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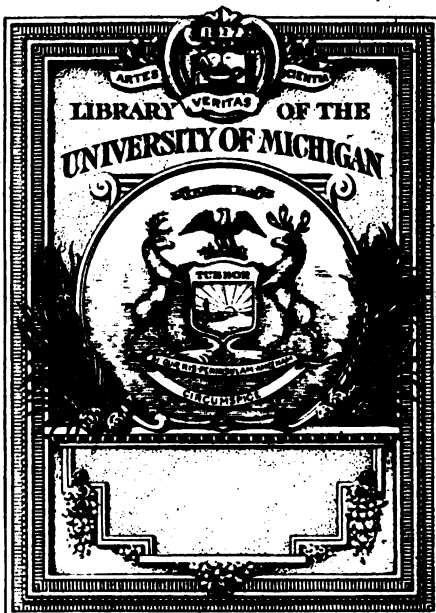
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POETICAL WORKS.







THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS COOPER.

LONDON :  
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,  
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1877.





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Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury.












## ADDRESS TO THE READER.

“THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES” has been several years out of print ; and, although the demand for it has been considerable, I could not sooner bring myself to consent to its re-issue, from a fear lest passages in the Poem which give me pain, by reminding me of past errors, might also give pain, and perhaps do harm, to others. Prolonged reflection leads me, at length, to the conclusion, that I ought to banish that fear, now such errors have been repeatedly confessed and openly abandoned.

Without hesitation I have expunged lines and stanzas which, I found, contained mis-statements of fact,—or which, I thought, violated right feeling. And I would most gladly have altered or obliterated verses which still are marked by momentous error, but saw that I could do neither without falsifying and changing altogether the character of my ‘Prison-Rhyme,’ a character naturally stamped on the book by the clime and circumstances under which it was produced.

So, with little alteration, “The Purgatory of Suicides” must remain as part of a Mind-history which, though faulty, will not, I trust, be without healthful value to some—especially if they regard that history’s sequel. For, I earnestly beg to have it remembered, that he who so irreverently expressed his sceptical thoughts and feelings in the gaol more than thirty years ago, has, for the last





twenty years, been traversing the entire length and breadth of Great Britain, devoting his whole life to preaching, lecturing, and writing, in explication and defence of the Evidences of Christianity,—and purposes, by divine help, to continue his labour of Duty, to the end of his earthly life.

Having said so much by way of apology for re-issuing my 'Purgatory,' should some good religious friends still cherish regret that I have consented to re-issue it, I take the liberty to remind them that my refusal could not prevent its being reprinted, at my death.

I am not disposed, however, to adopt the strain of mere apology in this Address to the Reader. I hold that the great cause of Human Freedom and Human Right demands that I do not help to consign my 'Prison-Rhyme' to oblivion. The oppression of the Poor drove me to champion their cause, and consigned me to a gaol; but the power of Oppression could not subdue me, and I must take care that the fact is preserved as a lesson to Oppressors in the Future. Nay, I feel I ought to say more: the gift of genius is God's gift, and ought not to be regarded carelessly and thanklessly by its possessor. I feel that I should be doing wrong, if I consented that my book should be thrown away. It does not contain one line of aspiration for Liberty which I would destroy—for my heart, thank God! beats as strongly for Human Freedom in my age, as it beat in my youth.

As for the denunciations of Priestcraft which abound in my book, I heartily avow that they have my conscientious and deliberate approval. The growth of Ritualism and revival of the Confessional in our own country, and the evil progress of Ultramontaniam and Jesuitism abroad, convince me that priests—whom I never confound with the real ministers of Christ—are still

"Dark ambidexters in the guilty game  
Of human subjugation"—

and I would not have one line obliterated wherein I have denounced their guilty game.

The intensity of feeling, shewn in Book III., towards the crooked course of Castlereagh and his compeers, can hardly be judged aright by those who are not old enough to remember their unrelenting efforts to crush the liberties of the people, under the corrupt regency and selfish reign of George IV. While few, save some aged working-men, can sympathize with the detestation, shewn in Books IV., V., and X., for the tyrannous discipline of the 'Bastiles,' or Union Workhouses erected under the New Poor Law of 1834. The vengeful feeling created, in our starved manufacturing districts, towards the harsh provisions of that Law, was the fiercest and bitterest I ever heard expressed by working men.

That we live in a world of change has been vividly brought to my mind, while reading the proof-sheets of this volume, as it passed through the press. One line of Stanza 9, in Book I.,—which was written in 1843,—reads now like a prophecy, under the remembrance of the political earthquake that shook Europe, in 1848. Still greater revolutionary changes have followed. The Second Empire has been swept away in France; and the strangling hands of Jesuits, Ultramontanes, and plotters for Despotism, are again on the throat of Freedom, in that beautiful but changeful land. Across the Atlantic, the Negro slavery, alluded to in Stanza 136 of Book I., and Stanzas 114 and 115 of Book X., has passed away, amidst a conflict which has largely transformed the social and political character of that great region of modern civilization. Newly enfranchised working men have not, hitherto, used their franchise over wisely, in our own dear land



but the institution of a great system of national education affords a cheering hope that their children will do better. Yet, before they can become men, that all Europe may again be torn with the convulsion of war, the present death-grapple of Russia with Turkey forewarns us. May Britain be preserved from the direful and destructive strife !

In the Autobiography which was published a few years ago, I described so fully how the idea of my 'Prison-Rhyme' arose in my mind, and the circumstances attending its composition, that I am unwilling to trespass further on the attention of readers, by adding to the already plentiful details. I only wish to say that there are many omissions in the *dramatis personæ* of my 'Purgatory.' From an article (written, I think, by Leigh Hunt) in the *Liberal*, a famous periodical, when I was young—I became acquainted with the suicide of Uriel Acosta. His *three* apostasies from Judaism, and other wondrous parts of his story, remained in my memory ; but, strange to say, by the lapse of years, I had forgot his name, and had no means of recovering it in the gaol. So I was prevented from making him an actor in my Poem. I afterwards thought of attempting to create a Drama out of his story ; and my wife's cousin, Dr. Boole—to whom I mentioned my intent in 1848—strongly urged me to carry out the intent ; but the mental struggles which followed broke my purpose. Clive was another suicide I ought to have introduced, and I regret that I omitted him. Of Silius Italicus the poet, and many other suicides omitted in my 'Purgatory,' the reader may find an interesting account in Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne"—one of the most splendid additions, I humbly judge, made to English literature in my time.

“THE PARADISE OF MARTYRS”—as I informed my readers when it appeared, in 1873—is but the half of an intended Poem. The Martyrs of the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and other countries were to have been actors and speakers in the after-half of the book. But a man in his seventy-third year begins to feel that his time is gone for rhyming—especially when he believes that he has an active work of imperative duty on his hands. So “The Paradise of Martyrs”—like so many other designs of poor mortals—must remain a fragment.

The “SMALLER PRISON-RHYMES” and “EARLY PIECES” are only furnished as *samples* of an article that I could have supplied in great plenty. I could easily have filled a portly volume with what are called “Fugitive Verses,” written at different periods of my life. But the shelves of booksellers groan with the weight of such un-saleable ‘goods’; and I am not desirous of increasing their unmarketable burthen.

THOMAS COOPER.

2, PORTLAND PLACE,  
ST. MARY'S STREET, LINCOLN,  
September 1st, 1877.







DEDICATORY SONNET.

—◆—  
TO THOMAS CARLYLE.

RIGHT noble age-fellow, whose speech and thought  
Proclaim thee other than the supple throng  
Who glide Life's custom-smoothed path along,—  
Prescription's easy slaves,—strangers to doubt,  
Because they never think !—a lay untaught  
I offer thee. Receive the humble song,—  
A tribute of the feeble to the strong  
Of inward ken,—for that the theme is fraught  
With dreams of Reason's high enfranchisement.  
Illustrious Schiller's limner, unto thee  
Mind's freedom must be precious,—or what lent  
His toil its light, and what fires thine? The free  
Of soul with quenchless zeal must ever glow  
To spread the freedom which their own minds know.

STAFFORD GAOL.  
*May 3, 1845.*



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## PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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THE following 'Prison-Rhyme,' part of an historical romance, a series of simple tales, and a small Hebrew guide, were the fruits of two years and eleven weeks' confinement in Stafford Gaol. The first idea of creating a poem, in which the spirits of suicides should be the actors or conversers, arose in my mind ten years ago ; but a line might never have been composed except for my imprisonment ; and the political strife in which I have been engaged has certainly given a form and colour to my thoughts which they could not have worn had my conceptions been realized at an earlier period. An individual who bent over *the last* and wielded *the owl* till three-and-twenty,—struggling, amidst weak health and deprivation, to acquire a knowledge of languages,—and whose experience in after-life was, at first, limited to the humble sphere of a schoolmaster, and never enlarged beyond that of a laborious worker on a newspaper, could scarcely have constructed a fabric of verse embodying more than a few poetical generalities. My persecutors have, at least, the merit of assisting to give a more robust character to my verse ; though I most assuredly owe them no love for the days and nights of agony I endured from neuralgia, rheumatism, and I know not what other torments, occasioned by a damp sleeping cell, added to the generally injurious influences of imprisonment.

I have not the slightest wish to enlarge on the circumstances of suffering under which my verses have been strung together : and only deprecate that severity of





criticism which a *Chartist* rhymist must expect to encounter, by observing that I am painfully conscious my book contains many passages correspondingly feeble with the debilitated state in which I often strove to urge on the completion of my design. For reasons that involve the fate of others, as well as my own, I cannot omit to add a few remarks in this preface relative to the causes of our imprisonment.

The first six stanzas of the following poem may be considered as embodying a speech I delivered to the Colliers on strike, in the Staffordshire Potteries, on the 15th of August, 1842. Without either purposing, aiding and abetting, or even knowing of an outbreak till it had occurred, I regret to add that my address was followed by the demolition and burning of several houses, and by other acts of violence. I, and others, were apprehended and tried. My first trial was for the most falsely alleged crime of burning and demolishing, or assisting to burn and demolish. Sir Wm. Follett, then Solicitor General, used every endeavour to procure a conviction. I pleaded my own cause, a number of respectable working-men proved my *alibi*, and Judge Tindal intimated his conviction that the evidence did *not* prove I was guilty. The jury returned a verdict in my favour; and I was thus saved from transportation, perhaps for the term of my natural life, but was remanded for trial on two other indictments.

In a few minutes, I met a melancholy proof of the extreme peril in which I had just been placed, for, on being taken back to the dungeon beneath the Court-House,—a filthy, stifling cell to which prisoners are brought from the gaol on the day of trial, and which, in the language of the degraded beings who usually occupy it, is called the 'glory-hole,'—I found William Ellis walking about the room, and on taking his hand and speaking to him for the first time in my life, I learned that *he* had just been sentenced to twenty-one years' transportation for a like alleged offence to that for which I had been tried and acquitted. Yet he assured me, in the most

solemn manner, that he was utterly innocent, and was asleep in his bed at Burslem, at the time it had been sworn he was on the scene of the fire at Hanley. The aged woman with whom he and his wife lodged made oath to the truth of this ; but in spite of corroborative proofs of his innocence, he was convicted on the strange testimony of *one man* who said that he first saw a tall figure with its back towards him, at the fires,—that he then, for a few moments, saw the *side face blacked*, of this figure,—and that he could swear it was Ellis ! On the false evidence of this man, alone, has poor Ellis been banished from his country,—leaving his wife and children to the bitterest contumely and insult from his enemies. Yet, he *had* committed a crime, and it was so indelibly chronicled in the memories of the Staffordshire magnates that the governor of Stafford Gaol reminded him of it, as soon as he was brought to prison. He had been guilty of an act of discourtesy to the High Sheriff of the County ! At a County Meeting called to congratulate the Queen on her ‘providential deliverance’ from ‘assassination’ by the silly boy, Oxford,—Ellis, at the head of the Chartists of the Potteries and the democratic shoemakers of Stafford, opposed the grandee when named as president of the meeting, succeeded in getting a working-man into the chair, by an overwhelming show of hands, and the intended ‘congratulation’ ended in nought. Such was poor Ellis’s *real* crime. Did it deserve twenty-one years’ transportation ? Let his bitterest enemies answer,—for even *they* are *now* professing their belief that Ellis was *not* at the fires.

I am, then, not the heaviest sufferer by false accusation,—yet I feel I have great cause to complain of the crookedness of their procedures on the part of our prosecutors ; and, though it may subject me to a sneer for squeamish taste, I cannot help observing that I could have submitted to imprisonment without giving the lawyers much trouble, if the proceedings against myself and others had been *less* crooked. When the third indictment against me was read,—for ‘sedition’ simply—I told the Judge that I

would at once plead 'guilty,' and give the court no further trouble, if he would, as a lawyer, assure me that it *was* sedition to advise men to 'cease labour until the People's Charter became the law of the land,'—for that I *had* so advised the Colliers in the Potteries, and would not deny it : but Sir Nicholas Tindal said he could *not* assure me that it was sedition !

After being at liberty some time, on bail, I was tried before Judge Erskine, for a 'seditious conspiracy' with William Ellis, John Richards, and Joseph Capper. Again, I felt discontent at the *crookedness* of the law or custom that rendered it possible for me to stand indicted for conspiracy with the poor exile, whom I had never seen nor communicated with in my life till we became prisoners. My discontent rose to stern resolve, however, as soon as I found, by the opening speech of counsel, that it was intended, by what I considered most villainous unfairness, to revive all the old charges of 'aiding to burn and demolish' in this second trial, although under an indictment for conspiracy only. My Judge acted worthily for one who bears the honoured name of Erskine, and allowed me all the fair-play an Englishman could desire who had to plead his 'own cause, without lawyer or counsel, against four regular gownsmen with horse-hair wigs. The struggle lasted ten days, and the county papers made testy complaints of "the insolent daring of a Chartist, who had thrown the whole county business of Staffordshire, and Shropshire, and Herefordshire into disorder;" but they were, of course, quite blind to the mean-spirited injustice which had girt me up to fight against it. We were found 'guilty,' as a matter of course, but the result was *to me* a victory; for I so completely succeeded in laying bare the falsehood of the witnesses who affirmed I had been seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the fires, that the jury told the judge they did not wish to have that part of his lordship's notes read to them which contained the evidence of the said witnesses, but preferred that his lordship should write "mistake" thereon instead. My aged friend John

Richards, and myself, were called up for judgment in the Court of Queen's Bench some weeks after, and Lord Denman, Sir John Patteson, and Sir John Williams there read out the word "mistake," as inserted in Judge Erskine's notes; and thus openly proclaimed the fact that my enemies had failed in their attempt to fix the brand of felony upon me.

I make no doubt but that many will be disposed still to think and say, that however far I might be from intending to excite to violence, since violence followed my address, it is but just that I have suffered for it. I beg to say, however, that I hold a very contrary opinion. If an Englishman excites his wronged fellow-countrymen to a legal and constitutional course, (and Lord Chief Justice Tindal told the Stafford jury that now the old Combination Act was abolished, it *was* perfectly legal and constitutional for men to agree to cease labour, until the People's Charter became law,) it surely is not the person who so excites them that ought to be held responsible for the violence they may commit under an enraged sense of wrong, but *the Government who wrongs them*. I appeal to Englishmen of all shades of politics whether this is not the judgment we pass on all the *fortunate* revolutions that have occurred in our history.

Yet Sir William Follett, who *again* used his decaying strength, the hour before judgment was passed upon us in the Bench, pointed to me with an austere look, and said, "This man is the chief author of the violence that occurred, and I conjure your lordships to pass a severe sentence on the prisoner Cooper."

Scarcely three years have passed, and the great lawyer is no more. He wronged me, but I think of him with no vindictive feeling, for my imprisonment has opened to me a nobler source of satisfaction than *he* could ever derive from all his honours. He amassed wealth, but the *Times* alluding to the "frequent unhappy disappointments occasioned by Sir William Follett's non-attendance on cases he undertook to plead, says—"So often did they occur, that solicitors and clients, in the agony of disaster



and defeat, were in the habit of saying that Sir William often took briefs when he must have known that he could not attend in court : and as barristers never return fees, the suitor sometimes found that he lost his money and missed his advocate at a moment when he could badly spare either." I am poor, and have been plunged into more than two hundred pounds' debt by the persecution of my enemies ; but I have the consolation to know that my course was dictated by heartfelt zeal to relieve the sufferings and oppressions of my fellow-men. He was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave ; and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it : the self-educated shoe-maker has also reared his ;—and, despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty, and suffering, and wrong, it will outlast the posthumous stone-block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer.

134, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON

*August 1, 1845.*



# PROËME.

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## BOOK I.

EXORDIUM.—Chartist address to the Potters and Colliers, on strike, at Hanley, 15th August, 1842—Author's imprisonment. DREAM.—Voyage of Death and souls of Suicides—Landing on the Purgatorial shore—Tortuous journey—Cavern of wonders—Central dome—Hall of Suicide Kings—Its hieroglyphic shapes. Array of Suicide Spirits: Sardanapalus, Chow-Sin, Cambes, Ædipus, Nauplius, Ægeus, Saul, Zimri, Ajax Telamon, Codrus, Lycurgus, Charondas, Appius Claudius, Antony, Nero, Otho, Maximian, Bonosus, Mithridates, Juba, Nicocles, his wife and daughters, Althæa, Dido, Sisygambis, Cleopatra, Boadicea. Debate of Sardanapalus, Chow-Sin, Antony, Nero, Maximjan, Mithridates and Lycurgus, on the prospect of an annihilation of Evil, and the universal reign of Goodness and Happiness, on earth and in Hades.

## BOOK II.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to the Shades of English Poets: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Byron, Shelley, Milton. DREAM.—Milton's spirit guides the dreamer to limbo, in the Purgatorial land—Vision of the Mount of Vanity, and crowds of toiling spirits, the Suicides of Fanaticism. Dialogue of Empedocles and Cleombrotus: arrival of Calanus, the Indian Suicide, and his discourse on the coming triumph of Goodness.

## BOOK III.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to the Sun—Memory of a mother—Ancient Sun-worship—Allusion to Christ. DREAM.—Vision of a wild lake in Purgatorial land—Appearance of the spirit of Judas Iscariot—His words of horror—His cave of gigantic snakes—Prostrate form of the Suicide of Cray—Fierce dialogue of Judas and Castlereagh, who relates his vision of 'the Radiant Boy'—Judas mocks his suffering, and reminds him of his treason to Ireland, his Oppression of the Poor, and his courtier fawning on the wicked king—Castlereagh's defence of the memory of his royal master, and fierce retort on Judas, and His treason—Rage of Iscariot—Subsides into penitent sorrow—His eulogy of Christ—Judas renews his mad rage, until Castlereagh flees, horror-stricken.



## PROËME.

### BOOK IV.

EXORDIUM.—Lines to the Robin Redbreast, a prison-visitor—Allusion to the degradation of the English poor, under the new Poor Law of 1834. DREAM.—Vision of a woodland scene in the Purgatorial land of Suicide Poets—The shade of Chatterton, and his harp-theme—Funerbal avenue of trees, and monumental form of Sappho—Awakes to life, and hymns her unrequited love of Phaon—Dialogue of Lucretius and Sappho—The Herald-ghost of Lucan summons the spirits of Suicidal Poets to an assembly in the Hall of Kings, and they depart.

### BOOK V.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to Night—The festal season of sin—Allusion to the oppressed poor of England. DREAM.—Vision, in Purgatorial land, of a barren plain, with its broken monuments—The stone cirque, and assembly of Suicides of the French Revolution—Speeches of Buzot, Condorcet, Roland, Pétion, Valazé, and Le Bas—Interruption of their sceptical reasonings by the sudden appearance of Samson—His stern reproof of the blasphemers, and evanishment—Speeches of Babœuf and Condorcet.

### BOOK VI.

EXORDIUM.—Prisoner's thoughts, as he sees from the barred window of his sleeping cell, an insane murderer taken, in funeral procession, to be executed—Allusion to Christ—Struggle with sceptical thoughts. DREAM.—Vision of a larger assembly in the Hall of Kings—Allegoric thrones of the new Suicidal Spirits: Demosthenes, Isocrates, Themistocles, Diæus, Zeno, Cato, Marcus Curtius, Brutus and Cassius, Caius Gracchus, Carbo, Marius the younger, Photius, Hannibal, Achitophel, Eleazar the Maccabee, Razis, Arbogastes the Frank. Renewed debate of spirits—Speeches of Mithridates and Cleanthes—Jeering, disgrace, and evanishment of Appius Claudius—Speech of Hannibal—Evanishment of the spirits of Nero and Bonosus—Speeches of Caius Gracchus, Demosthenes, Themistocles, Saul, Achitophel, Eleazar, Nicocles, and Otho—Disgrace and evanishment of the spirit of Achitophel—Speech of Mithridates, and summary reply of Lycurgus, who announces that the end of Evil, and the reign of Goodness, on earth and in Hades, are near.

### BOOK VII.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to London—Marriage of Queen Victoria—Whitehall—The Mall—Duke of York's column—St. Paul's, and its monuments of warriors, with Howard, Reynolds, Jones, and Johnson—Westminster Abbey. DREAM.—Vision of a waste, in Purgatorial land, with spirits of the Suicides of Vice and Folly—Speeches of Mordaunt, Petronius Arbitrator, Villeneuve, Apicius, Sophonius Tigellinus, Vatel, and Lumley, earl of Scarborough—Herald-ghost of Robert-le-Diable summons the Suicide Spirits to the final assembly at the Hall of Kings—refusal of Apicius and Tigellinus—The rest depart.

## PROËME.

### BOOK VIII.

EXORDIUM.—Organ melodies heard by the prisoner, from the Gaol chapel—Aspirations for the future happiness of England—Memory of an aged fellow-prisoner. DREAM.—Vision of a waste, in the Purgatorial land of the Suicides of Sorrow—Cavern of Darkness—Sculptured forms of sadness: Orpheus, Galatea and Acis, Hero and Leander, Artemisia, Æschylus, Socrates, the child of Pollio, Agelastus, Agamedes and Trophonius, Bion and Cleobis, Praxiteles, Phaëthon, voyagers by Scylla and Charybdis—Hymn of Sorrow—Crowds of the Suicides of Sorrow: Cimbri, Xanthians, Saguntines, and Jews of York. Dialogue of Pontalba and Atticus—Speeches of Menedemus and Vibius Varius—Herald-ghost of Quintilius Varus summons the Suicide Spirits to the final assembly in the Hall of Kings—Their glad departure.

### BOOK IX.

EXORDIUM.—Farewell of a convict to his wife and child, heard by the prisoner—Invocation to Woman—Allusions to the mothers of Homer, Moses, and Washington, to Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans, and Madame de Stael. DREAM.—Vision of a flowery plain, in Purgatorial land, and the spirits of Female Suicides hastening over it to the final assembly in the Hall of Kings—Speeches of Porcia, Arria, the wife of Asdrubal, Sophronia and Baruna the Jewess—Choral song of the spirits.

### BOOK X.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to Liberty—Allusions to Anaxarchus, Galgacus, Wallace, Tell, Raleigh, Latimer, Algernon Sydney—Defective character of modern patriots: 'Finality John,' and Lord Brougham, the patron of the new Poor Law—Spread of knowledge among the working-classes, and new prospects of freedom—Prison reflections. DREAM.—Vision of the central dome filled with statues of the great and good, in Purgatorial land—Speeches of Demetrius, Phalereus, Berthier, Wolfe Tone, Montezuma—Assembly in the Hall of Kings—Speeches of Lycurgus, Mithridates, Cato, Lucretius, Gracchus, Demosthenes, Condorcet, and Romilly. Joy-chant of the spirits, celebrating the universal reign of Pity and Mercy, Goodness, Love, and Truth.



## THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.

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### BOOK THE FIRST.

- “ SLAVES, toil no more ! Why delve, and moil, and pine,  
To glut the tyrant-forgers of your chain ?  
Slaves, toil no more ! Up, from the midnight mine,  
Summon your swarthy thousands to the plain ;
1. Beneath the bright sun marshalled, swell the strain  
Of liberty ; and, while the lordlings view  
Your banded hosts, with stricken heart and brain,  
Shout, as one man,—‘ Toil we no more renew,  
Until the Many cease their slavery to the Few !’
- “ ‘ We’ll crouch, and toil, and weave, no more—to weep !’  
Exclaim your brothers from the weary loom :  
Yea, now, they swear, with one resolve, dread, deep,  
We’ll toil no more—to win a pauper’s doom !’
2. And, while the millions swear, fell Famine’s gloom  
Spreads from their haggard faces like a cloud  
Big with the fear and darkness of the tomb.  
How, ’neath its terrors, are the tyrants bowed !  
Slaves, toil no more—to starve ! Go forth and tame the  
Proud !



- And why not tame them all? Of more than clay  
Do your high lords proclaim themselves? Of blood  
Illustrious boast they? or, that reason's ray  
Beams from the brows of Rollo's robber-brood<sup>1</sup>
3. More brightly than from yours? Let them make good  
Their vaunt of nobleness—or now confess  
The majesty of ALL! Raise ye the feud—  
Not, like their sires, to murder and possess;  
But for unbounded power to gladden and to bless.
- “What say ye,—that the priests proclaim content?  
So taught their Master, who the hungry fed  
As well as taught; who wept with men, and bent,  
In gentleness and love, o'er bier and bed
4. Where wretchedness was found, until it fled!  
Rebuked he not the false ones, till his zeal  
Drew down their hellish rage upon his head?  
And who, that yearns for world-spread human weal,  
Doth not, ere long, the weight of priestly vengeance feel?
- “Away!—the howl of wolves in sheep's disguise  
Why suffer ye to fill your ears?—their pride  
Why suffer ye to stalk before your eyes?  
Behold, in pomp, the purple prelate ride,
5. And, on the beggar by his chariot's side  
Frown sullenly, although in rags and shame  
His brother cries for food! Up, swell the tide  
Of retribution, till ye end the game  
Long practised by proud priests in meek Religion's name.
- “Slaves, toil no more! Despite their boast, ev'n kings  
Must cease to sit in pride,—without your toil:  
Spite of their potency,—the sceptred things  
Who through all time, have thirsted to embroil
6. Man with his neighbour, and pollute the soil  
Of holiest mother Earth with brothers' gore,—  
Join but to fold your hands, and ye will foil  
To utter helplessness,—yea, to the core  
Strike both their power and craft with death! Slaves,  
toil no more!”—

For that these words of fire I boldly spake  
 To Labour's children in their agony  
 Of want and insult ; and, like men awake  
 After drugged slumbers, they did wildly flee  
 7. To do they knew not what,—until, with glee,  
 A store of maddening alcohol they found,  
 And with its poison fired their misery  
 To fierce revenge,—swift hurling to the ground  
 And flames—dwellings, and lifeless things that stood  
 around ;—

For that I boldly spake these words of fire ;  
 And the starved multitude,—their minds full fraught  
 With sense of injury, and wild with ire,—  
 Rushed forth to deeds of recklessness, but nought  
 8. Achieved of freedom, since, nor plan, nor thought  
 Their might directed ;—for this treason foul  
 'Gainst evil tyrants, I was hither brought  
 A captive,—'mid the vain derisive howl  
 Of some who thought the iron now should pierce my soul.

Let them howl on ! Their note, perchance, may change  
 The earthquake oft is presaged by dull rest :  
 Kings may, to-morrow, feel its heavings strange !  
 For my lorn dove, who droopeth in her nest,  
 9. I mourn, in tenderness ; but, to this breast  
 Again to clasp my meek one I confide  
 With fervid trustfulness ! Still self-possesst,  
 Since Truth shall one day triumph,—let betide  
 What may, within these bars in patience I can 'bide.

I had a vision, on my prison-bed,  
 Which took its tinct from the mind's waking throes.  
 Of patriot blood on field and scaffold shed ;  
 Of martyrs' ashes ; of the demon foes  
 10. Ubiquitous, relentless, that oppose  
 And track, through life, the footsteps of the brave  
 Who champion Truth ; of Evil that arose  
 Within the universe of Good, and gave  
 To sovereign Man the soul to live his brother's slave ;

- Of knowledge which, from sire to son bequeathed,  
 Hath ever on the Few with bounty smiled ;  
 But, on the Many, wastingly hath breathed  
 A pestilence, from the scourged crowd that piled,  
 11. Of yore, the pyramids, to the dwarfed child  
 Whose fragile bloom steam and starvation blast ;  
 Of specious arts, whereby the bees beguiled,  
 Yield to the sable drones their sweet repast,  
 And creep, themselves, the path to heaven by pious fast ;
- Of infamy for him who gives himself  
 A sacrifice to stem the tyrant's rage ;  
 And, for the tyrant's pandar,—peerage, pelf,  
 And honours blazed with lies on history's page ;  
 12. Of giant Wrong who, fed, from age to age,  
 With man's best blood and woman's purest tears,  
 Seems with our poor humanity to wage  
 Exterminating war ; of hopes and fears  
 That mock the human worm from youth to grayest years ;
- I, waking, thought or dreamt,—for thoughts are dreams  
 At best,—until, in weariness of heart,  
 I cried—Is life worth having ? Earth but teems  
 With floods of evil : 'tis one sordid mart  
 13. Where consciences for gold, without a smart,  
 Are sold ; and holiest names are gravest cheats :  
 Men from their cradles, learn to play a part  
 At plundering each other : He who beats,  
 On his weak neighbour, swift, the plundering trick repeats.
- Is life worth having ? Or, is he most wise  
 Who, with death-potion its fierce fever slakes,  
 And ends, self-drugged, his mortal miseries ?  
 Can he be guilty who, at once, forsakes  
 14. The agony which, sure as death, o'ertakes,  
 Early or late, all who with wrong contend ?  
 Since Power this earth a clime of misery makes  
 For him who will not to its godhead bend—  
 Why to the enfranchised grave with sluggish footsteps  
 wend ?



- Thus feebly pondering, with sore-troubled brain,  
 The right of suffering man to consummate,  
 Unsummoned, his high trust, my heart grew fain  
 To slay the incubus that on it sate,  
 15. Breeding disgust of life and jaundiced hate.  
 Forthwith, I strove the mind's turmoil to quell  
 By imaging that joy all-elevate  
 Which through earth's universal heart shall swell  
 When over land and sea hath rung Oppression's knell.

- But sadness checked the strain. Enfevered Sleep,  
 With tardy foot, came last ; and, while she bound  
 My limbs in outward death, within the deep  
 Recesses of the brain into life wound  
 16. These aching thoughts ; yea, into shapes that frowned  
 Or smiled, by turns, with seeming passion rife,  
 And descant joined on human themes, though sound  
 Of human voice none uttered : 'twas the strife  
 Of Mind, not audible by mode of mortal life.—

- Methought I voyaged in the bark of Death,—  
 Himself the helmsman,—on a skyless sea,  
 Where none of all his passengers drew breath,  
 Yet each, instinct with strange vitality,  
 17. Glared from his ghastly eye-balls upon me,  
 And then upon that pilot, who upheld  
 One chill and fleshless hand so witheringly  
 That, while around his boat the hoarse waves swelled,  
 It seemed as if their rage that solemn signal quelled.

- I know not how these mariners I saw :  
 No light made visible the grisly crew :  
 It seemed a vision of the soul, by law  
 Of corporal sense unfettered, and more true  
 18. Than living things revealed to mortal view.  
 Nor can earth's Babel-syllables unfold  
 Aught that can shadow forth the mystic hue  
 Of myriad creatures, or their monstrous mould,  
 Which thwart that dismal sea their hideous hugeness rolled.



- Not stature terrible of mastodon  
Or mammoth ; longitude of lizards vast,  
Lords of the slime when earth, from chaos won,  
Grew big with primal life, until, aghast,  
19. She quaked at her strange children ; not all past  
Or present, which from out the dædal earth,  
The human reptile, latest born, hath classed  
By guess, styling it ' Knowledge,' for the mirth  
Of future worms, crawling, in pride to death—from birth ;
- Not old leviathan, of bulk uncouth ;  
Nor fabled kraken, with his sea-borne trail ;  
Not all that sages tell, in sober sooth,  
Of the sun's progeny on Memphic vale,  
20. Which from redundant Nile his beams exhale ;  
Not all that phrenzied poets exorcise  
From memory's grave, then weave with fancies frail ;  
Can image, in their span, or shapes, or dyes,  
Those ocean-dwellers huge beholding Death's emprise.
- The voyage, voyagers, and ocean-forms,  
Alike, were strange, and wild, and wonderful.  
But marvels grew ! When, of that sea of storms  
We reached the shore, the waves at once were lull ;  
21. Death and his skiff vanished, and seemed null  
And void as things that never were ; while they,  
Of late Death's passengers, so cold and dull,  
Took, with an air of stern resolve, their way  
Into a gloomy land where startling visions lay.
- All that Death's ocean showed of hideousness  
By living forms in lifeless shapes found here  
Its paragon : it was a crude excess  
Of all things dærn and doleful, dark and drear :  
22. No sun to fructify, no flowers to cheer  
Its sullen barrenness : weeds, huge and dank,  
And blossomless as stones, and ever sere,  
Base sustenance from stagnant waters drank,—  
Then spread throughout the plain their poisonous perfume  
rank.

- Damp, dense, and deathly, yet the climate parched  
 Those silent travellers, sore, with raging thirst ;  
 But sickening at the slimy pools, they marched  
 Onward, enfevered, fainting ; 'till outburst
23. Their burning tongues, as doth a hound's when curst  
 With madness. Path across that dismal land  
 Was none ; and though no life its waters nursed,  
 Yet were there fearful sights, on either hand,  
 That much affrayed the courage of that ghastly band.
- Chasms yawned, like dragon's jaws, from what seemed  
 rock,  
 Then closed, with sulphurous smell, and horrid jar,  
 And uprose giant cliffs, to gibe and mock,  
 As if with demon features,—while, afar,
24. Appeared colossal meteors for wild war  
 Gathering their troops terrific, which came on  
 With fury, but, like some portentous star  
 That fear-struck men gaze after—and—'tis gone !  
 Vanished those vaporous hosts in that unearthly zone.
- Then felt the fainting footmen as if yoked  
 To viewless vehicles they could not move ;  
 Yet, fastened by a galling chain, half-choked,  
 They still to drag their unseen burden strove,
25. Till the wild crags came toppling from above,  
 Threatening to crush the strugglers into nought ;  
 When lo ! some airy necromancy wove  
 Around their trembling limbs, with speed of thought,  
 A web of gossamer with wizard safety fraught :
- And now, as if above the rocks upborne—  
 Suspended in mid-air—with vision dazed,  
 And swimming brain—past rescue, doomed, forlorn—  
 For some unspeakable perdition raised,
26. They seemed ; but suddenly, let down, amazed  
 Their forms engulfed amid the swamps beheld,—  
 Where, while they clung unto the weeds, and gazed  
 Upward, in hope to climb, some weird hand felled  
 Their grasp, and o'er their heads the poisoned waters welled



- Yet on dry land, as speedily they stood,—  
Where they again their venturous march prepared,  
While apparitions from the stagnant flood  
And murky air, unto the travellers bared  
27. Increasing horrors, as they onward fared.—  
Ye may a jest this dreaming rhyme esteem :  
But these strange terrors my rapt spirit shared ;  
And, though it was the journey of a dream,  
Had ye thus dreamt, no jest ye would that journey deem.

- A cavern's mouth, browed by a giant mound,  
Gave welcome respite to their torturous toil :  
For, entering there, the way-worn wanderers found  
The semblance of a subterranean aisle,  
28. And walked admiringly, yet feared, the while,  
Sudden renewal of their suffering plight,  
Or deeper woe whelmed 'neath the rocky pile :  
But, midst their fears, sense of unearthly light  
Dawned, with a thrill of ease, upon their anxious sight.

- Above them curved the likeness of a roof  
Of woven rock,—strange supernatural glare  
Diffusing from its tracery, that seemed woof  
29. Of masonry more mystical and rare  
Than devotees of proud cathedralled prayer  
Witness while worshipping the Nazarene :  
Pride lauding lowliness ! And past compare  
Of monkish mixtures were the shapes, I ween,  
Of shaft and capital, that 'long that vault were seen.

- Not, as with fashion of that gloomy age  
When Phantasy, in convent bondage bred,  
Drew graces from distraction,—mingling rage  
30. Grotesque of apes with ire of angels dread,—  
Aiming all contraries to blend and wed,  
Until with hybrids she had filled the mind,  
And with wild wonderment its powers misled,  
So that, its grasp grown loose and undefined,  
The shaven and shorn enchanter might its freedom bind ;

Not, as with fashion of that twilight time  
 When sky-born Truth, by priestly hands arrayed  
 In vulgar vestments of the motley mime,  
 Played conjurer in "dim religious" shade,—  
 31. And peasant thrall, by bell and book dismayed,  
 Glanced tremblingly on corbel, niche, and pane,  
 Where imp, saint, angel, knight with battle-blade,  
 Griffin, bat, owlet, more befooled the swain,  
 Till, when the incense fumed, round swum his wildered  
 brain;

Not, after pattern of old monkish mode ;  
 Not, as by wand of mitred magic hung,  
 The rocky arch that mystic aisle bestrode,—  
 While clustered shaft and twisted pillar sprung  
 32. Forth from the floor,—and floral festoons flung  
 Their crystal witchery from base to quoin,—  
 And ever-changing shapes in antics clung  
 To shaft and capital, festoon and groin,—  
 Seeming all forms of life, all grace of flowers to join ;

But unimagined, unconceived, unknown,  
 Unspeakable, by man, seemed all revealed  
 To those awed travellers, as they journeyed on  
 Through that vast aisle, that rather glowed a field  
 33. Of caverned wonders, where each shape did yield  
 For evermore new changes,—till the soul,  
 Enervate with o'erpiled amazement reeled  
 And sank, wishing an end unto her dole  
 Of wondering—pining, now, for prospect of her goal.

Anon, we entered where the travellers took  
 Their silent way, each to some several home.  
 Light fled ; and dim funereal gloom rewoke  
 A solemn sadness through my essence. Dome,  
 34. Or cupola, scooped in mid rock, like tomb  
 Primeval, high above me stretched its span  
 Gigantic, vague,—appearing to enwomb  
 A space so vast that there old Death divan  
 Might hold, in mausoleum metropolitan.



- Innumerable aisles their paths diverse  
Forth from this sombrous centre led. And now,  
I first perceived, from law which did coerce  
The vagrant ghosts who reached these realms of woe  
35. My spirit grew exempt. Sad, gloomy, slow,  
The forms, of late my fellows, I descried  
Journeying along those aisles,—deep, lasting throe  
To inchoate, for sin of suicide,—  
In clime apportioned to their gloom, or hate, or pride.
- No words revealed to me the end or cause  
For which those spirits hither came or went ;  
Nor know I if I knew that region's laws  
By some strange influences incident  
36. Unto its clime ; or whether, now unblent  
With earth's gross mould, deep intuition filled  
The regal mind,—and thus, plenipotent,  
She saw and knew. Suffice it, what she willed  
To know, that knowledge swift throughout her essence  
thrilled.
- Conscious of this her high prerogative,  
The soul for mystic travel girt her thews,  
Intent on viewing shapes she knew must live  
In land where penance rebel-thought subdues  
37. Of human worms who venture to refuse  
The gift of life probational, and death  
Procure by their own hand, daring accuse  
The Giver, and defying threatened wrath,—  
Or worn and wearied with the toil of drawing breath.
- Methought I sped across the gloomy space  
From whence diverged each subterranean aisle,  
Thinking the dome vast porch unto some place  
Of emblemed sovereignty or typic pile  
38. Where sceptred suicides in kingly style  
Might sit, as in some high imperial hall,  
And there eternity itself beguile  
With pregnant descant on their earthly fall,  
On fate, and mortal change, and being spiritual.

- When lo!—as if these new imaginings  
 Flowed from the soul with architectural power,  
 Or talisman of ancient Magian kings  
 Were there the unbound mind's mysterious dower—  
 39. Forthwith disclosed, in high investiture  
 Of purple, sceptres, thrones, and diadems,  
 A hall of kings assembled gleamed obscure,—  
 Fair,—and then bright,—until refulgent streams  
 Of splendour issued from their brows begirt with gems.

- Mingled with these sat ancient forms unnamed  
 Monarchal, but by badge or cognisance  
 Vice-regal known, or whose sage look proclaimed  
 The god-like legislator, or proud glance  
 40. Betokened bold ambition's heritance  
 On earth of sway despotic. Deeply fraught  
 With wisdom's lessoning the soul her trance  
 Perceived to be,—'mid thrones with sculptures wrought  
 Mythic or parabolic, from earth's legends caught.

- By beam or rafter architectonic  
 Undarkened,—with a roof of rainbows graced,  
 Smiled that wide palace-hall : yet, upward, quick  
 And timorous looks old shapes columnar cast,  
 41. That stretched their sinews, as with effort vast,  
 To prop the heavenly arch whose fall they feared.  
 Distorted things—abortions of the Past—  
 They were : Satyrs, with wild-goats' legs and beard,  
 And one-eyed Arimasp and Cyclops, there appeared ;

- Scythians, with heel in front, and toes behind,<sup>2</sup>  
 On old Imäus known ; and Ethiops dark  
 And headless, wearing mouth and eyes enshrined  
 In their huge breasts ; and countless monsters stark  
 42. And staring, hymned divine by hierarch  
 Of Ganges and old Nile,—with heads, tails, arms,  
 Tusks, horns, confused, of elephant, ape, shark,  
 Serpent, dog, crocodile, or ox : vile swarms  
 Of hideous phantasies, half-sharing human forms.



- In triple colonnade around the immense  
Ellipsis of that hall these creatures stood,—  
Colossal images of ache intense  
And apprehensive dread ; while o'er them bowed
43. The arch that still in jewelled beauty glowed.  
Such horror, blent with grace, Apollo's priest  
'Mid strangling folds of Neptune's serpents showed,—  
And still doth show—enmarbled, undecayed, —  
That breathing stone the Past to gem the Future leased.<sup>3</sup>
- Area within, enclosed, of amplitude  
More spacious stretched than wide circumference  
Of sculptured temple, by far traveller viewed  
In Hindoo cave,<sup>4</sup>—or where wild audience
44. The Arab gives to hoar Magnificence<sup>5</sup>  
Defying Ruin, and in some huge tomb,  
Hewed for a monarch, nightly sleeps,—from whence,  
I' the morn, he blesses Mecca's seer,—while gloom  
Eterne veils Memnon's brow beholding Thebes' sad doom.
- Throughout this column-girt enclosure rose  
Thrones,—some with fashion of a fortalice  
Or tower ; some, like cathedraled shrine where vows  
Are paid to saintly heritor of bliss,
45. Showed niche, and pinnacle, and quaint device  
Of carven wonder-work ; while some parade  
Outvied of old renowned Acropolis  
Or Parthenon, where graceful shaft o'erlaid  
With bossed entablature Man's noblest skill displayed.
- Significant depicturings of fraud  
Conjunct with force,—chimeras blending grim  
Fierce forms with fascinations,—shapes that awed  
Pelagic men in ages old and dim,—
46. For metope, along the frieze' broad rim,  
'Tween gem-dropp'd triglyphs, wore each classic throne :  
Rapine of harpy, smile of siren prim,  
Lewd lure of lamia, wile of sphinx, and frown  
Of minotaur and archer-centaur there were shown.



- Or, where a shrine-shaped throne, o'ercanopied  
 With perforated carvery, rose,—a pile  
 Of frail ærial wonder,—typified  
 Were Fright and Mischief mixt with Stealth and Guile:
47. Hag rode her broomstaff, flankt with bugbear vile  
 And goggle-eyed hobgoblin, while a host  
 Led by Puck-Hairy mocked with infantile  
 And puny trick the snake that wreathed and tossed  
 His trail around the skull and cross-bones of grim ghost.

- Mute, wonder-stricken, long, methought, I gazed,  
 And, pondering, did my vision's meaning read ;  
 Until the tenants of the thrones sense raised  
 Within me of their presence there, flesh-freed.
48. No sage interpreter I seemed to need  
 From whom to learn their names ; without a veil  
 Unto the soul, the pride, pain, dread, or deed  
 That rent them from earth's tabernacles frail,  
 Lay opened—by some fiat supernatural.—

- Silver tiara, decked with amethysts  
 And sapphires, piling gorgeously above  
 His brow,—pearl-studded circlets round his wrists,—  
 Gold sceptre mounted by an emerald dove,—
49. And dazzling gems of myriad hues enwove  
 Throughout his robes wherein the peerless dye  
 Of rarest murex with the ruby strove  
 For richness,—showed that soft Assyrian nigh  
 Who closed his life of lust—a self-incendiary.

- On either side Sardanapalus sat,  
 On thrones ornate of ivory and gold,—  
 Cloud-wrapt, that gray Cathaian autocrat,  
 With uneuphonic name ' in records old
50. Of Orient writ, who did his life enfold  
 With deathly flames ; and that foul glutton, who,  
 As sages tell, his maw's capacious hold  
 To satisfy, worried his spouse, although  
 Full-suppered,—Cambes, lord of Lydia's pampered crew.



Next these, three mystic thrones : the Theban chief  
Who solved the Sphinx's riddle,—son and spouse  
Of Creon's daughter,—suicide of grief,  
Horror, and madness, joined : sad Nauplius,  
The sire of Palamedes, who his house  
Brought low by guileful Ithacus deplored ;  
And that Athenian exarch, old Ægeus,  
Who, of his death, fearing his son devoured,  
Left, in the Hellene island-wave a dim record.

Illustrious less by sheen and garniture  
Of gold and gems, than by his kingly height  
Colossal, sat the Hebrew, who a cure  
For fallen fortunes, in his grievous plight,  
52. At Endor sought,—but, from the hoary sprite  
Of Israel's seer no health or help derived.  
On demi-throne, next, that disastrous wight  
Who Baasha's son of sovereignty deprived,  
In Tirzah, and himself a seven days' king survived. 7

Of Ilium's foes, when stern Pelides fell,  
The boldest,—but of honour shorn, and driven  
By pride to madness,—with enduring hell  
Of hate upon his brow, from earth though riven,  
53. Sat Ajax Telamon. A haloed heaven  
Of splendour dawned where crownless Codrus, throned  
By frowning Ajax, smiled : his soul's look leaven  
Of low self-love disdained,—and, still, profound  
Regard for fatherland seemed in its essence wound.

Fraternal spirits,—each with civic palm  
Invested, sceptreless, o'er deepest thought  
Brooding of things to come,—Lycurgus, calm  
And dignified and peaceful, sat, and caught  
54. With friendly grasp the hand unto him raught  
Of brave Charondas : these, enthroned 'mid blaze  
Of kindred light, looked as they would devote  
Their souls once more to Hades, if the days  
Returned when men would die their fellow-man to raise.

- Traitor to Freedom when the Alban sires  
 Had smitten kings with rout, and made their name  
 A stench,—sat Appius,—he whose lewdling fires  
 The spotless maid had scathed with deathful shame,  
 55. But that a father's knife preserved her fame,—  
 Giving to deathless life his Virgin child.  
 On more than regal throne, with amorous flame  
 Still glowing in his eyes, next the defiled  
 Decemvir, sat another lust-slave, self-exiled
- From his old riot-field,—for such he made  
 The earth, that, by strange turns, is cursed with feud  
 And sport of monsters. Neighbour to this shade  
 Of Antony, and chief of Rome's huge brood  
 56. Of tyrants, sat the matricide whom mood  
 Of insane merriment to minstrelsy  
 Impelled, when, wearied with his game of blood,  
 He loosed the fiends of havoc, that, with glee,  
 Lit up Rome's flames, and howled to swell his jubilee.
- Th' imperial patriot, Otho, that to save  
 The blood of thousands shed his own, and quenched  
 The rage of war,—but vainly since he gave  
 Earth to a tyrant,—sat next one who drenched  
 57. The soil less than he willed with gore, nor blenched  
 At broken oaths in age,—Maximian—thrall  
 Of power, though throned. Divided sceptre clenched  
 Bonosus vile, the drunkard,—of whose fall  
 They said his carcase was 'a jug hung by the wall!'
- And other revellers in bloody mirth,  
 Italian, or Byzantine, arrogant  
 And pride-blown, sat, as when the slavish earth  
 They shared; save when on that great combatant  
 58. Whom Pontic Orient and the rich Levant  
 Owned lord,—proud Mithridates,—timid look  
 They cast: for, as they glanced at him, ascaunt,  
 His eye of fire told how he ill could brook  
 The dwarfs so near;—whereat their fear-smit spirits shook.



- Neighbouring stood Juba's gold and ivory throne,—  
The Mauritanian : next, with shorn display,  
Sat Nicocles, the Paphian—who alone  
Fled not dishonour when the conquering sway  
59. Of Ptolemy fair Cyprus owned : the way  
He took, his bosom's queen and daughters fair  
Took also,—and now shared the chastened ray  
That clad their chief : a group of Love they were,  
Among fierce shapes of pride that haughtily sat there.

- Nor was the suicide of softer sex  
By these shown only. Near the ancient seat  
Of Œdipus, the mystical reflex  
Appeared of her who hasted to complete  
60. The Fates' decree, when Meleager's feat  
Was known,—burning the billet she had kept  
To save the life, that thence, she loathed. A meet  
Sisterhood, numerous, by Althæa slept  
Or stonily gazed : eld forms by Mythic names yclept.

- Radiant in widowed beauty, next to these  
Sat she who loved her wandering Teucrian guest,  
And raved to find the faithless one rude seas  
Had borne away,—till, for her grief-worn breast  
61. She sought by her own hand a deathful rest.  
Near Dido sat that mournful mother-queen,  
Meek Sisygambis, who fled life distrest  
By death of Philip's son, still more than teen  
That she the slaughter of her discrowned son had seen.

- With ardent glance on her old paramour,  
The soft Triumvir, bending,—amid waste  
Of grandeur throned,—outvieing, as of yore,  
Earth's queens in pride,—earth's harlots in unchaste  
62. And wanton thought,—sat she from Greek dynast  
Of Nile descended, asp-stung heritress  
Of fame for lavish wealth with lavish haste  
Consumed upon her beauty's slaves : excess  
Transcended only by her false heart's fickleness.

- Apart, in lonely loftiness of soul,  
 Sat Boadicea, simple, unadorned,  
 Yet seeming with stern virtue to control  
 The scoffing spirit which my thought discerned  
 63. Within a frivolous crowd that there sojourned  
 In visioned queenly state.—

But now my trance  
 Teemed with more wonder,—for, enrapt, I learned  
 These spirits' thoughts : no vocal resonance  
 There was : yet soul to soul made mystic utterance.—

- “Thy prophecy, sage Spartan,”—proudly gibed,  
 Amid his pomp, the Chaldee's glistering shade,—  
 “Thy prophecy—grows old : still monarch-tribed  
 And rainbow-vaulted is this hall : they fade  
 64. Not yet—these regal splendours ! Disarrayed  
 We are, by turns ; to periodic pain,  
 On joyless wanderings sent, through bog and glade,  
 O'er crag and rock, or burnt or frore, our stain  
 To purge : yet, in due season, thus restored, we reign !

- “Errest thou not here, presaging utter change  
 To kingly spirits, as thou erredst in land  
 Of Lacedæmon old, when system strange  
 By thy fantastic brain was hotly planned,  
 65. To train rude rabble Greeks in self-command,  
 And mould their minds to virtue ? Foolish dream  
 Long dissipated ! Spartan, thus divanned,  
 Crowned, sceptred, and enthroned, the changeful stream  
 Of ceaseless being shall find our Essences supreme.

- “Such is my sentence,—from the pregnant past  
 Arguing the future : and in vain they prate  
 Of inborn greatness in all minds amassed  
 Who say,—of Hades this unequal state,  
 66. And Earth's, shall end by the decree of Fate.  
 Where are the virtues by thy statutes bred ?  
 Our Asia's conqu'ring hosts—effeminate  
 Esteemed by the rude sires thy black broth fed—  
 Brandish the scymitar o'er their tame children's head.



“ There *must* be conquering lords, and slaves that yield :  
There *have* been,—and there *will* be. Thou may'st  
stroke

- Thy beard, grave scorner,—slighting truth revealed  
By eld experience ! Wherefore bear their yoke  
67. Earth's mortal millions ? Why, in one age shook  
From their sire's shoulders, do the sons upheave  
And wear it, in the next ? Hath a realm broke  
Its golden sceptre ? 'Twas but to receive  
A stranger's iron rod,—beneath its bruise to grieve.

- “ Danaian,—Monarchs rule by Nature's law ;  
And all who seek Her statutes to disturb,  
Teaching kings' solemn titles have foul flaw  
In reason, and the general mind should curb  
68. Their sovereign will, or sweep from earth's wide orb  
Their honoured name,—know thou, he would uproot  
All happiness from human hearts, perturb  
All peace, and fill the world with dissolute  
And lawless beings tending downwards to the brute.

- “ What mean, I ask thee, these thronged typic forms,  
These images of allegoric shape ?  
Thou say'st, false-seeing prophet, that dire storms  
Will burst on Thrones and leave us no escape  
69. But yawn of fabled Chaos ! Ha ! a jape  
It is—such as thou toldst, in olden time,  
When Greeks from Delphi thy return, agape,  
Expected. Spartan, know, a truth sublime  
These portraitures set forth, in this mysterious clime :

- “ This sky of promise-woof, these shapes of strength,  
These sceptred pomps and blazonries, combine  
With this vast palace-hall's imperial length  
And architectural splendour, by divine  
70. Working of Nature, Her superb design  
To manifest—that She hath firmly set  
The frame of things—the frame of things benign !  
Kings reign by Nature's law ! I at thy threat  
Of dissolution laugh ! 'Tis like thyself—a cheat !

- “ By hybrid forms, like these, the sage or bard  
Of old pictured deep thoughts : he, prescient  
Of mortal things, not dimly Mind’s award  
In after-life foresaw : and thus hath lent
71. Wise Nature, here, familiar emblems, meant  
To infix our spirits’ reverence of Her high  
Unchangeable decrees. Other intent  
Wombed in the Soul o’ the World, if thou descry,  
Lacon, these Potencies, with me, thy proof defy !”—
- He ceased, but the Laconian answered not,  
Save with a smile ; whereat, in subtle guise,  
The spirit of pale Chow the theme upcaught,  
Echoing the proud Assyrian’s prophecies
72. Of endless royalty.—
- “ To mysteise  
I scorn,”—he said : “ the sage of great Cathay  
By allegory taught,—the teacher wise  
Before all mortals ; but, now freed from clay,  
Truth’s visage all unveiled Mind may to Mind display.
- “ The sacred sage who aims with sanctions strong  
Of faith and fear, fable and prodigy,  
To fence the throne, humanely to prolong  
Peace, order, seeks : for peace and order flee
73. That state disrupt by anarch Liberty—  
The wild destructive demon ! And when peace  
And order fade, fades every good : while free  
Confusion’s votaries call a realm, decrease,  
Therein, all polished forms and winning courtesies :
- “ These constitute the sweets of human life,  
Rendering its gall less mortal, as renews  
Our vigour this resplendent vision rife  
With promise,—this bright pomp that, swift subdues
74. All sense of pain, doubt, fear, which us pursues  
In mystic seasons when high Powers exact  
Their penalties,—high Powers unseen that use  
Their creature Man according to some pact  
Beyond our scope—but held eternally infract.



- “To mysteise I scorn—yet own the task  
Of labouring sages guerdon doth deserve  
Of thanks from kings : they clothe with prudent mask  
The image from whose worship Man might swerve
75. If nuded : they contribute to conserve  
Homage of monarchs, awe of gods, restraint  
Of wholesome reverence for law ; and nerve  
The arm of Power, when it grows old and faint,  
And impious men deride its ceremonies quaint.
- “But I disdain to mysteise: let pass  
The fables of old bards, and thy far view  
Truthful experience guiding,—scorning glass  
Of types and stale conjectures,—Spartan, due
76. Observance take that novelties congrue  
But ill with social weal : while bloom and thrive,  
Through endless ages, lands whose tribes eschew  
Disloyalty,—where sons meek sires survive,  
Preserving, piously, their customs primitive.
- “There knowledge grows ; hale labour fills the realm  
With teeming plenty ; life doth, vigorous, strike  
Its roots into the soil ; and swarms, that whelm  
With ruin lands more changeful where dislike
77. To reverend custom lifts the rebel pike  
Or traitor dagger,—drain deep bog and swamp,—  
Delve the stiff marl,—yea, on the bald cliff, like  
The eagle nestle,—strewing mould, with tramp  
Industrious, on the rock ; their zeal what toil can damp ?
- “There arts that rise in the far mist of ages  
Are cherished and preserved with sacred care ;  
And, if aught nobler lore of later sages  
Evolves, no sacrilegious hands uptear
78. The roots of ancient wisdom,—but, by rare  
And tender husbandry, the late-found flower  
Is with the old engrafted,—and, thenceforth, bear  
Their wedded branches fruits that richer shower  
Wide o'er the blest peace-nurtured land their bounteous  
dower.



- “ Proud Greek, I ask thee, where is now the boast  
 Of gay and changeful Hellas?—Where the pride  
 Of wisdom, valour, song,—your wave-washed coast,  
 Ye said, would wear for aye? Doth it abide  
 79. Where sage Minerva’s owl still sits to chide  
 Old Echo, when some lingering column falls  
 On grey Athena’s waste, at eventide?  
 Or glows it from the brows of Theban thralls  
 And Spartan cowards—a barbarian’s frown appals?

- “ Graian, behold, from China’s terraced mountains,  
 Meek, peaceful myriads to the valleys wend,  
 And with their brethren by the silver fountains  
 Reclining, to some hoary teacher lend  
 80. Enraptured audience,—while his lips commend  
 The lessons of the ever-honoured seer  
 Whose wisdom’s lustre doth as far transcend  
 The glimmering lights your westerlings revere,  
 As doth the orient sun outvie each smaller sphere.

- “ Behold the greatness of the Flowery Nation  
 Attracting wondering eyes from all the earth,  
 While countless tongues rehearse loud commendation  
 Of vast Cathay; how science had her birth,  
 81. In peaceful secret, there; and glided forth  
 From her pure cradle, like a godlike thing,  
 Blessing unboastfully!—pouring her worth  
 Of wisdom on the world; but of her spring  
 Primeval to the infant isles ne’er whispering.

- “ Behold how earth’s united sages crowd  
 To pay their homage at the shrine maternal  
 To which old Northmen wild the mute guide owed  
 That led them o’er the deeps where regions vernal  
 82. Breathed their rich balm, when light of stars supernal  
 Was hid—the mystic needle—to the pole  
 Leal ever, as, to Wisdom’s truths eternal,  
 By sage Confucius opened, ages roll  
 And still find China’s children cleaving with one soul.



- “ Or art, held magic once, that spreads the glory  
Of thought with speed,—by which the peasant hind,  
Familiar as the prince, talks with bard hoary  
Whose bones are wind-spread atoms, but whose mind  
83. Still lives, converses, fulmines, splendour-shrined  
Upon the lettered page ; while pyramid  
And column, arch and dome, taunt human kind  
With ruin, where the founders’ names are hid,—  
And dust becomes of Death a mirror pellucid.

- “ Or delicatest skill, by which the worm  
Yields up the riches of her soft cocoon  
Where bounteous nature teacheth her to form  
For royalty and beauty,—lustrous boon !—  
84. The fabric for their robes, or proud festoon  
That decks their palaces : or various art  
Pictorial, that—by tapestry, cartoon,  
Canvass, or marble, where dead forms upstart  
To life—sublime instruction doth to man impart.

- “ All the wide world inherits of the wealth  
Of wisdom, genius, skill, attribute now,  
The truly wise unto those steps of stealth  
With which the Genius of the land of Foh  
85. Clomb Himaleh’s tall barriers of snow  
To kindle light celestial on the strand  
Of infant India,—whence, as sages show,  
The Chaldee, Mitzraim, and thy later land,  
Achaian, lit their lamps with an ungenerous hand.

- “ The borrowed lights are quenched : the parent flame  
Glows with undimmed and steady lustre, still !  
Babel and Thebes, and Athens, have a name  
With things that were ; or claim from infantile  
86. Far-islet harps and voices strains that chill  
With sense of desolation them that waken  
Their deathful echoes : Life and vigour fill  
Ancestral Cambalu,—whose strength unshaken  
By China’s thousand pristine cities is partaken.

- “Spartan, I challenge thee upon this theme,  
 Disdaining mystery. Obedience meek  
 To the high wearer of the diadem  
 Sways the vast heart of China : fathers seek  
 87. Like reverence from their sons ; and children speak  
 A filial language, through the land, unknown  
 To kingless libertines. The fruit unique  
 Of natural monarchy, through ages shown,—  
 Peace, shedding gladness, on my fatherland hath grown.

- “And why we thus hold thrones doth thence result,  
 I judge, that great maternal Nature keeps  
 Her purposes : here, witness we the adult  
 Expressions of Her will : on earth She heaps  
 88. Kindly monitions that Man's welfare reaps  
 Its thrift from kings : now, after-life doth prove  
 Her unity of wisdom ;—and, while sweeps  
 Duration on, in kingly souls enwove  
 Shall grow intenser consciousness of Nature's love.”—

- Thus spake the old Cathaian shade, and ceased ;  
 While sceptred spirits, in refulgent rays,  
 Each, from his essence, sent forth bright attest  
 Of grateful joy. Such quintessential praise  
 89. These render ; but a gathering gloom betrays  
 Some scorner seated 'mid the effluence bright  
 Of gladdened mind. Surceased the mystic blaze,  
 And uprose Antony, with careless spite  
 Uttering these thoughts of barb'd truth and scornful  
 slight :—

- “That regal souls shall regally possess  
 This heritage, nor presaged ruin hurl  
 These powers to nought, needs not thy wilderness  
 Of proof, dim Shade ! When penal tempests curl  
 90. Round us their waves we sink not in their whirl ;  
 But thus retrieve our thrones. Why seek we more ?  
 Let those that prophesy the prince and churl,  
 New equals, shall on this mysterious shore  
 Exist, shew whence derived their visionary lore.



- “Till then, I scorn their threats, as now I scorn,  
Cathaian fabler, what thou dost miscount  
Of undisturbed regalities age-worn.  
I tell thee, cloud-clad king, souls paramount
91. Become by Fate : Nature in her great fount  
Moulds monarchs, who earth's sceptres seize, and thrust  
Old palsied cumber-thrones aside, to mount,  
Themselves, the seat of sway ; ay, with robust  
Hand, pile crown upon crown on their own brows august.
- “These are her darlings, though a coarse-fed serf  
Bring forth their clay, and ignorantly hush  
Within his mud-built shed the cradled dwarf  
At whose full voice the bright-armed throng shall rush
92. To conquest, and whose hand, time-nerved, shall crush  
Old poms like rotten reeds. These Nature rears  
In native loftiness ; old monarchs blush  
When they behold them, or wax wan with fears ;  
For on their ominous front, deep-graved, stern change  
appears.
- “Stern change—but needful : for, thou dost indulge  
Earth's partial love, Cathaian picturer,  
Denying that great Nature's laws promulge  
The healthfulness of change. Light task it were
93. To dash thy brittle images, and blurr  
Their tricky tints to gangrened, livid hues ;  
To show how Misery finds no comforter  
Throughout thy fatherland ; how Want subdues  
All virtue in its monster cities' dark purlieus ;
- “To point thee to the life its millions drag,—  
Its famine-stricken millions,—eager, glad,  
To find a putrid dog for food, or rag  
To hide their nakedness : gaunt man driven mad
94. By hunger and oppression, to these sad  
And dreary shades fleeing for refuge from  
His hell on earth : pale woman, loath to add  
More wretched things to Life's slow martyrdom,  
Strangling, remorselessly, the fruit of her own womb !

“Light task it were, gray fabler, to lift up  
 The silken curtain thou hast, sleekly, cast  
 O'er the huge tombs of city life where droop,  
 In squalor, human shapes become repast  
 95. For vermin ere they die : from whom, aghast,  
 Thy mandarins, of boasted courtesy,  
 Would turn and shriek, as if the black plague's blast  
 Had blown on them. I scorn to answer thee  
 At large,—threading thy labyrinthine eulogy,—

“Or, I would utter all the horrid tale  
 Of infant murder, starving toil, accurst  
 Desire for gold, devices of the pale  
 And cunning bonze, conceit of idiots nursed  
 96. In ignorance, crime and folly that will burst  
 Upon the world, and tell its own strange story,  
 Ere long. To regal spirits what rehearsed  
 Thou hast—let this suffice :—for, now, the glory  
 Of thy dim land, like other dreams, grows transitory.

“The restless pirates of the northern isles,—  
 Breaking your barriers of three thousand years,—  
 With their own eyes, your land of fabled smiles  
 Behold, and find it but a land of tears—  
 97. Like to their own. While woman's form appears  
 Bowed with her infant on her back, in mud  
 To the waist, to till the rice-plant toiling,—cheers,  
 Though savagely, this thought their frozen blood—  
 That equal degradation hath, but yet subdued

“One of their sea-girt homes—Hibernia :—there,  
 Gray dynast,—if with disembodied mind, [share,—  
 Throughout these shades, thou dost deep descant  
 Like squalid want and suffering, intertwined  
 98. With life of crowds, that labour, thou wilt find—  
 And only there ! Oh, that old Rome could wake,  
 Once more, her victor eagles, and unbind  
 These slaves from their vile fetters,—or earth shake  
 With change until they could, themselves, their bondage  
 break !



“Thou fabling phantasm, what hath man become,  
Sunk in the stagnancies of custom old?—  
A creature who will whine to win the crumb  
His tyrant’s dog refuses! If the bold  
99. Democracy of buried Rome, controlled,  
Ev’n by earth’s masters, but with dole of bread  
Dealt to them daily, could such slaves behold—  
Such breadless slaves—o’er earth’s old region tread,  
Their fleshless shades would frown among the doomed dead!

“Justly thou art rebuked: yet, controvert  
I not thy sentence, that with regal state  
Dynamic essences shall be begirt  
Through ceaseless life: I only deprecate  
100. Thy errors: claiming for the child of Fate—  
The natural heir of greatness—that award  
His deeds deserve. Monarchs, *we* create  
Anew, your strength! Not fabling sage or bard,—  
But *we*—Fate’s darlings—merit grateful kings’ re-  
gard!”—

Thus ended, like an actor for applause,  
He who a haughty challenger began,—  
Winning no meed of praise where all grew foes,  
Stung by his scorn, or scorning, while, with scan  
101. Intense, they saw his vanity outran  
Truth’s soberness. He sank with humbled crest—  
Perceiving frowns sit on each ghostly van  
Of those throned powers. Forthwith made manifest  
His mental throes Nero’s proud spirit of unrest.—

“That Thrones to thy stout valour owe huge debt,”—  
He spake, casting around a withering smile;—  
“Is true as that thou wert an anchoret.  
Hero of Actium!—Vestal of the Nile!—  
102. No time, on earth, your effigies shall spoil  
Of lasting laurels,—wreath so fitly blending  
With Daphne’s virtue valour without soil!  
In Hades, triumphs, coy loves never ending [cending!  
Shall still be yours,—the future the bright past trans-

103. "Darling of Fate!—to swell thy self-sung laud  
 Let spirits vie! let grateful kings bow down  
 And homage thee,—by loud trump overawed  
 Of thy great glory, which thyself hast blown!  
 Vauntful buffoon,—that thou dost fill a throne  
 In this mysterious clime, adds to the scourge  
 Of princely spirits: mockeries, I this crown  
 And sceptre must pronounce,—whate'er some urge  
 Of ceaseless pomp,—if shapes like thine these visions  
 forge.

104. "What wert thou but an upstart and an ape  
 Of spirits truly regal who thy freak  
 Of kingship suffered, till maturer shape  
 Their own great plans of sovereignty could take?  
 Fawning on Julius, who beneath thy sleek  
 Exterior saw and mocked the thriftless flame  
 For empire,—or, on young Octavius meek  
 And crafty, hurling sneers,—thy petty game  
 Subserv'd the master-spirits of the Roman drame.

105. "And when thou hadst subserv'd their astute end  
 Thou wast laid by. Boaster,—'tis not the fool  
 Who blabs his aims, and thinks each man a friend,  
 Whom Nature marks for empire; but a tool  
 She shaped him; and, to spirits born for rule  
 He hath his use,—to Fate's true darlings, skilled  
 To hide their reach with feigned indifference cool,  
 Or virtuous humbleness, and ever filled,  
 With wary watch of all by whose lent thews they build

106. "Our Roman greatness by such masonry  
 Of mind was raised, until the Julian boy  
 Laid on the top-stone with felicity  
 Of skill: for aye of power appearing coy,  
 Continuing antique symbols to employ,—  
 Titles and forms of the old commonwealth,—  
 Hallowing the shade securely to destroy  
 The substance of licentiousness: wise stealth,  
 By which the pulse of sovereignty gained vigorous health.

" With ' bread and theatres ' the vulgar gasp  
 Was wisely fed, when Wisdom thus had won  
 The earth's rich rule : to our illustrious grasp  
 The reigns of empire were bequeathed,—our own  
 107. By right of power, craft, favour : handed down  
 Entire by us,—the pusillanimous brood  
 Of later days reared a divided throne  
 And lost the heritage whose amplitude  
 Comprised the general world's wealth, wisdom, hardihood.

" Not more I mock when cloud-wrapt shadows doat,  
 And fondly prate of barbarous unknown shores,  
 Than I despise ye,—sceptrelings distraught  
 With pride,—souls of empireless emperors,—  
 108 That round me sit ! How rich a dower was yours !  
 By how much toil of sinew and of mind  
 Collected, conglobated, were Earth's stores  
 Treasured in Rome,—the Eternal !—throne assigned  
 By Nature and the Gods, for sway of human kind !

" Never shall men, again, view aught august  
 And glorious as Rome—that mighty heart  
 O' the world whose pulses fed with life robust  
 By million health-fraught veins, mingling athwart  
 109. Her giant trunk, did duly re-impart  
 Vigour and strength to every distant limb !  
 How gazeth, even now, the Afric swart,  
 Fierce frozen Kelt, Teuton, or Tartar grim,  
 Untombing some huge vertebra or relic dim

" Of Rome's vast skeleton,—a monstrous bulk  
 O'er isles and continents that lies, supine,—  
 Wondering what giant soul the mighty hulk  
 Served, in far unknown age, for earthen shrine !  
 110. Dwarfed, dastard heirs to Cæsar's lofty line,—  
 If courage to defend what they bequeathed,—  
 If soul to comprehend their grand design,—  
 They could on your weak essences have breathed,—  
 Rome's life with glory had been perdurably wreathed !



- "Inferior natures,—your effeminate gripe  
 Of the world's sceptre was dissolved like dew  
 Upon the grass what time the sun doth wipe  
 Up night's few lingering tears : so feeble grew  
 111. Your grasp of power the Roman world scarce knew  
 Ye had a throne, at last,—for ye had ceased  
 To be its masters long before it threw  
 Your filmy fetters off to don the vest  
 Of vassalage unto the smooth, tiaraed priest.  
 "Ye despicable things, that sit and swell  
 Yourselves in empty pomp—ye that betrayed  
 Rome's glory to the Goth—"  
 "Vile spirit, quell  
 The tempest of thy madness!"—spake the shade  
 112. Of fierce Maximian :—"Whom dost thou upbraid,  
 Coward, with timorousness?—monster, with vice  
 And idle dissoluteness?—Of all who swayed  
 Earth's sceptres, thou unworthiest shar'st this bliss,  
 These shadowed thrones in spiritual necropolis !  
 "Slanderer,—remember that Maximian strove  
 To prop the falling state,—nor age his hands  
 Unsinewed for the sword ; but round him wove  
 Their fatal net domestic traitor bands.  
 113. That one, stern Truth with foulest vices brands,  
 Doth play the chidester, here,—one, who should hide  
 His head in shame, uncensured reprimands  
 Thrones who excel in virtue,—doth betide,  
 I fear, our essence still to weakness misallied.  
 "Thrones of the West,—why sit ye tamely, thus,  
 Bearing reproach from a vile miscreant  
 Whose name doth blot Rome's annals?"—  
 Nebulous  
 With thought grew, now, the spirits arrogant  
 114. On neighbouring thrones, seeming with wrath to pant  
 And throb, as throbs the thunder cloud : their rage  
 Soon burst in tumult : Nero, scornful taunt  
 Renewed ; and Rome's whole self-slain lineage  
 Seemed on each other clamorous, ireful war to wage.—

As, when upon a seat of gamesome hares,  
 Or brood of quarrellous birds, the soaring kite  
 Stoops suddenly, victor with vanquished shares  
 Silent and swift retreat,—so shrunk with fright  
 115. To ignominious dumbness each fierce sprite  
 Of haughty Rome—shrunk, like a coward thing—  
 When rose, with front of intellectual might  
 The regal Mithridates. Thus, to bring  
 Thought to Power's rescue, strove the strong-souled Pontic  
 king :

“ I marvel not,—illustrious Spartan ghost,—  
 That thou, with keen sagacity, dost leave  
 Rome's mimic gladiators to be tossed  
 With rage of earth's old pride, which still doth cleave  
 116. To these thin vehicles, and, perhaps, will grieve  
 And vex our fleshless essences for aye :  
 I marvel not, that, scorning to achieve  
 A worthless conquest, to commutual fray  
 Thou leavest thy foes :— let Folly kindred Folly slay !

“ Let Rome's throned pigmies argue, answerless !  
 A brood on whom I grudgingly bestow  
 A frown, recalling Sylla's dreadlessness,  
 Gorgeous Lucullus, and the godlike brow  
 117. Of Pompey,—minds, that, each, to have for foe,  
 Ennobled strife more than the glittering stake  
 Of Asia's sceptres, and magnificent show  
 Of twenty realms in arms—of whom none spake  
 A tongue their chief unknew, nor burned his yoke to break.

“ But, while ignoble combat of the soul  
 Thou nobly scornst,—I marvel, Graian wise,  
 That, here, in Hades, thou dost seek control  
 O'er mightier essences, by worn-out guides  
 118. Of mystery. Not to antagonise  
 Thy spirit I seek,—but challenge pertinent  
 And weighty cause for startling prophecies  
 Of dissolution. How to thee hath lent  
 Unerring Nature Her divine premonishment ?

- “ Since, in this after-life, no more by dull  
Deceptive sense, from sound, sight, touch, doth earn  
The labouring soul her knowledge ; and though full  
Of images our being, since all intern
119. They germ, and, from our working thought yborn,  
Take spiritual embodiment ; since live  
These shapes by plastic throes with which we yearn  
Essentially, and Essence can derive  
No unknown truth from the mere representative
- “ Of its own ever-active energy ;  
Since all we view, or seem to view, in space  
Irradiate, thus, with emblemed royalty,  
Is reflex of ourselves, and we erase
120. These splendours when, by Nature’s law, to trace  
Again our steps o’er penal wilds we range,—  
Or seem to range,—and with refulgent grace  
Resume these thrones, in season due ; since change  
Of bliss, or woe,—by law inexplicably strange,—
- “ Results from our own intellectual force ;—  
What warrants thee predicting force shall overwhelm  
Our regal state with ruin, in the course  
Of spiritual duration, and disrealm
121. Hades of kings, humble the trophied helm  
Of all her myriad heroes, and exalt  
The serfs of her mysterious penal realm  
To equal state, never to know default  
Or end, beneath the glory of this gem-pranked vault ?
- “ What canst thou know,—though intellection deep  
Be thine,—that we know not ? Thou sharest our pain,  
When pain returns. If o’er thy essence sweep  
Like woes with ours, how doth to thee pertain  
Superior potency ? Lacon, explain  
Thy bold vaticinations,—or, henceforth,  
Expect from kingly spirits haught disdain  
And dumb contempt, or tempest of their mirth,  
When to more dark-wombed wonders thou givest dream-  
ing birth ! ”——



So spake the soul of Mithridates, while  
Awe or approving silence held the Thrones  
Who in that mystic clime of self-exile  
Kept disembodied pomp of glistening crowns  
123. And lustrous sceptres. Veiled with gloom of frowns,  
Or lit with eagerness, each visage seemed,  
Now, on the Spartan fixt. Soft spirit-tones  
Of suasiveness, soon, from his essence streamed ;  
And thus, of past and future life, he calmly themed :

“ Spirits of Men, with reverence whom I hail  
And with fraternal love—albeit I deem  
These sculptured blazonries a vision frail,—  
Or, like their antitypes on earth, a dream,—  
124. For that your high Humanity supreme,  
I judge, o'er names and empty pomps ;—forbear  
To count me fabling fantast,—and beteem  
Me, shunning mortal passion, to declare  
My thought, by spiritual tongue auxiliar.

“ Contest I court not,—nor to wrathful strife  
Seek to impel ye by defiance brave :  
Brothers, I wot, that earth's poor troublous life  
Had storms enow : rude storms that hither drave  
125. More than a moiety of ye that rave  
Upon these thrones, contending as if wrath  
Were reason. Sages say, on earth, the grave  
Ends passion's turmoil, and the spirit hath,  
At death, 'mid shapes all passionless, its gentle path.

“ How little truth they knew !—how much affirmed  
From love, hope, fear ! How little know we still !  
How oft, when pleasing shapes from thought have germed  
Within us, have we strengthened them with will  
126. That they should live ; until they seemed to fill  
Our utmost life !—Yet, were they things of nought :  
Soul-mists from essence streaming, volatile,  
In Hades,—as on earth, ethereal, float,  
From perfume and putrescence, vapours picture-fraught.

" Perchance thou judgest well,—sage Pontic shade,—  
 Attributing this typic statue-crowd,  
 And this enthroned and diademmed parade,  
 To demiurgic power with which doth brood  
 127. The soul on space, verisimilitude  
 Of what it loves and wishes swift creating :—  
 Yet, if these shapes with substance unendowed [dating,  
 Thou deemst,—their life, like ours, from change still  
 I argue, from past change, more change our state awaiting.

" I seek no vulnerable thought to pounce  
 Upon—thy metaphysic argument  
 To frustrate ; nor will, rashly, aught pronounce  
 Of this strange after-life. 'Twere insolent  
 128. To dogmatize where being still is blent  
 With mystery. Therefore, when I say, I opine  
 Thou err'st, my spirit tells with diffident  
 Emotion that to other close than thine  
 Her slow deductions lead—pondering on this design :

" Pledge of their perpetuity, or proof  
 That kings derive from Nature,—in these shapes,  
 Monstrous and fear-fraught, that to prop this roof  
 Preposterously essay,—if any, escapes  
 129. My dull perception. Wondrous were collapse  
 Of heaven's own bow !—more wondrous if its fall  
 Could crush an insect ! Falsely thus bedrapes  
 Nature's fair face, with fancies that appal,  
 He who mankind would for his selfish ends enthrall.

" The Power that forms, supports, and governs Man,  
 Smiles on him evermore ; benignly woke  
 His infancy with love : unfolds the plan  
 Of happiness in the fair-written book  
 130. Of Man's own nature, and the forms that look  
 Upon his essence from the outward world ;  
 Implants no instinct in his breast to mock  
 His life ; but hath his sentient clay imperaled  
 With reason—sovereign gem in fragile folds enfurled.



- ' A thing of beauty, though but frail, in joy  
Perpetual might his mortal life be passed ;  
But fblers do his peace and bliss destroy  
With falsest fears : each hour is overcast  
131. With gloom : at death he shrinks ; yea, grows aghast  
At thought of the dread future, which, to shun,  
He must propitiate mystic demons vast,  
By rites that serve to load with pious boon  
The smooth and crafty priest who consecrates the throne.

- " Ye frown,—shadows of monarchs,—and deport  
Yourselves full fiercely : yet, with mental eye  
This vision scan,—and, that its forms consort  
With truths I have proclaimed, and typify  
132. Force joined with Fraud, ye, also, will descry.  
Do not your spirits bear me witness strong  
That they the real monsters are who try  
To fill man with belief that they prolong  
His respite from some monstrous vengeance o'er him hung?

- " Whether I read these images aright  
Or err, for high Humanity I claim  
Precédence of all poms. Spirits, if true might  
Or wisdom are inherent in the name  
133. Monarchal,—if the sceptre doth inflame  
The soul of him who sways it with the thirst  
For virtue,—if Time doth not count with shame  
Its regal dolts and cowards, nor is curst  
With vice of monster kings,—I have their names aspersed.

- " Let your own argument,—your sage debate,—  
Confute me, when, in sorrowing ire, I say—  
Your race, in every clime, doth merit hate  
And vengeance from mankind—the trembling prey  
134. Ye ever tortured ere ye deigned to slay !  
But I renew not strife : spirits, I glow  
With nobler aim—aside to see ye lay  
These vanities, scorning the gaudy show  
That emblems freedom's, virtue's, wisdom's direst foe :

- " For such is kingship propped by altar-craft :  
 But I renew not strife : spirits, I stand  
 Self-sentenced, self-condemned, since to engraft  
 Mystery with Truth, in my loved fatherland,  
 135. I sought,—judging mankind might be trepanned  
 To reverence Freedom when her virgin face,  
 Enmasked with sanctity, looked grave and grand :  
 Unskilled to know that her own native grace,  
 Alone, could charm men, lastingly, to her embrace.
- " Ye style me Prophet ! I accept the jest  
 For earnest ; and, with mystic wreath thus crowned  
 By your united voice, Mystery attest  
 To be the tyrant Power from whose profound  
 136. Soul-bondage man is breaking : whispering sound  
 Of Truth's young breath greets Europe's grateful ear ;  
 And Freedom, in some hearts, a throne hath found  
 On that new shore where still, alas ! appear  
 Earth's olden stains : the helot's stripes, the helot's tear !
- " Afric's dark tribes, and Asia's populous swarms,  
 The voice of Truth, and Freedom's holy call  
 Shall know, ere long—upstarting,—not to arms,  
 For blood and slaughter ; but to disenthral  
 137. Their new-born spirits from funereal  
 And priest-forged fears ; to shake their ancient slough  
 Of sottish ignorance off ; no more to crawl  
 In abjectness 'fore hideous gods ; nor throw  
 Their slavish frames 'fore kings, in vile prostration low.
- " Spirits, to tell of wondrous sympathy  
 Subsisting still,—despite our severance  
 From earth,—between flesh-clothed Humanity  
 And unclothed Mind, were futile occupance  
 138. Of torture's lapse,—which now doth swift advance,  
 As ye perceive, once more, unto its bourne.  
 Albeit uncomprehended, consonance  
 Of Mind's progression in this strange sojourn  
 Subsists, ye know, with minds of men on earth that mourn.

" That essences shall glad deliverance reach,  
 In penal clime of suicide, our hope,  
 Unquenchable by torment, seems to teach ;  
 And spirits who in Hades never droop  
 139. With Earth's old doubts, gathered in eloquent groupe,  
 Deep descant hold of glorious state to come  
 For men and spirits,—mystic horoscope  
 Interpreting—that, on both sides the tomb,  
 Men's weary souls, in unison, shall reach blest doom.

" And Minds presaging this deliverance blest  
 For fleshless Essences, joy for Earth's teen,  
 Truth for its error, from its slave-toil rest,—  
 Foresheew that love fraternal shall with sheen  
 '140. Genial and mild dissolve the marble mien  
 Of selfishness to soft beneficence ;  
 Until, as yearned the godlike Nazarene,  
 It yearns o'er pain and woe, with affluence  
 Of healing help and soul-restoring condolence.

" Nor less presage they that the trodden crowd,  
 Long left to grovel in degrading mire  
 Of bruted life, and sunk in desuetude  
 Of reason's energy, her living fire  
 141. Shall feel anew, and nobly thence aspire  
 To feed the mind with knowledge till its thews  
 Acquiring might, they reassert their higher  
 Gradation spiritual. Such hope diffuse  
 Far-reaching spirits,—hope that even despair subdues.

" Thrones,—ye perceive your splendours 'gin to pale ;  
 And soon we must our penal throes renew.  
 I cease my theme ; and may have erred,—for frail  
 Is still our wisdom : it may be, the Few  
 142. Shall still the Many trample and subdue :  
 That Truth and Liberty shall bloom—to die,  
 Like glorious winged things, that, swift, pursue  
 The sunbeam-atoms for a day, then hie  
 To death : blending, as 'twere, a breath—a smile—a sigh !



- “ It may be that the human soul is mixt  
 With nature of decadence and frail change,  
 Essentially : that never stably fixt,  
 But mutable, eternally to range  
 143. From ignorance to wisdom,—then, by strange  
 Return to ignorance,—may be its fate,  
 Inevitably: that when their brief revenge  
 Slaves take on tyrants, they emancipate  
 Themselves in vain, and Nature doth their strife frustrate:

- “ Spirits, it may be emptier than a dream  
 That fair Equality shall one day hold  
 Sole sceptre on the earth : that man shall deem  
 His brother man too sacred to be sold  
 144. Or slain,—to be by any power controlled,  
 Save the soft force of love and wisdom : field  
 It is for thought : thy dogma,—monarch old,—  
 ‘ There must be conqu’ring lords and slaves that yield ’—  
 The Future may attest as the stained Past hath sealed.

