collect,
And exercise and previous discipline
Of fortitude. One word, and over with it !
Sister, you are deluded. You believe,
The Duke has been deposed—The Duke is not
Deposed—he is———

THEKLA. (*going to the Countess.*)

What ? do you wish to kill her ?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is———

THEKLA. (*throwing her arms around her mother.*)

O stand firm ! stand firm, my mother !

COUNTESS.

Revolted is the Duke, he is preparing
To join the enemy ; the army leave him,
And all has failed.

[*During these words the Duchess totters, and falls in a fainting fit into the arms of her daughter. While Thekla is calling for help, the curtain drops.*]

ACT II.

Scene—A spacious room in the Duke of Friedland's palace.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN. (*in armour.*)

Thou hast gained thy point, Octavio! Once more am I
Almost as friendless as at Regenspurg;
There I had nothing left me, but myself—
But what one man can do, you have now experience.
The twigs have you hewed off, and here I stand
A leafless trunk. But in the sap within
Lives the creating power, and a new world
May sprout forth from it. Once already have I
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;
Beside the Lech sank Tilly, your last hope;
Into Bavaria, like a winter torrent,
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna
In his own palace did the Emperor tremble.
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude
Follow the luck: all eyes were turned on me,
Their helper in distress: the Emperor's pride
Bowed itself down before the man he had injured.
'Twas I must rise, and with creative word
Assemble forces in the desolate camps.
I did it. Like a god of war, my name
Went thro' the world. The drum was beat—and, lo!
The plough, the work-shop is forsaken, all
Swarm to the old familiar, long-loved banners;
And as the wood-choir rich in melody
Assemble quick around the bird of wonder,
When first his throat swells with his magic song,
So did the warlike youth of Germany
Crowd in, around the image of my eagle.
I feel myself the being that I was.
It is the soul that builds itself a body;
And Friedland's camp will not remain unfilled.

Lead then your thousands out to meet me—true !
 They are accustomed under me to conquer,
 But not against me. · If the head and limbs
 Separate from each other, 'twill be soon
 Made manifest, in which the soul abode.

[*Illo and Tertsy enter.*

Courage, friends ! Courage ! We are still unvanquished ;
 I feel my footing firm ; five regiments, Tertsy,
 Are still our own, and Butler's gallant troops ;
 And a host of sixteen thousand Swedes to-morrow.
 I was not stronger, when nine years ago
 I marched forth, with glad heart and high of hope,
 To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN ILLO, TERTSKY. (*To them enter NEUMANN, who leads
 TERTSKY aside, and talks with him.*)

TERTSKY.

What do they want ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

TERTSKY.

Ten Cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
 In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN. (*hastily, to Neumann.*)

Let them enter.

[*Exit Neumann.*

This

May end in something.—Mark you. They are still
 Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN, TERTSKY, ILLO, TEN CUIRASSIERS (*led by an AN-
 SPESSEADE,* march up and arrange themselves, after the word of
 command, in one front before the DUKE, and make their obeisances.
 He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*).

* Anspessade, in German, Gefreiter, a soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels. The German name implies that he is exempt from mounting guard.

ANSPESSADE.

Halt ! Front ! Present !

WALLENSTEIN. (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the Anspessade.*)

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggin in Flanders : Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE.

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the Hessians, and didst fight thy way with a hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE.

'Twas even so, General !

WALLENSTEIN.

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit ?

ANSPESSADE.

That which I asked for : the honour to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a second.*)

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, General !

WALLENSTEIN.

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*a pause.*)
Who sends you ?

ANSPESSADE.

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service ?

ANSPESSADE.

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN.

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE. (*giving the word of command.*)

Shoulder your arms !

WALLENSTEIN. (*turning to a third.*)

Thy name is Risbeck, Cologne is thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Diebald,
prisoner, in the camp at Nuremburg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

It was not I, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother; thou hadst a younger
brother too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is stationed at Olmutz with the Imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Anspessade.*)

Now then—begin.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us——

WALLENSTEIN. (*interrupting him.*)

Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE.

Every company

Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE.

There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE.

All our comrades

At Brannau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmutz, have
Obeyed already, and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscana, instantly
Did follow their example. But—but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped up Spanish story!

[*With warmth.*]

Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:

No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN.

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE.

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee :
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thy own hands this military sceptre,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant ;
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies ;
We will stand by thee, General ! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance, that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces,
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in trait'rous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid !
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter——

WALLENSTEIN.

Hear me, children !

ANSPESSADE.

Yes, or no !

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yield attention.

You're men of sense, examine for yourselves ;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd :
And therefore have I always shown you honour
Above all others ; suffered you to reason ;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage.—

ANSPESSADE.

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General ! With thy confidence
Thou hast honoured us, and shown us grace and favour

Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
 We follow not the common herd. We will
 Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word—
 Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
 A treason which thou meditatest—that
 Thou meanest not to lead the army over
 To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN.

Me, me, are they betraying. Th' Emperor
 Hath sacrificed me to my enemies;
 And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
 Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
 And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
 The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
 This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
 Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
 For this we threw the naked breast against
 The halbert, made for this the frozen earth
 Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never stream
 Too rapid for us, no wood too impervious;
 With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfield
 Through all the turns and windings of his flight;
 Yea, our whole life was but one restless march;
 And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travelled
 O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
 That we have well-nigh finished the hard toil,
 The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
 With faithful indefatigable arm
 Have rolled the heavy war-load up the hill,
 Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
 The honours of the peace, an easy prize!
 He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
 The olive branch, the hard-earned ornament
 Of this grey head, grown grey beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it!
 No one, but thou, who hast conducted it
 With fame, shall end this war, this frightful war!
 Thou led'st us out into the bloody field
 Of death, thou, and no other, shalt conduct us home,
 Rejoicing to the lovely plains of peace—

Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil.—

WALLENSTEIN.

What? Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,
This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavoured after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world?
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin,
And still win new domains.

[*The Cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved—I see

A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now,
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General. [Confidentially.
No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffered us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for our profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE.

'Tis then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede? Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And, under Providence, I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.

My cares are only for the whole : I have
 A heart—it bleeds within me for the miseries
 And piteous groaning of my fellow Germans.
 Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
 With minds not common ; ye appear to me
 Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
 A little word or two in confidence !
 See now ! already for full fifteen years
 The war-torch has continued burning, yet
 No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German !
 Papist and Lutheran ! neither will give way
 To the other, every hand's against the other.
 Each one is party and no one a judge.
 Where shall this end ? Where's he that will unravel
 This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
 It must be cut asunder.
 I feel that I am the man of destiny,
 And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE IV.

To these enter BUTLER.

BUTLER. (*passionately.*)
 General ! This is not right !

WALLENSTEIN.

What is not right ?

BUTLER.

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN.

But what ?

BUTLER.

It is an open proclamation
 Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, well—but what is it ?

BUTLER.

Count Tertsky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
 From off the banners, and instead of it,
 Have reared aloft thy arms.

ANSPESSADE. (*abruptly to the Cuirassiers.*)

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN.

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!

[*To the Cuirassiers, who are retiring.*

Halt, children, halt. There's some mistake in this!

Hark!—I will punish it severely. Stop!

They do not hear. (*To Illo.*) Go after them, assure them,

And bring them back to me, cost what it may.

[*Illo hurries out.*

This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!

You are my evil genius, wherefore must you

Announce it in their presence? It was all

In a fair way. They were half won, those madmen.

With their improvident over-readiness—

A cruel game is fortune playing with me.

The zeal of friends it is that razes me,

And not the hate of enemies.

SCENE V.

To these enter the DUCHESS, who rushes into the chamber. THEKLA and the COUNTESS follow her.

DUCHESS.

O Albrecht!

What hast thou done?

WALLENSTEIN.

And now comes this beside.

COUNTESS.

Forgive me, brother! It was not in my power.

They know all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done?

COUNTESS. (*to Tirtschy.*)

Is there no hope? Is all lost utterly?

TERTSKY.

All lost. No hope. Prague in the Emperor's hands,

The soldiery have ta'en their oaths anew.

COUNTESS.

That lurking hypocrite, Octavio.

Count Max. is off too?

TERTSKY.

Where can *he* be? He's
Gone over to the Emperor with his father.
[*Thekla rushes out into the arms of her mother, hiding her face in her bosom.*]

DUCHESS. (*in folding her in her arms.*)
Unhappy child! and more unhappy mother!

WALLENSTEIN. (*aside to Tertsky.*)
Quick! Let a carriage stand in readiness
In the court behind the palace. Scherfenberg
Be their attendant; he is faithful to us;
To Egra he'll conduct them, and we follow.

[*To Illo who returns.*]
Thou hast not brought them back?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar?
The whole corps of the Pappenheimers is
Drawn out: the younger Piccolomini,
Their colonel, they require; for they affirm,
That he is in the palace here, a prisoner;
And if thou dost not instantly deliver him,
They will find means to free him with the sword.

[*All stand amazed.*]

TERTSKY.

What shall we make of this?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so!
O my prophetic heart! he is still here.
He has not betrayed me—he could not betray me.
I never doubted it.

COUNTESS.

If he be
Still here, then all goes well! for I know what
Will keep him here for ever.
[*embracing Thekla.*]

TERTSKY.

It can't be.
His father has betrayed us, is gone over
To the Emperor—the son could not have ventured
To stay behind.

THEKLA. (*her eye fixed on the door.*)
There he is!

SCENE VI.

To these enter MAX. PICCOLOMINI.

MAX.

Yes! here he is! I can endure no longer
To creep on tiptoe round this house, and lurk
In ambush for a favourable moment.
This loitering, this suspense, exceeds my powers.

[*Advancing to Thekla, who has thrown herself into her mother's arms.*

Turn not thine eyes away. O look upon me!
Confess it freely before all. Fear no one.
Let who will hear that we both love each other.
Wherefore continue to conceal it? Secrecy
Is for the happy—misery, hopeless misery,
Needeth no veil! Beneath a thousand suns
It dares act openly.

[*He observes the Countess looking on Thekla with expressions of triumph.*

No, Lady! No.

Expect not, hope it not. I am not come
To stay: to bid farewell, farewell for ever,
For this I come! 'Tis over! I must leave thee!
Thekla, I must—*must* leave thee! Yet thy hatred
Let me not take with me. I pray thee, grant me
One look of sympathy, only one look.
Say that thou dost not hate me. Say it to me, Thekla!

[*Grasps her hand.*

O God! I cannot leave this spot—I cannot.
Cannot let go this hand. O tell me, Thekla!
That thou dost suffer with me, art convinced
That I can not act otherwise.

[*Thekla, avoiding his look, points with her hand to her father. Max. turns round to the Duke, whom he had not till then perceived.*

Thou here? It was not thou, whom here I sought.
I trusted never more to have beheld thee.

My business is with her alone. Here will I
 Receive a full acquittal from this heart—
 For any other I'm no more concerned.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou that, fool-like, I shall let thee go,
 And act the mock-magnanimous with thee?
 Thy father is become a villain to me;
 I hold thee for his son, and nothing more;
 Nor to no purpose shalt thou have been given
 Into my power. Think not, that I will honour
 That ancient love, which so remorselessly
 He mangled. They are now past by, those hours
 Of friendship and forgiveness. Hate and vengeance
 Succeed—'tis now their turn—I, too, can throw
 All feelings of the man aside—can prove
 Myself as much a monster as thy father!

MAX. (*calmly.*)

Thou wilt proceed with me as thou hast power.
 Thou know'st, I neither brave nor fear thy rage.
 What has detained me here, that, too, thou know'st.

[*Taking Thekla by the hand.*]

See, Duke! All—all would I have owed to thee,
 Would have received from thy paternal hand
 The lot of blessed spirits. This hast thou
 Laid waste for ever—that concerns not thee.
 Indifferent thou tramplest in the dust
 Their happiness, who most are thine. The god
 Whom thou dost serve, is no benignant deity.
 Like as the blind, irreconcilable,
 Fierce element, incapable of compact,
 Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou follow.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art describing thy own father's heart.
 The adder! O, the charms of hell o'erpowered me.
 He dwelt within me, to my inmost soul
 Still to and fro he passed, suspected never!
 On the wide ocean, in the starry heaven,
 Did mine eyes seek the enemy, whom I
 In my heart's heart had folded! Had I been
 To *Ferdinand* what Octavio was to *me*,
 War had I ne'er denounced against him. No,

I never could have done it. The Emp'ror was
 My austere master only, not my friend.
 There was already war 'twixt him and me,
 When he delivered the commander's staff
 Into my hands ; for there's a natural,
 Unceasing war 'twixt cunning and suspicion ;
 Peace exists only betwixt confidence
 And faith. Who poisons confidence, he murders
 The future generations.

MAX.

