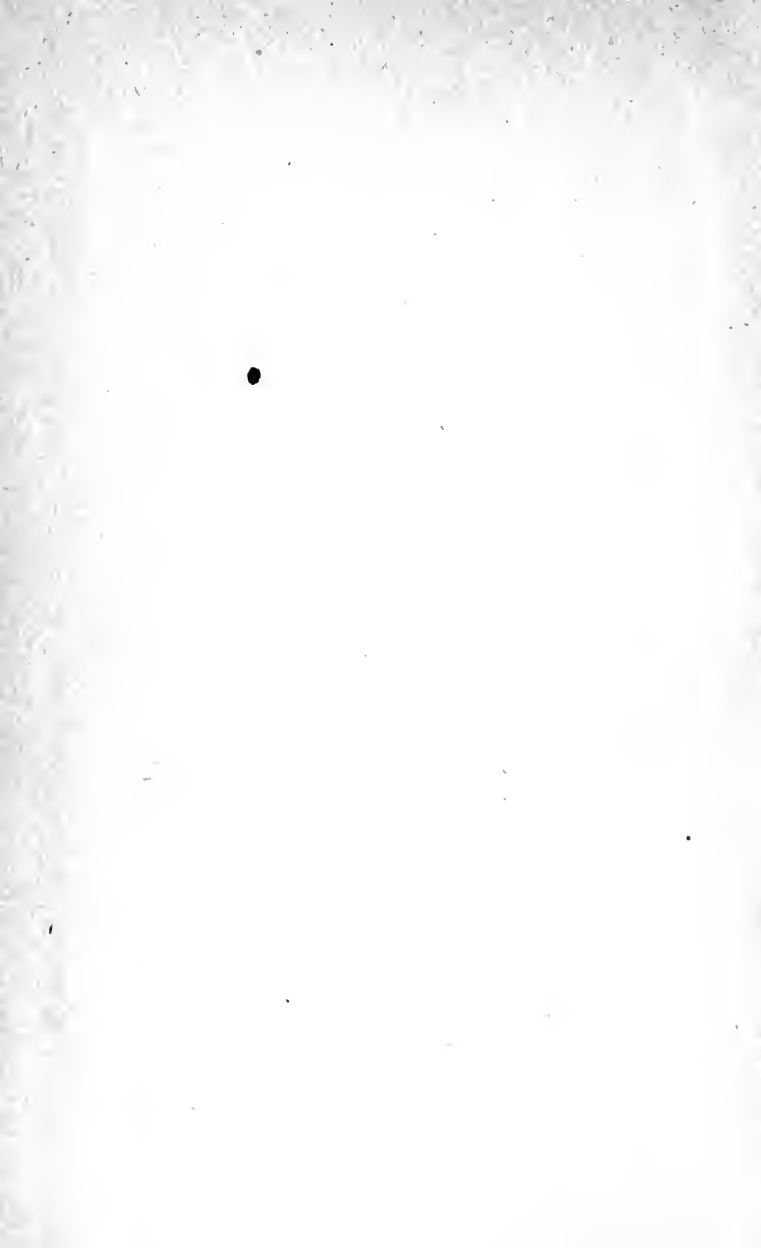




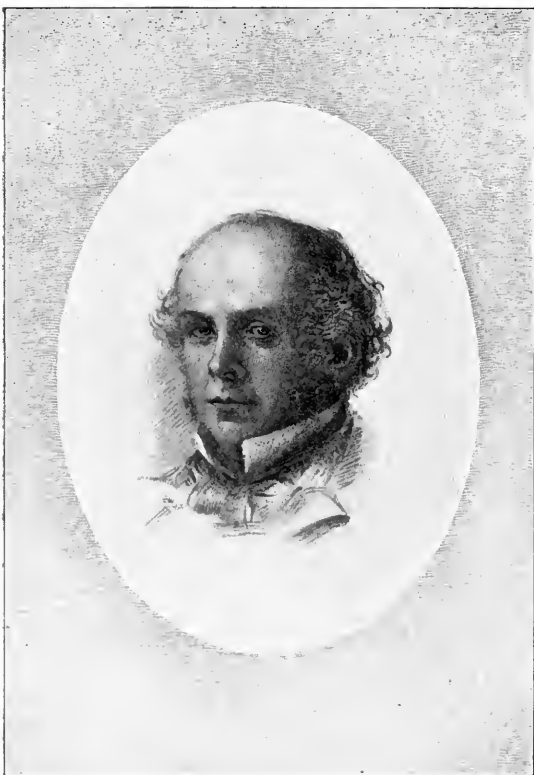


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ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE POETICAL
WORKS OF ARTHUR
HUGH CLOUGH . .