- “ These splendours pale ! Spirits, with me combine  
 Your sentence—that to this deep argument  
 Large aidant minds who tenant this confine  
 Be summoned, when our penance-term is spent,  
 145. And o’er us this gemmed roof, once more, is bent.  
 New lights on truth may issue from their rays  
 Of cogitation ; and some joint consent  
 Accrue to spirits from the confluent blaze  
 Of Essences, when each his glowing thought displays.”—

- Lycurgus ceased : the columned monster shapes  
 Wox dim to faintness ; and a hue of dread  
 Fell on each spirit, knowing torture’s lapse  
 Was ended. Ere their sceptred glory fled,  
 146. Methought, a dying beam of radiance shed  
 From each fast-fading visage did betoken  
 Mute acquiescence in their judgment bred  
 With fair proposal by the Spartan spoken—  
 And, as that dying beam was shed—my dream was broken.

NOTES TO BOOK THE FIRST.

1.—Page 12, Stanza 3.

*Beams from the brows of Rollo's robber-brood.*

"ROLLO's robber-brood" was intended as a compliment to the English nobility, so many of whom claim to be descended, in common with William the Bastard, their brigand chief, from the soldiers of Rollo the Norman. Mr. Disraeli, however, seems to be of opinion that these pretensions to chivalrous descent deserve no credit; and, surely, he is an authority on such a subject.

"I have always understood," said Coningsby, "that our peerage was the finest in Europe."

"From themselves," said Millbank, "and the heralds they pay to paint their carriages. But I go to facts. When Henry the Seventh called his first Parliament, there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found, and even some of them took their seats illegally, for they had been attainted. Of those twenty-nine not five remain, and they, as the Howards for instance, are not Norman nobility. We owe the English peerage to three sources: the spoliation of the Church; the open and flagitious sale of its honours by the elder Stuarts; and the boroughmongering of our own times."—*Coningsby*, vol. ii., chap. 4.

2.—Page 21, Stanza 42.

*Scythians, with heel in front, and toes behind,*

The Abarimonides, and Blemmyæ, will be recognised by readers acquainted with Pliny's portraits of human monsters.

3.—Page 22, Stanza 43.

*That breathing stone the Past to gem the future leased.*

The author, it need scarcely be said, has never seen the Laocoön: but does not the imagination, on the mere receipt of testimony, often conceive as deep a worship of that which is believed to be surpassingly beautiful or perfect as an effort of human skill, as the judgment yields, when directed by actual observation?

4.—Page 22, Stanza 44.

*Of sculptured temple, by far traveller viewed  
In Hindoo cave,*

See Captain Seely's enthusiastic description of "Keylas the Proud," among the caverned temples of Elora.

5.—Page 22, Stanza 44.

*or where wild audience*

*The Arab gives to hoar Magnificence*

These and the remaining lines of the stanza form almost a literal embodiment of a picture that I remember to have met with in some volume of Eastern Travels, but I cannot tell where it is to be found.

6.—Page 23, Stanza 50.

*With uneuphonic name in records old*

Chow-Sin, Emperor of China, B.C. 1122.—His suicide is related to have resembled that of Sardanapalus.

7.—Page 24, Stanza 52.

*In Tirzah, and himself a seven days' king survived.*

Zimri.—His story is narrated in the 16th chapter of the 1st book of Kings.



BOOK THE SECOND.

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- LYRE of my fatherland ! anew, to wake  
Thy solemn shell, I come, with trembling hand,  
Feeling my rudeness doth harsh discord make  
With strings great minstrels all-divinely spanned.
1. How shall a thrall essay to join your band,  
Ye free-born spirits whose bold music fired  
My free-born sires to draw the glittering brand.  
For home and England, or, in arms attired,  
To awe their lion kings who to sole power aspired ?

- How shall a thrall, from humble labour sprung,  
Successful, strike the lyre in scornful age,  
When full-voiced bards have each neglected sung,  
When loftiest rhyme is deemed a worthless page,
2. And Taste doth browse on bestial pasturage ?  
Gray Prudence saith the world will disregard  
My harping rude, or term it sacrilege  
That captive leveller hath rashly dared  
To touch the sacred function of the tuneful bard.

- Ah ! when hath joined the servile world to say  
Truth's song was fitly-chosen, fitly-timed ?  
The bard fit songster for a lofty lay,  
Or, that he worthily for bays had climbed ?
3. Great spirits ! who, from mortal clay sublimed,  
Securely wear your immortality,—  
By impulse incontrollable ye hymned  
Soul-worship of the Beautiful,—the Free,  
By freeborn strains, aroused to spurn at Tyranny !

- Thou wert no beggar for permissive grace,  
 Illustrious sire, so blythely debonair,  
 Who didst from Monkery's mis-shapen face  
 The mask of purity, indignant, tear,  
 4. And its deep-grained licentiousness lay bare,  
 What time our simple fathers thou didst sing  
 On merry journey bent to patter prayer [king—  
 At Martyr-shrine, where bowed the priest-scourged  
 That saint with tameless English heart low-homaging !

- And if thou soughtst thou didst no favour gain  
 Worthy to be esteemed a guerdon meet  
 For one who did in such instructive strain  
 As thine, great chief of Allegory ! greet  
 5. A queenly ear, with rhyme of knightly feat  
 And dark enchantment,—weaving moral pure  
 So deftly with harmonious numbers sweet  
 That, while thou didst the outward sense allure,  
 Thou feddst the mind and heart with Virtue's nouriture.

- O matchless Archimage of nature, whom  
 I name with awe,—when thou aloft didst hold  
 Thy living 'mirror' to strike mortals dumb  
 With vision of its wonders manifold,—  
 6. To render uglier still the ugly mould  
 Of baneful vice, and gibbet to mankind  
 Their general villainy,—didst thou, for gold,  
 Or great ones' smiles, forbear to tell thy mind,  
 Or shape thy glass like one to their foul vices blind ?

- Or thou, immortal Childe, with him that saw  
 Islam's Revolt, in rapt prophetic trance,—  
 Did fear of harsh reception overawe  
 Your fervid souls from fervid utterance  
 7. Of Freedom's fearless shout ?—your scathing glance  
 On priestly rottenness, did ye tame down  
 Till priests could brook that lightning's mitigation ?  
 Knowing your cold award would be the frown  
 Of Power and Priestcraft,—ye your sternest thoughts  
 made known.

- And what if all were helot-thoughted things  
 Old Hellene bards to meet by sacred fount  
 Would scorn, save thee, to whom my spirit clings  
 With worship true,—it were enough to count
8. Thy life of toil example paramouat  
 To coward precept. 'Evil days' were thine,  
 And 'evil tongues' and 'dangers,'—yet confront  
 The storm thou didst with courage all-divine,  
 And reared thy stately fabric 'spite of cloud malign !
- Bard of the mighty harp, whose golden chords,  
 Strung by the Eternal, no befitting theme  
 Found among mortals and their low records,  
 But pealed high anthems to the throne supreme,
9. Or, thundering, echoed where the lurid gleam  
 Of Erebus, revealed the primal fall !—  
 Since thou 'mid 'darkness' lone couldst joy, I'll deem  
 This grated cell no dungeon of a thrall,  
 But banquet-chamber where the Mind holds festival !
- Great minstrel, let the night entomb the day,  
 Let bolts and bars, in mockery, last till doom,  
 So that heaven-robed, thou walkst with me, thy lay  
 Shall dissipate all thought of prison-gloom.
10. Transcendant spirit,—in this narrow room  
 Oft tenanted by woe-worn, bruted child  
 Of man, crushed from his cradle to the tomb  
 By tyrants,—how hast thou my nights beguiled !  
 'Smoothing the raven down of Darkness till it smiled' !<sup>2</sup>
- I joy that my young heart a covenant made—  
 To take thee for its guide in patriot deed,  
 If Life's eventful roll should shew arrayed  
 The brethren of my fatherland agreed
11. To claim their ancient birthright, and be freed.  
 Oh how the lesson of thy deathless toil,  
 While my soul homaged thee, in me did feed  
 The flame of freedom ! Shall the sacred oil  
 Not keep it quenchless till the grave its foemea foil ?



- Be thou enthroned, bright patriot, tuneful seer,  
Not on a regal seat that thou wouldst scorn  
As loftily as e'er thou scornedst here  
The thrones of kings, or baubles by them worn ;
12. But, be thy name on England's bosom borne  
In pride, while all her sons thy lineage boast !—  
Thy awful brow is shaded ! Dost thou mourn  
And bode thy darling Commonweal is lost ?—  
Nay !—but we'll win her back, by Labour's gathered host !
- She shall return, with face more heavenly fair,  
And graced with limbs of fittier symmetry !  
Ay,—*shall* return !—for we thy kindred are :  
We'll win thy 'mountain nymph, sweet Liberty !'
13. Thou, and the glorious phalanx of the free,—  
Hampden, and Pym, and Eliot, Selden, Vane,  
Marten, and martyred Sydney,—what were ye ?  
Our elder brethren !—and the kingly chain  
Ye loosed—we'll break : our kingless birthright we'll  
regain !
- Honour—all honour to thee, patriot bard !—  
With whom I took sweet counsel in my youth :  
I joy, that though my lowly lot was hard,  
My spirit, raised by thine, forgot its ruth,
14. And, smiling, dared the dint of Want's fell tooth :  
I joy, that all enamoured of thy song,  
While simpletons esteemed my ways uncouth,  
I wandered, by day's dawn, the woods among,  
Or did, with midnight lamp, my grateful task prolong.
- Poet of Paradise, whose glory illumed  
My path of youthful penury, till grew  
The desart to a garden, and Life bloomed  
With hope and joy, 'midst suffering,—honour due
15. I cannot render thee ; but reverence true  
This heart shall give thee, till it reach the verge  
Where human splendours lose their lustrous hue ;  
And when, in death, my mortal joys all merge—  
Thy grand and gorgeous music, Milton, be my dirge !—



- Long had the night o'erveiled the summer sky,  
 And, through the grated casement of my lair,—  
 Was it some guardian spirit's wakeful eye  
 The captive keeping?—one mild, silver star,  
 16. Benignant, beamed. Meanwhile, of angel war,  
 Fierce waged in heaven against the Eternal king,—  
 Of great Messiah, in his cherub car,  
 Routing the foe,—I heard the minstrel sing,—<sup>4</sup>  
 And heaven's magnificent vault with clash of conflict ring!

- Then, in ecstatic whispers, of the love  
 And joy, and peace, and harmony, that reign  
 Unceasing, 'mid the radiant choir above,  
 Now war is o'er,—he sang : anon, in strain  
 17. Sonorous chaunted how, on burning plain  
 Rallied the fallen warriors' myriad host,  
 And hurled defiance, 'spite of fiery pain  
 And torment, at the Conqueror,—their vain boast  
 Of strength original maintaining—although lost!

- The mighty stature, and still mightier pride  
 And energy of him who 'seemed alone  
 'Th' antagonist of heaven'<sup>4</sup>—in gloom descried  
 Breasting the flaming waves, or, on the throne  
 18. Of stately Pandemonium regal grown,  
 And confident in ruin;—the high seer,  
 Filled with his theme, in deep unearthly tone  
 Rehearsed,—while I, entranced with pleasing fear,  
 Imagined I beheld the proud archangel near!—

- Thus night sped on until the golden lyre  
 And song magnificent brought sense of rest,  
 As late they woke the spirit's sleepless fire :  
 So breathe, conjunctive, at Her high behest,  
 19. Nature's great servitors, to make Man blest—  
 Maugre his foes!—the Muse and Phantasy,  
 Hope, Music, Sleep : until into his nest—  
 Straw on an iron slab—he sinks with glee—  
 Even where the lordlings trow he pines in misery!

- Nor did my minstrel guest upon me look  
 Farewell—until the soul her mystic flight,—  
 Leaving the flesh to slumber,—once more took ;  
 When, o'er Death's sea, by supernatural might
20. Upborne, we seemed to speed, and then to alight  
 Together on that ' boundless continent  
 ' Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night,  
 ' Starless exposed '—where wandered souls that rent  
 Themselves, unbidden, from their earthly tenement.

- Familiar seemed that drear and gloomy land  
 Unto the stately Shade with whom I trod  
 The swamp and rock o'er which the ghastly band  
 Essayed their march. But, now, as if some god
21. Potential had transfixed them by his nod,  
 The chasms forgot to yawn, the rocks to roll  
 And threaten, warlike meteors to forebode,  
 And spectres ceased their gibings fierce and foul :  
 Horror was hushed, and, patient, owned the bard's control.

- Swiftly we threaded through the caverned aisle  
 Of wondrous masonry ; and, forthwith, passed  
 Thorough the vault that seemed sepulchral pile  
 Scooped from primeval rock. Then with light haste
22. Upborne again, as if on gentle blast  
 Pillowed, or winged away by flying steed  
 Invisible, we neared a mountain vast,  
 Where toiled a troop thinking its height would lead  
 Up to some happier clime from pains of penance freed.

- Aloft we floated, passing crowd on crowd,  
 Their guises varied as the flowers a-field,  
 While with all nameless hues their features glowed,  
 Betokening them self-exiles, unannealed,
23. From every mortal clime. Still up we wheeled  
 Our flight, reaching no summit,—countless souls  
 Hard toiling upwards being still revealed,  
 As if the discontented in huge shoals  
 Had hither 'scaped from Earth's old hated prison-walls !

Our flying travel ended where a grove  
 Grew on the mount. 'Midst, sat a form which seemed  
 With raised right hand to mock the pomp of Jove  
 Hurling his lightnings. Asking, as I dreamed,  
 24. Who this might be—'twas 'he who to be deemed  
 'A god leapt fondly into Etna flames—  
 'Empedocles'—the bard replied; while gleamed  
 From the throned figure looks of one who aims  
 Unto some high pretension to assert his claims.

Methought, on this aspiring form I gazed  
 Until a youth, who downcast looked, and coy,  
 Came near; when wondering that he never raised  
 His eyes, I asked what thoughts him might employ :  
 25. The minstrel said, 'twas 'he who to enjoy  
 'Plato's Elysium leapt into the sea—  
 'Cleombrotus'—and, the fanatic boy  
 Thus briefly named, my minstrel guide from me  
 Departed. I, to follow felt I was not free.

Perplexed, I seemed awhile to look around,  
 And wistfully to think of mother Earth ;  
 But soon all thought and consciousness were bound  
 Unto that mountain region : I felt dearth  
 26. Of earthly sense, as heretofore, but birth  
 Of intellection ; for the spirits twain,  
 Of Hellas sprung, seemed now, in words of worth,  
 Though without mortal sound, of their soul's stain  
 And essences of things, to speak in fervid strain.—

"Sage Agrigentine, shall we never leave  
 Our earth-born weaknesses?"—the youth began :  
 "Ages of thought, since Hades did receive  
 Our spirits, have elapsed, by mortal span,—  
 27. Still, from the great disciplinarian  
 Stern Truth, we slowly learn ! A juggler's dupe  
 Thou art, ev'n now—thyself the charlatan !  
 Nay !—like an intellectual eagle, stoop  
 Upon thy quarry, Self-Deceit, with conquering swoop !

- “Vainly, thou knowst, thou wilt seek worshippers  
Of thy proud foolery, here. Before thee fall  
No votaries ; and thy erring spirit stirs,  
In vain, her sovereignty to re-enthral  
28. By harbouring old thoughts terrestrial :  
None will thy godship own ! Thy rock descend,  
Laying stale follies by, and let us call  
Forth from the mind the vigorous powers that rend  
Fate’s curtain ; and our ken beyond these shades extend !”—

- The younger Hellene ceased ; and, while he spake,  
The elder changed, like one who having quaffed  
The maddening cup, up, from his couch doth wake,  
And—told by crowds that old Lyæan craft  
29. Beguiled him, till he skipt, and mouthed, and laught,  
As one moon-struck,—now, ebriate with rage,  
Dashes to earth the foul venenose draught :  
So changed, from pride to ire, the thought-smit sage :  
As if the soul now spurned her self-wrought vassalage.

- Descending his imaginary throne  
With haste, upon the rugged granite peak  
He seemed to have laid his fancied godhead down ;  
For, like to glow that crimsons mortal cheek,  
30. A glow of shame came o’er the lofty Greek,  
When, ’midst the grove, upon the mountain’s sward  
He stood, and, couched in phrase antique,  
Poured forth his inmost thoughts. A rapt regard  
Rendered the youth while thus discoursed the ancient  
bard :

- “Cleombrotus, thou humblest me ; yet I  
Thy debtor am ; fraternal chastisement  
Our spirits need, even here—O mystery  
Inexplicable ! Vainly, on earth outwent  
31. The mind on high discovery, prescient  
Herself esteeming of her after-state ;  
For Ease, Pain’s issue, here, is incident,  
As to Earth’s clime ; and all unlike our fate  
To what we did in mortal life prognosticate.

- “Thou findest not here deep ecstasy absorb  
 With ravishment perpetual the soul ;  
 Although Elysian dreams yon dreaming orb  
 Enticed thee to forsake, and flee to goal  
 32. Eternal. Neither do fierce fires control  
 Our thought with mystic torture, as they feign  
 On earth, who now affright, and then cajole  
 Poor trampled earthworms—picturing joy or pain  
 Ghostly, until the mind subserves the body's chain.

- “Here, as on earth, we feel our woe or joy  
 Is of and from ourselves : the yearning mind  
 Her own beatitude, and its alloy,  
 Creates, and suffering ever intertwined,  
 33. She proves, with error. Fool—I am, and blind—  
 Amidst my fancied wisdom ! What impels  
 The soul to err ? If in the right she find  
 Her happiness concentred, why rebels  
 The will against the judgment till it foams and swells,

- “A tempest,—aided by the raging blast  
 Of passion,—and the yielding soul is whirled  
 Helplessly into guilt's black gulf, or cast  
 On death's sharp breakers ? What hath hither hurled  
 34. Thy bark and mine ? Our senses' sails upfurled  
 We did esteem, by sage Philosophy,  
 Yet was our vessel caught where fiercest curled  
 The furious billows, and poor shipwrecks we  
 Were left—even while we boasted our dexterity !

- “Thou, whilst aspiring after fuller bliss  
 Than earth affords, wert maddened with desire  
 To realise some pure hypostasis  
 Platonic dreamers fable from their sire,  
 35. The Academician : I consuming fire  
 Felt daily in my veins to see my race  
 Emerge from out the foul defiling mire  
 Of animal enjoyments that debase  
 Their nature, and well-nigh its lineaments efface.

- “ I burned to see my species proudly count  
 Themselves for more than brutes ; and toiled to draw  
 Them on to drink at Virtue's living fount,  
 Whence purest pleasures flow. Alas ! I saw  
 36. Old vice had them besotted till some awe,  
 Some tinge of mystery, must be allied  
 With moral lessons ; or, a futile law  
 My scholars would esteem them. Not in pride  
 To Etna's yawning gulph the Agrigentine hied :

- “ I loved my kind ; and, eager to exalt  
 Them into gods, to be esteemed a god  
 I coveted : thinking none would revolt  
 From godlike virtue when the awful nod  
 37. Divine affirmed its precepts. Thus, to fraud  
 Strong zeal for virtue led me ! Canst thou blame  
 My course ? I tell thee, thirst for human laud  
 Impelled me not : 'twas my sole-thoughted aim  
 To render Man, my brother, worthy his high name ! ”——

- So spake Empedocles ; and him the youth  
 Thus answered :—“ Mystery, that for ever grows  
 More complex as we, ardent, seek for truth,  
 Doth still encompass us ! Thy words disclose  
 38. A tide of thoughts ; and o'er my spirit flows  
 Wave after wave, bearing me, nerveless, from  
 My fancied height : as when, by acheful throes,  
 Self-castaway, the shelving rock I clomb,  
 The sea asserted o'er my limbs its masterdom.

- “ My chiefest marvel is that Wisdom's son,  
 Thyself, should, after ages have gone o'er  
 Him, and his race unto the tomb is run,  
 Still feel anxieties which earth's old shore  
 39. Convert to hell. Empedocles, no more  
 Mix palliation with confession, guise  
 Of fraud with truth ! If, in thy heart's deep core,  
 Thou hadst not erred, why, by the grand assize  
 Of the soul's Judge, dost thou in Hades agonise ?

" No longer from thy judgment seek to hide  
 The truth indisputable—that thy heart  
 Was moved, like every human heart, by pride—  
 That subtle poison which with fatal smart,  
 40. Man's spirit penetrates, and doth impart  
 Its hateful tinct even to his pearliest deeds.  
 Whence rise the spectrous forms that flit athwart  
 Thy mental vision here? Thy thought—why breeds  
 It still Pride's haughty plant, unless from earth-sown seeds?

" I question not the truth of thy deep love  
 For virtue, for man's happiness thy zeal.<sup>16</sup>  
 Empedocles, thou knowst my soul hath clove  
 To thine for ages, in these shades : we feel  
 41. Our heart congenial while we thus reveal  
 Its throbbings to the core. Oh ! not in hate  
 Or mockery do I once again appeal  
 Unto thy nobler thought. Though sad our state,  
 Let us from self-deceit the soul emancipate !"—

He ceased ; and thus the Agrigentine sage  
 Replied :—" Cleombrotus, in me, again,  
 Thou call'st forth gratitude : self-cozenage,  
 How low, how mean, how imbecile and vain !  
 42. Yet, humbled, I discern its hateful stain  
 Within my essence, still : would thou hadst torn  
 My last disguise away, and bruised the reign  
 Of my deceits, eternally !—Upborne  
 From hence, then would the soul find some more blest  
 sojourn.

" And why cannot the soul her strength exert  
 Even now? Age after age this irksome feud  
 With frailty we sustain, or, all inert,  
 Droop o'er our woe, and, passive mourn ! Endued  
 43. With power our being is : this torpitude  
 Let us shake off! We loathe the stain we see  
 Still cleaving to us : let the will denude  
 The soul of frailty ! Now for victory  
 Let essence dare, and scale this Mount of Vanity !"—

With wild fanatic light his visage glowed  
 And kindred fire began forthwith to gleam  
 In the youth's eyes :—" With mystic might endowed  
 I feel we are !"—he cried : " with might supreme !  
 44. The soul *shall* sun herself amid the beam  
 Ecstatic, where Elysian flowers bloom  
 In fields of ceaseless verdure, and where stream  
 The waters of rejuvenescence ! Gloom [doom !—  
 Shall cease ! these shades are not the soul's perpetual

" Now, let us mount ! Haste, haste, Empedocles !  
 My brother, haste ! Our spirits' law delay  
 Brooks not : let us the favouring current seize  
 That now the soul bears onward !"—

Swift away,

45. I saw them, as I dreamed, sanguine and gay  
 Of heart as children, join the toiling crew  
 Of motley shapes and guises, that for aye,  
 Clomb up to gain some peak, winning no view,  
 They sought, but seeming, still, their struggle to renew.

My spirit, with a vague, wild ardour rapt,  
 Seemed speedily to mingle with this host.  
 And, as I gazed, sleek, supple forms that aped  
 Deep sanctity, sighing, trudged on, and crossed  
 46. Themselves. Of sable hue, full many a ghost  
 Was there that called on Brahm, and Juggernaut,  
 Veeshnu, and Seeva, and Kalee : these tossed  
 Their frantic forms, and writhed, and wildly smote  
 Upon their breasts—seeming with ecstasy distraught.

And turbaned shapes were there that proudly frowned  
 On all around them, and ' Allah akbar !'  
 Proclaimed : whereat ' Christ shield us from Mahound !'  
 A band exclaimed that signs of antique war  
 47. Displayed, their zeal and guise alike bizarre,  
 Shirted in steel and visored ; while loud rung  
 The air of Hades with unholy jar  
 Of chivalrous chartel they fiercely flung  
 At their grim Paynim foemen, with obstreperous tongue.



- Anathemas and hells eternal waged  
 They next against each other,—losing sense  
 Of their strange afterstate,—so madly raged  
 Each bigot at his fellow's difference
48. Of madness. Memory of their woes intense  
 Returning, each made halt and turned to scorn  
 His neighbour's cowardice, with spite prepense,  
 For blighted self-destroyer that must mourn  
 In endless pain, with torturous hope of end still torn.—

- And now gave o'er their lunatic pursuit  
 The Graian sage and youth I first perceived  
 Upon the mount. Amid the mad dispute  
 Of million zealots they seemed each bereaved
49. Of self-possession, till, anon they cleaved  
 A way from out the crowd, and sat them down,  
 Wearing and strife-worn, while their spirits grieved  
 With more than mortal agony : all flown  
 Their dreams, and their wild hopes brought back to Hades'  
 zone !

- Long space, and gloomy, of existence past,  
 In which, with silent grief, the spirits twain  
 Seemed overwhelmed, and each enthusiast  
 His face averted from his brother, fain
50. To hide his shame, and struggling to sustain  
 His own peculiar woe. At length outburst  
 Cleombrotus, unable to restrain  
 His swelling sorrow :—" Evermore accurst"—  
 He cried,—“ be memory of him who kindled thirst

- “ Within me for some vaguely imagined good,  
 Unproven by the soul, and whether ill  
 Or good unknown ; since oft false likelihood  
 Befools the mind, oft she impels the will
51. To grasp a hemlock where she thought to fill  
 Her embrace with the rose. My mortal state  
 Why did I scorn ? Not seldom, sweetest thrill  
 Of pleasure follows pain : joys mitigate  
 Worst woe : Men share no irremediable fate :

- “Sorrow, on earth, hath uses : nutritive  
Of joys griefs often prove ; and power to find  
Pleasures unfound before pains, friendly, give.  
O state beyond compare ! and for the mind
52. And body framed benignly ! Weak and blind  
And thoughtless was my wish for unmixt joy  
Perpetual, since alternate pain designed  
Satiety of pleasure to destroy  
I now discern. Could ceaseless pleasure fail to cloy ?

- “Alas ! in vain I reason !—vainly charge  
My tortured spirit with her last foul leap—  
Her darkest, deepest stain ! While on the marge  
Of jeopardy this lessoning might keep
53. The soul from error ; but when once the steep  
She clears, sage counsels no deliverance bring.  
Yet, why do I permit despair to sweep  
Away all hope ? Unto the weakest thing,  
For help, the seaman 'midst the strife of death will cling :

- “To weeds—to quicksands—to the cresting foam  
Of the wild waves themselves ! And shall she sink,  
The deathless spirit,—in self-exiled home,—  
Where yet remains her boundless power to think
54. O luxury ineffable, since link  
To link the spiritual Cyclops swift  
And stronger may forge,—till to the very brink  
Of space her tether reach ! This matchless gift  
Is still her portion : shall she not of it make thrift ?

- “Empedocles, my brother, once more tell  
To me thy spirit's woes or joys : once more  
Let us together struggle to expel  
Our sense of pain, and the wide realm explore
55. Of deepest cogitation : that vast shore  
We can, unfettered, visit, and still glean  
Its metaphysic splendours, as of yore :  
Let us our travel to the fair demesne  
Of Mind essay,—the land of truest evergreen !”——

"Cleombrotus, my spirit doth respond  
To thine, with joy!"—replied Empedocles:

"The soul her winged steed, caparisoned  
For venturous travel, mounts, and on the breeze

56. Discursive pants to ride: from far she sees  
Her promised conquests; for thou well hast told,  
And truly, intellectual pleasures please  
When other joys are joyless. But, behold!

Where comes to share our converse the wise Indian old:

"He whom Emathian Philip's son beheld  
Amazed,—while pealing trumpets cleaved the sky,  
And warrior hosts the wondering tumult swelled—  
Ride, on his goaded steed, undauntedly,

57. Into the funeral flame,—scorning to die  
By nature's gradual law! Hail Calanus!"—"—  
The sage spake on—for, now, the Indian nigh  
Appeared; "full timely comest thou, friend, with us  
To share, as oft before, the descant emulous.

"The theme of mystery,—What Existence is,—  
Begin! Whence Pain and Pleasure, Hope, Despair?  
Why Truth in endless metamorphosis

58. Doth shroud herself. How Wisdom may declare  
Her precept best; and how she best may snare  
The vulgar crowd her lessons to observe,  
Thereby to elevate and bless—"

"Forbear!"—

The Indian cried, with look of power and nerve:

"How blindly dost thou, still, from truth and wisdom swerve!

"Empedocles, in sooth I say thou errst,  
As when on earth. Yet, thy clay trammels thou,  
By long sojourn in Hades, shouldst have burst.  
Falsehood and ignorance will ever bow

59. The human soul; and urge it, base and low,  
To grovel in the dust. Falsehood and sooth  
Breed no amalgam. Flame from flood shall flow,—  
The summer's sun shed drops congealed,—and Youth  
Be sire unto Old Age,—ere Lies shall nurture Truth!

- “O Greek, called wise, think how old earth hath mourned  
 And bled, through ages, by the mixture foul  
 Of fraud with truth ! Would that thy heart suborned  
 Had never been by pride, a false control  
 60. To forge for Virtue o'er the human soul !  
 How would the universal race of man  
 Have joined thy lofty labour to extol,—  
 Thy high emprise of goodness, if the ban  
 Of evil mystery had not obscured thy plan !
- “I speak not here to wound thee ; but I joy  
 That Vulcan's fabled forge cast out, in scorn,  
 Thy sandals' brazen soles, for base alloy,"  
 And thus the flimsy veil in twain was torn  
 61. That hid thy apish godhead. Hadst thou worn  
 The false divinity thou soughtst, thy shrine  
 Had only swelled the slavish burthen borne  
 By sottish man of priestly craft malign :—  
 The enwoven fraud had frustrated thyscheme benign !”——
- Eager response unto the Indian gave  
 The Agrigentine bard :—“If not by aid  
 Of harmless fraud,”—he said,—“how couldst thou save  
 The sons of degradation that have strayed  
 62. In Folly's paths until the comely maid,  
 Fair Virtue, seems, from her uncomely dress,  
 Unfair ?”
- “Call not fraud—harmless !”—said the Shade  
 With sable visage :—“Shadow bodiless  
 Of Fraud would curse a world with its flagitiousness :
- “Tinct, grain of falsehood, would a cureless plague  
 A leprosy o' the heart, in mankind breed !  
 Empedocles,—thy wisdom still is vague,  
 Miscalculating, blind ; and still succeed  
 63. To thee, on earth, they who mankind mislead,  
 Without thy real philanthropy engrafted  
 Within their hearts, but mixing with their greed  
 For praise or gold, a larger share of craft : [laughed !  
 How long and loud the fablers at the easy world have

- " And still sleek fablers thrive ; whilst thou to flame  
 Gavest thy frail life, and for thyself hast won—  
 What ?—Folly's laurels and a madman's fame !  
 The time will come, O Hellene ! when the sun  
 64. Shall look upon a world no more o'errun  
 With slaves to sensualism ; when haggard Spite,  
 And frowning Pride, and Envy pale shall shun  
 Truth's glorious beams, and Love's celestial light—  
 They twain that shall be one, by hymeneals bright !
- " Glad Earth shall wed them : to the nuptial-feast,  
 The banquet sempiternal, new-born Faith  
 Shall call the nations : fairest Peace, sweet Rest,  
 And holy Joy, shall minister with breath  
 65. Ambrosial at the bridal : demon wrath  
 Against their brethren, cruelty through lure  
 Of gold, strife for the conqueror's wreath of death,  
 The strong shall loathe : the weak shall wear, secure,  
 Their stronger brethren's love—that heaven-wrought  
 armature !
- " How blest that nuptial reign ! The strong shall seek  
 Their strength to nurture, hourly, with the dews  
 Of Pity and Mercy ; visiting, with meek  
 Yet fervid zeal, Pain's couch, and Want's purlieus ;  
 66. Creating health for sickness, hopeful views  
 Of life for dark despondence ; breaking bread  
 To weeping orphans ; and the withered thews  
 Of age cheering with raiment ; till, outspread [tread !  
 In smiles, Earth is one mother's hearth where brethren
- " The time will come ! But, ere that bridal-day  
 Dawn on our ancient home, Knowledge must win,  
 By toilsome steps and slow, her widening way :  
 Knowledge—the new-born world's great heroine  
 67. That shall be—when, of knight and paladin,  
 Tartar and Mameluke, legion and cohort  
 And phalanx, fame hath fled ; when War's huge sin  
 Hath ceased ; and ' Glory,' ravening kings' fell sport,  
 Is chronicled with tales of murderous report.

- “O Greek, hadst thou a lowly pioneer  
 Aspired to be of Knowledge, and disdained  
 To be esteemed, by Greeks, a fit compeer  
 Of myriad mongrel gods, mankind had gained  
 68. By thee, perchance, a gift worth thanks unfeigned ;  
 And lasting honours to thy memory  
 Exultant lands had rendered, disenchained  
 From ignorance, and craft, and tyranny.—  
 Yet it will come—that trump of world-spread jubilee !

- The time will come ! Young Knowledge on her march  
 Already speeds ! Her march of suffering toil,  
 And peaceful hardihood, of patient search  
 And tireless zeal. Forth from his snaky coil  
 69. Old Superstition springs, and Power his foil  
 Of sword and chain opposeth to her steps—  
 But all in vain ! She counts them for a spoil !  
 And conquering and to conquer, forth she sweeps  
 O'er alp, and vale, and strand ; and bounds across the  
 deeps !

- “Now beams on Thulé's shore her genial torch :  
 Yea, there her central temple proudly stands :  
 And lo ! who greets her at the stately porch—  
 An awful-fronted sage, from whom her hands  
 70. Receive an ensign which on high expands  
 Amid the breeze : that peerless gonfalon  
 Monarchs and Priests behold, and think their sands  
 Are numbered ; for aghast, they read upon [undone !  
 Its scroll 'Knowledge is Power !' They fear their craft

- “They quake—they bow—and soon shall disappear  
 Their twin theurgies—for the nations wake !  
 Knowledge, the great Enfranchiser, is near !  
 Yet, though their bonds the wide world's helots break,  
 71. They seek not in their tyrants' blood to slake  
 A thirst for vengeance. Knowledge desolates  
 No mother's hearth—no brother's home : they take  
 Revenge in mercy, whom she emancipates :  
 His carrion maw, tracking her steps, no vulture sates :

- “The dogs of carnage prowl not where she treads :  
 Beneath her steps the sterile desert smiles ;  
 And o'er the wintry waste its perfume sheds  
 The vernal rose : along the forest aisles
72. Earth's seraphim awake : her breath beguiles  
 Old Nature's self ! I see their rays appear—  
 The beauteous bridal pair ! Through islet piles  
 I hear the shout that Truth and Love are near :  
 For Knowledge wins her way—their radiant harbinger !”—
- So spake the Indian sage, and stood enrapt  
 In ecstasy prophetic, as, of old,  
 The Pythoness afflate who, struggling shaped  
 To mortal sounds what the Immortal told.
73. Silence applausive, that with mystic mould  
 Of spirits consorts, the Twain long held. His trance  
 Of admiration first the youth controlled :  
 “I burn with wish,”—he said,—“that Fate or Chance  
 Had granted us of clay a later heritage :
- “What raptures then had been our portion ! Now  
 We wrestle with our lot in hope : for yet  
 Hope unto us remains ; and on thy brow,  
 O Calanus, methinks, are brightly met
74. Rays of a hope for Hades. Shall thy debt  
 And ours to angered Providence be purged  
 By ages of endurance, here, beset  
 With strange alternate woes ? For either urged  
 By hope we strive ; or, in despair all strife is merged
- “In wretchedness of dull, grave-cold despair.  
 Say, sable spirit, what thou knowst of rest  
 That shall be ours !”—
- With look of anxious care,
75. He ceased, impatient for reply. Unblest,  
 Humbled, regretful, thought and speech confest  
 Empedocles ; and he, ere deeper gauge  
 Of thought the Indian took, thus urged his quest :  
 “Some glimpse of joy,” he said, “my thoughts presage :—  
 This shall not be the soul's eternal heritage :

- “ The spirit shall escape her prison-house :  
 But thou, O Sage,—to whom mind more intense  
 Hath brought deep knowledge,—who with luminous  
 Perceptions art endowed, and opulence
76. Of reasoning power, like to the prescience  
 Of gods,—tell forth what hope of blissful end  
 To these our changeful woes, or what suspense  
 Of agony, thou dost foreknow. Could we amend  
 The past, my soul should truth no more with foul fraud  
 blend :
- “ Bright truth with grovelling fraud. Too late I see  
 Wide wanderings with my fancied rectitude  
 Enmixt. But why this Mount of Vanity,—  
 So called by souls that have, for aye, renewed
77. Their strife to win its peak,—still unsubdued  
 Their sanguine zeal, though fruitless,—why assign  
 The gods our portion here? Torturous soul-feud  
 Of myriad forms hath Hades,—but divine,—  
 If that thou canst,—why hold we this abhorr'd confine?
- “ What Power appoints to us, with minds at large,  
 This mountain-prison? Why, in this duresse,  
 Deemed we, but now, our spirits on the marge  
 Of ecstasy's eternal boundlessness,
78. And then, again, surged, wrecked, and shelterless,  
 On agony's shore, ourselves imagined? Though  
 Mysterious agencies on us impress  
 Their purposes,—thou, Calanus, mayst know  
 What these, the wondering soul's perplexities, foreshow.”—
- “ Perplexed I am for answer,”—in my dream  
 The Indian seemed to say : —“ Here banishment  
 From earth is self-inflicted ; and I deem  
 Some mystic law consociates spirits pent
79. In this strange realm of penance. They who rent  
 Themselves from earth, impelled by painful force  
 Of ill-requited passion, live unblent  
 With spirits who through torturous remorse  
 Fled hither to embrace the self-destroyer's curse :



“ And they whom slights and treacheries have pierced  
 With thousand arrows ; or, whom children’s hate  
 Hath heart-galled ; or, whose actions misrehearsed,  
 The pitiless world hath phrensied ; or, whom Fate  
 80. Or circumstance hath failed to elevate  
 Above their fellows, till with their own hand  
 They broke life’s bonds, hold here a various state.  
 From these the Poet and the Patriot band,  
 Self-exiles, dwell apart, in this mysterious land.

“ Nor seems it purposeless that we who reft  
 Ourselves of earth’s mixt joys through thirst to drink  
 Of ecstasy unmixt, should thus be left  
 At large, as heretofore, to dream and think ;  
 81. And, while imagining we reach the brink  
 Of purest joy, should feel ourselves still tossed  
 On hope’s conflicting wave, then feebly sink  
 Desponding. If, upon this mystic coast,  
 Each wandering soul with dreams and visions be engrossed

“ Analogous to dreams and visions which  
 In mortal life engrossed her, ’midst the crowd  
 Of stern realities,—if glozing speech  
 Mislead her, as on earth,—and mists enshroud  
 82. Her vision till all essence with a cloud  
 Is wrapt,—and doubt asks whether she exists  
 Or not,—why, let our struggling will be bowed !  
 It is our spirits’ law,—and, as Fate lists  
 We live : in vain this law our rebel will resists.

“ Shall we live thus for ever,—or hath hope  
 Foundation firm for joys—pure joys to come ?  
 Perplexed I answer : We but guess and grope  
 For this the jewel of our search : unwomb  
 83. Herself Truth may : but, in the heart of gloom  
 She still hides this her gem of gems. The mind  
 Oft asks how gods their progeny can doom  
 To endless, hopeless woe : but what, if blind  
 Necessity grasps all ! Who shall her grasp unbind ?

Among mortals, spirits in Hades shall, thenceforth  
84. Experience wondrous change,—the soul new birth  
Shall have of wisdom,—false distinctions cease,  
Or they have highest honour who in worth  
Of virtue most excel,—penance to peace  
For ever shall be changed,—and ever know increase

“With ye not seldom, Hellenes sage, I share  
These sanguine thoughts; but souls of Kings ask vain  
Derive we our bright hope. Summons I bear  
Unto our mountain realm—that high souls hence  
85. Betake them where, in pictured affluence  
Of power, Monarchs hold thrones, when lapse of life  
To them, with us, Nature's behests dispense.  
Since Kings yield parley, think ye that in vain [I  
Truth's devotees 'fore thrones shall themes of Truth receive

“Spirits, ye beam with thoughts that antedate  
Triumph of Truth and Right; and I partake  
Your deep prophetic joy. What though dark hate  
Bosoms of kings usurps?—Love shall awake  
86. In gentleness omnipotent, and make  
Her meekest throne within their souls,—for they  
Are human,—and all human souls shall break  
Their vassalage to Wrong. Alas!—dismay  
Of doubt begins, anew, to seek me for its prey!

“Empedocles!—Cleombrotus!—our life  
In Hades, as on earth, is mystery:

“ Endowed, may yet launch out her fragile bark  
Adventurously, and find some sea of bliss,—  
Some unknown flood of light,—and, far from dark  
And dismal storms of doubt, emparadise

88. Herself—”

Anon, from vague hypothesis  
The Indian fell again to doubtings void,  
Till like his speech, his form itself, I wis,  
Grew dim ; and with its brother forms did glide  
Into the womb of Nought :—the vision was destroyed !

NOTES TO BOOK THE SECO

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1.—Page 53, Stanza 8.

*'Evil days' were thin  
And 'evil tongues' and 'dangers,'*  
"Paradise Lost."

2.—Page 53, Stanza 10.

*'Smoothing the raven down of darkness till it  
Comus.'*

3.—Page 54, Stanza 13.

*We'll win thy 'mountain nymph, sweet Lu  
'L'Allegro.'*

4.—Page 55, Stanza 16

*Routing the foe,—I heard the minstrel s.*

In plain prose, I mean that my rehearsal of Milton's hours of darkness in my sleeping cell, frequently converted into a season of ecstasy. I had committed three stanzas of "Paradise Lost" to memory, while at the last, twenty years of imprisonment; and I thus was enabled to realise to me such an inalienable possession.

5.—Page 55, Stanza 18.

*'Th' antagonist of heaven'—in gloom d.*  
"Paradise Lost."



## 8.—Page 57, Stanza 25.

*'he who to enjoy  
' Plato's Elysium leapt into the sea —  
' Cleombrotus'—*

"Paradise Lost."

## 9.—Page 58, Stanza 30.

*the ancient bard :*

The poetical performances of Empedocles (without mooted the question of his identity with Empedocles the tragedian) must have been considerable.—Diogenes Laertius (editio Amstelædani : Hen. Wetstenii : p. 529) records Aristotle's testimony that the character of the Agrigentine philosopher's poetry was "Homeric," and takes especial notice of a poem on Xerxes' transit of the Hellespont, and an address or hymn to the Sun (in Apollinem proœmium). Fabricius (Bibliotheca Græca : editio Hamburgi : vol. i., p. 811), in the list of the works of Empedocles, places three books of hexameter verse on Nature,—3,000 hexametres on Lustrations, and 600 on Medicine. In the same volume the "learned" reader may peruse a specimen of this philosopher's poetry,—being 168 lines of Greek, on the Spheres,—and may also acquaint himself with some stout reasons why Empedocles should be considered as the real author of the celebrated "Golden Verses of Pythagoras."

## 10.—Page 61, Stanza 41.

*For virtue, for man's happiness thy zeal.*

The highest testimonies to the philanthropy, humane exercise of his medical skill, liberality in the disposition of his wealth, and democratic spirit of Empedocles, are given by Laertius and others.—See Stanley's or Enfield's "History of Philosophy."

## 11.—Page 65, Stanza 57.

*Calanus!—*

The self-immolation of this Indian philosopher, in the presence of Alexander the Great, is described, with some variations of circumstance, by Arrian, Plutarch, and others. King Sudraka, author of the Sanscrit drama "Mrichchacati, or the Toy Cart," (recently translated by Professor Horace Hayman Wilson), also burnt himself to death, as a religious consummation of mortal life, about, it is supposed, 192 years before Christ.

## 12.—Page 66, Stanza 61.

*Thy sandals' brazen soles,*

Diogenes Laertius gives authorities for his relation that the mode of Empedocles' suicide was discovered by the casting up of his brazen sandals from the crater of Etna : other ancient authors discredit the entire narrative.



BOOK THE THIRD.

HAIL, glorious Sun ! All hail the captive's friend !  
Giver of purest joys, where Sorrow fain  
Would enter and abide, and, traitorous, lend  
Her power to aggravate the tyrant's chain :

1. Great Exorcist, that bringest up the train  
Of childhood's joyaunce, and youth's dazzling dreams  
From the heart's sepulchre, until, again,  
I live in ecstasy, 'mid woods, and streams, [beams-  
And golden flowers that laugh while kissed by thy bright

- Ay, once more, mirrored in the silver Trent,  
Thy noon-tide majesty I think I view  
With boyish wonder ; or, till drowsed and spent  
With eagerness, peer up the vaulted blue
2. With shaded eyes, watching the lark pursue  
Her dizzy flight ; then, on a fragrant bed  
Of meadow sweets still sprent with morning dew,  
Dream how the heavenly chambers overhead  
With steps of grace and joy the holy angels tread.

- Of voices sweet, and harps with golden wires  
Touched by the fingers of the seraph throng ;  
Of radiant vision which the cherub choirs  
Witness, with jubilee of rapturous song,  
And without weariness their joy prolong,
3. I lie and dream, till, with a start, I wake,  
Thinking my mother's home is still among  
Earth's children, and her yearning heart will ache,  
If, for those angel joys, her smile I should forsake.—

Although thy tyrants but a worthless thief  
Esteemed him. Rankled, deep, oppressor  
In thy recesses : still, in hardihood  
Of conscious right, stern challenge thou dost  
Back at thy foemen and their hireling brood  
And beat unto old age with free and youthful

Mother, thy wrongs, the common wrongs  
To labour doomed by proud and selfish doers  
Enduringly have fixed the burning gall  
Deep in my veins—ay, in my very bones.

5. I hate ye, things with surpluses and crowns  
Serpents that poison, tigers that devour  
Poor human kind, and fill the earth with groans  
Through every clime ! God send ye were  
Ye'd have a merry requiem, from shore to shore

Taxes for king and priest a knave was won  
To filch from my poor widowed mother's toil  
And while the prowling jackal held his hungr  
He batted on the offals of the spoil,

6. And mocked the sufferers ! How my blood  
When lately I beheld a gilded stone  
Raised to the memory of this vermin vile,  
And pious charity ascribed thereon  
To him who gray beneath the Poor's grim count

I laid my aged mother near the dust  
Of her oppressor ; but no gilded verse  
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust



Bright Gazer on the wilderness of woe  
 Called Earth, dost thou above in mockery smile  
 Like human crowds thou look'st upon below?  
 I fondly hoped thou wouldst, a little while,  
 The captive of his cankerous care beguile;  
 But, for one glimpse of childhood's cheerful bloom,  
 Thou hast brought back upon my heart a pile  
 Of achings kindred to the dreary tomb;  
 And mak'st me feel I hasten to that realm of gloom.

What—when my torturers have had their fill  
 Of vengeance—if I, once more, freely range,  
 Beneath thy radiance, over vale and hill,  
 Through tangled wood, by stream, and moated grange,  
 And festooned castle wall? Deep thoughts of change  
 And sadness will the flowers of childhood bring:  
 I shall be companied with voices strange  
 To childhood's rapture, and unskilled to sing  
 The merry song with which we made the welkin ring:

Sorrow will follow song of matin merle  
 And vesper throstle where young joys I took:  
 For, of the dead, where Lindsey's streamlets purl,  
 Remembrances are writ, in Nature's book;  
 The gentle violet may as sweetly look  
 And heavenly blue as it was wont to glow:  
 But, like that darling floret by the brook,  
 'Twill breathe—'Forget-me-not!'—and I shall bow  
 In grief, remembering there that joyous hearts lie low.—

Thou gorgeous lamp to light man to the home  
 Appointed for all living!—though elate  
 With throb of liberty regained I roam  
 O'er paths to Life's glad morning consecrate,  
 Will not thy flame foreshew that for me wait  
 Death's prison-portals, and I do but stay  
 At large on sufferance? For, the writ of Fate  
 Will soon arrive, which not a breath's delay  
 Brooks, of their full surrender, from the forms of clay.

Was it to know Death's truths, in life, that ye

12. The hoary Kelt who on the cromlech burned  
His brother, hymning thee, the sky-throned god  
For ages, Man thy huge gray shrines hath spun  
Mocking thy worship ; but, like all who trod  
Earth then, in dreams, still dream the children of

And thou, thyself, all glorious as thou art,  
Supernal Sun !—what art thou but a dream ?  
A splendid vanity—a glittering part  
Of the vast aggregate of things that seem ?

13. How know I that with veritable beam  
Thou dost illumine this earth and sister spheres ?  
Or, whether they and thou, mere fictions, teem  
From Mind, and thy great glory but appears—  
Not is—and will, with thy beholders, fade with year  
Hath Mind, more truly, substance, then, than thou  
Great Sun ?—

Oh ! how poor human thought doth  
Itself ! *I think* I see : *I think* I know !

14. What further ? Nought—to worms ! Although ye  
At Truth's dark barriers, they will bear the shock  
Till doomsday—if it ever come ! If sleep  
Eternal comes, instead, then, at a stroke,  
Away, it will hope, faith, and doubting sweep :  
And, if we cease to be ; why—we shall cease to we

Alas !—the soul doth seek to gather balm,  
In vain, from barrenness : alternative

And thus, my brother-worms, in days of eld,  
 Looked on thy resurrection, and believed  
 That since thy disentanglement they beheld  
 Each morn, thou hadst a symbol for them weaved  
 6. Of glorious life to follow death : reprieved  
 From fear of what I fear, they danced, they sung,  
 And on the mountains where so late they grieved,  
 And wailed their dead, gay trophies to thee hung,  
 And shouted thy high praise till hill and valley rung !

Baal, whose mighty tabernacles rose,  
 Roofed by the sky,—from Babel to Stonehenge ;  
 Whose Beltein fire her mountain child still shows  
 On Caledonia's hills, 'spite of all change :  
 7. Boodh, Veeshnu, Chrishna, of old shasters strange,  
 Through ages hymned by Hindoo devotee :  
 Osiris, whose dark murder to avenge  
 Pale Isis nightly glowed o'er Mitzraim's sea—  
 Old priestly Nile that glads the land of mystery :

Mithras, high deity of gorgeous Mede :  
 Thammuz, or Adad, of Chaldaic seer,  
 Or old Phœnician by the Hebrew's seed  
 Supplanted : Titan, or Hyperion, fear  
 8. Of new-fledged gods, assailed in cloudy sphere  
 Olympic : Phœbus or Apollo, bright  
 And young and fair, throughout the rolling year  
 Circled with song, or from the Delphic height,  
 Breathing dim oracles, 'mid priest-enriching rite :

God, claimed by regal Incas as their sire  
 Beyond the wave Columbian, where upcone  
 Earth's storehouses of silver : Sovereign fire !  
 The young soul's natural god ! Visible throne  
 Of holy Nature's Sovereignty unknown  
 Invisible !—by whatsoever name  
 Adored and deified throughout our zone,  
 Thy worshippers all held thy risen flame  
 Did for the soul adumbrate some great after-drame !

- On shadows leaning, these did vaguely urge  
 Their dreaming pilgrimage ; and, lest I lean  
 On shadows too—though thousand lights converge  
 To deck with loveliness the Nazarene—
20. I hesitate, demur, surmise, and glean,  
 Daily, new grounds to doubt the Mythic dress—  
 Phœnician woof, once more !—through which is seen,  
 I fear, thy ancient face—bright Comeliness !—  
 Fabling with future life poor grave-doomed worms to bless!

- He whom the Arimathean's tomb enclosed—  
 The Toiler blest, who on the vile cross died—  
 But, 'spite of guards, the bonds of death unloosed,  
 Scattering the men of iron in their pride
21. Convulsed to helplessness, and forth did ride  
 Leading captivity captive !—Is he not—  
 Magnific beam !—thy power personified—  
 Night-tombed—and, then, pouring dismay and rout  
 On Darkness, while Earth's million morning-voices shout ?

- I love the Galilean ; Lord and Christ  
 Such goodness I could own ; and, though enshrined  
 In flesh, could worship : If emparadised,  
 Beyond the grave, no Eden I could find
22. Restored, though all the good of humankind  
 Were there, and not that yearning One, the Poor  
 Who healed, and fed, and blest ! Nay, to my mind,  
 Hell would be Heaven, with him ! Horror no more  
 Could fright, if such benignant beauty trod its shore !

- I love the sweet and simple narrative,  
 With all its childlike earnestness—the page  
 Of love-wrought wonders which in memory live :  
 I would the tale were true : that heritage
23. Of immortality it doth presage  
 Would make me glad indeed. But doubts becloud  
 Truth's fountains as their depths I seek to gauge,—  
 Till with this trustless reckoning I am bowed—  
 Man's heritage is but a cradle and a shroud !—

- Hark !—'tis the turnkey !—and those bars and bolts  
 Jar their harsh summons to my nightly nook.  
 Farewell, grand Sun ! How my weak heart revolts  
 At that appalling thought—that my last look
4. At thy great light must come ! Oh ! I could brook  
 The dungeon, though eterne !—the Priests' own hell,  
 Ay, or a thousand hells, in thought, unshook,  
 Rather than Nothingness ! And yet the knell,  
 I fear, is near, that sounds—*To consciousness farewell !*

- After these day-dreams 'neath the summer's sun,  
 The Soul—I mean, the something that doth think  
 And dream : Name it aright, thou knowing one  
 Who kennst the Essence which doth ever shrink
- !5. From its own scrutiny !—began to link  
 Night's images to forms she waking saw  
 With the interior eye.—

Upon the brink  
 Of a wild lake I stood, and viewed with awe,  
 Again unveiled, the realm of suicidal woe !

- The spacious wave, before me, tempest-gloomed  
 And bleak and storm-tost, howled ; and I seemed froze  
 With cold ; and shuddering, felt as if foredoomed  
 To sense of mortal hunger. On the shore
- !6. I wandered, while my thoughts, amid the roar  
 Of winds and waters, dwelt on One who stilled  
 The waves, and fed the hungry : and the more  
 I seemed to be with sense of hunger thrilled  
 And cold, the more that Form my inward vision filled.

- And still I wandered by the howling lake,  
 Imagining what joy succeeded fear  
 In the poor fishers, when their Master spake  
 From the night-wave, and said,—' Be of good cheer !
- !7. 'Tis I !'—while one sprang out to meet Him there,  
 But would have sunk, had not the meek One's hand  
 Him rescued. ' Who '—I cried—' would not reverse  
 ' Such power and love ? Worship I, on this strand,  
 Would give the Nazarene—did He these waves command.'

The soul, in her impassioned workings, seemed  
 To have spoken audibly,—whereat, a sound,  
 Or what was likest sound—came, as I dreamed,  
 Forth from the caves that hemmed that lake around,  
 28. Appalling, as when one with mortal wound  
 Is struck, and utters his last agony  
 Of wild despair. A face that did astound  
 My spirit met me, as I turned to see  
 What form to wildly wail on that stern shore might be.

Tongue cannot syllable the blighting curse  
 To which that visage gave soul-utterance :  
 For mastery—guilt, despair, wrath, shame, remorse,  
 Contended, in each petrifying glance ;  
 29. And still their contest burning sustenance  
 Drew evermore from the consuming blaze  
 Within :—‘ My being’s ceaseless heritance  
 ‘ Is agony !’—seemed written in that gaze,  
 In letters not a universe of joy could raze :

It was a look unique in wretchedness :  
 Such as, in land of penance, could be worn  
 By none but him who, in his heart’s excess  
 Of ill, his gust for guilt, engrained, inborn,  
 30. Betrayed to shameful death, and vilest scorn  
 Of butchering priests, the Being who only sought  
 To bless mankind and die ! The look of lorn  
 Remediless woe with which that face was fraught  
 Needed no speech to tell—it marked Iscariot.

The guilty spirit knew that he was known :  
 So livingly the soul made manifest  
 Her inmost workings, in that visioned zone.—  
 “ And who art thou ? ”—the spirit of unrest  
 31. Exclaimed,—“ that hither’ comest on prying quest  
 To view Perdition’s Son ? Let the dark sign  
 Of thy self-murder, which these shades unblest  
 Sternly reveal, restrain thy thought malign : [thine ?  
 How knowst thou my soul’s deed more criminal than

- “Worship to Him my treason brought to shame  
 Thou talkst of rendering, did he here display  
 His power and love,—feigning to shift the blame  
 Of thy foul unbelief—(thy words bewray  
 12. Thy atheist heart!)—on Him who bears high sway  
 Above, and, in the chequered roll of time,  
 Allots each paltry worm his little day.  
 Away—dissembler! Distant age and clime  
 Excuse not unbelief: 'tis the soul's self-spawned crime!

- “Depart, proud unbeliever! Let suffice  
 That thou hast spied the Traitor: now thine eye  
 Fix on thine own earth-stains: plan new device  
 Elsewhere, thy heart with doubt to petrify  
 33. Tenfold,—but stay not here! No sceptic spy  
 Shall bide with me: my desolateness I'll share  
 With none: these blasting shores,—the howling cry  
 Of this wild lake, are my companions! Dare  
 Not thou to offer fellowship with my despair!”

- He ceased, a while; but I no vigour felt  
 To utter speech, or flee. As if a spell  
 Flowed from the spirit's eyes, and, entering, dwelt  
 Within my being's fenceless citadel,  
 14. I stood transfixt, and terror-frore! Rebel  
 Against this silent helplessness, or break  
 The spell of dread, I could not; though, to tell  
 My heart unto the fallen one, with ache  
 Unutterable, I yearned! Again, Iscariot spake:—

- “Doth still delay? Fearest thou to go alone?  
 Take with thee, then, from out my serpent cave,  
 For company, yon wretched, prostrate one.  
 Come,—hear him, in his guilt-struck madness, rave,  
 15. And cry he cannot the fierce scorn outbrave  
 Of all he meets in Hell!—though in Earth's life,  
 He outfaced cursings dread, until they clave  
 Unto his coward soul; and, now, the strife  
 Of condign woe within, his face doth hieroglyph.

"Come, see if thou canst read! Thy frozen isle  
 He lately fled. Belike of brotherhood,  
 The memory, may revive this thing of guile—  
 This viper fell, that drained his country's blood,  
 36. And then let out his own! From his low mood  
 Of infantile despair thy form may serve  
 This cast-off sleuth-hound of the craven brood  
 To rouse, once more. Follow!—if thou hast nerve  
 Of soul to look on horror, nor from courage swerve!"

I followed: for, albeit the spell of dread  
 Forbade my utterance still,—desire prevailed,  
 And power returned, to move. The spirit led  
 Where sterner horrors my rapt soul assailed:  
 37. Crowds of huge snakes their coils innumerable trailed,  
 Forming a labyrinthine cave, vast volve  
 On volve, with scales impenetrable mailed,  
 All seeming fierce the mandate to dissolve  
 That held them there their mighty folds to circumvolve.

How achingly their eyes, amidst their wrath,  
 Large pain expressed, and how my fear was blent  
 With sympathetic pain, as on that path,  
 Encompassed, thick, with torturous coils, I went,  
 38. Life's waking wave with Sleep's stream confluent  
 Can never from my beating brain efface:  
 Designed for deepest treason's chastisement  
 That cavern seemed: goal for sin's fiercest race:  
 The bourne for Guilt too foul its footsteps to retrace!

A livid, baleful light the serpents clothed,  
 Or seemed to issue forth each burning throat  
 The monsters ever showed. The frayed soul loathed  
 Her vision, with such shuddering horror fraught,  
 39. And prayed for gloom. At length, Iscariot rought  
 A space circled with snakes in deathly array  
 Upreared, pointing with forked tongues, where smote  
 His breast, as on the rocky floor he lay  
 In speechless agony—the suicide of Cray!—



“Arise, and see how curl thy brother snakes  
Around thee!”—cried the tortured Hebrew ghost :—

“Look on the torment which at length o’ertakes  
The perjured traitor on that cursed coast

1. He ploughed Life’s sea to find ! Vile viper ! lost,  
Abhorred ! driven forth of all in Hell’s own realm !  
Arise, I say, nor lie thus torn and tossed,—  
Tyrant, who swayed a triple nation’s helm, [whelm !”  
Erewhile, and mocked while suffering did the land o’er-

By mortal images her dread describe  
Cannot the waking mind, recalling, sad,  
That dream, and memory of each horrid gibe  
Iscaiot uttered, as if wildly glad

1. To vent his rage, and pain to superadd  
Unto his fellow’s pain ! Rackt, speechless, prone,  
While his curved spine the huge snakes cupolaed,  
And venomed anger from their eyes outshone,—  
O’erwhelmed, soul-numbed with woe, remained the pros-  
trate one.

“Will no taunt rouse Hibernia’s fallen child,—  
Her cut-throat and his own ?” Judas resumed ;  
And swift, the snakes, the prone form leaving, coiled  
Around the Jew their frightful folds, and fumed

2. More wildly as he raged :—“What hath be-rheumed  
“Thy courage, mighty parasite ? On earth  
A prince ! With worm-worn monarchs catacombed !  
How, after all thy greatness, can this dearth  
Of pride enshroud thee ? Wilt thou wake old Hell to mirth !

“Vile pandar to the pomp-blown, lust-swoln Guelph ;  
Rise, I adjure thee, and betake thee hence !  
I will be fellow to Hell’s inmost self,

3. Rather than unto thee, trickster prepenſe,  
And double-dealer in each mean pretence  
For forging fetters to thy fatherland !  
Her champion—first ; and then—true subsequence  
Of falsehood—tool, her slavery that planned,  
And for his guilty wages stretched his guilty hand !

- I have . —the prostrate
- “A price ! Did I my Master, with de  
Of a false kiss betray, to foes athirst
44. For his most precious blood, my heart  
The while, with settlement of black rec  
The thirty silver pieces ? ”——
- “ Snake accurs
- Retorted Judas,—“ think not here to ch  
Thy soul : *my* deed was foretold by the Pa
- “ The Comforter on earth I never knew  
But here I know Him ! ’Tis my soul’s s  
That He, who did of old the seers endue  
With mystic foresight, hath my being beg
45. With deep assurance that, though long th  
Of these strange tortures, yet, the hour wi  
When my freed essence shall her strength  
And wing her way to that bright happy hc  
Where joys, for sinners purged of stain, perp
- “ My crime, in verity, belongs not me ;  
And, therefore, penance, endless, cannot c  
Me hers. I am the child of Destiny !  
But thou—thou self-stained thing of scorn
46. Thou torturer of millions ! whose foul air  
Self-moved, self-nurtured, was thyself to s  
In crime, thy kind in tears—enduring blar  
Thyself must bear ; and o’er thy soul shal  
The tempest of His wrath—relentless, ceaseles
- “ Speak’st thou of destiny, base Jewish ch  
Fiercely the tortured —”

" Was I not beckoned, in my climbing path,  
 By beaming visions supernatural ?  
 Shall I the sentence of eternal wrath  
 Acknowledge just—since dreams, prophetic  
 3. Of what I should be,—did my will enthral,—  
 And bright angelic shapes, in gems and gold  
 Bediademmed, with voice celestial,  
 Nightly, me bade to grasp with seizure bold [rolled—"  
 The prize, in Fate's weird book, for Castlereagh en-

" Hah ! utter not thy name—that synonym  
 Of Villany !"—exclaimed the self-destroy'd  
 Betrayer of the Blest ;—" it doth bedim  
 " Darkness itself to utter it ! ' Avoid  
 3. ' That sound accurst !'—the souls in air upbuoyed,  
 New come from Earth, in dismallest accents, yell :  
 ' Forbear that guilty name to tell !'—the void  
 Waste shore and caves re-echo. Serpent fell,  
 I charge thee, name no more thy hated self, in Hell !"—

Elate still reared Cray's suicide, enwrap  
 In old life-dreams,—the soul's habiliment  
 Of morrice-pomp, for holidays adapt  
 At change and full of moon, on earth. He lent  
 3. No audience to this chiding ; but, intent  
 On telling his pride's dreams, began to spume,  
 And struggle after phrase grandiloquent,—  
 The soul's old habitude,—wherewith to exhume  
 His moon-struck visions vain from memory's pictured  
 tomb.—

" 'Twas in my manhood's youth,"—he proudly said ; '  
 " I tarried, for one night, fast by the wave  
 Atlantic, where, in lovely verdure spread,  
 Old Erin laughs to hear the north wind rave.  
 The hall that welcomed me was old, but brave  
 And stately stood, as stands the forest oak  
 After five hundred autumn tempests have  
 Against his stalwart arms their fury broke,  
 And, eke, five hundred times stripped of his kingly cloak.

52. Around the aged walls,—while softly sur  
The minstrel evening breeze, with wanton  
That castle's marriage to King Time. I  
With rainbow tints the clouds resplendent  
On me, on towers, and leaves,—for magic  
Fit bower that seemed ; and I some wand'ring

53. "Around my steed the giddy flittermouse  
Sported, in whimsical ellipse, and passed,  
On leathern sails, with haste to tell his story  
Hung, by her crook'd thumbs, in chimney  
While listed him the owl, that sage dynast  
Of ruin,—that a stranger marked by Fate  
For princely fortunes was approaching fast  
The moat, and soon beneath the old arched gateway  
Wound bend, where, hoarsely croaking, the owl  
sate—"

54. "Forbear, poor palterer, thy crazy tale  
Of bats and owls and ravens !"—cried the lord  
And fallen Jew ;—"Think of the bitter bale  
Which doth in Hell thy dotting soul amerce  
For mortal sins ! Let tortures real disperse  
Thy lingering dreams of mock beatitude !  
For pity sheer, I'll list thee misrehearse  
Thy ditty ; but in strain at least, subdued  
To common-sense, this false apocalypse conceal

"My host received his guest as well beseech'd  
The lordly tenant of this castle—"

- “ Full lowly bowed the reverend seneschal,  
Girdled for state, with massive silver key,  
As on we pass'd into the banquet-hall :  
And, niched, among the antique carvery
6. The hinds were seen on meekly bended knee,  
With perfumed cressets : evermore there met  
The ravished ear, from unseen minstrelsy,  
Hushed dulcet tones of harp and flageolette  
Blent with rapt chaunt of madrigal and canzonette.

- “ With festal revelry the banquet rang,  
Till tusk and antler, spear and hauberk shook,  
Around the baron's hall. Anon, upsprang  
The younger guests : his ladye-love each took :
7. The dovelets blushed, and yielded, with coy look :  
Then thrilled the rebecks, while the merry dance  
Sped on,—until, for mirth and wine, forsook  
Their dizzy sport the youngsters,—still, askaunce,  
Eyeing each other, in their love's exuberance.

- “ 'Twas midnight : and, before they said ' farewell !'  
The revellers asked a boon of harper gray,—  
Who dipped his beard in the gold Rhenish bell  
With youthful zeal,—that he for them should say,
3. Unto his harp's loud chime, a roundelay  
Of olden days, in Tara's hall once told,  
When high O'Connor sat in proud array  
Of crowned regality, and Erin old,  
From sea to sea, with joy, bowed to the warrior bold.<sup>2</sup>

- “ I cannot to thine ear the deeds recount  
Of old Milesian chieftains, a stern line,  
The Minstrel sang : in memory's transient fount  
So many streams of weal and bale combine,
1. Through life,—and then the soul her anodyne  
Inevitable of death must taste,—and now  
We drink this bitter cup in Hell's confine,—  
That the mind shrinks, as if from mortal throe,  
Her total journey, like a drudge, to overgo.

" Suffice it that I say that aged man  
 Wound up his lay with patriotic tears ;  
 While my heart raged, as if a hurricane  
 Of joys, its current, with alternate fears,  
 60. Had swoln. I felt distraught as one who hears  
 Himself poean'd for victory ungained  
 As yet, but certain to be won, though years  
 Of hate before he reach the laurel stained  
 With blood be his: that victory's fruit—his country chained !

" With taper dim, through vault and thick-ribbed arch,  
 Six aged hinds, to light me to my sleep  
 Slept gravely on, as if in funeral march :  
 But, when alone, how my cold skin did creep  
 61. To see grim eyes upon me scowl and peep  
 From out the oaken panels round my couch !  
 One painted warrior looked as he would leap  
 And crush me, for a foreign scaramouch,—  
 Such frowning hatred did his portraiture avouch !

" Plumed like a hearse, a lordly canopy  
 Adorned my bed, in old baronial mode,  
 Its cumbrous velvet folds on ebony  
 Supported, and their drooping festooned load  
 62. Burthened with gold and jet. Breathless, I glode  
 Into my downy nest, in darkness, while  
 My throbbing heart 'gan thickly to forbode  
 Some unknown ill ; but struggling, I this pile  
 Of spectrous fears threw off, as fancies infantile.

" Sleep fled ; and soon the gray-haired harper's song  
 Filled all my chamber, like a serenade  
 Which some benign enchantment did prolong  
 Until so heavenly melody it made  
 63. That Darkness hasted to her nether shade,  
 And Light held sceptre in that resting-place  
 Of ancient pomp. O'erjoyed, and yet afraid,  
 I gazed around—when lo ! a form of grace,  
 Haloed with glorious light, revealed its radiant face !

" Resting my arm upon my silken pillow,  
 But helplessly recumbent as a child,  
 I lay, and gazed, while, like the heaving billow,  
 My bosom swelled ; yet, though with wonder wild  
 4. My hair stood up, serene, that angel mild  
 Stood pointing to a seat nigh to a throne  
 Limned all in light, and, with high meaning, smiled—  
 A moment—and that visioned form had flown ;  
 But woke my soul—like warrior's at the clarion !

" " Fame—fame ! "—shouted my burning, bounding heart,  
 Until my tongue made vocal its excess :  
 ' I will enact the splendid afterpart  
 ' Of life begun—this visioned beauteousness,—  
 5. ' This minstrelsy divine,—alike, confess  
 ' My destiny appoints ! They shall not weave  
 ' For me, in vain, that fair viceregal dress—  
 ' The Fatal Sisters three ! My soul shall cleave  
 ' Unto its toil—until it doth the palm achieve !'

" Next morn, unto my grave and lordly host  
 I did these visions of the night reveal.  
 With deeply troubled look his breast he crossed,  
 And spake these words : ' Thy lips, I charge thee, seal  
 6. ' Upon this theme, if that thou wishest weal  
 ' To thine own soul : for signal woe or joy  
 ' Upon thy rest these midnight visions steal :  
 ' High destiny is thine, if thou destroy  
 ' It not—thyself ! Know,—thou hast seen the Radiant Boy !'

" What followed on these visitations bright—"  
 " Enough ! "—the Palestinian suicide  
 Exclaimed : " If longer ravings to indite  
 " Thou dost attempt, these serpents that deride  
 Thy tale already, sequel to such pride  
 Run mad will bring with heavy emphasis.  
 What followed ?—why, thy guilty heart was dyed  
 With blood : thy hand, for very cowardice,  
 Thou didst not stain—except to shorten thy life's lease

- “What followed?—Thou art here!—Thy race of guilt,  
And pride and madness is, on earth, outrun;  
By thine own hand thy life's vile current spilt,  
And Hell's eternal agony begun;
68. Yet seekst thou, like a lunatic buffoon,  
To mock thyself and others with the dreams  
That haunt the brains of each mere child o' the moon,  
Beneath his natal star's pale borrowed beams  
Sleeping, 'mid ruins gray,—or lost, by haunted streams.

- “The Radiant Boy—forsooth! Some doating fool,  
Possessed with superstitious wonderment,  
And barbarous pride of fancied elvish rule  
Sway'd o'er his barbarous house,—a ready vent
69. Found in thy crazy ear for ravings pent  
Too long within his heated mind. How long  
Wilt mock thyself? For ever thou art rent  
From peace; and on thy soul, with tortures strong,  
The poor's Avenger recompenseth, now, their wrong!”

- “I tell thee, fierce one!—that this radiant form”—  
Cried the fallen lunatic,—“again I saw,  
While sitting in the senate; there, no swarm  
The moon could raise of vaporous fancies raw
70. To juggle and mislead my brain. What law  
Of mind hast thou discovered, in this crypt  
Of horrors, that can warrant thee to draw  
Hope for thyself from old prophetic script—  
And yet to slay my soul with Fate's strong shield equipt?

- “Shall I,—of mental liberty bereft  
In life;—my will, Mind's pilot, all enthralled;  
The soul's frail bark herself to fury left  
Of these tempestuous visions swift upcalled
71. Without her own intent;—shall I, appalled  
With fear of justice, from His sentence shrink?  
The weakest worm on earth that ever crawled  
Would not, thus impulsed even to the brink  
Of life, consent to its own curse, and, yielding, sink.”—



- "Whether thy soul to its own curse consent,  
 Or ape the rebel,"—said Iscariot,—  
 "That curse waits not thy blind arbitrament :  
 'Tis fixt—with mine : in vain we seek to blot
2. The sentence from His book : our fatal lot  
 Is cast,—and must be borne. Thou hadst thy tide  
 Of sanity : if, then, her antidote  
 The sober soul, industrious, had applied  
 To thy disease, she would have purged this crazy pride.
- "Thou knowst this true : then, cease thy heart to chafe  
 With these ill-masked deceits. My soul dislodge  
 From bulwark which Jehovah doth vouchsafe  
 Thou canst not. Good from Evil the Great Judge
3. Produceth : not delirious subterfuge  
 Is this. God did appoint my soul to sin :  
 Unto His high decree I bow : His drudge  
 I am : His purpose answered—I shall win [phin !]—  
 My seat in that bright realm where beam the sera-
- Evanished, now, his air of pomp superb,  
 And shook with woe, the fallen thing of state :  
 His frenzy fled.—  
 "Alas ! how deep reverb  
 These shades my curse !" he cried :—"in vain I prate
4. "Of radiant dreams, with wish to palliate  
 My conscious guilt : I feel my sentence just !  
 And now, with trust devout, to mitigate  
 My woe, I'll seek : I bow to His august  
 Decree : I, also, in His Providence will trust !
- "Son of Perdition ;—if thou wert by Heaven  
 Designed, mysteriously, a guilty aid  
 Of holy purposes ; if, thus, the leaven  
 Of evils which His universe pervade,
5. By God's permission, He decreed and made  
 A source of blessing ; may not I look up  
 Beyond the scope of this dark, joyless shade,  
 For dawn of bliss ? Unto the dregs, if hope  
 Be there, un murmuring, will I drink my bitter cup."—

- " Know, humbled tyrant,—though my soul begins  
 Thy miseries to condole, and half forget  
 Her own,"—spake Judas ;—" penalty for sins  
 " Thou canst not choose but feel : a deep, dark debt  
 76. Of woe thou hast to pay : for thee doth whet  
 Her torturous beak a vulture more malign  
 Than gnawed the fabled Titan : Conscience yet  
 Must prey upon thee, till thou wail and pine ;  
 And, still, for ages, must thou feel her fangs condign !
- " " Unmurmuring '—wilt thou drink of Torture's dregs ?  
 Why, thou hast not the courage of a worm  
 When trouble truly comes : thy spirit begs  
 For ease, ev'n now, while only in its germ  
 77. Of misery, and ere the ever-countless term  
 Of its desert of pain is, scarce, begun !  
 How wilt thou murmur, then, against the storm  
 Of penal wrath enhanced, and seek to shun  
 Thy cup,—'plaining the measure doth the brim o'errun !
- " Yet, to the bitter dregs it must be drunk !  
 The Guelph loved fawning ; but in Hell's domain,  
 Thy power of courtier-cozenage is shrunk  
 And withered : thou wouldst coax, and cant, and feign,  
 78. With torment's executioner, in vain :—  
 Conscience—I mean. Hah ! even now the edge  
 Of her fell tooth is sinking in thee ! Pain  
 Unintermittent,—pain without assuage,—  
 That thou must suffer still will be the direful pledge !
- " Thou feelst thy portion just ; but like a lithe  
 And eager adder 'neath the planted hoof  
 Of forest steed or ox, dost twist and writhe,  
 With maddening agony. Hah ! how aloof  
 79. Thou stoodst from mercy, while on earth ! Disproof  
 That millions starved and suffered, thy false tongue  
 Forged, daily : not a tear-drop in behoof  
 Of suffering from thy stony eyes was wrung  
 For one of all the thousands that thy treachery stung !

“Wilt thou deny that there is suffering—now?  
 Now?—while the worm-of conscience thou dost feel?  
 The undying worm? Why, what is the weak woe  
 Thy coward soul can bear,—though Hell unseal  
 o. Her quintessence of torture? ’Twill be weal,  
 Compared with aggregate of woe thy heart,  
 Remorseless, wrung from millions whose appeal  
 To right was vain!—millions of sires whose part  
 Of woe though first, was least : they left an after-smart !

“For whom? For millions of their starveling sons  
 And famished daughters, who still pine and moil  
 By law : mere skin-and-bone automatons !  
 Oh, serpent !—how my spirit’s tide doth boil  
 i. Against such viperousness as thine ! The coil  
 Of mortal life is mine no more :—I would  
 It were—but for one day ! How would I toil  
 To lave my hands in some such viper’s blood,—  
 And purge my mountain sin—by spilling the vile flood !

“What breathe ye for, on earth,—such slime-born things?  
 To suck your brethren’s blood ; and, while ye gorge,  
 Mock your poor victims ! Thy dark revellings  
 In human blood and human tears their verge  
 Have reached ;—but, how it swells—the ocean surge  
 . Of tears and blood—thou and thy teacher drew—  
 A fresh-born stream—from anguished hearts ! ’Twould  
 purge  
 Cain’s sin and mine,—with patriot brand to hew  
 Into one heart like thine a festive avenue !

“Hah ! how they shouted while thy mangled clay  
 Was borne unto its burial !—the few men  
 Whom blood of their old fathers, for one day,  
 Stirred into more than slaves ! Oh ! it was then—  
 While terror quelled even the iron ken  
 Of thy stern fellow-lizard, who his claw  
 Held up, and breathed an idiot ‘hush’—’twas then  
 Thy waking victims should have filled Death’s maw  
 With the whole vermin brood that human vitals gnaw !

A coward : thou art both, in Hell !  
For meanest vice fled not with flight  
84. Thy soul, escaped from out her pam  
Yet hugs her stain ! What wonder,—  
Oft spat upon thee,—that thou, still,  
Didst keep of fawning ? Meanest, vi  
That ever played the tyrant,—loath thy

“ Shall I from *thee* receive this foul re  
Re-spake the soul-stung, fallen sycoph  
“ Tamely, fierce gibe and dark contur  
From one whom all men deem a misc  
85. An outcast vile,—and not hurl back ea  
Each withering sneer, wherewith thou  
My wound ? Were my whole essence  
The soul would strive herself to disent  
From force of gibes so fiercely, foully cyr

“ From thine own mouth I will thy hea  
Of its inherent vileness. Thou hast s  
With unrelenting malice to afflict  
My soul ; and thy foul game hath founl  
86. Chiefly by sarcasms 'gainst the prince :  
From all lust linked him with above th  
Suppose thy censure forceful : grant hi  
A living prey to his heart's vice—a sla  
To filth so abject that the worms, which :

“ Carousal hold amidst h:-

- “ Grant that he thirsted but for power to wring  
 From out his subjects’ hearts the last life-drop—  
 If it would minister to his revelling  
 One guilty hour : grant that a sot, a fop,  
 8. He was by turns : a blackleg, then—to groupe  
 Of swindlers fogleman !—becoming, soon,  
 The god of earthly gauds, and to the top  
 Of his vain bent fooled on, by each baboon,  
 Tinselled with titles, that beheld the holy spoon

- “ Bestow its unctuous virtue on his head,  
 And laughed to see the gew-gaw placed thereon,—  
 The grown child’s gew-gaw !—while, in pomp outspread,  
 Peers, prostitutes, pimps, prelates, round his throne  
 9. Knelt blasphemously homaging the o’ergrown  
 Monster of vice,—their grandeur fed, the while,  
 With tears of starving thousands ! Grant this known,—  
 And then,—poor, silly Jew !—I can but smile  
 To hear thee thus my fallen soul taunt and revile !

- “ For, if the royal Guelph my mirror were—  
 Iscariot ! who was thine ? Hah ! how thine eye  
 Bespeaks thy heart’s deep shame ! Thy exemplar  
 How worshipful, how holy, and how high  
 1. In excellence ! His beams to purify  
 Thy baseness did that sun of goodness pour  
 Upon thee ; but thy sin was of a dye  
 Too deep-grained—and thy heart within its core,  
 Worshipped an earthen god, and there his image wore.

- “ And thus it was in vain that to thy eyes,  
 Within thy ears, His deeds and words of love  
 Were present day by day. Anatomize  
 Thy heart, and thou wilt find that stain enwove,  
 2. Entextured there, even now ! Yea, did here move  
 The Blessed One before thee clad in light  
 And loveliness, the vision would not prove  
 Sufficient to o’erawe thee, if to sight  
 The silver bait were offered : that thou could’st not slight

92.       ...dreamst to be set free.    Heu's tny o  
 Mean barterer ! Unless thou canst erase  
 From out thy sordid nature the low vice  
 Of avarice, dream thou no more of grace !  
 Before thou sittst in Jesu's Paradise,  
 Satan shall, re-enthroned in highest heaven r

“ How can it be, vile Traitor to the Blest !  
 That after-knowledge by thy sinful soul  
 Of God's foreknowledge can of guilt divest  
 Thy mind? His knowledge did not thee co  
 93.    Before thy act : it was thy treachery foul,—  
 Thy itch for petty pelf,—base, sordid thing !—  
 That spiritual leprosy,—which daily stole  
 Through thy foul heart, until its very spring  
 Was tainted, and thou fledd'st to bloody barteri

“ Proclaimed He not thy treason while it ger  
 Within thy heart shut up ? yea, ere a word  
 Forth budding from the hell-sown seed confi  
 Thy foul intent ? Perditioned, curst, abhorr  
 94.    Thou wast, before thy mother's womb was st  
 With embryon of thy being. And 'twas decri  
 Of the Most High—witness His own record !  
 That thou shouldst breathe solely to do that  
 And on thy traitorous soul the undying worm sl

He spake no more ; for speechless horror fill  
 His soul to witness how the tortured ghost  
 Of Judas writhed with rage

I trembled as I gazed. But, as I dreamed,  
A wondrous change swift o'er my vision came.  
No more the serpents writhed : no more outgleamed  
From the Jew's eyes a wild demoniac flame :  
Calm and subdued, mingling with conscious shame  
A look of dignity, awhile he stood ;  
And, when he speech resumed, how deep the blame  
His deed deserved—his treason 'gainst the Good—  
Acknowledged ;—and, forthwith, a mystic theme pursued.

“ More, far more than thou say'st, is mine, of guilt,—  
He said :—“ Deeper, far deeper, is my stain !  
“ Not that I count it thus because they spilt  
The blood of Him I sold : they would have ta'en  
His precious life had no vile thought of gain  
E'er prompted me, or others, to betray  
The Blessed One. What can the wolf restrain  
From the meek lamb?—the vulture from his prey?—  
How shall the Good have peace, when Wickedness bears  
sway?

“ Who that e'er dared to mock the tyrant's gaud,—  
The hypocrite's deceit,—could hope escape  
From Tyranny, and Avarice, and Fraud?—  
The demon-trinity knaves still bedrape  
With pomp and sanctity, till slaves, agape  
And palsied, see them wolve and victimise  
The best of human kind,—yea, tamely shape  
Their coward tongues to praise, when they should rise  
And hurl to dust the things of pride, and greed, and lies !

“ My stain is deeper than thou knowst to tell.  
Not that I count it thus because I sought  
For glittering dust His precious life to sell :  
My poverty begat in me that thought,  
When I discerned the toils had nearly raught  
Their aim who laid them for his life. False one !  
My spirit's crime thou foully dost misquote :  
The vision deep within no longer shun :  
Behold thy soul with tide of pelfish love o'errun !

" A sordid thing—thou saidst I was ! Is toy  
 More precious to a child, than gaudy sheen  
 Of baubles was to thee? Wert *thou* e'er coy  
 Of silver as the price of blood? With mien  
 100. Repentant didst *thou* restitute, and clean  
 Confession make—before thy weasand-stroke,  
 As I—before my rope? Wert thou not keen  
 Of gold and power until thy clutch was broke  
 With o'erstrained struggles to increase thy country's yoke?

" Oh ! I might limn thy worthless effigy,—  
 And with a truthful power, until thy heart  
 Were rung to its vile core with agony !  
 But the strong tempest leaves me : and the smart  
 101. Wherewith thy soul would writhe would but impart  
 A kindred woe to mine. A sordid thing !—  
 Saidst thou, I was? Oh how old thoughts upstart  
 At that tyrannic taunt !—old thoughts that wring  
 My soul until they well-nigh back the tempest bring !

" Hah ! tortured torturer !—while they moil unfed,  
 If poor men sink in vice ; if, 'midst their toil,  
 So ill-requited, grovelling thoughts are bred  
 In Labour's children ; if the uncultured soil  
 102. Of their neglected minds base weeds defile,—  
 Whose is the crime? The trampled toilers'? or  
 Their lordlings'?—who, while they, as thou, revile  
 And taunt the trampled ones, trample them more ;  
 And hug, themselves, the vice'they charge their slaves to  
 abhor !

" A groveller if I was, charge thine own tribe—  
 The titled plunderers—with the guilt ! or make  
 Them share the censure with the knavish Scribe  
 And canting Pharisee ! Each did partake  
 103. The spoils of my hard toil upon the lake ;  
 But, while they feasted, left me to misfare  
 With hunger, cold, and tempest, or the ache  
 Of oft-impending death : disdainng care  
 Whether I did the brute's or human nature wear !