I will not
 Defend my father. Woe is me, I cannot !
 Hard deeds and luckless have ta'en place ; one crime
 Drags after it the other in close link.
 But we are innocent : how have we fallen
 Into this circle of mishap and guilt ?
 To whom have we been faithless ? Wherefore must
 The evil deeds and guilt reciprocal
 Of our two fathers, twine like serpents round us ?
 Why must our fathers'
 Unconquerable hate rend us asunder,
 Who love each other ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Max., remain with me.
 Go you not from me, Max. ! Hark ! I will tell thee —
 How when at Prague, our winter quarters, thou
 Wert brought into my tent a tender boy,
 Not yet accustomed to the German winters !
 Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours ;
 Thou would'st not let them go—
 At that time did I take thee in my arms,
 And with my mantle did I cover thee :
 I was thy nurse, no woman could have been
 A kinder to thee ! I was not ashamed
 To do for thee all little offices,
 However strange to me ; I tended thee
 Till life returned ; and when thine eyes first opened,
 I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
 Altered my feelings toward thee ? Many thousands
 Have I made rich, presented them with lands ;
 Rewarded them with dignities and honours ;

Thee have I *loved*; my heart, my self, I gave
 To thee! They all were aliens: *Thou* wert
 Our child and inmate.* Max. ! thou canst not leave me!
 It cannot be: I may not, will not think
 That Max. can leave me..

MAX.

O my God!

WALLENSTEIN

I have
 Held and sustained thee from thy tottering childhood.¹
 What holy bond is there of natural love,
 What human tie, that does not knit thee to me?
 I love thee, Max. ! What did thy father for thee,
 Which I too have not done to the height of duty?
 Go hence, forsake me, serve thy Emperor;
 He will reward thee with a pretty chain
 Of gold, with his ram's fleece will he reward thee;
 For that the friend, the father of thy youth,
 For that the holiest feeling of humanity,
 Was nothing worth to thee.

MAX.

O God! How can I

Do otherwise? Am I not forced to do it?
 My oath—my duty—honour—

WALLENSTEIN.

How? Thy duty?

Duty to whom? Who art thou? Max. ! bethink thee
 What duties may'st *thou* have? If I am acting
 A criminal part toward the Emperor,
 It is my crime, not thine. Dost thou belong
 To thine own self? Art thou thine own commander?
 Stand'st thou, like me, a freeman in the world,
 That in thy actions thou should'st plead free agency?
 On me thou'rt planted; I am thy Emperor:
 To obey *me*, to *belong* to me, this is
 Thy honour, this a law of nature to thee!

* This is a poor and inadequate translation of the affectionate simplicity of the original—

Sie alle waren Fremdlinge, *Du* warst
 Das Kind des Hauses.

Indeed the whole speech is in the best style of Massinger. *O si sic omnia!*

And if the planet, on the which thou liv'st
 And hast thy dwelling, from its orbit starts,
 It is not in thy choice, whether or no
 Thou'lt follow it. Unfelt it whirls thee onward
 Together with his ring and all his moons.
 With little guilt stepp'st thou into this contest ;
 Thee will the world not censure, it will praise thee,
 For that thou held'st thy friend more worth to thee
 Than names and influences more removed.
 For justice is the virtue of the ruler,
 Affection and fidelity the subject's.
 Not every one doth it beseeem to question
 The far-off high Arcturus. Most securely
 Wilt thou pursue the nearest duty—let
 The pilot fix his eye upon the pole-star.

SCENE VII.

To these enter NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are dismounted,
 And are advancing now on foot, determined,
 With sword in hand, to storm the house, and free
 The Count, their colonel.

WALLENSTEIN. (*to Tertsky.*)

Have the cannon planted.

I will receive them with chain-shot. [*Exit Tertsky.*]

Prescribe to me with sword in hand ! Go, Neumann !

'Tis my command that they retreat this moment,

And in their ranks in silence wait my pleasure.

[*Neumann exit. Illo steps to the window.*]

COUNTESS.

Let him go, I entreat thee, let him go.

ILLO. (*at the window.*)

Hell and perdition !

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it ?

ILLO.

They-scale the council-house, the roof's uncovered.

They level at this house the cannon—

MAX.

Madmen !

ILLO.

They are making preparation now to fire on us.

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

Merciful Heaven !

MAX. (*to Wallenstein.*)

Let me go to them !

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step !

MAX. (*pointing to Thekla and the Duchess.*)

But their life ! Thine !

WALLENSTEIN.

What tidings bring'st thou, Tertsy ?

SCENE VIII.

To these TERTSKY. (*returning.*)

TERTSKY.

Message and greeting from our faithful reg'ments.

Their ardour may no longer be curbed in.

They entreat permission to commence th' attack,

And if thou would'st but give the word of onset,

They could now charge the enemy in rear,

Into the city wedge them, and with ease

O'erpower them in the narrow streets.

ILLO.

O come !

Let not their ardour cool. The soldiery

Of Butler's corps stand by us faithfully ;

We are the greater number. Let us charge them,

And finish here in Pilsen the revolt.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ? shall this town become a field of slaughter

And brother-killing discord, fire-eyed,

Be let loose through its streets to roam and rage ?

Shall the decision be delivered over

To deaf remorseless rage, that hears no leader ?

Here is no room for battle, only for butchery.

Well, let it be. I have long thought of it,

So let it burst then.

[*turns to Max.*]

Well, how is it with thee?

Wilt thou attempt a heat with me. Away!
 Thou art free to go. Oppose thyself to me,
 Front against front, and lead them to the battle;
 Thou'rt skill'd in war, thou hast learned somewhat under me;
 I need not be ashamed of my opponent,
 And never hadst thou fairer opportunity
 To pay me for thy schooling.

COUNTESS.

Is it then,

Can it have come to this?—What! cousin, cousin!
 Have you the heart?

MAX.

The regiments that are trusted to my care
 I have pledged my troth to bring away from Pilsen
 True to the Emperor, and this promise will I
 Make good, or perish. More than this no duty
 Requires of me. I will not fight against thee,
 Unless compelled; for though an enemy,
 Thy head is holy to me still.

[*Two reports of cannon; Illo and Tertsky hurry to the window.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

What's that?

TERTSKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Falls! Who?

ILLO.

Tiefenback's corps

Discharged the ordnance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Upon whom?

ILLO.

On Neumann,

Your messenger.

WALLENSTEIN. (*starting up.*)

Ha! Death and hell! I will—

TERTSKY.

Expose thyself to their blind frenzy?

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

No !

For God's sake, No ! .

ILLO.

Not yet, my General !

COUNTESS.

O, hold him ! hold him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me——

MAX.

Do it not ;

Not yet ! This rash and bloody deed has thrown them
 Into a frenzy-fit—allow them time——

WALLENSTEIN.

Away ! too long already have I loitered.
 They are emboldened to these outrages,
 Beholding not my face. They shall behold
 My countenance, shall hear my voice——
 Are they not *my* troops ? Am I not their General
 And their long-feared commander ? Let me see,
 Whether indeed they do no longer know
 That countenance, which was their sun in battle !
 From the balcony (mark !) I show myself
 To these rebellious forces, and at once
 Revolt is mounded, and the high-sworn current
 Shrinks back into the old bed of obedience.

[*Exit Wallenstein ; Illo, Tertsy, and Butler follow.*]

SCENE IX.

COUNTESS, DUCHESS, MAX., THEKLA.

COUNTESS. (*to the Duchess.*)

Let them but see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope ! I have none !

MAX. (*who during the last scene has been standing at a distance in a
 visible struggle of feelings, advances.*)

This can I not endure.

With most determined soul did I come hither,
 My purposed action seemed unblameable
 To my own conscience—and I must stand here

Like one abhorred, a hard inhuman being ;
 Yea, loaded with the curse of all I love !
 Must see all whom I love in this sore anguish,
 Whom I, with one word, can make happy—O !
 My heart revolts within me, and two voices
 Make themselves audible within my bosom.
 My soul's benighted ; I no longer can
 Distinguish the right track. O, well and truly
 Didst thou say, father, I relied too much
 On my own heart. My mind moves to and fro—
 I know not what to do.

COUNTESS.

What ! you know not ?
 Does not your own heart tell you ? O ! then I
 Will tell it you. Your father is a traitor,
 A frightful traitor to us—he has plotted
 Against our General's life, has plunged us all
 In misery—and you're his son ! 'Tis yours
 To make the *amends*—Make you the son's fidelity
Outweigh the father's treason, that the name
 Of Piccolomini be not a proverb
 Of infamy, a common form of cursing
 To the posterity of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where is that voice of truth which I dare follow ?
 It speaks no longer in *my* heart. We all
 But utter what our passionate wishes dictate.
 O that an angel would descend from heaven,
 And scoop for me the right, the uncorrupted,
 With a pure hand from the pure Fount of Light.

[*His eyes glance on Thetia.*]

What other angel seek I ? To this heart,
 To this unerring heart, will I submit it,
 Will ask thy love, which has the power to bless
 The happy man alone, averted ever
 From the disquieted and guilty—*canst* thou
 Still love me, if I stay ?—Say that thou canst,
 And I am the Duke's—

COUNTESS.

Think, niece—

MAX.

Think nothing, Thekla !

Speak what thou *feelest*.

COUNTESS.

Think upon your father.

MAX.

I did not question thee as Friedland's daughter.
Thee, the beloved, and the unerring god
Within thy heart, I question. What's at stake?
Not whether diadem of royalty
Be to be won or no—that might'st thou *think* on.
Thy friend, and *his* soul's quiet, are at stake ;
The fortune of a thousand gallant men,
Who will all follow me : shall I forswear
My oath and duty to the Emperor ?
Say, shall I send into Octavio's camp
The parricidal ball ? For when the ball
Has left its cannon, and is on its flight,
It is no longer a dead instrument ;
It lives, a spirit passes into it,
The avenging furies seize possession of it,
And with sure malice guide it the worst way.

THEKLA.

O ! Max.—

MAX. (*interrupting her.*)

Nay, not precipitately either, Thekla.
I understand thee. To thy noble heart
The hardest duty might appear the highest.
The human, not the great part, would I act.
Ev'n from my childhood to this present hour,
Think what the Duke has done for me, how loved me,
And think, too, how my father has repaid him.
O likewise the free lovely impulses
Of hospitality, the pious friend's
Faithful attachment, these, too, are a holy
Religion to the heart ; and heavily
The shudderings of nature do avenge
Themselves on the barbarian that insults them.
Lay all upon the balance, all—then speak,
And let thy heart decide it.

THEKLA.

O, thine own
Hath long ago decided. Follow thou
Thy heart's first feeling——

COUNTESS.

Oh ! ill-fated woman !

THEKLA.

Is it possible, that that can be the right,
The which thy tender heart did not at first
Detect and seize with instant impulse? Go,
Fulfil thy duty ! I should ever love thee.
Whate'er thou hadst chosen, thou would'st still have acted
Noble and worthy of thee—but repentance
Shall ne'er disturb thy soul's fair peace.

MAX.

Then I

Must leave thee, must part from thee !

THEKLA.

Being faithful

To thine own self, thou art faithful, too, to me ;
If our fates part, our hearts remain united.
A bloody hatred will divide for ever
The houses, Piccolomini and Friedland ;
But we belong not to our houses—Go !
Quick ! quick ! and separate thy righteous cause
From our unholy and unblessed one !
The curse of heaven lies upon our head ;
'Tis dedicate to ruin. Even me
My father's guilt drags with it to perdition.
Mourn not for me ;
My destiny will quickly be decided.

[Max. clasps her in his arms in extreme emotion. There is heard from behind the Scene a loud, wild, long-continued cry—Vivat Ferdinandus, accompanied by warlike instruments. Max. and Thekla remain without motion in each other's embraces.]

SCENE X.

To these enter TERTSKY.

COUNTESS. (*meeting him.*)

What meant that cry? What was it?

TERTSKY.

All is lost!

COUNTESS.

What! they regarded not his countenance?

TERTSKY.

'Twas all in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted Vivat!

TERTSKY.

To the Emperor.

COUNTESS.

The traitors!

TERTSKY.

Nay! he was not once permitted

Ev'n to address them. Soon as he began,

With deafening noise of warlike instruments

They drowned his words. But here he comes.

SCENE XI.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, accompanied by ILLO and BUTLER.

WALLENSTEIN. (*as he enters.*)

Tertsky!

TERTSKY.

My General.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments hold themselves

In readiness to march; for we shall leave

Pilsen ere evening.

[*Exit Tertsky.*]

Butler!

BUTLER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

The governor at Egra is your friend

And countryman. Write to him instantly
By a post courier. He must be advised,
That we are with him early on the morrow.
You follow us yourself, your regiment with you.

BUTLER.

It shall be done, my General!

WALLENSTEIN. (*steps between Max. and Thekla, who have remained during this time in each other's arms.*)

Part!

MAX.

O God!

[*Cuirassiers enter with drawn swords, and assemble in the back-ground. At the same time there are heard from below some spirited passages out of the Pappenheim march, which seem to address Max.*]

WALLENSTEIN. (*to the Cuirassiers.*)

Here he is, he is at liberty: I keep him
No longer.

[*He turns away, and stands so that Max. cannot pass by him nor approach the Princess.*]

MAX.

Thou know'st that I have not yet learnt to live
Without thee! I go forth into a desert,
Leaving my all behind me. O do not turn
Thine eyes away from me! O once more show me
Thy ever dear and honoured countenance.

[*Max. attempts to take his hand, but is repelled: he turns to the Countess.*]

Is there no eye that has a look of pity for me?

[*The Countess turns away from him; he turns to the Duchess.*]

My mother!

DUCHESS.