NEW YORK AND BOSTON
THOMAS Y. CROWELL AND
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POEMS

OF

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

SOMETIME FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE
OXFORD

With Memoir

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MEMOIR OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.



ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born at Liverpool, January 1, 1819. He was the second son of James Butler Clough. His father belonged to an old Welsh family, who trace themselves back to Sir Richard Clough, known as agent at Antwerp to Sir Thomas Gresham. His mother's name was Anne Perfect. She was the daughter of John Perfect, a banker at Pontefract in Yorkshire, of a respectable family long established in that place.

Sir Richard Clough, we are told, was related on his mother's side to John Calvin. In his own county of Denbigh he was evidently a man of considerable position. He built two houses, Plâs Clough and Bachegraig, about the year 1527. He married first a Dutch lady, by whom he had a son, Richard, who carried on the name, and to whom he bequeathed Plâs Clough. He married, secondly, Katharine Tudor, heiress of Berain, and descendant of Marchweithian, lord of the Welsh tribe of Is-aled. She was a relation and ward of Queen Elizabeth, being great-granddaughter of Henry VII.; and the Queen's consent is mentioned as having been required for her marriage. Sir Richard Clough was her second husband; and the story is told that he, as well as Morris Wynn of Gwydir, accompanied her to her first husband's funeral, and that Morris Wynn when leading her out of church requested the favour of her hand in marriage, to which she answered that she had already promised it as she went in to Sir Richard Clough; but added that should there be any other occasion she would remember him. After the death of Sir Richard, accordingly, she did marry him, and afterwards married, fourthly, Edward Thelwall, of Plas-y-Ward. She is said, however, to have preferred Sir R. Clough to her other husbands; and a curious picture of her exists, a

companion to a somewhat remarkable one of Richard Clough, holding a locket containing his ashes, in one hand, and resting the other on his skull.

By this lady, Sir R. Clough had only two daughters, one of whom married a Wynn, and was the ancestress of the family of Lord Newborough, which still possesses Maynau Abbey, given to her by Sir R. Clough. The second daughter, Katherine, married Roger Salusbury, and received from Sir Richard the house and property of Bacheagraig, which afterwards came into the possession of Mrs. Thrale, her lineal descendant.

His son Richard inherited Plâs Clough, where his descendants continued to reside. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the family were represented by a Hugh Clough, who had thirteen children, one of whom, called also Hugh, was Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and is buried there: he was a friend of Cowper the poet, and is said to have been something of a poet himself. Hugh died unmarried; but three sons and one daughter of the first Hugh married, and left large families. One son, Roger, thirteenth child of Hugh Clough, married Ann Jemima Butler, a lady possessed of considerable estates in Sussex, to which she was co-heiress with her sister, who married Roger Clough's elder brother Richard. He did not, however, leave much to his children, for he was of a liberal and profuse turn, and he had ten children, of whom James Butler Clough was the third. This son was the first of his family to leave the neighbourhood of their old house in Wales. He removed to Liverpool, where he settled and went into business as a cotton merchant, and where his four children were born. When Arthur was about four years old, his father migrated to Charleston, in the United States, where he passed several years, and this was the home of Arthur's childhood till he went to school. We give here a few recollections furnished by his sister, the next to him in age in the family, which bring before us the scenes in which his childhood was passed, and the influences which even then began to tell strongly upon him.

'The first distinct remembrance,' she says, 'that I have of my brother is of his going with me in a carriage to the vessel which was to take us to America. This must have been in the winter of 1822-23, when he was not quite four years old. My next recollection is of our home at Charleston, a large, ugly

red brick house near the sea. The lower storey was my father's office, and it was close by a wharf where from our windows we could see the vessels lying by and amuse ourselves with watching their movements.

'In the summer of this year (1823) we went to the North, and stayed some time in a boarding-house at New York, and afterwards with some friends who lived on the banks of the Hudson, and had a large and pleasant garden. It was here, I have heard, that Arthur learned to read. In the autumn we returned to Charleston, having made the passage there and back by sea.

'The two following summers (1824 and 1825) we again visited the North; both times we went to New York, and the first year on to Albany and Lebanon Springs, and the second time as far as Newport. After our return to Charleston in the autumn my father was obliged to go to England, and he took with him my eldest brother Charles, who was old enough to go to school. Arthur and I and my youngest brother George remained in the red brick house at Charleston with my mother and a faithful old nurse. My father was absent eleven months. Then Arthur became my mother's constant companion. Though then only just seven, he was already considered as the genius of our family. He was a beautiful boy, with soft, silky, almost black hair, and shining dark eyes, and a small delicate mouth, which our old nurse was so afraid of spoiling, when he was a baby, that she insisted on getting a tiny spoon for his special use.