"Unto their Judge I leave them ! He will mete  
 Their sentence with the measure just, of woe,  
 As now He measures thine. Forbear deceit,  
 Henceforth : thy guilt, in making grovellers low,  
 4 Exceeds my guilt in grovelling. Lowly bow  
 In shame, till it be interpenetrant  
 Through all thy crimeful soul. My stain, I know,  
 Is deep ; no more of guiltlessness I vaunt :  
 That boast were vain for Hell's self-exiled habitant.

"Ay, 'twas the sun of goodness on me shone :  
 Goodness unmeasured, undescribed, untold :  
 Goodness that strove its godlike benison  
 To pour, alike, upon the ingrate cold  
 5 As on the hearts its mercies manifold  
 Made dance with thankfulness : Goodness unfelt,  
 Unwitnessed, unconceived, in mortal mould,  
 Before : Goodness that from its treasure dealt  
 So bounteously, as if it would the wide world melt

"Into a sea of bliss, and deluge heart  
 Of man with joy ! Goodness that wept with those  
 Whom grief constrained to weep : Goodness the smart  
 In human bosoms torn by earthly throes  
 6 That strove to medicate with love ; to close  
 The spirit's wounds with tenderness ; and heal  
 The mind bruised with the burthen of Life's woes  
 Goodness that glowed with inexhaustless zeal  
 To spread, enhance, perfect, eternize human weal !

"And I, amidst His radiance of love,  
 Was dark and frozen still ! Curst be my doom  
 To all eternity ! Never above  
 May I behold that slighted One ! My gloom  
 7 The heavenly beam of mercy failed to illumine  
 On earth ; and I deserve not now to find  
 The love I slighted then. If, to consume  
 My soul, Hell's stores of torments were combined—  
 Too lightly, even then, had Heaven my curse assigned.

- "Ten thousand hells hath merited—my sin  
 Against Ineffable Goodness!—How I rave  
 Amid my madness! Remedy akin  
 To the disease were tortures that deprave  
 108. Still more the spiritual health : in torment's wave  
 Were the soul steeped for ever, her guilt's grain  
 Would only be more fixed : who scourge the slave  
 On earth, but nurture, by his galling pain,  
 The rebel will they would by chastisement restrain.
- "Great Judge of men and angels, 'tis not thus  
 Thou governest ! though I, i' the Hell I sought,  
 Like fools on earth, such censure libellous  
 Have oft pronounced upon thy rule, and thought  
 109. My folly wisdom ! Human crime is caught  
 In fatal net of its own consequence :  
 Afflict Thou dost not : though our minds, mistaught,  
 Oft represent Thy vast omnipotence  
 Bending to scourge poor worms for waywardness pre-  
 pense !
- "For waywardness that in the dust to crawl  
 Inclines, beyond the track Thy wisdom hath  
 Appointed ! Spirit, though Hell's shades enthral  
 Our essence, we are not of vengeful wrath  
 110. The victims,—but have found, by self-made path,  
 The suffering we pursued—of choice : not force.  
 Evil, remedial of itself,—by death,  
 Pain, suffering, grief, repentance, shame, remorse,—  
 God hath appointed : Evil breathes not endless curse.
- "Evil, for means of richest, greatest good  
 The uncontrolled Controller hath devised :  
 Such His peculiar scheme. O what a flood  
 Of beatific light hath now baptized  
 111. Me ! All Life's discord shall be harmonised—  
 For Woe, throughout all Life, shall be destroyed.  
 Goodness Ineffable disnaturalised  
 Would be,—Jehovah's Deity be void,—  
 Unless from pain His universe were purified.

- " Spirit,—rejoice, even though the gnawing worm  
 Enter thine inmost essence, and pain pierce  
 Thy being to the core ! Maugre this storm  
 Of torture, we shall reach repose : this fierce
112. Consuming woe shall end ; the Universe  
 Shall be, through endless ages, resonant  
 With voices tuned by joy : Love shall rehearse  
 The Maker's wisdom, and His creatures chaunt,  
 Blissful, the everlasting chorus jubilant !
- " Why,—how I rave again !"—with visage changed  
 The spirit called of old ' Perdition's Son '  
 Exclaimed :—" Is not my tortured soul estranged  
 " From happiness ? Do I not hate mine own
113. Existence ?—for annihilation groan,—  
 And hate all that partake this life unblest ?  
 Leave me, foul sprite, to my despair alone !  
 Dost thou not know that sceptred ghosts make quest  
 For fawning things that will their robbers' right attest ?
- " Such errand to my cavern, late, did bring  
 Old gray Achitophel—the cast-off tool  
 Of royalty, who, still, like thee, doth cling  
 To tyrants, though they spurn him. Kingly rule
114. Grows problematical : on earth, the dull  
 Tame slaves of toil sullenly fold their hands,  
 Dreaming to starve their lords : Hell's self is full  
 Of rebel thoughts 'gainst Thrones : brood of brigands  
 Quake 'mid their pictured pomps : their dread thy zeal  
 demands.
- " Haste, minion, to recruit the minished host  
 Of their defenders—thou who didst so well  
 Subserve their pride on earth ! Never more boast  
 Of boundless loyalty, if thus rebel
115. Thy fears 'gainst duty, till resolve they quell.  
 Hah ! pangs of shame thy spirit paralyse !  
 Thy dread is just—Outcast of earth and hell !  
 Hell's Thrones, to scout thee, would indignant rise,  
 Did they thy craven guilt-smit image recognise !

“ Base spawn of fear and guilt,—get hence, and cage  
Thy lunacy in some dark desert nook  
Where none may hear thee curse, and spume, and rage—  
For curse thou shalt !—Hence !—and again invoke  
116. The Radiant Boy ! ”—

My soul such terror shook  
While Judas raged, and from the snake-cave fled,  
Shrieking, Cray's suicide,—that I awoke,  
Gladly, from that soul-quelling dream of dread,  
And, joyous, blessed the morn, upon my prison-bed.

### NOTES TO BOOK THE THIRD.

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1.—Page 89, Stanza 51.

*'Twas in my manhood's youth,—he proudly said;*

MINE is but a poetical version of the suicide statesman's vision : here follows the prose—from Winslow's "Anatomy of Suicide" (published 1840) pp. 242-4.—"It is now more than thirty-five years ago that the following singular circumstance occurred to the Marquis of Londonderry : he was on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. The apartment, also, which was appropriated to his lordship was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling from its antique character ; from the dark and richly carved panels of its wainscot ; from its yawning chimney, looking like the entrance to a tomb ; from the portraits of grim men and women arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls ; and from the vast, dusky, ponderous and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funeral trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed. Lord Londonderry examined his chamber ; he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, as they sat upright in the ebony frames to receive his salutation ; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candle had not long been extinguished, when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in his grate ; that the curtains were closed ; that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few minutes previously, he supposed that some intruder must have entered into his apartment ; and, turning round hastily to the side from whence the light proceeded, he, to his infinite astonishment, saw, not the form of any human visitor, but the figure of a fair boy surrounded by a halo of glory. The spirit stood at some distance from his bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting he might be imposed on by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then inmates of the castle, Lord Londonderry advanced towards the figure ; it retreated before him ; as he advanced the apparition retired, until it entered the gloomy arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest ; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to

him. Was it real, or the effect of an excited imagination? The mystery was not so easily solved.

"He resolved in the morning to make no allusion to what had occurred the previous night, until he had watched carefully the faces of all the family, to discover whether any deception had been practised. When the guests assembled at breakfast, his lordship searched in vain for those latent smiles, those conscious looks, that silent communication between parties, by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed. Everything apparently proceeded in its ordinary course; the conversation was animated and uninterrupted, and no indication was given that any one present had been engaged in the trick. At last, the hero of the tale found himself compelled to narrate the singular event of the preceding night. He related every particular connected with the appearance of the spectre. It excited much interest among the auditors, and various were the explanations offered. At last, the gentleman who owned the castle interrupted the various surmises by observing that 'the circumstance which had just been recounted must naturally appear very extraordinary to those who had not been inmates long at the castle, and were not conversant with the legends of his family;' then, turning to Lord Londonderry, he said, 'You have seen the Radiant Boy. Be content; it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should not again be mentioned.'

"This was no doubt an hallucination of the senses. On another occasion, when in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh fancied he saw the same 'Radiant Boy.' Does not this fact establish that his lordship's senses were not always in a healthy condition? It is possible that when impelled to suicide he laboured under some mental delusion."

2.—Page 91, Stanza 58.

*and Erin old,  
From sea to sea, with joy, bowed to the warrior bold.*

Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught,—who finally surrendered his title of "Lord of all Ireland," to our Henry II.,—seems, from Leland's account, to have been the last monarch of the ancient Irish race who held a national assembly at Tara: it is described as "a numerous and magnificent convention of the states, in which his grandeur and authority were so strikingly displayed, that the ancient honours of his country seemed to revive, at the very moment when all such expectations were on the point of being utterly extinguished."



BOOK THE FOURTH.

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- WELCOME, sweet Robin ! welcome, cheerful one !  
Why dost thou slight the merry fields of corn,  
The sounds of human joy, the plenty strown  
From Autumn's teeming lap ; and, by gray morn,  
1. Ere the sun wakes, sing thus to things of scorn  
And infamy and want and sadness whom  
Their stronger fellow-criminals have torn  
From freedom and the gladsome light of home,  
To quench the nobler spark within, in dungeoned gloom ?

- Why dost thou choose, throughout the live-long day,  
A prison-rampart for thy perch, and sing  
As thou wouldst rend thy fragile throat ? Away,  
My little friend, away, upon light wing,  
2. A while ! Me it will cheer, imagining  
Till thou revisit this my drear sojourn,  
How, on the margent of some silver spring  
Mantled with golden lilies, thou dost turn  
Thy pretty head awry, so meaningly, and yearn,

- From out that beaming look, to know what thoughts  
Within the beauteous arrow-head may dwell—  
The purple eye petalled with snow, that floats  
So gracefully. Dost think the damosel,  
3. Young Hope, kirtled with Chastity, there fell  
Into the stream, and grew a flower so fair ?  
Ah ! still thou lingerest, while I, dreaming, tell  
Of pleasures I would reap, if free I were,  
Like thee, loved bird, to breathe sweet Freedom's balmy air.
-

Away !—for this is not a clime for thee—  
 Sweet childhood's sacred one ! The hawthorns bend  
 With ruddy fruitage : tiny troops, with glee  
 Plundering the mellow wealth, a shout will send  
 4. Aloft, if they behold their feathered friend,  
 Loved ' Robin Redbreast,' mingle with their joy !  
 Did they not watch thy tenderlings, and wend  
 With eager steps, when school was o'er, a coy  
 And wistful peep to take—lest some rude ruffian boy,

With sacrilegious heart and hand, should rob  
 Thy nest as heathenly as if ' Heaven's bird '  
 Were not more sacred than the vulgar mob  
 Of pies and crows? Flee,—loved one !—thou hast heard  
 5. This dissonance of bolts and bars that gird  
 Old England's modern slaves, until thy sense  
 Of freedom's music will be sepulchred.  
 Hie where young hearts gush taintless joy intense,  
 And, 'mid their rapture, pour thy heart's mellifluence !

Still lingerest thou upon that dreary wall  
 Which bars, so enviously, my view of grove  
 And stream and hill, as if it were death's pall?  
 Oh leave this tyrant-hold, and, joyous, rove—  
 6. Loved bird of home—bird of our father's love—  
 Where the thatched cottage, clad with virgin rose  
 And sweet-briar and rosemary, thickly wove  
 Among vine-leaves, with nectar-garland woos [spouse.  
 The amorous bees that, songful, do their love-sweets

Hasten, dear Robin !—for the aged dame  
 Calls thee to gather up the honeyed crumb  
 She scatters at her door ; and, at thy name,  
 The youngsters crowd to see their favourite come.  
 7. Fear not Grimalkin !—she doth sing ' three-thrum,'  
 With happy half-shut eyes, upon the warm  
 Soft cushion in the corner-chair : deaf, dumb,  
 And toothless lies old Growler :—fear no harm,  
 Loved Robin !—thou shalt banquet hold without alarm.



- Ah ! Chanticleer hath eyed the dainties spread  
 For thee, and summons his pert train the prize  
 To share. Lo ! how the children ask with dread,  
 Of the old grandame with the glazèd eyes,  
 3. 'Why Robin does not come?' The pet one cries,  
 Because he sees thee not,—unpacified,  
 Even with the apple tinct with vermeil dyes,  
 The first-born offers with a kiss ! Abide  
 Not here, expected one, lest woe the cot betide !

- If thou return not, Gammer o'er her pail  
 Will sing in sorrow, 'neath the brinded cow,  
 And Gaffer sigh over his nut-brown ale ;  
 While evermore the petlings, with sad brow,  
 9. Will look for thee upon the holly bough,  
 Where thou didst chirp thy signal note, ere on  
 The lowly grunsel thou didst light, and show,  
 With such sweet confidence,—thou darling one !—  
 Thy blythesome face,—and, on thee, all cried 'benison !'

- Alas !—I mind me why thou lingerest here !  
 My country's happy cottages abound  
 No longer. Where they stood and smiled, uprear  
 The 'Bastile' and the gaol !—and thou hast found  
 10. Such refuge, Robin, as,—upon the ground  
 Where Alfred reigned, and Hampden fought and bled,  
 Where Milton sung, and Latimer was crowned  
 With glorious martyrdom,—is portionèd  
 Unto our fathers' sons, who win with tears their bread.

- Bread !—nay devour with greed the grovelling root,  
 As recompense of labour for their lords ;  
 Or, spurned, when begging to have, like the brute,  
 Fodder for toil, and coerced into hordes  
 11. Of midnight spoilers, swell the black records  
 Of cruelty and crime. 'This dear, dear land'  
 Is dear no longer : its great name affords  
 Thoughts but for curses ! Ay, where the brave band  
 Sang in the flames—lit by the brood of Hildebrand ;

- Where strode the iron men of Runnymede,  
 And quelled the tyrant ; where burns memory  
 How lawless Falseness, sprung of royal seed  
 And sceptred, paid stern forfeit by decree
12. Of broad-day justice unto Liberty ;  
 Where noblest deeds were done ; upon this isle—  
 ‘ This precious stone set in the silver sea ’  
 Men talk of England as of something vile ;  
 And wish they could forget her, in some far exile !

- The cottage babes were mourning, did I say,  
 For that the threshold their loved visitant  
 Presented not ? Alas, poor bird ! Thy lay  
 And all its sweetness is forgot : their want
13. Of bread hath banished thoughts of Robin’s chaunt :  
 The children plenty know no more ; and Love  
 And Gentleness have fled from Hunger’s haunt :  
 Fled is all worship for fair things that rove  
 Among fair flowers—worship in young hearts sweetly wove.

- Fair Nature charms not : fellowship with song  
 And beauty,—germs from which grow, for the good  
 Deep reverence, and for the frail, though wrong,  
 Pity and tenderness :—all these, the rude
14. Chill breath of Want hath stifled in the bud ;  
 And beggar-quarrels for their scanty crust  
 Now fill the bosoms of the lean, dwarfed brood,  
 The peasant father—sprung from sires robust—  
 Beholds at home, and wishes he were laid in dust !

- Ah ! darling Robin, thou wilt soon behold  
 No homes for poor men on old England’s shore :  
 No homes but the vile gaol, or viler fold  
 Reared by new rule to herd the ‘ surplus poor ’—
15. Wise rule which unto Pauperism’s foul core—  
 The rich man’s purse-plague’s core—shall penetrate :  
*Paupers shall multiply their race no more*  
*Except they live in palaces !* Debate  
 Upon the rule they may : but,—the slaves bear their fate!

- Slaves,—abject, bloodless, soulless, sneaking slaves !  
 Your fetters are perfected, now ! Tug, strain,  
 Toil, sweat, and starve, and die ! For, whoso raves  
 For larger pittance from his lords humane,—
16. Or, malcontent, dares from hard toil refrain,—  
 He shall be *Bastiled* ! His wise lords say well—  
 Such grumbling slaves might nurture bold disdain  
 In their serf-offspring : better 'tis to quell,  
 At once, and, in the germ, creatures that might rebel !
- Cowards,—why did ye suffer knaves to forge  
 These eunuch-fetters ?—why so tamely don  
 These chains ?—
- Beshrew this rising in my gorge
- To think that others 'neath their fetters groan,  
 And do not break them !—Wear I not my own ?
17. Ay, and *must* wear them, while my tyrants choose.  
 Well : let me bide my time ; and, then, atone  
 For that *real* crime—the failing to arouse  
 Slaves against tyrants. I may, yet, before life's close.—
- The sun has faded. Robin, 'tis full time  
 Thou fleddest to covert : cease thy song, and hie  
 Away to rest !—but let me hear thy chime  
 Renewed to-morrow ; for home's minstrelsy
18. Is precious 'mid these bars. Robin, good-bye !  
 'Twas Childhood's farewell ; and I cannot yield  
 This heart to bitterness so utterly,  
 But that the sense of fondness, now upsealed  
 Therein, will struggle till its pulses be revealed.
- Once more resounds the hateful clank of bars  
 And bolts : once more I gain my narrow lair.  
 Of bondage-life new-fangledness ne'er mars  
 The drear perfection : Morrow is the heir
19. Legitimate of dull To-day ; and where  
 Yesterday gazed upon the chill damp wall  
 And yawned, To-day looks on with the same air  
 Of listlessness. Food, sight, sound, converse pall :  
 Only the fountains of the dead well spiritual

Waters that purify the stagnant mind  
 From morbid loathings that would madness breed,  
 Amid this sickening slough of unrefined  
 And vulgar circumstance.—

- My spirit, freed
20. From matter, seemed on enterprise to speed,  
 Once more, across Death's gloomful ocean wave ;  
 And raught the shore where penance is decreed  
 To souls forsaking, with presumption brave,  
 Their clay ere Nature's sentence lays it in the grave:  
 The sculptured aisle—the dome—were quickly gained,  
 And past. And now, a feeling and a sense,  
 Or, what were likest sense and feeling, reigned  
 Throughout my being of a power intense
21. To summon up the soul's experience,  
 And view, as in a mirror, her whole course  
 Of consciousness : filled with this opulence  
 Of intellective might, unto each source  
 Of mortal joy the mind recurred, with mystic force.  
 Her reminiscence seemed so full and clear  
 Of pleasures past, so consolably viewed  
 She Life's young worships pure, that Hades' sphere  
 Grew gladly bright, and the dread clime seemed hued
22. Like vernal earth. Childhood's sweet fields renewed,  
 With daisies and with king-cups gay begemmed,  
 I saw : then Lindsey's sweetest sanctitude  
 Of Druid woods arose, where, giant-stemmed,  
 Upreared old trees anew with verdure diademmed.  
 Cirqued with his offspring stood the central oak  
 Of myriad years, throwing each glorious bough  
 Abroad as bravely as when music broke  
 The solitudes while there his parent grew,  
 And ' derry-down ! ' was sung, and mistletoe
23. Was gathered by the bearded hierophant,  
 And troops of primal men their eagled foe  
 Fierce staggered, chased the bison to his haunt,  
 And slew, in his own den, the wolf so grim and gaunt.

- Along mazed paths beloved of those old trees  
 I seemed to walk 'mong flowers all faëry-frail,  
 Azure-robed harebells, chaste anemones,  
 Primroses wan, and lilies of the vale,  
 24. Each bud so beauteous that all speech would fail  
 To say how lovely 'twas : for, gushing tears  
 Of ecstasy can only tell the tale,  
 Unto some kindred heart that Nature cheers  
 As rapturously, how fair are flowers of childhood's years !

- And melody awoke of sweet wood-lark  
 And mellow-throated blackbird ; whispering thrill  
 Of thousand tiny things, each like a spark  
 Of gold or emerald, o'er pool and rill,  
 25. Amid the noonbeam sporting ; coo and bill,  
 And love's soft throbbings by the stockdove coy ;  
 Mingled with minstrelsy of throstles shrill ;—  
 Blent sylvan harmonies with flood of joy  
 Seeming the heart to deluge, and its sense o'erclay !

- And still the land was Hades, and the soul  
 Lived consciously discerpt from her clay shrine,  
 And viewed through plenitude of her control  
 Over the past, in mirror crystalline,  
 26. Life's joys ; nay, seemed her essence to entwine  
 With them until again she lived them o'er.—  
 The harping of an unseen hand divine  
 Now carols woke of courtly troubadour,  
 Till the old forest echoed with proud songs of yore.

- Lays that with fluttering bosom many a maid  
 Of southern clime oft listed from some high  
 And envious turret,—rapturous serenade  
 Of glowing love, mingled with bitter sigh  
 27. And passionate upbraiding, breathed to die  
 Upon the breeze. Anon a strain upsent  
 That unseen harp, shrill as when cleaves the sky  
 The battle-trumpet : gorgeous tournament  
 The harper sang, and shock of knights armipotent :

Of prancing steeds, and terrible mêlée,  
 And dancing plumes, he told : of high proclaim  
 By pageant herald ; victor-garland gay  
 Bestowed with peerless blush of maiden shame,  
 28. Revealing peerless maiden's conscious flame ;  
 Of honours by spectator kings conferred ;  
 And royal mandate that the conqueror's fame  
 Be borne through Christendom,—yea, to the beard  
 Of the swart Soldan, 'mid his sweltering turbanned herd ;

A stately burthen, couched in antique tongue  
 And magic rhyme, unto his mystic shell  
 With tuneful voice, the unseen minstrel sung.  
 But suddenly, his lofty harpings fell  
 29. To dirge-like melody ; for smit by spell  
 Of memory dread, the bard his heartless foil  
 On earth, and breath of hope hushed by the knell  
 Of early death, sung sadly. Dull recoil  
 His harp seized, next, as if it shrunk from overtoil.

The sorrow-broken songster, soon, to wake  
 Its chords in wailful cavatina strove :  
 He sung of the proud, slighted bosom's ache,  
 Of soul-consuming fires more fierce than love  
 30. Or jealousy, of restless hopes that move  
 Their young possessor to aspirings wild,  
 Of disappointment's gall when frowns disprove  
 His smiling day-dreams, till the draught defiled—  
 The deathly chalice—tempts the scorn-stung Poet-child !

Sobbings, that heaved as they would rend the heart,  
 Succeeded, and the lyre was dumb ! Then passed  
 The shade of fated Chatterton athwart  
 My path,—sad, mournful, slow, with eyes downcast,  
 31. And visage ye might emblem by a waste  
 Of over-prurience, or tropic field  
 Where luscious fruitage springing thick and fast  
 Expires of hasty ripeness, ere can yield  
 To the taste its sweets, or their rich value be revealed.—

- The shade evanished from my eager gaze,—  
 Seeking, with haste of heart-galled misanthrope,  
 Some dark secluded nook of forest-maze.  
 And, now, came o'er my spirit a grim troop  
 32. Of self-accusing thoughts, swift summoned up  
 By Memory, who, again, with mystic might  
 Seemed high endowed. How oft, in youth, the dupe  
 I, also, was, of dreams,—and misused flight  
 Of years,—she sternly pictured to my humbled sight.

- To manhood, reached before the dreams of youth  
 Were half relinquished, passed my bodiless  
 Essence, and seemed to sigh, where oft, in truth,  
 The waking heart had sighed, deep blamefulness  
 33. Of indolence beholding, pride's excess,—  
 And thousand errors although inly mourned  
 Still followed. Then a love-look of distress  
 Was pictured, telling how one bosom yearned  
 To bless me, as if still the soul on earth sojourned.—

- Anon a change came o'er my dream. Disposed  
 In stately length, a twilight avenue  
 Of trees funebrous suddenly disclosed  
 I saw,—where the tall cypress, ancient yew,  
 34. Dark pine, and spreading cedar, as by due  
 Observance of nice art, like colonnade  
 Of desert Tadmor, were arranged, and grew  
 A solemn vista clothed with musing shade—  
 Such as the rapt soul's holiest retrospect might aid.

- A monumental form, that meekly glowed  
 With softest radiance, sadly o'er an urn  
 Sepulchral, 'neath a lofty cypress, bowed,  
 Midway, along this sombrous pathway. Lorn  
 35. It drooped, and, voiceless, seemed to tell 'I mourn  
 'With more than mortal grief;' yet, was such grace  
 Celestial by that drooping statue worn,  
 That one desired for ever in that place  
 To stay and gaze upon its spiritual face.

- Enrapt to ecstasy, I gazed till life  
 Began to fill its breast, and passion shone  
 Through its unmarbled eyes ! Death a vain strife  
 Essayed, with chilly grasp around her zone,  
 36. To hold in sculptured grief that ardent one.  
 Lo ! high, immortal Love breathed vital power  
 On her fair limbs, and, with a gentle moan,  
 She raised her head—a monument no more  
 Of sorrow—but, for love, a peerless cynosure !

- Her islet shell the burning Lesbian took  
 From sad repose upon the urn that feigned  
 To hold the image of her grief, and strook  
 The matchless chords as one who pain disdained :  
 37. Then, proudly, though with tears, she thus complained  
 Of slighted tenderness,—vowing to feed  
 Her fruitless flame till, spirit disenchained  
 From torture, her deep constancy its meed  
 Should find in some blest state for souls by gods decreed :—

- “Phaon ! beloved, unloving Phaon ! thee  
 The maid enamoured hymns,—by pain unchanged  
 In Hades, as by scorn on earth : on me  
 Let angry Jove, the Torturer, be avenged  
 38. For slighted life, and order disarranged  
 Of his stern government : woe shall not wrest  
 Thy image from its throne : never estranged  
 Shall be her love from Sappho's faithful breast :  
 She can love on—unloved, despised, ache-doomed, unblest !

- “Ingrate ! I offered thee no vulgar toy,  
 No mindless, soulless prize : hadst thou my flame  
 Returned, the passion of a thoughtless boy,  
 Compared with mine, were like the lustre tame  
 39. Of night's pale worm shown to the sun-lit gem.  
 Cold, undiscerning clay,—thou wast not worth  
 My love ! Alas ! each winged reproach I aim  
 At thee back on my soul recoils with birth  
 Of fond remorse more torturous, far, than woes of earth.



- "Phaon beloved! unloving though thou wert,  
 My love burns on, and shall all pain survive—  
 A deathless flame: my soul lives all-amort  
 By her own nature, since she doth derive  
 40. Her essence from intensesness, nor can live  
 An atom of her life in meek, cold, calm  
 Indifference. Mystic hopes that in me strive  
 For utterance!—do ye truly shape the palm  
 I claim, or doth sick Fancy feign the spirit's balm?
- "Fidelity to Nature's impulses  
 Shall bring, at length, ineffable reward:  
 They who, all unsubdued, 'gainst miseries  
 Of scorn and death have waged the combat hard  
 41. Shall meet their guerdon; dreams of gifted bard  
 And visions of gray seer shall be fulfilled:  
 Torture, that long the universe hath marred,  
 Shall end: of Love and Hate the life-war wild  
 Shall cease: the discords of the soul for aye be stilled.
- "It cannot be that with the Beautiful  
 Deformity shall ever, envious, blend:  
 Mercy divine shall demon Wrath annul,  
 Love conquer Hate, and glorious Goodness bend  
 42. Her iris over life till she transcend  
 The power of Evil, and annihilate  
 Its sting for ever!"—  
 "Ardent Lesbian, end  
 Thy dreams, nor dare Futurity and Fate  
 To fix, by thy fond wish, in fancied happy state!"—
- Thus broke upon my spirit accents stern,  
 Haughty, abrupt; and, forthwith, stood beside  
 Sappho's soft form a spirit cold and dem  
 Of aspect, but whose stately, seemly pride  
 43. Outspoke the tuneful Roman suicide  
 Who wooed the Muse to leave her wonted hill,  
 And tread the plain with philosophic stride,—  
 And, slighting toys, with manly themes to fill  
 The soul—of its own Liberty, Fate, Good, and Ill.<sup>2</sup>

That strong Necessity rules wide ex  
44. Of Universe : primeval atoms Chanc  
May have assorted ; but, once joined  
To dream a separation. Partial glan  
On Nature renders thy warm essence  
To witness unmixed Good begin its ceas

“ But, know, the Universe is perfect, &  
Eternal destiny forbade all germs  
Diverse from what exist. Let it convi  
Short-sighted murmurers at the mingle  
45. Of being, that all which is—is best, tho  
And darkness, death and havoc, mix wi  
And radiance, life and love ; since each  
To high Necessity. Let passion cease,  
Lesbian, to dazzle thee with fraudulent garis]

So spake Lucretius ; but, with look und  
Of intellectual ardour, Sappho thus  
Renewed her yearning thought :—

“ Gue

“ By doubt, rather than argument abstr  
46. And wise, thou utterest, O incredulous  
Epicurean ! Failing to foreknow  
The future, and with haste incurious  
Glancing at past and present, thou art :  
To mark how Nature doth her bright inte

“Weakly, not wisely, Mind doth refuge  
In greater mystery from the less

" Fate, or Necessity : Bard, what is this  
 But Ignorance veiled in simulance of words ?  
 Nature's strange strife must be—because it is ;  
 Or, is—because it must be : dull discords  
 Of reason ! If its help, indeed, affords  
 No sager explications of the cause  
 Of things, sterile its rules my soul regards,  
 And cleaves to Phantasy, from which she draws  
 Faith more ennobling to interpret Nature's laws.

" The soul loathes Pain, Deformity, Decay :  
 Nature hath made them loathsome to her sense :  
 Therefore, they shall not always be. Bard, say,  
 What proves this truthless ? Wordy eloquence  
 Of doubt compriseth all the proof from whence  
 Thou dost affirm Necessity ; and why  
 Should spirits slight the cheering evidence  
 Of their own sympathies with Nature's high  
 Proclaim, to embrace clouds of dull dubiety ?"—

The sanguine Lesbian ceased ; and thus replied  
 The philosophic bard :—

" Couldst thou efface  
 " My doubts,—rapt, tuneful one,—to list thee chide  
 With this sweet earnestness and winning grace  
 Long season would I yield. A resting-place  
 My spirit yearns to find within the veil  
 Of Truth—but yearns in vain. We still but chase  
 Shadows, and evermore the substance fail  
 To find, of Truth : our clearest light is mystical.

" Deformity and discord war with fair  
 And lovely shapes throughout the universe :  
 What wonder, then, if gifted spirits share  
 This wishful trust—that Good shall Ill disperse  
 Victorious, yet ? I own, 'tis not through fierce  
 Impetuous longing, but by true, innate  
 Devotion to the Beautiful—to hearse  
 All pain in joy—woe, wrong, to annihilate—  
 Thy essence, Lesbian, builds this happy after-state :

-----  
All being that wears them. Yet, I  
52. Through Nature, laws by which all  
Despite our choice, misnamed,—or  
Of sentient creatures : laws it doth  
Gods to conserve, lest fickle men be  
Judging them null, should cease within

“ Or, if uncaused the Universe exists  
Mystery beyond the plummet of our  
Who, then, shall spere the dark eter  
That veil all being?—who break the i  
53. With which Necessity binds fast the l  
Of every sensuous thing—exposed to  
And pain, and hate?—who cancel the  
Of suffering from all life? The shado  
Of Truth! Spirits,—we wander in a my

“ How know we whether it be fair and  
And godlike to desire plenipotence  
Of love, whereby to pour a bounteous  
Upon the universe, and fill all sense  
54. And thought with joy, or, whether veh  
Of folly be the fitter name whereby  
To note our wish? Unknowing indig  
With all our toil—beggars the soul : w  
In vain to grasp Truth's substance : all i

“ If it were fair and good to bless all  
And life with joy. why was — — —

“ But all is doubt, and dark : we struggle on  
 Like limed birds : still captive, but the strife  
 Maintain, in trust that freedom shall be won.  
 How vain may prove our trust ! Spirits, what if  
 5. Our ignorance have misnamed the hues of Life—  
 Evil and Good ? From whence, then, shall we earn  
 Knowledge to unknow our strange errors ? Rife  
 With mystery all—ay, all appears ; and yearn  
 For ever, vainly, may the soul pure Truth to learn ! ”——

Lucretius ceased : and dark debate and doubt  
 Brooded on brows of many an habitant  
 Of that strange clime who now, in wondering rout,  
 Listed the theme.——

A spiritual pursuivant

7. Or herald ghost, meanwhile, with ministrant  
 Aspect approached ; and him thus greet the crowd :—  
 “ Hail, bard who didst the world-waged victory chaunt  
 Of Cæsar and Pharsalia ! message-browed  
 Thy visage seems: we listen: thy full thoughts unshroud ! ”——

“ High-gifted spirits of self-exiled land, ”——  
 Replied the soul of Lucan ;—“ Minds, that erst  
 On earth caught inspiration from the grand  
 And beautiful in Nature, and conversed

8. With her Divinity until she nursed  
 Within ye thoughts and forms of glorious might  
 And loveliness,—which in their fulness burst  
 Upon the world suffusing Man with bright  
 Ecstatic visions of the reign of Truth and Right,—

“ I come with embassy from high divan  
 Of spirits who on earth held sceptred sway  
 Or civic honour. Deep debate began  
 Their essences, of late, if throned-array

9. And pomps, in Hades, ceaseless state pourtray  
 Of monarchy on earth,—or phantoms build  
 Their regal seats, and mythic shapes display  
 Lessons of change, that dynasts unbeguiled  
 May be of pride which hath, perchance, their souls defiled:

“Exalted Hellene spirits challenge proof  
 Of natural kingship : while a haughty host  
 Of Thrones contend, beneath cerulean roof,  
 For ceaseless rule of princes. To their coast  
 60. The court of sceptred suicides each ghost  
 Inviteth of your king-souled lineage,  
 That ye the quest may aid which long hath tossed  
 Hades in doubt ; and blissful heritage  
 Of Truth spirits may win. Ye have my embassy.”——

“We come,—we come !”——with rapturous minstrelsy  
 Of many a mystic harp the Poet-choir  
 Respond :—“we come to join the jubilee  
 “Of thought ! The true-born children of the lyre  
 61. High emprise of the soul can never tire.  
 To gauge the depths of doubt ; the heights to scale  
 Of phantasy ; the strength of passion’s fire  
 To prove ; to labour on, though footsteps fail  
 Of Mind in Mystery’s path ; our essence shall not quail !

“To dare to think—our rightful attribute  
 We claim. What though we vainly thread the maze  
 Of thought ? Ours be the banquet of dispute—  
 The feast of argument. And if the ways  
 62. Of dark Necessity still shun our gaze—  
 Better in vain to search, than irk and pine  
 In low ignoble sloth !”——

Receding rays  
 Shed the rapt choir. From Phantasy’s confine  
 Slowly crept back the soul unto her mortal shrine.

NOTES TO BOOK THE FOURTH.

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1.—Page 111, Stanza 11.

*'This dear, dear land'*

Dying speech of Gaunt.—SHAKSPEARE, Rich. II., Act 2.

2.—Page 112, Stanza 12.

*'This precious stone set in the silver sea'*

Dying speech of Gaunt.—SHAKSPEARE, Rich. II., Act 2.

3.—Page 119, Stanza 43.

*And, slighting toys, with manly themes to fill  
The soul—of its own Liberty, Fate, Good, and Ill.*

In an age when all metaphysical poetry is deemed dull and stupid, it would not be easy to create a popular curiosity respecting the contents of the superb poem on "The Nature of Things," by Lucretius. Readers of the Latin classics usually regard it as valuable, chiefly for its masterly embodiment of the principles of the Epicurean philosophy; but Dr. Mason Good opens the preface to his version with this glowing, and more universal, eulogy of the Roman philosopher-poet:—

"There is no poem within the circle of the ancient classics, more entitled to attention than 'The Nature of Things,' by Titus Lucretius Carus. It unfolds to us the rudiments of that philosophy, which, under the plastic hands of Gassendi and Newton, has, at length, obtained an eternal triumph over every other hypothesis of the Grecian schools; it is composed in language the most captivating and perspicuous that can result from an equal combination of simplicity and polish, is adorned with episodes the most elegant and impressive, and illustrated by all the treasures of natural history. It is the Pierian spring from which Virgil drew his happiest draughts of inspiration; and constitutes, in point of time, as of excellence, the first didactic poem of antiquity."

4.—Page 121, Stanza 50.

*With this sweet earnestness and winning grace*

I entreat the reader to understand these phrases as an ascription to Sappho's real power as a poetess,—not as characteristic of the

manner in which I have made her apparition discourse. Ancient and modern critics without number—Longinus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Horace himself, Vossius, Hoffman, Addison, &c. &c., have paid the highest tribute to the poetical excellence of the fair suicide of Lesbos ; but, perhaps, a more finished and eloquent eulogy on her lyric worth is not to be found in the compass of a few words, than in the following extract from the ninth volume of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* :—

“There are few intellectual treasures, the loss of which is more deeply to be regretted than that of the works of this poetess ; for the remnants which have reached us certainly display genius of the highest order ; they are rich even to exuberance, and yet directed by the most exquisite taste. In these most delicious of love-songs the tide of passion seems deep and exhaustless ; it flows rapidly yet gently on, while the most sparkling fancy is ever playing over it ; and the words themselves seem to participate in the sentiments which they develope. It is a mistake to imagine that the fragments of Sappho are nothing more than the eloquent expressions of amatory feeling ; they are really verses of high imagination, which renders them as beautiful as they are intense, and, in the opinion of some writers, raises them even to the sublime.”



BOOK THE FIFTH.

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- HAIL, eldest Night ! Mother of human fear !  
Vague solitude where infant Man first felt  
His native helplessness ! Beneath whose drear  
And solemn coverture he, trembling, knelt
1. To what in thy vast womb of darkness dwelt  
Unseen, unknown !—but, with the waking Sun,  
Shouting, sprang up to see glad Nature melt  
In smiles, triumphantly his Joy-God run  
Up the blue sky, and Light's bright reign again begun !

- Hail, starless darkness !—Sterile silence, hail !  
Would that o'er Chaos thy wide rule had been  
Perpetual, and reptile Man's birth-wail  
Had ne'er been heard ; or, over huge, obscene,
2. And monstrous births of ocean or terrene  
For ever thou hadst brooded ; so that Light  
Had ne'er mocked mortals, nor the morning sheen  
Broke thy stern sigil to give baleful sight  
To Man—whose look upon his fellow is a blight !

- Season of sepulchred and secret sin !  
Beneath thy pall what vileness doth Man hide,  
From age to age,—the moral Harlequin  
Who dons the saint to play the fratricide.
3. Villany's jubilee !—Crime's revel-tide !—  
Whose archives opened would yon judge proclaim  
More criminal than the thief he lately tried,—  
Yon priest an atheist,—and hold up to shame  
Myriads of knaves writ ' honest ' in the roll of Fame !

- Mute witness of frail beauty's primal wreck !  
 Carnival hour of gray-haired Lechery !—  
 Foul harvest-time of her who sits to beck  
 O'er her cursed threshold yon boy-debauchee,—
4. The bawd, all palsy-twitched, whose feignful glee,  
 When he beholds her face upon the morrow,  
 With sobered brain, will freeze his jollity  
 To speechless horror, till he fain would borrow  
 Thy veil, once more, to hide his young remorseful sorrow !

- High noon of the adulterer, who doth ask  
 Of yawning hell to triple thy black hour,  
 That he, unshooned, may safely, 'neath thy mask,  
 Reach the unfastened, guilt-frequented door,
5. And steep his soul in sin unto the core !  
 Mirth-bringer to the thief grown hunger-fell,—  
 Who laughs to clutch the miser's coffered store,  
 And, rendered shrewd by law, with smothered yell,  
 Sends the rich shrivelled fool where he no tales can tell !

- Thou great conspirator with men of blood  
 To curtain murder till the guilty proof  
 In some lone cave or unfrequented wood,  
 From man's short-sighted vigilance aloof
6. Can be earthed up ! Oh ! if the ebon woof  
 Thou stretchest o'er the land could now be changed  
 Into a mirror,—how the poor dupe's scoff  
 Would burst upon his teachers seen estranged  
 From rules they taught ! How he would burn to be avenged !

- At base pretensions unto comely worth,  
 At foul Hypocrisy's true features shown,  
 How would the universal curse burst forth !—  
 Hah ! how I doat ! Am I an idiot grown
7. In the dank dungeon ? Is not the World known  
 Unto Itself to be a stage of cheats,  
 Where, whoso plays with skill, if he depone,  
 Glibly, that each sworn brother-knave's deceits  
 Are fair, the skilful knave a world-voiced plaudit greets ?

- And, were thy pall, dim Night, asunder torn,  
 And ugliest portraits thou dost veil laid bare,  
 For worship men would soon exchange their scorn.  
 With flagrant front do not Day's vices glare,  
 8. And men that they are virtues sleekly swear ?  
 Darkness ! still hold thy provident control  
 O'er half man's life, that some thy cloak may wear  
 To sin with shame : more seemly 'tis than stole  
 Of sanctity that hides, by day, the filthy soul.

- Darkness ! thy sceptre still maintain,—for thou  
 Some scanty sleep to England's slaves dost bring :  
 Leicester's starved stockingers their misery now  
 Forget ; and Manchester's pale tenderling—  
 9. The famished factory-child—its suffering  
 A while exchangeth for a pleasant dream !—  
 Dream on, poor infant wretch ! Mammon may wring  
 From out thy tender heart, at the first gleam  
 Of light, the life-drop, and exhaust its feeble stream !

- Darkness ! still rule—that the Lancastrian hive  
 Of starveling slaves may bless thee : for even they,  
 With all their wretchedness, desire to live !—  
 Ay, *men* desire to live—to whom the day  
 10. Will bring again their woman's-task—to stay  
 At squalid home, and play the babe's meek nurse  
 Till sound of factory-bell, when they away  
 Must haste, and hold the suckling to life's source,  
 Within the rails ! Upon their tyrants be my curse !

- Nay, rather light that curse on ye, yourselves,  
 Ye timid, crouching crew ! Is there no heart  
 Among ye stung to see the puny elves,  
 His children, daily die ; his wife dispart  
 11. Her hair, and glare in madness ? Doth the smart  
 Of slavery cease to rankle in your veins ?  
 Faint, though ye be, and feeble, will none start  
 Unto his feet, and cry, while aught remains  
 In him of life—' Death ! or deliverance from our chains ?

- Cowards ! do ye believe all men are like  
 Yourselves?—that craven fear doth paralyse  
 Each English arm until it dares not strike  
 A tyrant?—that no voice could exorcise
12. Old Tyler's spirit, and impel to rise  
 Millions omnipotent in vengeful ire?—  
 Fool, that I am !—are there not hungry spies  
 On every hand, who watch, for dirty hire, [fire?—  
 Each glance of every eye that glows with Freedom's

- Whoso bethinks him that the eager grasp  
 Of foremost friendship's semblance may denote  
 The deeper venom of the darkling asp,  
 And that the multitude's applausive shout
13. May be the prelude to their hate ;—if doubt  
 And hesitance arrest his fervid pulse,  
 And cool it to consistence with due thought  
 For his own offspring ;—if their prattlings dulce  
 Seduce him from resolves that do the soul convulse

- With troubles, contests, perils myriadfold,  
 And threatening prospect of a baleful end  
 By the vile halter,—in the dungeon cold,—  
 Or on the transport-shore without a friend
14. To sympathise, but hordes of slaves to rend,  
 Even in its death-pangs, the lorn exile's breast,  
 With brutal taunts :—Oh ! let him reprehend  
 That knoweth none of these,—but here confest  
 Shall stand my sentence,—while I am a dungeon-guest :

- I reprehend him not, that wisely looks  
 Before he leaps,—and looks again !—
- Poor slaves,
- Forgive that hasty curse—forgive ! Rebukes  
 From me ye little need, while the rude waves
15. Of suffering overwhelm ye ! Seek your graves  
 In peace ! for ye are hasting thitherward  
 Apace. Why should ye a vain strife 'gainst knaves  
 And tyrants struggle to maintain ? Discard  
 All torturous hope : Redemption's path for *you* is barred !

- Drudge on in peace ! Ay, though ye starve, still drudge,  
 Lest from your fondlings ye be torn, to herd  
 With eunuch-paupers ! Tyrants wreck their grudge  
 Not as of old : high lords then massacred
16. The scurvy slaves who insolently dared  
 To murmur : now they wisely take revenge  
 On murmurers like men who have conferred  
 With meek Philosophy ; and mildly change  
 Murder of breathing things for annihilation strange

- Of things *designed*, as they believe, to breathe !  
 And if they do not thus believe, they lie—  
 The atheistic hypocrites ! To sheathe  
 The sword in ye were barbarous : ye shall die
17. Humanely slow ; and they will meekly try  
 In peace to end ye ! 'Tis the radiant dawn  
 Of Christian Civilisation ! Purify  
 The earth they must by sweeping off your spawn—  
 Even as the sun sweeps noxious vapours from the lawn !

- Drudge on, in silent meekness ! Tamely drag  
 Life's fardels as ye may : 'twill soon be spent—  
 This loan of breath ; and they will find some rag  
 To wrap ye in at last ! When ye are blent
18. With other churchyard things—from riches rent  
 And pride—ye will be even with them ! Pine  
 A few more hours ! Your goodly tenement,  
 The grave, is near : that fair, serene confine  
 Where ye will never hunger while your lordlings dine !—

- Hark ! 'tis Consumption's hollow cough that rings  
 From yon damp felon-cell ! How dread these vaults  
 Of living Death seem 'mid such echoings  
 At midnight ! What strange doubt the soul assaults,—  
 What frightful boding ! till the heart's pulse halts,
19. As if it were afraid to beat so loud !—  
 Let me to rest ! To-morrow, when the bolts  
 Are drawn, once more, this feeling of the shroud  
 May flee : the spirit be, again, with hope endowed :

With hope for Man's redemption : though a crime  
It is for prison-thralls of such a hope  
To breathe !—

- I slept, and saw, again, the clime  
Of suicidal souls. One of a troop  
20. Of travellers newly come, beneath the cope  
Sepulchral of the vague, vast, caverned span  
I stood. Anon, adown an aisle whose slope  
Invited, on new travel, I began  
To wend, forth from that region subterranean.

- Upon a bleak and barren plain, I dreamed  
That I emerged, where one tall pillar reared  
Its height until among the clouds it seemed  
To end. Yet, 'twas but mockery when I neared  
21. This lofty wonder—for its top appeared  
Beneath man's stature. Low, around the base,  
Lay broken sculptures of great names revered  
In times of old ; but ruin did deface  
Them till they looked like Memory in her burial-place.

- And then another, and another stone  
Uprose, in the far distance,—each the aim  
Vain-glorious of its founders making known  
More by its wreck than record of the name  
22. Or deed it had been stablished to proclaim.  
Food for despondence, thus, the brooding mind  
Gathered with semblant shapes that fleeting came  
Athwart its vision : for, as flits the wind,  
These imaged columns fled, or with new forms combined.

- In allegoric lessons for the soul—  
Of Liberty, each marble fragment strewed  
Upon that plain, each pictured deed and scroff,  
Told, as it lay, and I the ruin viewed :  
23. 'She is a goddess Man hath oft pursued,—  
'Won seldom,—and hath never yet retained  
'Her living presence !' Dreary solitude  
O'er all I saw in saddened vision reigned,  
Until a verdant mound my anxious spirit gained.

And, on the mound, methought, a mystic cirque  
 Of giant stones in simple grandeur rose,  
 Resembling Earth's first fathers' handy-work—  
 Their temples, or their tombs. Of Freedom's cause,  
 24. When Gallia's sons bound laurel on their brows  
 Blent with the oak, full many a devotee,—  
 Self-exiled from the wrath of friends grown foes,—  
 'Mid that cairn's shadow seated seemed to be,  
 Deep brooding on the Past : a stern confederacy.

Unapprehensible unto their thought  
 My being seemed, as I the cirque surveyed :  
 Albeit, so veritably that I mote  
 Not doubt, sat there each patriotic Shade  
 25. Revealed. Their spiritual brows arrayed  
 In light unearthly seemed ; and, soon, to tell  
 His thoughts each form began, while Spirit made  
 Response to Spirit : waking not the swell  
 Of sounds, but voiceless, Mind to Mind seemed voluble.—

“ How long shall poor Humanity lie waste  
 On earth ! ”—began this mystic utterance  
 Buzot,—of La Gironde's great sons not last  
 In toil to break the feudal bonds of France :  
 26. “ How long will Liberty make tarriance,  
 Nor haste to bless our race ! Brothers, I deem  
 Our agony in this strange heritage  
 Of after-life a far less rueful theme  
 Than thought that Tyranny on earth is still supreme.

“ Of suffering here I reckon not ; since from earth  
 Come spirits hither still, that each declare  
 Our ancient home enslaved. Who would have mirth  
 In after-life while Earth's poor children wear  
 27. The fetters of the despot, and despair  
 To break them ? This is woe,—this, this,—to feel  
 That all in vain we broke the priestly snare,  
 And, with our heart's blood, did to Freedom seal  
 Fealty ! France, loved France, now feels the iron heel !

- "Crushed, hated monarchy, again doth crush  
 Fair France ; mirk superstition again weaves,  
 Successfully, her limed web,—ay, flush  
 With life, more than her ancient realm retrieves.
28. Soul of Condorcet !—tell me that misgrieves  
 My spirit, if unto thy thought profound  
 Hope scintillates ; if thy strong vision cleaves  
 The clouded future, and thou viewest unbound  
 Loved France, and Europe quake at her old trumpet-sound.
- "Deep-searching Spirit, tell me, did we err—  
 Deeming the Palestinian story fraud  
 Or dreams, while we ourselves the dreamers were ;  
 Deeming Earth's sceptres a pernicious gaud,
29. And dying to defend the banner broad  
 Of Universal Liberty, while meek  
 Obedience unto kings, and reverent laud  
 Our duty was, of Him the fablers sleek  
 Extolled—the Torturer stern of Man from vengeful pique
- "Belike I err, even now, and more involve  
 My being in woe, thus lightly Powers august  
 And solemn naming. Yet,—the strong that wolve  
 The weak !—the powerful that grind to dust
30. The helpless ! Can I err, yearning to thrust  
 Them from their thrones ? My brother, if the doom  
 Of man be hopeful, tell !"—
- With thought robust
- And daring, thus the sombre spirit whom  
 Buzot addressed replied,—scorning exordium :—
- "The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep  
 Within the human heart,—lulled, drugged, and drowsed,  
 By Power's robed mediciners who keenly keep  
 Watch o'er its breathings,—and have ever choused
31. Their prey into more slumber, when aroused  
 For a brief breath by Freedom's vital touch,  
 It startled its sleek keepers, who caroused,  
 Gaily, beside their prostrate victim's couch—  
 Thinking it safe, for aye, within their privileged clutch !



- “ The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep  
 Within man’s heart : the dark, blood-feeding brood  
 Of serpents that so hush around it creep,—  
 Now they’ perceive, with apprehension shrewd,  
 32. Their terror-Trinity of Crown, Sword, Rood,  
 Is near evanishment,—may justly dread  
 The ruthless vengeance in its waking mood  
 Of the heart’s Titan thought. Up from its bed  
 ’Twill spring, and crush the asps that on its life misfed !
- “ The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep :  
 The Mind’s tornado wakes, through earth, even now !  
 And soon it will to nought the fabric sweep,  
 Of age-reared Priestcraft, and its shapes of woe,—  
 33. Its Hell, Wrath-God, and Fear—that foulest foe  
 Of human freedom ! ‘ I will freely think !’  
 ’Twill boldly tell the surpliced cozeners—‘ Lo !  
 ‘ I dare your monster God !—nor will I shrink  
 ‘ His tyrant tortures to defy—ev’n though I sink
- “ ‘ Amid the bottomless abyss of pain  
 ‘ Ye say He hath created for His slaves !  
 ‘ There let Him hurl me !—and, despite the chain  
 ‘ Irrevocable, that binds me under waves  
 34. ‘ Of liquid flame, He shall find one who braves  
 ‘ His wrath, and hurls back hatred for a God  
 ‘ Who forms without their will His creatures,—graves  
 ‘ Their natures on them,—rules by His own nod  
 ‘ Of Providence, their lives,—and, then, beneath His rod—
- “ ‘ His scourge eternal, tortures them, without  
 ‘ Surcease or intermission !’ Endless fire  
 For a breath’s error,—for a moment’s doubt !  
 Infinite Greatness exercising ire  
 35. Relentless on a worm ! Why ? That the quire  
 Celestial may His spotless glory sing—  
 His attributes harmonious made by dire  
 Infliction on his worms of suffering,—  
 And He Himself in joy ecstatic revelling !

- "Oh! what a potent poison hath benumbed  
 The human mind, and robbed it of its might  
 Inherent! since—affrighted, cowed, begloomed,  
 And stultified,—this juggle of the Night  
 36. It kneels unto, and calls 'divinest light!'—  
 But, it will soon the jugglers' toils outleap  
 Who long, behind the altar of their Sprite  
 Of blood, have played at terrible bo-peep  
 With Man! The spirit of Prometheus doth but sleep!"—  
  
 He ceased, and proudly from his visage flashed  
 Exultant hope's intensest radiance.  
 As, when around Jove's Titan victim crashed  
 The bounding thunder, and no mitigance  
 37. Of pain the vulture gave, his soul's expanse  
 Of hope for mortals filled with thought sublime  
 The offspring of Iäpetus, till glance  
 Of lightnings was forgot, and space, and time :  
 And Caucasus grew joyous as Elysian clime !  
  
 Silent and solemn musings held the band  
 Of patriot Shades, until, with suave aspect  
 And diffident, the spirit of Roland  
 Thus spake :—  
 "The universe her Architect  
 38. "All-wise proclaims; since without maim, defect,  
 Or vain expenditure of means are all  
 His works beheld: their Author they reflect :  
 Unseen the Central Light Himself 'mid pall  
 Of His Own brightness shrouds,—the Godhead personal !  
  
 "Yet men deny Him not because their ken  
 Detects not his pure Essence,—neither fail  
 To hymn His all-pervading goodness, when  
 They view pain through His universe prevail :  
 39. But, rather, as becomes their finite, frail,  
 And borrowed life, sum up their dwarfish praise  
 With meek confession that poor reason's pale  
 Includes not perfect judgment of His ways  
 Who of Infinity the boundless sceptre sways.

“Soul of Condorcet ! if we now indulge  
 The sceptic’s thought, provoke we not the scourge  
 We inly feel ? Woes, ceaseless, here promulge  
 The vengeance of our Judge. Forbear to urge  
 40. His justice ! Penal sojourn us may purge  
 From earthly stain. Let us, by duteousness  
 Of mind, assist the cure ; devoutly merge  
 Our pride in awe ; and reverently confess  
 Our wisdom blind—His wisdom’s goodness question-  
 less !”—

“ I marvel at thy fear,”—in haste replied  
 The sombre spirit : “ yet I ’sdeign to blame  
 “ The weakness of a brother ; but confide,  
 By power of ministering reason to reclaim  
 41. Thy mind from cowardice. Roland ! the game  
 Of priests hath turned upon that master-trick  
 For ages—‘ View thy finiteness with shame,  
 And bow before the Infinite ! ’—Their quick  
 Presentment of that cheat still serves the politic

“ Successors of the Jewish fishers rude,  
 As it subserved the hierarchs of old  
 That, through the Orient, primal thought subdued,  
 And humbled to the dust man’s vision bold,  
 42. Which would have scanned their secrets uncontrolled.  
 Roland ! bethink thee what the cheat is worth !  
 Grant that Infinity cannot unfold  
 Itself to finiteness ; that worms of earth  
 Their Maker’s government behold but in its birth ;

“ Grant that man, seeing but a fleeting part  
 Of God’s illimitable kingdom, knows  
 Too little to fill up the boundless chart  
 By guess ; yet, needeth it no operose  
 43. Deduction of our reason to disclose  
 This truth unto the simplest, shallowest brain—  
 In the vast future God cannot oppose  
 Himself : new attributes if He sustain  
 Hereafter, Man now hymns his perfectness, in vain.

- "Thou callst God's goodness perfect : yet, 'It *may*  
 Consist with perfect goodness,'—say the priests,—  
 'Atoms of helplessness to damn, for aye,—  
 'Although Man's finite reason manifests  
 44. 'Rebelliousness against such dread behests  
 'Of Infinite Sovereignty : it *may* appear  
 'Lovely, hereafter,—though Man now detests  
 'Such hideousness, nor doth, in heart, revere—  
 'Whate'er his lips profess—this Monster stern, austere :
- " 'It *may* appear throughout eternity,  
 'Right and consistent,—though in time it seems  
 'Monstrously wrong,—that His philanthropy  
 'Which in creating man so brightly beams,—  
 45. 'A thing in whose vile nature never gleams  
 'A spark of good desire,—a thing thus made  
 'Ere it could choose,—which evil good still deems,  
 And thence can choose but evil—till arrayed  
 'With power Divine it shuns its former nature's shade,
- " 'And seeks the light of holiness,—it *may*  
 'Consist with His philanthropy to curse  
 'This thing because it never kneels to pray,  
 'And He withholds to infuse the will !' Rehearse  
 46. These subtleties the Priests until they spere  
 Man's mental strength, and blind him with a dust  
 Of postulates : a dust that doth immerse  
 All things in doubt ; confounds false, true, base, just ;  
 And jeopardds even their godliest saint's devoutest trust:—
- " For, if—still perfect—God can violate  
 Some of His Own great declarations, who  
 Dares say it will His excellence abate  
 If He break others ? May it not congrue  
 47. Also with His perfections to eschew  
 Fulfilment of His promises of bliss  
 Celestial to the worms that render due  
 Observance to His laws ? Folly, than this  
 Quirk of old Austin, ne'er framed frailer artifice :—

“The cozener, seeking others to befool  
 Sottishly fools himself. For, hath the saint  
 A firm dependence for that rest of soul,  
 That endless cloyless joy his scriptures paint,  
 If God of His own moral Self so faint  
 A portraiture vouchsafes that what He saith  
 Must be interpreted without constraint  
 Of Reason, which Himself hath given, and Faith—  
 That is, the Future—must give meaning to His breath?”

“If what He saith in Time, by what He doth  
 Throughout Eternity, must be explained,  
 How shall His worms repose upon His oath?  
 Seeing that He sweareth by Himself, unstained  
 Would be His word—by deeds; since what pertained  
 Unto Himself men had not known! And, thus,  
 The saint, though shorn of bliss, and in Hell chained  
 To burn, thrust down with sinners,—murderous  
 And false, no more than they,—could term the All-  
 Marvellous!”—

“Soul of Condorcet!”—harshly spake the ghost  
 Of Pétion,—“I thy thought deep-searching own;  
 “But wherefore is our after-life engrossed  
 With this tame wordy-war? Need we impugn  
 Stale, senile fables which the wrinkled crone,  
 Old Superstition, yet doth croak and crool  
 Unto Man’s infancy? Her dying moan  
 Will soon, on earth, be heard: no human mole  
 Will long be left to grope beneath her nighted rule.

“Shall we our torture’s scanty lapse misspend  
 By coward reasonings on this side the tomb?  
 The strife with scorn why not thus tersely end—  
 Saith some cowed fabler—‘Shall the clay presume  
 ‘To prate unto the Potter, nor succumb  
 ‘To his behests in silent awe?’—*It shall*—  
 Thou knavish priest,—if such behests bring doom  
 Of endless torment on the victim thrall [crawl.”—  
 Compelled, without its choice, through mortal life to

- “On dreaming dolts,”—the shade of Valazé  
 Exclaimed,—“fraternal suasion were misspent :  
 “Dolts whom their craven fears will lead astray  
 From manly thought as soon as they have lent  
 52. Audience to reason. Slow and impotent  
 Of soul, Roland, on earth, thou always wert ;  
 But, here, in after-life, new wonderment  
 We feel, beholding thy dull mind begirt [vert.  
 With fabling dreams thou soughtst, elsewhere, to contro-
- “Weak, fickle spirit, on old Earth, mis-sexed !  
 Conjugal tie revealed to human ken  
 The woman’s soul unto thy clay annexed :  
 ’Twas thy brave helpmate breathed ’mong souls of men  
 53. True manhood—the immortal Citoyenne !  
 Dim, wavering Shade ! when wilt thou strive to break  
 This feminine bondage unto weakness ? when  
 Demean thyself like to a man ? Awake,  
 Dreamer !—thy spirit of these fraud-forged fetters shake ;
- “Or, if thou lovest the dreams that appertain  
 To fools, seek the self-exiled climbing throng  
 That share yon hill. Hence, Folly we in vain  
 Have striven to make wise ! Spirits, with strong  
 54. Derision let us chase this slave of wrong  
 Forth of our fellowship !”——  
 “Thou viler slave,  
 Forbear ! Expurge the errors that belong  
 To thine own spirit ere thou fume and rave  
 Against thy brother, thus intolerantly brave !”——
- So spake, and fiercely frowned, the Jacobin,  
 Le Bas,—who with a look of stern delight  
 Beheld, thus far, each haughty Brissotine  
 Scourge his tame brother. Soon, to join the fight  
 55. Of words hastened full many a sturdy sprite  
 Badged of ‘the Mountain’—when the strife of blood  
 Raged in distracted France : Girondist wight  
 Gave gall for gibe : fell combat seemed renewed  
 Of Freedom’s doubly suicidal brotherhood.

Malevolence, and spite, and rancour burned  
 Through their thin vehicles, with lurid flame ;  
 And madly, that he were, once more, disurned  
 From the dark tomb to play an aftergame  
 56. Of blood, each yearned, and did with zeal proclaim  
 His frantic wish ! So horrible it seemed  
 To witness how they raged, that being became  
 A torture ; and, unconscious that I dreamed,  
 Methought I mourned as one to baleful life condemned.

But, lo ! a sudden, silent pallor seized  
 The hostile crew, beholding where upreared  
 A Shape threatening as spectre unappeased  
 By devilish wizard who beholds afeard  
 57. The power his sable mischief hath unsphered,  
 But lacks the deeper skill to lay. Atween  
 Two cirque-stones vast the huge, gray Shape appeared  
 So stone-like, and so blind, yet stern, of mien,  
 That nought proclaimed it human save its gaberdine.—

“ Dark atheist blood ! ”—the mystic Shape began ;  
 “ Cease to malign Him Who the sceptre wields  
 Of Universe, all Being's Guardian !  
 Whose glory seraphs chaunt on heavenly fields ;  
 58. Whose favour from their foes earth's chosen shields ;  
 Whose vengeance ye, in Sheol, ' deeply prove !  
 Foul sons of Belial ! even your hatred yields  
 Proof that Jehovah, from His throne above,  
 Governeth Men as much by judgment as by love.

“ Did ye not tear each other like the wolf  
 And bear on earth ? Did ye not rend and rive  
 Your fellow-clay until one crimson gulph  
 Your city seemed ? Here, in the soul, survive  
 59. Its cherished evils : judgment punitive  
 Condemns ye thus to ravin in your minds,  
 And slaughter with your thoughts. Nor will ye strive  
 To burst your dimming veil, for that each finds  
 Foul pleasure in the darkness which his spirit blinds.

Duteous to the Most High—returning pe  
Ye ne'er shall know : but torturous turbu  
And rage of vengeful passions shall incre  
Within ye ; nor shall ye your wandering pe

- “ Jehovah hath a quarrel with your pride  
Think ye that He will deign to justify  
Himself to atoms unto Nought allied ?  
Not to the proud into His ways that pry—  
61. But, to the meek who on His word rely,  
He showeth favour.”—

“ Slaughterous Shoph  
Condorcet's spirit hurled back proud reply  
“ Repeat no more thy oft-told doting story  
We bow not to thy Blood-God's homicidal gl

- “ Meek champion of the lofty deity  
Who clave the ass's jaw-bone to relieve  
Thy murderous life, rather than cleave for  
A thunder-blasted tomb,—though Fraud π  
62. Such shapes as His and thine, to disbeliev  
That ye exist—we dare ! Abortive dream  
Of lust and blood incarnate ! fools receive  
For high realities the priestly themes  
Of your strange deeds : Wisdom such bai

“ Unreal shape, begone ! False mist thou  
Engendered of our insane rage and broils ;  
'Or, with a myriad other mists athwart  
Our thoughts that flit, thou and thy god ar  
Of truth which whi



“Vile slaves of self-deceit !—vaunt not your zeal  
 For truth. Whence is this horror ye profess  
 For violence? If ye to earth appeal  
 What saith she, shuddering, of your foul excess  
 4. Of fratricide? To whom could ye address  
 So fitly as to Murder Deified  
 Your vows of blood? Powers whose enormousness  
 Of massacre and ravine thought outstride  
 High o'er the rites of mutual butchers should preside.

“Affect no more this horror, so demure,  
 Of His strict rule Who portions penance just  
 Unto the filthy : favour to the pure.  
 Could ye be gods, to sate your ravening lust  
 65. For blood, whole human hecatombs slaves must  
 Pile on your Moloch-altars day by day !  
 Your lives disprove your claim to style august  
 Of high philanthropists : ere ye inveigh  
 'Gainst murder and revenge, mercy yourselves display !

“Brood of assassins—ere ye mock at deeds  
 Achieved by Israel's champion—with your own  
 Compare them. Faiths ye scoffed at—yet for creeds  
 Slaughtered each other ! To destroy the throne  
 56. Ye banded, since a monster curse 'twas grown—  
 And then o'er crowds enfranchised raised the knife !—  
 I wonder Earth, with headless corses strown  
 And drenched with gore, from such horrific strife  
 Shrank not upon her axle till she quelled all life !

“Ye slaughtered for the sake of blood : I slew  
 My foes in self-defence. Ye murdered whom  
 Yourselves made free !—I crushed the brutal crew  
 Of haughty tyrants who to slavish doom  
 57. Sentenced my fatherland,—ay, in one tomb  
 O'erwhelmed myself and them, rather than live  
 Myself a slave—my country slaved ! To dumb  
 Confusion are ye stricken? Let shame revive !—  
 Her glow, though late, may prove of wisdom nutritive.

- “ Now, list my embassy from souls of kings  
 And Gentile Shophets who in throned conclave  
 Ye know, at lapse of penal wanderings,  
 Sit girt with pomps, and visioned splendours have.
68. Whether the Power that breathed all life Man gave  
 Unto his brother like the ox and horse  
 To minister, a sturdy, craft-trained slave  
 For food,—or did ‘ Equality ’ endorse  
 On human natures—they pursue abstruse discourse.
- “ Such is the essence of their strife—surround  
 It as they may with mist of words. Had ye  
 Less madly played your part millions unbound  
 Might now proclaim the coming jubilee
69. Of nations : Sheol’s Thrones, through sympathy,  
 Forbode their fall—conscious of mystic tie  
 That binds them with Earth’s crowns : their destiny  
 And Man’s they seek : I bid ye to the high  
 Debate :—but, first, your souls’ dark errors rectify !
- “ I leave ye to self-chastisement—that scourge  
 More poignant than all tortures from without.  
 May deep-wrought penitence your spirits purge  
 From the foul stain of atheistic doubt—
70. That ye, at length, may join the choral shout  
 Of ransomed millions, when to end all pain  
 God’s great Messiah comes !—that vision fraught  
 With bliss the rapt seers saw on Jordan’s plain  
 And Judah’s sacred hills. Jehovah, haste Thy reign !”—
- He spake and faded,—as some threatening cloud  
 Of fearful shape disperseth in thin air,  
 Leaving no trace to show where, ebon-browed,  
 But now, it frowned and darkened to despair
71. The eye of day. No more with rage to tear  
 And rend each other burned the jarring host  
 Of patriot Shades rebuked ; but, to declare  
 His chastened thought began Babœuf’s pale ghost—  
 Equality’s last self-exile from Gallia’s coast.—

"If brothers still we be,"—he said,—"and zeal  
 For contest has not cancelled loftier sense  
 Of right,—let us essay this strife to heal  
 With kindness : not vengeful virulence  
 Will chase from Mind its raylessness intense,  
 Nor free it from fanatic mists obscure.  
 Boast we of Reason?—let us evidence  
 The gift by pointing, with persuasion pure,  
 Our weaker brother unto Truth's bright cynosure.

"I yield not to this terror-shape belief  
 In his old fables ; neither fail to know  
 That earthly tyrannies derive their chief  
 Strength from the fear with which men quake and bow  
 To Powers Unknown. Yet, brothers, do we owe  
 Regard to these rebukes ; let each, then, list ;  
 And cease these poisonous gibes whereby our woe  
 Is deepened,—soul to soul antagonist  
 Becomes,—and Earth's old jars in after-life exist.

"Fled we not hither less by inward dread  
 Of ignominious death than sick at heart  
 With our abortive strife, in which was shed  
 Torrents of Frenchmen's blood? Oh ! let the smart  
 Of anguish for self-errors here impart  
 Regretful tenderness for frailties shown  
 By brethren. Still, I fear, these storms athwart  
 Our after-life will come ! My stain I own ;  
 And would by present pain for errors past atone !"—

"Spirits !"—rejoined Condorcet,—“Humbled thought  
 Doth not avail mind's errors to expel :  
 Self-chastisement for frailty nurtures not  
 The growth of wisdom : Reason doth rebel  
 Against the slavish gloom which priests so well,  
 For their vile ends, depicture as the true  
 Discipline for the soul. They most excel  
 In wisdom who the past can calmly view  
 With deep resolve error in future to eschew.

- “ Ay, they are wisest, best, who still maintain  
 The calm, firm, steady toil to emancipate  
 Mind from its frailties : Tears, on earth, are vain,  
 And low regrets, in this our afterstate :
76. Man’s noblest part is still to battle Fate,  
 Or Circumstance, or whatsoe’er afflict  
 His essence ;—joy, as grief, to moderate  
 By Reason’s rule—not monkish rigour strict :  
 Rule that with ease the soul may gratefully addict

- “ Herself to serve ; and by sure steps, though slow,  
 Thus climb Elysian height serene. How long  
 In circles shall we reason ? Whence the woe  
 We here experience—save from passion strong
77. And changeful ? Spirits ! let us not prolong  
 Debate amid these ruins ; but the theme  
 Renew where kings invite polemic throng  
 Of essences !”——

I woke : for, like a gleam  
 Electric, vanished the wild actors of my dream !

NOTES TO BOOK THE FIFTH<sup>1</sup>

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1.—Page 141, Stanza 58.

*Whose vengeance ye, in Sheol, deeply prove!*

"*Sheol*"—the Hebrew word for Hades, or the region of the departed.

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*Slaughterous Shophet hourly!*

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BOOK THE SIXTH.

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BLOOD ! blood ! Ye human hell-hounds, when, oh when  
Will ye have had your fill? The hazy morn  
Hath scarcely dawned upon this grisly den  
Of demon Power, ere yon poor wretch forlorn  
1. Is led to slaughter :—led? nay, fainting, borne  
Unto the ladder's foot ! Murder by law—  
In lieu of medicine till his wits return—  
For one impelled to kill, by his brain-flaw ;  
And then to weep, when he his slaughtered infant saw !

It is the death-toll : there ! they bear him on !  
I climb to read the lesson through my bars.—  
Hah ! curse upon thee, priest !—is it well done  
That thou, a peace-robed herald pattering prayers,  
2. Dost head the death-march? Trowst thou not it jars  
With that sky-message which proclaimed, thou sayst,  
'Peace and Goodwill to Man'?—ay, that it mars  
The face of mercy to behold thee placed  
There, in grim state, 'tween spears with crape, in  
mockery, graced?

'Tis passed—the chilling spectacle ! Farewell,  
Poor pale, weak, fellow-worm ! 'twill soon be o'er—  
Thy tearful pilgrimage. 'Tis done !—the knell  
Ceases : and though I, happily, see no more  
3. Of the fell tragedy, the sullen roar  
Of groans and execrations, pierces through  
My dungeon-grating ; for the gazers pour  
The heart's involuntary curse on you,  
Ye hireling butchers who now 'give the law its due' !<sup>1</sup>



Oh ! I would weep throughout the live-long day  
With memory how my fellow-man hath wept  
Through ages, and bewail him as the prey  
Of foul Draconian beasts which he hath kept  
4. In reverence high ; but, that I feel, except  
The melting mood be mastered, and fierce ire  
As well, and Man becomes a calm adept  
In tracing errors to their spring, the fire  
Of that real Hell that burns on earth shall ne'er expire.

Why should I curse thee, priest ? Art thou not bound  
To obey thy patched creed's dogmas ? ' Blood for blood '  
Thy rubric reads,—with logic most profound !  
And, lest by disobedience, the world should  
5. Halt on its axle, ye, meek brotherhood !  
Must see the ' Law Divine ' fulfilled. He meant  
Not what he said—the Nazarene—the Good !  
Or, still the rubric stands *for murderers* : blent  
With mystery is God's law : Himself knows His intent !

Hah ! how long will ye palter thus, to screen  
Your conscious inconsistency, and hide  
The Truth from Man ? Either the Nazarene  
Or Moses errs. And, if stern homicide  
6. Man's homicidal will so well could chide  
Of old,—the Law of Blood, maugre all change,  
Must still be wholesome. But, ye should abide  
By *all* the Law : ' eye,' ' tooth,' ' hand,' ' foot'—avenge,  
Avenge !—Ye may not from the whole a part estrange !<sup>2</sup>

Doff, then, thine alb, and don the ephod, priest,—  
If thou art Moses' minister ; Ah, no !—  
Thou too successfully and long hast fleeced  
The sheep in that white garment to forego  
The gain of doubleness. Neither art thou  
7. And thy smooth tribe unskilful to discern  
That while ye must stand by your yokefellow,  
The hangman, and together deftly learn  
To prop kings' sway,—fair uses hath your coat extern :

- It symbols meekness well, and peace, ye preach  
 To slaves : Christ's precepts are for them ! Your drame  
 Hath thus its parts, and ye are prompt for each !  
 Dark ambidexters in the guilty game
8. Of human subjugation ! how to tame  
 Man's spirit ye, and only ye, have skill :  
 Kings need your help to hold their thrones ; while claim  
 Of sanctity enables ye, at will,  
 To wield o'er prostrate Reason subtler empire still !
- What tyrants leave unvanquished in the mind  
 By threat of chains, the gallows, flame, or sword,  
 Ye humble by your Hell !—
- Was I not blind—
9. To judge ye inconsistent ? True accord  
 Subsists between your new and elder ' word,'  
 Ye throw away no part : it is because,  
 With cunning shrewder than the simple horde  
 O' the laity, ye ken the penal clause  
 Blends in one spirit fierce the old and late Jew's laws.
- ' Forgive them, for they know not what they do !'—  
 O Christ ! how worshipfully great thou art  
 Uttering such dying breath ! A lowly Jew,  
 Born and brought up with bigots whose old heart
10. Was nurtured, from far time, to count the smart  
 Of suffering in a foe sweet to behold ;  
 From rule of blood for blood ne'er to depart,—  
 Of eye for eye, and tooth for tooth ; to fold  
 The law of vengeance, given while the thunder rolled,
- And lightnings flashed, and the loud trumpet pealed  
 Forth from the shrouded hill, in the heart's core,  
 As dearer than all treasures earth can yield ;  
 Law eulogised, confirmed by Prophets hoar,
11. By solemn awe-rapt bards, and all the lore  
 Thy country ever knew ! If not Divine  
 Thou wert,—thy self-born light and love is more  
 Miraculous than aught by all the line  
 Of the heart's precept-makers writ in page benign.

Above that thorn-crowned head, nor did forbear,  
 12. When spirit-desolation or despair  
 Seized thee, to mock thy groans ! Forgiveness,—love  
 For those who tortured thee ! Oh ! if such rare  
 Triumph o'er ill be human, it doth prove  
 A glorious nobility in Man enwove !

And 'tis enwove in man : else, wherefore pleads  
 High reason in that prayer ?—' they know not what  
 They do !'—Compassion for a being whose deeds  
 Resulting from his ignorance denote  
 13. His errors accidental : not inwrought  
 By natural vice, or willed, in Reason's spite,  
 When Knowledge shows the wrong. By Reason brought  
 Thus to regard our brother, inner might  
 Of love fraternal springs, and Pity's calm delight.

What sayest thou, priest ? ' It is not thus ' ? Do threat  
 Of Hell, then, fill the heart with this intense  
 And holy bliss of pitying love ? Begets  
 Thy rhetoric of the flames which Providence  
 4. Almighty ever blows for bodily sense  
 (By miracle also made eternal) ; worm,  
 Deathless and sateless, preying without suspense  
 On conscience : do these horrors sow the germ  
 Of love in Man, and threats renewed its growth confirm

And yet, thy Master preached this Hell : with all  
 His sovereign magnanimity, and free  
 Expense of soul, the Nazarene said :—

Hell-fire,—coercion,—for the ingrate hard  
 Who will not love the God set forth as high,  
 Vast, indescribable, in His Love's regard  
 For Men ! ' Love Him ; or He will magnify  
 16. ' His glory by consigning thee to die  
 ' In ceaseless flames an ever-living death ' !—  
 O Christ ! how can I love what doth outvie  
 All tyrannies in horribleness of wrath :  
 This monstrous Thing derived from an old monster Faith ?

Thine, Galilean, is of all earth's creeds  
 The greatest marvel ! Wonder at thy toil  
 Of tears, self-sacrifice, and love succeeds  
 Each step we tread with thee—till this dread foil  
 17. Unto thy moral beauty doth despoil  
 The yearning heart of its impassioned hope :  
 Death-stricken, blighted, doth the soul recoil  
 From its tempestuous wish to love thee : droop  
 It must in doubt ; and to its bourne in darkness grope !

Oh ! hadst thou not so lovely been on earth,  
 I would not care to share thy Paradise :  
 This wish to live beyond the grave hath birth  
 Without my will : yet, by the sovereign voice  
 18. Of Reason 'twould be hushed, but that the bliss  
 Of knowing such a heart as thine doth seem  
 A boundless joy,—a good beyond all price :  
 And still I wish thy heaven were not a dream ;  
 And, to my latest hour shall doat upon that theme !

Alas ! thy repetition of that most  
 Enslaving of all slavish thoughts—a Hell  
 Wherewith the Priest may threat to tame the ghost  
 Of him who dares in mortal life rebel  
 19. ' Gainst Faith or Kings—restrains the heart's love-swell  
 Rushing to centre in thee, and reveals  
 To Reason that thou couldst not burst the spell  
 Of Circumstance—which even the mightiest seals  
 In impotence : we do but act as she impels.

20. On every hand that met thy love-lit ken,  
Were during witnesses of brothers' blood  
Shed by, or for Jehovah!—Denizen  
Of such a clime—Child of so fierce a brood—  
What wonder at one speck in thy vast sun of good?

One link—thy penal Hell,—with the old Past  
Of Force, the homage-time so reverent—  
Connects thee : but, thy themes of mercy vast,  
Of love and brotherhood,—the aliment  
21. Shall be for kindred souls on love intent  
And mercy, every hour, until the might  
Their spirits draw from thine all-prevalent  
Shall render them ; and they shall chase the sprite  
Of Blood and Force that doth all human joyaunce blight

Goodness, thou didst enthrone : our generous sires,  
Drawn by thy generous themes, Woden and Thor  
Abandoned, quenching all their idol-fires  
To worship Whom they called 'the Good.' Before  
22. Goodness personified thy Gospel's lore  
Taught them, they thought, to bow ; and ' God ' became  
Their Deity—

What small shrill voice doth pour  
Its wailing from that grated window-frame ?  
What note of Pain doth thus my feeble brain-steps maim  
Hah ! murderous spider ! when I watched thee spread  
Thy cobweb yestermorn, it did relieve  
A dreary prison-hour to mark each thread

- Priest ! dost thou smile, beholding how Thought's web  
 Baffles and binds me with its mystery,—  
 Yea, lays me, helpless as a limber babe,  
 At Mystery's feet ? Oh ! I will slander thee  
 24. No more : if Nature hath a Deity,  
 The Bible doth not slanderously limn  
 His portraiture : Author of agony  
 The living book doth, hourly, picture Him :  
 The written—thrones a Slaughterer 'tween the Cherubim !

- 'Tis clear : who tries *the Faith* by Nature's test—  
 O modern Stagyrite !—between thy creed  
 And Her must own 'Analogy' confest.—  
 'Submit thee, then, vain doubter !—since decreed  
 25. 'It is that Life consists of things of greed  
 'And things to be their prey,—submit and bow  
 'To Him who made them thus : back, that may lead  
 'Thee to *the Faith* in which, thou dost allow,  
 'The Deity is drawn with Nature's girded brow !'

- Priest ! I will answer thee with that free soul  
 These bolts and bars have only served to thew.  
 Forty short summers towards my earthly goal  
 Have I now journeyed,—and, for me, but few  
 26. More summers can remain : Wrong to eschew,  
 And Right to treasure in the heart's recess,  
 How can I lack dispose,—while, to my view,  
 The grave is yawning in its cold duress  
 To close what tyrants leave of my clay's feebleness ?

- Priest ! I have felt by turns from earliest days,  
 As well as calms, the tempests of the brain :  
 Fervid devotion, and the wild rapt blaze  
 Of ecstasy in prayer ; ascetic pain  
 27. And fasting ; midnight book-toil to obtain  
 The key to facts—knowledge of tongues of old ;  
 Weighing of evidence—grave—long—again ;  
 With constant watchings how Man doth unfold  
 What is the impress true he bears from Nature's mould ;—

- And this, in humbleness I would declare,  
 And yet with courage, is my only Faith :—  
 Goodness alone, with its blest, yearning care,  
 Is worshipful—for Goodness only hath
28. Power to make good and happy things of breath  
 And thought. If Man can be transformed  
 Wholly to virtue,—punishment and wrath,—  
 Taught by all priests that on the earth have swarmed,—  
 Must be untaught ; and Man by Love to Right be  
 charmed.

- Goodness alone is worshipful. Not what  
 Gives life, but what gives happiness is good.  
 I cannot worship what I own a blot  
 To be in my own nature—hasty flood
29. Of feeling that with ireful hardihood  
 Would rush to do what I would soon regret :  
 Nor can I worship, priest ! thy Shapes of Blood,  
 Or Nature's cause of Pain. If to beget  
 Love in the soul these fail—shall worship there be met ?

- I cannot worship what I cannot love.*—  
 If this be vicious, priest ! show me the way  
 To virtue : I will own—if thou dost prove—  
 My error : but, till then, I humbly say,
30. I think the error thine. To resurvey,  
 For proofs of Deity, great Nature's face,  
 Drawn, yea impelled, unto Mind's latest day,  
 I shall be by Her wonders ; but—the embrace  
 Of All-pervading Goodness—shall I find It's trace ?

- I say not that there is no God : but that  
*I know not.* Dost *thou* know, or dost thou guess ?  
 Why should I ask thee, priest ? Darkness hath sat  
 With light on Nature—Woe with Happiness
31. Since human worms crawled from their languageless  
 Imperfect embryos, and by signs essayed  
 To picture their first thoughts. 'Tis but excess  
 Of folly to attempt the great charade  
 To solve : and yet the irking wish must be obeyed !—



- Night hath returned on me,—even as it closed  
 Upon these dizzying thoughts in human things  
 Thousands of years ago :—Two Powers opposed  
 Eternally,— or Good with boundless wings
32. Brooding o'er Universe—the egg whence springs  
 Evil : the Mede's, Hindoo's, Egyptian's strife  
 To make himself believe some glimmerings  
 He saw of Truth, through Nature's garment rife  
 With Mystery : Hebrew fable of primeval life
- In happy Eden—Eve, and glozing snake :  
 Or myth more artificial of the land  
 Of arts and song—Pandora's box, with ache  
 And boil and pestilence, by man's rash hand  
 Unlidded—punishment for theft of brand
33. From Heaven :—  
 Night hath returned, as she returned  
 To millions, who through life thus vainly scanned  
 The face of mystery. What, though they burned  
 In vain to know, yet never Nature's secret learned ?
- Desire to know must still within us burn—  
 Though its quick fire our fragile clay consume :  
 For who would crawl in brutal unconcern  
 Along his fated pathway to the tomb,
34. Nor ever ask if thought-flame shall relume  
 This clay, or it shall sleep a dull, dark, cold,  
 Eternal sleep ? —
- I slept, and dreamt the doom  
 Of suicidal souls—great souls of old—  
 I did, once more, in mystic spirit-land behold.
- The thrones were set, in gorgeous show, beneath  
 The rainbow-roofed and column-girt expanse,  
 Filled with the votaries of self-wrought death  
 I saw before ; and with like cognizance
35. Of crown and sceptre, shedding radiance  
 From gems and gold, they sat,—or, lesser state  
 Kept, as of civic power's participance  
 The fitter emblem. 'Sdeignfully elate  
 Some sat, while some sent forth deep glances of debate :

the courage, cunning, pride, despair, revenge,  
The love of fatherland, or high emprise,  
36. Wisdom, or eloquence, to symbolise  
Of their famed occupants—a lustrous host  
Begirt with rays, whose thoughts wore no disguise,  
So that my spirit scanned each musing ghost,  
And read the characters in his mind's book engrossed.