Go where duty calls you. Haply
The time may come, when you may prove to us
A true friend, a good angel at the throne
Of the Emperor.

MAX.

You give me hope; you would not
Suffer me wholly to despair. No! No!
Mine is a certain misery—Thanks to Heaven

That offers me a means of ending it.

[*The military music begins again. The stage fills more and more with armed men. Max. sees Butler, and addresses him.*

And you here, Colonel Butler—and will you
Not follow me? Well, then, remain more faithful
To your new lord, than you have proved yourself
To the Emperor. Come, Butler, promise me,
Give me your hand upon it, that you'll be
The guardian of his life, its shield, its watchman,
He is attainted, and his princely head
Fair booty for each slave that trades in murder.
Now he doth need the faithful eye of friendship,
And those whom here I see—

[*casting suspicious looks on Illo and Butler.*

ILLO.

Go—seek for traitors

In Galas', in your father's quarters. Here
Is only one. Away! away! and free us
From his detested sight. Away!

[*Max. attempts once more to approach Thekla. Wallenstein prevents him. Max. stands irresolute, and in apparent anguish. In the mean time the stage fills more and more; and the horns sound from below, louder and louder, and each time after a shorter interval.*

MAX.

Blow, blow! O were it but the Swedish trumpets,
And all the naked swords, which I see here,
Were plunged into my breast! What purpose you?
You come to tear me from this place! Beware
Ye drive me not to desperation.—Do it not!
Ye may repent it! [*the stage is entirely filled with armed men.*
Yet more! weight upon weight to drag me down!
Think what ye're doing. It is not well done
To choose a man despairing for your leader;
You tear me from my happiness. Well, then,
I dedicate your souls to vengeance. Mark!
For your own ruin you have chosen me:
Who goes with me, must be prepared to perish.

[*He turns to the back-ground, there ensues a sudden and violent movement among the Cuirassiers; they surround him, and*

carry him off in wild tumult. Wallenstein remains immoveable. *Thekla* sinks into her mother's arms. The curtain falls. The music becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins it—and continues during the interval between the second and third Act.

ACT III.

Scene, the Burgomaster's House at Egra.

SCENE I.

BUTLER. (*just arrived.*)

Here then he is, by his destiny conducted.
Here, Friedland, and no farther! From Bohemia
Thy meteor rose, traversed the sky awhile,
And here upon the borders of Bohemia
Must sink.

Thou hast forsworn the ancient colours,
Blind man! yet trustest to thy ancient fortunes.
Profaner of the altar and the hearth,
Against thy Emperor and fellow-citizens
Thou mean'st to wage the war. Friedland, beware—
The evil spirit of revenge impels thee—
Beware, thou, that revenge destroy thee not.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, GORDON.

GORDON.

Is it you?
How my heart sinks! The Duke a fugitive traitor!
His princely head attainted! O my God!

BUTLER.

You have received the letter which I sent you
By a post courier.

GORDON.

Yes! and in obedience to it

Opened the strong-hold to him without scruple.
 For an imperial letter orders me
 To follow your commands implicitly.
 But yet forgive me : when even now I saw
 The Duke himself, my scruples recommenced.
 For truly, not like an attainted man,
 Into this town did Friedland make his entrance :
 His wonted majesty beamed from his brow,
 And calm, as in the days when all was right,
 Did he receive from me the accounts of office.
 'Tis said, that fallen pride learns condescension ;
 But, sparing and with dignity, the Duke
 Weighed every syllable of approbation,
 As masters praise a servant who has done
 His duty, and no more.

BUTLER.

'Tis all precisely
 As I related in my letter. Friedland
 Has sold the army to the enemy,
 And pledged himself to give up Prague and Egra.
 On this report the regiments all forsook him,
 The five excepted that belong to Tertsky,
 And which have followed him, as thou hast seen.
 The sentence of attainder is passed on him,
 And every loyal subject is required
 To give him up to justice, dead or living.

GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—such a noble !
 Of such high talents ! What is human greatness ?
 I often said, this can't end happily.
 His might, his greatness, and this obscure power
 Are but a covered pit-fall. The human being
 May not be trusted to self-government.
 The clear and written law, the deep-trod foot-marks
 Of ancient custom, are all necessary,
 To keep him in the road of faith and duty.
 The authority intrusted to this man
 Was unexampled and unnatural,
 It placed him on a level with his Emperor,
 Till the proud soul unlearned submission. Woe is me !
 I mourn for him ; for where he fell, I deem

Might none stand firm. Alas! dear General,
 We in our lucky mediocrity
 Have ne'er experienced, cannot calculate,
 What dangerous wishes such a height may breed
 In the heart of such a man.

BUTLER.

Spare your laments
 Till he need sympathy; for at this present
 He is still mighty, and still formidable.
 The Swedes advance to Egra by forced marches,
 And quickly will the junction be accomplished.
 This must not be! The Duke must never leave
 This strong-hold on free footing; for I have
 Pledged life and honour here to hold him pris'ner,
 And your assistance 'tis on which I calculate.

GORDON.

O that I had not lived to see this day!
 From his hand I received this dignity,
 He did himself entrust this strong-hold to me,
 Which I am now required to make his dungeon.
 We subalterns have no will of our own:
 The free, the mighty man alone may listen
 To the fair impulse of his human nature.
 Ah! we are but the poor tools of the law,
 Obedience the sole virtue we dare aim at.

BUTLER.

Nay, let it not afflict you, that your power
 Is circumscribed. Much liberty, much error!
 The narrow path of duty is securest.

GORDON.

And all, then, have deserted him, you say?
 He has built up the luck of many thousands,
 For kingly was his spirit: his full hand
 Was ever open. Many a one from dust

[*With a side glance at Butler.*]

Hath he selected, from the very dust
 Hath raised him into dignity and honour.
 And yet no friend, not one friend hath he purchased,
 Whose heart beats true to him in the evil hour.

BUTLER.

Here's one I see.

GORDON.

I have enjoyed from him
 No grace or favour. I could almost doubt
 If ever, in his greatness, he once thought on
 An old friend of his youth. For still my office
 Kept me at distance from him; and when first
 He to this citadel appointed me,
 He was sincere and serious in his duty.
 I do not then abuse his confidence,
 If I preserve my fealty in that,
 Which to my fealty was first delivered.

BUTLER.

Say, then, will you fulfil the attainder on him?

GORDON. (*pauses reflecting—then as in deep dejection.*)
 If it be so—if all be as you say—
 If he've betrayed the Emperor, his master,
 Have sold the troops, have purposed to deliver
 The strong-holds of the country to the enemy—
 Yea, truly!—there is no redemption for him—
 Yet it is hard, that me the lot should destine
 To be the instrument of his perdition;
 For we were pages at the court of Bergau
 At the same period; but I was the senior.

BUTLER.

I have heard so——

GORDON.

'Tis full thirty years since then;
 A youth who scarce had seen his twentieth year
 Was Wallenstein, when he and I were friends:
 Yet even then he had a daring soul:
 His frame of mind was serious and severe
 Beyond his years; his dreams were of great objects.
 He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
 Communing with himself: yet I have known him
 Transported on a sudden into utterance
 Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour,
 His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
 That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
 Not knowing whether it were craziness,
 Or whether 't were a god that spoke in him.

BUTLER.

But was it where he fell two story high,
From a window-ledge, on which he had fallen asleep,
And rose up free from injury? From this day
(It is reported) he betrayed clear marks
Of a distempered fancy.

GORDON.

He became,
Doubtless, more self-enwrap and melancholy ;
He made himself a Catholic. Marvellously
His marvellous preservation had transformed him.
Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life.
But now our destinies drove us asunder :
He paced with rapid step the way of greatness,
Was count, and prince, duke regent, and dicator,
And now is all, all this too little for him ;
He stretches forth his hands for a king's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin.

BUTLER.

No more, he comes.

SCENE III.

To these enter WALLENSTEIN, in conversation with the BURGOMASTER of Egra.

WALLENSTEIN.

You were at one time a free town. I see
Ye bear the half eagle in your city arms.
Why the *half* eagle only?

BURGOMASTER.

We were free,
But for these last two hundred years has Egra
Remained in pledge to the Bohemian crown ;
Therefore we bear the half eagle, the other half
Being cancelled till the empire ransom us,
If ever that should be.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye merit freedom.

Only be firm and dauntless. Lend your ears
To no designing, whispering court-minions.
What may your imposts be ?

BURGOMASTER.

So heavy that
We totter under them. The garrison
Lives at our costs.

WALLENSTEIN.

I will relieve you. Tell me,
There are some Protestants among you still ?

[*The Burgomaster hesitates.*

Yes, yes ; I know it. Many lie concealed
Within these walls—confess now—you yourself—

[*Fixes his eye on him. The Burgomaster alarmed.*

Be not alarmed. I hate the Jesuits.
Could my will have determined it, they had
Been long ago expelled the empire. Trust me—
Mass-book or Bible—'tis all one to me.
Of that the world has had sufficient proof.
I built a church for the Reformed in Glogau
At my own instance. Hark'e, Burgomaster !
What is your name ?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhälbel, may it please you.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hark'e !———

But let it go no further, what I now
Disclose to you in confidence.

[*Laying his hand on the Burgomaster's shoulder with a
certain solemnity.*

The times

Draw near to their fulfilment, Burgomaster !
The high will fall, the low will be exalted.
Hark'e ! But keep it to yourself ! The end
Approaches of the Spanish double monarchy—
A new arrangement is at hand. You saw
The three moons that appeared at once in the heaven.

BURGOMASTER.

With wonder and affright !

WALLENSTEIN.

Whereof did two

Strangely transform themselves to bloody daggers,
And only one, the middle moon, remained
Steady and clear.

BURGOMASTER.

We applied it to the Turks.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turks! That all?—I tell you, that two empires
Will set in blood, in the east and in the west,
And Luth'ranism alone remain.

[*Observing Gordon and Butler.*

I'faith,

'Twas a smart cannonading that we heard
This evening, as we journeyed hitherward;
'Twas on our left hand. Did you hear it here?

GORDON.

Distinctly. The wind brought it from the south.

BUTLER.

It seemed to come from Weiden or from Neustadt.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis likely. That's the route the Swedes are taking.
How strong is the garrison?

GORDON.

Not quite two hundred
Competent men, the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! and how many in the vale of Jochim.

GORDON.

Two hundred arquebussiers have I sent thither
To fortify the posts against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Good! I commend your foresight. At the works too
You have done somewhat?

GORDON.

Two additional batteries
I caused to be run up. They were needless.
The Rhinegrave presses hard upon us, General!

WALLENSTEIN.

You have been watchful in your Emperor's service.
I am content with you. (*To Butler.*) Lieutenant-Colonel,
Release the outposts in the vale of Jochim
With all the stations in the enemy's route.

(*To Gordon.*) Governor, in your faithful hands I leave
 My wife, my daughter, and my sister. I
 Shall make no stay here, and wait but the arrival
 Of letters, to take leave of you, together
 With all the regiments.

SCENE IV.

To these enter COUNT TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Joy, General; joy! I bring you welcome tidings.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what may they be?

TERTSKY.

There has been an engagement
 At Neustadt; the Swedes gained the victory.

WALLENSTEIN.

From whence did you receive the intelligence?

TERTSKY.

A countryman from Tirschenseil conveyed it.
 Soon after sunrise did the fight begin!
 A troop of the Imperialists from P'achau
 Had forced their way into the Swedish camp!
 The cannonade continued full two hours;
 There were left dead upon the field a thousand
 Imperialists, together with their colonel;
 Further than this he did not know.

WALLENSTEIN.

How came
 Imperial troops at Neustadt? Altringer,
 But yesterday, stood sixty miles from there.
 Count Galas' force collects at Frauenberg,
 And have not the full complement. Is it possible,
 That Suys, perchance, had ventured so far onward?
 It cannot be.

TERTSKY.

We shall soon know the whole,
 For here comes Illo, full of haste, and joyous.

SCENE V.

To these enter ILLO.

ILLO. (*to Wallenstein.*)

A courier, Duke ! he wishes to speak with thee.

TERTSKY. (*eagerly.*)

Does he bring confirmation of the victory ?

WALLENSTEIN. (*at the same time.*)

What does he bring ? Whence comes he ?

ILLO.

From the Rhinegrave.

And what he brings I can announce to you

Beforehand. Seven leagues distant are the Swedes ;

At Neustadt did Max. Piccolomini

Throw himself on them with the cavalry ;

A murd'rous fight took place ; o'erpowered by numbers

The Pappenheimers all, with Max. their leader,

[*Wallenstein shudders and turns pale.*

Were left dead on the field.

WALLENSTEIN. (*after a pause, in a low voice.*)

Where is the messenger ? Conduct me to him.

[*Wallenstein is going, when Lady Neubrunn rushes into the room. Some servants follow her and run across the stage.*

NEUBRUNN.

Help ! Help !

ILLO and TERTSKY. (*at the same time.*)

What now ?

NEUBRUNN.

The Princess !—

WALLENSTEIN and TERTSKY.

Does she know it ?

NEUBRUNN. (*at the same time with them.*)

She is dying !

[*hurries off the stage, and Wallenstein and Tertsy follow her.*

SCENE VI.