'As I said, Arthur was constantly with my mother, and she poured out the fulness of her heart on him. They read much together, histories, ancient and modern, stories of the Greek heroes, parts of Pope's "Odyssey" and "Iliad," and much out of Walter Scott's novels. She talked to him about England, and he learnt to be fond of his own country, and delighted to flourish about a little English flag he had possessed himself of. He also made good progress in French. He was sometimes passionate as a child, though not easily roused; and he was said to be very determined and obstinate. One trait I distinctly remember, that he would always do things from his own choice, and not merely copy what others were doing.

'In the summer we went down to Sullivan's Island, and lived

in a sort of cottage built upon piles. Here we could walk on the shore and gather shells, and we also had a garden. We amused ourselves by watching the steamers and sailing-vessels that came over from Charleston. Sometimes we had visits from friends of my father, often bringing over letters for my mother; but, on the whole, we lived very quietly, learning our lessons, and looking forward joyfully to the time of our father's return from England. We went back to Charleston in the autumn. This was a weary time for our dear mother, who was continually expecting and longing for our father's return. We, too, were always on the watch for the first sight of the ship on the bay. One November morning, while we were at our lessons with our mother, there came a hasty ring at the bell. We wanted to look out and see if visitors were coming. We were not fond of visitors, and generally used to run off to our nursery at sight of them, but our mother would not let us peep this time; we must attend to our lessons, she said; she was sure it was only a negro man with a message. And then the door opened and our father was in the room, catching up our mother in his arms, for she was nearly fainting, while we skipped about for joy, and shouted to our mother that she had called our father a negro man. Then came the unpacking of trunks, and all the presents sent to us by our relations in England, and the news of our brother Charles.

'After my father's return it was a very happy time for Arthur. He still went on reading history and poetry with our mother. About this time, I believe, he read with her some of Robertson's "Charles V.," and the struggle in the Netherlands in Watson's "Philip II.;" also the lives of Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro. He used also to say the Latin grammar to my father in the early morning, and do sums in the office, lying on the piled-up pieces of cotton bagging which were waiting there to be made into sacks for cotton. Here, too, we used to play and tumble about upon the cotton heaps. One of our games was playing at the Swiss Family Robinson, in which I remember Arthur was always Ernest, because Ernest liked reading and knew so much. In hot weather, Arthur used to lie on his bed in the afternoon, reading the "Universal Traveller" and "Captain Cook's Travels," in the purchase of which he had one day expended all his savings. They were both full of pictures, and he

used to tell us that he dreamt of the places he had been reading about. He also used to go out with my father when he had business to do on the wharves and on board the ships, and sat with him and my mother in the evenings and saw the occasional visitors who came in, such as the captains of the merchantmen with whom he had dealings, and heard their stories.

‘In the summer of 1827, we again went to Sullivan’s Island. It was a pleasant time, especially as we now had our father with us. We lived in a large rambling house, with a pleasant verandah in which we had a swing, and a large garden fenced in with a hedge of yuccas, called there Spanish bayonets. The house had once been an inn, and was built in two parts. My father and mother slept in a room over a great billiard-room, only reached by an open staircase or by a little open path across a roof; and when great storms arose, as often happened, my father used to carry us in his arms, back over the open space into the more protected part of the house.

‘The walks on the sand were delightful to us children. It was the finest white soft sand without a vestige of shingle on which we used to play; and I remember that Arthur even then was too fastidious to take off his shoes and stockings and paddle about as we did. The whole island was like a great sand-bank, with little growing naturally on it but a few palmettos and low woods of myrtle. Our walks along the sea often took us as far as Fort Moultrie, which in our time was a red brick fort with a dry ditch round it, without the earthworks which have since become famous. A high bank of sand lay between it and the sea; and, after crossing this we came to a few desolate houses half buried in sand, which here lay in great heaps. Here and there grew a few palmettos, which the high tides or autumn storms too often carried away, and when we came to look for a favourite tree, to our great grief, we found it gone. These sands were the haunt of innumerable curlews, whose wild screams seemed to make the shore more lonely still. A beautiful grove of myrtles rose farther along the shore.

‘The other end of the island was the inhabited part. There was the pier, busy with its arrivals and departures of steamers, and sailing boats going to and fro between the island and the city, and covered with numerous carriages, old-fashioned gigs and waggons, mostly with hoods or some sort of protection from the

sun, and a seat for the negro boy behind. The bay was gay, too, with many fishing-boats belonging to the gentlemen who had a fishing club, which met at a house among the myrtles; and many rowing-boats also, chiefly rowed by negroes. Arthur often went out with my father on the water.