Transcending far, in grace, all regal thrones,  
Twin seats neighbouring the godlike Spartan's stoo  
O'er-canopied with bended necks of swans,  
And wings of doves circling their callow brood,  
37. Adorned beneath with blossom, bell, and bud,  
The loveliest of every season's growth,  
In garlands woven, upon drapery strewed  
With bees that swarmed on infant Plato's mouth,  
And lucent shells that gem the sea-shore of the south :

Whereon, sat he whose lightning-tippèd tongue  
Had made Greece glorious unto farthest time,  
Had Socrates ne'er lived, nor Homer sung,  
Nor Marathon been found beneath her clime ;  
38. And, by his side, his brother Greek, the prime  
In rhetoric art, Isocrates,—whose pen  
Could fill the Attic mind with throes sublime,—  
Ay, fire the brain of humblest citizen  
With ecstasy unknown to gross-souled, late-born men.

An elder glory, near Demosthenes  
And his fraternal sprite, on radiant

And throned in glory sat the illustrious shade  
 Of him whose name with Salamis shall live  
 For aye,—'less Freemen fail and Freedom fade  
 On every shore, and some new Xerxes give  
 40. To earth his will for law, and ocean grieve,  
 Mirthful no longer at the tyrant's whip.—  
 That latest Greek who struggled to retrieve  
 His country's greatness, and the plumes to clip  
 Of Rome's fierce eagle, by Achæan captainship,

Sat next Themistocles,—the latest Greek  
 Worthy the name,—Diæus,—who, when fell  
 Corinth with Carthage, scorned to live a meek  
 Breath-unit in a world now Rome's, or swell  
 41. Her earth-spread train of slaves. Immoveable  
 Sat Zeno, stoic sire, on shapeless rock  
 Of ebon granite, with a look to quell  
 Kings' mindless pomps, so loftily it woke  
 The regal soul to spurn false grandeur's gaudy yoke.

His noblest Roman son the suicide,  
 Of Utica, with simple oaken crown  
 Adorned, sat on a kindred rock, and eyed  
 The enervate Antony upon his throne,  
 42. Until he seemed to shrink beneath that frown,  
 And shun its keen reproof. A mystic shape  
 On milk-white steed, girt with a starry zone,  
 Sat smiling as he saw the pavement gape :  
 Emblems of Rome's cleft forum, Curtius, and his leap.

Twin-seats, again, I saw, near Antony's,—  
 But, unlike his, of iron mould,—and blazed  
 With sword and spear, and manifold device  
 Of slaughter,—whereon sat the twain oft praised  
 43. For patriots : the aristocrats who raised  
 Their daggers 'gainst the despot—not to pave  
 Plebeian paths to Right ; but, long bedazed  
 With freedom false, patrician power to save :  
 They who, near Philippi, sped, world-sick, to the grave.



And near them Caius sat—th' Agrarian,—  
Cornelia's younger boast,—the truly great  
And good, though stamped with History's hireling ban.  
With simple oaken chaplet he kept state  
44. Kings seemed to envy, as he smiling sate  
On cornucopias shedding Ceres' fruit  
From wreathèd gold,—while o'er him bended date,  
And olive, orange, fig, and cocoa nut,  
Festooned with vines, and draped with green gourds  
round the root.

On either hand the Gracchus, miniature  
Array of honours gilded Carbo's brow,—  
With his young head that once, by act impure  
Of vengeful Sylla, his great father's foe,  
45. Bedecked a pole i' the forum for a show—  
Jugurtha's conqueror's son.<sup>a</sup> With these appeared  
Full many a Roman ghost that fled from blow  
By bestial Cæsars threatened : souls that feared  
Not death itself ; but—to die tyrant-massacred.

Nor lacked there Roman spirits of the days  
When Rome and her old gods of friendly faith  
Were nullified by new Byzantium's blaze,  
And its exclusive creed. Crowned with sere wreath,  
46. On mouldering columns, Photius sat, who death—  
A freeman's death—preferred, to humbling loss  
Of self-respect,—giving away his breath  
When false Justinian bade old Pagan gloss [Cross.<sup>b</sup>  
Should cease, and all the world bow down before the

Rome's elder terror, by the Pontic king  
Appeared—the one-eyed Carthaginian :  
Athwart, he sat, upon a living thing  
Of monster form—a seat equestrian,  
47. Blending an elephant whose forehead's span  
Was vast as Hindoo Ganesa's ; a pard  
With hide besprent, like that gruff Scythian  
By Ceres changed ;<sup>c</sup> and feet of beast that marred  
The seer, but halted, by the ass, the corpse to guard.<sup>d</sup>

- Fast by the thrones of Saul and Zimri lay  
 A mass of hideousness, where crocodile,  
 And snake, and scorpion, and tarantula,  
 Were blent into one reptile, huge and vile—
48. The dorsual seat of that old peer of guile  
 Who hanged himself because the Archite's rede  
 Was ta'en by rebel Absalom.<sup>9</sup> On pile  
 Of hybrid life—half-bull, half-desart-steed—  
 Sat Eleazar, of the Maccabees' bold breed.<sup>10</sup>
- And Razis<sup>11</sup> near him sat, on monster beast  
 More fell, commingling tiger, wolf, and bear,  
 With claws and beak of bird that maketh quest  
 For dead men's flesh. Where the Byzantines were
49. Sat Arbogast the Frank<sup>12</sup> with savage stare  
 Leaning upon a shape half-stag, half-hound.  
 And other suicides assembled there,  
 Of Gallic mien, gazed haughtily, and frowned,  
 As if they liked not well the regal pomps around :
- These shapes, methought, were they whom, late, I saw,  
 When wandering over Freedom's desert plain,  
 I came unto a mound, and stood with awe  
 To see the hoary cirque—the ruined fane.—
50. And other spirits which had filled the train  
 Of my night-visions I, again, beheld :  
 The bards were there from Phantasy's domain—  
 The mystic grove ; and with these sprites of eld  
 Came, now, a late-born host which in that region dwelled.
- And, from the Mount of Vanity, methought  
 The Indian and the Agrigentine seemed  
 To be remet,—while they had with them brought  
 Of spirits I beheld when erst I dreamed,
51. A host whose essences defiance gleamed  
 For contest of the soul. Nor lacked they feud  
 For long : mind-syllables, terse, vigorous, beamed  
 Forth from the spiritual similitude  
 Of the great Pontic king,—who thus debate renewed :—

- “Spirits ! who waits preamble, or proclaim  
 Of thesis, since to all our argument  
 Is known ? The Spartan saith this goodly frame  
 Of kingly pomps Nature hath sagely blent  
 52. With typic forms—on our instruction bent—  
 And foretells utter change—Equality,  
 Knowledge, and Joy, for ever confluent  
 Through Hades ; and for Earth like destiny.  
 Say, Spirits, with the Spartan’s do your thoughts agree ?”—

- Thus Mithridates spake ; and, straight, the theme  
 Cleanthes seized. With meek and modest grace  
 At Zeno’s feet he sat, and diadem  
 Or tiar of gold upon his brow to place  
 53. Had mockery seemed—so brightly beamed its trace  
 Of mental nobleness through the rare veil  
 That clad his essence. In that mystic space,  
 When he arose, kings’ splendours seemed to pale  
 In glory, ’fore his soul’s refulgence spiritual.

- “Monarchs, and bards, and sages old,”—he said ;  
 “I utter first, my humble sentence brief,  
 That spirits of deeper reach, and skilled to thread  
 The maze of symbol, type, and hieroglyph,  
 54. May follow, more at large. I yield belief  
 To Nature’s sage interpreters of things  
 When Reason guides their theme ; but, for my chief  
 In wisdom I acknowledge none who clings  
 Fondly to worship of his own imaginings.

- “If Reason guide the Spartan, it is well :  
 If Phantasy, I heed him not : unskilled,  
 Myself, in riddles, I will simply tell  
 My judgment from within. On earth, I toiled  
 55. A menial slave by night,” my toil beguiled  
 With sweet thoughts how the morning would renew  
 Wisdom’s boon nurture, that by day distilled  
 From Zeno’s spirit on my soul like dew,  
 Until my being to intellectual stature grew.

- " And, if the Past I could live o'er again,  
 The joys of wisdom to the gauds of power  
 I would prefer : even now, while in my ken  
 Glow regal grandeurs, how they seem to cower  
 56. Before the spirit's nobler, loftier dower—  
 Wisdom and Virtue ! Monarchs, to offend  
 I seek not : but that changes o'er ye lour  
 I also prophesy ! Man will ascend  
 To Truth, and soon unto false glory cease to bend.
- " Mind is awake, in Hades ; while, on earth,  
 Crowds ask aloud what truthful reverence  
 Mere show can ask ; demand the proof of worth  
 From Privilege that lolls in indolence  
 57. While Poverty toils on with pang intense  
 Of bodily hunger ; and proclaim, in ire,  
 Their stern resolve, that throned magnificence—  
 The dullard son derives from doltish sire— [pire !"—  
 With conquerors' pomps, late won by murder, shall ex-
- He ceased ; and Appius, Rome's old lecher vile,  
 With base effrontery uprose to jeer.  
 But indignation burst from regal pile  
 O' the Pontic king, that whelmed with shame and fear  
 58. The rude one, and subdued his scoff and sneer :  
 And albeit Nero Mithridates blamed,  
 Yet, on the lewd decemvir fell severe  
 And ireful glances from a host ashamed  
 To call him Roman—till he fled forth spirit-maimed !—
- When, lo ! a filthy and obscene baboon  
 Upprew in Appius' seat ; while kings aghast,  
 Dumbfounded, gazed to see the creature soon  
 Take up the Romap's staff, he, in his haste,  
 59. Let fall, and mock the pomp of each dynast  
 That there held golden sceptre ! All were mute  
 With wonderment—till darkness overcast  
 The throne where lately sat the dissolute  
 Old Roman,—and then vanished throne and savage brute :

- While, in the rainbowed sky a giant hand  
 Appeared, and pointed to the throneless void,  
 Filling the wonder-stricken sceptred band  
 With deepest dread. Lycurgus, meanwhile, eyed
60. The change with smiles,—yet not as one that joyed  
 To view the Roman's sufferings, or his fall,—  
 But, seeming glad to know one shape destroyed  
 Among those images of human thrall—  
 As earnest that like change should pass upon them all.
- He spake not : but the monarch-spirits gazed  
 With awe upon the Spartan's volumed look,  
 And read his thought.—
- By splendours unbedazed,  
 By prophecies or fears of change unshook,
61. The aweless Carthaginian silence broke :—  
 "Will this strange visitation check the boast  
 Of haughty Rome,"—he said,—“this vengeance-stroke  
 Of the high Powers, that rule this mystic coast,  
 Offended with the Roman monster's obscene ghost
- “Such was Rome's progeny in her fresh youth—  
 Her age of public virtue—when, with vaunt  
 Of kingly vipers crushed in their young growth.  
 Her victor plebeians swelled their choral chaunt !
62. What wonder, then, that her exuberant  
 Maturity conceived gigantic forms  
 Of turpitude, so foully miscreant,  
 That Nature shuddered to reveal their germs, [storms !<sup>14</sup>  
 And, while their mother bore them, darkened earth with
- “And shall their images sit here enthroned  
 With virtuous shapes, while thus the Powers Divine  
 On one take vengeance? Will they thus confound  
 Desert with baseness? Not from typic sign,
63. Abounding in this mystical confine,  
 I prophesy : but confidence in Right,  
 'Spite of reverses the Gods intertwine  
 With Virtue's warrior course, fills me with bright  
 Anticipations they will yet the Good requite.



- “That ruin threatens Thrones of bloated vice,  
I doubt not ; but, that Good with Ill shall fade,  
I credit not the Spartan aruspice.”—  
Thus Hannibal the gathering fears allayed
64. Of some ; but rendered guiltier Thrones afraid  
Their fall was near,—so that with fiendish rage  
These swelled : but judgment soon the tempest stayed !  
Two of Rome’s swoln embruted lineage  
Evanished from the view of king, and bard, and sage ;
- And, for brief season, upon Nero’s throne  
A tiger sat upright, with robe bedecked,  
And glared upon a swine Bonosus’ crown  
That wore, and held its brutal shape erect
65. Upon the drunkard’s seat. Each did affect  
Despotic airs, sceptred and diademmed,  
Till, by the lesson did his pride detect  
Full many a ghost that there sat crowned and gemmed ;  
And some within their essence royalty condemned.
- Anon, fell darkness on the mimic brutes ;  
And then a void was left where each robed beast  
Had sat with mock-monarchal attributes ;  
While, from the roof, huge pendant hands impressed
66. Deep dread—pointing to either space divest  
Of throne and image—that the Spartan’s word  
Might soon be signally made manifest ;  
And silence chill, such as in sepulchred  
Earth-regions dwells, did long that hall of Thrones  
begird.—
- At length, uprose the Gracchus, and with calm  
And graceful act, but look that inly glowed  
With noblest fervour, laid aside his palm,  
While thus, in generous tide his accents flowed :—
67. “Spirits, that sit mysteriously endowed  
With sign of sovereignty, I now conjure  
Your essences by these strange judgments bowed,  
Say,—if it would Man’s general bliss ensure,—  
Could ye bemoan your empty splendour’s forfeiture ?

- " What veritable good, in your proud joy  
 On earth, could ye possess ? While hunger keen  
 Tortured the Poor, did not your banquets cloy ?  
 Could ye, beholding ragged Misery's mien,  
 68. Feel really happy in your grandeur's sheen ?  
 While thousands wandered homeless o'er the soil,—  
 Worn, suffering, fainting, wretched,—did ye lean  
 On your soft pillows won from Labour's spoil,  
 And never think with pity on the sufferer's toil ?
- " It could not be : for ye had human hearts :  
 Ye knew men were your brethren, and deep thought—  
 Such as men feel when wounded conscience smarts—  
 Must oft have stirred within ye, and have smote  
 69. Your bosoms with remorse, until it brought  
 Ye well-nigh to resolve ye would descend  
 From your afflictive thrones, and bring to nought  
 That human scourge—your power ; all woe-toil end ;  
 And, to lift up mankind your life-long effort lend.
- " Ye must have thought—to banish want and sorrow  
 Would bring the heart more truthful happiness  
 Than all the gaudy lustre ye could borrow  
 From the toil-worm, for robe and train and jess,—  
 70. From jewelled crown, and gold in its excess :—  
 But ye were held by Fate ; her power restrained,  
 Controlled, benumbed your wills that yearned to bless  
 Your weeping brethren, and ye thus remained  
 Agents to work out evil,—and for evil reigned.
- " But Evil brings forth Good, as Good, of old,  
 Evil produced,—so now, when all things shew  
 The mystery of Existence doth unfold  
 Some glimpses of its issue ; and the True  
 71. From out the hollow False doth brightly glow,  
 And cannot, longer, be from Man concealed,—  
 So now, Good shall result from Evil : woe  
 And want shall cease ; Man's heart-ache shall be healed ;  
 And, in your fall, the true Elysium be revealed.

- “ Do ye not joy at this, even now, discerning  
 What potent sympathies unite old Earth  
 And Hades?—with what aspirations yearning,  
 Spirits in penal realm are giving birth
72. To large fraternal thoughts that wander forth  
 Diffusing faith that all shall gladness prove?  
 Kings,—brothers,—stifle not the germs of worth  
 That now within ye spring! With us commove  
 To usher in the jubilee of Truth and Love!”—

- The Agrarian ceased ; and with his passionate plea  
 Enkindled, rose the Attic orator :—  
 “ O kings, can outward state ennoble ye,”—  
 He said,—“ can visionary blazons more
73. “ Exalt ye, than the healing balm to pour  
 Of gentle goodness on your brother’s soul?  
 Oh, is not goodness truly regal? Frore  
 With gold and gems, and frowning cold control,—  
 Is he, indeed, a king,—whose heart’s unpitiful?

- “ Is he not truly an ignoble churl  
 Who knows no heart-thirst for another’s weal?  
 O kings, how small the sacrifice to hurl  
 Aside these vanities, if ye could feel
74. True brotherhood with Man! Earnest appeal  
 The generous Roman to your nobler thought  
 Hath made; but still your essences reveal  
 Returning sternness, and returning doubt  
 Whether these judgments ruin to your thrones denote.

- “ Ye cleave to your old state, and still believe  
 Abandonment of shining sovereignties  
 Would argue weakness while these emblems weave  
 Assurance that your destiny defies
75. Assault from Hades’ dim confederacies,  
 Lapse of duration, or foreboding seer,—  
 And yet, how know ye, monarchs, that the guise  
 Of mystery which shrouds this penal sphere  
 Ye penetrate, and read with comprehension clear?

“ Before the Spartan’s augury ye spurn,  
 I challenge ye to answer,—while the hand  
 Of ever-fashioning Nature ye discern  
 Mingling, on earth and through this mystic land,  
 76. The frightful with the beautiful and grand—  
 The pleasant with the painful—woe with joy—  
 Perfection with decay : hath she thus planned  
 The universal frame for a huge toy,  
 That she may, endlessly, be building to destroy ?

“ Can ye at such sage judgment, kings, arrive—  
 That the vast Soul of all things works in sport  
 And mockery ? Or, is all preparative  
 Of some great issue, merely ? Inexpert  
 77. To make a universe that shall consort  
 Each part with each, so that no blot shall mar  
 Its pure, consummate beauty, Fraud malvert  
 Its boon design, or Force diffuse foul jar  
 Through its blest harmonies—judge ye the High Gods are ?

“ Or, rather, have they not in embryo left  
 The mighty macrocosm, for some great end  
 Of all-pervasive bliss to be vouchsafed  
 Hereafter ? Powers paternal that extend  
 78. Their providence to all, we apprehend  
 The sovereign gods to be ; and ye will seem  
 Most like them, kings, if ye in pity bend  
 O’er earth and Hades, yearning to redeem  
 All being from woe, and render Joy and Love supreme !”—

Thus spake Demosthenes, while kindred glow  
 Of earnest and fraternal love suffused  
 The visage of Themistocles, and threw  
 Such glory round, that some the cause espoused  
 79. He rose to plead, ere language had aroused  
 The intellective sense his theme to scan :—  
 As when, among earth’s orators, hath choosed,  
 From some exterior grace, each partizan  
 His favourite, ere debate proclaims the nobler man.

- "Monarchs, your brotherhood with man I plead,"—  
 He said :—"knowing no higher theme from whence  
 "To argue that your essences self-freed  
 Should be from this false supereminence :
80. And, if that plea prevail not, eloquence  
 I lack to charm with guileful words the mind  
 Which knows no worship for the excellence  
 Of goodness. Kings, I plead for humankind !  
 Aid us our race in earth and Hades to unbind !
- "It is to noblest, loftiest sacrifice  
 I call ye : sacrifice of selfish loves  
 And preferences—to swell the overbliss  
 Of all Humanity. Think ye, who proves
81. His truthful greatness thus, where'er he moves,  
 Shall not reap grateful reverence of more worth  
 Than all your pomps ? 'Thee, brother, it behoves  
 'Our souls to love !—blest bringer of our mirth !'—  
 Bliss-throngs beholding him, with smiles, shall utter forth.
- "Thy glance significant, O Pontic chief !  
 Reminds me that on earth man's gratitude  
 Is slow of growth, and of existence brief,—  
 While patriot deeds, by jealousy misviewed,
82. Oft, for their guerdon, yield unkindly feud.  
 Great spirit ! magnanimity exalts  
 Man more, far more, than power : who hath subdued  
 Revenge for injuries, and all the faults  
 Of brethren with compassion yearns, wins blest results.
- "I dwell not on such thoughts : if I had wrong  
 From fatherland,—O name that wakest the thrill  
 Of tenderest love !—wrong's slender sense hath long  
 Evanished. But, I ask, what wrong, in will,
83. Or word, or act, kings bear from man ? Deep ill  
 Monarchs have wrought each other ; but the race  
 Of Man hath revered the most imbecile  
 Of regal shapes, nor ever sought to abase  
 A monarch till he made his realm a charnel-place.

- “Nought have ye, then, to pardon ; but, to ask  
 Forgiveness, rather. Yet, to see him lay  
 His gorgeous gauds aside, and cease to bask  
 In splendours wrung from woe, would throw a ray  
 84. Of glory round a king so bright that they  
 Who witnessed it would deem him all-divine,  
 And doubt he ever had borne evil sway.  
 All earth would honour him : his deed benign  
 Spirits would magnify, through Hades' dim confine.
- “O kings, be truly noble ! For the weal  
 Of All, your high volition exercise,  
 And burst, through Earth and Hades, the dark seal  
 Of sympathetic evil that now lies  
 85. On being. Come, aid us in the bright emprise,  
 Begun on earth, nor in these mystic realms  
 Deserted : for we will antagonize  
 With Wrong till victory crowns our spiritual helms,  
 And boundless love and joy the human spirit whelms !”—
- The Athenian ended ; and the Hebrew king  
 Raised his colossal form, with tremulous haste  
 To tell how freely he away would fling  
 All shows of grandeur, to repair the waste  
 Of human bliss and see mankind embraced  
 86. By boundless love.—  
 “Kings, Shophets, seers,”—he said,—  
 “By ordinance Divine in Sheol placed  
 On thrones and mystic seats, what can bestead  
 The human soul from garish gauds thus round us spread?
- “If on *our* wills the general bliss depend,  
 What can withhold that now we abdicate  
 These royalties,—the reign of Evil end—  
 The revelry of Wrong ? And, wherefore wait  
 87. Till some more signal judgment consternate  
 Our essences ? Ye seem unmoved ! and I  
 Doubt deeply whether zeal to emancipate  
 Tophet and Earth from penal torment's cry,  
 And suffering's groan, will meet the smile of the Most High ;

- “ When Samuel, in my sight, to pieces hewed  
 The royal Agag, whom I longed to save,  
 I saw that when Jehovah had a feud  
 With his poor human worm, He would not wave  
 88. His claim to justice ; but, upon the slave  
 Who dared to step between His holy wrath  
 And the doomed victim, He would vengeance have—  
 Slow,—signal,—sure ! The Everlasting’s path  
 Who can find out?—who comprehendeth what He saith ?

- “ His prophet did my humble head anoint,  
 And said the Lord had chosen me to rule.  
 Exterminating war God did appoint  
 On Amalek, next :—His ways are wonderful !  
 89. When I besought, at His Divine footstool,  
 Pardon for weakness, Agag’s holy slayer  
 Said God did not repent like man !—How dull  
 Are our perceptions ! Did He not declare  
 Me monarch, and repent?—He who refused my prayer ?

- “ All, all is mystery ! I desired no throne :—  
 My father’s asses, as I, following, roamed  
 O’er the wide wilderness,—if on me shone  
 The cheering sun, or sterile Nature gloomed,—  
 90. A kingdom seemed to me. But I was doomed  
 To know the mockery of earthly bliss !—  
 And is not Sheol mockery ? We are wombed  
 In dread and doubt, fearing to do amiss ;  
 And, to do well, lack power to burst our destinies !”—

- Abruptly, in despair, thus ended Saul,  
 And on his throne sank down ; while smoothly rose  
 Achitophel, and round the regal hall  
 Glanced,—then, obsequious, cringed, ere to disclose  
 His frauds he made essay, or to dispose  
 91. Them in the guise of truths :—

“ Potential Shades,  
 And great Regalities,”—he said ;—“ why lose  
 “ In arguings vain—since mystery being pervades—  
 The respite to deep pain Nature for ye here spreads ?

“ Why thus afflict your essences with fears ?  
 Why droop, dispirited, and pale and shrink,  
 As if the soul were still a thing of tears,  
 As when it wore earth's clay ? What, if some think,  
 92. Or dream, that these imperial pomps shall sink  
 To nought ? where is the doting prophet's proof  
 Of his true inspiration ? Not a link  
 Is broken that your thrones, with wonder-woof,  
 Blends with these columned shapes, and this supernal roof.

“ Judgment hath fallen on the guilty seats  
 Of some : what then ? On earth stern judgments fell  
 On the incorrigible : guilt still meets  
 Its bad desert : this is nought new. Dispel  
 93. Your gloom, great kings, that in high thought excel,  
 Soaring beyond the crowd ! Like eagles, preen  
 Your splendours, and this boding prophet quell  
 With winged vengeance ! Shall ye suffer teen,  
 Because this dreaming fantast thus doth overween ?

“ Monarchs are gods, in lustre and in strength :  
 Thrones were, and are, and shall be : they exist  
 By an eternal fitness : neither length  
 Of spiritual duration hath decreased  
 94. Their virtue, nor can captious casuist  
 Allege true reasons for their overthrow.  
 I challenge anarch revolutionist—  
 By thoughts of reach, not dreams—sound cause to show  
 Why Thrones, in Sheol and on earth, to Change shall bow.

“ Thou, regal Saul, spakest of thy earthly course.  
 Know thou, that monarchs by good counsel stand,  
 And fall by evil rede. Changes, perforce,  
 Must come : young Comeliness will, aye, command  
 95. More love than Age : valour to wield the brand  
 More worship than sleek sloth : issue of joy  
 Awaiteth kingly acts in every land,  
 Unless the monarch doth his heart upbuoy  
 By fulsome counsel, and his own fair peace destroy.”—



Thus spake the Hebrew courtier-suicide,  
 And looked for plaudits ; but, the Maccabee  
 Rose up in haste, his glozing strain to chide :—  
 “ This from Rebellion’s counsellor do ye  
 96. Endure ? ”—he said ;—“ the flames of anarchy  
 Who blew with viperous breath—shall kings advice  
 Receive from him—the tool of Treachery ?  
 Shall not the part this hoary cockatrice  
 Played, while on earth, to prove his worthlessness suffice ?

“ Oh, monarchs, nobler, holier counsel take !  
 Not scornful war to wage on the calm ghost  
 Of the Laconian, vile revenge to slake ;  
 Not of your gaudy pomps to swell and boast,  
 97. Regardless of the souls in Tophet tossed  
 In agony, and of Earth’s myriads born  
 To pain, and in degrading cares engrosséd :  
 Oh, treat not thus the Spartan’s words with scorn ;  
 If, by some deed of yours, mankind may cease to mourn !

“ Oh, cleave no longer to these grandeurs vague,  
 If they the jars and wounds of earth prolong—  
 Slaughter and famine, pestilence and plague,  
 Bondage of weaker brethren to the strong,  
 98. Envy and hatred, robbery and wrong !  
 The bards on Judah’s mountains, where we drew  
 The sword against our tyrants, in their song  
 Foretold Earth, one day, should be born anew,  
 And smile with brotherhood of all—Gentile and Jew.

“ And if, in Sheol, the Danaian’s mind  
 Survey the future with prophetic glance—  
 Discerning inmost sympathies that bind  
 Earth’s thrones with yours—the deep significance  
 99. Perceiving of strange shapes that but enhance  
 The wildered wonder of inferior souls—  
 Monarchs, resist not His high puissance  
 Who universal destiny controls,  
 And, to His chosen ones, the fatal scroll unrolls.”—

100. The weak,"—he said,—“ and trampled nations  
 “ The conqueror’s burthen ; that victorious steed  
 Bereaves the widow and the orphan child  
 Of earthly hope and joy ; that human weal  
 Is sacrificed to Power, and Man is spoiled  
 Of every good, by Wrong ; proofs Earth, for ages,  
 “ And, while on earth thrones stand, monarchs  
 With monarchs, in excess of pomp and power ;  
 Slavery and woe conquest will multiply ;  
 And Death, in crescent shapes, mankind devour.
101. Not before dreaming oracles I cower,  
 Fearing more pain from ruin ; but to purge  
 Hades from present pain, and speed Earth’s hour  
 Of jubilee, brothers, like suit I urge,  
 That we in equal state these sceptred splendours meet  
 “ And I,” spake Otho, “ join the fervid prayer,  
 “ And plead for preference of the general good  
 To sordid selfishness, and empty glare  
 Of unsubstantial shows : our brotherhood
102. With man demands it : while our thrones have stood  
 Thus mystically radiant, clouds of gloom  
 Have enwrapt millions, men shed brothers’ blood  
 And Toil’s child found no refuge but the tomb !  
 Spirits, to quit these pomps, I give my instant doon  
 Lo ! while the Cyprian and the Roman spoke,  
 Transcendant glories decked their glowing brows  
 And joy-beams from the Spartan’s countenance

- Distorted grew his visage, limbs, and trunk—  
 Though spiritual essence—till they joined  
 His reptile seat ; and into it he shrunk  
 With grin horrific, and, with it combined,
104. Crawled, prostrate : hybrid monster undefined  
 In loathsome hideousness : a shape more strange  
 Than night-mared gourmand's glut-vexed brain e'er  
 coined ;  
 Or madman formed, at full of moon, or change ;  
 Or bard, with frightfullest phrenzies smit, could misarrange !
- Slow waned the uncouth horror-spawn from sight  
 Of spirits, who, with stark marmorean look—  
 Such as, at banquet, did the countenance blight  
 Of Pelops' sire—sat, with soul-palsy strook :
105. And with such goading sense of self-rebuke  
 Ached the Cathaian and Assyrian kings,  
 Nile's queen, and paramour,—they could not brook  
 To be beheld,—but hid, like guilty things,  
 Their faces : smitten with remorseful torturings.
- Kings' faces, now, with apprehension deep  
 Were filled, and some, to wailing words gave vent :  
 When, like a veteran seaman who would keep  
 Undaunted heart, though sails and cordage rent,
106. And rudder broken, render impotent  
 The pilot's strength and skill,—and fear and grief  
 Burst from young sailors' tongues with eloquent  
 Expression of despair,—the Pontic chief,  
 Though shook, thus sought, with speech, to minister relief :
- “ Spirits, I rise not to renew debate  
 On human rights, nor arguings to gainsay  
 Of those who favour new and equal state  
 In Hades and on earth. Let him who may
107. Contend 'gainst Nature's impulses that sway  
 The soul to tender and fraternal thoughts—  
 If custom did not blight them in our clay,  
 And taint the spirit's essence. No cold doubts  
 Have I, that Men, as brothers, share like attributes.

108.     *Deep* ; *deep* reach unto the sage who dives  
 Into her mysteries ; prerogatives  
 Of leadership, not less, to some who wield  
 A natural power o'er men—a strength that lives  
 And germs within, compelling men to yield  
 Unto its forceful energy where'er revealed :
109.     “ I dwell not to repeat what hath been told—  
 How Nature thus elects, yet doth impress,  
 Each human essence with so like a mould,  
 That all are brothers in their helplessness—  
 Children of Fate—driving to refugeless  
 Despair their kind, or being, themselves, forth driv  
 Maugre these thoughts, if mankind may possess  
 General beatitude when thrones are riven  
 From their foundations—let the judgment now be giv
110.     “ Wherefore this pallor, brother Thrones ? Why fi  
 And fear ? When we threw off our mortal load  
 And gained these shores, unlike what earth-dreams p  
 Of life beyond the grave, we were endowed,  
 At torture's lapse, with pomps, in kingly mode,  
 Ere we could choose. What guilt, then, have we nu  
 By wearing these regalities ? what rod  
 Deserved ? in what new penalties amerced  
 Shall spirits writhe ? in what new regions be disperse
- “ And wherefore fear, if such, for Nature's sport,  
 Be destinies that wait us ? Let us meet  
 Them calmly, since we cannot controvert

- “ Wise men use omens for their ends, on earth,  
 While fools and weaklings see, or hear, and quake.  
 Star-gazers saw a comet, at my birth ;  
 And, at my father's death, I saw it shake  
 112. Its fiery hair, as it the world would wake  
 To see a king. The double omen served  
 To fix expectant looks on me, and make  
 My name, itself, a host. That knowledge nerved  
 My soul to combat Rome : my courage, else, had swerved.”

- “ Not to the fiery star,—but, to kind rule  
 I trusted to infix my subjects' love ;  
 And, while I left each astrologic fool  
 To prate of hosts he saw in heaven above,  
 113. Asia's vast swarms I sought, on earth, to move  
 Against all-grasping Rome. Knowledge and Will  
 Enable men and spirits oft to prove  
 Superior to all circumstance of ill ;  
 Ay, render them, by Fate itself, invincible.

- “ Kings, if we quail, we draw destruction down :  
 Resolve preserves our state. Thrones, I aver,  
 The energy of will upholds each throne  
 In Hades, nor can prescient sorcerer  
 114. These dazzling seats from their foundations stir,  
 If we put forth resolve.”—

He ceased, disturbed ;  
 And though his words of resolution were,  
 His strength was weakness. No applause reverbed  
 Through the wide hall ; for, apprehension thought absorbed .

- Deep silence reigned, until the Spartan rose,  
 With godlike dignity, and thus began :—  
 “ Spirits, I triumph to foresee the close  
 Of Error's reign. Kings hold their last divan.  
 115. When next beneath this arch cerulean  
 We meet, All will be equal ! But I cease  
 To prophesy ; and calmly trace the plan  
 Of Sovereign Nature, since She seeks your peace,  
 Your joy, Spirits ! that henceforth, endless, shall increase.

116. Or morn ; and, when they heard the thunder speak,  
Bowed down in awe, and wept. Infants in mind,  
They marvelled, and made gods of visage meek  
Or terrible ; and, then, to them assigned  
Rule o'er the sun and cloud, the sky, and sea, and wind

“ Thrones, likewise, sprang from human ignorance.  
Nature's rude elements presented war  
For Man : rocks, earth-flames, ocean's vast expanse,  
Storms, forest, savage beasts, were found to mar  
117. Man's ease or rest : on every side a bar  
Opposed itself, alike to further good,  
Or present peace. Then, he an exemplar  
Was held who overcame by hardihood,  
Lion or bear, horrors of cavern, flame, or flood.

“ Such were old Earth's primeval monarchs : kings,  
Leaders, by courage, holding simple sway—  
If sway they held—by useful compassings  
Of larger means for nourishing man's clay.  
118. O Mithridates, when I heard thee say  
Some were born natural leaders, unto these  
I turned—the chiefs of patriarchal day—  
Comparing them with lords that Earth now sees :  
The puny hildings man approaches on his knees !

“ Cities were built, and man subdued the soil.  
But, now, Craft grew, and seized on mystery—  
Life, death, sun, stars—all that the sons of toil  
Saw without comprehending

“ Then, between Priest and King grew contest rife  
 For mastership ; and Ganges and old Nile,  
 Whose sacred servants foremost led the strife,  
 Beheld the proof, in many a mighty pile  
 120. That deckt their marges, how completely Guile  
 Could triumph over Strength. But, in the end,  
 Altar and Throne felt it unworth the while  
 To waste each other,—since they shrewdly kenned  
 The prey enough for both : so King called Priest—his  
 friend !

“ Long, dreary, miserable years have fled,  
 Since the foul compact first was ratified,  
 By Priestcraft placing on throned Kingship's head,  
 With hands in reeking blood of victim dyed,  
 121. The gaud of gold—the sign of kingly pride :  
 Long, dreary, suffering, weeping, wailing years.  
 Oft have the bruised and trampled sufferers tried  
 To rise ; but the Priest's curse woke inward fears,  
 And they bowed down again unto their toil with tears !

“ Yet, in some climes, the sufferers dared a deed  
 Of glorious boldness : breaking Kingship's chain,  
 And,—standing upright, from their fetters freed,—  
 Sang songs of joy that o'er the purple main  
 122. Floated in triumph, till the startling strain  
 Kings heard in other lands, and called their slaves  
 To arm, and quell the sacrilegious train.  
 And, often, when their menials crossed the waves,  
 They gained, in patriot-land, not conquest—but, their graves.

“ But, Treason germed, even in Freedom's womb ;  
 And Power and Craft were born again—the twin  
 Ubiquities of Evil that still gloom  
 The bleeding world, and widely o'er it win  
 123. Accursed sway. Thus, ever to begin  
 Anew was Freedom's struggle ; and the proud  
 Duality of Thralldom did but grin  
 And mock, at length, thinking the strugglers cowed  
 By loss, and sunk into a helpless, murmuring crowd.

“ Hence, out of Evil, Good hath grown : for, now,  
 Good shall begin to overcome. The strong  
 Become remiss, the weak to overthrow  
 Their masters, and redeem themselves from wrong  
 124. Safely aspire. Thus, Right its sinews strung  
 Afresh while Might securely slept, or woke  
 For dalliance and debauch : thus Right, grown young  
 And strong, by hardship, will throw off the yoke  
 Of hoary Might too palsied to withstand the shock.

“ Say ye, Right’s triumph, like a dream, shall fade,  
 ’Neath swift rewaking vigour of throned Power?  
 Monarchs, be not deceived ! Right, now, hath aid  
 From Knowledge—hid by priests in secret bower,  
 125. And when thence ’scaped, caught, and to dungeon-tower  
 By them condemned—yea, to the fiery flame !  
 They knew not of her high immortal dower—  
 The veritable Phoenix—whom to tame,  
 Or to destroy, will ever mock old priestly aim !

“ Lo ! she hath ta’en young Freedom by the hand,  
 And, in the strength and comeliness of youth,  
 Supplanting Craft and Power in every land,  
 And heralding the reign of Love and Truth,  
 126. They go ! Yet little reck they of the growth  
 Of Right and Knowledge, who the glorious pair  
 Regard not : the besotted shapes uncouth  
 That dream, like age-crampt spiders in their lair,  
 Their cobweb safe, though ’tis a sport unto the air.

“ And ye, in Hades, monarchs, though beholding  
 Judgments on monstrous vice, are slow to yield.  
 Meanwhile, on earth, like judgments are unfolding :  
 For, thus, in mystic sympathy upsealed,  
 127. Of mortal men and spirits unannealed  
 The destinies remain ; and, soon—though Might,  
 Counting her hirelings proudly horsed, and steeled,  
 The judgments mocks and scorns—a total blight  
 On Power, and Craft, and lordly Privilege, shall light.



"Kings, by your own great deed; ye can avert  
 The threatened ruin. Let the glowing themes  
 Of brotherhood, before ye urged, exhort  
 Ye to denude your spirits of their dreams  
 128. Of selfish good—to cast your diadems  
 And sceptres down—resolved the grand emprise  
 To aid of glorious Goodness! I see beams  
 Of high resolve from forth your essence rise :  
 Though, still, in some, old Prejudice doth agonize !

"How vain that agony ! The strains of truth  
 And loving earnestness, full souls have poured  
 Forth to your thought, shall work within ye ruth  
 For human woe : and, soon, resolve matured  
 129. Shall be within ye to make firm accord  
 With Mercy's gentle champions : for, it hath  
 Been here proclaimed, that some have long explored  
 The way to end Man's misery, strife, and wrath,  
 And bring in Peace,—if, haply they might find the path.

"And, brothers, here we solemnly obtest  
 The Sovereignities of Nature that the toil  
 We will not end, till Men and spirits blest  
 Hold general jubilee !"—  
 He said ;—and, while  
 130. He stretched aloft his hand,—from motley pile  
 And throne, great souls arose, and instant raised  
 A hand aloft—each with a godlike smile !—  
 And light empyreal from each Essence blazed,  
 Until I woke,—with the bright vision soul-bedazed !

NOTES TO BOOK THE SIXTH.

1.—Page 149, Stanza 3.

*Ye hireling butchers who now 'give the law its due!'*

SIX human beings underwent capital punishment in front of Stafford Gaol during the two years I remained in it. The entire procedure in any one instance, of course, I could not witness; on one occasion, only,—when, on account of the early hour and season of the year, I had not been removed from my night-cell,—I beheld the grim preface to the legal butchery. Without repeating testimonies of reflecting men who have attended executions, as to the hardening effect of those savage spectacles,—I will just observe that while the sound of the death-bell for the first execution filled me and my fellow-prisoners with paroxysms of distress,—on the second, third, and fourth occasions, we became comparatively unconcerned. And, when I was left a solitary prisoner, the sound of the death-bell for the last time, created a few bitter thoughts of the abhorrent and uncivilised nature of the impending tragedy; but a kind of careless disgust followed, from the instant reflection that all *my* dislike of the brutal transaction was vain. And, within ten minutes after the death-bell had ceased, I actually caught myself humming "The Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon!" Now, a more sensitive and excitable human creature than myself, perhaps, does not exist: but there is the honest fact—such as startled me by its strangeness, at the time:—let the advocates for the usefulness of capital punishments, as "impressive moral lessons," make what they can of it.

2.—Page 150, Stanza 6.

*Avenge!—Ye may not from the whole a part estrange!*

Compare Exodus, chap. xxi., verse 24, and Matthew, chap. v., verses 38, 39.

3.—Page 154, Stanza 22.

*Taught them, they thought, to bow; and 'God' became  
Their Deity—*

The established etymology of the word "God," is that which derives it from the Saxon adjective signifying *good*, as I have given it in the text. But there are scholars who doubt of the correctness of this derivation. "The chief who conducted the Goths into Scandinavia appears by his Gothic names Odin, Wodan, and Godan, to

have been confounded with the Deity, because his name, like the Persian Udu, the Gothic Aud, denoted power; . . . . The Bodh, Voda, or Vogd of the Indians, Tartars, and Russians, the But, Bud, Wud, of the Persians and idolatrous Arabs, the Qud or Khoda of all the tribes of Turkey throughout Tartary, the Godami (Gaudama) of the Malays and Ceylonese, appear to be merely different pronunciations of Wodan, especially as *bodh* or *boodh* in Sanscrit and the common dialects of Hindostan is used for our Wednesday or Odin's day."—Thomson's "Observations introductory to a work on English Etymology; John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1818."—See also Godfrey Higgins's "Anacalypsis."

4.—Page 155, Stanza 25.

*between thy creed  
And Her must own 'Analogy' confest.—*

The ascription of the epithet "modern Stagyrite" to the mitred author of the celebrated "Analogy" may seem untasteful to the learned reader; but I could not resist the wish to register my conviction, in some form, that of all the reasoners for the truth of written Revelation, Butler is the most potent.

5.—Page 160, Stanza 45.

*Bedecked a pole i' th' forum for a show—  
Jugurtha's conqueror's son.*

The younger Marius.—For affirmation of his suicide see Appian de Bellis Civilibus, lib. 1, c. xciv.

6.—Page 160, Stanza 46.

*Should cease, and all the world bow down before the Cross.*

Photius.—"A secret remnant of Pagans, who still lurked in the most refined and most rustic condition of mankind, excited the indignation of the Christians, who were perhaps unwilling that any strangers should be witnesses of their intestine quarrels. A bishop was named as the inquisitor of the faith, and his diligence soon discovered in the court and city, the magistrates, lawyers, physicians, and sophists, who still cherished the superstition of the Greeks. They were sternly informed that they must choose, without delay, between the displeasure of Jupiter or Justinian, and that their aversion to the gospel could no longer be disguised under the scandalous mask of indifference or impiety. The patrician Photius, perhaps alone, was resolved to die like his ancestors: he enfranchised himself with the stroke of a dagger, and left his tyrant the poor consolation of exposing with ignominy the lifeless corpse of the fugitive."—Gibbon, chap. 47.

7.—Page 160, Stanza 47.

*a parâ  
With hide besprent, like that gruff Scythian  
By Ceres changed;*

Lyncus.—Ovid. Metam., lib. 5, v. 660. To Ovid's simple expression, "Lynca Ceres fecit,"—it is added in the notes to Lemaire's

edition, "Hyginus, fab. 259 : Ceres eum convertit in lyncem varii coloris ut ipse variæ mentis exstiterat."

8.—Page 160, Stanza 47.

*and feet of beast that marred  
The seer, but halted, by the ass, the corpse to guard.*

See 1 Kings, chap. xiii., verses 24, 25.

9.—Page 160, Stanza 48.

*Who hanged himself because the Archite's rede  
Was ta'en by rebel Absalom.*

"And Absalom and all the men of Israel said, The counsel of Hushai the Archite is better than the counsel of Ahithophel. . . . And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself." 2 Sam. chap. xvii.—Suicides, it seems, had "method in their madness," even in those days.

10.—Page 161, Stanza 48.

*Sat Eleazar, of the Maccabees' bold breed*

Eleazar the Maccabee (1 Mac. chap. vi.), who "put himself in eopardy, to the end he might deliver his people," by slaying Antiochus (though he only succeeded in slaying Antiochus' elephant), is usually classed as a suicide, by writers on that subject.

11.—Page 161, Stanza 49.

*And Razis near him sat, on monster beast*

See 2nd Maccabees, chap. xiv., vers. 37—46, for an account of his wild suicide.

12.—Page 161, Stanza 49.

*Where the Byzantines were  
Sat Arbogast the Frank with savage stare*

"Arbogastes, after the loss of a battle [*won by Theodosius*], in which he had discharged the duties of a soldier and a general, wandered several days among the mountains. But when he was convinced that his cause was desperate, and his escape impracticable, the intrepid barbarian imitated the example of the ancient Romans, and turned his sword against his own breast."—Gibbon, chap. xxvii.

13.—Page 162, Stanza 55.

*On earth, I toiled  
A menial slave by night,*

Cleanthes is a noble Greek example of mind triumphing over difficulties. He was at first a "fisty-cuffer,"—as the old translators phrase it, in the edition of Diogenes Laertius "made English by several hands : " 1696 ;—"but coming to Athens, with no more than our drachmas in his pocket, and meeting with Zeno, he betook him-

self most sedulously to the study of Philosophy, &c." "By night (says Enfield, who renders Laertius more elegantly) he drew water as a common labourer in the public gardens, that he might have leisure in the day-time to attend the schools of philosophy. The Athenian citizens observing that though he appeared strong and healthy, he had no visible means of subsistence, summoned him before the court of Areopagus, according to the custom of the city, to give an account of his manner of living. Upon this he produced the gardener for whom he drew water, and a woman for whom he ground meal, as witnesses to prove that he subsisted by the honest labour of his hands. The judges of the court were so struck with admiration of this singular example of industry and perseverance, that they ordered ten minæ to be paid him out of the public treasury,—which, however, Zeno would not suffer him to accept. . . . Cleanthes was for many years so poor that he was obliged to write the heads of his master's lectures upon shells and bones, for want of money to buy paper."—The suicide of this philosopher, at a very advanced age, was singularly quiet and yet heroic. His physicians recommended fasting for some disease with which he was afflicted; and having abstained from food for two days, although he had thus subdued his disorder, he refused to eat again, saying that since he had travelled so far towards the end of life he would not go back again,—and accordingly died by voluntary "total abstinence."—The testimonies to the elevated morality of his life are abundant.

## 14.—Page 164, Stanza 6a.

*And, while their mother bore them, darkened earth with storms!*

The last lines of this stanza were composed under an impression that an earthquake or violent tempest signalised the birth of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Elagabalus, or some one of the monsters who presided over the Roman world. Memory, it seems, betrayed me; and I had no means of correcting my inaccuracy, in prison.—The mistake, however, does not seem of such importance as to demand that I strike out the lines of the stanza, or substitute others for them.

## 15.—Page 177, Stanza 11a.

*That knowledge nerved*

*My soul to combat Rome: my courage, else, had swerved.*

The comets which appeared at the birth of Mithridates, and at the period of his ascension to the throne of Pontus, together with their significance of the future greatness of this remarkable potentate (whom Cicero terms the greatest that ever reigned) are alike matter of the gravest history:—"Hujus futuram magnitudinem etiam cælestia ostenta prædixerant. Nam et quo genitus est anno, et eo quo regnare primum cæpit, stella cometes per utrumque tempus septuaginta diebus ita luxit, ut cælum omne conflagrare videretur," &c.—Justin. Hist., lib. 37, cap. ii.



## BOOK THE SEVENTH.



- LONDON ! how imageable seems the strife  
Of thy huge crowds amid this solitude !  
Instinct with hot, heart-feverous, throbbing life—  
Racers for Mammon—day by day renewed—
1. Quick, motley actors in Mind's interlude—  
They flit before me ; or again, I walk  
Wonder-lost less with splendours unendued  
With power of thought than human shapes that stalk  
Though thy vast wilderness of ways, and, smiling, talk  
  
With their own wretchedness which hath estranged  
Them from their kind, but cannot stifle dreams  
That Beggary's rags shall, one day, be exchanged  
For Grandeur's robes, and Fortune's favouring beams
  2. Gild their last hours. These, these, amid thy streams  
Of populousness, thy lavish shows of pride,  
And pomp, and equipage, were living themes  
For healthiest thought that did my folly chide  
When I, along thy streets, a gazing 'venturer, hied.  
  
Oh ! if the heart doth crave for loneliness,  
Deep in thy crowded desart it may find  
Its drear wish realised. In Misery's dress—  
Their blighted visages to humankind
  3. A pregnant lesson, but their names enshrined,  
Perchance, in secresy—how stealthily  
Such hermits of the heart glide on behind  
The bustling men of gain, or groups of glee  
That swell thy blended throngs of thrift and gaiety !

- Oft have I followed such a stealthy form,  
 To mark his whereabouts of rest or home,  
 Until he plunged into some haunt where swarm,  
 In dingy dens, that shadow forth the gloom
4. Of hearts within, what the World calls its 'scum'—  
 Victims of gilded fraud, and titled lust,  
 And pensioned knavery ! Will it e'er come—  
 The hour when Man shall venture to be just,  
 And dare to give true names unto his fellow-dust ?
- Age after age hath gazed the eager throng,—  
 As, now, I seem, again, to see it gaze,  
 Heedless of moral worth, or right or wrong,  
 While haughty Pomp unclosed its newest blaze
5. Of tear-wrung splendour : and, perchance, to praise  
 Of garish show, blame for great gold misspent  
 Hath followed, as it follows now : yet, raise  
 The trump of pageantry,—and ears are lent  
 By thousands who lisp scorn for Time's old rabblement !
- Will they, one day, the clown and artizan,  
 Strip off these swaddling-bands of gauze—these chains  
 Of gossamer ? This baby-talisman—  
 Will it much longer charm the child of pains
6. And sweat, to leave his bread-toil ? Oh ! there reigns  
 Of strength in Labour's millions, a young breath  
 That gaunt Starvation quells not, but sustains !  
 Where, now, my memory wanders, may its wrath  
 Ne'er burst !—Monarch, adown thy stately palace-path !
- I saw thee on the day thou wast a bride,  
 And shouted, 'mid my joy-tears, with the crowd :  
 Thou wert a woman, and thou sattst beside  
 Thy bosom's choice, while happiness o'erflowed
7. Thy heart, and in thy fair young countenance glowed.  
 Beholding thine, what could I less than feel  
 A sympathetic joy ? Ay, though a proud  
 Worship of England's stern old Commonweal  
 Was mine,—for thee, that day, I breathed devotion leal.



- And many a heart, yielding, that festive day,  
 To Nature's impulses of hope and joy,  
 Confiding, blessed thee ! Queen ! if thou delay  
 To help thy Poor—if thou, thyself, destroy
8. The promise of that time, and harsh alloy  
 Of blame with memory of our joy now blend—  
 What marvel ? Hopes, that do the heart upbuoy,  
 Turned to despair by sufferings slighted, rend  
 All gentle feelings in their way to some dire end.

- When next thou passest by Whitehall, look up,  
 I pray thee, and remember who felt there  
 The fatal axe ! Ay,—look !—nor be the dupe  
 Of tinselled traitors who would thee ensnare
9. To ease and grandeur, till—thy People's prayer  
 For justice all too long delayed—they rise  
 With that old heart the Stuart to despair  
 Drove, first,—and, then, to vengeance ! Hunger cries  
 Throughout thy realm—' Queen ! from the fearful Past—  
 be wise !'

- I know that tellers of plain truths are 'Goths'  
 And 'savages' in their esteem who haunt  
 The halls of royalty—the pageant moths  
 That flutter in thy beams—the sycophant,
10. The beau, the coronetted mendicant.  
 Yet, speak I not from brutal nature ; nor  
 Is thirst for violence fell habitant  
 Of Labour's children's hearts. Queen ! they who store  
 Thy mind with such belief wrong grievously thy Poor !

- Believe one born amid their daily toils  
 And sighs,—and, since, observant of the words  
 And deeds of those who live on Labour's spoils :  
 Thy Poor, it is—and not their haughty lords—
11. In whose hearts vibrate gentle Nature's chords  
 Of tenderness for thee, even while they groan  
 With deepest wrongs. 'We suffer by the hordes  
 'Of selfish ones,' they say, 'that hide the throne :  
 'If *she* could *know* our woes, we should not, vainly, moan !'

- Lady ! 'tis thus the hunger-bitten ones  
 Their simple, lingering trust in thee express :  
 Let thy heart answer—'mid superb saloons  
 And soldiered pomp—with truth and faithfulness,  
 12. If thou deservest this trust from comfortless  
 And bread-pinched millions ! Wouldst thou read aright  
 Thy glory ? Seek to be the heritress  
 Of love deserved—choosing, with noble slight  
 Of gauds, to make the Poor's heart-smile thy sole delight.

- Alas ! in vain thus breathes a rebel thrall  
 Fond wish that, now a thousand years have rolled,  
 To Alfred's land it might, once more, befall  
 That sun of human glories to behold—  
 13. A monarch scorning blood-stained gauds and gold,  
 To build the throne in a blest People's love !  
 It may not be ! Custom, soul-numbing, cold,  
 Her web hath round thee, from thy cradle wove :  
 Can heart of a born-thrall with pulse of Freedom move ?

- Deadly, mind-blighting influences begird  
 Thee daily, hourly : 'tis thy lot. A gaol  
 Is mine. Thus far, our lot how like ! The herd  
 Of titled, starred, and sworded things, that fail  
 14. Not to enclose thee in their watchful pale,  
 Are but thy chief and under-turnkeys. Thou  
 By birth, for life,—and I, by force,—this bale  
 Of bondage prove. Rebel, or Queen, we bow  
 Alike to circumstance : our mould to it we owe.

- Oh ! who shall mete due blame to things of earth ?  
 When, passing from that palace, heart-felt ire  
 Doth rise, viewing a shame on royal birth  
 Becolumned on that spot of moral mire,—  
 15. When burneth momentary, rash desire  
 To see him and the elder-born there swing  
 On an eternal gibbet,—if the fire  
 O' the heart flasheth within, will it not fling  
 On conscience home reproof, and wholesome chastening ?

- Hadst thou who glancest on that pillared Shame  
 Been—like him—next of kin to Infamy  
 In royal robes, scant-minded, without aim  
 Cast on the gaudy world that sought with glee  
 16. To tempt or gratify his lusts—in thee  
 Would the poor soldier, or his orphan-child,  
 Or beggared widow, in their misery,  
 So oft have found a heart whose glow beguiled  
 Their tears with bounteous help until the mourners smiled?
- Alas ! *from* tears this balm of tears was wrung,  
 Millions on millions toiled and pined and wept  
 To clothe with Murder's panoply the young—  
 The thoughtless—who to swift destruction leapt,  
 17. Or back to home with maimed bodies crept—  
 Winners of 'Glory !'—while, to toil and weep  
 Was still the millions' lot : if Death had swept  
 Off thousands,—blood-garbed thousands more must leap  
 Into the breach: War,—Madness,—must their harvest reap !
- Dash down ? Nay, rear more shameless columns ! high  
 And higher still ! Ye are but niggard carles  
 Who taste the fruit of 'Glory !' To the sky  
 Lift up ten thousand trophies till it whirls  
 18. Our blood to see them, and the foreigner gnarls  
 His fingers in hot shame ! Why do ye spare  
 A corner 'neath yon mighty dome, for churls  
 Like Howard, Reynolds, Jones, and Johnson ? Tear  
 The low quaternion down ! Why stand their dull forms  
 there ?
- 'Tis Glory's temple ! Glory—whose great brood  
 Escape the gallows by a broidered coat  
 And larger knife wherewith to shed the blood  
 Of brothers ! What meek traitor hither brought  
 19. Philanthropy and Art, Genius and Thought,  
 To stain the mausoleum of the great  
 And grand in murder ? Cast the cowards out !  
 Their effigies do only tribulate  
 His joy who here beholds what pomps on 'heroes' wait !

- Briton ! gaze deeply on the marbled crowd—  
 Forgetting the mean four ! Oh ! let it swell  
 Thy veins with ecstasy to view this proud  
 Array of warriors—some, as if they fell
20. But now, in Victory's arms, beneath the knell  
 Of Fate—some, girt with blazonry of brand,  
 Pike, cannon, war-ship, or brute shape that well  
 Shows slaughter was their trade ! While peal those grand  
 Deep diapasons—bow, and reverence Glory's band !
- What matter that yon vocal instruments  
 Join the loud organ's thunder ? 'Tis for bread  
 They chaunt of 'mercy,'—poor subservients !  
 Bread, that their pampered masters, in whose stead
21. They do this meaningless day-drudgery, spread  
 In measure scant for each poor breath-machine :  
 Shunning the task that irks both heart and head—  
 To hymn the pitying thorn-crowned Nazarene [mien  
 Where laurelled Murder holds high pomp with marbled
- Dost thou refuse to reverence Carnage vast,  
 And hie thee back where glooms yon elder fane,  
 Shrouding the mouldered great ones of the Past,  
 With all its solemn glories of dyed pane
22. And carven stone ? Ah ! Briton, who wouldst fain,  
 Where sleep thy country's truly glorious few,  
 In that dim 'corner,' joy in awe—restrain  
 Thy heart ! Fraud must to Force, its twin, be true :  
 Mind must be banned, like Childe : they'll welcome  
 Waterloo !
- Perchance the Priest forebodes his end is near,  
 Unless he come less lazily with aid  
 To stem the torrent in whose strong career  
 Thrones, altars, may be whirled ! Shall they be stayed—
23. Thought's whelming waves ? Can Priestcraft's joint cru-  
 With Carnage against Mind, arrest its course ?— [sade  
 Oh, 'let them grapple,' as the great one bade,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Falsehood and Truth !'—awhile Fraud linkt with Force  
 May boast ! but Truth shall one day, 'put' them 'to the  
 worse !'

- Let priest with warrior, old comrades in rule,  
 Join hands, and tear from vault and niche and shrine,  
 From pedestal in fane and vestibule,  
 The Heroes of the Mind ! Let them assign  
 24. Sole honour to the puissant Butcher line  
 Throughout wide earth, beneath high heaven : the day  
 Will come when the triumphing sun shall shine  
 On earth renewed : not always shall his ray  
 Gild Murder's monuments : they surely shall decay !

- Oh ! what wilt thou be, then, my country, 'mong  
 The nations ? Shakspeare's home, and Alfred's realm—  
 Land where our Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, sung—  
 Where infant Truth decked Wickliffe's warrior-helm—  
 25. Where Bacon burst Man's age-worn spirit-film—  
 Footstool of Newton while he spanned the sky—  
 Cradle of glorious names that fill and whelm  
 A Briton's heart with love, and pride, and joy,—  
 Wilt thou be great and glorious, then—freed from alloy

- Of all thy old, mistaken strife to be  
 Glorious and great ? Wilt thou above the wave  
 Then bear thy generous breast—Nurse of the Free,  
 Alone—extinct the Tyrant and the Slave—  
 26. And filled with Brother-Men ; not beings that crave  
 To see the murderer of one brother hang,  
 Yet vaunt the 'glory' of each carnage-grave,  
 From Agincourt to Waterloo, where sang  
 The trumpet over thousands in their hearts' death-pang ?

- Will truthful greatness crown thy hoary age,  
 Or desert-savagery its reign resume  
 Wide over thee, and to the bard or sage  
 Of far-off clime, new-born from mental gloom  
 27. Hereafter, even Shakspeare's name become  
 A worn-out glory, or, like Orpheus' lyre,  
 Fade into fable ? On thy future doom  
 Thy children, England, ponder with desire ;  
 Though vainly buried millions burned with kindred fire !



- Laurels of conquerors, chaplets of vain bards,  
 Bracelets of beauties, diadems of kings,  
 Lay shivered on the waste with porcelain shards,  
 And fractured counterfeits of jewelled rings,  
 32. And robes in rags : of all Earth's gaudy things  
 Some image there lay mangled, marred, or rent ;  
 And as they trod upon these symbolings  
 Of their past pride, on mortal life misspent [ment.  
 The travellers thought, and sighed, with grievous languish-

- A strand they reached, with waters sluggish, shallow,  
 And strown with weed-grown walls where human mopes  
 Reclined, while others idly 'gan to wallow  
 In the dull wave : a realm of misanthropes  
 33. It seemed, for none his neighbour told what hopes  
 Or fears he had, or doubts or wishes : all  
 Lugubrious silence kept, and drooped, as droops  
 The brooding thing who doth his soul enthrall  
 With hates, till he thinks all men's veins, like his, hold gall.

- Part of the dreary band with which I marched  
 Clomb these dank walls, fording the shallow stream,  
 And lay them vilely down ; a remnant searched  
 Along the beach for spot that they might deem  
 34. More meet for resting-place : these, in my dream,  
 I companied, until a bay they neared,  
 From whence, discerned by an unearthly gleam  
 Of lurid light, huge, half-sunk towers appeared,—  
 And pinnacles their points from out the waters reared.

- And here, methought, we halted, by a groupe  
 Of ghosts that sat upon a ledge of rock  
 Listlessly watching the gray ruins stoop  
 Unto their fall among the waves that broke  
 35. With leaden weight against their sides. None spoke  
 A welcome, or unto our stay gave heed,  
 But gazed still drowsily on. Within me woke  
 Desire to know them ; but, the soul, though freed  
 From clay, on this dull shore seemed outward lore to need.

- Here, spirit shared no powers intuitive :  
 So gross it grew, that for old mortal sense  
 The mind longed, painfully, when it would give  
 Unto its neighbour mind some evidence  
 36. That it still held its being : will, vehemence,  
 Fire, energy, the soul no longer felt :  
 Cold, carking consciousness of indigence  
 Of thought—from waste with which it had misdealt  
 Its goodly gifts on earth—within the spirit dwelt.

- One of the listless groupe, at length, began  
 To murmur sounds—for spirit was too weak,  
 In this low realm, to beam forth thought, or scan  
 The thoughts of others if they did not speak.  
 37. And then another murmured, till apeak  
 Each raised himself to listen ; I, to learn  
 Who spoke ; when three, I saw by their antique  
 Eagle-beaked faces, were of Rome the Eterne—  
 Two of gay France—two of my fatherland more stern.

- And by observance of a dull dispute  
 That rose from murmurs to less slumberous words,  
 I found out Nero's lewdly dissolute  
 Comate, Sophonius, who, when Galba's guards  
 38. Sought for his guilty life, forestalled their swords.<sup>2</sup>  
 Here leant he, by the Tyrant's 'Arbiter  
 'Of Elegancies'—whom the Muse records  
 For polished verse—Ill Fame for panderer  
 To Rome's imperial beast of lust and massacre.<sup>3</sup>

- That proverb with them state—the epicure  
 Of epicures—he who through fear of want  
 Destroyed the carcase he could not manure  
 Sufficiently with garbage, from the scant  
 39. Tenth of a million, which this cormorant  
 From gormandizing spared.<sup>4</sup> Buffoon confest,  
 Leant, by Apicius, the hair-brained Mordaunt,  
 England's fine fool, all Europe's courtly guest,<sup>5</sup>  
 Who paid his debts—then blew his brains out for a jest.



- Lumley was there, a 'noble lord,' in life,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who his kept mistress to distraction loved,  
 Yet, having pledged his troth to take for wife  
 A lady chaste his thoughtful choice approved,  
 40. Grew crazy with dilemma, till it moved  
 His hand to solve the puzzle which his mind,  
 Too delicately sensitive, behoved  
 To solve. He seemed a lord of extinct kind.  
 Certes, lords now no puzzle in such troth-pledge find !

- Vatel, who cut his throat to shun the stain  
 Of not being able sumptuously to store  
 The supper-table for his guests ;<sup>7</sup> with vain  
 Villeneuve, Napoleon's admiral, who bore  
 41. Disgrace so oddly that he flew to lore  
 Of stern anatomy with aim to know—  
 What he both learnt and practised—how the core  
 Of life a pin may pierce, with one quick throë ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Two spirits truly French made up the groupe I saw.

- Nero's two courtiers soon their contest ended ;  
 Apicius spoke not ; and the mopes of France,  
 With Lumley, on the rocks their shadows bended,  
 As if o'ercome by that clime's heritage  
 42. Of dullness, or because all esperance,  
 They thought, was fled, for them, of happy change :  
 But soon, Mordaunt upwaking from his trance,  
 Gave utterance to his piebald musings strange :  
 And thus did he his motley images arrange :—

- " Petronius, though our mystic lot be placed  
 In this dull realm where sight and sound combine  
 Our sensories, for aye, to overcast  
 With brooding phantasies, and saturnine  
 43. Despairs ; or, else, as with an anodyne  
 Of thought, to lull us into listlessness ;  
 Let us, again, essay to intertwine  
 Some shreds of brightness with the sombre dress  
 Our spirits wear in this drear land, so effortless.

... something that was not human. What  
44. Of horror must thy prince have made it,  
He lit it up to see a merry blaze !  
And yet, 'twas but a change : from outwai  
Shut up, horrors as deep, in the foul ways  
O' the heart, were witnessed daily by man's li

“ What Europe's modern folds of ragues an  
Display, thy olden city must have shown ;  
Strife murderous as the sword but waged w  
Of deadlier kind : tongues venom'd to impug  
45. All humble virtues, oiled to gloss o'ergrown  
And hideous vice, and help it to pursue  
Its course of lust and blood. Thy prince hath  
A name will never die : the lot of few  
Who humbly toil for good, and selfish wrong esc

“ Such weaklings win but scorn ; and so 'twas  
In thy magnificent incendiary  
To use a masterstroke should teach the brood  
Of puny things to come what 'twas to be  
46. Acute in wit ; for no dexterity  
Of after-men can now the name destroy  
Of fiddling, murdering Nero—”

“ Cease thy gl  
Returned the Roman,—“ or thy tongue embro  
“ On themes that will thy hapless f...”

- " Filth-nests with palaces, that erst distilled  
 Their feculent odours on the air, and spread  
 Nausea and death. Thou shouldst have seen Rome filled  
 With homes of stateliness and grace, instead  
 48. Of mere mud-huts of squalor : 'twould have bred  
 In thee much admiration——"
- " And the roast,"—
- Resumed Mordaunt,—“ was trifling : to the dead  
 “ Those who were burnt Decay would soon have tossed,—  
 And Death, doubtless, preferred the speedier holocaust.
- " Filth-nests ! why, ay ; and the mere wingless fowls—  
 I'd term them such, did the old Cynic sneer,  
 As in wise Plato's face,<sup>10</sup>—the dirty thralls  
 Were of no worth. Besides, how vain it were  
 49. Of the birds' filthy nests fair Rome to clear,  
 And yet to leave the filth-birds ! Thus, brave War  
 Is the world's health's effectual pioneer,  
 As well as burning : Earth, it doth not mar, [car."—  
 But mend—to bruise it, now and then, with Slaughter's
- " Spite of thy jeers,"—Villeneuve, inclined to wrath,  
 Took up the strife, and said,—“ War hath its use  
 “ As well as honours : harvest and aftermath  
 Are rendered plenteous by the tide diffuse  
 50. Of blood : the vulture's leavings do conduce,  
 As well, to fertilize the barren earth,  
 Which might, but for the timely stream let loose  
 On it, become one general mass of dearth,  
 Nor yield another grain for things of human birth.
- " Thus doth the carnage of the field assist  
 Great Providence. Nay, more : the lord of fight  
 Is Nature's mightiest, best phlebotomist :  
 'Tis well that the fell falchion doth alight  
 51. On thousands, and more slaughterous nitre blight  
 Myriads of crawling things. What would the world  
 Grow, but a putrid swarm, in the vast flight  
 Of years, if oft the warrior's flag unfurled  
 The sun saw not, nor smiled on crowds to swift death hurled ?

- “ And, if Earth’s youth the sword did not thus sweep  
 Away by thousands, in what woe and want,  
 What scorn and rags, would many of them creep  
 To helpless age ! But, next, the combatant  
 52. Regard with Glory fired—”
- “ Nay,”—said Mordaunt,—  
 “ Mar not thy theme ; for thou hast pictured well  
 The truest commendations War can vaunt :  
 Slide not to farce : thou never wilt excel  
 The argument, though tragic, we have heard thee tell.
- “ Such were the shameless reasonings of the Strong  
 For murdering the Weak, I heard in life :  
 And yet these very reasoners pale at wrong  
 Wrought by the lone assassin with the knife :  
 53. These very men whose arguments are rife  
 Of aiding mystic Providence, by huge  
 Assassination ! That such hateful strife  
 Of inconsistency we fled, I grudge  
 Not, though it be for aye in this dull zone to lodge.”—
- “ And I judge otherwise,”—with lazy speech  
 The suicidal glutton ’gan to break  
 His moody silence : “ could I old Earth reach  
 “ Again, at will, I quickly would forsake  
 54. This clime that fits perception so opaque  
 As thine. Why wonder at aught strange or mad  
 They do or say on Earth ? Do they not make  
 A thing for worship that they say doth add  
 To being but to slay what He with life hath clad ?
- “ And justify they not His deathful laws  
 By the same logic we have heard but now ?  
 ‘ All things hath framed this great uncaused Cause,’  
 They say, ‘ to prey upon each other, through  
 55. ‘ His blest design to save them from the slow  
 ‘ And lingering death of helpless age : and thus,’  
 Say they, ‘ when men the universe of woe  
 ‘ And murder view, and shudder,—vision gross  
 Leads them to term its kindly beauty—hideous.’

- “ If such their model of perfection be,  
 How canst thou wonder, if, with kindliness  
 Like His to whom in awe they bow the knee,  
 Their human slaughter-shapes they drape and dress ?
56. Mordaunt,—I ever laughed at answerless  
 Priest-riddles, and unto the joys of sense  
 And appetite betook me ; and possess  
 Them now I would, if this new residence  
 Of being, and its laws, compelled not abstinence.”
- “ And as thou think'st, Apicius, so think I,—  
 Said dull Tigellinus ;—“ sense, and its joy,  
 “ But nought beside on earth, are worth a sigh :  
 They rendered Life worth having, though alloy
57. Was mingled with it : he who was least coy  
 Of these true pleasures, was, in my esteem,  
 The wisest man : ay, he who from a boy  
 Led life of revel,—filling up his dream  
 With merriment—daring the rapids of Life's stream.
- “ So judged I that our prince lived by the rule  
 Of truest wisdom : could I once more share  
 His favour and his joys, I would not pule  
 At the world's contradictions, like this rare
58. Sample of folly, who with haste so yare  
 Fled hither from wealth's, pleasure's lavishment,  
 In quest of dark remediless despair.  
 Rome knew not such a lunatic : content  
 We were to live,—'less ill with good was overblent.”——
- “ Ye may bepraise yourselves,”—Mordaunt replied ;  
 “ But I regard ye as twin swine—to nought  
 More noble are ye kin : not things of pride  
 But filthiest greed ye be ; and Earth o'erfraught
59. With such as ye becomes the irksome spot  
 It is, and hath been. Nature doth contain  
 No greater mystery than that she with thought  
 Such grovelling clay endows ; the mystic chain  
 Of mire with mind ye link : your life else is but vain.”——

... on earth ; and this conne  
60. Of wretchedness affords no cheering sign  
That we shall e'er attain a nobler state—  
Although some fable it who still entwine  
Earth's credulous dreams with doubt, and console  
This miserable life with emulous debate.”—

“ And what, if such debate high truths evolve  
We wot not of ? ”—earnestly asked Vatel :  
“ My mind doth much misgive 'twas rash resolve,  
When ghost-kings messaged us, that did impel  
61. Our souls to scoff. If we have bid farewell  
To esperance ourselves ”—

“ Nurse no regret  
“ So infantile,”—said Lumley :—“ wisely quell  
“ Its yearnings : ne'er can dreams in me beget  
A ray of hope that we shall 'scape from Torture's net.

“ It is a universe designed for sorrow—  
Designed if it be ; and if it rose by chance,  
'Tis still as vile. I wish a vast death thorough  
All life would penetrate, until expanse  
62. Of space were filled with discontinuance  
Of thought, sense, motion. Worthless are they all,  
Serving no end but pain—the heritance  
Of all things : pleasure doth but serve to pall :  
'Tis but a sweet to render bitterer Life's gall.

“ Tell us Annihilation shall imbibe  
All life, and I thy prophecy will name  
Worthy rehearsal and record of the same ”

- " Would that on earth physician for the mind  
 Like to thyself I had discovered,"—said  
 Vatel :—" thy morbid discontent and blind  
 " Distortion even of joy, benignly spread  
 64. With grief through Nature, into woe as dread  
 As evil's self—creates so deep distaste  
 By its untruth, that thou in me hast bred  
 More reverence for the good in life amassed,  
 Than if thou wert Nature's devout encomiast.
- " Spirits,—within me hath awoke new hope,  
 New faith ! Even here we are not wholly lost :  
 It is because in sluggard thought we mope  
 And drivel, that we deem this mystic coast  
 65. Our perdurable prison. Swiftly trust  
 Shall rise to break our bondage, when no more  
 We palter with ourselves, but with robust  
 Resolve probe our life-errors to the core :  
 Until, not Fate, but our own folly we abhor.
- " Soon shall we then discover why we made  
 Shipwreck of mortal life, and why we here,  
 By turns, sink in low sloth, fiercely upbraid  
 Nature herself, or agonise with Fear  
 66. And Pain ; and soon deliverance will appear :  
 For Mind was formed all Evil to subdue  
 By its own might"—
- " Old earth-dreams !"—with a sneer,  
 Villeneuve exclaimed ; " and let Earth still pursue  
 " Her dreams : but, do not here the sickening theme renew.
- " But who approacheth by the gloomy strand,  
 With step of haste bounding o'er rock and level?  
 Strange haste, in this supine, lethargic land !  
 'Tis he who did on earth so deeply revel  
 67. In his dark theme of ' Suicide no Evil,'—  
 And, when the page was finished, finished life—  
 Robert of Normandy, yclept the Devil.—  
 Thy visage is a herald of new strife— [rife !"  
 Wild spirit ! Speak the thoughts with which thy soul is

- Already by the group, Le Diable  
 Stood, with a look that seemed to reprehend  
 Those sojourners in gloom—all, save Vatel,—  
 Whose eyes of new-born hope a light I kened,  
 68. Of mystic sympathy and joy to send  
 Forth as a greeting to the Norman's eyes.  
 And thus the Norman spake :—  
     “ Spirits, attend  
     “ The invitation from the Good and Wise,  
 That now I bring : attend, and from your sloth arise !  
     “ Brothers, although their primal call ye slighted,  
     Sages and bards and princely spirits yearn  
     To kindle in your essences benighted  
     The fire of faith with which they inly burn.  
 69. And, thus, by one who erst, ye know, with scorn  
 Beheld life's gift, message they have renewed,—  
     That ye may cease, when his soul's hope ye learn,  
     And ken the faith with which he is imbued,  
 To think they mock ye with a feigned solicitude.  
     “ It is no dream : Hades and Earth are waking  
     To consciousness of Mind's omnipotence.  
     Not less unwise than guilty in forsaking  
     Old Earth we were ; for we with affluence  
 70. Of might to subdue Evil's power prepense  
     Were gifted : even the weakest might have won  
     Some victory helpful to the prevalence  
     Of Mind o'er Evil. But, it is begun—  
 The lofty strife—and conquest shall be gained, full soon !  
     “ I tell ye that on earth all natural ill  
     Begins to yield to Science : Pestilence flees  
     Her climes ; and men shall soon begin to fill  
     The expansive measure of their days. The seas  
 71. Already own the power of Mind : with ease  
     Men vault above the wave, fearing no rage  
     Of giant storms. On land, the very breeze  
     That vital is, they hold in vassalage, [sledge.  
 And yoke, by viewless chains, unto the thought-winged



- “ Mind glows and fulmines even in the clown ;  
 And men from yoke conventional and old  
 Shake themselves free : the crosier and the crown,  
 The sword and gun, all men begin to hold  
 72. For useless and pernicious things, and bold  
 The very peasants grow to laugh aloud  
 At swollen names of gew-gaw shapes in gold.  
 Think ye that changes such as these uncloud [proud?  
 No change for Hades, and her kings and pomp-thrones  
 “ I tell ye Change hath come : judgment condign  
 Hath fallen on the essences of kings  
 Who raged to hear deep sage and bard divine  
 Tell, in prophetic strain, pomp-glistenings  
 73. Should pass away, and spirit homagings  
 Be paid to Mind and Goodness. Where the bow  
 Of promise skieth mystic symbolings  
 Of monarch-splendour, forfeiture I saw  
 Of thrones, which congregated ghost-kings shook with awe.  
 “ Arise, arise, my brothers ! we were wrong  
 To quit Earth's life in craven discontent  
 At Evil ; and ignoble to prolong  
 Our murmuring here it is. Evil was blent  
 74. With Good through Nature ; but the Blender meant  
 To ennoble human thought by healthful toil  
 That should have issue in magnificent  
 And universal triumph. Brothers, foil  
 The lethargy that doth your might-girt spirits spoil !  
 “ Come, listen the inspiring theme of Good  
 And Right, and how doth dawn their jubilee !  
 Spirits, the universe one brotherhood  
 Of Knowledge, Truth, and Love, full soon shall be !  
 I say, arise ! ”——  
 75. “ Hence, with thy ribaldry ! ”  
 Apicius fiercely answered : “ of such fare  
 “ I covet not the taste. Hence, devotee  
 Of dreams ! To mock our abjectness forbear !  
 Hence ! let us slumber on to deaden our despair ! ”——

the earnest messenger. In deeper doze  
Sophonius lay, as if he would maltreat  
76. The Norman with contempt. The rest with meet  
Attention heard ; and, with a countless host  
The descant drew around, in haste more fleet  
Than they had used for ages on that coast,  
Expressed, as with one voice, their new-born hope and  
trust.—

“ Then, to our brother exiles let us speed ! ”—  
The Norman said ;—“ But what shall be *your* fate—  
Victims of sensual gust ? Is it decreed  
That Essences like yours in afterstate  
77. Of absolute brutality prostrate  
Shall lie for ever ? Oh ! that one bright ray  
From Nature's central fire would ye create  
Anew, with souls more human ! ”——

And, away  
Faded my dream, as light renewed the prison-day.

NOTES TO BOOK THE SEVENTH.

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1.—Page 192, Stanza 23.

*Oh, 'let them grapple,' as the great one bade,*

"AND, though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"—MILTON'S *Areopagitica*.

2.—Page 196, Stanza 38.

*Sought for his guilty life, forestalled their swords.*

The portrait of Sophonius Tigellinus,—who was distinguished in Nero's court alike for dissoluteness and treachery, and who, at last, betrayed even the imperial libertine himself,—is well known to all readers of Juvenal; and Tacitus has left us a medallion picture (Hist. lib. 1., cap. 72) truly characteristic of his portable and expressive mintage.

3.—Page 196, Stanza 38.

*Ill Fame for panderer*

*To Rome's imperial beast of lust and massacre.*

The circumstances of Petronius Arbiter's singular suicide are described in the 19th chapter of the 16th book of Tacitus's Annals.

4.—Page 196, Stanza 39.

*which this cormorant,*

*From gormandizing spared.*

"Millies sestertium," or 807,290*l.*, is stated to have been the worth of the estate of Apicius; and when he had hanged himself in the diseased belief that he had not enough left for a maintenance, "centies sestertium," or 80,000*l.*, was found to be the remnant of his fortune.—In the stanza I have used the rhymers license to employ round numbers.

If these notes were intended for comment in lieu of necessary explication, I could not pass by the name Apicius without observing that the bearer of it fairly won his pre-eminence over all gormandisers ancient or modern, not merely by the vast sums spent on his appetite and by his self-martyrdom to the lunatic dread of want,—

APICIUS CÆLIUS.

5, 6.—Pages 196-7, Stanzas 39 and 40.

*England's fine fool, all Europe's courtly guest,  
Lumley was there, a 'noble lord,' in life,*

The general reader may find notices of the suicides of Mordaunt, cousin to the great earl of Peterborough, and of Lumley, earl of Scarborough, in various publications: the article "Suicide" contained in a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, that I read when young, first made me acquainted with their whimsical cases.

7.—Page 197, Stanza 41.

*Vatel, who cut his throat to shun the stain  
Of not being able sumptuously to store  
The supper-table for his guests ;*

See Mad. de Sévigné's Letters for an account of this suicide. The English reader will find it in Letter 52 of the translation, published in 7 duodecimo vols., London, 1801. The account is too long to copy into a note ; but should be read.

8.—Page 197, Stanza 41.

*how the core  
Of life a pin may pierce, with one quick thro' ;*

Seeing that one account of his death is as mysterious as another (see "Biographie Universelle," Vol. 49), it may be, after all, that O'Meara's account of it, as given by Napoleon, is as true as any other.—"The conversation then turned upon French naval officers. 'Villeneuve'—said he,—'when taken prisoner and brought to England, was so much grieved at his defeat, that he studied anatomy that he might destroy himself. For this purpose he bought some anatomical plates of the heart, and compared them with his own body, in order to ascertain the exact situation of that organ. On his arrival in France, I ordered that he should remain at Rennes, and not proceed to Paris. Villeneuve, afraid of being tried by a court martial for disobedience of orders and consequently losing the fleet, for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English, determined to destroy himself, and accordingly took his plates of

9.—Page 199, Stanza 48.

*'twould have bred  
In thee much admiration*

My Ghost of Petronius Arbiter does not argue half so earnestly in defence of Nero, as Mr. Walter Savage Landor.—See his "Imaginary Conversations."

10.—Page 199, Stanza 49.

*As in wise Plato's face,—the dirty thralls*

The practical joke of Diogenes upon Plato's definition of a Man, will be remembered by almost every reader. ["Not so," say several of my friends. Here, then, is the whimsical anecdote which was in my memory: "Plato defining Man a *two-footed animal without wings*, and this definition being approved; Diogenes took a cock, and plucking off all its feathers, turned it into Plato's school, saying, This is Plato's Man: whereupon, to the definition was added, *having broad nails*."—Stanley's Hist. of Philosophy.]



BOOK THE EIGHTH.

---

- UNBIDDEN visitors,—yet welcome,—tears  
Gush forth, while streams that dulcet melody—  
The tremulous, soft “ Sicilian Mariners ”—  
Upon the evening air. How Love doth flee,—
1. Winged by the thrill of organ minstrelsy  
So suddenly renewed within a gaol,<sup>1</sup>  
To visit the heart's home ! Thoughts full of thee,  
My bosom's own,—so blest they banish bale  
For joy,—breathe from the tones of that heart-madrigal.

- How wondrous is existence !—what strange ties  
It hath : what individable soul-links  
There be with formless sounds and harmonies  
The Mind, dulled by Life's grosser turmoil, thinks
2. Extinct in power,—bereft of charm : how sinks  
My spirit into Rapture's lap, even now :  
Such ecstasy, in Thralldom's spite, Love drinks,  
By help of those sweet notes, from gentle flow [woe !  
Of Memory's streams, that Joy saith nought can bring back

- Hush ! 'tis my infancy's quaint “ Evening Hymn,”  
My mother's favourite ! Tears ! ye best can tell  
What thoughts the heart's deep fountains overbrim  
With tenderness when that loved choral swell
3. Its potency o'er memory sways. A knell  
It seems ;—and yet, a carol sweeter far  
Than mirth can troll. Lives in its strain a spell  
Which shews the grave that dear brave face doth mar,  
But ever shields that heart from the oppressor's war.

→ So slowly, gravely full,—that man's control,  
We feel, befits not the thewed mind upgrown  
Which germs such thought-sounds. Term ye me a thra  
How, then, upwakes the Saxon with each tone,  
Within me? Nay, I feel true freedom still my own!

Vain are your fetters, tyrants, for the mind!  
Thy championship, brave stripling, proved them vain,  
What time thou didst so fearlessly unbind  
Old Europe from the triple tyrant's chain,—  
5. Enthroning Reason the soul's suzerain:  
Reason the judge o' the book. True warrior  
For all men's right to think unawed by man,  
What though mirk Superstition on the shore  
Of Mind still lingers? She shall raise her throne no more

Thy enterprise is speeding, and hath sped.  
I care not that thou didst not comprehend  
Its ultimate: it may be, wholesome dread  
Of wild excess Nature doth sagely blend  
6. With courage in great souls; and, that the end  
Of noblest change must gradually be sought,  
And Reason's heroes with Mind's foes contend  
From step to step,—yea, victory for Thought  
By years of struggling toil be stably, fully wrought.

I care not though some weaknesses were thine.  
Who shares thy giant strength? None but the high  
And mighty mental lineage who divine,  
From age to age, the ground whereon



- Honour, all honour to ye, glorious band  
 Who broke the bondage of the Priest of Rome !  
 Sires of our common Saxon fatherland,  
 England and Germany, a glorious home
8. Ye left us,—*if we will!*—amid the gloom  
 'Lighting a candle' by your noble lives  
 And martyred deaths that, quenchless, shall illum  
 Our land for aye ! Oh, that death-vaunt still gives  
 Us strength ; and with it, brave one, thy great deed  
 revives !'

- What though those words, like oracles of old,  
 Were sealed, in their full meaning, to the seer  
 Who uttered them ? The future shall behold  
 Their splendid verity, with vision clear !
9. Then—honour to each stalwart pioneer  
 Of mental Freedom,—Wickliffe, Jerome, Huss,  
 Luther, Melancthon, Cobham, Latimer !  
 Honour to all who dared the flame, scorn, loss,—  
 Who spurned to live mere spirit-thralls inglorious !