BUTLER, GORDON.

GORDON.

What's this ?

BUTLER.

She has lost the man she loved—
Young Piccolomini who fell in the battle.

GORDON.

Unfortunate lady !

BUTLER.

You have heard what Illo
Reporteth, that the Swedes are conquerors,
And marching hitherward.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong, and there are five
Close by us to protect the Duke. We have
Only my single regiment ; and the garrison
Is not two hundred strong.

GORDON.

'Tis even so.

BUTLER.

It is not possible with such small force
To hold in custody a man like him.

GORDON.

I grant it.

BUTLER.

Soon the numbers would disarm us,
And liberate him.

GORDON.

It were to be feared.

BUTLER. (*after a pause.*)

Know, I am warranty for the event ;
With my head have I pledged myself for his,
Must make my word good, cost it what it will,
And if alive we cannot hold him prisoner,
Why—death makes all things certain !

GORDON.

Butler ! what ?

Do I understand you ? Gracious God ! *You* could—

BUTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And *you* can do the deed !

BUTLER.

Either you or I. This morning was his last.

GORDON.

You would assassinate him?

BUTLER.

'Tis my purpose.

GORDON.

Who leans with his whole confidence upon you!

BUTLER.

Such is his evil destiny!

GORDON.

Your General!

The sacred person of your General!

BUTLER.

My General he *has been*.

GORDON.

That 'tis only

An '*has been*' washes out no villany.

And without judgment passed?

BUTLER.

The execution

Is here instead of judgment.

GORDON.

This were murder,

Not justice. The most guilty should be heard.

BUTLER.

His guilt is clear, the Emperor has past judgment,
And we but execute his will.

GORDON.

We should not

Hurry to realize a bloody sentence.

A word may be recalled, a life can never be.

BUTLER.

Despatch in service pleases sovereigns.

GORDON.

No honest man's ambitious to press forward
To the hangman's service.

BUTLER.

And no brave man loses

His colour at a daring enterprise.

GORDON.

A brave man hazards life, but not his conscience.

BUTLER.

What then? Shall he go forth anew to kindle
The unextinguishable flame of war?

GORDON.

Seize him, and hold him prisoner—do not kill him!

BUTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,
I might have done so—But 'tis now past by.

GORDON.

O, wherefore opened I the strong-hold to him?

BUTLER.

His destiny, and not the place, destroys him.

GORDON.

Upon these ramparts, as beseemed a soldier,
I had fallen, defending the Emperor's citadel!

BUTLER.

Yes! and a thousand gallant men have perished.

GORDON.

Doing their duty—that adorns the man!
But murder's a black deed, and nature curses it.

BUTLER. (*brings out a paper.*)

Here is the manifesto which commands us
To gain possession of his person. See—
It is addressed to you as well as me.
Are you content to take the consequences,
If thro' our fault he escape to the enemy.

GORDON.

I?—Gracious God!

BUTLER.

Take it on yourself.

Come of it what it may, on you I lay it.

GORDON.

O God in heaven!

BUTLER.

Can you advise aught else

Wherewith to execute the Emperor's purpose?
Say, if you can. For I desire his fall,
Not his destruction.

GORDON.

Merciful Heaven ! what must be,
I see as clear as you. Yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings !

BUTLER.

Mine is of harder stuff ! Necessity
In her rough school hath steeled me. And this Illo,
And Tertsy likewise, they must not survive him.

GORDON.

I feel no pang for these. Their own bad heart
Impelled them, not the influence of the stars.
'Twas they who strewed the seeds of evil passions
In his calm breast, and with officious villany
Watered and nursed the poisonous plants. May they
Receive their earnest to the uttermost mite !

BUTLER.

And their death shall precede his !
We meant to have taken them alive this evening
Amid the merry-making of a feast,
And keep them prisoners in the citadel.
But this makes shorter work. I go this instant
To give the necessary orders.

SCENE VII.

To these enter ILLO and TERTSKY.

TERTSKY.

Our luck is on the turn. To-morrow come
The Swedes—twelve thousand gallant warriors, Illo !
Then straightway for Vienna. Cheerily, friend !
What ! meet such news with such a moody face ?

ILLO.

It lies with us at present to prescribe
Laws, and take vengeance on those worthless traitors,
Those skulking cowards that deserted us ;
One has already done his bitter penance,
The Piccolomini, be his the fate
Of all who wish us evil ! This flies sure
To the old man's heart ; he has, his whole life long,
Fretted and toiled to raise his ancient house
From a Count's title to the name of Prince ;

And now must seek a grave for his only son.

BUTLER.

'Twas pity tho' ! a youth of such heroic
And gentle temperament ! The Duke himself,
'Twas easily seen, how near it went to his heart.

ILLO.

Hark'e, old friend ! That is the very point
'That never pleased me in our General—
He ever gave the preference to the Italians,
Yea, at this very moment, by my soul !
He'd gladly see us all dead ten times over,
Could he thereby recall his friend to life.

TERTSKY.

Hush, hush ! Let the dead rest ! This evening's business
Is, who can fairly drink the other down—
Your regiment, Illo, gives the entertainment.
Come ! we will keep a merry carnival—
The night for once be day, and 'mid full glasses
Will we expect the Swedish avantgarde.

ILLO.

Yes, let us be of good cheer for to-day,
For there's hot work before us, friends ! This sword
Shall have no rest, till it be bathed to the hilt
In Austrian blood.

GORDON.

Shame, shame ! what talk is this,
My Lord Field-Marshal ? Wherefore foam you so
Against your Emperor ?

BUTLER.

Hope not too much
From this first victory. Bethink you, sirs !
How rapidly the wheel of fortune turns.
The Emperor still is formidably strong.

ILLO.

The Emperor has soldiers, no commander,
For this king Ferdinand of Hungary
Is but a tyro. Galas ? He's no luck,
And was of old the ruiner of armies.
And then this viper, this Octavio,
Is excellent at stabbing in the back,
But ne'er meets Friedland in the open field.

TERTSKY.

Trust me, my friends, it cannot but succeed ;
 Fortune, we know, can ne'er forsake the Duke !
 And only under Wallenstein can Austria
 Be conqueror.

ILLO.

The Duke will soon assemble
 A mighty army, all comes crowding, streaming
 To banners, dedicate by destiny
 To fame and prosperous fortune. I behold
 Old times come back again, he will become
 Once more the mighty lord which he has been.
 How will the fools, who've now deserted him,
 Look then ? I can't but laugh to think of them ;
 For lands will he present to all his friends ;
 And like a king and emperor reward
 True services ; but we've the nearest claims.
 You will not be forgotten, Governor ! [To Gordon.
 He'll take you from this nest and bid you shine
 In higher station ; your fidelity
 Well merits it.

GORDON.

I am content already,
 And wish to climb no higher ; where great height is,
 The fall must needs be great. ' Great height, great depth.'

ILLO.

Here you have no more business, for to-morrow,
 The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.
 Come, Tertsy, it is supper-time. What think you ?
 Say, shall we have the state illuminated
 In honour of the Swede ? And who refuses
 To do it is a Spaniard and a traitor.

TERTSKY.

Nay, nay ! not that, it will not please the Duke—

ILLO.

What ! we are masters here ; no soul shall dare
 Avow himself imperial where we've the rule.
 Gordon ! good night, and, for the last time, take
 A fair leave of the place. Send out patrols
 To make secure ; the watchword may be altered
 At the stroke of ten ; deliver in the keys

To the Duke himself, and then you're quit for ever
Your wardship of the gates, for on to-morrow
The Swedes will take possession of the citadel.

TERTSKY. (*as he is going, to Butler.*)
You come though to the castle.

BUTLER.

At the right time.

[*Exeunt Tertsky and Illo.*]

SCENE VIII.

GORDON, BUTLER.

GORDON. (*looking after them.*)

Unhappy men! How free from all foreboding!
They rush into the outspread net of murder,
In the blind drunkenness of victory;
I have no pity for their fate. This Illo,
This overflowing and fool-hardy villain
That would fain bathe himself in his Emperor's blood.

BUTLER.

Do as he ordered you. Send round patrols,
Take measures for the citadel's security;
When they are within I close the castle gate,
That nothing may transpire.

GORDON. (*with earnest anxiety.*)

O! haste not so!

Nay, stop; first tell me——

BUTLER.

You have heard already,
To-morrow to the Swedes belongs. This night
Alone is ours. They make good expeditions,
But we will make still greater. Fare you well.

GORDON.

Ah! your looks tell me nothing good. Nay, Butler,
I pray you, promise me!

BUTLER.

The sun has set;
A fateful evening doth descend upon us,
And brings on their long night! Their evil stars
Deliver them unarmed into our hands,
And from this drunken dream of golden fortunes

The dagger at their heart shall rouse them. Well,
 The Duke was ever a great calculator ;
 His fellow-men were figures on his chess-board,
 To move and station, as his game required.
 Other men's honour, dignity, good name,
 Did he shift like pawns, and made no conscience of it :
 Still calculating, calculating still,
 And yet at last his calculation proves
 Erroneous ; the whole game is lost ; and lo !
 His own life will be found among the forfeits.

GORDON.

O think not of his errors now ; remember
 His greatness, his munificence, think on all
 The lovely features of his character,
 On all the noble exploits of his life,
 And let them, like an angel's arm, unseen,
 Arrest the lifted sword.

BUTLER.

It is too late.

I suffer not myself to feel compassion,
 Dark thoughts and bloody are my *duty* now :

[*grasping Gordon's hand.*]

Gordon ! 'tis not my hatred (I pretend not
 To love the Duke, and have no cause to love him),
 Yet 'tis not now my hatred that impels me
 To be his murderer. 'Tis his evil fate.
 Hostile concurrences of many events
 Control and subjugate me to the office.
 In vain the human being meditates
 Free action. He is but the wire-worked puppet
 Of the blind power, which out of his own choice
 Creates for him a dread necessity.
 What too would it avail him, if there were
 A something pleading for him in my heart—
 Still I must kill him.

GORDON.

If your heart speak to you,
 Follow its impulse. 'Tis the voice of God.
 Think you your fortunes will grow prosperous
 Bedewed with blood, his blood ? Believe it not !

BUTLER.

You know not. Ask not! Wherefore should it happen,
That the Swedes gained the victory and hasten
With such forced marches hitherward? Fain would I
Have given him to the Emperor's mercy.—Gordon!
I do not wish his blood—But I must ransom
'The honour of my word—it lies in pledge—
And he must die, or———

[*passionately grasping Gordon's hand.*
Listen then, and know!

I am *dishonoured* if the Duke escape us.

GORDON.

O! to save such a man——

BUTLER.

What!

GORDON.

It is worth
A sacrifice.—Come, friend! be noble-minded!
Our own heart, and not other men's opinions,
Forms our true honour.

BUTLER. (*with a cold and haughty air.*)

He is a great lord,
This Duke—and I am but of mean importance.
This is what you would say? Wherein concerns it
The world at large, you mean to hint to me,
Whether the man of low extraction keeps
Or blemishes his honour—
So that the man of princely rank be saved.
We all do stamp our value on ourselves.
The price we challenge for ourselves is given us.
There does not live on earth the man so stationed,
That I despise myself compared with him.
Man is made great or little by his own will;
Because I am true to mine, therefore he dies.

GORDON.

I am endeavouring to move a rock.
Thou hadst a mother, yet no human feelings
I cannot hinder you, but may some god
Rescue him from you!

[*Exit Gordon.*

SCENE IX.

BUTLER. (*alone.*)

I treasured my good name all my life long ;
 The Duke has cheated me of life's best jewel,
 So that I blush, before this poor weak Gordon !
 He prizes above all his fealty ;
 His conscious soul accuses him of nothing ;
 In opposition to his own soft heart
 He subjugates himself to an iron duty ;
 Me in a weaker moment passion warped ;
 I stand beside him, and must feel myself
 The worse man of the two. What, though the world
 Is ignorant of my purposed treason, yet
One man does know it, and can prove it too—
 High-minded Piccolomini !
 There lives the man who can dishonour me !
 This ignominy blood alone can cleanse !
 Duke Friedland, thou or I—into my own hands
 Fortune delivers me—The dearest thing a man has is him-
 self. [*The curtain drops.*]

ACT IV.

Scene—Butler's Chamber.

SCENE I.

BUTLER, MAJOR GERALDIN.

BUTLER.

Find me twelve strong dragoons, arm them with pikes,
 For there must be no firing—
 Conceal them somewhere near the banquet-room,
 And soon as the dessert is served up, rush all in
 And cry—Who is loyal to the Emperor ?
 I will o'erturn the table—while you attack
 Illo and Tertsky, and despatch them both.

The castle-palace is well-barred and guarded,
 That no intelligence of this proceeding
 May make its way to the Duke.—Go instantly ;
 Have you yet sent for Captain Devereux
 And the Macdonald?——

GERALDIN.

They'll be here anon.

[*Exit Geraldin.*]

BUTLER.

Here's no room for delay. The citizens
 Declare for him ; a dizzy drunken spirit
 Possesses the whole town. They see in the Dukes
 A prince of peace, a founder of new ages
 And golden times. Arms too have been given out
 By the town-council, and a hundred citizens
 Have volunteered themselves to stand on guard.
 Despatch then be the word. For enemies
 Threaten us from without and from within.