‘Six miles off lay Charleston, on a peninsula between its two rivers, the Cooper and the Ashley. The first sight of it showed a long line of wharves made of palmetto logs fastened together into a sort of wall, stretching perhaps half a mile along the bay, and lined with the ships and smaller craft that frequented the port. As you approached from the water you heard the songs of the negroes at work on the vessels. Beyond the wharves was a battery or public walk, supported against the sea by a substantial very white wall formed of oyster shells beaten fine and hard. This species of pier extended nearly a mile along the sea, and was a favourite resort both for walking and driving in the summer. It was all roughly done, as most things were in the South, but the sunshine and clear skies made it bright and cheerful. The city was not regularly built like the Northern towns. In the lower part indeed the houses were mostly built close together in rows; but in the upper part, where the wealthier people lived, it was full of villas mostly standing in gardens, all built with verandahs, and many with two, an upper and a lower one. In the gardens grew many flowering trees, such as the almond, occasionally the orange, the fringe tree, a gay shrub with a very abundant white flower, and the fig; and these hung over the garden walls into the streets. The streets, too, which were for the most part unpaved, were often planted with trees for the sake of shade. Here and there one came on a large old-fashioned mansion, that at once showed it belonged to the times before the Revolution.

‘From Charleston, Sullivan’s Island was to be seen in the distance, beyond the battery, and on the right James Island, marked by a long low line of wood. Between these two islands, commanding the entrance, Fort Sumter was afterwards built, not far from James Island. On the left was Fort Pinckney, built on a small island or sandbank near the city.

‘In 1828 we all returned to England. We sailed from Charleston early in June. We greatly enjoyed the voyage; being the only children on board, we were exceedingly petted,

and the unusual sights impressed our imagination. I remember very well the sea-weed floating in quantities on the Gulf Stream ; also we saw a waterspout, and grander still—but happily for us only in the distance—an iceberg. When at last we came in sight of the South of Ireland, we were met by the Irish fishermen coming out to sell us their fresh fish. Then came the slow creeping up the Channel against a head-wind, and then a calm, till one night the wind sprang up, and in the morning we found ourselves in Liverpool.

‘We then went to stay with an uncle in the country, where we met my eldest brother, and found ourselves among nine or ten cousins of different ages. This was quite a new experience to us. Arthur could not enter into the boys’ rough games and amusements, and missed the constant companionship of his father. We travelled however for some months from one relation’s house to another, and by degrees Arthur became more sociable.

‘In October Arthur went to school at Chester, and my father, mother, George and I sailed again to Charleston. This was practically the end of Arthur’s childhood.

‘Our father was most affectionate, loving, and watchful over his children. It was from him that we received many of the smaller cares which usually come from a mother, especially on the long voyages, during which my mother suffered greatly, when he took the care of us almost entirely, and comforted us in rough storms. This watchfulness and tender care for the feelings of others Arthur inherited in the largest degree from his father. My father was very lively, and fond of society and amusement. He liked life and change, and did not care much for reading. He had a high sense of honor, but was venturesome and over sanguine, and when once his mind was set on anything, he was not to be turned from it, nor was he given to counting consequences. My mother was very different. She cared little for general society, but had a few fast friends to whom she was strongly attached. In her tastes and habits she was rigidly simple; this harmonised with the stern integrity which was the foundation of her character. She was very fond of reading, especially works on religious subjects, poetry, and history; and she greatly enjoyed beautiful scenery, and visiting places which had any historical associations. She loved what

was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. She early taught us about God and duty, and having such a loving earthly father, it was not difficult to look up to a Heavenly one. She loved to dwell on all that was stern and noble. Leonidas at Thermopylæ, and Epaminondas accepting the lowliest offices and doing them as a duty to his country; the sufferings of the martyrs, and the struggles of the Protestants, were among her favourite subjects. There was an enthusiasm about her that took hold of us, and made us see vividly the things that she taught us. But with this love of the terrible and grand she was altogether a woman clinging to and leaning on our father. When he left us Arthur became her pet and her companion. I cannot but think that her love, her influence, and her teaching had much to do with forming his character.'

From Charleston, as appears from what precedes, Arthur Clough went, in November 1828, to school at Chester; and, in the summer of 1829, he was removed to Rugby. His eldest brother, Charles, was with him at both schools, but Charles left Rugby before him, as early as the year 1831.