- O thrice-blest children of that age of light  
 And love, which now from the far future beams !  
 To you it will pertain to place aright  
 In Truth's great temple whom herself esteems
10. Her true disciples. Ye, when Time's dim dreams  
 And weakling fears are fled, and Knowledge pure  
 Hath given the topstone to Truth's fane,—like gems  
 In gold, shall place each dazzling form secure  
 In its eternal niche. Our hands were premature !

- But, when the toil of Mind hath wrought its aim ;  
 When later Faiths, like older Phantasies,  
 Are reckoned with the Past ; when Man's high name  
 His grandest title is ; when things of lies
11. And bloodshed,—thrones and altars,—creeds, and toys  
 Of Priests and Kings,—Knowledge hath swept away ;  
 When Wisdom hath outgrown the childish guise  
 Of mythic story, and put on the array  
 Of manhood ; in that boon, free, happy, brother-day,—

12. Or some old stout confessor of faith hoary,  
May stand, as right co-workers, equal, true,  
For Truth ; although the world's old bigot-story  
Of Man's mind-infancy did long misview [kr  
The scope of their twin-toil : scope that themselves sc

It may be that, around that temple's space,  
Splendours may wreath full many a doubter's brow  
As brilliantly as they illumine the face  
Of philanthropic creed's-man. 'Mid the glow  
13. Of sculptured excellence, in shining row,  
Herbert of Cherbury, Hobbes, with Locke and Boyle  
Hume, Godwin, may, with Paley and Butler, show—  
Statued with equal honour in Truth's aisle—  
Lit with one ray—how truly kindred was their toil !

Spinoza and Rousseau, Bayle and Voltaire,  
With Fenelon, Erasmus, Pascal, shrined—  
May beam in brotherhood eternal there !—  
But, for thy future children doth the mind  
14. Most fondly yearn, loved fatherland ! and find  
Its sweetest dreams flow thence. O that some drea  
Would visit me revealing humankind  
As the far future shall discover them—  
Living as they shall live on this loved ocean-gem !

What Howard, when the dungeon is forgot ;  
What Montague, when no man's blood is shed ;  
What Hale, when justice can be no more bought ;  
What Bernard Gilpin, when no poor lack bread .

- O thrice blest children of that age of light  
 And love which now the trustful spirit sees,  
 Bright beaming from afar—Ye will not slight  
 Your noblest fathers, nor their memories !
16. But, tombing names of blood and pride that please  
 The human patient, whom to drug and craze  
 Guile, long, with Power, hath striven—Ye to sweet ease  
 Of health, in heart and mind, restored shall raise,  
 With filial hands, true trophies to your fathers' praise !
- Bburse of the world wilt thou be, London, then ?  
 For still I turn with fondness to thy face,  
 And doat upon thee—though I, mournful, ken  
 Too many a blemish there ! Wilt thou a grace
17. Be, then, among Earth's cities ? Or, shall race  
 Arrive from some far clime, new emigrants  
 To found a home, and find thy desert-space  
 Renewed, my country !—howling forest-haunts  
 And wilds "peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants ?" s
- Shall Gain forsake thy marts, great queen of Thames ?  
 Thy merchant-navies vanish ?—and, where Pride  
 In famine-woven silks and blood-bought gems,  
 Now rolls her chariot, shall Decay divide
18. Empire with Silence,—there the lizard glide  
 'Mong crumbling walls,—and there the badger peep  
 Forth from sere weeds that half his gray head hide,  
 Save when uplifted by the winds that sweep  
 'Mong chambers where thy pampered lords no longer  
 sleep ?
- Or, shall true grandeur deck thee : bounding joy  
 Of human hearts feeling their fathers' home—  
 That happy home—renewed, and thee the Eye  
 Become of the wide world ? Gaol, 'Bastile'-doom,  
 Treadmill, whip, gallows, demon War's costume,  
 And all his trophies and his engines gone :
19. No Vileness robed—no Worth in rags ; Health's bloom  
 On cheek of sturdy sire and manly son,  
 Proving what secrets Science hath from Nature won :

20. In bronzed or marbled life, seeming up-sprung  
From some new Phidian realm of earth beneath  
To gem the populous squares ; Music's full tongue  
Telling to millions what Mozart in death [queath  
Enraptured heard, but could not the boon-sounds t

And all—for ALL ! Rank, class, distinction-badge,  
For ever gone ! Labour by Science made  
Brief recreation—not by Privilege  
Avoided, nor its thrift in name of Trade  
21. Or Commerce filched. To give a brother's aid  
To brethren, and enlarge the general bliss  
From knowledge, virtue, health—beyond parade  
Of pomp or gold—affording joy. I wis,  
When Truth doth reign, Earth *shall be* such a Paradise !-

Do I reharp like themes ? Perchance, the gaol  
Doth stagnate thought. And now the blythe old man  
Is gone, who joked, and told his merry tale  
Each morning when the prison-day began,—  
22. Who spread instruction through the hours' long span,  
Mingling the grave and gay with cheery tongue.  
O how I miss the septuagenarian !  
I wonder what hath kept his heart so young,  
That still he dreams to live and see the end of Wrong !

Gone, are my younger fellow-rebels all,  
To bustle, once more, with Life's elbowing crowd ;  
And I am left, a solitary thrall,  
Where stillness like the silence of the shroud

A sense of loneliness, methought, I felt,  
 When from beneath the dome, again, I passed,  
 And wandered over mountains where none dwelt,  
 But doleful voices from the howling blast,  
 24. Cowed the lone spirit, while gloom-clouds o'er cast  
 The dull gray sky. Anon, the way descended  
 Into a darksome clough, where antre vast,  
 With jagged mouth, the dern, dark pathway ended,  
 And with its lowering brow some gloomier change por-  
 tended.

I entered, but trod timidly the rock  
 That echoed hollowly my steps of fear ;  
 And oft I halted, hearing voices mock  
 And chide my rashness for o'er venturing there ;  
 25. Till, when I turned, thinking the cavern drear  
 And its unproven perils I would flee,  
 It seemed as if dank vapours rose to blear  
 My vision ; and, forthwith, they fell on me  
 With noisome blight, till I was blinded utterly.

Chilled unto marble horror with the sense  
 That I was blind, I would have shrieked, but, lo !  
 The will had lost its wonted prevalence  
 O'er faculty or organ ; and with throe  
 26. Unutterable I sank, feeling my woe  
 Too grievous to be borne. But, as I fell,  
 I ceased to grieve, feeling new might endow  
 My spirit—might to picture or to tell  
 I ken not, 'twas so wildly indescribable.

Onward I floated—for no joint or limb  
 I seemed to need—into a region dark  
 Beyond all thought : Earth's midnight is but dim  
 Compared with the primeval blackness stark  
 And stript even of minutest atomed spark  
 27. Of light my new intelligence perceived  
 In this strange clime. I, its stern shapes to mark  
 Seemed thence empowered that I was now bereaved  
 Of grosser sight, and with new eyes that soul-realm cleaved :

28. In fountains pellucid, then grasp the prize,  
At jeopardy of life. Yet, I beheld  
Emblems of mortal gloom and miseries,  
Much more than joy : but in them was revealed  
Grace so transcendent that the mind with rapture swel

To feel its essence gifted with the power  
Of viewing in thick darkness shapes of grace  
And beauty so unspeakable. Meteor,  
On marish seen, or victims' burial-place,—  
29. Phantasmagoric slights, where figures chase  
Each other in illusive vision wild,—  
Spectrous deceits the human eye doth trace,  
By brain-sick fancy or shrewd art beguiled,—  
All fail to explicate how mystic mind was filled

With sculptured forms in darkness, and rich hues  
Of pictures crowded on her rapid glance.—  
First, statue-groupes arose that did suffuse  
The soul with Love's woe-tears :—Orpheus' joy-tranc  
30. At his Eurydice's deliverance—  
Quick changed to pain and horror, as he turned—  
Alas, too soon ! ill brooking tarriance  
Of looks—lips—clasped embrace : the bliss-cup earr  
In vain—to atoms dashed—by Love's own madn  
spurned !

Then, Galatea, with her shepherd love,  
Was statued, breathing joy, quick chased by pain ;  
For o'er them bent the Cyclop, ire enwove

- The Carian queen,—in that fair monument  
 She built for her loved spouse, and which the world  
 Proclaimed a wonder—o'er the dead was bent ;  
 And he who sung how the great Titan hurled
32. Defiance back at Jove,—stricken, brain-whirled,  
 Fell, as the tortoise from the eagle's beak  
 Dropped on his head,—the oracle upfurl'd  
 In mystery accomplishing. The Greek  
 Sublime, pitying his slanderers, and with courage meek
- Drinking the hemlock, while in aching grief  
 His friends stood round, then passed ; and, next, rose  
 two
- Sad images depicting man's poor, brief
33. Mirth-hour on earth : Pollio's fair child, that drew  
 Its earliest breath in laughter, but scarce knew  
 Life ere in death it faded ; and the stern  
 And melancholy Agelastus, who  
 Ne'er laughed but once, and then, in Cynic scorn,  
 To see the thistles by the ass for lettuce torn.\*
- Then rose twin corpses of the craftsmen sage  
 The Pythian's oracle that deftly reared,—  
 With Juno's priestess' duteous lineage  
 Who drew their mother to the fane : reward
34. Of death, as the best gift, on each conferred  
 By the high deities, for wondrous skill  
 And filial piety.\* Countless appeared  
 The sculptured shapes, thereafter, that did still  
 Pourtray grief, fate, life's swiftness, and all human ill.
- Praxiteles, his mirror seemed to dash  
 To living fragments which a thousand-fold  
 Showed his deformed rude visage to the rash  
 Enraged destroyer : Hoar, in gloomy hold
35. Trophonius sat : young Phaëthon the bold  
 Fell from the chariot-sun : vortex and rock  
 By vexed Messina's shore, worn voyagers old  
 Seemed toiling to escape,—yet swiftly broke [stroke.  
 The billows o'er them, and they bowed beneath Death's

- And while these semblances I, wondering, saw,  
 With thousands more, mysterious music streamed  
 Upon my soul, refreshingly as blow  
 The evening gusts on toiling swains condemned
36. To reap all day, whilome the sun hath beamed  
 His fiercest fires : blythely their hook they ply  
 To win substantial good ; yet, when redeemed  
 From overheats, breathe joyously :—so I,  
 With sense of ease, listed the soothing minstrelsy.
- And soothing 'twas, though sad : a wildering strain  
 Unearthly,—or, if like to aught on earth  
 Most like that theme which breathes her spirit's pain—  
 The ' Mater dolorosa '—with such birth
37. Of sweetness, that, once heard, we deem thenceforth,  
 Grief-music thrills more deep deliciousness,—  
 Ay, more essential joy,—than strains of mirth !  
 Most like that voice of rapturous soul-distress  
 It was ; and, wordless, seemed these woe-thoughts to  
 express :
- ' Oh ! what shall quell Life's universal sorrow ?  
 ' In Hades' realm of darkness, drear and deep  
 ' As Death's, or where gloom-prison Earth doth borrow  
 ' Light from the gaudy sun, all creatures weep,
38. ' All spirits ache ! Duration on doth sweep,  
 ' Bringing no other change than newer woe !  
 ' Oh ! that this waking to eternal sleep  
 ' Might change, and spirits cease to think and know :  
 ' For ever quenched Life's inward like its outer glow !
- ' Oh ! what is youthful Love ?—a torturous dream :  
 ' What conjugal affection ?—pain and tears :  
 ' What Life ?—capricious gift of Powers supreme  
 ' That mock Man's hopes, and laugh at his weak fears :
39. ' Hath Virtue a reward ?—the wicked's sneers :  
 ' Hath Bliss existence ?—in the realm of Nought :  
 ' Can Fate be shunned ?—when Essence disappears ;  
 ' But all in Hades or on Earth who thought  
 ' And life inherit in her web of woe are wrought.



- ‘Spirits, look onward!—what do ye perceive?  
 ‘Woe-thought to come—a future filled with gloom—  
 ‘Ages in which your essence still shall grieve  
 ‘That it exists, and long for instant doom  
 40. ‘Of blank annihilation. Your old home  
 ‘Look back upon! What is Man’s journey through  
 ‘Earth’s life? Grief from the cradle to the tomb—  
 ‘Toil-thought for bread to-day—a shroud to-morrow:  
 ‘Oh, what shall quell, for aye, Life’s universal sorrow?’

- The enraptured anguish of my spirit ceased,  
 For now this minstrelsy I heard no more;  
 And every sculptured emblem, which a feast  
 Of visioned wonderment had set before  
 41. The soul’s interior self, vanished. Roar  
 Of multitudinous voices came, and crowd  
 On crowd of Sorrow’s suicides the shore  
 Of Darkness, in desponding phalanx, trode,  
 Wailing they could not ’scape Life’s ever-during load.

- By thousands, the stern, giant Cimbri trooped,—  
 And Xanthians and Saguntines,—they who fled,  
 In olden times, from life, by act abrupt,  
 Rather than wear the conqueror’s yoke. That dread  
 42. And sullen band of Jews who undismayed,  
 In old cathedralled York, by their own hand  
 Met death, to shun the fiendish vengeance spread  
 For their ract tribe,<sup>11</sup> stalked by on Darkness’ strand.—  
 ’Twere long to tell the Sorrow-crowds my spirit scanned:—

- Of every age, and every mortal clime  
 They were; and ’twas appalling their array  
 To view, and think of nations choosing crime  
 Of suicide,—hasting themselves to slay,  
 43. Rather than be their butcherous brethren’s prey!—  
 The multitudes had passed, and a slow river  
 Methought I reached, upon whose banks a gray  
 And solemn man whose every nerve did quiver  
 With woe, walked, murmuring at existence and the Giver.

- And him there met the noble Roman,—made  
 A rightful heritor of lasting fame  
 By matchless Tully's friendship,—though such aid  
 His own high sense and virtues might disclaim—
44. Were it not native to the sovereign flame  
 Of genius, like the sun, to render gleam  
 Of lesser lustres dull, and give a name,  
 Even to brightest things, less for their beam  
 Inherent, than the ray lent by its fire supreme.—
- “Pomponius, hail!”—began the solemn sire ;—  
 “Thee have I longed to meet in this demesne  
 Of mystic darkness,—for until I tire  
 To loathing, have I walked with ghosts obscene,
45. Listening their threadbare tales of vulgar teen.  
 Friend of Rome's noblest tongue and largest mind,—  
 Thee, calm Philosophy with thought serene  
 To bear unmoved the common woes assigned  
 To man, must have endowed : what subtle woe was joined
- “Unto thy soul on earth, that thou its coil  
 Shook off? Could loftiest friendship, wealth, and ease,  
 With joys refined, thee fail to reconcile  
 To life? O Atticus, while I had these,—
46. While on my peace no feminine fiend did seize,  
 Dishonouring my children, and my own  
 Hoar age covering with shame,<sup>12</sup>—a gift to please  
 I found Earth's life,—not that insipid boon  
 Which some proclaim it, ere the mortal scene they shun.
- “But thou hadst no soul-harrowing shame to meet  
 In every neighbour's eye : men did not point  
 At thee the finger,—and, anon, repeat  
 The damning whisper, or the subtle hint,
47. Wherever thou wert seen. What mystic dint  
 Invisible of Sorrow's sting could pierce  
 Thy heart,—and make the world seem so disjoint  
 That thou must flee it, hither to immerse  
 Thy soul in gloom? Roman, where lay thy life's fell curse?

- “ Pontalba !—for thy sorrow-notes reveal  
 Too truly, reverend mourner, who thou art ”—  
 The thoughtful Roman answered :—“ to unseal  
 “ My secret I will haste. Within the heart  
 48. I ever wore this canker : that depart  
 I must, or late, or soon,—must yield my breath,  
 Unknowing of what joy or aftersmart  
 The soul inherits in the realm of Death,—  
 Or whether he the spirit's flame extinguisheth.

- “ Strong pain corporeal hurried me to take  
 My fatal step more early than, perchance,  
 I, otherwise, had sped from Life's heart-ache :  
 Yet, ease returned, long ere the severance  
 49. Was made 'tween clay and spirit : but, the advance  
 Begun towards Death, retreat more terrible  
 Appeared than forward march ; ”—the sustenance  
 Of Life's huge load, a second time !—the spell  
 Half-broken to repair !—farewell, and yet farewell !—

- “ I could not face such horror, for I knew  
 That I should hourly see my funeral urn,  
 And that more bitterly it would imbue  
 Life's joy with sorrow, if I should return  
 50. When I had well-nigh reached the portal stern.  
 Oh, tell me, mourning sire,—if Death with thee  
 Was not the great Smile-queller : the thought borne  
 For ever uppermost, that strangled Glee  
 Even in its birth,—or made its breath an agony !”

- “ I know not that it was,”—the sire replied :  
 “ It is my nation's habit to avert  
 Despondency of thought in the gay tide  
 Of revelry ; and when to share the sport  
 51. Men cease, by age enfeebled, they resort  
 Still to the scene of mirth, to dissipate  
 Dull thoughts by seeing sprightly youth exert  
 Its agile limbs or jocund wit : sires sate  
 Their minds beholding sons their spirits recreate.”—

"Thy answer seemeth strange,"—the Roman said :  
 "To me, beholding what I could not share  
 For ever multiplied the heart's dim dread  
 Of the approaching tomb : joys of the fair  
 52. And young ceased to be gladsome : for the glare  
 O' the funeral torch gleamed on my mental sight.  
 Death—Death—was present with me everywhere,  
 Smirching the face of Nature with his blight,  
 Bereaving the warm heart of solace or delight."—

"But why didst thou not mingle in the strife  
 Of public act or counsel?"—asked the soul  
 Of the gray Gallic sire ;—"for thee Earth's life  
 "Had countless remedies for this strange dole.  
 53. Oh ! had thy lot beneath the restless rule  
 Of him who swayed my fatherland been cast,  
 The fever of the times had warmed thy cool  
 O'er-meditative brain, until Death's vast  
 Reality had quelled the Shade whose slave thou wast."—

"Thou speakest, Spirit, as if strifeful Rome  
 Were some Arcadian grove,"—replied the ghost  
 Of Atticus ;—"albeit, within her womb  
 "Myriads with greed of fame or gold engrossed,  
 54. Resembled some insatiate wolfish host—  
 Ever in open cry for prey. In fear  
 Of its heart-tortures, public care I thrust  
 Far from me ; nor discern I, in this drear  
 Gloom-region, that its slaves than I aught happier were.

"Pontalba ! for man's soul no genuine good  
 There is : no state enfranchiseth the mind  
 From tyranny of Evil's monster brood.  
 If in society men strive to find  
 55. Relief from megrim dullness,—'mong their kind  
 They soon engender hate, even without  
 Design, and wish they never had repined  
 At solitude, although with dread or doubt  
 They wrestled till compelled to shun their own lone  
 thought.

- “ And what sayst thou of thine own fitful race ?  
 Life's pulse beats not less healthfully in the veins  
 Of the most feverous tenants of Earth's space  
 Than it doth beat in theirs, Pleasures to pains,  
 56. By very eagerness, they turn : each drains  
 The joy-cup of the hour as if the world  
 Had not another for his draught. Contains [dirled,—  
 Not this woe-clime,—whom Pleasure's zest brain-  
 Legions, from thy own land by mad self-murder hurled ?

- “ There is no human state exempt from woe.  
 If the lone thinker with a dread profound  
 Of death be haunted,—they who love the show  
 And strife of crowds carry within some wound  
 57. From rival or proud tyrant who hath frowned  
 Upon their peace ; and if dull solitude  
 Be irksome,—Pleasure's gay and guilty round  
 As surely leads to madness. 'Tis a crude  
 Abortion of a world ; and Mind must be at feud

- “ For ever with the Powers to whom it owes  
 Existence—if volition they possess ;  
 And if Necessity all Essence bows  
 Beneath its sceptre, at our wretchedness  
 58. We cannot but repine.”—  
 “ Whence this excess  
 “ Of perverse discontent ?”—a voice began :—  
 And lo ! a crowded audience bodiless  
 I saw,—while through the host this murmur ran—  
 ‘ Meek Menedemus hear—the sage Eretrian ! ’<sup>14</sup>

- “ Whence this excess of perverse discontent ?”—  
 The sage repeated :—“ dost thou, then, forget,  
 “ Illustrious Roman ! thy so late assent  
 To consolable thoughts, when thee I met  
 59. Nursing, as now, this vain, unwise regret ?  
 Alas, we all are too much prone to cling  
 To sorrow in this clime, and think our debt  
 To justice never will be paid. Yet spring  
 High hopes within me—thoughts of rescue heralding !

" O Atticus, I grieve that we the call  
 Fraternal of imperial spirits slighted,  
 Nor joined their descant in the mystic hall :  
 Yet, in their souls on whom hope hath alighted,  
 60. For Sorrows' host in dreary realm benighted,  
 Compassion may be felt, till they renew  
 Their invitation. Not for ever blighted,  
 Brothers, is this our essence : hopes congrue  
 With deep discursive reason thus my mind to thew :

" It is not by unalterable law  
 That Evil's tyranny Man's spirit quelleth :  
 Brothers, in us, in all, a might to awe  
 The moral curse o' the universe indwelleth.  
 61. O when the sheen of Brotherhood unveileth  
 Its glory, how our happy race will ponder  
 And muse upon the Past, until it faileth  
 Their souls to tell—for ecstasy of wonder— [asunder !  
 What first could rend Man's heart from brother-men

" When selfishness, by Love and Truth dispelled  
 From human spirits, ceaseth to mislead  
 With falsest sense of interest,—and 'tis held  
 A fiction foul that Nature hath decreed  
 62. Man only can be moved to generous deed  
 Of enterprise by personal reward ;  
 When Brotherhood returns, and hearts do feed  
 On richest bliss, toiling in disregard  
 Of self, and viewing their toil's fruit by brethren shared :

" When Strength and Health their happiness derive  
 From knowledge that the produce of their toil  
 Is shared by Feebleness and Age ; when live  
 The men of Mind to kindle a heart-smile  
 63. Where'er they move,—disdaining to defile  
 Their names with titles, or their hands with gold,  
 And yearning every moment to beguile  
 Mankind to deeds of love and goodness bold,  
 Until the sun a world of mercy doth behold ;

- " Think ye that then the curse of Evil's reign  
 Mankind shall know? Suffering will disappear ;  
 For love and sympathy shall vanquish pain,  
 And gentlest pity shall the lorn heart cheer  
 64. Till sorrow's stream for joy's abounding tear  
 Is changed. 'Twill be a holy, gladsome scene—  
 Too holy for mad Pleasure to be there !  
 A world of Love and Truth and Peace serene—  
 A world of brother-hearts, whose joys are evergreen !
- " A world in which thy Death-fear, noble one !  
 Can no more haunt the soul. Who will fear Death  
 When, with fraternal love Man's course begun,  
 Hath been continued? When to yield his breath  
 65. The hour is come, with this exalted faith  
 In gladness Man can die—' A world, I leave  
 ' Of happy brothers !—love fraternal hath  
 ' Increased my bliss ; and after-hearts shall cleave  
 ' To me through time, and with their songs my memory  
 [weave !
- " And if our thought surviveth mortal clay  
 ' My loving spirit for a world of love  
 ' Is fitted : if I think no more,—decay  
 ' Itself is welcome ; since around, above,  
 66. ' Bliss, still progressing, is with Essence wove ;  
 ' And men, succeeding men, shall still proclaim  
 ' The bliss is but begun !'—Thus men shall prove  
 Superior to death-dread, on earth : the flame  
 Of Brother-love, 'bove selfish fears exalting them !"—
- With visages of hope the mystic crowd  
 Stood, in expressive silence, as the soul  
 Of Menedemus ceased. Then, one who glowed  
 With nobler thought than when the venom'd bowl,  
 To 'scape from hated Rome's renewed control,  
 67. He, fearing vengeance, in fair Capua took,—  
 Rash Vibius Virius,<sup>18</sup> thus began to extol  
 The good Eretrian's theme :—  
 " Forbear rebuke, [brook :  
 Meek sage !—but, henceforth, we this gloom shall hardly

- " For who can list thee tell of blooming bliss,  
 And brother-love for ever verdurous,  
 Nor long to quit a dreary clime like this ?  
 'Tween Earth and Hades link mysterious
68. We inly feel ; and bliss analogous  
 To Earth's shall surely be our heritage :—  
 Yet, till kings cease their feuds calamitous,  
 And nations wear no more the conqueror's badge,  
 Dost thou not dream—this reign of Mercy to presage ?
- " And, until monarch-spirits, in our clime,  
 Disown their lofty claims, what can make known,  
 By mystic sign, in penal land of crime,  
 That Hades' crowds shall soon behold begun
69. " The reign of Brotherhood ? O that the boon  
 Were near !"—  
 " Behold who cometh !" cried the host ;  
 " The spirit of thy friend, illustrious one !—  
 The friend o' the bards most noble and robust [ghost!]"—  
 Of thy great land,—Varus,<sup>1</sup>—the thoughtful herald—  
 " Hail, Atticus !"—the herald cried,—“ and ye  
 " Grief-brothers, who still nurse, in gloomiest land,  
 Your sorrow ! Once again, high destiny  
 Of human spirits to search out, the band
70. Of heroes, sages, bards, and kings, divanned  
 In emblematic grandeur, ye conjure  
 To lend your aid ! Brothers, full soon the brand  
 Of slavery shall, on earth, be known no more !  
 Brothers, full soon bliss shall pervade this climature !
- " Take hope—take heart ! Monarchs, themselves, display  
 Zeal for equality and brotherhood !—  
 O haste to leave your gloom, and, swift, away  
 Pursue with me your spirit-course, the Good  
 And Great to join in converse !"—
71. Like a flood  
 Of rapture burst the choral song—' We come !'  
 From myriads hope-inspired ;—and ere I viewed  
 From darkness their departure, out of gloom  
 I passed—woke by that thrilling song's exordium.



NOTES TO BOOK THE EIGHTH.

1.—Page 211, Stanza 1.

*Winged by the thrill of organ minstrelsy  
So suddenly renewed within a gaol,*

The opening of an organ, in the gaol-chapel (which adjoined the "day-room" apportioned to me and my fellow-offenders), gave occasion to this and some of the following stanzas. In the scanty catalogue of prison-events, it was one, to me, too exciting to be passed by, either unfelt or uncommemorated.

2.—Page 212, Stanza 4.

*That matchless marshalry of chords reveals,  
Luther! thy free-born majesty:*

The evidence that the unequalled "Old Hundredth" is Martin Luther's composition may be questionable: I have yielded to the wish for having it regarded as his, in the stanza.

3.—Page 213, Stanza 8.

*Oh, that death-vaunt still gives  
Us strength; and with it, brave one, thy great deed revives!*

"Play the man, Master Ridley: we shall this day light up a candle that will never be extinguished in England!"—Latimer's words to his fellow-martyr at the stake.

4.—Page 214, Stanza 12.

*He quaintly termed 'rebellious needleman,'*

I quote from Mr. Carlyle's magnificent unrhymed, unmetred Epic:—"Nor is our England without her missionaries. She has her Paine: rebellious staymaker; unkempt; who feels that he, a single Needleman, did by his '*Common Sense*' Pamphlet, free America;—that he can and will free all this world; perhaps even the other."—"The French Revolution: a History:" vol. 2, chap. iii.

5.—Page 215, Stanza 17.

*howling forest-haunts  
And wilds 'peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants?'*

"Peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants."—Pt. ii. of Hen. 4. The quotation was tempting—for a rhyme; but I almost feel as if I

had committed a mortal sin in thus literalising, in its application, Shakspeare's sublime and sinewy figure.

6.—Page 216, Stanza 20.

*Music's full tongue  
Telling to millions what Mozart in death  
Enraptured heard, but could not the boon-sounds bequeath ;*

Mozart's last words—"Now I begin to see what might be done in music !"

7.—Page 216, Stanza 22.

*O how I miss the septuagenarian !*

My venerable fellow—"conspirator" and fellow-prisoner (for the first year) John Richards, whose seventy-first birthday occurred on the first Christmas-day we passed in the gaol.

8.—Page 219, Stanza 33.

*Ne'er laughed but once, and then, in Cynic scorn,  
To see the thistles by the ass for lettuce torn.*

Cicero, Pliny, and others commemorate the grandfather of Crassus, surnamed Ἀγέλαστος, who never laughed but once,—namely,—when he saw an ass eat thistles, and then his exclamation was, "Similes habent labra lactucas,"—*Like lips like lettuces.*

9.—Page 219, Stanza 34.

*on each conferred  
By the high deities, for wondrous skill  
And filial piety.*

The stories of Agamedes and Trophonius, architects of the vestibule to the temple of Delphi,—and of Biton and Cleobis, sons of Cydippe, priestess of Juno at Argos,—are told by Plutarch, in his *Morals*.

10.—Page 220, Stanza 37.

*Most like that theme which breathes her spirit's pain—  
The 'Mater dolorosa'*

Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* (I never heard Rossini's) is the "theme" to which I allude. I never heard it performed but once ; yet its pathetic power left an indelible impression on my memory.

11.—Page 221, Stanza 42.

*to shun the fiendish vengeance spread  
For their rackt tribe, stalked by on Darkness' strand.—*

The suicidal massacre of the Jews of York, to escape from the horrid persecution of the *Christian* citizens, on the 11th of March, 1189, is related at considerable length (from Roger Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and William Newburgh), by Drake, in his *Hist. and Antiq. of York* ; Book 1, chap. iv.

12.—Page 222, Stanza 46.

*While on my peace no feminine fiend did seize,*

*Dishonouring my children, and my own  
Hoar age covering with shame,—*

The brief account of M. de Pontalba, and his suicide, in Winslow's "Anatomy of Suicide," is so absorbingly, horribly interesting that I transcribe it:—

"M. de Pontalba was one of the great proprietors of France. His son had been a page of Napoleon's and afterwards a distinguished officer, aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Elchingen. He married the daughter of Madame d'Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagances that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalbas was unequal to it. This led to some remonstrance on the part of her husband, on the morning after which she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor his children had any clue to her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, a letter arrived from her to her husband, dated New Orleans, in which she announced that she meant to apply for a divorce; but for eighteen months nothing more was heard of her, except by her *drafts* for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the Military Academy of St. Cyr. She induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expense. This afflicted, in the deepest manner, his grandfather, who revoked a bequest he had made him of about 4,000*l.* a year, and seemed to apprehend from him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau of Mont Levéque, whither, in October, 1834, Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. The day after her arrival she found she could make no impression on her father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, entered it with a brace of double-barrelled pistols, locked the door, and, approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desired her to recommend herself to God, for that she had but few minutes to live; but he did not even allow her one minute—he fired immediately, and two balls entered her left breast. She started up and fled to a closet, her blood streaming about, and exclaiming that she would submit to any terms, if he would spare her.—'No, no! You must die!' he exclaimed, and fired his second pistol. She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand; the hand was miserably fractured by the balls, but it saved her heart. She then escaped to another closet, where a third shot was fired at her without effect; and at last she rushed in despair to the door, and while M. de Pontalba was discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeded in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrived, and she was saved. The old man, on seeing that she was beyond his reach, returned to his apartment, and blew out his brains. It seemed clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of *her* wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant, and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fêtes and concerts of the capital."—Pp. 292—294.

13.—Page 223, Stanza 49

*retreat more terrible  
Appeared than forward march;*

It is a well-known relation that when Pomponius Atticus (the friend of Cicero) had subdued a fever by fasting, or medicine, in his 77th year, he refused to take food, from an unwillingness to prolong life.

14.—Page 225, Stanza 58.

*'Meek Menedemus hear—the sage Eretrian'*

Menedemus is another of the suicides of antiquity who are described as escaping from life by refusing food. False accusation of treason is stated to have been the desperate provocative with this Socratic philosopher of Eretria.

15.—Page 227, Stanza 67.

*Rash Vibius Virius, thus began to extol*

Livy (lib. 26, caps. 13, 14) tells how Vibius Virius advised the Capuans to revolt to Hannibal, and, when the city was retaken by the Romans, took poison to escape the vengeance of the victors.

16.—Page 228, Stanza 69.

*Of thy great land,—Varus,—the thoughtful herald-ghost!*

Quintilius Varus: I have, for the sake of introducing another character, *asserted* what is merely *probable*,—from Horace de Arte Poetica (438) the 18th Ode of Book 1, and also the 24th. It is more generally believed that Q. Varus the poet, and Q. Varus the commander of the Roman armies in Gaul, who slew himself because overcome by the craft of Arminius, were different persons.

BOOK THE NINTH.

---

- 'TIS Woman's voice !—woman in wailful grief,  
Joined by her babe's scarce conscious sympathy.  
Thy wife hath come to take her farewell brief,  
Gaunt felon !—brief and bitter must it be
1. For thy babe's mother, since the wide salt sea  
Must roll, for life, its deep, dark gulph between  
Thee, convict, and that form of agony !  
Poor wretched thing ! well may she wail, I ween,  
And wring her hands, and wish that she had never been.  
  
' Let me have one last kiss of my poor babe !'  
He saith, and clingeth to the grate. Oh ! how  
The turnkey's answer will his bosom stab !  
' Away !—we open not the bars !'—and, lo !
  2. They push him rudely back !—he may not know  
What baleful bliss it gives to clasp a child  
Or wife, ere one must yield them to life's woe.  
Ah ! little had that kiss his grief beguiled ;  
But, rather, filled his soul with after-throes more wild.  
  
She fainteth !—yet awakes to moan and weep !  
How little didst thou think that smiling morn  
Thou didst, so early and so eager, peep  
Into thy mirror, and thy breast adorn
  3. With virgin-rose, so soon the sorrow-thorn [years,  
Would there have pierced !—that thou, in two short  
Wouldst see thy husband in that dress of scorn :  
And turn, a widowed bride—a thing of tears— [jeers !  
From that stern grate, forlorn, to meet the world's rude

- Poor sufferer ! how wilt thou the future brook !  
 To drudge from morn to eve, for beggar's bread ;  
 To hear thy ragged child receive rebuke  
 For his sire's sins, that on the exile's head  
 4. Already fall full sore ; to see him shed  
 Tears when he asks for food, and thou hast none  
 To stop his hunger ; then, to make thy bed  
 With him upon the heath or moorland lone,—  
 Unless, for infamy, thou takest the rich man's boon !

- What misery, hadst thou never been a bride,  
 Thy heart had shunned ! Yet, thou wilt fondly cling  
 Unto the memory of thy love, nor chide,  
 Even by a thought, in deepest suffering,  
 5. His error, who did thy young joy-bloom bring  
 To desolation ! Ill-requited love  
 Was thine, even from the bridal-revelling ;  
 Yet, thou forgavest all, nor didst reprove  
 The wild excess which oft thee nigh to madness drove.—

- O Woman ! how thy truest worth is slighted ;  
 Thy tenderness how often met with hate ;  
 Thy fondest, purest hopes, how often blighted ;  
 How Man, the tyrant, lords it o'er thy fate,  
 6. Yet feigns for thy benign behests to wait ;  
 How jealously he guards thy faithfulness,  
 And frowns a censure on thy every state :  
 Thy chastity terms coldness ; thy caress  
 Weak fooling, stratagem, or grosser love's excess !

- O Woman ! fairest, frailest, sweetest flower  
 Of Nature's garden, what rude storms thee bend !  
 Thy heart, thou priceless, peerless, matchless dower  
 Of Nature's treasury, what keen sufferings rend !  
 7. How meanly men, through selfishness, contend  
 To pamper thee !—how silkenly their lays  
 Of love they lisp to gain their guilty end ;  
 How sensually Man lauds thy beauty's blaze ;  
 How heartlessly deserts thee in its dimmer days !

- O Woman ! what anxieties destroy  
 The bliss thou dreamest none can take away  
 When hushing thy soft care—thy cradled joy !  
 How Time the blessings thy fond hopes pourtray
8. Oft turns to curses, and thy heart a prey  
 To keenest woe condemns : maternal woe,  
 That like maternal love, the human clay  
 Moves more intensely than severest throe  
 Or most ecstatic thrill that mortal bosoms know.

- Mysterious bonds of Nature ! can ye be  
 Without a wise Deviser ? Hath a blind  
 Necessity, indeed, implanted ye ?  
 Are ye not proofs of All-pervasive Mind ?
9. Hath Goodness, then, these spirit-throes designed,  
 Still mingled with the mother's cup of bliss ?  
 Wherefore, oh wherefore, still must mortals find  
 Mystery ne'er lessen, but, for aye, increase  
 Beneath their feeble search, or frail analysis ?—

- Ay, Woman !—for thy mother heart remain  
 The keenest agonies : to see revealed  
 Passions that do defy thee to restrain [yield  
 Their baneful germs, and which, thou knowst must
10. A deadly fruit ; to see thy young flower felled  
 In its sweet promise ; or to be bereft  
 Of it by ruthless power that tyrants wield  
 O'er Poverty ; and, though thy heart be cleft  
 With sorrowing, no sight of it to be vouchsafed !

- 'Thou pampered tyrant who dost crush the Poor !  
 'Alien of Nature from thy mother's womb !  
 'Who never sucked the breast of her that bore  
 'Thy most unnatural self ! Thou humoursome
- 11.. 'Wealth-wanton, who dost send thy child from home,  
 'Or callst a hireling, Life's sweet stream to give  
 'Unto thy babe ! What wonder that ye doom  
 'The Poor to pain ?—since in ye doth not live  
 'A natural heart, how can ye Nature's pain perceive ?

- ‘Ye artificial things in blood and breath,  
 ‘What human creatures feel how can ye tell?’—  
 Tush ! raving mother,—the rich wanton saith  
 Thy pangs are feigned, and whipping should dispel  
 12. Thy discontent ! Oh ! ye will wake the yell  
 Of reckless vengefulness around ye yet,  
 Tyrants ! unless ye, timely, bid the knell  
 Be tolled of dæmon-legislation !—

Let

Me strive that theme of rending heart-ache to forget !—

- O Woman ! what illustrious children thine  
 Oft prove even when thy fate and theirs seems dark.  
 Slave-mother of old Smyrna, who didst pine  
 In grief, and in lorn hope thy babe embark  
 13. On Meles’ stream, cradled in that frail ark,  
 How little didst thou dream thy infant’s glory  
 Would beam through Time ; and he, the patriarch  
 Of song become, all bards and sages hoary  
 Transcend in honour, through the world, to latest story !

- Or, if thy Homer, and the child on Nile, [might  
 The ‘babe’ that ‘wept,’ but soon proud Pharaoh’s  
 Defied, and led those thousands on their toil  
 Through the drear wilderness, the Canaanite  
 14. To dispossess,—if these, to read aright,  
 Their story, Reason must as Myths regard—  
 Fertile in moral, albeit overdight  
 With marvel—Mothers in late times have reared  
 Their sons in want, yet seen them win Fame’s high reward.

- How thy best children, Woman, testify  
 A mother’s worth,—attributing their zest  
 For enterprize, or love of good, to thy  
 Exalting nurture ! O let him attest  
 15. A mother’s worth—that Titan of the West—  
 Unequalled Washington ! And if such men,  
 That dwarf all kings, vigour from thy meek breast  
 Now draw, Woman ! what will thy sons be when  
 Man looks on thee no longer with the tyrant’s ken ?



- When chivalry's false homage is forgot ;  
 When eastern jealousy no more immures  
 And renders thee a vernal idiot ;  
 When thy young purity no villain-lures
16. Are spread to blemish ; when thy mind matures  
 In freedom, and thy soul can make its choice,  
 Untrammelled, unconstrained, where heart assures  
 The heart it is beloved ; shall not thy voice  
 And look restore to Earth its long-lost Paradise ?
- That Mind is of no sex, when thou art freed, [sense ;  
 Thy thought-deeds shall proclaim : our Edgeworth's  
 Our Baillie's truthful skill ; Felicia's meed  
 Of grace with perfectest mellifluence
17. Of music joined ; or thy magnificence  
 Of heart and reason, Necker's glorious child !  
 Problems shall be no more : Woman's intense  
 Inherent claim to mind-rank, when befoiled  
 No more by Man, she will display with glow unsoiled.
- And when her children see her move in joy,  
 And yet in truest dignity ; no more  
 A slave, no more a drudge, no more a toy !  
 When from her lips of love her spirit's store
18. Of high ennobling wisdom she doth pour  
 Into her offspring's ears—into their eyes,  
 Ere speech be learnt, looks Nature's purest lore  
 Of truth and virtue,—shall not Man arise  
 From error, nurtured thus, and loftiest good devise ?—
- These day-dreams past of Woman's destiny,  
 To Man's auxiliar in beatitude,  
 The brain in sleep, instinct with phantasy,  
 But credent of its day-dreams, still pursued
19. The theme. A verdant pasture-plain, I viewed,  
 Unbounded, in that mystic spirit-land  
 Where mortals who have ventured to denude  
 The soul of clay without His high command—  
 The great Life-Giver—feel His stern corrective hand.

- But now, the end of punishment seemed near,  
 And spirits talked of blest participance  
 In life set free from pain and woe, and fear,—  
 While I beheld them in thronged groupes advance,  
 20. On journey bent to hear the utterance  
 Of their high manumission. Prankt the plain  
 Appeared with flowers of wild luxuriance  
 Of growth and deep intensity of stain ;  
 But unto them no gloss nor perfume did pertain.

- Their dyes seemed of such depth as dyes of flowers  
 At summer's even, when the garish sun  
 Hath set, and either human eyes new powers  
 Receive, bedazed no longer,—the air hath won  
 21. Strength to assist the optic nerve, or on  
 The flowers themselves sheds chemic particles  
 That deepen colours : thus they glowed, not shone :  
 A rich array of blossoms, buds, and bells,  
 So fragrant to the eye, Fancy supplied their smells.

- And ever and anon some feminine form,—  
 For souls of men appeared not in my dream,—  
 Stooped to select some favourite from the swarm  
 Of floral beauties, and then wound the stem  
 22. Within her hair : others an anadem  
 Of varied blossoms wove, and, garlanded,  
 Discoursing rapturously of their high theme,  
 Smiling, across the pleasant pasture sped :—  
 Blythe sight it was to see, in soul-land of the Dead.

- Nor unfamiliar seemed their faces fair,  
 Their names and deeds, unto the dream-rapt soul :  
 Though many a suicide of Eld was there :  
 Full many a virgin whom old bards extol  
 23. For spotless chastity, and of whose dole  
 They make sweet plaint : full many a loving wife  
 Of high heroic virtue that with cool  
 Resolve chose death by poison-cup or knife,  
 Or in the wave,—disdaining a dishonoured life.

- And groupes passed by who fled from widowhood  
 Through love excessive for their bosoms' lords ;  
 And throngs appeared that nobly shed their blood  
 In patriotic struggle, when the swords
24. Of tyrants slew their sons and sires, or hordes  
 Of foreign foes sought to pollute their homes ;  
 And forms were there whom History records  
 For questionable deeds, or whom Truth dooms  
 To infamy,—though Fraud writ praises on their tombs.
- From out a Roman groupe, methought, there passed  
 Into a daisied bye-path, matrons twain  
 Whose sable locks with hyacinths were graced.  
 To their dark eyes a fervour did pertain
25. That found its reflex in that sapphire stain :  
 Intensely truthful was their spirits' glow ;  
 And, as mine joined them, on the green champaign,  
 I pondered deeply on their mortal throe,  
 And cause for which they did that death-pang undergo.
- The twain were—Cato's daughter, Brutus' spouse—  
 Illustrious suicidal lineage !—  
 Whose death, so horridly courageous,  
 Old legends tell ; and she who to assuage
26. Fear in her husband—by the tyrant's rage [cried  
 Death-doomed—plunged to her heart the steel, and  
 ' It is not painful ! '—smiling, while the pledge  
 So dread she gave of love. These, side by side,—  
 Porcia and Arria,<sup>1</sup>—o'er the plain, conversing hied.
- " Say, sister spirit ! " Cato's daughter spake,—  
 " Seems it not, now, to thee, but yesterday  
 We did great Rome, our glorious home, forsake,  
 To rush on death ? Now they are passed away,
27. The ages of our pain, in mind's survey,  
 Seem nought ; and yet, how drear in passing ! Earth  
 Produceth self-same thought and feeling : they  
 Who sorrow reckon ages from the birth  
 Of woe ; but say 'twas short, when tears are changed for  
 mirth."—

- Arria replied : " Such are my thoughts of weal  
 " And woe on earth, my sister, and of joy  
 That doth the sorrows of our essence heal  
 In this strange afterstate, and mind upbuoy
28. With cheering faith that, henceforth, no alloy  
 Shall mingle with our bliss. Yet oft, our thought  
 Shall wander back, and memory shall employ  
 Her power to call up many an image fraught [doat.  
 With tenderness—earth-forms on which the soul will
- " Oh ! never can the hours of youthful love  
 Cease to be precious, nor from memory fade,  
 Amid the highest rapture we may prove  
 Of that beatitude which shall pervade
29. Hades for ever !"—
- " Nor shall aught upbraid  
 The heart,"—Porcia rejoined,—“for this its truth  
 “To what it chastely loved ; but, rather, aid,  
 From sweet revisitings of joys of youth,  
 The spirit shall derive for its eternal growth.
- " Ay, to the purest thoughts of Life's young spring  
 Oft shall the ever-growing soul return,  
 Drawn by the good each visit thence shall bring  
 To the advancing spirit—which shall yearn
30. For loftier good the further it is borne  
 From evil : thus our minds, boon sustenance  
 Deriving from the Past, and what we learn  
 Of noblest kindred's high inheritance  
 Of virtue, shall enlarge into a blest expanse."—
- " And dost thou think it shall be thus, indeed ?"  
 Said Arria : " shall our essence still expand  
 " In bliss the more on virtue it doth feed,  
 On soft beneficence, and breathings bland
31. To bless,—much more than to be blest ? How grand,  
 How glorious, then, is human nature !—frail  
 And puny though they termed it who had scanned, [veil  
 Or thought they scanned, its strength. Oh, that Mind's  
 Some Power had rent while in its house terrestrial !"

- " Not wholly secret, sister, was the true  
 Sublimity of Man,"—said Porcia ;—" some  
 " There were in every age and clime, though few,  
 Who taught that goodness, and not awe and gloom,  
 32. Must nurture the soul's bud until its bloom  
 Should be unfolded into noblest bliss :  
 The distant East, fair Greece, and our own Rome,  
 Possessed such sages,—though the Priest's device  
 Thwarted them evermore—with force, or artifice.
- " Even in Earth's infancy a sage arose  
 In Orient far, who taught how purely blest  
 The spirit grew that could forgive its foes ;  
 How happiness was won by scorn of rest  
 33. And ease, and choice of toil—to the distrest,  
 In body or in mind, to bring relief :  
 And after-sages did these truths attest :  
 Alas ! too oft by violent death their brief  
 Love-toil was stayed : for Falsehood still held Man's belief !
- " But who is this the wider way that leaves  
 To cross our path, as if she sought to speak  
 Of some glad birth her joyous soul conceives ?—  
 Hail, Carthaginian sister !"—to the meek,  
 34. But fervid form,—Porcia spake on,—“ thy cheek  
 “ Intensely glows, the gentle fire o' th' heart .  
 Revealing : say, what blissfulness dost seek  
 To tell, that thrills thee, now our penal smart [part !”  
 Is past ? Haste, blythesome one, thy joy-thought to im-
- " By sympathy, I knew that your discourse  
 Was of the power of Goodness, and I yearned  
 To hear ye its blest eulogy rehearse,”—  
 Answer the wife of Asdrubal returned :—  
 35. For she it was :—the same who nobly scorned  
 To join her craven lord in traitorous flight  
 To Scipio, and with her two children burned  
 Within the sacred pyre herself did light,  
 'Mid the beleaguered city, in the Roman's sight.—

36. Was thy death-deed, it was fell War's great  
That drove thee to that act."—

“ But, now  
Rejoined the Carthaginian,—“ to o'erbrim  
“ Joy's cup it seems that, though your sires  
My own loved fatherland, my heart hath ye e

“ And, sister, in our hearts we thee embrace  
Said Porcia,—“ and partake thy bosom's th  
“ So blest is goodness that it can efface  
All baneful hatreds,—yea doth sweetly fill  
37. The soul with rapture, that no more the will  
Is anger's slave,—and spite can tribulate  
The mind no more—that self-tormenting ill  
For we of misery, in our earthly state,  
Knew no more vulturous torture than relentless

“ Sad and blythe truths thy soul hath mingl  
The virtuous African ; “ and 'tis most stran  
“ In man's strange chronicle, that, though h  
He coaxed this vulture of the heart :—‘ Rev  
38. ‘ Is sweet ’—he madly cried ! O blissful cha  
That, now, he feels 'tis sweeter to forgive !  
Still happier—that no ill shall disarrange  
The harmony in which all life shall live  
Henceforth—but bliss of higher bliss be nutrit

“ How oft the soul revolted, while on earth,  
Against the ill that did her powers enslave !  
How oft she fled from gloom to think on mi

- “The wrong, and still forgive, and still endure !  
 How oft, in spite of all misteachings, Mind,  
 Irked by revenge, turned to the cynosure  
 Of Gentleness, and for its pleasure pined !  
 40. 'Twas Nature's truthful impulse !—so thy blind  
 But cheerful face she teacheth fealty  
 Unto the sun, on earth !”——

She stooped, and twined  
 A glowing marigold, full tastefully,  
 Within her hair ; then onward went, with modest glee.——

- And still the descant was pursued, till two  
 More sister-spirits crossed the pasture-plain,  
 And sought with these the descant to pursue :  
 The chaste Sophronia, who dishonour's stain  
 41. To escape, fled, by her husband's will, self-slain,  
 The lust-blight of Maxentius ;<sup>3</sup> and with her  
 That famous Jewess whom old Rabbins vain  
 For wisdom praise,—Baruna, wife of Meir,—  
 Of deep Talmudic lore the fair interpreter.<sup>4</sup>

- “Our Teacher taught us to forgive,”—the chaste  
 Sophronia said ;—“but, sister fair, the Law  
 “Of old thy fathers revered nurtured haste  
 For vengeance : our new joys for thee must flow  
 42. With tenfold sweetness.”——

“Christian, though I know  
 “Thou speakest sooth,” Baruna said,—“too well  
 “I also know, that few forgave a foe  
 Who owned thy Teacher, and were loud to tell  
 How far he did in wisdom all the Wise excel.

- “I own that much was noble in thy faith ;  
 But, like all other faiths,—alas ! 'twas made  
 Subservient unto tyrant Power and Wrath,  
 And grew, with lapse of time, a cunning trade  
 43. Whereby the priest could pompously parade  
 In gold and grandeur, while his lessons told  
 Of meekest lowliness ; and he could wade  
 In human blood, ungainsayed, uncontrolled,  
 Preaching of mercy and of goodness manifold !

44. **Smite fiercest, was deemed, by all, to seek  
Salvation zealously, and was upheld  
Worthiest of imitation. So to sneak  
Into dim dens my race were driven : filth-cell  
They lived : vile things from human fellowship**

**“ Nor in their squalidness was refuge found  
From Christian mercy : ‘ Witchcraft !—Gold !  
The plundering knave whose spotless robe ar  
Him did proclaim his office was to chide**

45. **And not to cheer Man’s thirst for homicide :  
Then was the shrunk Jew rackt, and to the fla  
Condemned, or, like thy Teacher, crucified,  
If he refused the secret hoard to name  
He never had possessed ! Such was their Christi**

**“ I need not tell of Spain’s black ‘ Brotherhoo  
Of murder, yclept ‘ Holy,’—nor recal  
To mind the wolvis bands whose thirst for bl  
Jew-slaughter could not slake,—who fed on al**

46. **That bore the name of Man, if one their thral  
Resisted, or but murmured at their sway :—  
’Tis past ! No more their horrors shall appa  
The feeble, nor afflict the strong : away  
Their shapes are faded : who would wake tl  
decay ?**

**“ Be ours the theme more welcome, sisters mi  
To picture the blest future and prepare  
Our spirits for the rest—the rest divine**



- " Amid their sterile mountains, Judah's bards  
 Saw holier visions of Earth's coming glory  
 Than all the minstrels who the world's awards  
 Of honour won, chaunting of warriors gory  
 48. And lauding as sublime Fame's transitory  
 Triumphs. List, sisters, to that choral strain !  
 How like the raptures of prophetic story  
 It swells ! "
- Heart's-ease she plucked, and did retain ;  
 But, to the Christian gave a lily without stain.
- And then the happy sister sprites joined hands,  
 And sped, a silent yet ecstatic throng,  
 Their flower-bespangled way ; while distant bands  
 Of cheery travellers did this strain prolong  
 49. Till gladsome thousands swelled the choral song :—  
 ' Farewell for ever to the reign of gloom,  
 ' Of human suffering, agony, and wrong !  
 ' Welcome, for Earth, her new and happy doom !  
 ' Welcome, for franchised spirits, Hades' blissful home !  
 ' Farewell for ever to the darksome reign  
 ' Of Fear and Hate, Revenge and Tyranny !  
 ' How blest, that Hades shall be free from pain !  
 ' How blest that children upon earth shall be  
 ' No more taught malice on their mother's knee ;  
 50. ' But love for foes—till foes are no more found !  
 ' Farewell to Earth's old evil revelry  
 ' Of war and bloodshed ! Every brother's wound  
 ' Shall now be healed ; and peace, and love and joy  
 abound ! '
- Beneath the mound, into the sculptured aisle,  
 Trooping, with glee, I saw the thousands wend,  
 Still pealing hymns of joy that their exile  
 Was changed from woe to bliss, and that the end  
 Of all Life's evils blest signs did portend  
 51. On earth, and thorough Hades' ghostly clime !—  
 But I surceased the theme to apprehend :  
 The prison-bell, with its harsh grating chime,  
 Reworked me in the dreary den of crime-made crime.

NOTES TO BOOK THE NINTH.

1.—Page 239, Stanza 26.

*These, side by side,—  
Porcia and Arria,—o'er the plain, conversing hid*

The suicides of Porcia,—by swallowing hot coals, and means of self-destruction were placed beyond her reach. Arria, the wife of Pœtus, who was condemned to death, is familiar to almost every reader : the first is the subject of eulogy by Cicero, and the last is termed "the subject of Voltaire."

2.—Page 241, Stanza 35.

*'Mid the beleaguered city, in the Roman's sight.—*

The story of the wife of Asdrubal, who cursed the traitor husband, and then threw herself, with her children, into the arms of the temple of Æsculapius, which she had set on fire, is well known to all readers of Roman history.

3.—Page 243, Stanza 41.

*who dishonour's stain  
To 'scape, fled, by her husband's will, self-slain,  
The lust-blight of Maxentius ;*

"The virtuous matron, who stabbed herself to escape the hands of Maxentius, was a Christian, wife to the præfect of the city. Her name was Sophronia. It still remains a question among the Casuists, whether on such occasions suicide is justifiable."—note to chap. xiv.

4.—Page 243, Stanza 41.

*Baruna, wife of Meir,—  
Of deep Talmudic lore the fair interpreter.*

BOOK THE TENTH.

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HAIL, holiest Liberty ! who hast thy shrine  
Deep in the faithful patriot's soul recessed,—  
Diffusing from thy visage light divine  
That glads the dungeon's gloom and drear unrest,  
1. Until it beams with visions overblest  
Of Right triumphant over hoary Wrong,  
And Truth victorious over Fraud confest,  
And new-born nations joining choral song  
O'er earth—become one temple for thy brother-throng !

Hail, sun-bright Liberty ! Life-source of Truth,  
Without whom Knowledge waxeth sere, and falls  
Into her dotage ; while with lusty youth  
Thou sinewest Reason till she disenthral  
2. Her essence of Time's dreams, nor basely crawls  
At eld Authority's decrepid feet ;  
But calmly to the toil of search upcalls  
Her vigour, and full soon each plausible cheat  
Detects, and winnoweth Folly's chaff from Wisdom's wheat.

Thou great palladium of the moral man,  
If thee by sloth self-treacherous Man doth lose,—  
Or foiled by force, or duped by charlatan,—  
How soon the serfish spirit doth diffuse  
3. Its influence through blood, and bones, and thews,  
Until his very form, his brow, his look,  
Forfeit their grandeur, and each gesture shows,  
Ere the low whine follows his lord's rebuke,  
What depth of insult, now, his slavish soul can brook !

- Now noble is man's mien, now unconstrain  
4. He stands a witness for the truth, unfeigned  
Or champion for the right, o'erawing kings  
And lordly powers, who feel as if arraigned  
Before their culprit ; and with homagings  
Are fain to bow, and own themselves but mean.

- With dignity so godlike, stood the sage  
Of Abdera, at Nicocreon's throne,  
Foiling the Cyprian tyrant in his rage :<sup>1</sup>  
So stood the Caledonian captive one,  
5. Grand in his chains,—and from the Roman  
Constrained regard : so gazed, with brow un-  
On vengeful Edward, Scotia's later son :  
So, while base Gesler shook, magnificent,  
Stood Tell the peerless peasant, in his hardiment.

- Or what if Death, with grisliest terrors, scow  
On thy brave offspring ?—They can gaze and  
So, in our age of grandest men, with soul  
Unpierced, that spirit universatile,  
6. Untiring Raleigh, at the axe could smile,  
Passing his finger calmly o'er the edge,  
And cleping it a medicine sharp, the while,  
But most remedial sickness to assuage,—  
Conscious Death could not mar his fame's high

So smiled our bravest, truest, martyred sire,  
Fell Superstition's victim, who could cheer,  
With heart that veritably equalled his

- So smiled thy own, thy darling champion,  
 A true-born Briton names not without pride  
 That thrills the soul—our noble Algernon,  
 Who gloried at the scaffold that he died
8. For thine—the Good Old Cause,—nor falsified  
 The promise of his youth. When, from thy womb,  
 My country! shall such men be multiplied?  
 O Liberty! o'er England's germs resume [tomb!  
 Thy quickening power,—or wake our fathers from the
- We are become a servile sordid crew :  
 The grandeur of our lineage is forgot :  
 We crawl as if nor peer nor franklin knew  
 His fathers walked erect, and parleyed not
9. With Patience ere their swords the tyrant smote,  
 Or humbled him to meekness : we ne'er turn  
 Unto the page where their great deeds are wrote,  
 And read, and ponder, till our bosoms burn [worn!  
 To think the yoke they spurned, so long our necks have
- Our men of promise are a recreant horde :  
 Even he who bears that glorious patriot name  
 For which the friend of Sydney a record,  
 Gold-writ, hath won on England's roll of fame,
10. Starts, like an actor who hath oped the drame,  
 Back from his part, afeard to play it through !  
 And he, the golden-tongued,—a thing of shame  
 Made by his whims,—to self-respect untrue,—  
 What will he next?—the spaniel of old Waterloo?
- Oh ! haste to hide thee in the charnel grave,  
 Thou Harlequin-Demosthenes !—ere change  
 Shall leave thee not a semblant speck to save  
 Of that rich monument which thou, with strange
11. Fatuity, hast toiled to disarrange  
 As hotly as to carve ! Give up thy strife  
 To mar it more ; and list the White's revenge,  
 Friend of the Black ! 'Twill cleave to thee through  
 The ' Bastile '—curse—from Man severed from child  
 wife !

Prefer to their lean lips to hold it up !  
12. Ay, wast to thine own vanity the dupe  
So fully, as to claim that thou shouldst bear  
The dread weight of the crime ! Would thou  
For ages of that chalice ! ' Bastile '-fare,  
Perchance, a medicine were thy reason to repa:

Beshrew thy heart ! but it was bold, as well  
As villanous,—responsibility  
To court—so foully, darkly damnable !  
Head-robber of the savage band to be  
13. Should perpetrate on human misery  
A theft so daring as would make recoil  
The sternest heart of ancient Tyranny !—  
Of Nature's rights the hapless wretch to spoil  
Who hath no bread, because his lords refuse hi

And dost thou, scouted changeling ! madly d  
This lawless law will save ' their lordships' la  
Or, that to gaol and eunuch men the stream  
Of discontent can stop ; and Misery's band  
14. Convert to sneaking slaves lords may comma  
At will ? As surely as thy head grows gray  
In this thy monstrous sin,— if not by brand,  
By mightier means, the Poor will win their w  
To right,—and shout when worms hold riot in t

Oh ! not by changeling, tyrant, tool, or knave  
Thy march, blest Liberty ! can now be staye  
The wand of Guttemberg—behold it wave !

- The sinewy artizan, the weaver lean,  
 The shrunken stockinger, the miner swarth,  
 Read, think, and feel ; and in their eyes the sheen  
 Of burning thought betokens thy young birth
16. Within their souls, blythe Liberty ! That earth  
 Would thus be kindled from the humble spark  
 Ye caught from him of Mentz, and scattered forth,  
 Faust,—Koster,—Caxton !—not 'the clerk,'  
 Himself could prophesy in your own mid-age dark !
- And yet, O Liberty ! these humble toilers  
 The true foundation for thy reign begun. [spoilers  
 Ay, and while throne-craft decks man's murderous  
 While feverous Power mocks the weary sun
17. With steed-throned effigies of Wellington,  
 And columned piles to Nelson,—Labour's child  
 Turns from their haughty forms, to muse upon  
 The page by their blood-chronicle defiled ;  
 Then, bending o'er his toil, weighs well the record wild.
- Ay, they are thinking, at the frame and loom ;  
 At bench, and forge, and in the bowelled mine ;  
 And when the scanty hour of rest is come,  
 Again they read—to think, and to divine
18. How it hath come to pass that Toil must pine  
 While Sloth doth revel : how the game of blood  
 Hath served their tyrants ; how the scheme malign  
 Of priests hath crushed them ; and resolve doth bud  
 To band, and to bring back the primal Brotherhood.
- What though, a while, the braggart-tongued poltroon,  
 False demagogue, or hirling base, impede  
 The union they affect to aid ? Right soon  
 Deep thought to such 'conspiracy' shall lead
19. As will result in a successful deed—  
 Not forceful, but fraternal : for the Past  
 Hath warned the Million that they must succeed  
 By will—and not by war. Yet, to hold fast  
 Men's rage when they are starving—'tis a struggle vast !

Contempt with hunger,—yet he must cont  
20. Revenge, or it will leave him more a thral  
The pike, the brand, the blaze—his lesson  
Would leave Old England as they have let  
Bondaged to sceptred Cunning. Thus the  
The million quell—but look for right with fir

Oh ! might I see that triumph ere I die—  
The poor, oppressed, contemned, and hun  
Hold festival for Labour's victory  
O'er Mammon, Pride, and Sloth ; for Right  
21. Oh ! might I hear them swell the choral so  
' The Toiler's Rights are won ! our Father  
' Is fully free ! '—with joy to rest among  
The solemn dead, at Nature's high comma  
I'd haste, nor ask to stay the speed of one li

Nor selfish is the wish,—however vain ;  
From boyhood, Greece, and our old Comr  
I worshipped ; but 'twas gnawing hunger's  
I saw your lank and fainting forms reveal-  
22. Poor trampled stockingers !—that made me  
'Twas time to be in earnest, nor regard  
Man's freedom merely as a theme for zeal  
In hours of emulous converse, or for bard  
Weaving rapt fancies in pursuit of Fame's re

I threw me in the gap—defying scorn,  
Threats, hatred, poisonous tongues—to fro  
And this hath come of it,—that I have woi



I would review my course,—that so I may  
 Shun, for the future, aught unwise, unjust,  
 Untrue to Freedom, if my rugged way  
 I sometimes trod—like other things of dust—  
 24. In error. Inly can I look, and trust  
 My heart's clear witness, that I never swerved  
 To wilful wrong. Yet thy demands august,  
 Great Truth ! I here obey, with spirit nerved  
 By deep reflection—healthful aid but ill preserved

To him who mixeth with the whirl and rage  
 Of popular commotion. Here I hold  
 Thy mirror to my soul, and deeply pledge  
 My heart it shall by clamour be controlled  
 25. No more to thread the mazes manifold  
 Of crookt Expediency,—nor through ill haste  
 To end the Toiler's woe, to leave the bold  
 And simple path be led : union unchaste  
 With Faction will I shun—taught by the erring Past.

Here, then, O holiest Liberty ! my heart  
 I lay upon thine altar,—undismayed,  
 Unswerving, unsubdued : the afterpart  
 Of life it aims to play with healthier aid  
 26. Of wisdom,—but no guilty thoughts upbraid :  
 It asks but to be kept from sordid stain  
 As free as now : let consciousness pervade  
 Each pulse through life that still by gold or gain  
 Unbought it beats ; and it shall shun no toil, no pain.

O welcome, even if its blood be shed  
 For thee, blest Freedom !—only keep it pure !  
 Welcome the living death more deeply dread  
 Of calumny, by evil shapes obscure  
 27. That haunt the patriot darkling, and secure  
 From Truth's Ithuriel spear, their poisons vend :  
 Welcome, that keenest heart-ache— forfeiture  
 Of friendship true : welcome, all pangs that rend  
 The heart—if pure unto the grave it may descend !

- Night's shadows gather once more in the sky,  
 Tombing another day of thraldom's term,  
 And leaving few more days to fortify  
 The heart so that it freedom meet with firm  
 28. And peaceful throb. What mingled feelings germ  
 Within me,—what quick hosts of battling thought!  
 Will, then, the world assume some new-born charm?  
 And shall I feel, in it with change deep-fraught,  
 As if I had been dead, and were to life new-brought?

- Ah! soon it will appear the same poor vale  
 Of tears; and soon my journey through its gloom  
 Or radiance will be o'er. Let me not fail  
 To keep my soul's resolve; and then unwomb  
 29. What will, ere I attain my final doom,  
 Right blythely will I on!—yea, meet grim Death  
 Himself in peace: for what viaticum  
 Need we, if Death be unto Life the path,  
 But truthfulness of heart?—is it not more than faith?

- And, if the grave indeed hath nought beyond  
 Its cold confine, of thought, or joy, or love;  
 If there we bid farewell unto the fond  
 Cleavings o' the heart, for ever, and shall prove  
 30. No more what rapture 'tis when hearts commove  
 With mutual tenderness——

I will pursue  
 That theme no more. This love of life enwove  
 Within me, Death itself may yet subdue;  
 But, while I live 'twill burn its being to renew!

- I dreamt again,—but 'twas a gladsome dream;  
 A dream of portents beatifical:  
 A dream where the prophetic brain did teem  
 With glorious visions of high festival  
 31. In sculptured aisle, and dome, and rainbowed hall:  
 A festival of Brotherhood and Mind  
 By suicidal spirits held, from thrall  
 Of Evil freed; and mystically designed  
 To adumbrate future bliss for Earth and humankind.

- As where the way to some hoar fane of Nile—  
 Carnac, or Luxor, or far Ibsamboul—  
 Lay through an imaged path for many a mile,  
 Of sphinxes huge or lions, so that lull
32. With abject awe and fitted for the rule  
 Of priests the worshipper approached,—thus seemed  
 The aisle fit path to fill with beautiful  
 Expectancies the ghostly throng that streamed  
 Along its wilderness of sculptures, as I dreamed.
- And when the dome we raught, felicity  
 Of hope ripened to rapturous overbliss  
 With what the spiritual sense did hear and see  
 Beneath that span colossal : Music's voice
33. A sweetness gushed fit to emparadise  
 The plastic forms of wisdom and of worth  
 That there in mystic apotheosis  
 Of stuated life reposed : forms of old Earth  
 They were—the best, the noblest children of her birth.
- Range above range rose many-fashioned niche,  
 A caverned space as wonderful and vast  
 As that weird city which few travellers reach—  
 Idumæan Petra, in the dangerous waste ;<sup>2</sup>
34. And in such order were the worthies placed  
 That they, though mute, the world's progressive story  
 Of spirit-toil revealed, from first to last ;  
 And how the spark, first caught by sages hoary  
 From Nature's fire, Mind nurtured to a flame of glory.
- From ancient Orient to the late-born West,  
 Bard, thinker, devotee of enterprise,  
 Philanthropist and patriot, soul of quest  
 For Nature's secrets, child in whose rapt eyes
35. She glows so lovely that his spirit plies  
 Its powers to imitate her forms—the gems  
 From Earth's clay gathered—in immortal guise  
 Seemed there enshrined : toilers whose very names  
 Shed splendour more ineffable than diadems.

That held the visitant spirit in a state  
36. Of ecstasied entrancement—all-elate  
With love and wonder, and yet hushed with  
And Mind seemed sounds, symphonious to  
That heightened bliss, pondering on what it  
So that our thoughts germed music, by some un-

Anon, this minstrelsy so wondrous ceased ;  
And, with a groupe of spirits who stood nigh  
Gazing as if they would for ever feast  
On what they saw, yet never satisfy  
37. Their yearning souls, forthwith, methought  
Became consociate,—hearing how they spoke  
Their glowing thoughts, by numbers that so  
Still undistract, and still with sateless look  
Scanning the sculptures as they were a price

Of widely scattered nations were these ghosts  
And widely spoken names :—for nought were  
In this most vivid dream, of all the hosts  
That Phantasy surveyed. First, was revealed  
38. He who in Athens to himself beheld  
Three hundred statues raised,—Demetrius  
Phalereus,—whom the sieging king expelled  
And unto vessels for the vilest use  
The statues turned,—deeming their loved shapes  
gerous.\*

Exalted forms of ever-glorious Greece  
Were magnets to his eyes : her Poet-choir

On these the Athenian gazed, and on the throng  
 Of god-like labourers for all human weal.  
 There lowly Socrates—the loftiest 'mong  
 The band fraternal—less by fervid zeal  
 40. Than by his lowliness seemed to excel  
 The excelling throng. Neither on patriot shapes  
 With less love did he gaze : names that to tell  
 Make monarchs quake, in spite of Time's long lapse :  
 For still some slave, who hears, from their hard yoke escapes.

Fast by Demetrius stood a ghostly form  
 Of later times, and of less peaceful deed :—  
 Berthier,—the favourite of that Bird of Storm,  
 The ravening Gallic eagle,—whose fierce greed  
 41. Ceasing to aid, praise for defection bred  
 Remorse so torturous in his soul, he spurned  
 The thought of life, and from its torment fled.<sup>4</sup>  
 With throes remorseful he no longer burned,  
 But, with the Athenian, o'er those shapes of virtue yearned.

For though full many a sage philanthropist,  
 High orator, and bard of comely France  
 Were statued there, with emblems due devised  
 Their excellence proclaiming, yet the glance  
 42. Of the war-wearied Frenchman, whose romance  
 For his gay, glory-stricken land was gone,  
 On Hellene forms made sweeter tarriance.—  
 Like preference shared the spirit of Wolf Tone,  
 That by him I saw stand,—Hibernia's patriot son.

Yet, in his country's Grattan, in the face  
 Of brave Fitzgerald, and the generous brow  
 Of fated Emmett, did the Hibernian trace  
 Features that stirred the warm fraternal flow  
 43. Within his essence and dispread the glow  
 Of rapture o'er his visage. Paramount  
 In virtue, still, he deemed that glorious show  
 Of Greeks, and did the patriot deeds recount  
 Of Hellas,—vaunting her true Glory's primal fount.

THE FIDELITY VISIBLY, HIS NEW-BORN SOUL  
The spirit of imperial Montezume  
It was : that victim of ambition foul,  
Whose regal heart disdained the Spaniard's

Most wistfully he scann'd the intrepid cal  
That in the eye of great Columbus dwelt,  
Till sighs broke forth ; and though a hea  
Las Casas' love-look o'er his essence deal  
45. 'Twas but a pause unto the grief he felt  
For his lost race ; and he had wailed alo  
But that his wild eye alighted where he k  
In soul, and owned the majesty that glow  
In Washington's benignly grand similitude.

Last of the groupe the patriot Shades I sa  
Of Romilly and Whitbread,—whose rapt g  
America's great son seemed oft to draw  
Aside from Alfred—for like glorious rays  
46. That did even disembodied vision daze,  
Streamed from the sculptures of the civic  
And diademed philanthropist : their praise  
They told, and would have mourned the s  
Of such blest forms on earth ; but rapt  
grief !—

“ The glorious toil is o'er, my brother !”—  
The soul of Romilly,—while with the inte

- “ Who would have said, but they who felt her power,  
 Before the still small voice of Gentleness  
 The great ones of the Earth should one day cower,  
 And kings her true divinity confess ;
48. The battle-field be green and thunderless ;  
 The scaffold and the gibbet disappear ;  
 The dungeon vanish : and, no more, distress,  
 Hunger, and discontent raise troublous fear  
 Of violence fell, and knit the ruler’s brow austere ? ” —
- “ Yet, this is her triumphant marvel-work ! ” —  
 Said Whitbread’s spirit : — “ ’twas her genial breath  
 “ Nourished most healthfully the deathless spark  
 Of Freedom, when the streams of blood which wrath
49. Had shed half-quenched it, and men’s hope and faith  
 In Liberty was changed to dread, and they  
 With tears of hushed despair sighed that the path  
 Of Thralldom must be trod—thinking the sway  
 Of Sceptres better than the howl of wolves of prey. ” —
- “ Brother, thy thoughts are of my fatherland, ” —  
 Said Berthier ; — “ and if this our new-born joy  
 “ Did not the phantasms of Earth’s wrong disband,  
 Great grief were mine. But this doth still destroy
50. The spectrous visitings which would annoy  
 My spirit—that although the strife for Right  
 Was urged by advocates who did employ  
 Wrong’s weapons in their overzeal,—the might  
 Of Truth, at length, hath made her victress in the fight.
- “ ’Twas long and toilful ; and, in every clime,  
 Too oft in error did her champions ease  
 Seek by the sword. The register of Time  
 Is a dark volume ; and what soul that sees
51. His autograph in characters that please  
 His conscience thoroughly, on the record writ ?  
 That all is well at last, may well appease  
 The self-accusing shapes which still would fit  
 Through memory, and loathe their long-known haunts to  
 quit.

- “ Our penal throes are ended here : Earth’s sorrow,  
 From war and violence, hatred and revenge,  
 Is past. For ever, therefore, let us borrow  
 Help from such thoughts our spirits to estrange  
 52. Still more and more from woe !”—  
     “ This joyous change  
     “ May well absorb our thought,”—the Shade began  
     Of noble Montezuma,—“ yet to range  
     “ Her youthful haunts the soul can scarce refrain :  
 Bliss hath not changed us into things marmorean.
- “ Love for dear Mexico and my crushed race,  
 Trampled by haughty Cortez and his crew,  
 Eternity itself cannot efface  
 Within my essence ; nor regret subdue  
 53. That Fate should thus relentlessly pursue  
 One hapless people, and their glory sweep  
 Into oblivion. While I with ye view  
 These glorious forms, how can I fail to weep  
 That my sires’ deeds of worth are lost in darkness deep ?
- “ What am I but the shadow of a name ?  
 My people’s virtues, glory, arts, unknown :  
 Hurl’d by their conquerors to barbarian shame  
 Though they deserved it not—but might have shone  
 54. Among the nations, had not Spain’s dark frown  
 Of pride and cruelty spread woe and waste  
 Where’er it fell, blighting the happy zone  
 Our fathers’ sons long held, their daughters graced :  
 Oh no ! I cannot tear from memory all the Past !
- “ Natheless, my brothers, I with ye rejoice  
 That after Earth’s long ages of dispute,  
 Conquest and blood, the gentle, healing voice  
 Of Goodness doth prevail. Murders pollute  
 55. My ancient clime no more ; and, though the foot  
 Of strangers treads upon our fathers’ dust,  
 Since they have learned to live like brothers, mute  
 The Mexican shall be of wrongs that thrust  
 His people from the soil : deeds bloody and unjust.



- “ No image of my fathers I behold  
 Among these forms of worth, on which to doat  
 With fond affection ; but the heart is cold  
 Whose joys are all with selfish yearning fraught :
56. My heart doth swell with love towards all who wrought  
 Out liberty and peace and brotherhood  
 For poor Humanity, by toilsful thought,  
 Through suffering and through scorn. As with a flood  
 Of grateful love it swells for all the Great and Good !”—

- “ Nobly thou hast discharged thy generous soul,”—  
 The Hibernian spirit said :—“ Mind cannot lose  
 “ All impress of the Past,—cannot control  
 Her frequent wish to roam where early vows
57. Were made to Truth and Freedom—shapes that rouse  
 The antagonistic phantasies of Fraud  
 And Tyranny. Nor should the soul accuse  
 Herself for ire at wrong : ’twere vile to laud  
 That which is evil : it demands our censure broad.

- “ Less were an error ; but to pass beyond  
 An upright indignation were to bring  
 Back on our souls self-torment, and surround  
 Our essences again with suffering.
58. The memory of wrong, now that the sting  
 Of base revenge is drawn, shall minister  
 To higher bliss—to sweeter revelling  
 In joy ; for it shall be the harbinger  
 Unto the heart’s sweet sense—Forgiveness triumphs there !

- “ If on the fateful Past thou lookst to grieve,  
 How much more might I utter mournful plaint  
 For Erin’s woe ? Spirit ! it should relieve  
 Thy soul that sword and torture did attain
59. The lives of thy sires’ race. Better than faint,  
 And pine, and howl, and curse their tyrant lords  
 For ages, and still feel a strange constraint  
 To live and multiply mean selfish hordes !  
 Such woes my memory of her fatherland records.

Their hopes to deep despair ; to glow and b  
Again with patriot ire,—and yet by rash  
Outbreak to plunge in hopeless horror. Tu  
And look on thy lost race, spirit, to triumph; not

“ My brother spirits ! ”—said the Athenian g  
“ This theme to me were fruitful of regret,  
If, 'mid these glories, I could be engrossed  
With tristful thoughts. Did not the tyrant fi  
61. The limbs of Hellas with the chain? Forget  
Ye that the mother-land of Freedom wore  
The gyves of Slavery vile, for ages? Let  
That mournful thought lead ye to mourn no n  
For aught your brethren suffered in the days of :

“ Save her few mountain-fastnesses, old earth  
Has not a spot where men the tyrant-yoke  
Of brother-men have never borne. Let mirth  
High, holy, blissful mirth in us be woke  
62. That world-wide bondage is for ever broke,  
And free souls fill the universe. Not sadness  
Should rise while back upon the Past we look  
But grateful joy that Man's career of madnes:  
Hath wise fruition—age-long woe doth end in g

“ Still let us drink with ecstasy and wonder,  
As at a living fountain. lesson 2000”

- “ O'er fiercest natures, and their rage subdued ;  
 How persevering love won even the foes  
 Who thirsted for their blood to doff their rude  
 And murderous frowns, and smilingly disclose  
 64. The heart's regenerate kindness ; how the throes  
 Of pain they conquered, and, triumphing, hurled  
 Thralldom, revenge, hate, envy, all Man's woes,  
 For ever, from the groaning, bleeding world ;  
 And over sea and strand the gonfalon unfurled

- “ Of Truth and Love, Knowledge and Gentleness :  
 All their eternal triumphs we may share  
 In this exultant thought—the fair impress  
 Of our humanity they meekly wear,  
 65. And of their glory we are, each, the heir—  
 For our own brethren's heritage to us  
 Belongs. Brothers, be blythe, be debonair !  
 And let our happiest thoughts the reins give loose  
 While on these brother-forms we gaze, so luminous ! ”——

- Such hortatives sad broodings to dispel,  
 And revel to the full in their new joys,  
 The Athenian uttered ; and a blythe farewell,  
 Methought, they, forthwith, bade to all alloys .  
 66. Of happiness ; and yet no overpoise  
 Their spirits felt : their joy was fraught with high  
 And eloquent descant that became the Wise,  
 The Noble, and the Good : nor did they vie  
 In speech ; but held discourse shorn of earth's vanity.—

- Anon, woke thrilling sounds omnipotent,  
 On earth, to null all thoughts but such as sprung  
 Up armèd in the brain while forth was sent  
 The trumpet's peal,—but such as sought a tongue,  
 67. Yet found it not, while horn and harp notes clung  
 Unto each other's sweetness,—or the heart  
 Melted to faintness, with rapt wailings wrung  
 Of hautboy and bassoon. Such prelude, thwart  
 The dome resounding, seemed known signal to depart.

...ing for gate-way arch. I turned to sp  
With uplift gaze, the spirit-crowd began,—  
While to the prelude movements did succo  
Of all superbest sounds the mind devours wi

Now, full-pulsed tympanum and deep-tone  
Proclaimed dense myriads marching with t  
Of stately joy to some vast gathering ;  
While, ever and anon, the trill and sweep  
69. Of flutes and viols caused the heart to leap  
With foretaste of its banquet. Mind hath l  
Ne'er in its house of clay, rapture so deep  
From Handel's giant pomps on organ blown  
While 'long cathedral aisles some pageant prou

Beneath the wondrous arch of heavenly shee  
I passed into the hall, when—lo ! no more  
Monarchal thrones and monster shapes were  
Within ; but, from the middle of its floor  
70. Immense, shelved gently upward countless s  
Of sculptured seats extending to the bound  
Of that ellipsis vast ; and wisest lore  
By plastic art into each seat seemed wound-  
So that the mind read deepest lessons all arou

And, on the rim of the ellipse, where, erst,  
Wild shapes reared irkingly, as if  
To rear the spirit

And, as the myriad multitude swarmed in,  
 Filling the spacious amphitheatre,  
 In spirit-whispers some of seraphin  
 And some of genii talked, and guessed these were  
 72. Such mystic essences. Interpreter  
 None needed long ; the soul 'gan soon perceive  
 They were her own creations, which the stir  
 Of glorious brother-thoughts had power to enweave  
 To sensuous shapes—as if they did to sight upheave.

With visages as bright, with looks as blest  
 As kindly and intelligent, all beamed  
 And smiled upon each other, while their rest  
 They took upon the graven seats. None deemed  
 73. Himself nobler than others : none esteemed  
 His brother meanly : pride, and rank, and state  
 Had vanished ; and, all equal, as beseemed  
 A brother-throng, together Essence sate,  
 In love, of humblest citizen and potentate.

Aloft, o'er all, the roof with splendour hued  
 Of bows celestial still was self-suspended,  
 The regal forms whose blazoned pomp I viewed  
 In earlier dreams, now sat with sages blended—  
 74. Uncrowned, unsceptered, all their haught looks ended--  
 With bards, and workers-out of human weal,  
 And patriots who in lofty deed transcended  
 Their earthly fellows. Ghosts of erring zeal  
 For faiths fantastic, creeds incomprehensible,

And cruel idol-worships, whom I saw  
 Climbing the Mount of Vanity ; the wild  
 Lone dweller in the cave, whose rage with awe  
 I witnessed 'mong his snakes ; the Poet-child  
 75. With his lamenting harp, who wept, exiled  
 To forest-solitude ; the tuneful choir  
 Of bards who walked the grove ; the band who toiled,  
 For aye, to kindle the fierce fatal fire  
 Of soul wherewith France lit the devastating pyre

And garlanded with flowers ; all sat arra  
In simple yet attractive guise : a band  
Of souls whose glorious joy-light had no  
Wrath, pride, guilt, woe, for ever from each

Soft consentaneous murmurs soon were h  
'Mid which distinguishable grew the nam  
Of sage Lycurgus,—whereat claricord  
77. And viol, clarion, pipe and drum became  
Mute as expectant listeners ; and the clai  
Fraternal to receive his speech, with meel  
Yet manly front he rose to answer. Mai  
No longer were the powers of voice : the  
Did seem, and they that followed, with Eart

“ Brother and sister spirits, to rehearse  
Our joy,”—he said,—“ what volumed tong  
“ Our happiness, like the Eternal Source  
From which it springs, doth ever over-fill  
78. And over-run ; so that our bliss we still  
Augment, commingling bliss. I triumph  
To think me a true seer : too deep the th  
Of ecstasy doth move me that all doubt  
And guess are past, and this beatitude is ra

“ Brothers, this blest reality hath swept  
The films of mvsterv from the general mi

- “Ye who, with opulence of speech endowed,  
Excel, begin the never-tiring theme—  
What mighty influences did long enshroud  
Themselves from vulgar gaze, and yet did seem  
80. To Nature’s true disciples with the beam  
Of splendour’s self revealed,—and sure to drown  
And overwhelm all error, as a stream  
Resistless sweeps all human barriers down—  
Or as Light’s genial smile o’ercometh Night’s drear frown.

- “How we now wonder, while our ken afar  
Travels from these joy-seats,—surveys the dome  
Resplendent with full many an exemplar  
Of human virtues,—and enrapt doth roam  
81. Along the dazzling aisle where graces bloom  
Ineffable,—how we now wonder Truth  
So long was hid! Be thine the exordium  
O Mithridates! to portray the growth  
Of Good, and how she vanquished all her foes uncouth!”—

- So spake the great Laconian, and his seat  
Meekly resumed, while gentle murmurings rose  
From myriads who would fain the sage entreat  
His descant to prolong: but no applause  
82. He sought, and signified he lacked dispose,  
By silent smiles. Disrobed of pomp and pride,  
With truer glory clad than regal shows,  
The spirit of the Pontic king complied  
With the wise Spartan’s call—by thousands ratified.—

- “Lycurgus, though thy modesty would wave  
Our soul’s full tribute,”—he arose and said,—  
“Yet here I laud thy wisdom deep, and suave  
Forbearance ’mid the scorn that on thy head  
83. We in our rashness—by old pomps misfed  
And overblown—poured, when we should have praised.  
Wisely thou sayst the lessons here outspread,  
Through hall and dome and aisle, have in us raised  
Wonder that we so long in ignorance on them gazed.