SCENE II.

BUTLER, CAPTAIN DEVEREUX, MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Here we are, General.

DEVEREUX.

What's to be the watchword?

BUTLER.

Long live the Emperor !

BOTH (*recoiling*).

How !

BUTLER.

Live the House of Austria !

DEVEREUX.

Have we not sworn fidelity to Friedland ?

MACDONALD.

Have we not marched to this place to protect him ?

BUTLER.

Protect a traitor, and his country's enemy !

DEVEREUX.

Why, yes ! in his name you administered
 Our oath.

MACDONALD.

And followed him yourself to Egra.

BUTLER.

I did it the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

So then !

MACDONALD.

An altered case !

BUTLER. (*to Devereux.*)

'Thou wretched man !

So easily leav'st thou thy oath and colours ?

DEVEREUX.

The devil !—I but followed your example,

If you could prove a villain, why not we ?

MACDONALD.

We've nought to do with *thinking*—that's your business.

You are our General, and give out the orders ;

We follow you, tho' the track lead to hell.

BUTLER. (*appeas'd.*)

Good then ! we know each other.

MACDONALD.

I should hope so.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers of fortune are we—who bids most,

He has us.

MACDONALD.

'Tis e'en so !

BUTLER.

Well, for the present

Ye must remain honest and faithful soldiers.

DEVEREUX.

We wish no other.

BUTLER.

Ay, and make your fortunes.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTLER.

Listen !

BOTH.

We attend.

BUTLER.

It is the Emperor's will and ordinance
To seize the person of the Prince-Duke Friedland,
Alive or dead.

DEVEREUX.

It runs so in the letter.

MACDONALD.

Alive or dead—these were the very words.

BUTLER.

And he shall be rewarded from the State
In land and gold, who proffers aid thereto.

DEVEREUX.

Ay? That sounds well. The *words* sound always well
That travel hither from the court. Yes! yes!
We know already what court-words import.
A golden chain perhaps in sign of favour,
Or an old charger, or a parchment patent,
And such like.—The Prince-Duke pays better.

MACDONALD.

Yes,

The Duke's a splendid paymaster.

BUTLER.

All over

With that, my friends! His lucky stars are set.

MACDONALD.

And is that certain?

BUTLER.

You have my word for it.

DEVEREUX.

His lucky fortunes all past by?

BUTLER.

For ever.

He is as poor as we.

MACDONALD.

As poor as we?

DEVEREUX.

Macdonald, we'll desert him!

BUTLER.

We'll desert him!

Full twenty thousand have done that already;

We must do more, my countrymen! In short—

We—we must kill him.

BOTH. (*starting back.*)

Kill him !

BUTLER.

Yes ! must kill him.

And for that purpose have I chosen you.

BOTH.

Us !

BUTLER.

You, Captain Devereux, and thee, Macdonald.

DEVEREUX. (*after a pause.*)

Choose you some other.

BUTLER.

What ! art dastardly ?

Thou, with full thirty lives to answer for—

Thou conscientious of a sudden ?

DEVEREUX.

Nay,

To assassinate our lord and General—

MACDONALD.

To whom we've sworn a soldier's oath—

BUTLER.

The oath

Is null, for Friedland is a traitor.

DEVEREUX.

No, no ! It is too bad !

MACDONALD.

Yes, by my soul !

It is too bad. One has a conscience too—

DEVEREUX.

If it were not our chieftain, who so long

Had issued the commands, and claimed our duty.

BUTLER.

Is that the objection ?

DEVEREUX.

Were it my own father,

And the Emperor's service should demand it of me,

It might be done perhaps—But we are soldiers,

And to assassinate our chief Commander,

This is a sin, a foul abomination,

From which no monk or confessor absolves us.

BUTLER.

I am your Pope, and give you absolution.
Determine quickly!

DEVEREUX.

'Twill not do!

MACDONALD.

'Twont do!

BUTLER.

Well, off then! and—send Pestalutz to me.

DEVEREUX. (*hesitates.*)

The Pestalutz—

MACDONALD.

What may you want with him?

BUTLER.

If you reject it, we can find enough—

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he must fall, we may earn the bounty
As well as any other. What think you,
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Why if he *must* fall,
And *will* fall, and it can't be otherwise,
One would not give place to this Pestalutz.

DEVEREUX. (*after some reflection.*)

When do you purpose he should fall?

BUTLER.

This night;

To-morrow will the Swedes be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

You take upon you all the consequences!

BUTLER.

I take the whole upon me.

DEVEREUX.

And it is
The Emperor's will, his express absolute will?
For we have instances, that folks may like
The murder and yet hang the murderer

BUTLER.

The manifesto says—alive or dead.
Alive—'tis not possible—you see it is not.

DEVEREUX.

Well, dead then ! dead ! But how can we come at him ?
The town is filled with Tertsky's soldiery.

MACDONALD.

Ay ! and then Tertsky still remains, and Illo—

BUTLER.

With these we shall begin—you understand me ?

DEVEREUX.

How ? And must they too perish ?

BUTLER.

They the first.

MACDONALD.

Hear, Devereux ! A bloody evening this.

DEVEREUX.

Have you a man for that ? Commission me—

BUTLER.

'Tis given in trust to Major Geraldin ;
This is a carnival night, and there's a feast
Given at the Castle—there we shall surprise them,
And hew them down. The Pestalutz and Lesley
Have that commission—soon as that is finished—

DEVEREUX.

Hear, General ! It will be all one to you.

Hark'e ! let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTLER.

'Twill be the lesser danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

Danger ! The devil ! What do you think me, General ?

'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.

BUTLER.

What can his eye do to thee ?

DEVEREUX.

Death and hell !

Thou know'st that I'm no milk-sop, General !
But 'tis not eight days since the Duke did send me
Twenty gold pieces for this good warm coat
Which I have on ! and then for him to see me
Standing before him with the pike, his murderer,
That eye of his looking upon this coat—
Why—why—the devil fetch me ! I'm no milk-sop !

BUTLER.

The Duke presented thee this good warm coat,
 And thou, a needy wight, hath pangs of conscience
 To run him through the body in return.
 A coat that is far better and far warmer
 Did the Emperor give to him, the Prince's mantle.
 How doth he thank the Emperor? With revolt,
 And treason.

DEVEREUX.

That is true. The devil take
 Such thankers! I'll despatch him.

BUTLER.

And would'st quiet
 Thy conscience, thou hast nought to do but simply
 Pull off the coat; so canst thou do the deed
 With light heart and good spirits.

DEVEREUX.

You are right.
 That did not strike me. I'll pull off the coat—
 So there's an end of it.

MACDONALD.

Yes, but there's another
 Point to be thought of.

BUTLER.

And what's that, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What avails sword or dagger against *him*?
 He is not to be wounded—he is—

BUTLER. (*starting up.*)
 What!

MACDONALD.

Safe against shot, and stab and slash! Hard frozen,
 Secured, and warranted by the black art!
 His body is impenetrable, I tell you.

DEVEREUX.

In Inglestadt there was just another—
 His whole skin was the same as steel; at last
 We were obliged to beat him down with gunstocks.

MACDONALD.

Hear what I'll do.

DEVEREUX.

Well?

MACDONALD.

In the cloister here

There's a Dominican, my countryman.
I'll make him dip my sword and pike for me
In holy water, and say over them
One of his strongest blessings. That's probatum!
Nothing can stand 'gainst that.

BUTLER.

So do, Macdonald!

But now go and select from out the regiment
Twenty or thirty able-bodied fellows,
And let them take the oaths to the Emperor.
Then, when it strikes eleven, when the first rounds
Are passed, conduct them, silently as may be,
To th' house—I will myself be not far off.

DEVEREUX.

But how do we get through Hartschier and Gordon,
That stand on guard there in the inner chamber?

BUTLER.

I have made myself acquainted with the place.
I lead you through a back-door that's defended
By one man only. Me my rank and office
Give access to the Duke at every hour.
I'll go before you—with one pointed-stroke
Cut Hartschier's wind-pipe, and make way for you.

DEVEREUX.

And when we're there, by what means shall we gain
The Duke's bed-chamber, without his alarming
The servants of the Court? for he has here
A numerous company of followers.

BUTLER.

The attendants fill the right wing; he hates bustle,
And lodges in the left wing quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

Were it well over—hey, Macdonald? I
Feel queerly on the occasion, devil knows!

MACDONALD.

And I too. 'Tis too great a personage.
People will hold us for a brace of villains.

BUTLER.

In plenty, honour, splendour,—You may safely
Laugh at the people's babble.

DEVEREUX.

If the business
Squares with one's honour—if that be quite certain—

BUTLER.

Set your hearts quite at ease. Ye save for Ferdinand
His crown and empire. The reward can be
No small one.

DEVEREUX.

And 'tis his purpose to dethrone the Emperor?

BUTLER.

Yes!—Yes!—to rob him of his crown and life.

DEVEREUX.

And he must fall by the executioner's hands,
Should we deliver him up to the Emperor
Alive?

BUTLER.

It were his certain destiny.

DEVEREUX.

Well! Well! Come then, Macdonald, he shall not
Lie long in pain.

*[Exeunt Butler through one door, Macdonald and Devereux
through the other.]*

SCENE III.

*Scene—a Gothic and gloomy apartment at the Duchess Friedland's.
THEKLA on a seat, pale, her eyes closed. The DUCHESS and LADY
NEUBRUNN busied about her. WALLENSTEIN and the COUNTESS
in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she it so soon?

COUNTESS.

She seems to have
Foreboded some misfortune. The report
Of an engagement, in the which had fallen
A colonel of the Imperial army, frightened her.
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet
The Swedish courier, and with sudden questioning,

Soon wrested from him the disastrous secret.
 Too late we missed her, hastened after her,
 We found her lying in his arms, all pale
 And in a swoon.

WALLENSTEIN.

A heavy, heavy blow!

And she so unprepared! Poor child! How is it?
 [turning to the Duchess.

Is she coming to herself?

DUCHESS.

Her eyes are opening.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA. (*looking round her.*)

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN. (*steps to her, raising her up in his arms.*)

Come, cheerly, Thekla! be my own brave girl!

See, there's thy loving mother. Thou art in

Thy father's arms.

THEKLA. (*standing up.*)

Where is he? Is he gone?

DUCHESS.

Who gone, my daughter?

THEKLA.

He—the man who uttered

That word of misery.

DUCHESS.

O! think not of it,

My Thekla!

WALLENSTEIN

Give her sorrow leave to talk!

Let her complain—mingle your tears with hers,

For she hath suffered a deep anguish; but

She'll rise superior to it, for my Thekla

Hath all her father's unsubdued heart.

THEKLA.

I am not ill. See, I have power to stand.

Why does my mother weep? Have I alarmed her?

It is gone by—I recollect myself.

[*She casts her eyes round the room, as seeking some one.*

Where is he? Please you, do not hide him from me.

You see, I have strength enough : now I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No, never shall this messenger of evil
Enter again into thy presence, Thekla.

THEKLA.

My father—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest daughter !

THEKLA.

I'm not weak—

Shortly I shall be quite myself again.

You'll grant me one request ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Name it, my daughter.

THEKLA.

Permit the stranger to be called to me.
And grant me leave, that by myself I may
Hear his report and question him.

DUCHESS.

No, never !

COUNTESS.

'Tis not advisable—assent not to it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush ! Wherefore would'st thou speak with him, my daughter ?

THEKLA.

Knowing the whole, I shall be more collected ;
I will not be deceived. My mother wishes
Only to spare me. I will not be spared.
The worst is said already : I can hear
Nothing of deeper anguish !

COUNTESS *and* DUCHESS.

Do it not.

THEKLA.

The horror overpowered me by surprise.
My heart betrayed me in the stranger's presence ;
He was a witness of my weakness, yea,
I sank into his arms : and that has shamed me.
I must replace myself in his esteem,
And I must speak with him, perforce, that he,
The stranger, may not think ungently of me.

WALLENSTEIN.

I see she is in the right, and am inclined
To grant her this request of hers. Go, call him.

[*Lady Neubrunn goes to call him.*]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will be present—

THEKLA.

'Twere

More pleasing to me, if alone I saw him :
Trust me, I shall behave myself the more
Collectedly.

WALLENSTEIN.

Permit her her own will.

Leave her alone with him ; for there are sorrows,
Where, of necessity, the soul must be
Its own support. A strong heart will rely
On its own strength alone. In her own bosom,
Not in her mother's arms, must she collect
The strength to rise superior to this blow.
It is mine own brave girl. I'll have her treated
Not as the woman, but the heroine.

[*Going.*]COUNTESS. (*detaining him.*)

Where art thou going? I heard Tertsy say
That 'tis *thy* purpose to depart from hence
To-morrow early, but to leave us here.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye stay here, placed under the protection
Of gallant men.

COUNTESS.

O take us with you, brother,
Leave us not in this gloomy solitude
To brood o'er anxious thoughts. The mists of doubt
Magnify evils to a shape of horror.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks of evil? I entreat you, sister,
Use words of better omen.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with you.