During these first years he was a somewhat grave and studious boy, not without tastes for walking, shooting, and sight-seeing, but with little capacity for play and for mixing with others, and with more of varied intellectual interest than usual with boys. He seems to have had a fondness for drawing; and he was perpetually writing verses, not remarkable except for a certain ease of expression and for a power of running on, not common at that early age. The influence of Dr. Arnold on his character was powerful, and continued to increase. We find him mounting rapidly through the lower forms and beginning to get prizes. It is also clear that, besides this application to his actual work, he exerted himself with great energy in the endeavour to improve the school and to influence his companions for good. This remarkable interest in Rugby matters is partly to be explained by the fact that he had no near home interests to distract his attention; partly it must be referred to that strong sense of moral responsibility which Arnold, first among schoolmasters, seems to have impressed upon his pupils.

Too early a strain seems to have been put upon him, especially as he had not till 1836 any home to go to in his holidays. Of kind and affectionate relations, who received him hospitably,

there were plenty. His uncles, the Rev. Charles Clough, then Vicar of Mold, and the Rev. Alfred Clough, then Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, always showed him the greatest kindness; and he had a large connection of friendly cousins, his visits among whom gave him many opportunities for journeys into Yorkshire and in different parts of Wales. How lively a recollection he retained of this period of his life, and of the incidents of his holiday excursions, may be gathered from the picture he has painted in 'Primitiæ,' the first tale of 'Mari Magno.' He did thus enjoy much variety, but he lacked rest; and his family instincts and affections were so strong that he evidently suffered greatly through his separation from those nearest and dearest to him. That a great strain and sense of repression were upon him at this time is clear from a letter written after the interval of twenty years. The self-reliance and self-adaptation which most men acquire in mature life were, by the circumstances of his family, forced upon him in his early youth.

In July, 1831, his father and mother, sister, and youngest brother, came over for a visit from Charleston, and he spent his holidays with them; after which he went back to school, this time without his eldest brother. His sister remembers how their stay was unexpectedly prolonged till the beginning of the following Christmas holidays by a delay in finding a ship, and how Arthur, hearing this, rushed off to Liverpool to spend their last two or three days together, bringing his new prize, Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' in his bag, to show his mother, to whom it was his greatest enjoyment to pour himself out. His mother suffered greatly from the voyages, and from the uprooting consequent on such great changes; and she resolved never again to come to England till it should be her home. His father paid one more visit to England, alone, in 1833, when he took his three sons to London and over to Paris.

At school Arthur continued to prosper. He gained a scholarship, open to the whole school under fourteen, the only one which then existed. He was at the head of the fifth form at fifteen; and as sixteen was the earliest age at which boys were then admitted into the sixth, he had to wait a whole year for this. It was probably a misfortune to him that this rule prevented his advance through the school, and his proceeding at once to Oxford, as he was much exhausted by the intense inter-

est and labour he expended on his moral work among the boys, and also on the 'Rugby Magazine.' This was a periodical which absorbed much of the writing powers of the cleverer boys, and to which he contributed constantly, chiefly poetry. For a considerable time he was also its editor. Besides this he took an active part in some of the school games, and his name is handed down in William Arnold's 'Rules of Football' as the best goal-keeper on record. He was also one of the first swimmers in the school, and was a very good runner, in spite of a weakness in his ankles, which prevented his attaining proficiency in many games. He made at this time several close and intimate friendships, and gained a very high character among his schoolfellows in general; a sign of which is given by the story told by some of them at the time, that, when he left school for college, almost every boy at Rugby contrived to shake hands with him at parting. 'The grace of his character when he was a boy,' says one of his friends, 'can be estimated by nothing so well as by the force with which he attracted the attachment of some, and the jealousy or encroachment of others.' Another says: 'I always said that his face was quite another thing from any of those of our own generation; the mixture of *width* and sweetness was then quite as marked as it was later.' Dr. Arnold also regarded him with increasing interest and satisfaction; and, as another friend describes, at the yearly speeches, in the last year of Clough's residence, he broke the rule of silence to which he almost invariably adhered in the delivery of prizes, and congratulated him on having gained every honour which Rugby could bestow, and done the highest credit to his school at the University. This was in allusion to his having just gained the Balliol scholarship, then and now the highest honour which a schoolboy could obtain. Some months previous to this (in July 1836), his father, mother, and sister came over from America, to settle in Liverpool; and thenceforth Arthur was no longer without a home in England. His sister describes him as she then saw him, after an interval of five years, as a blooming youth of seventeen, with an abundance of dark soft hair, a fresh complexion, much colour, and shining eyes full of animation. Though kind and affectionate as ever in his family, they now found him changed in mind; eager and interested in many fresh subjects; full of growing force, and of the fervour of

youthful conviction. With boyish vehemence he stood forth on all occasions as the devoted disciple of his beloved master, Dr. Arnold, and the exponent of his various theories of church government and politics.