" How glorious is the vision now 'tis filled  
 With meaning to our spirits !—all unlike  
 The vanities our pomp-slaved thought did build  
 To lull our sense of pain, and that made quick  
 84. Evanishment when reason shook her sick  
 Lethargic bondage off. The beauteous aisle  
 Designed by graces architectonic  
 To pourtray outward Nature's varied pile—  
 Now knows each spirit-denizen of self-exile :—

" Nor this alone, but man's own outward form  
 And potency. And even as on earth  
 Love for the outer world did widely germ  
 In man, and love for self,—while of no worth  
 85. Seemed intellectual wealth, but Mind a dearth  
 Of noblest images did long unfold—  
 So yon vast dome, designed to shadow forth  
 Man's inner nature, till of late no mould  
 Of virtue held, though it doth now rich treasure hold.

" For ages did the lesson us invite  
 To contemplation : but the soul was held  
 In earth's old bonds of prejudice, nor right  
 From wrong discerned. In thraldom thus we dwelled  
 86. Of self-deceit : vile thraldom, though we swelled  
 With arrogant conceit how free we were !  
 Darkness and vagueness from the soul expelled,—  
 Her chambers filled with Virtue's symbols fair,—  
 Reason disdaineth pride and all its fraudful glare.

" And now our nature's stately portraiture  
 We view. The aisle is fitting vestibule  
 Unto the dome stored with memorials pure—  
 Like cultured intellect with beautiful  
 87. Exterior ;—and then Reason's lofty rule,  
 Where prejudice was paramount, appears ;  
 From proud and tyrant phantasies the soul  
 Is freed ; and since free-thought her essence cheers,  
 Free-thought in every human spirit she reveres.



- “ Sage Spartan, thus I read our visioned state.  
 Rehearsal, how our sufferings passed away,  
 And how old Earth became regenerate,  
 I yield unto my brethren, though I may,  
 88. For opening of the theme, thus much essay :  
 ’Twas conquest over Evil physical  
 That ushered in Earth’s glorious brother-day :—  
 Whence came, by law of sympathy whose veil  
 Is still unrent, our blest soul-state perpetual.
- “ I judge that Earth had still in bondage been  
 To Error, had the sons of enterprise  
 And science, unobservant, failed to glean  
 The truths Great Nature spread before the eyes  
 89. Of heedless Man, whose passion for life’s toys  
 Robbed him of its true treasures, and so doomed  
 Him all his days with pain to agonize,  
 With want and woe : a creature spirit-gloomed  
 Though tenanting a world where jocund beauty bloomed :
- “ A world whose elements were his wide field  
 For culture. Now,—behold the storm-tossed sea  
 His pathway!—see, his chariots o’er it wheeled  
 More swiftly than o’er land, by energy  
 90. Electric—which men deemed a mystery,  
 Or sign of wrath divine, till from the cloud  
 A sage, with children’s kite and string, and key,  
 Drew the winged essence, and the truth foreshowed,  
 Unwittingly, how, one day, men would tame the proud
- “ All-scathing power, and dangle its huge strength  
 With child-like effort ! Mountain, stream, and mine  
 Their wealth afford him : Earth, through all the length  
 And breadth and depth of her rotund confine,—  
 91. Th’ impalpable and vital crystalline  
 Itself—are, each, his servitor ! Of want  
 Men talk as of some ancient fable : pine  
 They cannot, for the soil, exuberant  
 Rendered by art, of food is over-ministrant.

Are trebly larger. Brothers, do I see  
Arise that mortal men and spirits gain  
Their high beatitude, because supreme  
Men grew o'er natural Evil? But, I yield

He ceased, abruptly, feeling modest fear:  
His speech assumptive occupation of the  
Might seem where all were equal: to rise  
The humblest, thus, the highest Power  
93. His soul with loving due allegiance fra  
To Nature and Equality. The ghost  
Of Cato rose,—with look which did deride  
That sternest spirit of all haughty boasters  
Was stript;—and thus he argued 'mid the

“ O Mithridates, none will raise dispute  
Against thy judgment: yet I deem thee  
Thou hast not sought,—but left for our  
Thy argument begun. That earth doth  
94. Her general wealth to men, and they not  
Our old dread masters—fire, and wind,  
Unto their will,—and that these conquerors  
To bring our happy state,—were hardily  
For any to deny what long for truth hath

“ While with the elements, for foes, Man  
Want, pain, disease, were his sure heritage

“The fault lay not in Nature, but in Man—  
 The slothful pupil in her school, or wild  
 And perverse truant after vice. Her plan  
 Was stern but wise : to train her favourite child  
 96. To cope with obstacles, lest he, beguiled  
 By over-ease, should an ignoble thrall  
 Become to pleasure. The great Mother smiled  
 Even while she seemed to frown : her child in all  
 Her discipline found toil did some worse ill forestall :

“Nay more :—that labour brought its unalloyed  
 And precious sweet, while sloth 'mid plenty took  
 All appetite away, or luxury cloyed  
 The sense until the Man beneath its yoke  
 97. Bowed down, and bestial grew in thought and look.  
 One obstacle o'ercome, the mind was fired  
 To nobler strife. Thus Nature ne'er forsook  
 Her offspring : all her matron cares conspired  
 To raise him : he, perverse, the bestial state desired.

“'Tis, then, unto the Few, the tireless Few  
 Who through all ages and in every clime,  
 Pursued the Good, our gratitude is due.  
 Thus moral, mental conquest was the prime  
 98. Of human victories : triumph so sublime  
 O'er outward elements sprang from the wreath  
 Of moral victory ; and throughout all time  
 They glorious shall be held who did bequeath  
 Lessons of moral struggle in their lives or death.”

So spake the high-souled Roman Stoic, whom  
 Followed his Grecian exemplars with zeal,  
 Zeno, and meek Cleanthes ; and their doom  
 That, first, Man's conquest o'er himself the weal  
 99. Prepared of future men, and did reveal  
 To him his latent power to nullify  
 Earth's outward ills,—strengthened, with kindred zeal,  
 Clitomachus,—for here had ceased to vie  
 The sect of Plato with the Porch, for mastery.

and while he set ungainsayed what in  
Of human conquests these, through zeal  
In calm reflective strain and gentle phra  
He shewed the victors oft had won no trut

101. "Spirits, ye well have shewed that to th  
Of universal man wide open lay  
The book of Nature,"—said the bard : "  
Ye also wisely laud who o'er their clay  
Superior rose, and, for their kind, the wa  
Opened to nobler life and high command  
O'er outward ill : but know ye not that th  
Were fitted for their work by Nature's ha  
From embryos in the primal purposes she

102. "That Nature's volume lay unspelled so  
Attribute to her wisdom which doth shun  
Rash haste : she forms her favourite lithe,  
To bear and to endure, as well as run  
Their race and slack not till the goal is w  
Neither forget how many sought to find  
Out Nature's ways, but failed. Sought th  
Then, vainly, through sheer impotence of  
Or was successful quest for later men design

"Brothers, have noblest intellects, late-bo  
In grasp excelled the mighty Stagyrte ?

“ Yet, often, where he thought he knew—’twas guess.  
And what he would have known, even at the cost  
Of life itself, his eagle-sightedness  
Of fate failed to perceive. Then, ’twas the boast  
104. Of some mere modern dwarf to shew where lost  
His search—the ancient giant ; though the vaunt  
Belonged not him who said, he found : a host.  
Of names have won from men extravagant  
Applause, while of their worth Truth was uncognisant.

“ Not *their* more skilful thought plombed the great deep  
Of Nature’s mystery, which so many failed  
To fathom : ’twas Herself away did sweep  
The incumbent waves of darkness, and unsealed  
105. Truth’s gems,—for then the channels were revealed  
Where they had lain for ages. Accident,—  
Contingency,—some called it,—when to yield  
Her fruit mature, Nature, prepared : content  
With any name to hide their gross-souled wonderment !

“ Some said the wondrous optic tube had been  
For ever undiscovered,—vast expanse  
Of space with all her suns and systems, seen  
By its weird aid,—and all their utterance  
106. Of dateless Nature’s old continuance  
And might and grandeur been for ever hid,—  
If the mechanic had not marked, by chance,  
His children’s wonder, while, at play they slid  
Together and peeped through the crystals pellucid.

“ Others the thread-bare story oft rehearsed—  
Whenas the godlike sage of Albion’s isle  
Beheld the apple fall, at once dispersed  
107. Were Nature’s mists, and, without further toil  
Of mind, he rose, and with complacent smile,  
Serious but glad, proclaimed the force sublime  
That binds Earth’s surface to her centre while  
She wheels around the sun, pervades his clime,  
And keeps all planets in their bounds from birth of Time

~~Some, sum unperceived, sum unproclaim~~  
Thus some the noblest toils of thought w  
To reck for nought,—enthroning Chance ;  
Inferior wits with awe by other tongues wei

109. “ Few were thy words, Lycurgus, but pro  
In truth : from earliest eld all was design  
Or ordered that hath been : Nature’s gre  
Must needs be travelled : Circumstance a  
Alike, must be brought forth, and be com  
Ere mightiest Truths evolved : Necessity  
O’er all prevailed : the flame, the flood, tl  
Were masters till the march of Thought s  
The world of struggling men from that old t

110. “ The march of Thought was onward from  
Onward, for age, to Nature’s eye,—though  
Film-sighted men no progress could behol  
Thought sprung from thought by chain of  
In old or newer clime, till violence,  
Fraud, ignorance, want, and woe, and pa  
Evanished at the new omnipotence  
Of Mind Nature brought forth : Mind tha  
The universe now reigns by might perpetual

Lucretius ceased ; and sounds applausive  
From myriads, though in gentlest mode e

Thereafter rose the Gracchus, and with mild  
Yet firm aspect, what seemed forgot, thus urged :—  
“ Brothers, with metaphysic thought beguiled,  
And descant on discovery that enlarged  
112. Man’s rule o’er outward things,—not undischarged  
Leave we commemoration due of their  
Desert whose tireless energies converged  
To throne the thought of Brotherhood where’er  
They went :—but for their zeal our lot were still despair :

“ But for their holy strife,—smit with the type,  
Great Spartan, thou in mortal life didst frame,—  
Earth had been yet for franchisement unripe ;  
And thence unblest. Brothers, to mar no claim  
113. Of Wisdom’s children to their during fame  
I seek : honour, all honour to each shade  
Of Enterprize,—to every hallowed name  
Of Genius,—and to all who first displayed  
To man the power o’er ill that for his seizure stayed !—

“ But who can fail remember that this power  
Was long usurped by Selfishness?—that Wonder  
Herself was mazed through every passing hour  
At man’s achievements,—as he bound the thunder,  
114. The storm-wave smoothed, the live rock clave asunder,  
Or rendered distance but a name ; yet Love  
Wept to behold Earth’s sable children under  
The chain, while their fair-visaged brother drove  
Them onward with the lash ! Let Time the stain disprov

“ The foul aspersive stain on Freedom cast  
By men whose boast of freedom was most loud !  
Bethink ye also that if men now fast  
And pine no more, it is because the Proud  
115. Have ceased to be : Earth ever was endowed  
With tenfold more of plenty than her sum  
Of life required for food : the hills were browed  
With luscious vines that smiled as round they clomb  
The olives, or festooned them with their purple bloom

With overwealth of fruits, but desert-vo  
Of human life : the dainty fig there spil  
Her seeds ; the golden orange her perfum

“ Upon the vacant air ; the grateful palm  
And wholesome guava and banana stor  
In vain the sea-girt garden ; sweetest b  
Of gums or delicatest juice of mangoes ]  
117. Their riches on the tasteless earth ; dow  
Their flavoured kernels shelly fruits in v  
Unless for brutes. Men,—starving men,—  
The sea, and sighed for ships to pass the  
And end their famine ; but they could no l

“ Avarice still held them where their nun  
To render them dog-cheap as things of l  
For labour : Avarice, that never swerve  
From sordid grasping, though it might a  
118. Unreckoned wealth. Vapour, electric fi  
All mineral virtues, air, and flame, and f  
Science subdued ; but Pride did still cor  
With Avarice the lean toilers to exclude  
From all that Science willed to spread for ]

“ O Mithridates, thou didst this forget,  
Or leave untold. Doth not thy soul perc  
It was when signs of Brotherhood were l  
With open hand to all



The Agrarian ceased, at once : such gentle dread  
 The blest assemblage swayed to raise a thought  
 Averse in brethren. With mild zeal to tread  
 The same thought-track Curtius arose : Thence caught  
 120. The theme Charondas, and, then, Codrus brought  
 His aid : and, then, Themistocles : but suave  
 Their accents were, with tempered reason fraught,—  
 Although they told how patriot deeds raised brave  
 Resolve in toiling men—till Slavery found its grave.—

Next, rose Athena's soul-compelling tongue,  
 And joined his sentence for the patriot's praise ;  
 Yet told, therewith, that poets had not sung  
 In vain,—nor sculptor vainly fixed the gaze  
 121. Of nations,—architect with deep amaze  
 Entranced them vainly,—nor had Music's joy  
 Earth visited and failed the mind to raise  
 And heart to bless ; but Nature did employ  
 Innumerable powers the thrall of Evil to destroy.—

And, next Demosthenes, Condorcet's soul  
 Uttered its fervour :—'Twas when Man disdained,—  
 He said,—to kneel beneath the priest's control,  
 An altar-serf, that human freedom gained  
 122. Its first true vantage-ground, and Evil waned  
 In all its monstrous forms and torturous might ;  
 And only when free-thought all men maintained  
 To be their indefeasible birthright,—  
 It was,—that Error multiform was put to flight.—

Then Romilly renewed his eulogy  
 Of Gentleness ; and spirits thrilled to hear  
 His laud of Mercy, till with jubilee  
 Of love they rose,—monarch, and bard, and seer,  
 123. Fanatic wild, and misanthrope austere,  
 That were on earth,—now all in equal state  
 Of happy brotherhood,—and, thus, with clear  
 Euphonic chaunt, I heard them celebrate,  
 In concord blest, Earth's, Hades' gladness consummate :—

- ' All hail the glorious power of Gentleness,  
 ' Of Pity and Mercy, Goodness, Love, and Truth !  
 ' Knowledge all hail, and Reason fetterless !  
 ' Philanthropy, that yearned with god-like ruth  
 124. ' O'er suffering ! Patriotism, whose eloquent mouth,  
 ' Bold heart, and sinewed hand dissolved the thrall  
 ' Of Tyrants ! Genius, Song, and Wisdom sooth,  
 ' All hail ! Great sources of old Evil's fall—  
 ' Men, spirits, hymn your power, in jocund festival !  
  
 ' Earth's children raise their universal song  
 ' Of love and joy : mountain, and strand, and sea  
 ' Are vocal with your praise ! Spirits prolong  
 ' The strain : through endless life they anthem ye—  
 125. ' Their endless afterlife of jubilee :  
 ' And hymning ye our essences enhance  
 ' Still more the bliss-gauge of their destiny,—  
 ' Assured more deeply of their heritage,  
 ' The more their joyous thought hath joyous utterance !  
  
 ' Spirits, still more rejoice !—for pain and woe  
 ' Are gone, and universal life doth bloom  
 ' With joy !'—  
     The dream o'erwrought me to a throe  
 126. Of bliss ; and I awoke to find my home  
 A dungeon,—thence, to ponder when would come  
 The day that Goodness shall the earth renew,  
 And Truth's young light disperse old Error's gloom,—  
 When Love shall Hate, and Meekness Pride subdue,—  
 And when the Many cease their slavery to the Few !

NOTES TO BOOK THE TENTH.

1.—Page 248, Stanza 5.

*Foiling the Cyprian tyrant in his rage:*

ANAXARCHUS, the follower of Democritus, who, when the tyrant of Cyprus threatened to cut out his tongue, bit it off, and spat it at the despot.—See Diogenes Laertius, or Stanley's or Enfield's Hist. of Philosophy. Galgacus and Wallace are, of course, alluded to in the following lines of the stanza.

2.—Page 255, Stanza 34.

*Idumæan Petra, in the dangerous waste;*

For a description of Petra,—the city in the rock,—the capital of Idumea, or the kingdom of Edom,—see the travels of Stephens the American. The description of this mysterious relic of the Past, can never be forgotten when once read.

3.—Page 256, Stanza 38.

*And unto vessels for the vilest use*

*The statues turned,—deeming their loved shapes dangerous.*

The suicide of Demetrius Phalereus, driven from Athens by Demetrius Πολιορκητής (or the City-sieger), is related by Diogenes Laertius and others.

4.—Page 257, Stanza 41.

*he spurn'd*

*The thought of life, and from its torment fled.*

Marshal Berthier's suicide occurred under the following circumstances:—One of the German sovereigns, at whose court he was, if I recollect aright, was blaming the defection of Ney and others from the cause of the Bourbons, at Napoleon's return from Elba, and took occasion to compliment Berthier on his firmness in resisting a temptation natural to one who had been the bosom friend of Buonaparte. Berthier took the compliment so self-reproachfully to heart, that he withdrew to his chamber, threw himself from a window, and was taken up dead.

5.—Page 258, Stanza 44.

*Whose regal heart disdain'd the Spaniard's base control.*


“The unhappy monarch now perceived how low he was sunk, and the haughty spirit, which seemed to have been so long extinct, re-

turning, he scorned to survive this last humiliation, and to protract an ignominious life, not only as the prisoner and tool of his enemies, but as the object of contempt or detestation among his subjects. In a transport of rage he tore the bandages from his wounds, and refused, with such obstinacy, to take any nourishment, that he soon ended his wretched days, rejecting, with disdain, all the solicitations of the Spaniards to embrace the Christian faith."—Robertson's *Hist. of America*,—Book V.



SMALLER PRISON RHYMES.





CHARTIST CHAUNT.

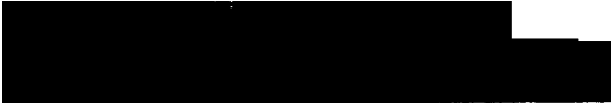
TRUTH is growing—hearts are glowing  
With the flame of Liberty :  
Light is breaking—Thrones are quaking—  
Hark !—the trumpet of the Free !  
Long, in lowly whispers breathing,  
Freedom wandered drearily—  
Still, in faith, her laurel wreathing  
For the day when there should be  
Freemen shouting—‘ Victory !’

Now, she seeketh him that speaketh  
Fearlessly of lawless might ;  
And she speedeth him that leadeth  
Brethren on to win the Right.  
Soon, the slave shall cease to sorrow—  
Cease to toil in agony ;  
Yea, the cry may swell to-morrow  
Over land and over sea—  
‘ Brethren, shout—ye all are free !’

Freedom bringeth joy that singeth  
All day long and never tires :  
No more sadness—all is gladness  
In the hearts that she inspires :  
For, she breathes a soft compassion  
Where the tyrant kindled rage ;  
And she saith to every nation—  
‘ Brethren, cease wild war to wage :  
Earth is your blest heritage.’

**Brethren, love for brethren fee:  
Shall proclaim, from shore to  
' Shout—the sword shall slay**





CHARTIST SONG.

AIR—*The Brave Old Oak.*

A SONG for the Free—the brave and the free—  
Who feareth no tyrant's frown :  
Who scorneth to bow, in obeisance low,  
To mitre or to crown :  
Who owneth no lord with crosier or sword,  
And bendeth to Right alone ;  
Where'er he may dwell, his worth men shall tell,  
When a thousand years are gone !

For Tyler of old, a heart-chorus bold  
Let Labour's children sing !  
For the smith with the soul that disdain'd base control,  
Nor trembled before a king ;  
For the heart that was brave, though pierced by a knave  
Ere victory for Right was won—  
They'll tell his fair fame, and cheer his blythe name,  
When a thousand years are gone !

For the high foe of Wrong, great Hampden, a song—  
The fearless and the sage !  
Who, at king-craft's frown, the gauntlet threw down,  
And dared the tyrant's rage ;  
Who away the scabbard threw, when the battle blade he  
drew,  
And with gallant heart led on !  
How he bravely fell, our children shall tell,  
When a thousand years are gone !

For the mountain child of Scotia wild—  
 For noble Wallace a strain !  
 O'er the Border ground let the chaunt resound :  
 It will not be heard in vain.  
 For the Scot will awake, and the theme uptake  
 Of deeds by the patriot done :—  
 They'll hold his name dear, nor refuse it a tear,  
 When a thousand years are gone !

An anthem we'll swell for bold William Tell,  
 The peasant of soul so grand !  
 Who fearlessly broke haughty Gesler's yoke,  
 And set free his fatherland :  
 His deeds shall be sung, with blythesome tongue,  
 By maiden, sire, and son,  
 Where the eagles climb o'er the Alps sublime,  
 When a thousand years are gone.

For our Charter a song ! It tarrieth long—  
 But we will not despair ;  
 For, though Death's dark doom upon us all may come,  
 Ere we the blessing share,—  
 Our happy children they shall see the happy day  
 When Freedom's boon is won ;  
 And our Charter shall be the boast of the Free,  
 When a thousand years are gone !



CHARTIST SONG.

AIR— *Canadian Boat Song.*

THE time shall come when Wrong shall end,  
When peasant to peer no more shall bend—  
When the lordly Few shall lose their sway,  
And the Many no more their frown obey.  
    Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done—  
    Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter's won !

The time shall come when the artisan  
Shall homage no more the titled man—  
When the moiling men who delve the mine  
By Mammon's decree no more shall pine.  
    Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done—  
    Till the struggle is o'er and the Charter's won !

The time shall come when the weavers' band  
Shall hunger no more, in their fatherland—  
When the factory child can sleep till day,  
And smile while it dreams of sport and play.  
    Toil, brothers, toil, till the work is done—  
    Till the struggle is o'er, and the Charter's won !

The time shall come when Man shall hold  
His brother more dear than sordid gold—  
When the Negro's stain his freeborn mind  
Shall sever no more from human-kind.  
    Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is free—  
    Till Justice and Love hold jubilee !

The time shall come when kingly crown  
And mitre for toys of the Past are shown—

Till Mercy and Truth hold jubilee !

The time shall come when earth shall be  
A garden of joy, from sea to sea—  
When the slaughterous sword is drawn  
And goodness exults from shore to shore  
Toil, brothers, toil, till the world is  
Till goodness shall hold high jubilee!

THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

I WOULD not be a crown'd king,  
For all his gaudy gear ;  
I would not be that pampered thing,  
His gew-gaw gold to wear :  
But I would be where I can sing  
Right merrily, all the year ;  
Where forest treen,  
All gay and green,  
Full blythely do me cheer.

I would not be a gentleman,  
For all his hawks and hounds, —  
For fear the hungry poor should ban  
My halls and wide-parked grounds :  
But I would be a merry man,  
Among the wild wood sounds, —  
Where free birds sing,  
And echoes ring  
While my axe from the oak rebounds.


I would not be a shaven priest,  
For all his sloth-won tythe :  
But while to me this breath is leased,  
And these old limbs are lithe, —  
Ere Death hath marked me for his feast,  
And felled me with his scythe, —  
I'll troll my song,  
The leaves among,  
All in the forest blythe.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG

O CHOOSE thou the maid with the gentle  
That speaketh so softly, and looketh so  
    Who weepeth for pity,  
    To hear a love ditty,  
And marketh the end with a sigh.

If thou weddest a maid with a bold, stari  
Who babbleth as loud as the rain-swoller  
    Each day for the morrow  
    Will nurture more sorrow,—  
Each sun paint thy shadow a-crook.

The maid that is gentle will make a kind  
The magpie that prateth will stir thee to  
    'Twere better to tarry,  
    Unless thou canst marry  
To sweeten the bitters of life !



THE PARADISE OF MARTYRS.

A FAITH RHYME.

*In Five Books.*







DEDICATION.


—◆—  
TO WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER.

I DEDICATE this book to you who sought  
Me out, when you had read my Prison-Rhyme—  
Disdainful of what cowards and serviles thought  
Of one who had worn the fetters for no crime—  
But only had lived and striven before his time,  
And let his heart impel him to the deed  
Of championship defiant for the Poor,  
Their right to live by labour, and be freed  
Indeed—not mocked with freedom—on the shore  
Where Freedom hath her boast.

Kindness doth breed  
Grateful remembrance in the inmost core  
Of true men's hearts, when done to them in need.  
Let me be named with those who ne'er forget  
A kindness : reckoning it a great life-debt.

My friend, our lot in stormful time is cast ;  
And who to God and Conscience, reverent, own  
Inviolable fealty should hold fast  
Each other's hands, in spite of peasants' frown  
Or nobles'. Your great path of Duty strown  
With difficulty may be for many a day ;  
And, sometimes, you may have to strive alone ;  
But shoulder to shoulder with you, in the fray,  
Shall stand the good and true, when heat is gone,  
And party spleen,—and all perceive dismay  
At serried foes doth never cast you down,  
Nor difficulty your patient courage allay ;  
But your consistent course to all men shews  
What you are now you will be to Life's close.

~~Be trained so wisely and well, it may with~~  
Be trained so wisely and well, it may with  
The laws which freemen love keep undefil  
Nor heedless be of holier laws that bear  
The Maker's fiat. Toiling, unbeguiled  
By smiles, unquelled by frowns, the pearl  
Of an unsullied conscience, and your joy  
Throughout Life's path, no censure shall des



# PROËME.

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## BOOK I.

EXORDIUM.—The changes of years—Growth and evils of Ritualism—The working-classes—The eternal future. DREAM—A floral region in Paradise—Strain of music—Chorus of infant voice—Vision of English Martyrs: Latimer, Ridley, Lord Cobham, Bishop Hooper, Bilney, 'praying Bradford,' Philpot, Anne Askew, John Rogers, Lawrence Saunders, Bainham, Tomkins the weaver, Thomas Hawkes, the boy Hunter, Farrar, Lambert, Rowland Taylor, and Cranmer; and of the Scottish Martyrs: Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, and Renwick; and their converse, on their errands to earth, as consolers of the suffering and sorrowful—Chorus of Martyrs as they ascend the terraced mountains—Entrancing view of the New Jerusalem—Angels open the pearly gates of the city of gold, and the Martyr-hosts march in—Vision of Heaven—Choral worship of Martyrs, angels, infant spirits, and men—Departure again of Martyr souls to earth, as 'ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation.'

## BOOK II.

EXORDIUM.—Rapture of gathering the flowers and hearing the sounds of Spring: the wood-sorrel, primrose, blue-bell, violet, geum rivale, golden saxifrage: the cuckoo, stockdove, yellow-hammer, linnets, lark, blackbird, and woodpecker at work mocked by the jay and magpie: the herb Paris, orchids, fern, crowfoots, and lilies of the valley—Memory of a Mother—The starworts, ground-ivy, speedwell, pilewort, daisy, and moschatel: Throstle's nest—Evening task. DREAM.—Vision, in Paradise, of the martyred Apostles, Fathers, and Prophets; Paul, Peter, James the brother of John, James the Just, Stephen, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Simeon, Ignatius, Isaiah, Abel, Zacharias, and John the Baptist; and their converse—Stephen leads the choral song, as they climb the terraced mountains to enter heaven.

## BOOK III.

EXORDIUM.—The Sea, seen from the shore of Cumberland—Thoughts of eternity—Dread of death—Confidence in our immortality—Evening task, of teaching peasants, contrasted with the treat of addressing artisans and mechanics—Cruel treatment and

#### BOOK IV.

EXORDIUM.—Invocation to the Moon—Old  
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—Vision of flowers, in Paradise : giant bell-  
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of Lyons, Toulouse, Gascony, Dauphiny, Lorrain  
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under the reign of the usurping Queen Ranaval  
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Blandina—The combined host of Martyrs asc  
mountains.

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EXORDIUM.—Winter on Morecambe sands—  
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His dying wish—Longings to know the Eternal F  
and ignorance of Man, and wisdom and equity of t  
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ing of mills—Forfeiture of independence by workin  
disregard of political freedom—Evening task—No  
of Mazzini—Lines to his great memory. DREAM  
spirits, in Paradise, of Italian Martyrs : Savona  
Brescia, Arnulph, and the martyrs of Piedmont,  
and Calabria ; the martyrs of Venice . Giulio Gh



BOOK THE FIRST.

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- FULL fleetly, thirty years of strife have flown  
Since I—the dreamer—in yon prison-hold,  
Struck my lone harp of rude and cheerless tone,  
With hand unskilful, and perchance, too bold
1. For dainty ears that love the chords of gold,  
Touched by sleek charmers, known by accent bland  
And silken smile ; and deem your rhyming scold  
Of Power and Privilege ; a fiery brand  
That lordly men should quench, in this old queenly land.

- Full fleetly fly the years ! Gray Age hath come,  
And Mind is slow,—for blood and brain are chilled,  
And Memory maunders, or her tongue is dumb  
As death, when she should tell what forms have filled
2. The soul with awe—what joys or throes have thrilled  
The heart—throughout Life's changeful day :  
A task that, once, young Memory deftly trilled,  
And lightly, as a laughing child at play,  
Till dull Age came, and chid the happy power away.

- Old Age hath come, and my long-chosen task  
Is unfulfilled—for, I have loitered long  
As well as chosen. Yet a man may ask,  
And wisely, if the loitering hath been wrong :
3. Fools gather wisdom, and the weak grow strong,  
Not seldom, by delay : good thoughts have grown  
Where evil flourished. When the fitful throng  
And tempest of our noon of life are gone,  
The calm oft comes, in glory, with the setting sun.—

Afar I fled, soul-palsied with the fear  
That there was nought beyond the tomb :

O God ! I thank Thee that I never lost  
Heart-worship for Thy Son—the Christ—  
That, while my reason wandered, driven  
From doubt to deeper doubt, until the qu  
5. For Truth oft ended in Despair's unrest—  
The torturous, wild unrest of fell Despair!  
Yet, in my gloom, that sorrowing Visage  
In rays of moral beauty seemed to share  
My sorrow, and to say—" Come hither ! lean

" My yoke, poor wanderer, and thou shalt  
Rest from vain labour : from thy spirit's p  
Swift ease : come hither, to thy Saviour's  
Sweet Lord, I come ! my labour hath bee  
6. My search for rest. Unbind my heavy ch  
Of sin : release me, Saviour, with Thy god  
And powerful hand : wash out my guilty s  
Of rebel pride in Thy atoning blood !  
In brokenness of heart, I come—my Lord—

Thou givest peace not as the world doth ;  
To me Thy peace be given—that, while th  
Of mortal life is spun, my soul may live  
For Thee alone ; and I may humbly treat

- Thou seest them, pitying Father, in their doubt  
 And darkness ! And Thy just and sovereign gaze  
 Is fixt upon the mimesters who beclout  
 Themselves anew with rags of Rome, and raise,
8. Once more, for idol, with old pomps, and blaze  
 Of gold, and bannered splendours, and the sheen  
 Of lamps and candles, and the fragrant praise  
 Of incensed-chaunt, their starry-vestured Queen—  
 The lowly mother of the lowly Nazarene !

- The toiling thousands grope for saving truth,  
 And yearn to find ;—but ye seek not to save  
 Your untaught brethren with the words of ruth  
 And tenderness. It is for altars brave,
9. And gay bedizenments, ye hotly crave :  
 Dalmatica, and chasuble, and cope,  
 Biretta, rubied cross, and ivoried stave  
 Episcopal :—to have these toys ye hope—  
 But, for Christ's truth, still let the toiling thousands grope !

- Out on your childish greed for gew-gaws : toys  
 On which your martyred sires could scarcely look  
 Without a frown ! Are there no nobler joys  
 Within your grasp ? Have ye for these forsook
10. The simple truths your fathers loved ? They shook  
 The Romish slavery off ; and freedom, then,  
 Truly became your birthright : if ye brook  
 Meekly the Papal yoke to wear again,  
 Will your sons look ye in the face, and call ye— Men ?

- The toiling thousands think upon the Past,  
 And its fierce martyr-fires ; and, while they yearn  
 To fathom Mind's deep mysteries, feel no haste  
 To look for light from darkness, or to learn
11. Lessons from hildings who deserve their scorn.  
 In homely tongue, they ask—“ No better tools  
 For digging out the Truth do doctors earn  
 Than these, within their costly halls and schools ?  
 Do they build colleges to breed and foster fools ? ”

- And then they settle down in doubt, or try  
 A resting-place in restless doubt to find  
 In vain : for, still, the agonising cry,  
 Aloud, is heard of Doubt half-maddening mind ;  
 12. And, still, they grope for Truth—the inly blind !  
 Or, in disgust, they give up thinking ;—game  
 And bet, like lords ! on horses ; and behind  
 Cast care and conscience ; or the viler drome  
 Play out of sottishness and sensualism and shame !

- O for the gift to earth of some great souls !  
 O for the birth of men to found a new  
 And nobler chivalry than decks the rolls  
 Of real or mimic war ! O that a few  
 13. Among the Schooled and Privileged would thew  
 Their wills with high resolve, and grandly rise  
 To throw their hearts among the crowd,—the True  
 To champion, and cast down the forms of Lies—  
 Warriors for Good, old Evil's power to antagonize !

- Not dead to noble sympathies, and words  
 Fraternal, are the crowd that doubt, and dare  
 The depths of sin. In every heart are chords  
 That vibrate to the touch of humblest player  
 14. Or lordliest, if responding chords declare  
 Their touch is truly human. Patrons smart  
 And scented,—teachers with the lofty air  
 Of condescension, seem to the stalwart, swart,  
 And sturdy sons of Labour—Things without a heart.

- How long will this new dotage last—your strife  
 To re-enthroned old Priestcraft ? Do ye dream  
 That ye can veritably restore to life  
 The dead putrescence ? 'Midst the whirl of steam,  
 15. The speed of telegraphs, and lightning-gleam  
 Of knowledge which proclaims the Reign of Law,  
 Will toiling men a truth your bold tale deem  
 That ye can make your Maker ; and with awe  
 Bow down, in trembling fear of your anathema ?



- They neither fear ye, nor your curse : your creed  
Is monstrous to their common sense : they pine  
For rest in Truth, not mockery. Strive to lead  
The toiling crowd to reverence and enshrine
16. The Real Presence of the Lord Divine  
Within their hearts, and let your acts reveal  
That, while ye say ye love the Lord benign,  
Ye truly serve Him ; and, with grateful zeal,  
Devout, responsive crowds will welcome your appeal.—

- The night falls fast, and finds me brooding thus  
O'er evils that afflict my fatherland :—  
The night falls fast, yet brightly luminous  
Beam out the cotton mills that round me stand,
17. Where garish gas turns night to day ; and hand,  
And eye, and mind of myriad toilers win  
The wealth of England, but cannot command  
A certainty of bread,—though, for her sin, [spin.  
Woman, like man, doth weave, and watch, and toil, and

- Their toil now ceases, and my toil comes next.  
I gather them around me, and essay  
To teach them how to solve the " questions vex't "  
That puzzle and perplex them through the day,
18. Amid the din of wheels, and sweat and fray  
Of factory life. Some yawn with weariness ;  
Some frown ; some sneer ; some seem but clods of clay :  
But some look all aglow with bright excess  
Of rapt conviction which their minds doth overbless.

- My task ends all too soon. I wish the hours  
Could stand ; or these till morn could sit, and hear,  
And think. But drowsiness their frames o'erpowers ;  
And, ere day dawns, they must the call austere
19. O' the factory-bell obey—Toil's chanticleer !  
But, let it cheer my heart that, through each week  
I can my task pursue,—although the sere  
And yellow leaf be mine ;—and freely speak—  
Fearing no frowns, nor listening for applauses sleek.

- What hand—what stranger hand—shall close these eyes,  
 I cannot know,—or who stretch out my feet ;  
 What hushed voice say—“ A breathless corpse he lies,  
 His wanderings o'er : prepare the winding-sheet ! ”
20. Anxious to make my pilgrimage complete,  
 I will work on, rejoicing, let betide  
 What may, on earth. I covet the bright seat  
 He promised them that love Him, close beside  
 His throne of love—my glorious Lord, the Crucified !

- I fear, no longer, that my being destroyed  
 Shall be, when men shall lay this body low ;  
 That Mind shall perish in the mindless void,  
 And I shall cease to think, and feel, and know,
21. Although for ever there shall be the glow  
 Of thought and feeling in God's Universe.  
 The risen Christ with life shall re-endow  
 My soul ; and ne'er shall sin again amerce  
 My Christ-enfranchised being with Death's benumbing  
 curse.

- For ever with my Lord, who said, “ I am  
 The Resurrection and the Life,” I trust  
 To be ; and to that trust I cleave. Still maim  
 And blind is Mind, and blind and maim it must
22. Remain, how Mind shall live when dust to dust  
 Returns. But, since we cannot know the state  
 Beyond the grave, all-unperturbed robust  
 And patient souls should wait—unfaltering wait,  
 And calmly,—for the spirit-life emancipate.—

- Midnight hath come. I would that gentle sleep  
 Would visit me ; but seldom comes repose,  
 Now age is raught. Thought the long watch doth keep,  
 To wander o'er the Past, with operose
23. And feeble steps, or vainly seeks to uncloset  
 The barriers of the Future, till the brain  
 Is worn and wildered. Then, the startled doze  
 Of nervousness succeeds, or, hours of pain ;  
 And, seldom, o'er the sense, Sleep spreads her blissful reign.

- I sought for slumber, and, unwontedly,  
 Sweet Slumber, swiftly, on my eyelids laid  
 Her hand, full gently—as, on mother's knee,  
 A gentle mother's hand is softly stayed
24. Upon her helpless child.  
       Again, I strayed—  
 Or seemed to stray—in spirit, beyond the bound  
 Of earthly life: no longer, now, affrayed  
 With visioned forms that agonised and frowned  
 With rage, or sat in emblemed pomp, enthroned and crowned.
- I dreamed I walked the "land of pure delight,  
 Where everlasting spring abides, and never  
 Wither the flowers;" where neither worm nor blight  
 Attains their bloom, for ever and for ever:
25. Where neither sin nor death again can sever  
 The noble Army of Martyrs from their Lord,  
 Or unto pain again their souls deliver.  
 To Jesu's heaven of bliss, it seemed, I soared,  
 Where myriads of His saints God and the Lamb adored.
- But I knew not 'twas heaven, as first I woke—  
 Or seemed to wake—when I escaped from earth.  
 Upon my spiritual sight a vision broke  
 So like the "dear, dear land" that gave me birth,—
26. So like the woods, and vales, and hills where mirth  
 And glee were rife in childhood,—that it seemed  
 I had but lately left my Mother's hearth  
 To wander forth, and gather flowers that gleamed  
 With strange, unearthly splendour. Thus I dimly dreamed:
- I wandered in the pathway of a wood  
 Where delicatest wind-flowers round me lay,  
 Like snow new fall'n; and spring-born bluebells stood,  
 In slender tallness, peering o'er the array
27. Of humble violets and pied pansies gay,  
 With mimic pride; while, waving overhead,  
 Young silken beech-leaves and slim birchen-spray  
 Fleckt the pure light that from above was shed; [thread.  
 And still I seemed some well-known woodland path to

Yet, evermore, methought, no earthly hue  
 The trees and flowers displayed ; while neither cloud  
 Nor shade there seemed to be. And, soon, a new  
 And dazzling light revealed a smiling crowd  
 28. Of childlike forms—but, dimness, like a shroud,  
 Swiftly enwrapped the vision ; and terrene,  
 Again, seemed all things. Then, arose a proud  
 And terraced pile of mountains ever green ;  
 And I sped on to reach them, through a lowlier scene.

Soft hills sloped gently towards a verdant vale :  
 Like the loved hills that bound thy vale, O Trent !—  
 And, midway, in the valley wound the trail  
 Of a bright river, like a filament  
 29. Of sparkling silver. On its banks were blent  
 Trent's floral riches—as I did misdeem—  
 The vernal crocus pranked with transient  
 And blushing beauty ; cranesbill's sky-born gleam  
 Intense—looking like eyes of angels, in my dream ;

The huge-leaved butter-bur, with flowers so quaint ;  
 Clustered marsh-marigolds that did bedaze  
 My eyes, till I withdrew them by constraint ;  
 And still more dazzling was the golden blaze  
 30. Of water-lilies.

Now, again, with rays  
 Of light encircled, childlike creatures smiled  
 Upon me. Unaffrayed, but in a maze  
 I stood ; for none looked like an earth-born child :  
 They seemed too pure for souls derived from men defiled.

“ What are ye, beauteous things ? ” methought I spake.  
 Silent, they beckoned me with smiles of grace ;  
 And dimness soon again seemed to o'ertake  
 My vision—for, they faded till no trace  
 31. Remained of their bright forms. I trod, apace,  
 The vale, yearning to win the height sublime  
 O' the terraced mountains ; but the winning face  
 Of some fair flower, so dear to childhood's time, [clime.  
 Brought back my thoughts, in wonder still, to childhood's

- What virgin purity the flowers that grew  
 Nigh the bright winding river seemed to wear—  
 Sweet cicely, and meadow-sweet, and rue !  
 And cuckoo-flowers and chervils bloomed so fair,  
 32. They were as magnets to my eyes ; and there  
 I lingered, when I fain would have begone  
 To climb the mountains, and behold what rare  
 Large prospect from their summits might be won  
 Of that rich floral realm so sweetly halcyon.

- I stooped to pluck a lily from the marge  
 Of the fair river, since it grew so near,  
 And bloomed so dazzling white and grandly large ;  
 But, ere I touched it, suddenly in my ear  
 33. Streamed music, soft as whispers, and yet clear  
 And sweet as that sweet " Pastoral Symphony "  
 Oft heard on earth—the dulcet harbinger  
 Of lofty praise, and holy and heavenly glee :  
 Charmed prelude to the burst of angel minstrelsy.

- Still sweeter grew the sounds, and fairer bloomed  
 The flowers, till rapt thoughts strengthened that I trode  
 No earthly soil, but precincts to bliss-doomed  
 Celestial realms, where vigour is bestowed  
 34. On franchised souls to fit them for their load  
 Of bliss—the " weight of glory " which they bear—  
 " Far more exceeding and eternal,"—who see God :  
 They who eternal joys beyond compare  
 Esteem, with " light affliction " saints on earth may share.

- The thought that I was heir of bliss so great,  
 And that earth's life of sin and sorrow and pain  
 Was past, began, well-nigh, to tribulate  
 The soul with ecstasy : an overgain  
 35. Of bliss, it seemed, for one who knew the stain  
 Of sin—though all forgiven—henceforth to dwell  
 With endless joy. But soon, in tuneful strain,  
 Some unseen choral band, with jubilant swell,  
 Above, around me, pealed these words delectable :—

- “ Spirit, rejoice ! thy mortal life is past :  
 This land of living light no cloud can gloom :  
 Sin cannot reach it, with her fatal blast :  
 Here flowers can never fade, but ever bloom :
36. Here pain, or sin-bred anguish cannot come :  
 Death vanquisheth Man’s dust, but not the soul :  
 Man’s spirit is no tenant of the tomb—  
 No prisoner to the grave. Rejoice, thy dole  
 Is ended ; and thy soul hath reached her happy goal !

- “ Welcome, new heritor of bliss ! begin  
 To enter on thy rest. Let no alloy,  
 Or thought that thou hast known the stain of sin,  
 Lessen thy rapture, or thy bliss destroy.
37. Onward, and prove the fulness of that joy  
 Thy Saviour promised. He thy debt hath paid,  
 And thou art free ! Prepare for blest employ  
 Through countless ages ! Joys that never fade  
 Are thine : increasing joys thy essence shall pervade !

- “ Onward, and join the dear companions blest  
 Thou soon shalt meet : they who thy Saviour loved  
 And served, and openly His Name confessed ;  
 Nor to deny their Lord were weakly moved
38. When bad men threatened, but were faithful proved  
 Through lives of suffering, and in deaths of shame :  
 They who proclaimed that holy truth behoved  
 Their bodies should be given unto the flame  
 With joyous haste, so they might homage Jesu’s Name !”

- The glittering band of childlike creatures beamed  
 Above me, as the jubilant strain surceased,  
 That, now I knew, was theirs. Then, as I dreamed,  
 They vanished ; and I entered on glad quest
39. For some I yearned to see among the Blest—  
 Some who the martyr’s crown obtained by faith,  
 In fiery flames, and nobly did attest  
 The power of faith to draw the sting of death :  
 Who died exulting in their Lord with their last breath !

My fatherland's intrepid martyrs were  
 The souls I longed to meet ; and wish devout  
 I felt to gaze on reverend Latimer,—  
 The memory of whose nobleness oft wrought  
 40. Deep love within me, in my days of doubt  
 And wandering. Forthwith, as in dungeoned plight,<sup>8</sup>  
 The soul with intellective power seemed fraught  
 To realize her wish ; and, clothed with light,  
 The grand old martyr was revealed unto my sight !

And with him Ridley walked, in radiant dress  
 Of pure white robes ; and garland-crowns they wore  
 Of flowers that did transcend in beauteousness  
 And splendour the fair flowers upon the shore  
 41. Of the bright river, though I deemed, before,  
 These were all-peerless. Hand in hand appeared  
 The shining martyrs. As, for Christ, of yore,  
 To burn together they nor shrunk, nor feared,  
 So were they to each other, now, in bliss endeared.

That his brave death-words rose within my mind,  
 Seemed quickly known unto the martyred sire ;  
 And, that I feared their failure, he divined :  
 Whereat—unknowing that blest souls in higher  
 42. Ascents of purity the power acquire  
 To read their brethren's thought—I, speechless, stood  
 In wonder. Bravely, as if he marched the fire  
 Again to welcome with old hardihood,  
 He upward glanced, and thus his faith unshaken shewed :—

“ Fear not, young heir of heaven ! harbour no doubt  
 That Truth shall triumph. Falsehood's fellest power  
 The candle never shall again put out  
 We lighted up for England, in that hour  
 43. We dared the flame,—while, 'mong the crowds from tower  
 And hall and cloister, some that saw the deed  
 With fear at first, felt soon they would not cower  
 'Fore tenfold tortures ; and, in flames, did read  
 This truth : the 'Martyrs' blood shall be the Church's seed !”

- “Fear not for Truth—for Christ’s own glorious Truth !  
Falsehood may, yet, put forth spasmodic force,  
Again and oft, and vaunt her purity and youth,  
Though every step of her foul crooked course  
44. Speaks her decrepit. Despots may endorse  
Her lies for truth, to prop their crumbling thrones ;  
And fools the gay-trickt harridan may nurse  
And fondle ; but rotten are her very bones :  
Her scrannel songs scarce serve to drown her dying groans.

- “Onward, young heir of Jesu’s happy heaven !  
We go on messages of mercy sweet,  
Once more, to earth : such blest employ hath given  
The Lamb to His glad saints. Thee soon shall greet  
45. Dear souls familiar by their names : thy meet  
And loving teachers : till a convoy bright  
Of angels, swift, shall bring thee to the feet  
Of Jesus throned, amid His saints in white ;  
And thou shalt worship with them in supernal light !”

- Away, they sped !—the shining Martyr pair—  
On their blest errand, with most eager love,  
To do their loving Master’s will. To share  
Their work, methought, I coveted, and strove  
46. To follow them. But, sweetest strains above,  
Around me swelled, until I sank o’erpowered  
With ecstasy of sweetness—though I longed to prove  
The service of that heaven where saints adored,  
In myriad throngs of love, their glorious risen Lord.

- “Onward, still onward !”—did the sweet chaunt swell,  
From unseen choristers—“Thou wilt not find  
Thy rest in rapture. They on earth who dwell  
Miss their chief happiness because, with blind  
47. Perception of true bliss, they stay behind  
To reap the lesser joys that virtue gives,  
And toil not for the greater. God designed  
The soul for duty ; and he who, tireless, strives  
To render duteous service unto God derives



- “ Still higher bliss from every duteous deed.  
 God did engraft in moral natures sense  
 Of praise and blame ; and holiest natures feed  
 On consciousness of duty done, and thence  
 48. Derive, for God’s sweet service, more intense  
 And holy and earnest zeal : blest avarice  
 It is, to covet largest opulence  
 Of zeal for duty : who rest in rapture miss  
 True good : eternal service is eternal bliss ! ”

- And, now, grew visible a glorious band  
 Of spirits I seemed intuitively to know :  
 The gallant Martyrs of my fatherland :  
 Our noble Cobham ; Hooper, the firm foe  
 49. Of slavish pomps ; young Bilney, with faith’s glow  
 Exultant ; praying Bradford—devotee  
 So true and holy ; Philpot, with the brow  
 Of high intelligence ; Anne Askew, she  
 Who cheered her fellow-sufferers with such holy glee ;

- And melancholy Mary’s victims : Rogers, first  
 On whom her priests, watching like wolves for prey,  
 Contrived to slake their sanguinary thirst ;  
 Saunders, who burnt at Coventry ; and they—  
 50. A hero-crowd besides—who, in the day  
 Of vengeful Gardiner, and power of Rome  
 Retrieved, and Bonner’s savage zeal to slay,—  
 In Smithfield left their ashes, without gloom  
 Claspng the flames, triumphing in their fiery doom.

- With these came Bainham, who, when fire had raged  
 And burned his nether limbs, aloud proclaimed  
 “ This is a bed of roses ! ”—so assuaged  
 His faith fierce pain ! The weaver humble-named,  
 51. Too,—Tomkins,—neath whose wrist a taper flamed,  
 Held by brute Bonner, who thus vainly thought  
 To fright his victim ; Hawkes, who threw his maimed  
 And burning arms aloft, to quell the doubt  
 Of trembling lovers who this sign of him had sought ;

Hunter, the gentle boy whose mother and sire  
 Rejoiced that God to them so brave a child  
 Had given, to bear Him witness in the fire ;  
 Farrar, who, at Caermarthen, his foes foiled  
 52. So stoutly in the flames ; Tindal, who toiled  
 For future ages, and received the crown  
 Of martyrdom,—by treachery foul beguiled ;  
 With steadfast Lambert, who the tiger frown  
 Undaunted bore of Henry seated on his throne.

Brave Rowland Taylor with this martyred host  
 Came nobly on. But there was one aside  
 Who walked, as if for him there were no boast  
 Among his brethren—no exultant pride :  
 53. 'Twas Cranmer, seeming with himself to chide,  
 Even in heaven ! With these came many more  
 Who burned in England ; while, great souls allied  
 In faith and fervour, whom in her heart's core  
 Of reverence faithful Scotland long hath proudly bore,

Came with them : noble Hamilton, whom proud  
 And sensual Beatoun dragged to death, but fell,  
 Himself a victim to his country's loud  
 Demand for vengeance ; holy Wishart, well  
 54. And worthily ranked with martyrs vincible  
 By neither man nor demon ; Renwick bold ;  
 With crowds whom Power and Priestcraft could not quell :  
 The men who did the Solemn Covenant hold  
 As sacred :—men of high, heroic, martyr mould.

I saw this shining host, and knew the chaunt  
 Was theirs ; and one upraised me with a smile ;  
 And on I journeyed with them, while descant  
 They joined, how holy joys the spirit thrill  
 55. That thirsts some higher duty to fulfil,  
 Nor counts on rapture for reward, or ease,  
 Or rest, but evermore to service still  
 Aspires ; and how the soul new service sees  
 Before it, ever ; and thus eternal pleasures please.

- And then, conversing of the work they loved,  
They told each other of the sights just seen  
On earth,—for, soon, my wistful spirit proved  
That these glad souls to mother Earth had been,  
56. To cheer God's children in their earthly teen,—  
And how they loved the loving sweet employ :  
And then, by turns, they drew some picture sheen  
Of holy suffering and of holy joy,  
And patient faith and trust no suffering could destroy.

- Some told of mother's love, and watchings pale,  
Beside a dying child ; and some pourtrayed  
The dread heartbrokenness that bowed a frail  
Old man whom Death had robbed of all the aid—  
57. The earthly aid—he had, and lowly laid  
His loving life-companion in the grave ;  
While some rehearsed how pining sorrow preyed  
Upon the hearts of children who, to save  
Their dying parents, watched them with devotion brave.

- And some depicted how a virgin flower  
Of loveliness no words could tell declined  
Upon its fragile stem, from hour to hour—  
A loving maid beloved : two intertwined  
58. And beauteous natures : in the youth the mind,  
And in the maid the form, being fair as heaven ;  
And how she slept in death, and the youth pined  
Away in grief, for that all bliss seemed given  
With her on earth : with her all bliss away was riven !

- The shipwrecked sailor, in the ocean wide—  
Others described—and how his last lorn prayer  
Was for his bosom's love, the tender bride  
He left on land, far off—the home so fair  
59. He decked so daintily, with shells so rare  
And foreign beauteous things ; and how the dread  
Mysterious boding in her heart despair  
Succeeds, and daily her tears for him are shed,  
Long ere some lone survivor tells her he is dead.

- And others told of negro slaves, and pain  
 And torture meekly borne by many a thrall  
 Who never breathed offence to those for gain  
 Who bought and sold him, but obeyed their call  
 60. To wait and toil when he could scarcely crawl  
 To do their fiendish bidding. Others shewed  
 How some bore ignominy that would not fall  
 Before men's idols, though it seemed the load  
 Would crush them : still the knee to Baal they never bowed.

- The noble courage, in the Battle of Life,  
 Of peaceful warriors—others eulogised ;  
 The men who with vindictiveness and strife  
 And hate and malice, daily agonised ;  
 61. And strove to show mankind howe'er they prized  
 Red Victory's brow with laurel chaplet green,  
 Her real features were the Fiend's disguised.  
 And then they shewed how all who tried to wean  
 Men from War's madness suffered persecution keen.

- With loving grief—such grief as saints can feel  
 In heaven—some told of hard oppression borne  
 By a poor widow, toiling at the wheel  
 Or loom, with hungered frame, sore weary and worn,  
 62. To keep her fatherless ones from sin and scorn,—  
 Yet meeting sympathy from none—but sneers  
 From bestial tempters she doth meekly spurn.  
 And how the meek one leans on Him Who hears  
 His saints' low cry, and bottles up His tried ones' tears.

- And then they spoke of heavenly condolence  
 They bore to sorrowers : strength to fortify  
 The suffering with belief in Providence  
 That fills the cup of grief and trial nigh  
 63. Unto the brim in wisdom, and doth try  
 His saints in love, but never lets the cup  
 Run o'er ; that counts each tear, that hears each sigh,  
 Of all His contrite ones ; and, when they droop,  
 Sends heavenly help to bear their fainting spirits up.

Of resignation, and of steadfast faith  
 When bad men persecute the good, and rage  
 And threaten them with chains and torturous death,  
 They told ;—and how, on holy embassy  
 64. They went to bear such help, their lineage  
 Of suffering rendering them the bearers meet.  
 And gratefully, they said—Mind could not gauge  
 The Love Divine that sent them forth to greet  
 And strengthen struggling saints by earthly foes beset ;

And that themselves, thus, with the Paraclete  
 Divine should share the work of comforting  
 God's saints was a reward ineffably sweet ;  
 And had they known what the Eternal King  
 65. Designed them for, it would have drawn the sting  
 Of torture in their martyrdom till praise  
 Had filled their souls ; and, like a bird on wing,  
 Each would have soared, exultant, with glad lays,  
 Above all thought of pain, in the devouring blaze !

Thus while they held sweet descant, glode  
 Around us, oft, bands of the bright young quire  
 I saw when first I seemed the blest abode  
 Of saints to enter ; and I felt desire  
 66. Grow strong to know them. Ne'er seemed they to tire  
 But ever floated on, with rapturous eyne  
 Betokening how they did the speech admire  
 Of God's glad martyrs, who the scheme benign  
 Extolled that did to them sweet ministering work assign.

Ere I could ask, one answered my thought's quest.  
 "These are," said he, "but scanty companies  
 Of that great myriad army of the Blest  
 Of which they all are numbered. Hither, when hies  
 67. A soul from earth, these meet it, and surprise  
 The welcome soul with sounds and looks of love,  
 And thus prepare it for the exercise  
 Of all the powers within its essence wove  
 By the Great Maker, that it may for ever prove

- “ The blessedness of being, which God hath given.  
 These are the souls of infants : they of whom  
 The Saviour said of such the kingdom of heaven  
 Is. Deem thou not He meant they hither come  
 68. As if heaven were all infants' bright heirloom  
 By native right of innocency. Each soul  
 From Adam born is born in sin ; and doom  
 Of sin these 'scape, because Christ suffered dole  
 For them, and makes, by grace, their sin-grained spirits  
 whole.

- “ Of such the kingdom of heaven is ; and young  
 They are for ever ! Thus, by Divine decree,  
 They who by actual sin of thought or tongue  
 Were never stained do first salute the free  
 69. And happy souls who join our jubilee  
 In heaven. Old sin-stained earth they visit never,  
 Since sin or guilt they never knew : while we  
 Revisit sin's abode : the Great Life-giver  
 Thus serving, thus His service blest enjoying ever ! ”

- Soon seemed we to have raught the mountains green,  
 And up their terraced sides, untoiling, climbed,  
 Beholding myriad forms so bright, the sheen  
 Of all earth's gold and gems would have been dimmed  
 70. Beside their beauty. Countenances sublimed  
 From mortal care and fear and doubt they wore ;  
 And, as they clomb the mountains, sweetly hymned  
 Their grateful joy, their earthly fight being o'er,  
 Of sin the stain and torture they should know no more.

- They sang not praise because from fiery flame,  
 Or fiercer bodily pain, they were set free,—  
 Although they out of great tribulation came ;—  
 But joyous hymns they sang set to the key  
 71. Of purest love, because their leprosy  
 Of guilt was cleansed, and o'er them sin's dread reign,—  
 By Him Who captive led captivity,—  
 Was broken, never to be resumed again :  
 Thus, as they climbed, they sang their evergrateful strain :—

- “ We come, O God, from holy work on earth,  
 To adore in heaven Thy glorious majesty !—  
 Father of all, and Son who once had birth  
 ’Mong sinful men, and Holy Spirit, Three  
 72. In One, the Triune God !—to bow the knee  
 With all for whom Christ’s precious blood hath streamed,  
 And angels fair !—to join heaven’s jubilee,  
 With all the fallen whom Thou hast redeemed,  
 And all on whom for aye Thy unbroken smile hath beamed !

- “ For ever blessed be Thy Holy Name !  
 Great Giver of existence and of thought !  
 Let all Thy saints return Thee sweet acclaim  
 For all the wonders which Thy hand hath wrought—  
 73. For all the bliss with which our life is fraught—  
 For all Thy long-forbearance when the sway  
 Of rebel Sin we owned, and foully fought  
 Against Thy sovereign love, from day to day.  
 We bless Thee that Thou didst not cast our souls away !

- “ For ever blessed be Thy Holy Name !  
 Thou didst in mercy seek Thy wandering sheep,  
 When, lost in sin, and lost to sense of shame,  
 We wandered still, and had no will to creep  
 74. Back to Thy feet in penitence, and weep  
 To have such love as Thine so vilely spurned.  
 Great God, what wondrous mercy dost Thou keep  
 For men ! We never had to Thee returned,  
 Hadst Thou not sought us : never should for sin have mourned.

- “ But Thou didst love us, and dost love men still—  
 E’en sinful men on earth ; Thou dost not leave  
 Them in their sins, and helplessness of ill :  
 Them Thou dost seek, and grant a long reprieve  
 75. To their rebellion—drawing them to grieve  
 For sin, and win Thy sweet forgiving love !  
 Thy sweet forgiving love we feel, and cleave  
 To Thee, as all Thy saints in heaven have clove  
 For ages ; and for aye Thy loving smile shall prove !

- “We bless Thy Holy Name we never here  
 Shall grieve Thy holiness, indulge desire  
 Or thought of sin, or ever feel a fear  
 Of falling! Evermore in us the fire  
 76. Divine shall burn to love Thee, and acquire  
 Still holier zeal; for Thou wilt guide our aim  
 To serve Thee, while to Thee our souls aspire,  
 And still wilt feed in us the holy flame!  
 For ever and ever blessed be Thy Holy Name!”

- So sang the myriad shining forms that climbed  
 The mountains ever green. And, as I glanced  
 Along their ranks, I saw their steps were timed:  
 So that in triumph-march the hosts, entranced  
 77. With joy, up by the terraces advanced,—  
 While newer hosts of shining ones, from earth,  
 Still more their numbers and their joys enhanced,—  
 For upward still they clomb, all sending forth  
 The pæans of their grateful joy and holy mirth.

- Lo! when the hosts the mountain heights had won,  
 How shall I tell the glory of my dream?—  
 The golden crystal walls before us shone—  
 Those lofty walls adorned with sparkling gem  
 78. Of every name; and those twelve gates with beam  
 Resplendent of one matchless pearl:—the blest  
 Apocalyptic vision God did deem  
 Him worthy of who on the loving breast  
 Of Christ, on earth, so often found a loving rest!

- The new Jerusalem—the home, I saw,  
 Of God's dear saints for whom the Lamb's own blood  
 Was shed; and on the angels gazed with awe,  
 Who, at the pearly gates o' the City of God,  
 79. In panoply of light, as keepers, stood.  
 I thought their eyes pierced through me—but, behold!  
 They oped the mighty gates; and, like a flood,  
 The Martyr-hosts—who in their Lord were bold—  
 Streamed in, with songs of triumph, on the floor of gold!



- I went not with them ; for methought the band [new,  
 With which I marched, to whom heaven's realm was  
 Were marshalled by an angel with a wand  
 Of silver, till he other bands outdrew
80. From the great host ; and soon he loudly blew  
 The golden trumpet which hung by his side—  
 And forth from out the gates a convoy flew  
 Of winged seraphim, who smiling cried :  
 "The Lamb unto the marriage-supper calls the Bride !
- " Come in, ye blessed of the Lord, come in !  
 Receive the mansions by your Lord prepared :  
 The glorious Crown of Life ye now shall win !  
 His truth and love ye have on earth declared :
81. With Him the hate of wicked men ye shared :  
 And though ye were not called to prove your faith  
 In the fierce flames which His confessors dared,  
 Ye have been faithful in your lives, till death.  
 Come in ! receive from His own hands the blooming  
 wreath
- " Of immortality. Come in, come in,  
 Ye blessed of the Lord ! receive the bright  
 Reward !—the crown of glory ye shall win !"—  
 And now we seemed upborne on bands of light
82. By the winged seraphim, with gentle flight,  
 Into the City of God, even to the throne  
 Of God and of the Lamb : into the sight,  
 All-glorified, of Him who wore the crown  
 Of thorns, but now gives crowns of life unto His own !
- Vision of holiest love, how shall I tell  
 Thy sweetness !—or the splendour of that brow  
 Of awfulest majesty, for earthlings spell  
 In characters that men may read ! O may I know
83. That smile ineffable when hence I go  
 To meet my Judge !—but all earth's langua  
 Could not my soul with potency endow  
 To tell my dream : all earth-made speech  
 To unveil the glory that the King in His bea

Of health, and light, and love, and bli  
Of knowledge bounteous : things obs  
The soul become, in heaven, close au  
Of the Eternal Word, whose accents ov

The high archangels, as the saints in  
Rapt consciousness no ceasing there s  
Of His all-gladdening smile : no dark  
Of error—but bright perpetuity  
85. Of rectitude : the soul from wrong set  
That growth in wisdom of His works  
Might fill her enlarging powers with e  
So that all souls, for aye, should grate  
To the All-Blest, All-Blessing One, their

All mortal words are mean ! More, f  
Love bliss-endowing, bliss-entrancing,  
In that one look that, from the throne  
Glanced on my soul, than all the soul  
86. On earth of joys in tenderness that m  
Our nature. And 'twas bliss ALL fel  
In speechless awe of overbliss, now k  
And loved, and worshipped, while it s  
The soul to experience bliss so beatifical

Ten thousand times ten thousand harp  
Tuned by the fingers of the angelic th

“Worthy the Lamb, that once for men was slain—  
For sinful men !”—the holy martyrs cry.

“Worthy, redeeming Lord, Thou art to reign”—  
Responded myriad angels holy and high—

88. “Who didst Thyself the souls of sinners buy  
From endless pain ; and didst Thy Father’s rule  
Of righteousness for ever justify !”

“We bow,” the archangels cried, “at Thy footstool,  
O co-eternal Son, divinely pitiful !”

“O Father !” sang all heaven, “we laud Thy Name  
For Thy eternal purpose made so clear

In giving Him to suffering and to shame—

Thy only begotten Son, so loved and dear

89. Unto Thy heart divine—who hath no peer  
In all created life—Thy Son, who hath  
In Thine own bosom ever dwelt, that here,  
In this Thy heaven of love, men, saved by faith

In Him, might live : for ever saved from Thy just wrath !”

“O Spirit Divine !” sang on the general host  
Of men and angels, “we adore Thy pure  
Long-suffering love for man ! O Holy Ghost,  
Who didst so long the sight of sin endure—

90. Whose purity hath striven the foul to cure,  
And conquered !—by whose sovereign breath  
Sinners were born again,—their forfeiture  
Of heaven was cancelled,—and they found the path  
Up hither, by Thy light : made heirs of heaven, through  
faith !”

“Eternal Triune God !” sang ransomed men  
And sinless babes, and principalities  
And powers, and holy creatures with the ken  
All-spiritual—the creatures full of eyes !—

91. And angel and archangel companies,  
And cherubim and seraphim ; and, from  
The macrocosm of God, myriads of guise  
And form man cannot name, devoutly come  
To welcome God’s loved saints to their eternal home :

" Eternal Triune God ! Who wert, and art,  
 And art to come ! Thrice holy, sovereign One !  
 Thyself sole Life, who dost their life impart  
 To all that live—Thyself sole Mind, the boon  
 92. To know who giv'st to all that think—sole Sun  
 The light who giv'st to all that live and feel—  
 Sole Strength, their strength who giv'st to all that on  
 The solid worlds or ether move—reveal  
 Thyself who dost, in glory and love unspeakable !

" We hymn Thy everlasting love, O Lord !  
 Thy love which gives us happy life, in thought  
 And act, Thy will in doing, and the reward  
 For ever finding in our work. Full fraught  
 93. Are all Thy works with love ; and, by Thee taught,  
 For ever, thus, we work in love, and find  
 Our bliss enlarging ever ; nor shall aught  
 Restrain or bound the bliss Thou hast designed  
 For all that do Thy will : the bliss with service joined.

" O God, our greatest bliss is that we love  
 Thee, and Thou lovest us. And Thou hast made  
 Us capable of loving more, and wove  
 In all our natures powers that, well essayed  
 94. In Thy blest service, Thou wilt ever aid  
 And strengthen, till for higher service still  
 Our being is fitted, and our thoughts all stayed  
 On Thy perfections. Father, let Thy will  
 Be done ! With that desire alone our spirits fill !

" Thy will is happiness to all that live.  
 It was Thy everlasting love that moved  
 Thee to create, and happy life to give.  
 No other life Thou ever gav'st. They roved  
 95. From blessedness to bale, and swiftly proved  
 Their folly, who misused the freedom fair  
 Thou didst endow them with : for, it behoved  
 All spiritual natures should be free,—to share  
 Thy blest approval, or Thy righteous blame to bear.

"Thy wisdom, as Thy power and love, adored  
 For ever be, by all that think and know !  
 We see not all Thy purposes, O Lord !  
 Not yet—although throughout the ages grow  
 96. Our essences in knowledge—do they glow  
 With full perception of Thy works and ways.  
 All-perfect One, Thou hast no yoke-fellow !  
 Afar, full oft, in awe we stand and gaze,  
 Or sink beneath the effulgence of Thy glory's rays !

"We see not all Thy purposes, or aim.  
 If through the ages Ill survive, though Good  
 For ever with it war, and no reclaim  
 For evil-doers be found ; if still the proud  
 97. Submit not to Thy rule, repentant bowed,  
 At length, 'fore Thy high will so holy and bright—  
 Thy all-wise will be done ! For us, no cloud  
 Can hide the truth that Thou art true ; and right  
 Are all Thy ways, O Holy Dweller in the Light !

"We know Thy will is that, like Thee, we war  
 Unceasingly with Evil, and condole  
 With those that suffer : that, to still the jar  
 Of disobedience in each human soul,  
 98. In Thy blest sight is blessed. No control  
 We have o'er loftier essences that fell  
 From holiness and bliss. If in the roll  
 Of ages, spiritual powers who now rebel  
 Shall to Thy love return—O Lord, it shall be well—

"For, such return unto Thy arms of love—  
 Unto Thy heart, that yearns all being to bless—  
 Shall to Thy saints and angels grateful prove  
 Thy wisdom, in its depths, how fathomless !—  
 99. How perfectly the spotless, bright impress  
 Of love is stamped on Thy great government,  
 Through all Thy realms of life and boundlessness !—  
 O Thou who art alone all-prescient,  
 Thy holy will be done—O Lord, all-excellent !

" Now round Thy throne again we grateful crowd,  
 And join our praise for all Thy goodness past,  
 Present, to come ;—for all, with which endowed  
 Of intellect and strength, we feel Thou hast  
 100. Blest our existence ! Giver of goodness vast,  
 Interminable, as of life, we hymn  
 The wondrous love with which Thou hast embraced  
 Alike, the wanderers who Thy gifts bedim,  
 But seek forgiveness,—and Thy steadfast seraphim !

" All praise be Thine—not ours—for constancy  
 Of service. Left, unguided, uninspired,  
 Unaided, unimpelled, O Lord, by Thee,  
 The brightness even of those Thou hast attired  
 101. With crowns of splendour, near Thee, had expired  
 In darkest wanderings of the will : the speed  
 With which we haste to go, with fervour fired,  
 Afresh, perpetually, on holy deed,  
 Had sunk to slowness, didst Thou not our fervour feed.

" Thy gladdening smile we feel to be our life :  
 And life it gives us now ; happy, renewed  
 Existence, with the will and powers all rife  
 With zeal for high employ and amplitude  
 102. Of service : neither with less zest imbued  
 For lowliest work—so that we shelter fling  
 Round Thine own saints who suffer in the feud—  
 With Evil,—or bold rebels, humbled, bring  
 Low at Thy feet in tearful penitence to cling.

" We see the sign of love beneath Thy feet,  
 That now, with energy renewed, we do  
 Again on earth our errands. When we meet  
 Once more around Thy throne in bliss to bow—  
 103. Another round of duty done—not slow,  
 We trust, we shall have proved in zeal for Thine  
 All-righteous rule. Go with us, Father, go !—  
 Or vigour of saint and angel shall decline,  
 And we shall fail to execute Thy will benign.

" The presence of Thy visible glory, Lord,  
 We leave ; but let us feel Thee ever near,  
 Where'er we go, and that Thou dost afford  
 Us loving aid while, serving in Thy fear,  
 104. We do our works of love. O Father ! drear  
 The spaces of Thy universe would be  
 Without Thyself. Blest Father ! ever cheer  
 Thy sons with consciousness that, while they flee  
 To do Thy will, Thou still art with them : they with Thee ! "

Their choral praise was ended ; but my rhyme  
 Is all unworthy of the theme. Inane  
 Were all attempts the choir of that pure clime  
 Of highest heaven, and their ecstatic strain  
 105. Of holiest worship, with the grand refrain,  
 So oft repeated, of their grateful joy,  
 To celebrate. To leave God's high domain  
 They now prepared, in lower realms employ  
 To share : to help the Good, or Evil to destroy.

Bright order still they kept. Who led the van ?  
 God's holy Martyrs—with no banner spread,  
 Or ensign—but they, first, with zeal began  
 The crystal walls to pass—to join the dread  
 106. Encounter, still, with Evil : firm their tread  
 Upon the golden floor ! And, marshalled forth  
 By resident seraphim of heaven, were led  
 To the gates the myriad host, beside—on earth,  
 Or other realms of God where first their souls had birth,

To re-enjoy their work for Him—their high  
 And rapturous toil of love and service blest.  
 The resident seraphs, and the beasts that cry—  
 Saying, " Holy, holy, holy ! "—and never rest—  
 107. The spiritual creatures full of eyes—and drest  
 In white, the Elders crowned, who, by the sea  
 All-hyaline, before the Throne, attest  
 Likewise, perpetually, the sanctity  
 Of God Almighty—by His loving, high decree,

Remained in heaven—to me, to know 'twas given—  
 Ever with rapt and holy worship, there :  
 Within the Lamb's own light, in highest heaven  
 Remained to praise.

108.

I heard a voice declare :  
 "Thou shalt return !" as I the precincts fair  
 Of bliss prepared to leave. A thrill of bliss  
 Awoke me ; and I, trembling, breathed a prayer :  
 " Lord ! let me not by sin, or cowardice  
 In the discharge of duty, the blest guerdon miss

"Of joys ineffable, in Thy glad realm  
 Of heaven ! Henceforth, through every waking hour  
 Let me be breathing prayer ! If trouble whelm  
 My spirit, and dark shapes of evil lour  
 109. Upon me—even in the hour and power  
 Of darkness, Saviour, let me feel Thee near !  
 Through Thee, let me be more than conqueror  
 O'er sin, and sloth, and pride, and doubt, and fear ;  
 And then, Thy voice saying, 'Come up hither !' let me  
 hear !"



NOTES TO BOOK THE FIRST.

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1.—Page 303, Stanza 24

An allusion to the Hall of Suicide Kings, in Book I. of "The Purgatory of Suicides."

2.—Page 303, Stanza 26.

"*Dear, dear land!*"

Dying speech of Gaunt, in Shakspeare's Richard II.

3.—Page 307, Stanza 40.

Another allusion to "The Purgatory of Suicides," Book I., Stanza 36.



BOOK THE SECOND.



- COME forth, my Love! Old Winter, harsh and frore,  
Flees the young vernal Sun! Come forth, my Love!  
Let us renew sweet childhood's joys once more:  
Once more return with merriment to rove
1. Adown the dear old lanes, through the loved grove,  
O'er mead, and marsh, and pasture! Though with lithe  
And limber steps we can no longer move,  
The flowers will laugh around us! Ere Death's scythe  
Shall reach us, let us share again Spring-pleasures blythe!  
  
What say'st thou, Love—"Will there be flowers in  
heaven?"  
They should grow there, Love, for thine own sweet sake.  
But, while on earth we stay, and flowers are given  
To us on earth so lovely that they make
  2. Our hearts rejoice within us, and oft wake  
A wonder whether saints in bliss behold  
Aught that doth seem more truly to partake  
Of rapturous loveliness than flowers unfold  
Of loveliness on earth, though only of earth's mould,  
  
Let us go forth, and look into their eyes  
Of love, once more!  
  
Old faces, ever new,  
Men would look fondlier on ye, were they wise:  
Ye harbour no ingratitude: the view
  3. Of your bright beauty breeds no spite: your hue  
And splendour raise no jealousies: content  
Is your inheritance, and ye subdue  
Aspiring thoughts in man: most eloquent  
Is your frail life how briefly mortal life is spent!

- How oft your mute but holy chaplainship  
 Hath led the heart of man to holiest prayer :  
 Heart prayer : more true than orisons o' the lip !  
 Still let me seek ye in the freshening air
4. Of morn ; and as ye ope your eyes so fair  
 And look towards heaven,—upward I'll look  
 With grateful love, and humbly cast my care  
 On Him who careth for ye, in your nook  
 Wherein so lowlily ye nestle. In His Book

I learn He loved ye, when He walked on earth  
 With lowly men, and taught them that the king  
 So wealthy and wise was not, with all his girth  
 Of glorious robes and jewels glistening,

5. Arrayed like one of ye !—

Welcome, sweet Spring—

My natal time !—How I could love to live  
 For ever here, if thou wert garlanding  
 The earth, always. Thanks, rather, let me give  
 For joys thou giv'st : this life of joy is fugitive !

- Come forth, my Love ! the sorrel of the wood—  
 Thy darling tenderling—in mossy shade  
 Now blossoms fair, the bluebell is in bud ;  
 And the frail windflower and the primrose fade.
6. O violet sweet ! hath thy rich hue dismayed  
 Thy pale companions ?—Let's to the brooklet's edge !  
 See how the turbaned geum hath displayed  
 Its pride !—Step hither, darling, through the sedge :  
 'Twill glad thine eyes : I've found the golden saxifrage !

- Hark ! 'tis the cuckoo : Spring's true harbinger !  
 We all feel sure 'tis Spring—'tis life renewed—  
 When that quaint note—quaint, yet beloved—we hear !  
 How wondrous 'twas in childhood ! All unviewed,
7. The curious voice with ardour we pursued,  
 Imagining the wood, the vale, the hill  
 Contained it,—nor desire to run subdued  
 Easily, though out of breath ! How like our will  
 To follow fancies that can ne'er the wide soul fill !

- List, list again ! the stock-dove coos her coy  
 But fervent love ; that lowly minor song  
 The yellow-hammer sings brings back the joy  
 Of early years ; the linnet perched among
8. The golden gorse doth tenderly prolong  
 Old, sweet remembrances ; while, overhead,  
 The soaring lark, in anthems clear and strong,  
 Leads back desire to joys that will bestead  
 The yearning soul most truly while on earth we tread.

- But, list again ! How tear the heart away  
 From earth, while listening to yon flute of gold  
 The blackbird sweetly plays ? What powerful sway  
 Hath such rapt music for the soul ! Oh cold,  
 9. Relentless Death ! how I thy power controlled  
 Could wish, that I might ever stay on earth  
 And listen to her music manifold !  
 What wonder that her music and her mirth  
 Have such enchantment for a thing of earthly birth ?

- What tiny woodman's axe rings lightly down  
 Our path ? Lo, yonder to the rotten tree  
 Clings the green-feathered worker, with his crown  
 Of burning crimson ! With what saucy glee
10. The bar-winged jay and magpie laugh to see  
 Their neighbour's toil ! Let idlers all deride—  
 He works in earnest, having found the key  
 To unlock the insect treasures that there hide :  
 Well done, fair bird ! work on, whether they laugh or chide !

- Shall we press inward, to the thicket dern,  
 Where rare Herb Paris springs, and orchids flout  
 The mystic stranger, 'mid young snake-curled fern ?  
 Hark ! in the swamp, how merrily the rout
11. Of snow-white crowfoots seem to sing and shout :  
 " We are as fair as lilies ! " Many a year,  
 Loved lilies of the vale ! with hope devout,  
 In vain, I've sought ye, and begin to fear  
 The music of your fairy bells I shall not hear

- As in Lea Wood I heard it, when—a child,  
 Love-guided by my brave dear mother's hand,  
 I went to pluck ye, and my mother smiled,  
 Forgetting her oppressors 'midst the bland
12. And gladdening smile of Spring. 'Midst yon bright band  
 I soon shall meet her—for, in Christ she died !  
 Sweet Lord, I thank Thee, that in Thy glad land  
 No woe or weeping shall the Poor betide :  
 No more their souls shall ache beneath the scourge of  
 Pride !

- Away, old sorrows of the heart, away !  
 How surely do your memories live, though years,  
 We think, have buried them ! But now sweet May  
 Hath come, this is no time for sorrow's tears.
13. Let tears flow, rather, from the fount that nears  
 The fount of sorrow, in the soul : so twin  
 Is all our nature ! on the face that wears  
 The clouds of sorrow radiant joys soon shine ;  
 And smiles to tears, soft, whisper—" Lo, we are akin ! "

- " It is the merry, merry month of May !"—  
 So sang we in our childhood ; and the song  
 Let us sing cheerily 'mong the flowers so gay !  
 They are not fallen to sin, or stained with wrong.
14. O give us of your pureness, happy throng  
 Of virgin starworts !—your untainted show  
 Of beauty seems more truly to belong  
 To bliss, because so near the ground ye blow :  
 Even fairest flowers seem happiest when they humbly grow.

- And humble as thy name doth thee betoken,  
 Lowly ground-ivy, not a cultured flower  
 Of which we hear words superfine fairspoken,—  
 Whether in trim parterre or lady's bower,
15. Or grand conservatory,—holds a dower  
 Of richer splendour than thy purple dye !  
 Nor seems the dahlia, in its robes of power,  
 More beautiful than thy meek fairy eye,  
 And tinct serene, as of the noon-day summer sky,

- Dear speedwell, that so modestly dost cower  
Under the hedgerow ! Pilewort, with its sheen  
Of gold, and daisy silver-rayed,—the flower  
So dear to every child !—with lovelier mien,  
16. Seem to gaze on us from their couch of green  
Upon the ground, than if they did look down  
From lofty boughs of lordly forest treen.  
From lofty things we rather fear a frown,  
Than look that smiles by them upon the earth be strown.

- What hast thou found ?—the fairy moschatel ?  
How fitly did the wise and reverent Swede  
“Unglorying” name it ! He named all things well—  
The lowly interpreter of Nature : freed  
17. From base self-worship, all things did him lead  
To enthrone the All-Worshipful, and trace His hand  
Of tireless care and wisdom in each weed,  
Each winged and creeping thing, proud man hath banned,  
As much as in the beautiful, the gay, the grand.

- There goes the startled throstle from her nest !  
Come, let us seek for it, but not destroy  
Or rudely touch its precious treasure, lest  
The bird should grieve when she comes back to pry  
18. If all be safe. *Eureka!*—when a boy,  
If I had found five eggs so beauteous blue  
And speckled, I should have gone wild with joy !  
I wish I had found out the value true  
Of other pretty things I did so long pursue

- Only to find them valueless and void  
Of aught to make man happier. How the eyes,  
The ears, the taste, and every sense beside,  
Deceive us !—and, when undeceived, what sighs  
19. We heave to be deceived again ! Disguise  
It as we may, the winsome world we deem  
So false is chiefly our own making. Lies  
Will sparkle as if writ with Truth’s own beam  
To minds content to rest on hopes that only seem.

- Our steps grow weary, Love ! Let us wend home—  
 Though home we share no longer, as in days  
 Gone by. Worn pilgrims, through the world we roam,  
 Calling no cot "our own," kindling no blaze
20. On our own hearth, bidding a friend who pays  
 His evening visit "welcome !" now, no more.  
 What then ? We know no want : so let us raise  
 Our thankful hearts unto the Great Bestower :  
 Life shall be DUTY while it lasts ; 'twill soon be o'er !

- My evening task wrought out, once more, when sleep  
 Imperfectly again had shut out sense  
 Of outward things—which, evermore, we threap,  
 Are real and true, while but a fraudulence
21. Of brain o'er-busy 'tis, or indigence  
 Of gastric power, that fills the mind with dreams, —  
 I dreamt again that I had audience  
 Of martyred souls in converse on high themes :  
 A company brightly clad with heaven's own glorious beams.

- The Martyrs' names ybore of reverence—names  
 A false religion teaches men should hold  
 As mediatorial. But, I wis, no claims  
 On earth they made so arrogant and bold ;
22. And their descant in heaven left all untold  
 Such fictions of old Priestcraft. Holy Paul  
 The persecutor saved—I did behold ;  
 And with him Peter and James ; apostles all  
 Of Him who died to save their sinful souls from thrall.

- They spake not of the kind of death they died :  
 Not Paul of his beheading ; nor if on  
 The self-same day Peter was crucified<sup>1</sup>  
 Head downwards, in the spiritual Babylon ;
23. Nor of the sword wherewith the brother of John  
 Was slain, by murderous Herod, heard I word  
 Of boasting made by James. And when, anon,  
 There met them James, the brother of the Lord,  
 Surnamed "the Just," he spake not of the old record,



- How lawlessly the Pharisaic mob  
 Hurl'd him sheer down from off the temple's wing  
 And beat his brains out with a fuller's club,<sup>2</sup>  
 Because full often they had felt the sting
24. Of his reproofs amid their trafficking  
 With vice in virtue's name. No thought of pride  
 Did to the souls of the Apostles cling,  
 While speaking of the Past. It seem'd beside  
 A stream of Paradise, in lowliness, they hid.

- Most gratefully they spake of what they owed  
 To their most loving Lord ; and of the grace  
 He gave them, while upon the earth they trode,  
 His saving truth to welcome and embrace ;
25. And power to war with old affections base,  
 Within ; and strength and boldness to proclaim,  
 Alike to Greek and Jew, in every place,  
 The Gospel of God's Christ ; and His high Name  
 To enthrone where'er they bore the cross, despising shame.

- And then they spake, in wonder, how such weak  
 And faulty creatures as on earth they felt  
 They were, God should have used His truth to speak  
 And spread so widely through the realms where knelt
26. Fallen men to brutish idols :—from the belt  
 Of Libyan sand, and by the pillars named,  
 Falsely, of Hercules, where the Iberian Kelt  
 Worshipp'd the sun ; and all around the famed  
 Great Mediterranean Sea, 'mong nations haughtily claimed

- For vassals by the imperial men of Rome,—  
 To question-loving Athens, Corinth lewd—  
 Of merchandise and wealth and sin become  
 The heart of Greece, in her decrepitude ;—
27. And through the isles o'er the Ægean strew'd ;  
 And in the stately cities of Levant,  
 And Lesser Asia ; till again were view'd  
 The prostrate peoples who, with fire and chaunt,  
 Knelt to the sun, in degradation jubilant !