O leave us not behind you in a place
That forces us to such sad omens. Heavy
And sick within me is my heart—

These walls breathe on me like a church-yard vault.
 I cannot tell you, brother, how this place
 Doth go against my nature. Take us with you.
 Come, sister, join you your entreaty!—Niece,
 Yours too. We all entreat you, take us with you!

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens will I change,
 Making it that which shields and shelters for me
 My best beloved.

NEUBRUNN. (*returning.*)

The Swedish officer.

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave her alone with him.

[*Exit.*

DUCHESS. (*to Thekla who starts and shivers.*)

There—pale as death!—Child, 'tis impossible
 That thou shouldst speak with him. Follow thy mother.

THEKLA.

The Lady Neubrunn then may stay with me.

[*Exeunt Duchess and Countess.*

SCENE IV.

THEKLA, *the SWEDISH CAPTAIN*, LADY NEUBRUNN.

CAPTAIN. (*respectfully approaching her.*)

Princess—I must entreat your gentle pardon—
 My inconsiderate rash speech—How could I—

THEKLA. (*with dignity.*)

You have beheld me in my agony,
 A most distressful accident occasioned
 You, from a stranger, to become at once
 My confidant.

CAPTAIN.

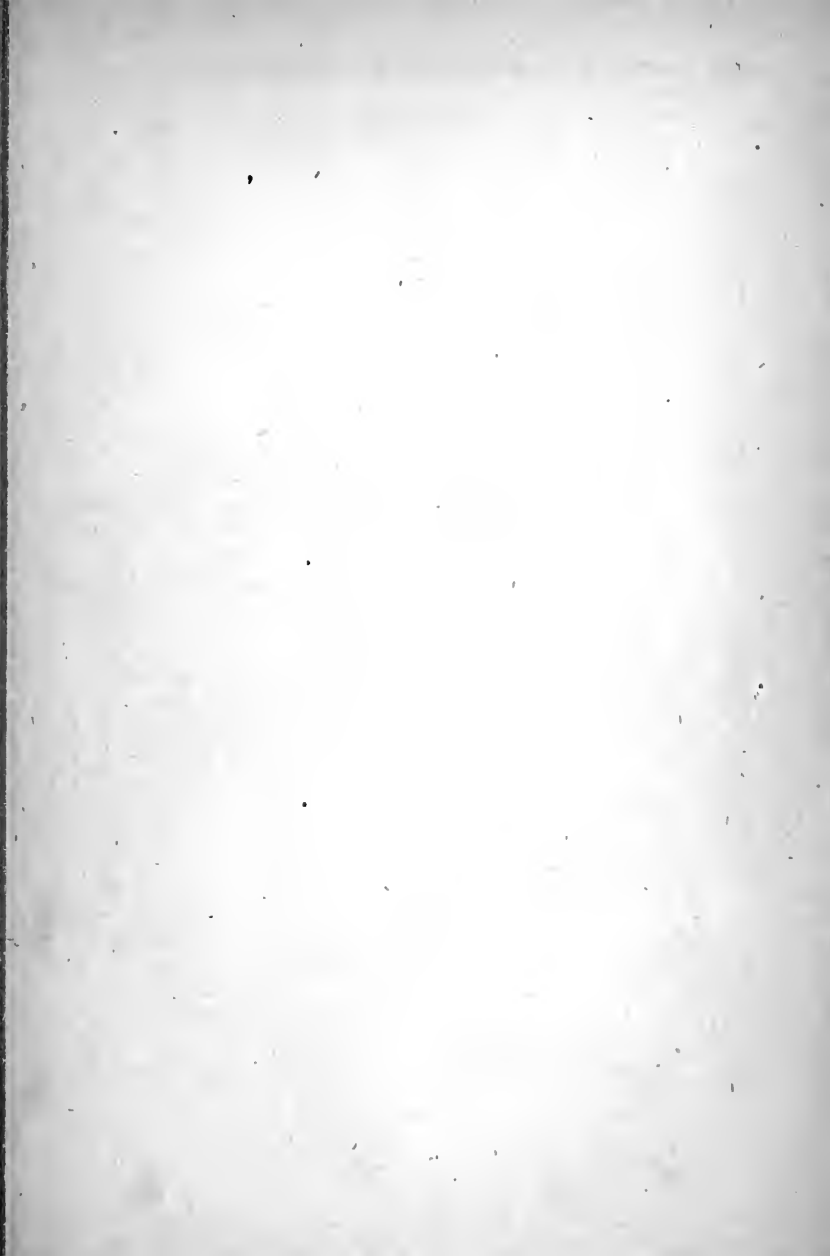
I fear you hate my presence,
 For my tongue spake a melancholy word.

THEKLA.

The fault is mine. Myself did wrest it from you.
 The horror which came o'er me interrupted
 Your tale at its commencement. May it please you,
 Continue it to the end.

CAPTAIN.

Princess, 'twill





Swedish Captain. Young Piccolomini,
Known by his plume
And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after. — *Death of Wallenstein.*

Renew your anguish.

THEKLA.

I am firm.—

I *will* be firm. Well—how began the engagement?

CAPTAIN.

We lay, expecting no attack, at Neustadt,
 Intrenched but insecurely in our camp,
 When towards evening rose a cloud of dust
 From the wood thitherward; our vanguard fled
 Into the camp, and sounded the alarm.
 Scarce had we mounted, ere the Pappenheimers,
 Their horses at full speed, broke thro' the lines,
 And leapt the trenches; but their heedless courage
 Had borne them onward far before the others—
 The infantry were still at distance, only
 The Pappenheimers followed daringly
 Their daring leader——

[Thekla betrays agitation in her gestures. The officer pauses till she makes a sign to him to proceed.]

Both in van and flanks,
 With our whole cavalry we now received them,
 Back to the trenches drove them, where the foot
 Stretched out a solid ridge of pikes to meet them:
 They neither could advance, nor yet retreat;
 And as they stood on every side wedged in,
 The Rhinegrave to their leader called aloud,
 Inviting a surrender; but their leader,
 Young Piccolomini—— *[Thekla, as giddy, grasps a chair.]*

Known by his plume,
 And his long hair, gave signal for the trenches;
 Himself leapt first, the regiment all plunged after.—
 His charger, by an halbert gored, reared up,
 Flung him with violence off, and over him
 The horses, now no longer to be curbed——

[Thekla, who has accompanied the last speech with all the marks of increasing agony, trembles through her whole frame, and is falling. The Lady Neubrunn runs to her, and receives her in her arms.]

NEUBRUNN,

My dearest Lady——

CAPTAIN.

I retire.

THEKLA.

'Tis over.

Proceed to the conclusion.

CAPTAIN.

Wild despair

Inspired the troops with frenzy when they saw
Their leader perish ; every thought of rescue
Was spurned ; they fought like wounded tigers ; their
Frantic resistance roused our soldiery ;
A murderous fight took place, nor was the contest
Finished before their last man fell.

THEKLA. (*faltering.*)

And where——

Where is--You have not told me all.

CAPTAIN. (*after a pause.*)

This morning

We buried him. Twelve youths of noblest birth
Did bear him to interment ; the whole army
Followed the bier. A laurel decked his coffin ;
The sword of the deceased was placed upon it,
In mark of honour, by the Rhinegrave's self.
Nor tears were wanting ; for there are among us
Many, who had themselves experienced
The greatness of his mind, and gentle manners ;
All were affected at his fate. The Rhinegrave
Would willingly have saved him ; but himself
Made vain th' attempt--'tis said he wished to die.
NEUBRUNN. (*to Thekla, who has hidden her countenance.*)
Look up, my dearest Lady——

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, Lady ; in a cloister church
Are his remains deposited, until
We can receive directions from his father.

THEKLA.

What is the cloister's name?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catharine's.

THEKLA.

And how far is it thither ?

CAPTAIN.

Near twelve leagues.

THEKLA.

And which the way ?

CAPTAIN.

You go by Tirschenreit

And Falkenberg, through our advanced posts.

THEKLA.

Who

Is their commander ?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Secken dorf.

[Thekla steps to the table, and takes a ring from a casket.

THEKLA.

You have beheld me in my agony,

And shown a feeling heart. Please you, accept

[giving him the ring.

A small memorial of this hour. Now go !

CAPTAIN. *(confused.)*

Princess———

[Thekla silently makes signs to him to go, and turns from him. The Captain lingers, and is about to speak. Lady Neubrunn repeats the signal, and he retires.

SCENE V.

THEKLA, LADY NEUBRUNN.

THEKLA. *(falls on Neubrunn's neck.)*

Now, gentle Neubrunn, show me the affection

Which thou hast ever promised—prove thyself

My own true friend and faithful fellow-pilgrim.

This night we must away !

NEUBRUNN.

Away ! and whither ?

THEKLA.

Whither ! There is but one place in the world.

Thither where he lies buried ! To his coffin !

NEUBRUNN.

What would you do there ?

THEKLA.

What do there?

That wouldst thou not have asked, hadst thou e'er loved.
 There, there is all that still remains of him.
 That single spot is the whole earth to me.

NEUBRUNN.

That place of death———

THEKLA.

Is now the only place
 Where life yet dwells for me : detain me not !
 Come and make preparations : let us think
 Of means to fly from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Your father's rage——

THEKLA.

That time is past———

And now I fear no human being's rage——

NEUBRUNN.

The sentence of the world ! The tongue of calumny !

THEKLA.

Whom am I seeking ? Him who is no more.
 Am I then hastening to the arms—O God !
 I haste but to the grave of the beloved.

NEUBRUNN.

And we alone, two helpless feeble women ?

THEKLA.

We will take weapons ; my arm shall protect thee

NEUBRUNN.

In the dark night-time ?

THEKLA.

Darkness will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

This rough tempestuous night———

THEKLA.

Had he a soft bed

Under the hoofs of his war-horses ?

NEUBRUNN.

Heaven !

And then the many posts of the enemy !—

THEKLA.

They are human beings. Misery travels free

Through the whole earth.

NEUBRUNN.

The journey's weary length——

THEKLA.

The pilgrim, travelling to a distant shrine
Of hope and healing, doth not count the leagues.

NEUBRUNN.

How can we pass the gates?

THEKLA.

Gold opens them.

Go, do but go.

NEUBRUNN.

Should we be recognized—

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman, a poor fugitive,
Will no one seek the daughter of Duke Friedland.

NEUBRUNN.

And where procure we horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My equerry procures them. Go and fetch him.

NEUBRUNN.

Dares he, without the knowledge of his lord?

THEKLA.

He will. Go, only go. Delay no longer.

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady! and your mother?

THEKLA.

Oh! my mother!

NEUBRUNN.

So much as she has suffered too already;
Your tender mother—Ah! how ill prepared
For this last anguish!

THEKLA.

Woe is me! my mother!

Go instantly.

NEUBRUNN.

But think what you are doing!

THEKLA.

What *can* be thought, already has been thought.

NEUBRUNN.

And being there, what purpose you to do?

THEKLA.

There a Divinity will prompt my soul.

NEUBRUNN.

Your heart, dear lady, is disquieted !
And this is not the way that leads to quiet.

THEKLA.

To a deep quiet, such as he has found,
It draws me on, I know not what to name it ;
Resistless does it draw me to his grave.
There will my heart be eased, my tears will flow.
O hasten, make no further questioning !
There is no rest for me till I have left
'These walls—they fall in on me—A dim power
Drives me from hence—Oh mercy ! What a feeling !
What pale and hollow forms are those ! They fill,
They crowd the place ! I have no longer room here !
Mercy ! Still more ! More still ! The hideous swarm !
They press on me ; they chase me from these walls—
Those hollow, bodiless forms of living men !

NEUBRUNN.

You frighten me so, lady, that no longer
I dare stay here myself. I go and call
Rosenberg instantly. [Exit Lady Neubrunn.]

SCENE VI.

THEKLA.

His spirit 'tis that calls me : 'tis the troop
Of his true followers, who offered up
Themselves t' avenge his death ; and they accuse me
Of an ignoble loitering—*they* would not
Forsake their leader even in death—*they* died for him !
And shall *I* live?—

For me, too, was that laurel garland twined
That decks his bier. Life is an empty casket.
I throw it from me. O, my only hope ;
To die beneath the hoofs of trampling steeds—
That is the lot of heroes upon earth !

(*The curtain drops.*)

[Exit Thekla.]

ACT V.

Scene—a Saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the back-ground.

SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN (*sitting at a table*), the SWEDISH CAPTAIN (*standing before him*).

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrendered to you,
On your arrival.

[*The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Tertsky enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Com'st thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTESS.

My sister tells me she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften.

She will shed tears.

COUNTESS.

I find thee altered too,
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,

Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband.

COUNTESS.

At a banquet—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN. (*rises and strides across the saloon.*)
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee.

WALLENSTEIN. (*moves to the window.*)

There is a busy motion in the Heaven,
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast fly the clouds, the sickle of the moon,*
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimm'ring yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (*a pause.*) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into
the distance.*]

COUNTESS. (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.*)
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks,

If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

* These four lines are expressed in the original with exquisite felicity.

Am Himmel ist geschäftige Bewegung,
Des Thurmes Fahne jagt der Wind, schnell geht
Der Wolken Zug, die Mondes-fichel wankt,
Und durch die Nacht ungewisse Helle.