In November 1836 he had gained the Balliol scholarship, and the October following he went into residence at Oxford. There he soon made friends with some of those with whom he became afterwards intimate — Mr. Ward, Sir B. Brodie, and Professor Jowett; — a little later, with Dr. Temple and Professor Shairp; and, later still, with Mr. T. Walrond and the two eldest sons of Dr. Arnold, whose names frequently occur in his correspondence.

Now came the time which we regard as essentially the turning-point of his life. He began his residence at Oxford when the University was stirred to its depth by the great Tractarian movement. Dr. Newman was in the fulness of his popularity, preaching at St. Mary's, and in pamphlets, reviews, and verses continually pouring forth eloquent appeals to every kind of motive that could influence men's minds. Mr. Ward, one of Clough's first friends at Oxford, was, as is well known, among the foremost of the party; and thus, at the very entrance into his new life, he was at once thrown into the very vortex of discussion. Something of the same fate which, as a young boy, forced on him a too early self-reliance and independence in matters of conduct, followed him here; and the accident of his passing from the Rugby of Arnold to the Oxford of Newman and Ward, drove him, while he ought to have been devoting himself to the ordinary work of an undergraduate reading for honours, and before he had attained his full intellectual development, to examine and in some degree draw conclusions concerning the deepest subjects that can occupy the human mind. This must be felt to have been a serious disadvantage. As his friend Mr. Ward himself says with much feeling, when looking back on that time after many years, 'What was before all things to have been desired for him, was that during his undergraduate career he should have given himself up thoroughly to his classical and mathematical studies, and kept himself from plunging prematurely into the theological controversies then so rife at Oxford. Thus he would have been saved from all injury to the gradual and healthy growth of his mind and character. It is my own very strong impression that, had this been permitted, his future

course of thought and speculation would have been essentially different from what it was in fact. Drawn as it were peremptorily, when a young man just coming up to college, into a decision upon questions the most important that can occupy the mind, the result was not surprising. After this premature forcing of Clough's mind, there came a reaction. His intellectual perplexity preyed heavily on his spirits, and grievously interfered with his studies.'

Another cause, also, which rendered him less able to endure the various demands made upon him in his new life was, that the strain of his school-work and interests at Rugby had evidently considerably exhausted him.

Any reader of that marvellously vivid book, the 'Apologia' of Dr. Newman, will understand the trouble of spirit into which an impressionable nature must have been thrown by the storm that was raging round him, and by contact with such powerful leaders. The appeals made at once to the imagination, to all the tenderer parts of human nature, and to the reason, combined to render this struggle peculiarly intense. For a time Clough was carried away, how far it is impossible with any approach to certainty to say, in the direction of the new opinions. He himself said afterwards, that for two years he had been 'like a straw drawn up the draught of a chimney.' Yet in his mind the disturbance was but temporary. His own nature before long reasserted itself, proving, by the strength of its reaction, how wholly impossible it was for such a character to accept any merely external system of authority. Still, when the torrent had subsided, he found that not only had it swept away the new views which had been presented to him by the leaders of the Romanising movement, but also that it had shaken the whole foundations of his early faith, and had forced him to rely upon his own endeavours in the search after that truth which he still firmly believed in.

This spirit of doubt and struggle, yet of unshaken assurance in the final conquest of truth and good, comes out strongly in the poems written about this time, and contrasts markedly with the boyish effusions of the Rugby period. It is this which forms the very essence of the scepticism of which he is accused, the truth of which charge, in a certain sense, we do not attempt to deny — nay, we believe that in this quality of mind lay his

chief power of helping his generation. But his scepticism was of no mere negative quality — not a mere rejection of tradition and denial of authority, but was the expression of a pure reverence for the inner light of the spirit, and of entire submission to its guidance. It was the loyalty to truth as the supreme good of the intellect, and as the only sure foundation of moral character.

He was absolutely truthful towards his own soul. The experiences he had gone through forced him to look religious questions full in the face, and he could no longer take any dogmatic teaching on trust. He ignored no difficulties, he accepted nothing because it was pleasant — he could retain faith in nothing but his own soul. But that he did retain this faith — faith in the intuitions which he regarded as revelations of God to him, in absolute faithfulness to duty, strict adherence to intellectual and moral truthfulness, single-minded practice of all social and domestic virtues — is not only true of his outward life, but is shown, as far as concerns his moral and intellectual convictions, even in the poems which most strongly testify to the struggle and the darkness in which he often found himself. In illustration of this point we may mention in particular the ‘*Summum Pulchrum*,’ ‘*Qui laborat orat*,’ and the ‘*New Sinai*.’ The often-quoted lines in ‘*In Memoriam*’ might almost be supposed to have been written for him: —

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.