And then they blessed the holy name of Christ,  
 That now His truth across the seas was borne  
 To men in late-found regions ; and rejoiced  
 That Gentile nations whom their sires with scorn  
 28. Had looked upon, and treated as forlorn,  
 Forsaken things of God, were filled with zeal  
 For Christian truth. And then they 'gan to mourn,  
 As happy spirits mourn in heaven, and feel  
 For brethren who reject blindly their highest weal.

“ Oh that our brethren who on earth still boast  
 Of father Abraham's seed ”—were the earnest cries  
 Of holy Paul—“ from grovelling in the dust  
 Would cease, and strive to win the blessed prize  
 29. Of life we share in Jesu's Paradise !  
 When from their sight will they let fall the scales  
 Of stubborn prejudice, and exercise  
 The gift of patient thought, that never fails  
 To find out truth, when earnestness in men prevails,

“ And preference for the truth, whate'er betide  
 Him that embraceth it? For God doth aid,  
 Unknowing to the seeking soul, and guide  
 Its search for truth. 'Twas thus displayed  
 30. Was His large pity, although fierceness swayed  
 My spirit, and I burned to shed the blood  
 Of Jesu's saints. His holy eyes pervade  
 Men's thoughts, marking their yearnings for the good,  
 And leading them by ways they have not understood.”

“ Yet, 'twas not patient thought, my brother Paul,  
 I trow, that saved thee,” with fraternal smile  
 Spake Peter ; “ rather say 'tis goodness all—  
 Free, sovereign goodness—that doth choose the vile :  
 31. The persecutor, thou—on murder bent, the while :  
 The faithless, I, who did deny my Lord :  
 'Tis sovereign goodness that doth reconcile  
 Fallen men to God.”

“ For ever be adored [word]—  
 That goodness ! Thou hast spoken the wiser and better

- The great apostle of the Gentiles said,  
 With noble haste of meekness. "We must wait  
 The Lord's good time. 'Twill surely come. The dead  
 Shall rise to holy life. God will create  
 32. Israel anew. His people's afterstate  
 Of bliss on earth shall come. Men shall behold  
 The day when every Jew shall hail God's great  
 Messiah—Jesus the Nazarene—their old  
 Rapt seers with joy beheld, and rapturously foretold."

- "Yet God," said James, the martyr of that lewd  
 And cruel king who gave the dancer vain  
 John Baptist's head for fee, "still lets the feud  
 Prevail 'tween Jew and Gentile. And the reign  
 33. Of Christ on earth seems distant far. The strain  
 Of triumph for the lowly Jesus swells  
 Not yet, o'er land and sea. Old Error's chain  
 Still binds half earth. The dark-skinned heathen sells  
 His children to the white for gold. Earth's lands are hells

- "Of evil yet, in spite of all God's strife  
 With men, and Christ's dear suffering, and the zeal  
 Of His dear saints. And yet may many a life  
 Of Christian men be taken by the steel  
 34. Of murderers vile who bear the outward seal  
 And name of Christ. Or, men may have to burn,  
 In scores, for Christ's own truth, till nations feel  
 How bitter is the bondage they have worn  
 Beneath the Man of Sin : that priest of pride and scorn !"

- Thus, while they spake, came other spirits I knew,  
 By mystic intellection, to belong  
 To apostolic times : the holy Jew,  
 Stephen, they stoned to death—that raving throng  
 35. Whose clothes Paul held, believing right was wrong,  
 And truth was falsehood ! Now to him Paul cleaved ;  
 And Stephen grasped Paul's hand with fervour strong—  
 Seeming to feel the highest triumph achieved  
 For Christ, since even the persecutor fierce believed.

Towards tolerant regard for Ch  
But failed ; and Simeon of the 8  
And bold Ignatius,\*—of so lively  
He looked as he would gladly face

“ We spake, but now, of earth, a  
Said James, the brother of the L  
Of love fixed on the martyr Stepl  
“ Regard for Abraham’s seed mu  
37. Within us, even in heaven. Tho  
Divine, in mortal life, wert deeply  
Nor hath thy yearning soul desire  
To know the fulness of the words  
Thy heart with hope, yea, oft with jo

“ Ages have rolled away since we  
Ceased to be habitants ; and Abr  
Still count God’s great Messiah of  
They deem He earned the malefa  
38. The scourge, the thorns, the cross  
Their mean imaginations with a k  
That shall be clothed with pomp ;  
The conquered heathen of their w  
To his footstool a world-collected off

“ Or, wise in grovelling doubt, but  
Perforce of their

- " Oh say, loved brother, who the holy seers,  
 And their deep meaning, ponderest still, change not  
 Thy cherished hopes for Israel into fears !  
 Shall our own race to faith in Christ be brought  
 40. By holy influences unknown, unsought,  
 In their long stubbornness ?"—
- " They shall return  
 To heart-obedience ; and then fully fraught  
 With willingness to know, their souls shall learn [burn  
 The truth of Christ, and all their hearts with love shall
- " To Him their erring fathers crucified !"—  
 With holy haste, cried Paul ; " blindness in part  
 Hath happened unto Israel, till the tide  
 Of Christian truth fill every Gentile heart ;  
 41. And then the Jew shall worship ; and, athwart  
 And thorough universal earth shall rise,  
 Alike from polished Frank and Ethiop swart,  
 The hymn of gladness that shall pierce the skies,  
 And draw even angels down to list men's harmonies ! "
- The face of Paul glowed with a holy light ;  
 But Stephen's countenance with a brightness shone  
 Transcendent as the sun above the night  
 When earth is roofed with stars, as he made known  
 42. How strong his confidence in God had grown,  
 And God's great purpose to His prophets told,  
 In ancient times, and o'er the record strown  
 Of Holy Writ, in syllables of gold,  
 That did to faithful minds their meaning bright unfold.
- " To Zion shall the Redeemer come," he sung ;  
 " And Jacob's late-born sons their sin shall leave ;  
 And God with fire of praise shall touch their tongue,  
 When they at length His holy truth perceive.  
 43. And they no more His Holy Spirit shall grieve,  
 Nor shall their children, to the latest hour  
 Men shall exist on earth. Israel shall cleave  
 Unto the covenant-keeping God, their tower  
 Of strength ; and hallow His high Name for evermore !

- “ Zion shall rise and shine, and know her light  
Is come, and that the glory of the Lord  
Hath risen upon her darkness ; and the sight  
Shall draw the grateful Gentiles toward
44. God’s house of glory that shall be restored  
On David’s hill ; and kings shall haste to own  
The King of kings, in David’s city adored ;  
And Midian, Ephah, and Sheba shall cast down  
The golden burthens of their camels before His throne.
- “ All Israel’s sons shall gather from afar,  
And flow together first with fear—with joy,  
Full soon—for men from under every star  
The abundance of the sea shall bring, and cloy
45. Jerusalem with good. It shall upbuoy  
The Gentile heart with gladness to join hand  
In hand with Abraham’s sons, while all employ  
Their tongues to swell Christ’s triumph, in one band  
Of holy brotherhood gathered from every land.
- “ I see, with eyes of faith, the flying cloud  
That, like a flock of doves, in joy return  
Unto their windows ! I behold the crowd  
Of nations who our race beheld with scorn,—
46. And long did contumeliously spurn  
And bruise,—now haste to bring the exiles home !  
Lo ! Judah’s children from their long sojourn  
Among the isles, in ships of Tarshish come !—  
How shall the ruined narrow city find them room ?
- “ The sons of strangers shall her walls extend  
O’er neighbouring hills, and kings the work shall aid  
For now the days of God’s just wrath shall end,  
And His sweet favour and mercy be displayed :
47. Jerusalem in joy shall be arrayed ;  
And through her gates, that shall continually  
Be open, day and night, the new Crusade—  
The host of love and peace—in holy glee  
Shall crowd, from every shore washed by the surging sea !

- “ Her, all the haughty kingdoms of the earth  
 Shall serve, or perish. Even the fierce and high  
 Who brought her sorrow, now shall bring her mirth :  
 Yea, bending lowly, they shall come and lie  
 48. Repentant at her feet. And all shall vie  
 In zeal to pile with votive wealth the floor  
 Of God's new sanctuary ; for beautify  
 His place on Zion He will again ; no more  
 To be cast down by proudest king or conqueror !

- “ Though once forsaken, and her name with hate  
 Rehearsed, the Zion of the Holy One  
 With plenty and with joy shall be elate.  
 The Mighty One of Jacob shall make known  
 49. That He, the Lord, Her Saviour, for His own  
 Hath taken her ; and men no more shall raise  
 The cry of violence in her streets, or groan  
 Of sorrow in her homes, through countless days:  
 For they shall call her walls Salvation—her gates Praise.

- “ Her sun shall never more go down, or moon  
 Withdraw its light. Her everlasting light  
 The Lord Himself shall be : no clouded noon  
 Of mourning she shall know, no cheerless night  
 50. Of sorrow: Righteousness shall rule with bright  
 And smiling sovereignty o'er all God's realm :  
 The branch of His own planting, in His sight  
 Shall flourish ; and the weak the strong o'erwhelm ;  
 And glory sit on Israel's spiritual warrior helm !

- “ The Lord will hasten it, in His own time !”—  
 He sang, with lips touched with a coal of fire  
 From the same altar, the prophetic rhyme  
 Of Him who struck with noblest hand the lyre  
 51. Of all that God-inspired and matchless quire  
 Who woke the echoes of each rocky dell  
 Through Judah's land, what time the armies dire  
 Of proud Assyria threatening came, but fell  
 By the destroying angel's hand,—without a knell,—

- Dead corpses all,—found in the early morn ;  
 And Sennachérib fierce to Nineveh fled,  
 And died by slaughterous hands of children born  
 From his own loins :—while, as one from the dead
52. New risen, meek Hezekiah raised his head,  
 And he, and all Jerusalem, wondering, knew  
 How soon from threats that fill the heart with dread  
 God can deliver men—how soon subdue  
 His people's foes, that murderously their souls pursue.

- Isaiah's lofty song the martyr sang ;  
 And all sang with him, as they caught the strain ;  
 While as they sang, loud heavenly echoes rang  
 Of elder songsters making sweet refrain.
53. And, forthwith, these appeared—a stately train  
 Of reverend forms—the minstrel leading them—  
 Isaiah's self : he who was sawn in twain '  
 In his old age, by one the diadem  
 Who stained, of Judah : impious fruit of pious stem :

- Idolatrous Manasseh, who became  
 A penitent in trouble, and made prayer  
 To God, Who raised him from his prisoned shame,  
 And set him on his throne again—the rare
54. And precious fact in history to make fair  
 For all men's gaze, through time—that kings may keep  
 A promise made in trouble and despair,—  
 Though, trouble past, they usually hold cheap  
 Even oaths, and lightly law, most lawlessly, o'erleap.

- The primal martyr, Abel, next I knew:  
 The son whom our first mother wept to see  
 Of life bereft ; and whom his brother slew—  
 Her first-born son. A martyr sure, was he—
55. The first of men that died ! By enmity  
 Of sin to holiness the victim fell ;  
 And, through all years, bad men have raged to be  
 Convicted of their ill by men who well  
 Have lived ; and sought, in blood, the hated good to quell.



The son of Barachiah, slain between  
 The temple and the altar, \* eke, I saw,—  
 With unnamed prophets whom the kings obscene  
 Of Judah and Israel slew, to gorge the maw  
 56. Of wickedness with righteous blood : God's law  
 Despising, and His vengeance drawing down—  
 At length—when that great prophecy with awe  
 The twelve disciples heard their Lord make known  
 Was full ; and temple and altar were alike o'erthrown.

Last of the train came he who was the last  
 Of God's high messengers that went before  
 His Christ : he who proclaimed, as with the blast  
 Of a shrill trumpet, on old Jordan's shore—  
 57. " I am the voice of one foretold of yore—  
 The herald crying in the wilderness—  
 Prepare the way of the Lord ! " Aspect he wore,  
 Elijah-like, of courage questionless,  
 That seemed his brethren with a sense of awe to impress.

And thus he spake : " With rapture, still on earth,  
 Blest prophet, by believing men thy song  
 Is sung ; while unbelievers turn to mirth  
 Thy bright foretellings, saying—Declare how long  
 58. Shall Israel dwell in banishment, and wrong  
 Receive from nations who Isaiah's God  
 Adore—Isaiah's Christ with fervour strong  
 Profess to love ? When shall the heavens be bowed,  
 And Christ descend on Olivet,—upon the cloud—

" They said they saw receive Him—the eleven  
 Who gazed so steadfastly upon the bright  
 Shekinah which upbore Him into heaven,  
 His native seat,—while, by them, two in white,—  
 59. The attendant angels,—pointed to the sight,  
 Saying—This same Jesus shall again descend,  
 Clothed in like manner with the cloud of light,  
 As ye have seen Him go ? When shall the end  
 Of this world's kingdom be ? Show us what signs portend

- “ The second coming of the Christ foretold  
 By fablers, and by doting men believed ?  
 Where doth the wolf lie down within the fold  
 With the young lamb, in peace ? Who hath perceived  
 60. The cow, no longer of her calf bereaved  
 By the grim bear, feed with him, while their young  
 Lie down together ? What child hath achieved  
 The fearless feat to dare the forky tongue  
 O’ the cockatrice, and play upon its den unstung ?

- “ We see no signs that your famed Prince of Peace  
 Shall come, and o’er the happy nations reign.  
 The wolf—the Christian shepherd—yet doth fleece  
 The sheep ; the royal lion and leopard drain  
 61. The life’s blood of the labouring ox : in vain  
 We look for serpents that with children play,  
 And harm them not : knaves still the simple swain  
 Entrap and rob. Thus, ages pass away—  
 Christ will come, why doth He thus delay ?

- “ So, in old time, the Pharisee and scribe,  
 Who listened to the Saviour’s warning word,  
 Denied His truth, with scoff, and jeer, and gibe,  
 And, voluntarily blind, His claims ignored.  
 62. But, on their children was the vengeance poured  
 That Christ foretold. And yet will God, blest seer !  
 Thy prophecies fulfil. Again the Lord  
 Will come in judgment ; but will first appear  
 In mercy. They who wait for Him discern Him near !”

- Although in Paradise, the son of Eve,  
 With looks and words of mingled sorrow and love,  
 Began : “ The first of martyred men must grieve  
 For memory of that brother who first strove  
 63. Against his brother. For the curse hath clove—  
 The curse of murder—to our sinful race,  
 Since first the spirit of evil did Cain move  
 To shed his brother’s blood : no resting-place  
 The wanderer found : he ever saw the fancied face

“Of the avenger. And the murderer still  
 Doth tremble at the sound o’ the fallen leaf—  
 And yet men murder!—yet, with rebel will,  
 Men wander from all good, and spend their brief  
 64. Sojourn on earth in filling it with grief!  
 I would the day were come; O Prophet sweet,  
 When how to bless each other shall be chief  
 Of men’s desires and thoughts—when men shall greet  
 Each other with true loving hearts where’er they meet!

“I would thy glorious vision of the joy  
 And love and peace that men on earth shall feel,—  
 The works of love and peace that shall employ  
 Their hearts and hands,—the Present would reveal.  
 65. The Past hath wounds that no regrets can heal;  
 And, in the Future, until earth become  
 A world of loving men who for the weal  
 Of others toil unselfishly,—its gloom  
 Brings sorrow to my soul, even in this blissful home!

“Bear with me lovingly, dear saints of God!  
 Ye scarce can feel as I feel. When I came  
 A stranger here, where none but angels trod  
 This Paradise of blessedness;—where name  
 66. Of Man itself was new;—not without shame  
 And awe I witnessed how, with piercing eyes,  
 The angels wondered, when from fiery flame  
 And axe, and other deaths of hideous guise,  
 Truth’s victims crowded hither, slain by Men of Lies!

“And, through the long, long ages, still arrives  
 The host of martyred men from earth. The hate—  
 The deadly hate—of evil men survives  
 For good men—oh, how long! I watch and wait,  
 67. But see not that their rage for murder doth abate.  
 O Lord, how long——”

“O gentle son of Eve!”

Isaiah gently spake: “doth not the Great,  
 The High and Lofty One wait also? Grieve  
 His essential Love it must—doth not thy soul believe—

Who served God ; and man's w  
No praise unto God's ear, though :

69. "Thy gentle soul, O Abel, doth  
With pitying love—for suffering :  
But, doth not God's forbearance  
His love and pity—since He wies  
Not to crush sinners ; but, His g  
Upon their hearts, to soften them  
Their wills towards good : althou  
Of freedom that He gave, He will  
From man or angel : His own work

70. "We may not wish that the All-wi  
The vast foundations of His unive  
According to our wisdom ; or had  
Intelligent creatures whom He dic  
To keep His law, whom sin could  
With suffering. What our Holy G  
Is done in goodness, as in wisdom  
Thy sorrow with the thought, O g  
O' the joys of men and angels since

"I do adore His wisdom, and con  
His goodness infinite," meekly rep  
The son of Eve ; "my thought is

- "Sweet patriarchal spirit, and brethren dear !  
 I speak with diffidence, where elders tell  
 Their thoughts"—said Justin, the philosopher—  
 "Thoughts of deep mysteries that often dwell
72. In human hearts untold, until they swell  
 To bursting : for, men bind each other down  
 With chains that cause the spirit to rebel—  
 Forbidding men to think—until men moan,  
 And wish they never had the gift of thinking known.
- " We ever deemed it past man's finding out  
 Why God had made a universe where death  
 And sin and suffering could be found—a doubt  
 To render possible, or peril faith
73. That God is what the holy volume saith  
 He is—the High and Lofty One, the True  
 And Holy and Good and Loving One, that hath  
 Been ever, and that ever shall be. But the clue  
 Of subtler, simpler thought we reach in this the new
- " And sinless habitation of the soul—  
 Wherein her powers are strengthened, and her gaze  
 Is purged from fleshly films. God hath made all—  
 We now discern, surrounded with the blaze
74. Of His perfections—purposely to raise  
 Within His creatures perfect loving trust  
 In His unselfishness. In all their ways  
 Of lauding Him, the children of the dust  
 Fall short—unnaming that great attribute august !
- " It had been selfishness had He but made  
 A lifeless universe—however wise  
 Its mechanism and motions had displayed  
 His mind to be—or beauty of the guise
75. Of things, Him beautiful that did devise  
 Their forms and hues, had proven. But one Mind—  
 His own—the Awful One's—to know or prize  
 The wisdom and the beauty ! How unkind  
 Were such Creator in His awfulness enshrined !

For, if no creature could have  
Have thought or felt—as well,  
Or lifeless ocean, God eternally h

“ God were not blest could He  
As well as know. Vain sages  
Affirm their Brahm, the highest  
Because he is emotionless—div  
77. Of feeling—joy or grief ; and in  
Such blank quiescence—centres  
But God’s word leaves us to no  
About Himself—no cold hypoth  
It tells us that He hates the sinner

“ But loves the righteous ; that  
When sinners turn and leave the  
And seek their Father’s house ;  
Of grief is His when His own pe  
78. From His sweet service. If un  
Can, then, the Unchangeable re  
And still be perfect ? Yea, we  
Unchangeable holiness, His sai  
Is His ; and higher perfectness no

“ God’s happiness is perfect, not  
He is almighty, or all-wise, or fi  
Infinity or divinity—”

“ And from eternity hath been no change  
 In His all-perfect bliss, though He hath seen  
 Men’s wickedness, and grieved. Grief was not strange  
 To God’s omniscience. His creation teen,  
 80. He knew, must bring to Him, amid the sheen  
 Of His all-glorious perfectness—for free  
 If His creation were, though strong, or keen  
 In intellect, yet they must ever be  
 Subject to imperfection, as He did foresee,—

“ And though foreseeing, chose to make them free,  
 And chose to grieve and suffer, that He might  
 Have creatures in His universe to be  
 Recipients of His bounty, and delight  
 81. Might take in blessing them, and oft requite  
 With tenderness their base ingratitude,  
 And follow them in their wanderings from the right—  
 Leaving it hard for sinful ears to exclude  
 His call of love with which He hath their souls pursued.”

He ceased ; not as if all his thoughtful theme  
 Were uttered, but himself with measurement  
 Meting of lowliness : nor with esteem  
 And reverence for God’s elder saints unblent  
 82. Seemed his demeanour. Praise, awhile, upsent  
 The Martyr-host, in silence, with devout  
 Rapt feeling : silence deep : more eloquent [thought  
 Than words—for through each visage beamed the  
 Of grateful love with which their wondering souls were  
 fraught.

“ Thy words are sooth, my brother,” holy Paul  
 Thus earnestly the silence broke : “ for Love  
 Alone is pure Unselfishness ; and all  
 Our best conceptions, when on earth we strove .  
 83. To express God’s nature, did but feeble prove  
 Compared with that one sentence of His word—  
 That God is Love. The proof is brightly wove  
 In every sentence of that vast record  
 The archangels keep of all they know the Sovran Lord .

And oft, this theme will chan  
Is every prophecy, and Chris  
Makes unto men and angels Go

A hand of golden light appear  
The signal seemed to all fami  
Upward all glanced, and then  
Benignant smile upon each ot  
85. Of love congratulant within th  
Of every heart fraternal beami  
Upon their faces, while they le  
Of that sweet stream with flow  
I dreamt I saw, at first, with new

Obedient to the sign, with livel  
They trod the plain, till they th  
And spoke with rapture of the  
From which they had returned  
86. And error that they once, in ol  
Had known and loved. The n  
Old Jordan's banks were fair a  
But o'er the land the stones of  
Scarce shewed what glories had t

And when sweet Olivet, and th  
Gennesaret, the Apostles saw,  
How burnt with



- But Polycarp spake sadly : " Light hath waned  
 In Smyrna and our Asian churches, where  
 It once burned purely. Long hath Falsehood reigned,  
 Boasting her crescent, in those regions fair.
88. And, though a few are found not loath to share  
 Christ's shame, or own His cross,—dark errors blind  
 Them till their good and ill seem but to bear  
 A semblance to the grace and beauty shrined  
 In marbled ruin, which upon that shore men find."
- " And Antioch—the beautiful—the great !"  
 Said bold Ignatius, " where our faith first found  
 A name—what marks her now ? How desolate  
 And silent are the spaces where the ground
89. Oft shook with feet of crowds—the air with sound  
 Of festive shouts was filled"—
- " Yet, within cell  
 Monastic, in those lands," said Simeon, " bound  
 With fetters of the soul, although men dwell,  
 Sometimes they burst their bondage, we can gladly tell.
- " Bethink ye both, my brethren, of the poor  
 Weak trembler with old age we lately hied  
 To comfort, at behest Divine, and found the lore  
 Of Christ his soul had sweetly learned, and tried
90. To enlighten others. And he joyous died,  
 For some had listened to his words with joy,  
 And learnt to love, in truth, the Crucified.—  
 O let the bliss we reap from such employ,  
 Revisiting old earth, all sad regrets destroy !"
- But now to climb the mountains ever green  
 Began the Martyrs. All, with one consent,  
 Well-ordered step and timely march were seen  
 To keep, with bands that up before them went,
91. Or followed after ; and right soon were blent  
 The myriad voices of the Martyr-throng  
 In choral triumph. Voice mellifluent  
 One raised, at call of them who did belong  
 Unto the Martyr-host : thus Stephen led the song :

1 nem out, and them with heav  
Yea, didst for their deliverance  
In which their foes, o'erwhelme

93. " O Holy One of Israel ! hear  
Our longing hearts now send u  
Our race—the race of Abraham  
To own Thy great Messiah, fro  
And cheerless unbelief ! O Lo  
Our brethren, whom to love we  
Feeling Thy love, and knowing  
Unto Thine heart, and that it w  
The bliss of saints to see the wan

94. " Lord ! bring the wanderers ba  
From off the heart of Israel ! ]  
Thy holy arm of might ! They  
Thy holy promises : Thou didst  
The race of Abraham should fo  
Thy smile ; and Thou wilt yet t  
To love Thee. Hasten, Lord,  
Of all Thy grateful saints regar  
The morn when rays of love shall

The song went on—the song of  
And prayer, and zeal for others'  
The inward beckoning came th  
For me. must end : unto the --

NOTES TO BOOK THE SECOND.

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1.—Page 332, Stanza 23.

PETER'S crucifixion, with the head downwards, on the same day as Paul's martyrdom.—*Eusebius, Jerome, Hegesippus, Chrysostom, Prudentius*, etc., etc.

2.—Page 333, Stanza 24.

Death of JAMES "the JUST."—*Eusebius*, Book II., c. 1, and c. 23.

3.—Page 336, Stanza 36.

POLYCARP. For his martyrdom see the Circular Epistle of the Church of Smyrna, in Archbishop Wake's Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers. Also *Eusebius*, Book IV., c. 15.

4.—Page 336, Stanza 36

JUSTIN MARTYR, the Philosopher. See *Eusebius*, Book IV., c. 16.

5.—Page 336, Stanza 36.

SIMEON, the relative of our Lord. For his martyrdom see also *Eusebius*, Book III., c. 32.

6.—Page 336, Stanza 36.

IGNATIUS. For the authorities respecting his martyrdom see Archbishop Wake's Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers.

7.—Page 340, Stanza 53.

ISAIAH. The account of his martyrdom is derived from a Rabbinical legend; but many commentators accept it, believing that it is referred to in Hebrews xi. 37.

8.—Page 341, Stanza 56.

"ZACHARIAS, son of BARACHIAS, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar."—Matt. xxiii. 35.



BOOK THE THIRD.

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I LOOK, once more, upon the awful sea !  
I may not sing of it as lordly Childe—  
Albeit with heart-throes—sang exultantly,  
As of a steed that under its exiled  
1. And haughty rider bounded with a wild  
Feeling of kindred scorn and pride. His fame  
Was glorious in my boyhood ; but 'tis soiled,  
They tell me, now. Oh, can it be that shame [name :  
Shall his bright memory hide who bears that laurelled

I gaze, once more, upon the awful sea—  
Not with exultant, but with wondering thought,  
And humbled feeling. 'Midst eternity  
And boundlessness yon tiny white-sailed yacht,  
2. In the far-off horizon, seems to float !  
The wide-spread, silent moor, the tallest hills,  
Breed no such thinking in me, awe, and doubt,  
As this strange sense, all-undefined, that thrills  
My bosom while the measureless sea my vision fills.

What *is* Existence?—what Eternity?  
What lies beyond our outer life? Thy waves,  
For ever restless, change—O Living Sea !—  
And our own breathing forms,—the dead, in graves,—  
3. Change, ever ! Thy vast waters,—whether raves  
The tempest, or the weary winds find sleep,  
As poets sing, within thy neighbouring caves,—  
The pulse of language with their motion keep,  
And seem, like us, to shout and whisper, laugh and weep !

Your progeny, the clouds and  
Earth's barrenness. And thou  
On earth—O glorious ministers

Many-voiced Sea—as the mel  
Wondering, did name thee, in  
It is a luxury, 'neath the sun  
To loiter on this Cumbrian shore  
5. Communion with thy voices in  
Scarce louder than the murmur  
Seems, now I sit upon this bench  
With thyme, and where the roses  
And crimson cranesbills clothe  
ground.

And now the air doth tremble  
And Languor reigns, how, with  
Which hath to me from boyhood  
And purest joys brings back to  
6. Thou, darling yellow-hammer,  
A witching treble to the waters  
While other birds are silent : e  
And tireless lark seeks now a roost  
And hides, beside his mate, among

Sweet thoughts of pleasures past  
O Sea, calls up to memory ; but  
To-morrow, may be strong with

- Shall I behold thy waves when I have sailed  
 O'er this life's sea? I shall live on, when Death  
 Hath claimed my clay—his portion. But all-veiled  
 Is still the Future—the Eternal. Breath
8. And pulse I cannot have when its frail sheath  
 The spirit quits; but yet the soul may gaze  
 Upon thy restless waves, as oft she fleeth  
 To do God's high behests,—and, without daze,  
 May, look, O glorious Sun, upon thy gladdening blaze.

- Shall after-life be indolence? Each thing  
 Living on earth, whether it will or nill,  
 The eternal purpose of the Eternal King  
 Doth most industriously and well fulfil,
9. Through every change—as thou dost, changing still,  
 Vast Sea, and still subserving in thy change  
 The ends of Him who holds thee by His will.  
 Surely, if franchised souls to some dull range  
 Were doomed, to God's known ways it were unlikeness  
 strange!

- Boundless as thy path seems to be, shall mine  
 Be, in the Future? Yet, how shrinks the soul  
 At thoughts of boundlessness! What! no confine—  
 No shore—but on, for ever;—and no goal—
10. No end! Space still beginning, and the roll  
 Of days grown dateless, numberless! And shall  
 This Self, that—like a prisoner on parole,  
 When It adventures forth to think, a thrall  
 Soon feels Itself, and hastens back to its poor cloisteral,

- Dim-lighted home of flesh, affrighted at  
 The shapes of mystery It meets—soon quit the gloom  
 And glimmer of this earth, and try a state  
 Of veritable existence, in the womb
11. Of vastness all-illimitable, become  
 An unclothed spirit, and yet clothed upon  
 With immortality, fearless to roam [known,—  
 Through realms of life and realms of thought un  
 And still, for ever, feel Its journey scarce begun?

With essences that large of ken  
By myriad years of thought, yet  
To think and search ; but ever pant

- Alone, upon the pathless sea, ride  
The tiny white-sailed yacht. Since  
Of noon no bark, no shallop, or  
No humble fisher's boat, hath come  
13. Still loneliness she floats, with sails  
Far off—so that no help could land  
Were skies to change, and storms  
But, God is there ! No storm the  
Unless,—His mandate given !—His

- So God will be with my frail bark,  
Frail brother, when the unknown  
Of unknown after-life. The Eye I  
Is on us here, in earthly calm or  
14. And on each soul that lives beyond  
Unrent—each dweller in eternity ;  
The Hand Divine supports alike a  
Existences in heaven and earth  
For frail were even the archangels, S

Why should I shrink and fear, when  
On the Eternal One? Yet, how I  
The "inevitable here" !



- With a glad heart I tell—the phantom fowl  
That threatened *Nothingness*, to terrify  
And fill with agony my doubting soul  
Hath ceased. But still—*What can it be to die?*
16. That thought appals me. Though with strengthened eye  
I look triumphantly beyond the grave,  
And feel my trustful spirit can rely  
On Him who strong, for ever, is to save—  
Yet, on Death's self I cannot look with challenge brave.—

- The filmy cloud I saw arise, but now,  
Hath spread along the sky—a dark portent  
That storm is near. So some slight signal, slow  
Or swift, may warn me when my soul now blent
17. With flesh must leave it. May Death's storm be spent  
Quickly, O Blessed Father! if Thy will  
It be,—or, rather, let the veil be rent  
All in a moment, while I seek to fill  
My daily task,—that so I, with ecstatic thrill,

- May pass from mortal to immortal life.  
Nay!—let me breathe no prayer so full of fear  
And selfishness! Up, to the battle's strife,  
Once more! until the Master's voice shall cheer
18. Me, when—the mortal victory won—I hear  
Him say, "Well done, thou good and faithful one,  
Enter into my joy, my servant dear!"—  
Lord, let me fight until the battle's done—  
Nor ever wish for rest until the battle's won!

- My nightly task—the task of Duty—claims,  
Again, my heart and mind; a task now hard—  
Nay, harder than he knows, who 'mid fierce flames  
Moulds melted metal; or, with body marred
19. And cramp'd-up limbs, from sun and daylight barred,  
Hews at the coal-seam; or, whose mighty blows  
Ring loud upon the anvil. Small regard  
The peasant lends me! "Why for him unclose  
The bar to knowledge? want of it he hardly knows;

I dare not join a project that would  
My brother-man, whom God hath  
That may be nobly taught, and cult

It cannot be God's purpose that  
He meant to live for ever should  
Untaught, and Man become a lar  
To burrow in the earth, of light b  
21. Or crawl upon it like the reptile e  
Unknowing of his heavenly destin  
They practised on Man's freedom  
Who praised blind Ignorance, and  
Was Mother of Devotion. Set Mar

Free from the bonds of ignorance  
Of priests—free from the shackles  
And low self-worship. Let him k  
Of Truth that hath been found, ar  
22. The fact that more Man knows no  
Himself, most healthfully, and gla  
From error, when himself thus dig  
He fully feels with his own sover  
Of soul, as freeborn Man. O set M

And yet, though Knowledge be a  
For Man, he who the task doth u  
To teach men how to think. no m

- In paths of independence, and assert  
 Their native dignity of Man. And sloth  
 Seems rest so needful to poor men upgirt  
 For out-door labour through the day, it doth
24. Give pain to one, more than their ways uncouth,  
 To rouse them with hard messages of right  
 And wrong. How, if they sleep, can one be wroth?  
 In sooth, he ventures on a work of might  
 Who strives to keep a weary ploughman wake at night.—

- My task is done once more : the hour hath passed  
 More pleasantly than I foreboded. Yet,  
 What drudgery 'tis to talk to looks aghast  
 With helpless wonder ; or that seem to fret
25. With haste to leave you ; or to figures set  
 As stark asleep as if nought but the loud  
 Last trump could consciousness in them beget ;  
 While others glance around with spirit cowed,  
 As if they felt like leprous men among the proud !

- How different were my labour amid shrewd  
 Auld Scotland ; or th' West Riding, where our keen  
 Critics-in-fustian sit and inly brood ;  
 Or, where Northumbrian miners with brave mien
26. Of kindly frankness earnestly upglean  
 Your thoughts ; or, with the quick discerning throng  
 In noble Nottingham ; or, my native scene  
 Of ancient Leicester ; or, much more, among  
 Bold Birmingham's array of thinkers stern and strong ;

- Or, sceptical Northampton, where the knights  
 Of Crispin ply the awl, and challenge high  
 Hurl at old teachers—following all new lights !  
 Or, grand old Norwich ; or, in Bristol, eye
27. Of England's west, where good men truly vie  
 One with another in truly Christian deed ;  
 Or even 'mid London's shallow foppish fry,—  
 One might with Truth the mind more easily feed  
 Than get dull peasants to such teaching to take heed.

Poor English ploughmen ! my very heart doth bleed  
 For you. Your little children I have passed,  
 Driven forth in "gangs," to gather stones, or weed,  
 When scarcely it was daylight, o'er the vast  
 28. Wide fen of Lincolnshire,—their eyes upcast  
 For pity at their driver—the brute tool  
 Who pushed them on with curses ; and "move fast,"  
 They must, or suffer his hard blows. No school  
 For the poor ploughman's child ! He would be called a fool

By his own class, and proud by masters, who  
 Let his child learn to read God's word instead  
 Of toiling early and late,—and learning, too,  
 To swear like the big driver,—and lose dread  
 29. For foulest vice, where all restraints are fled,  
 And sex is rudely mixt. The boy or girl  
 Brings home a few poor pence each day for bread :  
 What's all the learning that his head might whirl  
 With pride, compared with bread, to the poor peasant  
 churl ?

Oh, gentlemen of England ! in your House  
 Of power and wisdom, can ye find no heart  
 To end this wrong so horribly infamous ?  
 Ye could set free the Factory child, and thwart  
 30. The chimney-sweeper, who made infants smart  
 And weep for years ; and ye could boldly vote  
 Twenty gold millions to break up the mart  
 Of demons who the souls and bodies bought  
 Of negroes :—Why not seize this evil by the throat ?

Landlords ! upon *your* land this deed is done.  
 Doth not the tenant know your word is law ?  
 Forbid the deed, then : tell him he must shun  
 The sin, and ye will cease the gain to claw,  
 31. And lower his rent.—"Idiot ! expect to draw  
 Our teeth, as soon ; or, ask to flay the skin  
 From off our backs ! We do not yield one straw !"—  
 Why, then, right honourables ! your sordid sin  
 I would not share, if your whole rent-roll I could win.

- The hour of sleep returns, and still I weigh  
 The sins of other men. Upon my own  
 Black catalogue, with the like keen survey,  
 I fear, I do not dwell. Lord, from Thy throne
32. Look down in mercy still on those who groan  
 O'er others' sins, and oft forget to judge  
 Their own !

When waking consciousness had flown,  
 My dreaming consciousness returned. A drudge,  
 I seemed, at first, among old earthly scenes to trudge.

- O'er Croyland Fen; methought, in evening gray,  
 I toiled, from rural Helpstone,—where poor Clare  
 Was born,—along the narrow winding way  
 The monks upraised, in dark old times, with care
33. And patient labour. 'Twas the desolate and rare  
 Vision renewed, of forty years gone by,  
 When—myriad ages past—no rude ploughshare  
 Had yet disturbed the marsh. Far as the eye  
 Could reach there was no tree that grew beneath the sky.

- A clump of reeds rose, here and there, around  
 A pool ; and, ghostlike, up the bittern reared  
 Its head out of the clump, and then to the ground  
 Sank down, and hid itself, and boomed its weird
34. And shivering note. But, what most strange appeared  
 Was that vast moving host of feathered things—  
 The countless flocks of geese, that homeward steered,  
 With deafening cackle, and with bleeding wings [ings,—  
 Drooped to the ground, while,—heedless of their suffer-

- The gooselike gosherd urged them with his staff.  
 The geese had just been plucked alive,—their quill  
 To exchange for gold. The gosherds, with a laugh,  
 Told me they helped the deed. But I felt ill,
35. And hastened on, while overhead the shrill  
 Curlew, the lapwing, and the heron, flew ;  
 And, far up in the sky, the soaring, still,  
 And lordly glede seemed taking surer view  
 Ere pouncing, dartlike, down, his screaming prey he slew.

So sacred to profaner ground  
When monks held marsh and  
Darkness was falling as I g  
From ploughboys that beheld

So on I passed, to shun the  
But soon, from weariness, lay  
Upon a grassy hillock, o'er w  
A bush in which some late bi  
37. And, as she crooled, I slept.

From sleep within my sleep—  
To wake surrounded with the  
In light. But they whom now  
Were souls I had in mortal life!

Stern devotees of mediæval times  
They were : brave venturers and  
Daring reprovers, eke, of king  
And priestly sloth ;—who heed  
38. Of their own order ;—nor count  
The sins of monarchs whose h  
Their trembling subjects ;—or  
Writ "holy," for they stalked  
Of cowl and hood, begirt with ro

He whom men call the Ancest

While he hewed down the sacred oak of Thor,  
 And preached to Hessian and to Frisian throngs  
 Of barbarous men, and taught them to abhor  
 Idols and wizards and blood, and sing the songs<sup>9</sup>  
 40. Of Christ, the Prince of Peace,—sin that belongs  
 So often to magnanimous kings he dared  
 To scan : to Mercian Ethelbald the wrongs  
 Done to his people wisely he declared,  
 Until that regal heart to goodness he ensnared.

With Winfred walked his brethren who, of yore,  
 Were massacred, or slain, by heathen bands—  
 Eoban, and Adalhere,<sup>2</sup> and many more—  
 Meek, self-denying men—men of clean hands,  
 41. And minds devout—obeying Christ's commands  
 From love to Him who first loved them, and spread  
 O'er Frisic, Hessian, and Bavarian lands  
 The gospel of their Lord : giving the bread  
 Of life to perishing men : by no false zeal misled.

Remembering how, on earth, I lightly esteemed  
 The work of these stern toilers, whom I now  
 Rightly, by mystic gift of insight, deemed  
 True martyrs—I beheld, with sudden glow  
 42. Of pleasure, drawing near, in goodly row,  
 A band whom others lightly esteemed, on earth—  
 Lightly esteemed, and scorned, and trampled low ;  
 But whose meek names I valued at right worth,  
 And oft felt proud I had with them one tie of birth.

Many of these meek ones died through men whose  
 boast—  
 Oh, of such grievous sin, I blush to tell !—  
 Was rather than that liberty be lost  
 Of conscience *for themselves* they would rebel  
 43. Till doomsday: yet, like fiercest dogs of hell,  
 They worried men whose consciences felt fear  
 Of sin most tenderly ; and tortures fell  
 Of whipping, hunger, and imprisonment drear,  
 And filthy, and foul, inflicted on God's servants dear.

Across the sea where, in the d  
Their persecutors found a refuge

Parnell,<sup>8</sup> I saw, the godly boy  
Of heartless cruelty who died,  
Of Colchester's strong castle—  
Entreating they would let the l  
45. Go home to Christ! Young B  
His suffering mates,—with pio  
And others, who in Newgate d  
Of wrong so meekly; and Tro  
And bruised and beaten, till he c

Howgill<sup>9</sup> came on with these—  
A noble warrior for his Lord,—  
His brethren held more worthy  
At Appleby he died, with sweet  
46. Of praise to God that worthy t  
He had been counted, for the C  
With these came hundreds, litt  
Who died in dreary prisons, sti  
By suffering, to desert the faith t

New England's victims followe  
Victims whom barbarous Endi  
With hatred—helped by sheph  
Good Mary Dyar,<sup>9</sup> who climbe



- Next, with unlyric names,<sup>9</sup> joined hand in hand,  
 Fraternally, came on the faithful sufferers twain  
 Whose naked flesh, as if they bore the brand  
 Of felony, or shared the crime of Cain,  
 48. Was thrust into the ground, with fowl disdain,  
 Even at the gallows' foot. Then, Leddra,<sup>10</sup> bright  
 Hilarious soul, followed—who met death's pain  
 Crying, "Lord, receive my spirit!"—seeming God's light  
 To see, with dying eyes : blest Stephen's martyr-sight !

The souls of women, young and old, whom fiends  
 That dared to claim the name of Christian men  
 Whipped through New England towns<sup>11</sup>—for they were  
 "Friends,"—

- A deadly crime !—arrived with these. And when  
 49. These unadorned new-comers met the ken  
 O' the Martyrs to the blinded Pagan rage  
 Of mediæval times, in a green glen  
 Of Paradise, amazed, I saw them wage  
 A race of love to join—as if their lineage

- They knew was one ; and though so far apart,  
 In time and place, they lived on earth, they felt  
 Their zeal for Christ proclaimed them of one heart.  
 "Brothers," spake Winfred, "when on earth we dwelt,  
 50. And preached to savage Teuton and fierce Kelt,  
 It scarce was strange that, blind with idol-zeal  
 And gust for sin,—even while to Christ we knelt,—  
 They slew us, thinking then to rob and peel  
 Our tents of gold and silver we could not reveal

- "As in our keeping, since no needless load  
 We carried, cumbered and bowed too much with sin.  
 But who your deaths and sufferings could forebode—  
 Your torturous martyrdoms—from your own kin,  
 51. Your own dear flesh and blood? Nay, that within  
 The bounds of likelihood might be ; but they  
 Who took your lives professed high discipline  
 Of self-denial, and could not seek to slay  
 Ye that your gold and silver might become their prey

We may not, by the nature of  
Forget, we still feel loving pity  
The men whom bigotry had re  
Nay, mad—as still it maddens th

“ Dost thou not think, my brot  
Martyrs for wrong are sometim  
The right? I doubt not but th  
Fiercely, our feeble ones with v  
53- From town to town, believed th  
Than bounden duty; and if cal  
Smiting, the rod to death they  
Sooner than name of foul apost  
Or gold and silver as the apostate

“ It was not earthly gain our fo  
Or sought. Our deaths could  
In any sordid sense. But still  
In them the carnal mind that d  
54- Itself to goodness. Though by  
And loud profession, men do of  
Themselves and others that wit  
True Christian zeal, the proof is  
That not one moment its pure fire

“ How eagerly men praise great  
Though earnest men are caught

- "To win men over by conviction, clear  
 And calm, that so the settled mind in ease  
 May rest, and satisfaction. Kings no fear  
 Have of their subjects if their reigning please.
56. But though meek men may bear kings' wrong decrees,  
 Their hearts will aye the sceptred wrong disown.  
 Force never truly reigns : its falseness frees  
 All men from heart-obedience to the throne :  
 For force is falseness, even to the simplest clown."
- "Ay, force is falseness," said our Saxon saint ;  
 "And neither force nor falseness masterdom  
 Can win for Truth. With us failed false constraint,  
 When, backed with fancied power from Papal Rome,
57. We forced the Teuton nations to succumb  
 To Christ. In vain we triumphed, as the oak  
 Of Thor I hewed in pieces. Awe held dumb  
 Thor's worshippers to witness the bold stroke ;  
 But soon their awe was gone—revenge within them woke,
- "And back to their old homage at the shrine  
 Of their old Thunder God they went with zeal,  
 While on ourselves they fell with leonine  
 And bloody rage. God did, at length, His seal
58. Set to His truth, when wiser men the appeal  
 Made to their moral sense—the meek yet broad  
 Attack on conscience—which will straight reveal  
 Its living power in man, though long by fraud  
 It hath been lulled to slumber, or by force o'erawed.
- "I would more wisdom had our earnest toil  
 Directed. Savage men, like children, might,  
 We thought, be held by fear or kindly guile,  
 And taught to fall in reverence at the sight
59. Of saintly bones or gaudy incensed rite,  
 As they had fallen before the Sun and Moon,  
 And Thor and Woden. Oh, that holy light  
 Upon our eager minds had clearer shone,  
 That their dark souls for Christ we might in love have  
 won !"

Of God and of the Lamb who  
They could not sing : but just  
Only transgressors of His law its

“ None can transgress the law  
Therefore, the millions of the h  
Their after-life of trial, where th  
Of truth and right and wrong C  
61. In clearness, and His Spirit dot  
That they may yield their wills  
Salvation by His Christ. Alter  
Of choice they still to exercise n  
He saveth none by force : all free

“ It is our highest bliss to feel w  
Him freely, who to save us free  
To feel that we have no desire t  
From holiest service—that we k  
62. Or will but ever, with the holy f  
Of love, to burn towards Him w  
Himself for us. How worthily  
Could we extol, if each were but  
In act ! It would the worship of l

“ How clumsily men frame their  
Of right ! ” Winfred resumed ; “  
We strove none best .

“ No gentler motives had our hearts impelled  
 To venture 'mid their swamps and forests wild,  
 And dare their savage rage. Had we not held  
 Them lost—lost irremediably—exiled  
 64. From bliss for ever—we could not have toiled  
 To martyrdom that we might save their souls.  
 Thank God ! that now the darkness that defiled  
 Our vision is removed. No wrong controls  
 His government: we now discern, wherever rolls

“ A world that holds His creatures rational,  
 There all are judged by perfect equity ;  
 Not equity by wits fantastical  
 Apparelled with the seeming drapery  
 65. Of fairness, though, in truth, 'tis tyranny  
 Abhorrent to the sense of right in man  
 Implanted by his Maker.”

“ We with thee  
 “ Adore,” spake Leddra, “ Him whose marvellous plan  
 Gives all within the moral and intelligent span

“ Of His high rule probation fair and free  
 And noble. How we could have feared that ire  
 Consuming from His holy hand must be  
 The lot, inevitably, of son and sire  
 66. In utter darkness born—that endless fire  
 Should be their portion who ne'er knew His will,  
 And therefore could not guiltily conspire  
 Against His holy government, is still  
 Our wonder, and must aye our minds with wonder fill.”

“ And yet,” after some silence, Adalhere  
 Spake thoughtfully, “ when we beheld how base,  
 How vile, how shudderingly soul-stained they were  
 We saw bow down to idols ;—how no trace  
 67. Of purity remained in them ;—no place  
 Within their hearts for aught but lowest lust,  
 And dark desire, and passionate embrace  
 Of foul indulgence ;—how could we have trust  
 That any of their fallen souls would live among the just ? ”

- “And in God’s holy word,” spake Hubberthorn,  
 With slow and gentle speech, “we were not told  
 That when men’s souls had passed their mortal bourne,  
 There might be to the gaze of some unrolled
68. A second scene of trial. If so bold  
 Our minds had been as to affirm what none  
 Could truly say, in covenant new or old,  
 God clearly had revealed,—nor His own Son,—  
 Had we not trespassed, and beyond our duty run?”
- “To be not wise above the written word,”  
 Meekly said Mary Dyar, “even when the power  
 Of God’s own Holy Spirit within us stirred,  
 I always thought was safest. Yet the hour
69. Hath been, on earth, when a rich spiritual shower  
 Of knowledge fell on us, from heaven, that shewed  
 Us meanings in the word which, heretofore,  
 We saw not. May not deeper meanings crowd  
 The written page not yet revealed unto the proud,  
 “Who trust in their own reason?”
- “If the heart  
 Of truth,” young Burrough said, “seek truth from Him  
 Whose word is truth, will not He truth impart  
 Unto it in the reading, though with dim
70. Unlearnèd gaze the page be read? They trim  
 The outward lamp in vain, to read and learn,  
 Whose minds with self-conceit unto the brim  
 Are filled; and do not for God’s own light yearn:  
 The natural man doth not the things of God discern.
- “The Gentiles having not the law, a law  
 Were to themselves, the apostle briefly wrote:  
 Briefly, yet fully. Men may safely draw  
 Safe inference that the law of conscience ought
71. To be, and will be, only against them brought  
 When they are judged.”
- “But, since even conscience fails  
 To give a truthful light to men untaught  
 Christ’s truth,” said elder Howgill; “it curtains  
 Even good men’s hope for men where heathenism prevails.

“ Yet, if good men were wise as well, some aid  
 For reaching deeper truth they might have gained  
 By patient thought. In God’s own image made—  
 His moral image—man is not disdained  
 72. By his great Maker, though so foully stained  
 By sin. He doth not cast men off—their being spill—  
 As some men blunder God hath blundering reigned  
 In His own universe : not able ill  
 Or good to make of some, for lack of forming skill !

“ God never moral agents made to end  
 Their being eternally, though they would break  
 His laws persistently, nor would amend  
 Their lives at His entreaty ;—nor doth He slake  
 73. His vengeance by inflicting on them ache  
 And torture endless, though they did not know  
 His law. He doth poor heathen souls awake  
 To after-life, and therein doth bestrow  
 Their path with motives that may lead them from all low

“ And base preferments into choice of good.  
 All glory to His holy name ! in vain  
 Christ hath not for the heathen shed His blood ;  
 Millions, in that great spiritual domain  
 74. Of Christ—the after-life of men whom chain  
 Of earthly circumstances bound, enslaved,  
 And crushed with weight of evil,—now the strain  
 Of gratitude swell high, that their depraved  
 And fallen souls Christ hath from endless ruin saved !”

“ ‘ Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?’  
 I answered oft,” spake humble Trowell, “ when  
 Lewd London wits, falsely named erudite,  
 Mocked at all Christian teaching, in that den  
 75. Of beasts London became when citizen  
 Aped harlot king, in revelry and sneers  
 At purity and truth. I answered men,  
 When any heathen soul ’fore God appears,  
 That he will find hard measure I can have no fears.”

“And that the simplest faith is oft more wise  
 Than logic subtleties, I make no doubt,”  
 Again said Winfred ; “yet the tears and cries  
 Of million sufferers in the lands without  
 76. Christ’s gladdening gospel ; and the maddened shout  
 Of thousands, when beneath the ponderous wheel  
 Of some huge idol’s chariot falls, devout,  
 The Hindoo suicide ; the hideous zeal  
 O’ the heart for sin, which Asian city-crowds reveal ;

“The brutal cannibalism and murderous strife  
 That stain so foully yon sweet South Sea isles ;  
 The dark infanticide ; the waste of life  
 In every vile indulgence that defiles  
 77. Both body and soul ; the thrift of priestly wiles ;  
 The fattening of the priest, and suffering lean  
 Of yon poor pilgrim, whom the thought beguiles  
 That he shall win heaven’s bliss by tortures keen,  
 And crawling vilely on the earth, like things unclean ;—

“Oh, who can think of Man where yet the sound  
 Of Christ’s dear name was never heard, or where  
 Men’s erring souls reject Him with profound  
 And stolid ignorance that His yoke to bear  
 78. Would make them free,—and not desire to share,  
 Again, the cheering toil, the suffering sweet  
 Of Christ’s blest heralds who His truth declare  
 To heathen men ; and teach them to repeat  
 His name ; and lead them for salvation to His feet !”

His look was lit with light of pitying love  
 For souls of men still living in the gall  
 Of bitterness and bond of sin. Above,  
 Around, there seemed to glow, and soon to fall,  
 79. A crowning radiance, on the heads of all :—  
 A token bright that all the Martyr band  
 That loving spirit sweetly did enthrall,  
 And that with joy, at God’s supreme command,  
 They would return to earth to toil in heathen land !



- “ Let us rejoice,” spake Winfred yet again,  
 “ That now the ministry of love is ours,  
 As spirit-messengers from God to men ;  
 That, sometimes, He our essences empowers  
 80. To aid with strength the poor weak soul that cowers  
 At shapes of superstition, and doth pant  
 For spiritual light where heathen darkness lours  
 On every side, and nought is ministrant  
 By tongue, or eye, or ear, unto the heart’s deep want.

- “ But lately, Eoban and Adalhere  
 And I, most gladly hastened to obey  
 Our gracious Lord’s behest, a poor fakeer  
 To help with spiritual whisperings of the way  
 81. Of life. In old renowned Benares lay  
 His skeleton form upon an iron bed,  
 For five long years. We heard him mourn and pray  
 To many demon gods with names of dread,  
 That he to purer light and safety might be led :

- “ He vowed to arise, and creep on hands and knees  
 To any idol’s shrine, however long  
 The journey were, in order to appease  
 The wrath of Seeva, or the vengeance strong  
 82. Of Doorga or Kalee ! or, with the thong  
 Of knotted whip to lash his fleshless frame ;  
 Or scorch his limbs with fire ; or any wrong  
 From men receive in silence, even to shame  
 Of spitting, or contempt outpoured upon his name.

- “ The light of conscience had grown feeble and dim ;  
 But, as that light is quenchless in the breast  
 Even of the savage, it still lived in him—  
 Nay, had become a spectre of unrest  
 83. Unto him. Bodily pain did not molest  
 His thought ; beneath no suffering did he faint :  
 With burden of sin alone he was oppress :—  
 Oh, that he could be cleansed from sin’s dark taint !—  
 He cried, all day, and oft all night, without restraint !

about the burden of my  
To bring fanams to Veesh  
For that will better please  
Than thus, in sloth and pain,

“ A crowd of gazers raised  
Of joints and thews was hail  
He lived, but paid the forfei  
Of life for those five years :  
85. Palsy and pain, and inward  
Always, with burthen of his si  
The fakeer's iron bed, he still  
Nearer true light had brought  
Oft told he wished for leaving it

“ His misery had grown sore,  
Around him that Insanity wou  
Him for her victim, if he coul  
His fiery torture. So with no  
86. They urged him to remember  
Of Juggernaut, whose worshi  
Relief o' the soul when, sunk i  
They had of life been weary.  
To Orissa, toiling on, he reache

“ But—not to worship at the s  
'Twas God's —

- “ His joy destroyed his earthly life, but brought  
Him joy in heaven ! Oh, many will yet believe  
In Jesu's saving truth, they long have taught  
The dark Hindoo so patiently. It doth them grieve  
88. That they so little of success achieve—  
The lowly teachers who cross ocean-tide  
To win men's souls for Christ ; but we perceive  
Sure signs of coming harvest which shall wide  
Wave o'er the world. In grateful patience let us bide ! ”
- “ Ever in grateful patience, and in faith,”  
Said meek young Parnell ; “ God hath also sent  
Us to that land where men to shapes of death  
And murder bow, while still to them is lent  
89. Such light of conscience that, in discontent  
With their own fallen nature, they still crave  
To lose sin's burthen, or that life were spent.  
And they who yield to Christian teaching brave  
Endurance need, while their own sires around them rave
- “ With horrid cursing, and their mothers curse  
More horridly the children they have borne ;  
And children curse their parents who rehearse  
The name of Jesus, as their Saviour. Scorn  
90. And hatred, and a menaced life forlorn,  
Or loss of limbs, or death, await on them  
Who dare decide for Christ. If some return  
To their old vileness, bravely some contemn  
All threats of danger, holding precious Truth's bright gem.
- “ They who, in England, mock the enterprise  
Of Christian men that preach to the Hindoo,  
And, scoffing, ask why he so long defies  
Converting power, and is so hard to woo  
91. Unto conviction, and change old for new,  
Might cease their gibes if they would mark the tale  
Of truthful witnesses. How long the True  
Shall thus be martyr to the False, we fail  
To know : yet know the True most surely shall prevail.

- “ It shall prevail as surely as God lives  
 And giveth life to all that live throughout  
 His universe. Himself the assurance gives ;  
 And He Himself is Truth. His foes so stout  
 92. Shall yield ; the falsely wise shall cease to doubt ;  
 Barbarian darkness shall behold His light ;  
 And universal nations join the shout  
 That God hath come to reign in truth and might :  
 God and His Christ have come to bring thereign of Right !’

- New radiance fell upon that company  
 Of loving Martyrs while young Parnell spake,  
 And lit their faces with such heavenly glee  
 Of holy love, it seemed in me to awake  
 93. Deep longing that I could such love partake.  
 But, now, soft strains of music that I seemed  
 To recognize began, forthwith, to break  
 Upon my spiritual ear : the strains I dreamed  
 I heard before : above, around, they sweetly streamed !

- And lo ! above the Martyr band appeared  
 The hand of golden light all quickly saw,  
 And, seeing, seemed with expectation cheered  
 Of higher joys. It did their footsteps draw  
 94. Unto the terraced mountains, which, by law  
 Of their blest spiritual existence, all  
 Must at appointed seasons, with rapt awe  
 Ascend, to enter at the trumpet’s call  
 High heaven, and share its worship in high festival.

- The mountains ever green, my mind discerned,  
 Did picture endless life, and endless bliss,  
 Attained by all who climbed them—all who yearned  
 To be for ever good : from wrong and vice  
 95. Set free—from hate and rage and prejudice  
 For ever : and their essences imbued  
 With love and purity : no thought amiss :  
 No wrong affection : no solicitude—  
 Except to be in holiness for aye renewed.

The mountains all were terraced, as I knew  
 Intuitively, that in Christ's rest so bright  
 No thought of labour might bedim the view  
 Of His dear saints *at home*. So light  
 96. Was the ascent, it seemed to some a flight  
 In ether. Yet the sense of order stilled  
 Each mind, as if the want of it would blight  
 Their bliss. So up they stepped, as troops well drilled  
 Step lightly, without toil : each heart with joyaunce filled !

And as they 'gan the terraces to climb,  
 I saw their steps were timed, as in my dream  
 I saw before : a triumph-march sublime  
 It was ; and as they marched they turned the theme  
 97. Of their late converse to a tuneful stream  
 Of choral song ; and thus the Martyrs sung :—  
 “ We come, O Lord, to share the quickening beam  
 Of Thy bright glory with a grateful tongue, [strung.  
 For that Thou hast our hearts with chords of gladness

“ We laud Thy wondrous love, eternal, vast,  
 And infinite as Thine own Self, that found  
 The ransom for our souls : the love Thou hast  
 Displayed for fallen man—that doth abound  
 98. Even for the deeply fallen ! O that around  
 Thy throne may soon be gathered millions more  
 Who grope in heathen darkness, where the sound  
 Of Christ's blest name none bear, and none adore  
 Thy glorious majesty, Thy wisdom, love, and power.

“ Reclaim the nations, Lord ! Bring back the lost—  
 The wanderers through long ages ! From the chain  
 Of guilt and misery let the captive host  
 Of heathen men be freed ! O let the reign  
 99. Of Thy dear Son begin ! To swell the train  
 Of His long-promised triumph, let men come,  
 Who long in degradation dark have lain,  
 Blinded and maimed, in Superstition's gloom,—  
 By Christ redeemed,—to share the brightness of our  
 home !

And plague of sin : Thy savi  
O'er all the earth, till every h  
Be consecrate to Thee with lo  
All rebel wills be bowed in swe

Their song was longer ; but a  
Grew in me that I must not sl  
O' the City of God, or join the  
Into its gates of God's own M:  
101. As heretofore, or scale the mot  
But must return to earth.

I w  
My final call. Lord, while I s  
The fight of faith, help me to v  
Thy truth, and win the fallen fron

NOTES TO BOOK THE THIRD.

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1.—Page 362, Stanza 39.

WINFRED of CREDITON in Devonshire (in the kingdom of Wessex), born in 680 A.D.—He was consecrated Bishop, and named BONIFACE by Pope Gregory II., in 723 A.D. His life was written by Willibald, one of his disciples.—See "Life of St. Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence and Apostle of Germany." By the Rev. Geo. W. Cox, S.C.L. London, Joseph Masters : 1853.

2.—Page 363, Stanza 41.

EOBAN and ADALHERE.—There were others martyred in Friesland besides Boniface and these two.—For their names, see Cox's "Life of St. Boniface," p. 129.

3.—Page 364, Stanza 45.

JAMES PARNELL.—For the cruel martyrdom of this dear young Quaker lad, at Colchester Castle, in 1655—during the Protectorate of Cromwell—see Sewell's "History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People called Quakers."

4.—Page 364, Stanza 45.

EDWARD BURROUGH.—Stifled to death in Newgate. For an account of his happy death, and for the eulogium pronounced on him after death, by his friend Howgill, see also Sewell's History.

5.—Page 364, Stanza 45.

RICHARD HUBBERTHORN.—Nearly on the same page Sewell relates the death of this devoted servant of Christ, also in Newgate prison.

6.—Page 364, Stanza 45.

JOHN TROWELL.—He was so beaten and bruised and crushed by the Trained Bands of King Charles II., who were sent to break up Quaker's meetings by force, that he died.—See the beginning of the 7th Book of Sewell's History.

7.—Page 364, Stanza 46.

FRANCIS HOWGILL.—He died in Appleby gaol, after five years' imprisonment. His death was peacefully triumphant.—See the 9th Book of Sewell's History.

and Marmaduke Stevenson of Yorks  
hanged along with Mary Dyar. The  
tantly, to the gallows. Robinson and  
Dyar was ordered to ascend the ladder  
when they had tied her hands and ban  
she was reprieved. Yet she was execut  
bodies of Robinson and Stevenson havi  
they were cut down, and thrust *naked*  
the foot of the gallows.—See Sewell's 5

10.—Page 365, Sta

WILLIAM LEDDRA.—He was chain  
night, during a long winter, and in an  
the calmest resignation.—See Sewell's 6

11.—Page 365, Sta

“Whipped through New England to  
ping of Elizabeth Hooton, a woman of  
Anne Colman, of Mary Tomkins, of /  
is recited also by Sewell in his 6th Book.



BOOK THE FOURTH.

---

- O FAIR young Moon, if there were nought but thy  
Bright crescent to attract men's gaze from earth,  
It were enough to make them bless God's sky!  
The children love to see thee, and with mirth
1. Welcome thy coming ; and to Age thy birth,  
Anew, is ever gladdening, as a sign  
That Nature is not old, but still brings forth  
Her undimmed glories, and her gifts benign—  
Sustained in during energy by the Hand Divine !  
  
What countless, million-million, mortal eyes  
Have watched the swelling of thy silver bow,  
Until it grew a shield—then shrank in size,  
And vanished, to appear again a show
  2. Of beauty above all stars that sparkling strow  
The vault of Night. With what joy-ravishment  
The first young human pair the primal glow  
Of thy return first saw ! How oft hath blent  
Fears with the hopes of later mortals when was bent,  
  
Once more, thy shining form above their heads,  
And corn-fields cried for the reaper, but the rain  
Fell, pitiless: the rain that surely sheds  
Its torrents by thy fickle leave : the swain
  3. So held it. And, now men, of science vain,  
Disdainfully regard the Past, they hold  
It still the same. Although in thy domain,  
They swear, there is no moisture : But a cold,  
Dry, lifeless cinder is thy seeming face of gold !

Who gathered sticks in the  
Upon his shoulder, ever exp  
A prisoner in thy orb, rolling :

Argal, in thee there must be  
What, if in thy mild region s  
Though fallen, angels, who v  
Ventured, sometimes, down t  
5. To whisper mortals, and to si  
For that they were themsel  
In sin, and therefore were not  
Great torment: yet the wish g  
To spread for other souls of sin

But thou the lamp for fairy re  
My grannam said—for her ow  
The little people gaily dance a  
I' the mystic grassy ring, with  
6. And *spake aloud!*—not knowi  
That would subject her to thei  
To tickle her nose and ears wi  
And pinch her sides in sleep ;  
She had left in dirty bowls, ar  
hour—

All in the night: they had no :  
'Twas all by moonshine ! An  
By mortals *like some* . . .

- Thou wert the patroness of so much good  
 I' the time of Fancy, that one shrinks to tell,  
 Fair Moon! how thy account of evil stood;  
 How thy eclipse foreshadowed griefs to quell
8. The stoutest heart: shipwreck and storm, and yell  
 Of drowning sailors; and conspiracy,  
 Secret and dark, and murderously fell,  
 'Gainst kings; and overthrow of cities free;  
 And famine and plague, and every dread calamity!

- And was it all a dream, fair shining Moon?  
 Does thy eclipse forebode nor good nor ill?  
 Will fairies leave no gold in idlers' shoon?  
 Are all the fairies gone, and must we till
9. Our ground with sweat o' the brow, and must we still  
 Ring out our toil on the anvil, and work on,  
 Or starve? And, in thy realm, doth no sweet rill  
 Murmur, or river flow? Is the dream, too, gone,  
 That angels lived upon thee? Is there never-a-one?

- And art thou, seeming splendour of the night,  
 Only a cinder, lifeless, dark, and cold?  
 Then we will bless thee for thy borrowed light;  
 And still more bless the goodness that doth hold
10. Thee in thy orbit, by the rule untold  
 Till Newton scanned it, and, thence, safely scanned  
 The vast mechanic system manifold  
 Of central wheel and wheels dependent, planned  
 By God's own wisdom: formed and held by His own hand!

- "God, acting in His own great universe"—  
 So, when one asked what Gravitation was,  
 The immortal sage defined it, in his terse,  
 Significant way. He did not care two straws
11. What critics, foolish and fine, prated of "laws."  
 He knew that law could not itself maintain:  
 There must be the Unseen Sustaining Cause,  
 To ensure the sequence men call "law." In vain  
 Even Halley doubt pled often: Newton, with hands twain

selection natural, —and  
Of what they call "develo  
Development of wit ! what f

They thought God *could* c  
And *had* created. Sages  
Shake their small heads, a  
'Twas a mistake ! But, if  
13. The universe came to be, t  
'Tis better to say nought :  
Imperfect mortals, such as  
Themselves in airs pretenti  
From Nature's face to lift—th

And this sounds modest ; b  
Both for the heart and mind  
If one may call it so—can e  
In trouble ; or the heart's a  
14. With satisfaction ; or with  
Resolve to battle with temp  
To moral evil. Surely, no  
A man will feel to conquer :  
As he believes not in the Judg

I would not hastily condem  
I have great cause, rememb  
To shun hot speech. But v  
And "reverence" for them i  
15. Of our grandees of science i

- The deeper Truth—that there must be a Cause  
 For all this sequence, though it ever be  
 As *fixed* as they assert it is. No “laws”  
 Are known by stones or trees, by sky or sea;  
 16. Nor can they, senseless, pay a penalty  
 For disobedience. Men discern full well  
 They break a law when pain or misery  
 Succeeds an act. Rocks, trees, or waters tell  
 No sinners' tale of suffering, for they ne'er rebel.

- God makes a law for free-willed essences—  
 Angels or men. Man in the plenitude  
 Of regal power ; or, where true freedom is,  
 Men representative make laws, and rude  
 17. Rebellion 'gainst them brings on humble and proud—  
 Or should bring—penalty most sure. We all  
 Admire right law, and sensibly conclude  
 Them wise that made such law ; but never call  
 A law its own enactor. Why should mortals fall

- In “reverence” before sequence which they deem  
 The “law of Nature” ? Surely we should rise  
 Above such heathenism, and God supreme  
 Over His realm of Nature recognize,  
 18. Nor dare to say His power to the All-wise,  
 Almighty One is *fixed*.

The summer air  
 Invites. I have performed my exercise  
 Of duty, and should sleep ; but they so fair [share  
 And bright appear—the beauteous stars !—that I must

- The glorious sight, once more. How full of life  
 Must be the world-stored universe of God !  
 Yon glittering splendours cannot be unrife  
 With conscious being. Each sphere is surely trod  
 19. By moral agents : not the mean abode  
 Of animal natures only. 'Twere to deem  
 God's work unworthy of Himself to load  
 Immensity with suns, if every beam  
 They shed, however bright, shewed only Death supreme ;

Yet, higher joy must fill  
Looking on Man, than  
In outward beauty to th  
That are to all earth's trul

And, if the all-bounteous  
In giving life, and higher  
He gives of higher life, n  
Our love of life. To de  
21. The highest gift that God  
Can give, is surely base ;  
It is to wish Death shoul  
Thank God ! I never felt  
With hatred of Existence co

I love existence. And I  
Although I'm old, except  
And think, and feel, and k  
My being with comprehen  
22. On earth can only appreh  
All-spiritual I long to hav  
Angelic, gleaming, at onc  
Of clay-bound mind we c  
And years be spent in trying

And yet, how know we th  
Of things are better know  
To men ? Man knows m  
D...

- “As gods ye shall be!” said the snake to Eve;  
 And still man whispers it to his own ear.  
 And while he doubts so much he should believe  
 With childlike simpleness, he feels no fear
24. To grasp his Maker’s attributes, or near  
 Approach to make, at least, to what God’s hand  
 Alone can do. I would not tarry here  
 To learn such “science,” though they call it “grand;”  
 But, for right aims, I still would live in Fatherland.

- Not many have seen more of it than I:  
 Its hills and vales and woods; its streams, its strand;  
 Its quaint old cities, and its hamlets shy;  
 Its crowded, gay, new towns bizarrely planned;
25. Its moated castles, and its abbeys grand  
 In ruin, with its proud cathedralled piles.  
 Through shire and hundred, over Fatherland,  
 On foot, by wain, on steed, what merry miles  
 I’ve sped! The thought with pleasure still my heart  
 beguiles.

- I love existence. Never can return  
 The hours of youth or manhood; but I feel  
 ’Tis pleasant, oft to let the mind disurn  
 The Dead beloved, and bring them back to seal
26. Old friendships o’er again; to think o’ the zeal  
 We felt in our debates—the merriment—  
 The fire—the fun—the wish the hour to steal  
 Past midnight: then the grave rebuke swift sent  
 From brows of senior “take care!” men—so eloquent!

- I thank the Almighty Maker that I’ve lived,  
 And feel life hath been blessèd. What, though pain  
 Hath mingled with my ease? I have not grieved  
 At pain so much as at my inward stain
27. Of sin and guilt. My life hath been, i’ the main,  
 A pleasant pilgrimage. I cannot hold  
 With him who scorns this life, as but a vain  
 And worthless dream, soon over and soon told:  
 A dream that doth mere changes of a dream unfold.

is justly theirs. Men know the  
That links their sin with punish:  
And know their arguments against

- The men I knew who said, "The  
Creatures of circumstance men  
And blame are follies"—I ever  
To praise and blame, if to forget
29. You could beguile them. In the  
Of forty-eight, old Robert Owen  
His solemn say, very oft—"He  
His folly who blames and praise:  
Was turned, he praised and blam  
dead!

- I well remember how his new-fou  
Young Louis Blanc—an exile—s  
At Ashburner's, the opening and  
Comparing, of his speech. Puzzl
30. To unravel it, but failed. I had  
My face for laughter. But, the o  
Was quite triumphant; and he g  
Around,—as who should say, "N  
Or king can match my greatness: ]

- Self-worship was his foible—nay  
And all his followers to the top o  
Befooled and flattered him; and  
At others for born fools who shev
31. No ear to Robert's teaching. N



- So proud at heart—and yet how meek and kind  
 He was, even when the storm of anger swelled  
 Around him ! Imperturbable his mind  
 In contest seemed, when younger ; but he held  
 32. His head up loftily, in age, and quelled  
 Dissent with words that shewed he deemed men low  
 In intellect who could not see he excelled  
 All teachers of his time. So surely grow  
 Proud thoughts in man whose fellows weakly to him bow !

- Yet, one feels glad to have known a man that drew  
 Thousands around him who became so sure  
 That what he taught was truth. Alas ! how few  
 Are able to resist a panic ! Be the lure  
 33. Substance or shadow, when the calenture  
 Sets in, the human sheep begin to run ;  
 And, soon, all run who see the race ! Impure,  
 Unholy license seemed a precious boon  
 To fools. Some saw their folly ere life's task was done ;

- But Owen never changed, or faltered. From  
 The outset of his course he seemed possessed  
 Of rocklike strength of will. The masterdom  
 Of all men's ills should yield to his behest,  
 34. He told the crowds. They could suspect no jest :  
 He gave his wealth, his time, to spread the scheme  
 Of Socialism. He never seemed distress  
 At failure ; and when others ceased to dream  
 Of winning Eden back to Earth, and said no gleam

- They saw o' the promised light, he widely stared,  
 And said he wondered, for the light was full—  
 Nay, fuller than the sun's own light it glared :  
 The triumph was at hand : their eyes were dull  
 35. Who could not see the signs of it. No lull  
 Of earnestness he shewed for fourscore years ;  
 And, in old age, he said nought could annul  
 His triumph : it was come ! They gave him cheers :  
 He was stone-deaf : I do not think they reached his ears.

And their new President did no  
His purpose to be Emperor yet.  
Her splendour still—the famous c

Frenchmen were proud of Paris  
As were the rich : they hurled n  
Although they soaked the stone:  
The column in the Place Vendé  
37. Provoked—the Louvre's array o  
Evoked of hatred from the wor  
That struck for broader freedom  
Of Labour's sons is changed.  
I' the glass of Privilege are spent

Or heads shall labour, for the fu  
And idleness should have no res  
And so they burned their city, a  
All retribution ! Though their  
38. Beneath the Prussian's proud re  
They turned to shed each other  
Mad zest for civil strife is still n  
Within them. God forbid we s  
So fratricidal take—'midst changes

For change hath come in Engla  
Unlikely yet to come, for many  
And other changes threaten. I  
Great cause, indeed, for joy to r  
39. Some changes had been wrought

After such midnight musing, slumber came.  
 And, soon, the wakeful mind—as a player would say—  
 Caught up her cue from these last thoughts, to frame  
 Her converse in my sleep.

40. I dreamt my way  
 I took again, in Paradise, where lay  
 Familiar flowers : the bell-flower tall and fair,  
 That blooms by rocky Tees, even near the spray  
 Of the High Force : grass of Parnassus rare  
 In beauty—nay, most beautiful beyond compare—  
 That decks the banks of forkèd Tyne,  
 Where he turns south, by old quaint Alston, high  
 Above all towns in perch,—and where, with fine  
 Sense of the beautiful—(sure, bending nigh,  
 41. The angels whisper them !)—one child doth vie  
 With another in reverence for the fresh “ God-flower ”—  
 For so they name it ! And that living eye,  
 Or star of the earth—the *Trientalis*—dower  
 Of loveliness—that one would gaze at, hour by hour !  
 It grows in the park of Alnwick—but we found  
 It first in Scotland—I and my Love—near chill  
 But cheerful Grantown, where frail flowers abound :  
 The fairy orchis, with its infantile  
 42. And chaste white florets : *pyrolas* that thrill  
 The soul with wonder at their gracefulness ;  
 While *gymnadenias* rich perfume distil  
 Around your heathery path ; and lady’s tress  
 Renders your power to name its beauty languageless.  
 I dreamt such flowers I found, but each enhanced  
 In delicate grace of form, richness of scent,  
 And bloom, till, as before, I seemed entranced  
 To ecstasy, amid such lavishment  
 43. Of loveliness and sweetness. But soon lent  
 I hearing to the voice I dreamt I heard  
 Of one discoursing in a strain that sent  
 Strange vigour through me, as when one doth gird  
 Himself for fight—for fiery words his blood have stirred.

The vengeance of the Lord, wi  
With hate of kings, and Pride an

With Claude walked other mar  
Dumas, and Fulcran Rey, Guic  
And Olivier Souverain,<sup>2</sup>—who  
Fidelity and readiness did bear  
45. Their torture, and escaped to C  
Of bliss these now were reapin  
A crowd beside of brothers, ea  
Of Jesu's heaven. And all see  
Intently listening to the Desert F

“Brothers,” spake Claude, “reg  
And still take heart that we the  
With Rome's dark falsehood—  
Her power so strong, her hold  
46. O'er human hearts, when we d  
To earth, on God's great erran  
His promise fast—that He will  
In every land, into Truth's hol  
Let us hold firmly by His word p

He paused, as if reluctant to s  
From large emotion,—while hi  
His form in silent deep observ

- “Tell us, loved brother, if our own loved France”—  
 With meek impetuosity, spake Fulcran Rey—  
 “Have left the spectacle—the song—the dance—  
 Her boast of victories—and begun to pray.
48. We learned that there the priest had lost his sway  
 O'er men, though women seek his benison.  
 We wait to know that Frenchmen change their gay  
 And volant life, for earnestness. Soon gone  
 Will be Rome's power, if Frenchmen grave and pious have  
 grown.”
- “Ye marked my hesitance,” Brousson replied ;  
 “I cannot tell ye that our France grows wise  
 Or pious. Still she keeps her boastful pride  
 And vanity—although the Prussian dyes
49. Her soil with blood, and still for vengeance cries,  
 Remembering the dread wrong he suffered while  
 The wasteful Corsican won victories  
 Like sports, and fed his eager hosts on spoil,  
 And humbled kings, as if they were but peasants vile.
- “I deem, my brother, that thou judgest right :  
 Rome's day is gone when France casts off her yoke  
 In earnest, and no longer, in loose plight  
 Affects to wear it, as a masterstroke
50. Of policy. When neither jest, nor joke,  
 France makes of Christian truth, but with the force  
 Of all the reason that she boasts, the Book  
 Reads for herself, and reads with the remorse  
 Of conscience, she will soon break down the Papal curse.
- “But, even now, Rome seeks on her to lean :  
 Fallen Rome on conquered France ! The old man shorn  
 Of territory and civil rule, with keen  
 And smarting sense of the Italians' scorn—
51. For oft they jest around his nest forlorn,—  
 His petty realm—the City Leonine,  
 Across the Tiber—still uplifts his horn  
 Of pride, and dares to mutter curse malign  
 On all his foes ; and frets till France doth give the sign

52. To care most for themselves,  
So fast around them ; whi  
To strengthen more their  
And faith—by following p  
They think, of revolution: f

“ The earthquake threaten:  
From Labour's children, w  
Of good gain for themsel  
Others with plenty, by the

53. The earthquake threatens ;  
Myriads now train, and the  
With deadlier weapons ; ar  
Artillery, more deadly still,  
The air whirls weights of met

“ Or heard of, since the wa  
And ships are clad with iro  
In thickness,—and impelle  
Velocity, by force of steam,

54. Thus, horrible destruction,  
Enormous, emperor, and ki  
Make ready, confident, wh  
Sounds trumpet, with the g  
To wield off revolution, or sul

“ Our own loved France—  
France—  
Raves, too, of warlike prep  
Like conquering kings—na

- “ From earth, in God’s own time, I trust. But prayer  
Is farthest from her thought—of all the thought  
That enters human minds, when filled with care,  
And torn with sorrow, for the suffering brought  
56. To their own doors, upon their hearths, about  
Their beds—sorrow o’erwhelming to the mass  
Of men—but sorrow Frenchmen learn to flout  
With merriment, and mockery, and grimace !  
Oh, when, great God, shall reason truly mark our race !”

- Silent, the Martyrs walked, when Brousson ceased,  
In holy sorrow, till Bonnemere thus spake :  
“ And who hath ruined France ? who, but the priest—  
What, but the subtle power of the fell Snake  
57. Of Rome—did first the strength of Frenchmen break  
Under the yoke ? How long and bravely strove  
Our grand forerunners, who the chain, and stake,  
And fiery flame, with spirit of the dove  
Endured—blessing their foes who them with fury drove

- “ From life, although their lives to France had been  
Unmeasured good ! How long we strove—our aim  
How pure—God truly knows ! The haughty, unclean,  
Yet worshipt king—the pride, and yet the shame,  
58. Of France !—yielded, at last, to play Rome’s game  
To the full ; and, in expelling from his land  
Its Christian people, struck the blow to maim  
Its industry and wealth : his court, so grand,  
Robbed Poverty of its bread with unrelenting hand ;

- “ And vice and waste became the heritage  
Of his doomed house, till Misery rose with fell  
And fierce revenge to crush out Privilege !  
And still they hear the voice of vengeance swell  
59. Above the roar of war ; and who shall spell  
When it shall cease ?”—

“ And when from France the true  
Disciples of the Lord were driven ”—to tell  
His thought, Dumas began—“ the Atheist crew  
Soon gave the tone to court, and crowd, and science, too.

Their hireling throats, by open  
And cloth of gold unto the poor  
While rags scarce clad the peas

- “ Of his last mite—what wonder  
Of men revolted with disgust  
And showman too? Few, no  
'Mong Frenchmen; but men  
61. Their idols down than learn t  
'Fore sovran Truth. Oh that  
Up for Himself, in France, so  
In men's esteem, but who wit  
Should fire French souls, till the  
praise!”

- “ God hath His witnesses, the  
Spake Claude: “ a remnant of  
And heart unto the truth. Till  
Its teachings from the strange  
62. The word of life. Brethren, y  
Their number shall increase, t  
Among the foremost nations t  
The Crucified; and, over lan  
Her sons shall champion the ne

- “ Lord, let Thy servant's faith  
Right early!”—prayed the M  
Aloud;—and sounds that she  
With them, in Paradise, were  
63. Brothers Du Plans \* approach



- And, after these, drew near a Martyr crowd—  
 A crowd innumeros—that on earth were named  
 With many names—some given by wicked, proud,  
 And persecuting men ; and some that epigrammed  
 54. Their virtues. They who, when the faggots flamed  
 Around their limbs, at Lyons, aloud exclaimed  
 They saw the heavens opened ; and, at Toulouse,  
 Where met, i' the Middle Age, the Council famed  
 For persecution, they whom its foul abuse  
 Meekly received, and dared its sentence murderous.
- And they who bled or burnt, for stubborn faith,  
 In Gascogne, and Provence, and Dauphiné ;  
 And, in Lorraine and Picardy, met death  
 Exultantly : some called “ The men that pray,”  
 55. And some “ The men that sing : ” some termed the stray  
 Dwellers with wolves, or Turlupins. The poor  
 That loved them called them “ pure ”—Cathari : they—  
 The proud—who hated them, never forbore  
 To give them names of guilt, without a metaphor.
- Poor Men, Poor Weavers, Publicans,  
 Beghards, Beguines, and Manichees, some chose  
 To call them, as they wandered o'er the plains  
 Of sunny France, or climbed the Alpine snows,  
 66. Or hid in Pyrenæan vales from foes ;  
 And Albigenses were they called, who fell  
 In thousands by De Montfort's sword '—the blows  
 Approved by Rome, who said the work was well  
 And nobly done : work worthy of the fiends of hell !
- Anon, joined these, another Martyr host :  
 The Vaudois of Provence, whom fierce Oppède \*  
 Slew with the sword, or burnt—a holocaust  
 To glut his bad revenge—the slaughter made  
 67. By order of the king, won by the aid  
 Of Cardinal de Tournon : penitent  
 In death, the royal Francis strongly bade  
 Henri, his son, to follow with punishment  
 The guilty deed : a charge to which dull heed was lent.

Thither, it were—not to record  
Of their past martyrdom, but  
Another, and rehearse old earthl

Their greetings all renewed, th  
Of Light again appeared abov  
The signal, and the universal t  
Struck up the song of praise a  
69. With mingled prayer for Fran  
Obeying which, in Paradise, d  
All souls from earth, and did t  
To pray their Lord for those st  
In Fatherland, that they may all

“ Great God of might, who dos  
Creator of our being—Redeem  
From sin—and Sanctifier who  
With heart-renewal, and grace  
70. And cleave unto the right ! A  
We raise—our brother-song of  
That, though we grieved Thy h  
In mortal life, Thou didst not t  
But didst preserve our souls to sh

“ O Holy Lord, make bare Thy  
And from our Fatherland old F  
No longer let the priest, with b  
Delude men’s souls ! No long  
71. Give up their souls to folly and

- “ O God, let men, throughout the humbled realm  
Of France, begin to think—until from off  
Their eyes the scales shall fall, and shame o'erwhelm  
Their souls that they so long have lived to scoff  
72. At things Divine, and to deride all proof  
Of Thine Existence, who so long hast borne  
With their foul sin. Let Frenchmen keep aloof  
No longer from Thy Christ ! Oh, let their scorn  
Of meekness end ! Lord, beam upon their souls forlorn ! ”

- The prayerful song went on—the fervid plea  
For France, that God would cleanse her mental sight  
From folly's films, her veil of vanity  
Remove, restore her spirit from the blight  
73. Of scepticism, and fill it with the bright  
Perception that in Christ is true repose—  
Repose her restless spirit needs to upknit  
Her ravelled strength,—to still her strifeful throes,—  
And a transcendent future for her sons disclose.

- Their prayer harmonious ended ; when began  
The brethren towards the terraced hills to wend,  
In serried ranks. The Martyr caravan,  
Triumphant marching, did its wings extend  
74. Across the plain till the low hills ascend  
I, erst, saw in my dream : the river's marge  
It also touched ; and often seemed to bend  
Its lines by the winding river : space so large  
It filled.—But, now, I heard one Mind new thoughts  
discharge.