The word 'moon-sickle' reminds me of a passage in Harris, as quoted by Johnson, under the word 'falcated.' 'The enlightened part of the moon appears in the form of a sickle or reaping-hook, which is while she is moving from the conjunction to the opposition, or from the new moon to the full; but from full to a new again, the enlightened part appears gibbous, and the dark *falcated*.'

The words 'wanken' and 'schweben' are not easily translated. The English words, by which we attempt to render them, are either vulgar or pedantic, or not of sufficiently general application.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN. (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess.*)

See him again? O never, never again.

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom mean'st thou then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!

For him there is no longer any future—

His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,

And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour

Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.

Far off is he, above desire and fear;

No more submitted to the change and chance

Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well

With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour,

Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us!

COUNTESS.

Thou speakest

Of Piccolomini. What was his death?

The courier had just left thee, as I came.

[*Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*]

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,

Let us look forward into sunny days.

Welcome with joyous heart the victory,

Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,

For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;

To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down, I know;

What pang is permanent with man? From th' highest,

As from the vilest thing of every day,

He learns to wean himself; for the strong hours

Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost

In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.

For O! he stood beside me like my youth,
 Transformed for me the real to a dream,
 Clothing the palpable and the familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
 The *beautiful* is vanished—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

O be not treacherous to thy own power,
 Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
 Itself. Thou lov'st and prizest virtues in him,
 The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN. (*stepping to the door.*)

Who interrupts us now at this late hour?
 It is the Governor. He brings the keys
 Of the Citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

O 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee—
 A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
 Never more find thee?

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

O my soul

Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings.
 And if I combat and repel them waking,
 They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
 I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
 Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favourable omen,
 That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
 In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
 It was no more a chamber, the Chartreuse
 At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded,
 And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be

Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What, dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices
Yet I would not call *them*
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events ;
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
That which we read of the fourth Henry's death,
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravailac armed himself therewith,
His quiet mind forsook him ; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air ; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival ;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet, that ev'n then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*

The voice within thy soul bodes nothing ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.

Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time

I hastened after thee, and thou ran'st from me
Thro' a long suit, thro' many a spacious hall.
There seemed no end of it—doors creaked and clapped ;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee ;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind—the hand was cold that grasped me—

'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelope us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tap'stry of my chamber.

COUNTESS. (*gazing on him.*)

If it should come to that—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life—

[*She falls on his breast and weeps.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee—
Alphabets wound not—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken—

I bear about me my support and refuge. [*Exit Countess.*]

SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN, GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

All quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear a boisterous music! and the Castle
Is lighted up. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

There is a banquet given at the Castle
To the Count Tertsky and Field-Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN.

In honour of the victory.—This tribe
Can show their joy in nothing else but feasting.

[*Rings. The Groom of the Chamber enters.*]

Unrobe me. I will lay me down to sleep.

[*Wallenstein takes the keys from Gordon.*]

So we are guarded from all enemies,
And shut in with sure friends.

For all must cheat me, or a face like this

[*Fixing his eye on Gordon.*]

Was ne'er an hypocrite's mask.

[*The Groom of the Chamber takes off his mantle, collar, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Take care—what is that?

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

The golden chain is snapped in two.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, it has lasted long enough. Here—give it.

[*He takes and looks at the chain.*

'Twas the first present of the Emperor.

He hung it round me in the war of Friule,

He being then Archduke ; and I have worn it

Till now from habit———

From superstition if you will. Belike,

It was to be a Talisman to me,

And while I wore it on my neck in faith,

It was to chain to me all my life long,

The volatile fortune, whose first pledge it was.

Well, be it so ! Henceforward a new fortune

Must spring up for me ; for the potency

Of this charm is dissolved.

[*Groom of the Chamber retires with the vestments, Wallenstein rises, takes a stride across the room, and stands at last before Gordon in a posture of meditation.*

How the old time returns upon me ! I

Behold myself once more at Burgau, where

We two were pages of the court together.

We oftentimes disputed : thy intention

Was ever good ; but thou wert wont to play

The moralist and preacher, and wouldst rail at me—

That I strove after things too high for me,

Giving my faith to bold unlawful dreams,

And still extol to me the golden mean.

—Thy wisdom hath been proved a thriftless friend

To thy own self. See, it has made thee early

A superannuated man, and (but

That my munificent stars will intervene)

Would let thee in some miserable corner

Go out, like an untended lamp.

GORDON.

My Prince !

With light heart the poor fisher moors his boat,
And watches from the shore the lofty ship
Stranded amid the storm.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already
In harbour then, old man? Well! I am not.
The unconquered spirit drives me o'er life's billows;
My planks still firm, my canvas swelling proudly.
Hope is my goddess still, and youth my inmate;
And while we stand thus front to front almost,
I might presume to say, that the swift years
Have passed by powerless o'er my unblanched hair.

*[He moves with long strides across the saloon, and remains on
the opposite side, over against Gordon.]*

Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
Took me from out the common ranks of men,
And, like a mother goddess, with strong arm,
Carried me swiftly up the steps of life,
Nothing is common in my destiny,
Nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
Interpret then my life for me, as 'twere
One of the undistinguishable many?
True, in this present moment I appear
Fallen low indeed; but I shall rise again.
The high flood will soon follow on this ebb;
The fountain of my fortune, which now stops,
Repressed and bound by some malicious star,
Will soon in joy play forth from all its pipes.

GORDON.

And yet remember I the good old proverb,
'Let the night come before we praise the day.'
I would be slow from long-continued fortune
To gather hope; for hope is the companion
Given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.
Fear hovers round the head of prosperous men;
For still unsteady are the scales of fate.

WALLENSTEIN. (*smiling.*)

I hear the very Gordon that of old
Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching;
I know well, that all sublunary things

Are still the vassals of vicissitude.
 The unpropitious gods demand their tribute.
 This, long ago, the ancient Pagans knew ;
 And therefore of their own accord they offered
 To themselves injuries, so to atone
 The jealousies of their divinities ;
 And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

[*After a pause, serious, and in a more subdued manner.*

I too have sacrificed to him—For me
 There fell the dearest friend ; and through my fault
 He fell ! No joy from favourable fortune
 Can overweigh the anguish of this stroke.
 The envy of my destiny is gluttoned :
 Life pays for life. On this pure head the lightning
 Was drawn off, which would else have shattered *me*.

SCENE III.

To these enter SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni? and beside himself,
 If one may trust his looks ! What brings thee hither
 At this late hour, Baptista ?

SENI.

Terror, Duke !

On thy account.

WALLENSTEIN.

What now ?

SENI.

Flee ere the day break !

Trust not thy person to the Swedes !

WALLENSTEIN.

What now

Is in thy thoughts ?

SENI. (*with louder voice.*)

Trust not thy person to these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it then ?

SENI. (*still more urgently.*)

O wait not the arrival of these Swedes !

An evil near at hand is threatening thee
 From false friends. All the signs stand full of horror !
 Near, near at hand the net-work of perdition—
 Yea, even now 'tis being cast around thee !

WALLENSTEIN.

Baptista, thou art dreaming !—Fear befools thee.

SENI.

Believe not that an empty fear deludes me.
 Come, read it in the planetary aspects ;
 Read it thyself, that ruin threatens thee
 From false friends !

WALLENSTEIN.

From the falseness of my friends
 Has risen the whole of my unprosperous fortunes.
 The warning should have come before ! At present
 I need no revelation from the stars
 To know that.

SENI.

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes !
 A fearful sign stands in the house of life ;
 An enemy, a fiend lurks close behind
 The radiance of thy planet—O be warned !
 Deliver not thyself up to these heathens
 To wage a war against our holy church.

WALLENSTEIN. (*laughing gently.*)

The oracle rails that way ! Yes, yes ! Now
 I recollect. This junction with the Swedes
 Did never please thee—lay thyself to sleep,
 Baptista ! Signs like these I do not fear.

GORDON. (*who during the whole of this dialogue has shown
 marks of extreme agitation, and now turns to Wallenstein.*)
 My Duke and General ! May I dare presume ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

What ? if 'twere no mere creation
 Of fear, if God's high providence vouchsafed
 To interpose its aid for your deliverance,
 And made that mouth its organ.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye're both feverish !

How can mishap come to me from the Swedes ?
They sought this junction with me—'tis their interest.

GORDON. (*with difficulty suppressing his emotion.*)

But what if the arrival of these Swedes—
What if this were the very thing that winged
The ruin that is flying to your temples ?

[*flings himself at his feet.*]

There is yet time, my Prince——

SENI.

O hear him ! hear him !

GORDON. (*rises.*)

The Rhinegrave's still far off. Give but the order—
This citadel shall close its gates upon him.
If, then, he will besiege us, let him try it.
But this I say ; he'll find his own destruction
With his whole force before these ramparts, sooner
Than weary down the valour of our spirit.
He shall experience what a band of heroes,
Inspired by an heroic leader,
Is able to perform. And if indeed
It be thy serious wish to make amend
For that which thou hast done amiss,—this, this
Will touch and reconcile the Emperor,
Who gladly turns his heart to thoughts of mercy ;
And Friedland, who returns repentant to him,
Will stand yet higher in his Emperor's favour,
Than e'er he stood when he had never fallen.

WALLENSTEIN. (*contemplates him with surprise, remains silent awhile,
betraying strong emotion.*)

Gordon—your zeal and fervour lead you far.
Well, well—an old friend has a privilege.
Blood, Gordon, has been flowing. Never, never
Can the Emperor pardon me : and if he could,
Yet I—I ne'er could let myself be pardoned.
Had I foreknown what now has taken place,
That he, my dearest friend, would fall for me,
My first death-offering ; and had the heart
Spoken to me, as now it has done—Gordon,
It may be, I might have bethought myself.
It may be too, I might not.—Might, or might not,
Is now an idle question. All too seriously

Has it begun, to end in nothing, Gordon !

Let it then have its course. [stepping to the window.

All dark and silent—at the Castle too

All is now hush'd—Light me, Chamberlain !

[*The Groom of the Chamber, who had entered during the last dialogue, and had been standing at a distance and listening to it with visible expressions of the deepest interest, advances in extreme agitation, and throws himself at the Duke's feet.*

And thou too ! But I know why thou dost wish

My reconciliation with the Emperor.

Poor man ! he hath a small estate in Cärnthem,

And fears it will be forfeited because

He's in my service. Am I then so poor,

That I no longer can indemnify

My servants ? Well ! to no one I employ

Means of compulsion. If 'tis thy belief

That fortune has fled from me, go ! Forsake me.

This night for the last time mayst thou unrobe me,

And then go over to thy Emperor.

Gordon, good night ! I think to make a long

Sleep of it ; for the struggle and the turmoil

Of this last day or two was great. May't please you,

Take care that they awake me not too early.

[*Exit Wallenstein, the Groom of the Chamber lighting him. Seni follows. Gordon remains on the darkened stage, following the Duke with his eye, till he disappears at the farther end of the gallery ; then by his gestures the old man expresses the depth of his anguish, and stands leaning against a pillar.*

SCENE IV.

GORDON, BUTLER (*at first behind the scenes.*)

BUTLER (*not yet come into view of the stage.*)
Here stand in silence till I give the signal.

GORDON. (*starts up.*)
'Tis he, he has already brought the murderers.

BUTLER.
The lights are out. All lies in profound sleep.

GORDON.

What shall I do, shall I attempt to save him?
Shall I call up the house? Alarm the guards?

BUTLER. (*appears but scarcely on the stage.*)
A light gleams hither from the corridor,
It leads directly to the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break my oath to the Emperor!
If he escape and strengthen the enemy,
Do I not hereby call down on my head
All the dread consequences?

BUTLER. (*stepping forward.*)

Hark! Who speaks there?

GORDON.

'Tis better, I resign it to the hands
Of Providence. For what am I, that *I*
Should take upon myself so great a deed?
I have not murdered him, if he be murdered;
But all his rescue were *my* act and deed;
Mine—and whatever be the consequences,
I must sustain them.

BUTLER (*advances*).

I should know that voice.

GORDON.

Butler!

BUTLER.

'Tis Gordon. What do *you* want here?
Was it so late, then, when the Duke dismissed you?

GORDON.

Your hand bound up and in a scarf?

BUTLER.

'Tis wounded.

That Illo fought as he was frantic, till
At last we threw him on the ground.

GORDON. (*shuddering.*)

Both dead?

BUTLER.

Is he in bed?

GORDON.

Ah, Butler!

BUTLER.

Is he? speak.

GORDON.

He shall *not* perish! Not through you! The Heaven
Refuses *your* arm. See—'tis wounded!—

BUTLER.

There is no need of *my* arm.

GORDON.

The most guilty
Have perished, and enough is given to justice.

[*The Groom of the Chamber advances from the gallery, with
his finger on his mouth commanding silence.*

GORDON.

He sleeps! O murder not the holy sleep!

BUTLER.

No! he shall die awake.

[*is going.*

GORDON.

His heart still cleaves
To earthly things; he's not prepared to step
Into the presence of his God!

BUTLER. (*going.*)

God's merciful!

GORDON. (*holds him.*)

Grant him but this night's respite.