Such scepticism — scepticism which consists in reverent waiting for light not yet given, in respect for the truth so absolute, that nothing doubtful can be accepted as truth because it is pleasant to the soul — was his from this time forth to the end of his life. Some truths he doubtless conceived himself to have learnt to *know*, in the course of his life, but his attitude was always chiefly that of a learner. The best key for those who care to know his later thought is to be found in the fragment on the ‘*Religious Tradition*’ contained in the present volume. But the scepticism which assumes a negative position from intellectual pleasure in destructive arguments, which does not feel the want of spiritual support, or realise the existence of spiritual truth, which mocks at the grief of others, and refuses

to accept their honest experiences as real, was never his. He never denied the reality of much that he himself could not use as spiritual nutriment. He believed that God spoke differently to different ages and different minds. Not therefore could he lay aside his own duty of seeking and waiting. Through good report and through evil report, this he felt to be his own personal duty, and from it he never flinched.

To return to Clough's early days. It would not, we think, be true to say that he abandoned all his early belief; he still, no doubt, preserved much of his old feeling, and was in no sense hostile to existing institutions; but *certainly* as to anything resting on personal or traditional authority was gone for him.

The result of this disturbance of mind was naturally to distract his attention from his immediate studies, and to make his labour less productive. Yet he did read hard, even more so, perhaps, than most men of his time; and one of his friends records that the only bet he ever remembers making in his life was seven to one that Clough would get a first. His habits are said to have been at this time of Spartan simplicity: he had very cold rooms in Balliol on the ground floor, in which he passed a whole winter without a fire; and he used to say that, now that he was working in good earnest, this was an excellent plan for keeping out visitors, as nobody else could stand it for more than a few minutes. He disclosed but little to any one of the mental struggle within him, but his family were aware that some great change was going on in him, and were anxious about his health, which evidently suffered; one sign of which was the falling off of his thick brown hair. He is described by his friends at this time as 'a most noble-looking youth.' One of them says, 'I remember well the first time I saw him, just after he got the Balliol. I had no acquaintance with him for years afterwards, but I never lost the impression of the beautiful eyes which I saw opposite to me at dinner in Balliol Hall.' He had, as we are told, a very high reputation as an undergraduate; and among his contemporaries and those immediately succeeding him, many were found to say that they owed more to him than to any other man. We quote, again, some passages from the affectionate remembrances of Mr. Ward: 'Certainly I hardly met any one during my whole Oxford life to whom I was so

strongly drawn. Among the many qualities which so greatly attracted me were his unusual conscientiousness and high-mindedness and public spirit. As regarded himself, his main desire (so far as I could see) was to do what he felt to be right; and as regarded others, to stand up for the cause of God and of right principle. This latter view — the duty of making a stand in society for good principles — was one especial characteristic of Dr. Arnold's pupils. Many think that he impressed it on them too prominently, so as to expose them to a real danger of becoming priggish and self-sufficient; but certainly I never saw in Clough the faintest trace of such qualities as these. Closely connected with this were his unselfishness and unworldliness. The notion of preparing himself for success in a worldly career was so far from prominent in his mind, that he might with some plausibility have been accused of not thinking about it enough. But his one idea seemed always to be that he should to-day do to-day's duty, and for the rest leave himself in God's hands. And as to unselfishness, his self-abnegating consideration for others may be called, in the best sense, feminine. Then his singular sweetness of disposition: I doubt if I have anywhere seen this exceeded. I have known him under circumstances which must have given him great vexation and annoyance, but I never saw in him the faintest approach to loss of temper.

‘Intellectually he struck me as possessing very unusual independence, and (if I may so express myself) straightforwardness of thought. He was never taken in with shams, pretences, and traditions, but saw at once below the surface. On the other hand, he was perhaps less remarkable for logical consecutiveness. But at that time the Oriel fellowship was universally accounted, I think, the best test in Oxford of intellectual power; and he obtained that fellowship the first time he stood for it. I took part myself in examining him for the Balliol fellowship, and I do not remember to have seen so much power displayed in any examination within my experience.

‘As regards his ordinary habits at the time, since I was a Fellow and he only an undergraduate, I cannot speak with perfect certainty; but my impression is that from the first he very much abstained from general society. This was undoubtedly the case at a later period, when his intellectual perplexity had hold of him; but I think it began earlier. I remember in par-

ticular that every day he used to return to his solitary room immediately after dinner; and when I asked him the reason for this, he told me that his pecuniary circumstances incapacitated him from giving wine parties, and that therefore he did not like to wine with others. I think also there was a certain fastidiousness of taste and judgment about him which prevented him from enjoying general society.

‘The opinion both of tutors and undergraduates undoubtedly was, that there was an unusual degree of reserve in his demeanour which prevented them from understanding him; but they all — certainly all the tutors, and I believe all the undergraduates — greatly appreciated his singularly high principle and his exemplary spotlessness of life.’