- 'Twas one whose flesh by pincers was torn off—  
Bold John le Clerc,\* they martyred in Lorraine,  
For that, with fiery zeal, beneath the roof  
Papists called holy he broke their idols vain  
75. To pieces. To the few I saw remain—  
Brousson, Bonnemere, and Dombres<sup>12</sup>—I heard him say,  
“ My brothers, we can never here complain  
Of what doth seem the All-wise One's delay  
In saving France ; but, how mysterious seems His way !

THE NEW-BORN CHILDREN, BUT SINCE,  
When we were sharers of mortal  
Lo ! while I speak, the new-born s

“ For Sin with Holiness the war  
Will wage till comes the end, an  
Its thirst with blood of Saints—  
To see their bodies writhe with t  
77. Or burning. So, some hither fr  
Now come, and some slain by th  
And from the rock let fall to ear  
Their bones, others have come.  
Disciples of our Lord !—We give y

“ Welcome, dear brethren, from  
To Jesu's Paradise ! ” aloud Bro  
And his companions cried ; “ ye  
To all God's Saints ! ”  
78. I knew  
From Madagascar came—the isl  
And broad, the channel named t  
Divides from Afric land. Victim  
They felt they were, and did no  
But met their death with joy, and C

Victims of Ranavalona<sup>11</sup>—savag  
A demon-legion seemed to fill an  
As when Christ dwelt on earth, t

- Sisters there were, as well as brethren, in  
 The island Martyr band. The queen so vile  
 Spared neither her own sex, nor her own kin.  
 The maiden Rasalama,<sup>12</sup> with a smile—
80. As proto-martyr of her native isle—  
 Led on the Christian company. Her hand  
 She gave Rafaralahy,<sup>13</sup> the youth who while  
 They led her forth to death, with bravery grand  
 Walked with her as she sang—spite of the queen's com-  
 mand.

- Full soon it was his turn to die. They slew  
 Him as he knelt where her unburied bones  
 Were strewed. And more they killed. I fear, all new  
 Ye would their names proclaim, and strange the tones,
81. If I pronounced them! Few to their death groans  
 Gave heed, in 'Christian' England—where the boast  
 Is rife—"There are no Martyrs now." "The moans"—  
 Say ye?—"were faint on that far southern coast"?  
 Truly, full oft their moans in hymns of joy were lost!

- "Sing us, sweet sister," spake Brousson, "the hymn  
 We heard that thou didst sing when thou wert led  
 To martyrdom."<sup>14</sup> To me her words were dim:  
 The melody with windings seemed to thread
82. The spiritual air, till—as the great one said—  
 With "linked sweetness long drawn out," the mind  
 O'erpowered seemed tears of tenderness to shed,  
 With rapturous thrill. Thus sounds are intertwined  
 With feeling, whether in earth or heaven, for human-kind!

- Then sang the Malagasy, in their tongue,  
 And with like tenderness, in joyous strain,  
 And in full chorus, other hymns they sung  
 In their late days of martyrdom and pain.
83. Their music rose above the flowery plain,  
 Until I saw the infant company  
 Of Welcomers gather in troops, amain,  
 And float o'erhead, and list with ecstasy  
 And wonder, what the music, new to heaven, might be.

They worshipped Christ, and  
'Fore blocks of wood by ignorant

With grateful joy the Malagas  
How first the missionary-men  
Began, and how some felt that  
Of all their heart ; and when b  
85. By printed signs as well as spo  
The men began, what wonder,  
Some felt to learn until their m  
The meaning of God's word, an  
What great salvation for their soi

And how they hid its precious  
Fierce Ranavalona, and nightly  
From their concealment, and b  
Their thirst for the living water  
86. They hid Christ's printed truth  
They dug it up when none of ;  
Were nigh. And then, how gre  
Of Bunyan's Pilgrim-story<sup>18</sup> to  
Their hearts began—yea, told of

“ O brethren, these are wondro  
Said Claude ; “ how know we  
For such was Madagascar, wh  
The soil of

- “ O’ the world, as the pre-eminent Christian seat  
Of knowledge and refinement? God may bring  
Judgment upon the nations that maltreat  
His truth, and deem it false ; that madly wring  
88. From intellect and sensual revelling,  
Alike, the dregs of pleasure ; and ignore  
Their Maker’s name ; yea, proudly backward fling  
His benefits, and call them curses. O’er  
Our ancient home awful judicial change may lour !”

- “ Cast not away blest hope !” with cheery shout,  
Cried one who led another band in view,  
While thus the Preacher spoke of fear and doubt,  
And to the terraced mountains nearer drew  
89. The Malagasy and the friendly few  
That journeyed with Brousson. The Martyr band  
That now approached, thus cheerily led, I knew,  
By mystic insight, were of Gallic land,  
Likewise : its ancient Martyrs : they who bore the brand

- Of infamy, when pagan Rome held rule,  
And savagely shed Christian blood for game,  
By scourge and torture so unpitiful,  
’Twere hard to tell : worse than the fiery flame !  
90. And dread exposure, ’mid the loud acclaim  
Of thousands, to the claws and teeth of beasts  
Wild from their scorching Afric clime : no shame  
They felt to boast refinement, yet such feasts  
They held i’ th’ amphitheatres, with brutal jests

- Mocking frail woman’s sufferings, as of men  
The groans. ’Twas Polycarp’s disciple<sup>10</sup> led  
Gaul’s ancient martyrs. He who in Vienne  
Was slain. And, with him, they whose blood was shed  
91. So recklessly in Lyons, by the dread  
Decree of Antoninus Verus, blythely trod  
The floral way : Pothinus,<sup>11</sup> whom from bed  
They dragged—the man of ninety—to give God  
His dying testimony, and seal it with his blood ;

Cried Irenæus; "still remain f  
God's patience and His love.  
My brethren, yet, for fallen Fran

"While the great Intercessor f  
And saints on earth. Asunder,  
Of scepticism will rive, as He f  
The veil of heathenism! Fran  
93. O' the serpent see, ere long, an  
In penitence, that she so long l  
The false for true, for pure the  
Shall mourn she hath the powe  
And grieve 'gainst God and Christ

"Cast not away blest hope!" a  
"Blest hope we may not, will n  
Cried all the Martyr company;  
For sceptic, as for heathen, Gat  
94. Of grace is not yet past: full so  
Of holiest Truth, with soul-awa  
May beam upon her. Send it,  
Let France no longer be a real  
But shine among the nations, by'

The prayer and song went on, a  
The terraced mountains they b  
Went on—and other songs, wit  
The joyous murmurings were



Of earth, a pilgrim still : Death's mystic sea  
Uncrossed ! Yet, I must cross it soon : the years  
Must now be scanty that remain for me  
On th' hither side o' the tomb. Life onward wears  
96. Happily, thank God ! Scarcely a "vale of tears"  
This life hath been for me. Still let me prove  
My happiness in DUTY : then, no fears  
Cold Death can bring : 'twill be but a remove  
From happy life below, to happier life above !

NOTES TO BOOK TH

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1.—Page 392, Star

CLAUDE BROUSSON, "the Evangelist compact life of him, published by Ham The Preface is signed by " Henry S. B.

2.—Page 392, Stan

DUMAS, FULCRAN REY, GUION, B RAIN, and other martyrs of Montpellie scribed in the volume I have just menti

3.—Page 396, Stan

The three brothers, DU PLANS : cc Brousson.

4.—Page 396, Stan

DAVID QUET.—Broken on the wheel a of his martyrdom see also the " Life of

5 and 6.—Page 396, S

PIERRE DE BRUIS and HENRI, "the l account of their labours and martyrdom Monastier's " History of the Vaudois Religious Tract Society.

7.—Page 397, Stan

SIMON DE MONTFORT.—One hundr some say more) in 1209 ravaged Langu less "heretics," under the leadership Amalric, the Abbot of Citeaux, and leg

8.—Page 397, Star

THE BARON OPPRE —The merrils

## 9.—Page 399, Stanza 75.

"Bold JOHN LE CLERC," the woolcomber of Meaux, is an observable figure among the martyrs of France. "In his zeal against the deceiving errors which he saw abounding on every hand, he involved himself and the good cause he had at heart in common ruin, by rashly offending the most cherished prejudices of the prevailing creed. The inhabitants of Metz, whither he had withdrawn, were accustomed annually to repair in crowds on an appointed festival to a neighbouring chapel, where a statue of the Virgin, with others of favourite saints, were the objects of special devotion to the credulous and ignorant populace.

"Like Paul of old, the spirit of Le Clerc was stirred within him to see the city thus wholly given to idolatry; and, forgetful of the example of the apostle in like circumstances, he repaired at an early hour to the church, and breaking the images in pieces, he scattered them before the altar. Though no one witnessed the daring sacrilege, Le Clerc had no desire to flee. The act was designed as a testimony against the sin in which the people were preparing to unite; and when he was dragged before the judges by an enraged multitude, who could hardly be restrained from tearing him in pieces, he fearlessly proclaimed to them Jesus Christ as the sole object of rightful worship.

"The courageous confessor was sentenced to be burned alive; but even a death so horrible could not satisfy his enraged executioners. He was mutilated and torn with red-hot pincers, and his sufferings were prolonged with the most savage ingenuity; after which the sentence of his judges was carried into execution by burning him in a slow fire. . . . While his executioners tore his flesh, and mutilated his face, in a manner too horrible for description, he solemnly ejaculated the words—' *Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: He is thy help and thy shield.*'"

## 10.—Page 399, Stanza 75.

DOMBRES.—He and Boisson, both colleagues of Claude de Brousson, went to martyrdom, at Nismes, singing the praises of God, and "finished their course with joy."

## 11.—Page 400, Stanza 79.

RANAVALONA, Queen of Madagascar.—How this woman, who had no rightful claim to the throne, seized it, on the death of King Radama, has been related in English periodicals many times. The reader will find a compact account of the Malagasy martyrs in the "Narrative of the Persecution of the Christians in Madagascar," etc., by the Missionaries Freeman and Johns. London: Snow, 35, Paternoster Row; as also in "Madagascar: its Mission and its Martyrs," published by the same house.

## 12.—Page 401, Stanza 80.

RASALAMA.—The calm, but glorious death of this proto-martyr of Madagascar is beautifully told in the last-mentioned little volume.

13.—Page 401, Stanza 80.

RAFARALAHY. "My sister, I will not leave you to the end," said this young man, separating himself from the crowd to walk by the side of Kasalama, as she was led to death. A few days afterwards he, also, was martyred.

14.—Page 401, Stanza 82.

The Malagasy martyrs all went, singing hymns of praise, to the place of death. This so enraged their persecutors, that at last they stuffed straw into the mouths of the sufferers.

15.—Page 402, Stanza 86.

"Bunyan's Pilgrim-story."—It was translated into Malagasy by Mr. Johns, the Missionary; and soon the natives prized it next the Bible.

16.—Page 403, Stanza 91.

"Polycarp's disciple," IRENÆUS.—He was martyred at Vienne, in Gaul, A. D. 202, in the persecution under Severus.

17.—Page 403, Stanza 91.

POTHINUS.—See *Eusebius*, Book v. c. 1.

18.—Page 404, Stanza 92.

SANCTUS the deacon, ATTALUS, MATURUS, VETTIUS EPAGATHUS, BLANDINA, and others.—See *Eusebius*, Book v. c. 1.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

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THE winter's sun beams bright, as if 'twere spring,  
Gladdening the waters of the lonely sea : .  
Lonely as death : not even a bird on wing :  
No glimpse of man, or boat : a jubilee

1. Of silence and of death, it seems. With glee  
The unburied giants of old Cumbria wear  
On their huge shoulders their death drapery—  
The pall of snow. Wide Morecambe sands are bare,  
But sparkle, as if strewed with dust of diamonds rare.

All things are bright, though silent. Overhead  
There is no cloud : 'tis one deep vault of blue  
That mocks the eye to gauge it. If, instead,  
I look upon the waters, without clew

2. Or rod, for measurement, I am : I view  
The boundless still ; and still within me rise  
The old, old baffled thoughts I yet pursue,  
But can achieve no end. Oh, for new eyes  
Of Mind, to pierce the deep, the eternal mysteries !

I had a friend, in youth, I loved full well.  
He was no mannikin—no dapper thing  
That smirks, and reckons Life a bagatelle ;  
But girt the bow of his mind with steely string,

- 3: And shot far after Truth—within the ring  
Oft planting his arrow where her jewels glow,  
All-priceless. Humble in birth, he was a king  
In thought. I see his broad Baconian brow  
Brighten, as mind-fire flashes in the eyes below ;

- I hear his manly tones announce the clear  
 Decision he had raught, when we the fray  
 Dialectic,—stern, unbending, and austere,—  
 Had waged for hours. And now I hear him say—
4. They were his dying words—for soon the clay  
 That glorious spirit left : “ Oh, how I long  
 To be all intelligence ! ” Thus did he pray  
 In death : prayed from the passions’ blinding throng  
 To escape for ever, that on Truth, with vision strong,

- For ever he might gaze : with spiritual eye—  
 The eye unlensed, unorganed, unbeshrined  
 In flesh, undimmed by vulgar slovenry  
 Of earthly use. He prayed that as pure Mind
5. He might exist : not only unconfined  
 By shroud o’ the flesh, but unannoyed, unstained  
 By the foul cleavings of all humankind  
 To the earth, which do convince the soul, sore-pained,  
 That, while on earth, unto the grovelling clay ’tis chained.

- Hath he his dying wish obtained in death—  
 That is, in the real life beyond the grave ?  
 For, since ’tis not the kernel perisheth,  
 But only the shell, one cannot choose but crave
6. To know what kind of life our spirits have  
 Unclothed upon with flesh. Doth he still see—  
 Hear—feel ? Or, did the senses but enslave  
 And dull the soul’s perceptions—while, now, free  
 From sense, she is Perception’s self—the destiny

- My dying friend aspired to—and now he  
 Is “ all intelligence ” ? Yet, often he said,  
 In our tense arguings, that it could not be  
 For any mere creature to have being unwed
7. To vehicle, or clothing : only the Dread,  
 All-infinite One could be pure Mind. And then,  
 If asked—How such thought-regions can we tread ?  
 He quoted Cudworth—whose intellectual ken  
 He deemed the strongest of all late Platonic men.

And thus men quote, and reason still—or guess ;  
But get no farther !

- Yon big cumulus cloud  
Hath suddenly risen from some lake's recess,  
8. To hide the lordliest mountain in its shroud ;  
And Coniston Old Man, that looked so proud  
Above his fellows, is invisible—  
While more clouds pile upon the obscurer crowd  
Of peaks, and make them seem to bulge and swell  
Till they in stature Alps or Andes would excel.

- Let me leave clouds and mountains, for the sea !  
Our reasoning is but rasher guessing, full  
Of fancied peaks from which immensity,  
We think, at last, we fathom. We are dull  
9. Scholars in learning how to pick and cull  
True treasure from the trash of our own thought.  
All reasoning on the eternal future null  
And void must be. What God hath left untaught  
About it must be best unknown, or left in doubt.

- Let me breathe freely thy fresh air, glad main !  
And, thankful, gaze upon thy boundlessness—  
What, though I try to measure thee, in vain ?  
He measureth thy waters—measureless  
10. To man—in the hollow of His hand ! Transgress  
Thy bounds thou canst not ; neither can I mine.  
It will be wisest for me to repress  
Guesses about the Future, and resign  
My soul with confidence into the Hand Divine !

- I thank Thee, Lord, the days of arrogance  
Are past, when I presumed Thy government  
Divine to arraign : with rash precipitance,  
Forbidding Thee to punish sin unblent  
11. With blame of Thine own creatures, on earth sent  
To do Thy will, but given to have a will  
Themselves. I thank Thee that the veil is rent  
Of pride ; and, since Thou only know'st how ill  
It is in man to sin—his span of life to fill

Is blinded by no error, and  
It is to judge. That punish  
To baseness here, men do  
The lawless, would on law an

- Man's teachers now are sa  
What I once rashly said ar  
And punishment cannot be  
And bountiful and tender, c  
13. In Nature Thee proclaim ;  
Of Gospel truth is sweetene  
Thou canst not punish ever,  
Of evil from Thy holy thron  
For ever see—men say : it wo

- Vast Sea ! how little of thy  
I judge from this scant spot  
Upon thy waves? And can  
The slave of sin—from his c  
14. Doth claim to read, off-han  
The Book o' the infinite gov  
Surely, Unerring One, Thou  
That men, unblamed, shoul  
Divine—should thus forget the

Farewell, grand Sea ! I may  
Thy waters look again, and  
Thy healthful lessons. Her



- I left the realm of silence by the Rail.  
 There was no Rail whereon the steam-steed sped  
 With snort, and puff, and haste to turn men pale  
 With fear, and fill their hearts with instant dread
16. Of death, when I was young. But steady tread  
 Of waggon-horses, stout and strong ;—the dash  
 Down hill and up, o' the mail, without a shred  
 Of fear, to coachee's chirrup—not the lash  
 O' the whip ; the cheery horn ; no dread of deathful crash !

- “ Oh, for the dear old coach again ! ” I cry—  
 But soon remind myself o' the pelting rain,  
 And that umbrella which the old man would try  
 To hold up still for shelter with insane
17. Resolve, although it drenched our necks ; the pain  
 Of sitting, cramped, for lack of room ; the wind  
 That kept us in one posture, like a chain—  
 It was so keen ! And then I am inclined  
 To own 'twas well men did the steam-steed find, and bind !

- I left the realm of silence, and arrived,  
 Once more, i' the realm of noise, and haste, and toil :  
 The realm of cotton mills, in which seemed hived  
 Man, woman, child: all join the gainful moil,
18. 'Midst heat, and rattle of machines, and broil  
 Of steam. And still they build new mills, and vaunt  
 That nought their enterprise shall henceforth foil  
 Until their manufactures spread aslant  
 The world—where'er is found the human habitant !

- But thirty years ago, Lancastrian land  
 Was filled with discontent ; and ghastly fear  
 Prevailed the Poor would seize the pike and brand,  
 Through hunger-bitten madness, and ungear
19. The chariot of the State, and Order sheer  
 Overboard cast into the abysmal flood  
 Of universal ruin. Many a seer  
 Proclaimed that revolution, battle, and blood  
 Must come, if men and women and children had not food.

How the sage holder of the reins displayed his skill,  
 And starving crowds gat food, there is no need  
 That I should tell. When hungry men could fill  
 Their stomachs, they soon ceased to list the rede  
 20. Of Agitators. "Let us work, and feed  
 And clothe ourselves and children," soon became  
 The all-prevalent resolve. They worked with speed ;  
 And when broke out, across the sea, the flame  
 Of war, and they could get no cotton, they did not blame

The "Cotton Lords," of whom, in bygone time,  
 They spoke so angrily. Their common sense  
 Kept them from insurrectionary crime ;  
 And, famine-stricken though they were, suspense  
 21. Of work and wage with patience most intense  
 Was borne. And, now the wheels go round  
 Again most merrily, thoughts of turbulence  
 Return not—for men's eyes upon the ground [bound,  
 Are fixed : to thoughts of food and clothes their minds are

Except where curse of gambling hath possest  
 The souls of men and women—for to share  
 This madness of their husbands, with wild zest,  
 Women are found ! No more, i' the open air,  
 22. I see, at eve, pale, eager groups, with rare,  
 Though homely eloquence, holding debate—  
 Their heads unhatted, and their lank limbs bare  
 Of clothing, save with rags—far on, till late  
 Dusk hour : and still they lingered to deliberate

How freedom should be won, and man be ruled  
 As man, by his own free choice, not as a slave !—  
 And hath the fervent thirst for freedom cooled ?  
 "You see the ragged crowds no more !"—with brave  
 23. Display of triumph, they proclaim, and wave  
 Their new-bought hats ! Most gladly I discern  
 The rags are gone ; but sorrowfully crave  
 Whither had fled the intelligence, and stern  
 Passion for freedom with which once they seemed to  
 yearn—

- The starving " Mill-hands ! " Was thy word then true—  
 Sage Age-fellow illustrious, that—spite all  
 The cry and rage and threat against the Few  
 That rose from the Many—'twas not to disenthral  
 24. Themselves from serfdom, but to make their call  
 And shriek of hunger heard till they were fed ?  
 'Twas all that Chartism meant ; and now the tall,  
 Grim scaring spectre flees—for men have bread  
 To the full ; and all their say for Freedom they have  
 said ?—

- Then, from my inmost soul, I sorely grieve  
 That I and others bore for such as ye—  
 The grovelling sons of sires who could upheave  
 The world with fear—whose rags, so vile to see,  
 25. Were robes of honour, for they were the fee  
 Of independence!—sorely grieves my soul  
 We bore the chain for such as bow the knee  
 To Pelf and Privilege, so that the dole  
 To work for wages they may have. Is this the goal

- Of Freedom? Have ye reached it, then, so soon?  
 And now, with hands in pockets, ye can prate  
 Of shares in stores and building clubs ; and—boon  
 'Bove all !—can bet on horses—like the great !  
 26. Or, on the flight of pigeons ; or, elate  
 With idiot pride, lead greyhounds in a string,  
 And bet upon the swiftness of their gait !—  
 For, now, all's well ! With scorn, aside ye fling  
 Fantastic Freedom, and vote the way sure bread to bring

- Into your cupboards ! Ye are men of sense :  
 Your ragged sires were fools, and dreamers wild.  
 Freedom to feed ye prize : with abstinence  
 And Liberty ye cannot be beguiled ;  
 27. For ye have tasted bread, and said, and smiled,  
 " 'Tis sweet, and we will keep it. Take our vote  
 And welcome ! Rule with hands clean or defiled,  
 So long as we can feed to the full. A groat  
 We care not how ye rule ; on that we spend no thought ! "

- And did we brave the dungeon, but to know  
That toiling men have sold their birthright, like  
Esau of old, for a mess of pottage? Low,  
Indeed, your starving sires, who talked o' the pike,  
28. Would say their well-fed sons had sunk ! Heart-sick  
To see such degradation, they would be,  
And cry—" Ye strike for wage—but why not strike  
For Freedom ? Ye who have the vote, like free  
Men use it : your own hands now hold your destiny ! "
- My hour of teaching came ; but there came few  
To listen of the hands-in-pockets crowd :  
They flocked to gaze upon some gew-gaws " new  
From Lunnon ! " I to my lodging with a cloud  
29. Of moody thinkings paced—
- Hush ! hush ! the shroud  
They are preparing for the breathless clay  
That held the noblest soul on earth ! No proud  
Large-acred duke, or gartered marquess they  
Adorn with heraldry, and clothe with Death's array.
- " The great Triumvir," saith the printed sheet  
Of evening news, " hath died at Pisa." Fame  
Shall now reverse her trumpet, and, with meet  
Proclaim, speak of an actor in the drame  
30. O' the Nineteenth Century, whose high-souled aim  
None equalled. And Italia's passionate heart  
Shall sob with penitence, and throne the name  
Of her Mazzini far above the smart  
And courtly names of men-that played their part  
Of seeming patriotism, for kings to win  
Continuance of their sceptres. Ay, 'tis night  
With the poor lifeless clay : shrunken and thin  
It lies, no doubt ! Quenched are those lamps of light—  
31. Those " windows of the soul "—so dazzling bright  
When it looked through them, while he thought and spoke  
Of home !—so full of splendour and of might,  
When from his eloquent lips the syllables broke  
Of fair Italia fully freed from foreign yoke,

- And then united : Tuscan, Piedmontese,  
 Roman, Venetian, and Sicilian land,  
 All one freed home for patriot hearts at ease !  
 Old feuds now mourned ; and thrown away the brand  
 32. So often drawn to shed with brother's hand  
 A brother's blood ! The worn, thin clay is cold  
 And lifeless—but, I dare be sworn, 'tis grand  
 In death ! No soul e'er left a nobler mould ;  
 And still, I doubt not, it is beauteous to behold !

- How glossy were his raven locks when first  
 I saw that classic head ! But when I saw  
 Him after his return from Rome—the worst  
 Having befallen his rule, from the fell paw  
 33. Of France—and while I gazed, with sorrowing awe,  
 Upon his face, I marked his head was gray !  
 I spake on't—but it only served to draw  
 A smile from him : “ We watched, by night and day,  
 While Garibaldi and our Romans kept the fray ”—

- He calmly said—“ with the French and Oudinot.  
 I never slept on a bed, and only ate  
 Dry bread and raisins, while they met the foe ;  
 And Saffi, and I, and Armellini, sate  
 34. To mete out justice—or deliberate  
 What next to essay. The Corsican's false heir  
 Hath blasted our fair hopes. But better fate  
 Awaits us. Never, my friend, can I despair :  
 Our cause shall yet, in Rome, victorious laurels wear ! ”

- Where shall his tomb be ? In Santa Croce's fane,  
 Where sleep the grandest of Italian dead ?  
 Mazzini's bones were worthy to be lain  
 By the bones of Angelo, the sculptor dread,  
 35. Or Galileo's—but his final bed  
 Should be in Rome. She was the darling dream  
 He cherished : Popeless Rome become the head  
 Of Italy : her beauty, again, the theme  
 Of all ; and crowned with her freed People's diadem !

Oh, honour the dead clay, Italians, for  
 The sake o' the soul that wore it ! Honour well  
 The clay, for the soul's sake ; but homage more  
 The lofty memory of the man ! Oft tell  
 36. Your children how he toiled, amid the swell  
 Of tyrant rage, and failure of his plan,  
 So oft renewed, the Austrian's pride to quell,  
 Freedom restore, and Italy in the van  
 To place, of nations : the Great Realm Republican !

Say how he toiled and never fainted ; nor  
 His toil gave up till death ! So deep, so true  
 Was that great love to Freedom which he bore,  
 And to his darling Italy ! Ever grew  
 37. The affection with his years. He never knew  
 An ebb and flow of that great love. 'Twas one  
 With his own being : a love that did imbue  
 And colour all his thoughts, and give them tone :  
 He lived and breathed in that great love, supreme, alone !

Champion of "God and Duty"—for they were  
 Thy watchwords—who shall now the counsels guide  
 Of Freedom ? Only one true arbiter  
 She needs : the Man of Equity. Low Pride  
 38. That pulls down higher Pride—setting aside  
 One wrong to plant another—doth but breed  
 New troubles, and impede the gladdening stride  
 Of Freedom. Had poor France but taken heed  
 To thy sage chiding, she had now been free indeed.

Farewell, grand Soul ! Rienzi meets thee there,  
 In Christ's bright heaven—the heaven of truthful souls—  
 With Brescian Arnold, and the man of prayer,  
 The martyred Savonarola : men, i' the rolls  
 39. Of Papal Rome, set down to share the howls  
 Of the accurst. Thank God, nor Pope, nor Priest,  
 Shall be our judge ! 'Tis He alone controls  
 Our destiny.—Grand spirit, take thy rest  
 With Him and Christ, in the sweet regions of the Blest !—

- Midnight hath found me pondering, once again,  
 The change of earthly things. One cannot hear  
 That great ones die, and pass it by, as men.  
 Pass by the deaths of every day—no tear  
 40. Shedding, or heed vouchsafing to the drear  
 Dull tale.—

I slept again—the sleepless Mind  
 Still of her waking thoughts keeping a clear  
 And vivid hold—and seemed to tread the assigned  
 Realm of the Lord's beloved, whom evil men maligned

- And martyred. By the winding river I seemed  
 Again to walk ; but ere I stooped to take  
 One growth of that sweet floral land, I dreamed  
 The forms I kenned of two that, while awake,  
 41. I thought of sorrowfully. One of them spake  
 With the bold martyr who to fiercest flame,—  
 By cunning of the Pope he caused to quake,—  
 Was doomed at last : the Pope whose English name  
 Was Breakspear : none more skilfully played the Papal  
 game.

- Girolamo Savonarola told his heart,  
 In Paradise, with forceful yet with meek  
 And gentle speech. Arnold of Brescia's<sup>1</sup> part  
 Was sterner. As, in life, he never sleek  
 42. Or servile features wore, or uttered weak  
 And wavering words, so now he seemed to look  
 And speak as one who lived in days antique,  
 And lineage claimed with men who could not brook  
 The thought of slavery, much less bear its hateful yoke.

- Truly Italian souls they were. Their inward fire  
 Of patriotism was equal. One had learned  
 To mitigate his speech, so that no ire  
 Was e'er suspected. In the other yearned  
 43. O'er Italy a soul that often burned—  
 Some hastily said—with flame that made them fear  
 It was unchastened. But the pure discerned  
 No sin in all his warmth. Thus, oft, sincere  
 And fervid souls are judged with judgment too austere.

- “ They flung thy ashes to the Tiber,” said  
 The Florentine,<sup>3</sup> “ and to the Arno mine ;  
 And soon the sea commingled and outspread  
 Them o’er the globe. And so each foul design  
 44. To frustrate Freedom fails ! Though to confine  
 And stifle her life-giving breath they strive,  
 Men’s strife but serves to spread her breath divine  
 Till slaves inhale it, and restorative  
 Proclaim her power to every enslaved soul alive !
- “ Kingship—that we ne’er loved—still lives, ’tis true ;  
 But our loved Italy owns no despot sway.  
 And, were it not for Loyola’s cunning crew,  
 The Papacy would soon see its last day.  
 45. Oh, surely, on the march of Freedom, may  
 We now congratulate each other, while  
 We laud the Almighty Ruler. Though His way  
 Be in the clouds for ages, they shall smile  
 With joy, who watch with patience how He works His  
 will ! ”
- “ My joy is feebler, brother, than thine own,”  
 The elder martyr spake : “ I long to see  
 Our countrymen unto full manhood grown,  
 In thought and act. Scarcely from childhood, we  
 46. Can say they have passed, while many a devotee  
 Climbs on his knees the Santa Scala,<sup>3</sup> day  
 By day ; and, when the baby effigy  
 Of Christ—the doll Bambino<sup>4</sup>—on its way  
 To the sick is seen, Italian women kneel and pray,
- “ I’ the open street. How can men call our land—  
 Our Italy beloved—except in whim—  
 A land of Christ, who died that we might stand  
 Acquitted in the Father’s sight ? The hymn  
 47. They raise to Mary, Queen of Seraphim,  
 And Mother of God—not to the Crucified !  
 ‘ Ora pro nobis ! ’—how their voices swim,  
 Yet, in our spiritual ear ! When last we hied  
 On our Lord’s errand, and again beheld the pride



“ And pomp of their false worship, and the throng’s  
 Profanity, beneath that stately dome,  
 How burned our minds with sense o’ the Saviour’s wrongs  
 Inflicted in our loved Italian home !

48. If Christian martyrs of old pagan Rome  
 Could rise, and see what priests call worship, in  
 Yon proud basilica, that still the gloom  
 Of heathenism prevailed—the gloom and sin—  
 They would declare : so near to heathenism akin

“ Is popish worship ! Oh, that God would bring  
 To nought the guilty system, and restore  
 His Son’s pure truth ! ”—

- “ To the Eternal King  
 49. Be fullest praise that on the Italian shore  
 Men scatter Gospel seed ! The Christian sower  
 Is free to come, and bring the Bible, too !  
 Doubt not, Italians, now they are free to explore  
 Its truths, will soon, intelligently, the true  
 Discern, and faith in their old priestly frauds eschew.”

- Thus Savonarola strove the overhaste  
 To check that Arnold felt. But now drew near  
 A band of Italy’s martyrs of the Past :  
 Arnulph,<sup>3</sup> the holy preacher, bold, austere,  
 50. In time of Pope Honorius, who with fear  
 Filled hearts of cardinals and priestly knaves :  
 With fear—not penitence : they shed no tear ;  
 But seized him, nightly, by the hands of slaves,  
 And silenced his bold preaching in the Tiber’s waves.

- With him came Martin Gonin, and Varaille,  
 And Nicolas Sartoire, and Pierre Masson,<sup>4</sup>  
 And hundred martyrs more, from many a vale  
 Of Piedmont : poor Vaudois barbes, so long  
 51. Exposed, with their devoted flocks, to wrong  
 From popes, and priests, and Dominic’s black band.  
 Next came Mathurin,<sup>5</sup> and his wife so strong  
 In faith, who cried “ Don’t yield ! give me your hand ! ”  
 And walked with him to burn, with fortitude so grand !

Of northern Italy these : the southern clime—  
 The sunny Naples—had its victims, too :  
 Apulians, and Calabrians, who no crime  
 'Gainst man committed ; and to God with true,  
 52. Humble, and faithful hearts they lived. But who  
 Could 'scape the Inquisition's deadly gaze ?—  
 They butchered eighty men with the knife : they slew  
 Them as his sheep or swine a butcher slays,  
 Cutting their throats, in turn. And ere they gave to the  
 blaze

Their female victims, sixty were tortured till  
 Some died o' their wounds. Nor did Venetia proud  
 Escape the Inquisition's yoke. Its various skill  
 In killing men and burying them was shewed  
 53. In Venice : the victim no expense of shroud  
 Needed : tied on a plank, a stone at his feet,  
 Between two little gondolas they rowed  
 Him to the outer harbour : then, with fleet  
 Motion, the boats withdrew. Without a winding-sheet,

Their victim found a grave in the lagoon.  
 Giulio Ghirlanda,<sup>8</sup> calling on the Lord,  
 Thus sank to death ; Ricetto,<sup>9</sup> next ; and soon  
 Spinula,<sup>10</sup> and Fra Baldo :<sup>11</sup> the record  
 54. Of all the names were long to tell. Reward  
 In Paradise these found, and to embrace  
 Their brother martyrs came. O'er the green sward  
 And flowery vale, in crowds, they trode apace,  
 While high and holy gladness shone in every face !

What famed Italian city had not there  
 A martyr for Christ's unadulterate faith  
 'Twere hard, indeed, to tell. Florence the fair  
 Had many besides Girolamo to death  
 55. Who bravely went. And many the martyr's wreath  
 In Parma, Mantua, and Bologna gained ;  
 Or in Ferrara took the fiery path  
 To heaven ; or, while fierce Spanish Philip reigned,  
 In Milan, boldly in the flames Christ's truth maintained.

- Whence came the chiefest hundreds of that host?  
 Even from the spiritual Babylon. 'Twas Rome,  
 Herself, that fiercest kept the demon boast  
 Of zeal in bringing heretics to doom,
56. By fire, or sword, or rack, or cord, or gloom  
 And hunger and silence of the prison cell.  
 Who thirsted most for blood in Christendom?—  
 For blood of Christ's own saints? The tyrants fell  
 Who boasted that they kept the keys of heaven right well!

- Their greetings o'er, I saw the martyrs group  
 Together, for discourse of what they saw,  
 Of late, on earth; and of their faith, or hope,  
 That popish frauds would cease to overawe
57. Their countrymen, and Christ's pure truth be law,  
 Alone, unto their consciences. Of brave  
 Aspect, Bartoccio<sup>12</sup> soon began to draw  
 A crowd around: he who was seen to wave  
 His hand, and heard to shout "Vittoria!" when they gave

- His comely body to the flames at Rome.  
 "Italian brothers, who love Christ!"—so spake  
 The noble martyr; "in our ancient home  
 We see the dawn, at length, begin to break
58. Of that thrice happy day, when old, opaque,  
 Benumbing errors of the soul shall fade  
 Like mists before the sun—when men shall wake  
 And cast off Superstition's dreams, dismayed  
 No longer by the hideous forms such dreams pourtrayed.

- "What, though Italians linger somewhat, yet,  
 To dash in pieces the false shapes that long  
 Enthralled their father's souls;—to break the net  
 Of Loyola fully from off their limbs with strong  
 And manly effort? We shall hear the song  
 Of triumph soon, o'er Jesuit falsities:
59. The Book of Christ's own truth is now among  
 Them: it lies open to enquiring eyes:  
 The Evangel shall, itself, our land evangelise!

"There is no preacher like the Bible's self.  
 The living teacher is but human, like  
 His kind : he may be swayed by love of pelf,  
 Or pride ; or may be led astray by sick  
 60. Fancies that oft mislead even politic  
 And sober men. The Book will ne'er mislead.  
 'Twill win its own grand way. Full soon the trick  
 Of frightening men from reading it shall breed  
 A proud resolve from frown of priestcraft to be freed.

"All hail the happy day, when earnest men  
 And women too, on all the Italian soil,  
 Each day by day, and hour by hour, with ken  
 Of humbleness, and prayer, and spiritual foil,  
 61. Shall 'search the scriptures,' and thus find the foil  
 To baffle, effectually, the guileful game  
 Which priests so long have played, and end the spoil  
 They have made of human souls i' the holy name  
 Of Christ!—Oh, holy Lord, cut short their reign of shame!"

"Amen, amen!" responded the rapt crowd—  
 "O Lord, subvert the soul-benumbing power  
 Of priestcraft, in our noble land!"—aloud  
 They prayed—"Thine own apostles trod its shore ;  
 62. Thy martyrs bled upon the sanded floor  
 O' the Colosseum ; the cities' streets engrained  
 Have been with many a Christian martyr's gore ;  
 Our mountains and our vales their blood hath stained !  
 O Lord ! to our loved land restore their faith unfeigned !"

"And my soul saith 'Amen,'" the Brescian said ;  
 "But what, if God to answer prayer delay—  
 Prayer scarce accordant with His purpose dread,  
 Or not yet ripened, so that they who pray  
 63. Can say they know it? He, in sovereign sway,  
 May humble Italy still more ;—confound  
 Her national councils ;—bring to low decay  
 Her wealth and strength. So long the craven hound  
 Of Austria, unto Prussia next she may be bound.

- " Oh, who can think upon her worldly glory—  
 Her old, great names of conquest and renown—  
 Her names of patriotism, so bright in story !  
 Her names of eloquence—the names thick strown  
 64. O'er history's pages—they that wear the crown  
 In Art, and Song, and Music—and not sigh  
 To see Italia sit with face half-prone  
 To the dust, and with half-folded hands—while sky,  
 And earth, and sea, resound with the awakening cry  
 " Of new-born nations who aspire to be  
 A something in the scale, when worth is weighed,  
 And rank assigned 'mong men? Her ancients  
 Would blush to see of what poor stuff are made  
 65. Her modern men—mere men of masquerade :—  
 Except the few now leaving earth—the few  
 So far above the rest, each seems a shade  
 Of some old worthy which her soil upthrew [grew !"  
 When naturally, it seemed, there glory and greatness  
 " My brother Arnold"—Savonarola spake,  
 With haste, and yet with tenderness, " we are all  
 Italians, and thy words, as a trumpet, wake  
 Our passionate love for Italy ! Yet fall  
 66. Thine accents on our incorporeal  
 And auditory sense, as if they told  
 Thy heart were more upon yon earthly ball  
 Than here, in Jesu's heaven"—  
 " My brother, hold !"  
 Cried Arnold ; " think me not, I pray thee, overbold  
 " When I avow my spirit's love intense  
 For earthly themes, though far below the worth  
 Of heavenly. Yet, I hear with reverence  
 Thy meek reproof. For here, if not on earth,  
 67. The holier soul should have what elder birth  
 Claims there : brethren's obedient love."—  
 " I join  
 With thee, Bartoccio," Arnulph said ;—" 'Tis dearth  
 Of knowledge stops the way. The Book divine,  
 If once Italians search with earnestness, no shrine

Of years shall end : the cri  
That set up Mary as a mea  
To heaven, shall never more b

At once, Italia's myriad ma  
I saw, lift up their hands, a  
" Lord God Almighty, if or  
Of martyrdom the vengefu  
69. Could make of all our bodi  
Them once again, on earth  
Crowd to the flames—yea,  
Them with a shout,—woul  
Of Mariolatry with Christian

" Lord, let Thy servant's p  
Fulfilled ! Let sickly sent  
Be misnamed piety ; nor h  
To Mary be miscalled dev  
70. Thy light upon our loved I  
Thy holy light into Italian  
Until their mid-age darkne  
And seeing how Superstitio  
Regard it as the foulest foe o

Forthwith, a venerable sigl  
Of ancient martyrs from I  
That seemed their brother  
As they approached. No  
71. Or Innocent, or Urban pro

- And sharers of their lowly meekness too ;  
 But hugely varnished in the midnight time  
 That followed, as saints and miracle-workers true—  
 Some of them Roman bishops, ere a crime
72. Had stained the name of Pope ; and some in prime  
 Slaughtered of maidenhood—young virgins fair ;  
 And others of their sex, in age. Sublime  
 In bravery, they did the fiercest tortures bear,  
 Until their torturers faltered 'fore their courage rare !
- Popes Clement, Sixtus, Fabian, Felix, all—  
 With Lucius and Cornelius<sup>13</sup>—though none dreamed  
 Of it—all canonised ! The pretence tall,  
 “ I am infallible,” none made. Each seemed
73. A child in lowliness. A face that beamed  
 With beauty followed : Agnes,<sup>14</sup> the virgin whom  
 Shrewd Diocletian, when he falsely deemed  
 He could destroy Christ's truth, sentenced to doom,  
 With many more, filling his realm with fear and gloom.
- Laurence,<sup>15</sup> the victim of Valerian, slain  
 With tortures most ingenious and prepense ;  
 And Roman martyrs in a crowd, i' th' reign  
 Of reckless Commodus, for Truth's offence,
74. Driven to fierce deaths ; and more, pre-eminence  
 Of martyrdom beneath the bloody sway  
 Of Decius who obtained ; a throng intense  
 Suffering Maxentius caused, ere yet the fray  
 O' the Milvian bridge brought Constantine the victor's bay.
- And many slaughtered in Maximian's rage ;  
 And others by Severus' seeming word  
 Of fairness. Boasting Italian lineage,  
 These, all the gladsome martyrs of their Lord,
75. Now joined in heaven upon the flowery sward,  
 A grateful army, to commemorate  
 The sweetness of their bliss. On earth abhorred  
 Of wicked men, they felt their afterstate  
 The sweeter : it was bliss full-blossomed, consummate.

And now, in happy groups—withouten note  
 O' the times in which they lived on earth—for here  
 'Twas true fraternity—though ages mote  
 Have rolled between their births—in groups of dear  
 76. And holiest friendship gathered, they gave ear  
 Unto each other how the errand sped  
 On earth, from which they had returned. Austere  
 And brave, as when the forfeit of his head  
 He paid to Commodus, sage Apollonius<sup>10</sup> said—

“On errand of our loving Lord, I stood,  
 Of late, near to the soul of one sore pained  
 And worn by buffeting the surging flood  
 Of his heart's doubts and fears. Renown he gained  
 77. In college studies, when a youth, and none  
 More welcome would have found if he the pale  
 Of Rome's apostate Church had entered. Groan,  
 And ave, and tears, his sister did not fail  
 To offer to Madonna, ere she took the veil ;

“And then the simple nun spent half her life  
 In praying Mary from the heretic's snare  
 To save her brother. Home brought daily strife,  
 With father's ire, to Giulio,—mother's prayer  
 78. And passionate entreaty. If to share  
 The fellowship of young or old he tried,  
 He gat no help, no solace : to beware  
 Of mortal sin, of dark presumptuous pride  
 They warned him : not one strove to cheer him : all to  
 chide.

“Young Giulio durst not fully tell his soul  
 To any mortal. Unto God he made  
 His moan : to God alone ! The priestly scowl  
 Was on him in the street. 'Neath sun or shade,  
 79. The wistful maids who saw him inly prayed  
 Madonna to be saved from deadly stain  
 Young Giulio bore—their own confessors said.  
 He struggled with his doubts and fears in vain :  
 He dared not bow to Mary, nor false worship feign ;



- “And, with conviction of heart-sin, he shrank  
 From supplicating God with cheerful mind.  
 Could he have brought his burthen with a frank  
 And filial trust before the Lord—the blind
80. Had fully gained his sight. But fears had twined  
 Themselves so thickly with his doubts, his gaze,  
 In love, upon the Saviour of mankind  
 He dare not fix—in grateful love ; or raise  
 To Him, in cheerful confidence, one note of praise.
- “He pondered o’er the old Waldensian book,  
 So long in secret kept—the page of light  
 That first his faith in Romish errors shook—  
 Until he shrank with horror at the sight
81. Of Rome’s idolatries, and murderous spite  
 Shewn to God’s people, and His Truth ; and thought,  
 Not seldom, he would tell the truth outright—  
 Would own himself the foe of the Devout,  
 Misnamed ; and cry Rome’s creed was but a Tale of  
 Naught !
- “But soon, again, remembrance of his sin  
 Bereaved his soul of strength. He dared not speak  
 Of others’ sin, while yet he could not win  
 A sense of pardon for his own. To seek
82. So great a boon aright, he feared—with meek  
 Distrust of his own power—he knew not how ;  
 And hourly prayed that God, who aids the weak,  
 Would strengthen him the way of life to know  
 And enter on it boldly, spite of every foe.
- “Our ministry—in answer to his cry—  
 The Lord vouchsafed unto him ; and, in deep  
 Dependence on our Guide Divine, the eye  
 Within we strove of blinding films to sweep,
83. And fix it on perception that to reap  
 In joy is promised unto them that sow  
 In tears. Some strength he gained, but soon o’er-cheap  
 He deemed salvation was, by faith : with low  
 Prostration he must still, with tears, in secret, bow.

- “ We dreaded, now, lest penance, and the scourge,  
 And all the false humility and vice—  
 Not virtue—wherewith monks affect to purge  
 Men’s sins, should fill his fancy, and entice  
 84. Him to attempt himself to pay the price  
 Wherewith his Saviour had already bought  
 His soul and ransomed it for Paradise.  
 Our dread grew gloomier, for his mind, o’erwrought,  
 Seemed sinking—when the Hand Divine deliverance  
 brought.

- “ An English Christian—whom young Giulio met  
 Amid some ruins, where, to nurse his grief,  
 In solitariness, and ’scape the fret  
 And torment of being watched, i’ the fall o’ the leaf,  
 85. He wandered—courteously besought a brief  
 Historic reason, if young Giulio’s lore  
 Were rich enough to give it,—like a reef  
 Of rocks the sea hath left far on the shore—  
 Why there lay ruins which such marks of beauty bore.

- “ The question pleased him, for he knew each stone  
 And vestige well of Rome’s rich treasure-heap  
 Of ruins. And he pleased the stranger. Flown  
 Was twilight, ere their walk was done. No peep  
 86. O’ the moon was yet : and, ’mid the dark to creep  
 From stone to stone, they tarried—for the theme  
 The stranger touched made Giulio’s spirit leap  
 With eagerness. Denouncing Rome’s dark scheme,  
 The English Christian shewed how freely did redeem

- “ Men’s souls, He whom the Father’s pitying love  
 From His own bosom gave. Young Giulio’s eyes  
 The darkness hid, and much his spirit strove  
 To hide its tempest—so long used to spies  
 87. And listeners—but, o’ercome with sweet surprise,  
 He told his secret. Now, the stranger blessed  
 The hour the Guide Divine—who doth advise  
 His servants true—had led him to the quest,  
 Unknown, of one who panted for the Saviour’s rest.

“ Experienced in the windings of the heart  
 And intellect—the wards o’ the locks of thought  
 And feeling—the good stranger drew apart  
 The fastenings of young Giulio’s mind ; upcaught  
 88. The meaning of his failure to be taught  
 The truth of Christ by th’ old Waldensian book ;  
 And gave him—such the words—‘ a treasure fraught  
 With priceless wealth.’ In his young hands he took  
 It, while his frame throughout with grateful tremor shook !

“ It was the Bible in his native speech.  
 God shone upon it as he read. In Rome,  
 Now Giulio doth, each day, Christ’s gospel preach,  
 Where’er a poor man opens his mean home  
 89. To let the word of life be heard. They come  
 And listen, stealthily or boldly, while  
 The preacher onward speeds ; and, readily, some  
 Ask for the Book, and buy it. With the smile  
 Of scepticism some hear ; and pass on to revile.

“ For Doubt abounds : its name is legion. Where  
 Hath Rome’s old tyrant power ’mong men been felt,  
 And human souls a strong deliverer  
 Not sought in sternest doubt—scorning to melt  
 90. In tears, where men so long have bowed and knelt  
 In childish fears ? Doubt still abounds ; but death  
 To doubt the Book in many hearts hath dealt.  
 ’Tis seed-time yet. The harvest comes, God saith.  
 We rest upon His word whose name is Truth, in faith !”

To Apollonius, while he told his tale  
 Of sorrow and joy, some hundred audience lent ;  
 And when he raught the end, they did not fail  
 To thank the Guide Divine. Meanwhile upsent  
 91. Were songs of praise. ’Mid other groups were blent  
 Like laud and joy, as others told how fared  
 They, in their visits to old Earth. Intent  
 All seemed on learning what they chiefly cared  
 To know : that faith increasingly by men was shared.

A glorious band—confessors  
To join their brethren. W  
Sufficed to show they fell by

In Piedmont, when rose th  
“Venge, Lord, Thy slaught  
soul ;

And Cromwell threatened  
That made the Pope turn  
93. And bloody massacre. M  
They did adown the rocks  
The Savoy Duke endeavou  
But could not. The Pontif  
Was given in haste : Rome fr

One noble heart came up w  
He died before them. He  
Of Simeon, in the fire—“ N  
“ Thy servant, Lord, depar  
94. The heart of man God mak  
Thus brave Bazana of Luze  
He doth to the black calenc  
Likewise, o' the Inquisition  
And deep. Could blackest He

The Martyrs of the Valleys,  
Filed off in order for the ma  
Of trumpet summoned them  
That rouseth men, on earth,  
95. The beckoning Hand of Lis

Though great Mazzini's life of labour served  
To kindle fire of freedom in the breast  
Of his "Young Italy"—and strongly nerved  
Some manly arms and hands to win a blest  
96. Victory for freedom ; and the age-long pest  
Of Popery now hangs its head. Oh, no !  
Rome hath not changed. Nor ever will men rest  
Peacefully in Truth while she can work them woe.  
Of Freedom and of Truth she is the deadliest foe !—

I heard begin the tuneful swell of praise—  
Soon changed to prayer for Italy—as on  
The Martyr Army marched. But soon my gaze  
On their bright ranks grew dim ; and faint the tone—  
97. And fainter—of their chaunt. Before the throne  
The martyrs soon will bow, in rapture high,  
I thought, as I awoke. But, not yet done  
Is my earth-labour. I must better try  
To live—"as ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

## NOTES TO BOOK

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1.—Page 419, Sta

ARNOLD of BRESCIA. His triumph  
tion of Pope Adrian (Breakspear), with  
burning, at the command of the Pope  
the most romantic incidents of Italy's

2.—Page 420, Sta

"The Florentine"—SAVONAROLA.

3.—Page 420, Sta

SANTA SCALA. "Nearly opposite  
John Lateran, we saw the devout,  
shippers, ascending the Santa Scala or  
of stone steps, said to have been taken  
Pilate at Jerusalem, twenty-eight in nu  
of young and old, rich and poor, fat a  
ful, slow and rapid, clumsy and agile  
those steps, must be seen to be under  
jostling, the groaning, the praying, the  
gravity of some, the anxious faces of ot  
and, consequently, ludicrous collision;  
stoppages of others, render the scene  
ording to the state of mind of the obs

4.—Page 420, Sta

BAMBINO. "We visited the church  
Here a monk shewed us the far-fam  
dressed olive-wood image of the inf  
jewels,—which they take, if requested,  
A carriage, two hours after, was seen  
The women in the streets kneel as it is  
of the same work.

5.—Page 401, Sta

devotion and a distinguished preacher. While he proclaimed the word of God, he rebuked the dissoluteness, the libertinism, the avarice, and the extreme haughtiness of the clergy. He exhibited, for universal imitation, the poverty and life of spotless integrity of Jesus Christ and His apostles. In truth, his preaching was approved by the Roman nobility, as that of a true disciple of Christ. But, on the other hand, it exposed him to the intense hatred of the cardinals and the clergy, who seized him by night, and put him to death secretly."—*Trithemius: quoted by Monastier.*

6.—Page 421, Stanza 51.

MARTIN GONIN was but thirty-six years of age. He was sentenced to be drowned in the Isère, in Dauphiné. The sentence was executed in the night.—GEOFFROI VARAILLE, aged fifty, was burnt at Turin, 1558.—NICOLAS SARTOIRE, a young student of Berne, was burnt at Aosta, in Piedmont, 1557.—PIERRE MASSON, a Vaudois *barbe*, or pastor, was waylaid on a journey, and arrested. He was put to death at Dijon, in 1530.—*Monastier.*

7.—Page 421, Stanza 51.

MATHURIN: burnt at Carignan, in Savoy, in 1560. His wife found entrance to his prison, exhorted him to constancy in the presence of his judges, and offered to go with him to die, if they would give her leave: *They granted her request.—Monastier.*

8, 9, 10, and 11.—Page 422, Stanza 54.

GIULIO GHIRLANDA was the first who suffered martyrdom in the city of Venice. He sank into the deep, calling upon the Lord Jesus.—The next was ANTONIO RICETTO, a most honourable man. In the gondola he was firm, prayed for those who put him to death, and commended his soul to his Saviour.—FRANCIS SPINULA was drowned ten days after Ricetto.—The most distinguished of all the martyrs of Venice was FRA BALDO LUPETINO. He was of a noble and ancient family, became a monk, and rose to high rank in his Order. He was imprisoned twenty years by the Pope and the Inquisition, and then put to death. He met his martyrdom with great firmness, and in peace.—"Sketches of Protestantism in Italy," by Robt. Baird, D.D., of New York.

12.—Page 423, Stanza 57.

BARTOLOMEO BARFOCCIO, son of a wealthy citizen of Castello, in the duchy of Spoleto. He was imprisoned, but escaped to Venice and thence to Geneva. In 1567, he was seized in Genoa, by the Inquisition, and sent to Rome, on the requisition of the Pope. "After an imprisonment of nearly two years, he was condemned to be burnt alive. With a firm step he went to the place of execution; and, whilst the flames were enveloping his body, the words *Vittoria! vittoria!*—victory! victory! were distinctly heard from his dying lips."—Dr. Baird, in the volume just mentioned.

13.—Page 427, Stanza 73.

Popes CLEMENT, SIXTUS, FABIAN, FELIX, LUCIUS and CORNELIUS. I would not deny to these primitive Bishops of Rome the rank of true martyrs.

death, over a slow fire, on a gridiron; the intrepid martyr, after suffering so much, bid his torturers to turn him on the other side.

16.—Page 428.

APOLLONIUS, a Roman senator, was executed by Commodus, after defending himself bravely. See *Book v., c. 21*; *Jerome*, in his *Life of Tertullian*; etc.

17.—Page 432.

BAZANA of LUZERNA: a nobleman, was executed on the 23rd Nov., 1623. They bound him in prison. "But, as the executioner was about to put the bandage on his eyes, the bandage fell off, and the martyr thus saw his death:—"People," he said, "it is for you to act in conformity with the word of God; to—' Here the Inquisitors started up, and Bazana set up the song of St. Beza, that touching canticle sung by the martyrs at the sacrament—

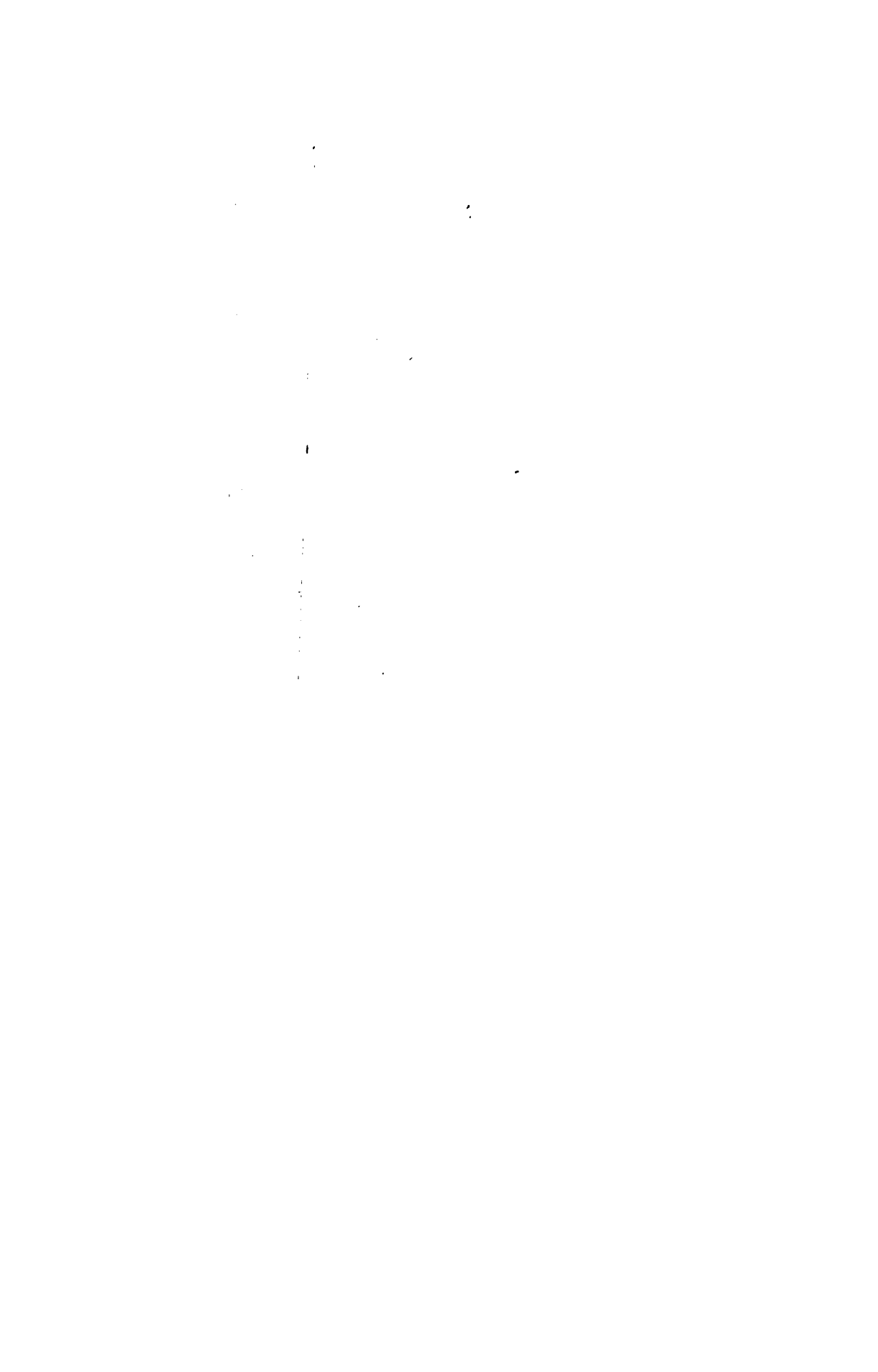
'Laisse-moi dés  
Seigneur, aller

But his voice was soon silenced by the executioner. See *of the Alps*:" translated from the *Life of Muston*. London: Ingram, Cooke,





EARLY PIECES.





## EARLY PIECES.

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### TO LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

HAIL, awful pile ! Child of Time's midnight age,  
Now Mother in its youth renewed ! The tomb  
Of regal priests who banqueted on joys  
Wrung from the peasants' woes : disciples strange  
Of Him whose coat was woven without a seam  
Throughout, who had not where to lay His head !  
Great sepulchre of haughty gloom and grandeur—  
Bestriding earth, like as thy shrinèd dead,  
While living, did bestride the human mind—  
Thy veritable being, which thy frown  
Stamps on our consciousness so solemnly,  
Would seem, like shapes in fables of thy times,  
A phantom too unreal for our belief,  
Were we not witnesses that oft the mind,  
Disordered and oppressed by strong disease,  
Creates, in throes of thought, its images  
Of gorgeous dress and stature giantlike—  
Dwarfing the voluntary portraitures  
Sketched by Thought's pencil in the hours of health.

*Roman Ermine Street, 1829.*



### WHAT ARE DREAMS?

ARE dreams a portion of our active life?  
Are they the living movements of the soul,  
Which grows more wakeful while the body sleeps  
And, unrepressed by drear reality,  
Its playful vigil keeps, or weaves its web  
Of self-entangling sorrow—picturing,  
In deeper shades or wilder ecstasies,  
The joys or troubles of our waking hours?

Or, are we merely passive in our sleep?  
Do 'spiritual creatures' visit us,  
And hold more ready converse with the mind—  
Unshackled, whiles, by life corporeal—  
Forewarning it, by emblematic signs,  
Of coming grief or pleasure?—

We but know,  
As yet, in part; but, when eternity  
Shall dawn—when the strange noose is loosed  
Which ties the soul to matter—we shall know  
As we are known. The freed inhabitant  
Of this our mortal tenement, shall then  
Its own mysterious secrets learn; and, skilled  
Its past experience to trace, 'twill live,  
In thought, its life terrestrial o'er again.  
Yea, then, shall spiritual essences  
Be our companions in celestial bliss,  
Or, sharers, with us, of sin's penalties.

And, if to speak of past acquaintanceship  
Be ours, with spirits perverse, how terrible  
That converse ! But, if angels blest shall pour  
Their sweet communications in our ear,  
And tell of pleasing whispers to the soul  
In far departed hours of earthly sleep—  
How rapturous, to hail eternally  
In heaven, that brotherhood of spirits pure,  
Our secret visitants of love on earth !

*Gainford*, 1830.

LOVE'S C

WHAT meant that gla  
That softly hushed, ye  
Hast thou a thought  
Which breathed, my  
Why shouldst thou,  
Or hide it from my mi  
Didst thou e'er breathe  
And I not breathe as d  
Or hast thou whisper  
A word of sorrow or  
Or have I seen thee  
And looked a thought u  
Did e'er a gleam of Lov  
Across thy beaming cou  
Or joy its seriousness  
And o'er it cast a radi  
And mine with kindre  
Not glow as bright as th  
Why wouldst thou, then,  
To hide within thy breast  
Its load of doubt, of gr  
Of joy, or sorrow, to mi  
Assured this heart woul  
A burthen borne by thine

TO ———,

OH, cleave more closely to my breast,  
And I will closer cleave to thine :  
Thy bosom is my sweetest rest—  
Oh, rest thy weary head on mine !

Let storms around us rudely beat,  
And on us pour the withering blast :  
If we the storm *together* meet,  
'Twill sweeter be, when overpast.

Let pleasures fade, and want assail—  
Yet nought of murmuring or of care,  
Within our bosom shall prevail—  
For Love shall whisper quiet there.

Then cleave more closely to my breast,  
And I will closer cleave to thine :  
Thy bosom is my sweetest rest—  
Oh, rest thy weary head on mine !

*Gainsborough, 1832.*

SIR RAYMOND AND

SIR Raymond de Clifford,  
Hath gathered to fight in the  
And his lady's heart is sink  
For the knight and his lanc

" Oh, wherefore, noble Ray,  
His lovely ladye weeping  
" With lonely sorrow must  
" When but three bridal

Sir Raymond kissed her pal  
And strove, with a warrio  
While an answer of love he  
His flooding tears to hide

But an image rose in his he:  
That shook his heart with v  
And anger flashed in his rol  
While his ladye looked on h

Yet he answered not in wra:  
But clasped his bride to his  
And with words of tender ye  
Thus strove to banish her h



“ Oh, ask me not, love, to tarry in shame,—  
 “ Lest ‘ craven ’ be added to Raymond’s name !  
 “ To Palestine hastens my mortal foe,—  
 “ And I with our Lion’s Heart will go !

“ Nay, Gertrude, repeat not thy sorrowing tale !  
 “ Behold in my casque the scallop-shell,—  
 “ And see on my shoulder the Holy Rood—  
 “ The pledge of my emprise—bedyed in blood !

“ Thou wouldst not, love, I should be forsworn,  
 “ Nor the stain on my honour be tamely borne :  
 “ Do thou to the saints, each passing day,  
 “ For Raymond and royal Richard pray,—

“ While they rush to the rescue, for God’s dear Son ;  
 “ And soon, for thy Raymond, the conqueror’s meed,—  
 “ By the skill of this arm, and the strength of my steed,—  
 “ From the Paynim swart shall be, nobly won.

“ Thou shalt not long for De Clifford mourn,  
 “ Ere he to thy bosom of love return ;  
 “ When blind to the lure of the red-cross bright,  
 “ He will bask, for life, in thy beauty’s light !”

The morn in the radiant east arose :—  
 The Red-cross Knight hath spurred his steed  
 That courseth as swift as a falcon’s speed :—  
 To the salt-sea shore Sir Raymond goes.

Soon, the sea he hath crossed, to Palestine ;  
 And there his heart doth chafe and pine,—  
 For Hubert de Burgh is not in that land :  
 He loitereth in France, with Philip’s band.

But De Clifford will never a recreant turn,  
 While the knightly badge on his arm is borne ;  
 And long, beneath the Syrian sun,  
 He fasted and fought, and glory won.

His Gertrude, alas ! like a widow pines ;  
 And though on her castle the bright sun shines,  
 She sees not its beams,—but in loneliness prays,  
 Through the live-long hours of her weeping days. —

Twelve moons have waned, and the morn is come  
 When, a year before, from his meed-won home  
 Sir Raymond went :—At the castle gate  
 A reverend Palmer now doth wait.

He saith he hath words for the ladye's ear ;  
 And he telleth, in accents dread and drear,  
 Of De Clifford's death in the Holy Land,  
 At Richard's side, by a Saracen's hand.

And he gave to the ladye, when thus he had spoken,—  
 Of Sir Raymond's fall a deathly token :  
 'Twas a lock of his hair all stained with blood,  
 Entwined on a splinter of Holy Rood.—

Then the Palmer in haste from the castle sped ;  
 And from gloomy morn to weary night,  
 Lorn Gertrude, in her widowed plight,  
 Weepeth and wailleth the knightly dead.—

Three moons have waned, and the Palmer, again,  
 By Gertrude stands, and smileth fain ;  
 Nor of haste, nor of death, speaks the Palmer, now ;  
 Nor doth sadness or sorrow bedim his brow.

He softly sits by the ladye's side,  
 And vaunteth his deeds of chivalrous pride ;  
 Then lisps, in her secret ear, of things  
 Which deeply endanger the thrones of kings :

From Philip of France, he saith, he came,  
 To treat with Prince John, whom she must not name ;  
 And he in fair France hath goodly lands,—  
 Where his sturdy vassals await his commands.—

The ladye liked her gallant guest,—  
 For he kenned the themes that pleased her best ;  
 And his tongue in silken measures skilled,  
 With goodly ditties her memory filled.

Thus the Palmer the ladye's ear beguiles,—  
 Till Gertrude her sorrow exchangeth for smiles ;  
 And when from the castle the Palmer went,  
 She watched his return from the battlement.—

Another moon doth swell and wane ;  
 But how slowly it waneth !  
 How her heart now paineth  
 For sight of the Palmer again !

But the Palmer comes, and her lightsome heart  
 Derideth pain and sorrow :  
 She pledgeth the Palmer, and smirketh smart,  
 And saith, " We'll wed to-morrow !"—

The morrow is come, and at break of day,  
 'Fore the altar, the abbot, in holy array,  
 Is joining the Palmer's and Gertrude's hands,—  
 But, in sudden amazement the holy man stands !

For, before the castle, a trumpet's blast  
 Rings so loud that the Palmer starts aghast ;  
 And, at Gertrude's side, he sinks dismayed,—  
 Is't with dread of the living, or fear of the dead ?

The doors of the chapel were open thrown,  
 And the beams through the pictured windows shone  
 On the face of De Clifford, with fury flushed,—  
 And forth on the Palmer he wildly rushed !—

" False Hubert !" he cried ; and his knightly sword  
 Was sheathed in the heart of the fiend-sold lord !—  
 With a scream of terror Gertrude fell—  
 For she knew the pride of Sir Raymond well !

He flew to raise her—but 'twas in vain :  
Her spirit its flight in fear had ta'en !—  
And Sir Raymond kneels that his soul be shriven,  
And the stain of this deed be by grace forgiven :—

But ere the Abbot his grace can dole,  
De Clifford's truthful heart is breaking,—  
And his soul, also, its flight is taking !—  
Christ, speed it to a heavenly goal !—  
Oh, pray for the peace of Sir Raymond's soul !

*Gainsborough, 1832.*



THE GOSHERD OF CROYLAND.

TIS a tale of merry Lincolnshire  
I've heard my grannam tell ;  
And I'll tell it to you, my masters, here,  
An it likes you all, full well.

A Gosherd on Croyland fen one day  
Awoke, in haste, from slumber ;  
And on counting his geese, to his sad dismay,  
He found there lacked one of the number.

O the Gosherd looked west, and he looked east,  
And he looked before and behind him ;  
And his eye from north to south he cast  
For the gander—but couldn't find him !

So the Gosherd he drave his geese to the cote,  
And began, forthwith, to wander  
Over the marish so wild and remote,  
In search for the old stray gander.

O the Gosherd he wandered till twilight gray  
Was throwing its mists around him ;  
But the gander seemed farther and farther astray—  
For the Gosherd had not yet found him.

So the Gosherd, foredeeming his search in vain,  
Resolved no farther to wander ;  
But to Croyland he turned him, in dudgeon, again  
Sore fretting at heart for the gander.

Thus he footed the fens so dreary and dern,  
While his brain, like the sky, was darkening ;  
And, with dread, to the scream of the startled hern  
And the bittern's boom, he was hearkening.

But when the Gosherd the churchyard reached,—  
Forefearing the dead would be waking,—  
Like a craven upon the sward he stretched,  
And could travel no farther for quaking !

And there the Gosherd lay through the night,  
Not daring to rise and go further :  
For, in sooth, the Gosherd beheld a sight  
That frightened him more than murder !

From the old church clock the midnight hour  
In hollow tones was pealing,  
When a slim white ghost to the church porch door  
Seemed up the footpath stealing !

Stark staring upon the sward lay the clown,  
And his heart went "pitter-patter,"—  
Till the ghost in the clay-cold grave sunk down,—  
When he felt in a twitter-twatter !

Soon—stretching aloft its long white arms—  
From the grave the ghost was peeping !—  
Cried the Gosherd, "Our Lady defend me from harms,  
"And Saint Guthlacke have me in his keeping !"

The white ghost hissed !—the Gosherd swooned !  
In the morn,—on the truth 'tis no slander,—  
Near the church porch door a new grave he found,  
And, therein, the white ghost—his stray gander !

*Lincoln, 1835.*



THE SWINEHERD OF STOW.

I SING of a swineherd, in Lindsey, so bold,  
Who tendeth his flock in the wide forest-fold :  
He sheareth no wool from his snouted sheep :  
He soweth no corn, and none he doth reap ;  
Yet the swineherd no lack of good living doth know  
    Come jollily trowl  
    The brown round bowl,  
Like the jovial swineherd of Stow !

He hedgeth no meadows to fatten his swine :  
He renteth no joist for his snorting kine :  
They rove through the forest, and browse on the mast,—  
Yet, he lifteth his horn, and bloweth a blast,  
And they come at his call, blow he high, blow he low !—  
    Come, jollily trowl  
    The brown round bowl,  
And drink to the swineherd of Stow !


He shunneth the heat 'mong the fern-stalks green,—  
Or dreameth of elves 'neath the forest treen :  
He wrappeth him up when the oak leaves sere  
And the acorns fall, at the wane of the year ;  
And he tippeth at Yule, by the log's cheery glow.—  
    Come, jollily trowl  
    The brown round bowl,  
And pledge the bold swineherd of Stow !

The bishop he passeth the swineherd in scorn,—  
Yet, to mass wends the swineherd at Candlemas morn :  
And he offereth his horn, at our Lady's hymn,  
With bright silver pennies filled up to the brim :—  
Saith the bishop, " A very good fellow, I trow !"—  
    Come, jollily trowl  
    The brown round bowl,  
And honour the swineherd of Stow !

And now the brave swineherd, in stone, ye may spy,  
Holding his horn, on the Minster so high !—  
But the swineherd he laugheth, and cracketh his joke,  
With his pig-boys that vittle beneath the old oak,—  
Saying, " Had I no pennies, they'd make me no show !"—  
    Come, jollily trowl  
    The brown round bowl,  
And laugh with the swineherd of Stow !

*Lincoln, 1835.*





THE DAUGHTER OF PLANTAGENET.

FYTTE THE FYRSTE.

'TIS midnight, and the broad full moon  
Pours on the earth her silver noon ;  
Sheeted in white, like spectres of fear,  
Their ghostly forms the towers uprear ;  
And their long dark shadows behind them are cast,  
Like the frown of the cloud when the lightning hath past.

The warder sleeps on the battlement,  
And there is not a breeze to curl the Trent ;  
The leaf is at rest, and the owl is mute—  
But list ! awaked is the woodland lute :  
The nightingale warbles her omen sweet  
On the hour when the ladye her lover shall meet.

She waves her hand from the loophole high,  
And watcheth, with many a struggling sigh,  
And hearkeneth in doubt, and paleth with fear,—  
Yet tremblingly trusts her true knight is near ;—  
And there skims o'er the river—or doth her heart doat ?—  
As with wing of the night-hawk—her lover's brave boat.

His noble form hath attained the strand,  
And she waves again her small white hand ;  
And breathing to heaven, in haste, a prayer,  
Softly glides down the lonely stair ;  
And there stands by the portal, all watchful and still,  
Her own faithful damsel awaiting her will.

---

The midnight lamp gleams dull and pale,—  
 The maidens twain are weak and frail,—  
 But Love doth aid his votaries true,  
 While they the massive bolts undo,—  
 And a moment hath flown, and the warrior knight  
 Embraceth his love in the meek moonlight.

The knight his love-prayer, tenderly,  
 Thus breathed in his fair one's ear  
 "Oh! wilt thou not, my Agnes, flee?—  
 "And, quelling thy maiden fear,  
 "Away in the fleeting skiff with me,  
 "And, for aye, this lone heart cheer?"

"O let not bold Romara seek"—  
 Soft answered his ladye-love,—  
 "A father's doating heart to break,  
 "For should I disdainful prove  
 "Of his high behests, his darling child  
 "Will thenceforth be counted a thing defiled;  
 "And the kindling eye of my martial sire  
 "Be robbed of its pride, and be quenched its fire:  
 "Nor long would true Romara deem  
 "The heart of his Agnes beat for him,  
 "And for him alone—if that heart, he knew,  
 "To its holiest law could be thus untrue."

His plume-crowned helm the warrior bows  
 Low o'er her shoulder fair,  
 And bursting sighs the grief disclose  
 His lips can not declare;  
 And swiftly glide the tears of love  
 Adown the ladye's cheek;—  
 Their deep commingling sorrows prove  
 The love they cannot speak!

The moon shines on them, as on things  
 She loves to robe with gladness,—  
 But all her light no radiance brings  
 Unto their hearts' dark sadness:

Forlornly, 'neath her cheerless ray,—  
Bosom to bosom beating,—  
In speechless agony they stay,  
With burning kisses greeting ;—  
Nor reck they with what speed doth haste  
The present hour to join the past.

“ Ho ! lady Agnes, lady dear ! ”  
Her fearful damsel cries ;  
“ You reckon not, I deeply fear,  
“ How swift the moontide flies !  
“ The surly warder will awake,  
“ The morning dawn, anon,—  
“ My heart beginneth sore to quake,—  
“ I fear we are undone ! ”

But Love is mightier far, than Fear :  
The ladye hasteth not :  
The magnet of her heart is near,  
And peril is forgot !

She clingeth to her knight's brave breast  
Like a lorn turtle-dove,  
And 'mid the peril feeleth rest,—  
The full, rapt rest of Love !

“ I charge thee, hie thee hence, sir knight ! ”  
The damsel shrilly cries ;  
“ If this should meet her father's sight,  
“ By Heaven ! my lady dies.”

The warrior rouseth all his pride,  
And looseth his love's caress,—  
Yet slowness of heart doth his strength betide  
As he looks on her loveliness :—  
But again the damsel their love-dream breaks,—  
And self-reproachingly,  
The knight his resolve of its fetters shakes,  
And his spirit now standeth free.

Then, came the last, absorbing kiss,  
 True Love can ne'er forego,—  
 That dreamy plenitude of bliss  
 Or antepast of woe,—  
 That seeming child of Heaven, which at its birth  
 Briefly expires, and proves itself of earth.

The ladye hieth to her couch ;—  
 And when the morn appears,  
 The changes of her cheek avouch,  
 Full virginly her fears ;—  
 But her doating father can nought discern  
 In the hues of the rose and the lily that chase  
 Each other across her lovely face,—  
 Save a sweetness that softens his visage stern.

## FYTTE THE SECONDE.

ROMARA'S skiff is on the Trent,  
 And the stream is in its strength,—  
 For a surge, from its ocean-fountain sent,  
 Pervades its giant length :  
 Roars the hoarse heygre in its course,  
 Lashing the banks with its wrathful force ;  
 And dolefully echoes the wild-fowl's scream,  
 As the sallows are swept by the whelming stream  
 And her callow young are hurled for a meal,  
 To the gorge of the barbel, the pike, and the eel :  
 The porpoise heaves 'mid the rolling tide,  
 And, snorting in mirth, doth merrily ride,—  
 For he hath forsaken his bed in the sea,  
 To sup on the salmon, right daintily !

In Romara's breast a tempest raves :  
 He heeds not the rage of the furrowy waves :  
 Supremely his hopes and fears are set  
 On the image of Agnes Plantagenet :  
 And though from his vision fade Gainsburgh's towers,  
 And the moon is beclouded, and darkness lours

Yet the eye of his passion oft pierceth the gloom,  
And beholds his Beloved in her virgin bloom—  
    Kneeling before the holy Rood,—  
    All clasped her hands,—  
    Beseeching the saints and angels good  
    That their watchful bands  
Her knight may preserve from a watery tomb !

What deathful scream rends Romara's heart ?—  
    Is it the bittern that, flapping the air,  
Doth shriek in madness, and downward dart,  
    As if from the bosom of Death she would tear  
Her perished brood,—or a shroud would have  
By their side, in the depths of their river-grave ?

Hark ! hark ! again !—'tis a human cry,  
Like the shriek of a man about to die !  
And its desolateness doth fearfully pierce  
The billowy boom of the torrent fierce ;  
    And, swift as a thought  
    Glides the warrior's boat  
Through the foaming surge to the river's bank,  
Where, lo !—by a branch of the osiers dank,  
    Clingeth one in agony  
    Uttering that doleful cry ;

His silvery head of age upborne  
    Appeared above the wave ;  
So nearly was his strength outworn,  
    That all too late to save  
Had been the knight, if another billow  
    Its force on his fainting frame had bent,—  
Nay, his feeble grasp by the drooping willow  
    The beat of a pulse might have fatally spent.

With eager pounce did Romara take  
    From the yawning wave its prey,—  
But nought to his deliverer spake  
    The man with the head of gray :

And the warrior stripped, with needful haste,  
The helpless one of his drench'd vest,  
And wrapt his own warm mantle round  
The chill one in his deathly swound.

The sea-born strength of the stream is spent,  
And Romara's boat outstrips its speed,—  
For his stalwart arm to the oar is bent,  
And swiftly the ebbing waves recede.

Divinely streaketh the morning-star  
With a wavy light the rippling waters ;  
And the moon looks on from the west, afar,  
And palely smiles, with her waning daughters,  
The thin-strown stars, which their vigil keep  
Till the orient sun shall awake from sleep.

The sun hath awoke : and in garments of gold  
The turrets of Torksey are livingly rolled ;  
Afar, on Trent's margin, the flowery lea  
Exhales her dewy fragrancy ;  
And gaily carols the matin lark,  
As the warrior hastes to moor his bark.

Two menials hasten to the beach,  
For signal none need they ;  
On the towers they kept a heedful watch  
As the skiff glode on its way :

With silent step and breathless care  
The rescued one they softly bear,  
And bring him, at their lord's behest,  
To a couch of silken pillowed rest.

The serfs could scarce avert their eye  
From his manly form and mien,  
As, with closed lids, all reverently,  
He lay in peace, serene.

And Romara thought, as he gazing leant  
O'er the slumberer's form, that so pure a trace  
Of the spirit of Heaven with the earthly blent  
Dwelt only there, and in Agnes' face.

The leech comes forth at the hour of noon,  
 And saith, that the sick from his deathly swoon  
 Will awake anon ; and Romara's eye,  
 Uplift, betokens his heartfelt joy ;  
 And again o'er the slumberer's couch he bows  
 Till, slowly, those peaceful lids unclose,—  
 When, long, with heavenward-fixèd gaze,  
 With lowly prayer and grateful praise,  
 The aged man, from death reprieved,  
 His bosom of its joy relieved.—

Then did Romara thus address  
 His gray guest in his reverendness :

“ Now, man of prayer, come tell to me  
 “ Some spell of thy holy mystery !  
 “ Some vision hast had of the Virgin bright,—  
 “ Or message, conveyed from the world of light,  
 “ By the angels of love who in purity stand  
 “ 'Fore the throne of our Lord in the heavenly land ?

“ I hope, when I die, to see them there ;  
 “ For I love the angels so holy and fair :  
 “ And often, I trust, my prayer they greet  
 “ With smiles, when I kneel and kiss their feet  
 “ In the missal, my mother her weeping child gave,  
 “ But a day or two ere she was laid in the grave.

“ Sage man of prayer, come tell to me  
 “ What holy shapes in sleep they see  
 “ Who love the blest saints and serve them well !  
 “ I pray thee, sage man, to Romara tell,  
 “ For a guerdon, thy dreams,—sith, to me thou hast said  
 “ No thanks that I rescued thy soul from the dead.”

But, when the aged man arose  
 And met Romara's wistful eye,—  
 What accents shall the change disclose  
 That marked his visage, fearfully ?—

From joy to grief and deepest dole,  
 From radiant hope to dark presage  
 Of future ills beyond control—  
 Hath passed the visage of the sage.

“Son of an honoured line, I grieve,”  
 Outspake the reverend seer,  
 “That I no guerdon thee can give  
 “But words of woe and fear!—  
 “Thy sun is setting!—and thy race,  
 “In thee, their goodly heir,  
 “Shall perish, nor a feeble trace  
 “Their fated name declare!—  
 “Thy love is fatal : fatal, too,  
 “This act of rescue brave—  
 “For, him who from destruction drew  
 “My life, no arm can save!”

He said,—and took his lonely way  
 Far from Romara’s towers.—  
 His fateful end from that sad day  
 O’er Torksey’s chieftain lowers :  
 Yet, vainly, in his heart a shrine  
 Hope builds for love—with faith ;—  
 Alas ! for him with frown malign  
 Waiteth the grim king Death !

## FYTTE THE THYRDE.

PLANTAGENET hath dungeons deep  
 Beneath his castled halls ;—  
 Plantagenet awakes from sleep  
 To count his dungeoned thralls.

Alone, with the torch of blood-red flame,  
 The man of blood descends ;  
 And the fettered captives curse his name,  
 As through the vaults he wends.—



His caverns are visited all save one,  
The deepest, and direst in gloom,—  
Where his father, doomed by a demon son,  
Abode in a living tomb.—

“ I bring thee bread and water, sire !  
“ Brave usury for thy gold !  
“ I fear my filial zeal will tire  
“ To visit, soon, thy hold ! ”

Thus spake the fiendish-hearted lord,  
And wildly laughed, in scorn :  
Like thunder round the cell each word  
By echoing fiends is borne,—  
But not a human heart is there  
The baron's scorn or hate to fear !

And the captives tell, as he passeth again,—  
That tyrant, in his rage,—  
How an angel hath led the aged man  
To his heavenly heritage !

The wrathful baron little recked  
That angel was his darling child ;  
Or knew his dark ambition checked  
By her who oft his rage beguiled,—  
By her on whom he ever smiled :—  
This had he known, from that dread hour,  
His darling's smile had lost its power,—  
And his own hand, without remorse,  
Had laid her at his feet a corse !—

Plantagenet's banners in pride are borne  
To the sound of pipe and drum !  
And his mail'd bands, with the dawn of morn,  
To Romara's walls are come.  
“ We come not as foes,” the herald saith,—  
“ But we bring Plantagenet's shriven faith

But the lover is deaf to th  
The fatal moat is cross

“ Ride, ride !” saith the l  
“ And the priest—by th  
And the spearmen seize hi  
And hurry him to his fat

“ A marriage by torchlight  
“ This stair to the altar l  
“ We patter our prayers, ’n  
“ And there we tell our b

Along the caverned dungeo  
The tyrant strides in hast  
And, powerless, to his drea  
The victim followeth fast.  
The dazèd captives quake a  
At the sullen torch’s blood-r  
And the lover starts agha  
At the deathlike forms they

Too late, the truth upon hin  
Romara’s heart is faint !—  
“ Behold thy bride !” the b  
“ Wilt hear the wedding c  
“ This chain once bound m  
“ Who would have found  
“ The cursèd dotard !—’n  
“ Had not thy hateful h—”

THE DAUGHTER OF PLANTAGENET.

Plantagenet hath minions fell  
Who do their master's bidding well :—  
Few days Romara pines in dread :—  
His soul is with the sainted dead !—

Plantagenet hath reached his bourne !  
What terrors meet his soul forlorn  
And full of stain,—I may not say :—  
Reveal them shall the Judgment Day !—

Her orisons at matin hour,  
At noon, and eve, and midnight toll,  
For him, doth tearful Agnes pour !—  
Jesu, Maria ! sain his soul !

*Lincoln, 1836.*