BUTLER. (*hurrying off.*)

The next moment

May ruin all.

GORDON. (*holds him still.*)

One hour!—

BUTLER.

Unhold me! What
Can that short respite profit him?

GORDON.

O—Time

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they,
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! *Your* heart may change its purpose,
His heart may change its purpose—some new tidings
May come; some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue him! O what

May not one hour achieve !

BUTLER.

You but remind me,
How precious every minute is ! *[He stamps on the floor.]*

SCENE V.

To these enter MACDONALD, and DEVEREUX, with the Halberdiers.

GORDON. *(throwing himself between him and them.)*

No, monster !

First over my dead body thou shalt tread.

I will not live to see the accursed deed !

BUTLER. *(forcing him out of the way.)*

Weak-hearted dotard !

[Trumpets are heard in the distance.]

DEVEREUX and MACDONALD.

Hark ! The Swedish trumpets
The Swedes before the ramparts ! Let us hasten !

GORDON. *(rushes out.)*

O God of mercy !

BUTLER. *(calling after him.)*

Governor, to your post !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. *(hurries in.)*

Who dares make larum here ? Hush ! the Duke sleeps.

DEVEREUX. *(with loud harsh voice.)*

Friend, it is time now to make larum.

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER.

Help !

Murder !

BUTLER.

Down with him !

GROOM OF THE CHAMBER. *(run through the body by Devereux, falls at the entrance of the gallery.)*

Jesus Maria !

BUTLER.

Burst the doors open !

[They rush over the body into the gallery—two doors are heard to crash one after the other—voices deadened by the distance—clash of arms—then all at once a profound silence.]

SCENE VI.

COUNTESS TERTSKY. (*with a light.*)

Her bed-chamber is empty ; she herself
 Is nowhere to be found ! The Neubrunn too,
 Who watched by her, is missing. If she should
 Be flown—But whither flown ? We must call up
 Every soul in the house. How will the Duke
 Bear up against these worst bad tidings ? O
 If that my husband now were but returned
 Home from the banquet : Hark ! I wonder whether
 The Duke is still awake ! I thought I heard
 Voices and tread of feet here ! I will go
 And listen at the door. Hark ! What is that ?
 'Tis hastening up the steps !

SCENE VII.

COUNTESS, GORDON.

GORDON. (*rushes in out of breath.*)

'Tis a mistake,

'Tis not the Swedes—Ye must proceed no further,
 Butler ! O God ! Where is he ?

[*Then observing the Countess.*

Countess ! Say——

COUNTESS.

You are come then from the Castle ? Where's my husband ?

GORDON. (*in an agony of affright.*)

Your husband—Ask not !—To the Duke—

COUNTESS.

Not till

You have discovered to me——

GORDON.

On this moment

Does the world hang. For God's sake ! to the Duke.

While we are speaking—

[*calling loudly.*

Butler ! Butler ! God !

COUNTESS.

Why, he is at the Castle with my husband.

[*Butler comes from the gallery.*

GORDON.

'Tis a mistake—'Tis not the Swedes—It is
The Imperialist's Lieutenant-General
Has sent me hither, will be here himself
Instantly.—You must not proceed.

BUTLER.

He comes

Too late.

[*Gordon dashes himself against the wall.*]

GORDON.

O God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What too late?

Who will be here himself? Octavio

In Egra? Treason! Treason! Where's the Duke?

[*She rushes to the gallery.*]

SCENE VIII.

Servants run across the stage full of terror. The whole scene must be spoken entirely without pauses.

SENI. (*from the gallery.*)

O bloody frightful deed!

COUNTESS.

What is it, Seni?

PAGE. (*from the gallery.*)

O piteous sight!

[*Other servants hasten in with torches.*]

COUNTESS.

What is it? For God's sake!

SENI.

And do you ask?

Within the Duke lies murdered—and your husband

Assassinated at the Castle. [*The Countess stands motionless.*]FEMALE SERVANT. (*rushing across the stage.*)

Help! Help! the Duchess!

BURGOMASTER. (*enters.*)

What mean these confused

Loud cries, that wake the sleepers of this house?

GORDON.

Your house is cursed to all eternity.

In your house doth the Duke lie murdered!

BURGOMASTER. (*rushing out.*)

Heaven forbid!

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly! fly! they murder us all!

SECOND SERVANT. (*carrying silver plate.*)

That way! The lower

Passages are blocked up.

VOICE. (*from behind the scene.*)

Make room for the Lieutenant-General!

[*At these words the Countess starts from her stupor, collects herself, and retires suddenly.*]

VOICE. (*from behind the scene.*)

Keep back the people! Guard the door.

SCENE IX.

To these enter OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI with all his train. At the same time DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from out the Corridor with the Halberdiers. WALLENSTEIN'S dead body is carried over the back part of the stage wrapped in a piece of crimson tapestry.

OCTAVIO. (*entering abruptly.*)

It must not be! It is not possible!

Butler! Gordon!

I'll not believe it. Say no!

[*Gordon, without answering, points with his hand to the body of Wallenstein as it is carried over the back of the stage. Octavio looks that way, and stands overpowered with horror.*]

DEVEREUX. (*to Butler.*)

Here is the golden fleece—the Duke's sword—

MACDONALD.

Is it your order?

BUTLER. (*pointing to Octavio.*)

Here stands he who now

Hath the sole power to issue orders.

[*Devereux and Macdonald retire with marks of obeisance. One drops away after the other, till only Butler, Octavio, and Gordon remain on the stage.*]

OCTAVIO. (*turning to Butler.*)

Was that my purpose, Butler, when we parted?

O God of Justice!

To thee I lift my hand ! I am not guilty
Of this foul deed.

BUTLER.

Your *hand* is pure. You have
Availed yourself of mine.

OCTAVIO.

Merciless man !
Thus to abuse the orders of thy lord—
And stain thy Emperor's holy name with murder,
With bloody, most accursed assassination ?

BUTLER. (*calmly.*)

I've but fulfilled the Emperor's own sentence.

OCTAVIO.

O curse of kings,
Infusing a dread life into their words,
And linking to the sudden transient thought
The unchangeable, irrevocable deed.
Was there necessity for such an eager
Despatch? Could'st thou not grant the merciful
A time for mercy? Time is man's good angel.
To leave no interval between the sentence
And the fulfilment of it, doth beseem
God only, the immutable.

BUTLER.

For what
Rail you against me? What is my offence?
The empire from a fearful enemy
Have I delivered, and expect reward.
The single difference betwixt you and me
Is this: you placed the arrow in the bow;
I pulled the string. You sowed blood, and yet stand
Astonished that blood is come up. I always
Knew what I did, and therefore no result
Hath power to frighten or surprise my spirit;
Have you aught else to order; for this instant
I make my best speed to Vienna; place
My bleeding sword before my Emperor's throne,
And hope to gain the applause which undelaying
And punctual obedience may demand
From a just judge.

[*Exit Butler.*]

SCENE X.

To these enter the COUNTESS TERTSKY, *pale and disordered. Her utterance is slow and feeble, and unimpassioned.*

OCTAVIO. (*meeting her.*)

O Countess Tertsky! These are results
Of luckless unblest deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the fruits
Of your contrivances. The Duke is dead,
My husband too is dead, the Duchess struggles
In the pangs of death, my niece has disappeared.
This house of splendour, and of princely glory,
Doth now stand desolated: the affrighted servants
Rush forth thro' all its doors. I am the last
Therein; I shut it up, and here deliver
The keys.

OCTAVIO. (*with a deep anguish.*)

O Countess! my house too is desolate.

COUNTESS.

Who next is to be murdered? Who is next
To be maltreated? Lo! The Duke is dead.
The Emperor's vengeance may be pacified!
Spare the old servants; let not their fidelity
Be imputed to the faithful as a crime—
The evil destiny surprised my brother
Too suddenly: he could not think on them.

OCTAVIO.

Speak not of vengeance! Speak not of maltreatment!
The Emperor is appeased; the heavy fault
Hath heavily been expiated—nothing
Descended from the father to the daughter,
Except his glory and his services.
The Empress honours your adversity,
Takes part in your affliction, opens to you
Her motherly arms! Therefore no farther fears!
Yield yourself up in hope and confidence

To the Imperial grace !

COUNTESS. (*with her eye raised to heaven.*)
 To the grace and mercy of a greater Master
 Do I yield up myself.—Where shall the body
 Of the Duke have its place of final rest ?
 In the Chartreuse, which he himself did found
 At Gitschin, rests the Countess Wallenstein ;—
 And by her side, to whom he was indebted
 For his first fortunes, gratefully he wished
 He might sometime repose in death ! O let him
 Be buried there. And likewise, for my husband's
 Remains, I ask the like grace. The Emperor
 Is now proprietor of all our castles.
 This sure may well be granted us—one sepulchre
 Beside the sepulchres of our forefathers !

OCTAVIO.

Countess, you tremble, you turn pale.

COUNTESS. (*reassembles all her powers, and speaks with energy and dignity.*)

You think

More worthily of me, than to believe
 I would survive the downfall of my house.
 We did not hold ourselves too mean, to grasp
 After a monarch's crown—the crown did fate
 Deny, but not the feeling and the spirit
 That to the crown belong ! We deem a
 Courageous death more worthy of our free station
 Than a dishonoured life.—I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help ! help ! Support her !

COUNTESS.

Nay, it is too late.

In a few moments is my fate accomplished. [*Exit Countess.*]

GORDON.

O house of death and horrors !

[*An officer enters, and brings a letter with the great seal.*]

GORDON. (*steps forward and meets him.*)

What is this ?

It is the Imperial seal.

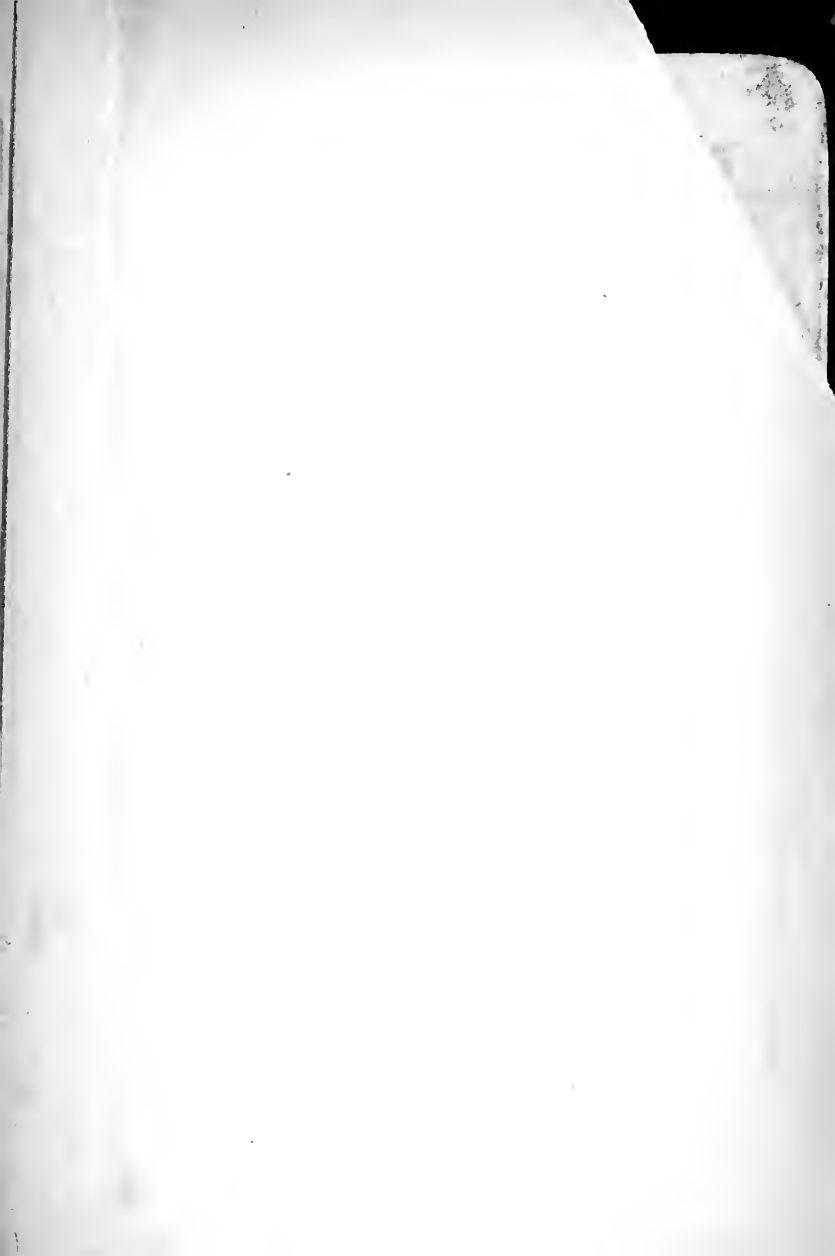
[*He reads the address, and delivers the letter to Octavio with a look of reproach, and with an emphasis on the word.*

To the Prince Piccolomini.

[*Octavio, with his whole frame expressive of sudden anguish, raises his eyes to heaven.*

The Curtain drops.

THE END.





Coleridge, Samuel Taylor
Poetical works

8

8--a

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