We give another sketch of him during his undergraduate period, furnished by Principal Shairp. ‘It was towards the end of 1840 that I first saw A. H. Clough. As a freshman I looked with respect approaching to awe on the senior scholar of whom I had heard so much, stepping out on Sunday mornings to read the first lesson in Balliol Chapel. How clearly I remember his massive figure, in scholar’s surplice, standing before the brass eagle, and his deep feeling tones as he read some chapter from the Hebrew prophets. At that time he was the eldest and every way the first of a remarkable band of scholars. The younger undergraduates felt towards him a distant reverence, as a lofty and profound nature quite above themselves whom they could not quite make out, but who was sure to be some day great. Profaner spirits, nearer his own standing, sometimes made a joke of his then exceeding silence and reserve, and of his unworldly ways. But as he was out of college rooms and reading hard for his degree, we freshmen only heard of his reputation from a distance, and seldom came in contact with him.

‘It must have been early in 1841 that he first asked me to breakfast with him. He was then living in a small cottage, or cottage-like house, standing by itself, a little apart from Holywell. There he used to bathe every morning all the winter through, in the cold Holywell baths, and read hard all day. There were one or two other freshmen there at breakfast. If I remember right, none of the party were very talkative.

‘I have heard that about that time he wrote one day in fun an oracle, in the style of Herodotus, to his brother scholar, who

was reading like himself for the Schools. The Greek I forget; the translation he sent with it ran something like this:—

‘Whereas — of Lancashire
 Shall in the Schools preside,
 And Wynter¹ to St. Mary's go
 With the pokers by his side;
 Two scholars there of Balliol,
 Who on double firsts had reckoned,
 Between them two shall with much ado
 Scaree get a double second.

‘This turned out only too true an oracle. Since the beginning of class-lists, the succession of firsts among Balliol scholars was unbroken. And few Balliol scholars had equalled, none ever surpassed, Clough's reputation. I well remember going, towards the end of May or beginning of June, with one of the scholars of my own standing, to the School quadrangle to hear the class-list read out, the first time I had heard it. What was our surprise when the list was read out, and neither of our scholars appeared in the first class. We rushed to Balliol and announced it to the younger Fellows who were standing at their open window. Many causes were assigned at the time for this failure — some in the examiners, some in Clough's then state of spirits; but whatever the cause, I think the result for some years shook faith in firsts among Clough's contemporaries. It made a great impression upon others; on himself I fancy it made but little. I never heard him afterwards allude to it as a thing of any consequence. He once told me he was sick of contentions for prizes and honours before he left Rugby.’

Thus he missed his first class, of which perhaps the worst result was that for the time it seriously distressed his parents and his friends, especially Dr. Arnold, who had looked forward to his achieving great distinction, and whose well-known dislike of the Tractarian movement made him doubly grieve at what he regarded as indirectly one of its consequences. Clough himself seems always to have felt a solid confidence in his own powers, and perhaps to have too little regarded the outward means of displaying them. Perhaps, too, he was somewhat conscious of that inaptitude to put himself forward to the best advantage, which many of his friends have noticed, and accepted it with his

¹ Head of St. John's, and at that time Vice-chancellor.

usual stoic philosophy. At any rate his failure did not long produce the effects he most feared, of want of pupils; for through Dr. Arnold's kindness he was soon provided with profitable employment in teaching a number of Rugby boys who were kept at home at Liverpool by the breaking out of fever in the school. During this time he stayed at home with his family. In the autumn he returned to Oxford, and tried for a fellowship at Balliol. In this he was unsuccessful. He continued, however, to reside at Oxford, and supported himself on the exhibition and scholarship which he still held. In the spring of 1842 he was elected Fellow of Oriel, which was in every way a great and cheering success to him. It healed the disappointment which his former failure and the judgment of others on it had caused, and seemed to give him a new life. It is clear by this determination of his to abide by Oxford and to seek his career and his living there, that he had as yet formed no definite views at variance with the principles of the Church. He had come, we believe, to see the unimportance of many things commonly insisted on; his intellect could no longer accept the ordinary formulas of religious opinion; but he was not provided with any other scheme to set up; his habits and his affections all clung to the old ways; then and many years afterwards he continued to feel that real liberality, width of view, and mental and moral cultivation were more commonly found among those nursed in the Anglican Church than in any exclusive sect, and probably the idea of any violent move, of quitting the home in which he had been reared, had never yet crossed his mind. His pleasure in his success in obtaining the fellowship was much enhanced by the satisfaction which it gave to Dr. Arnold, and in a practical way it was doubly valuable, because more troubles were now thickening round him and his family. Money difficulties pressed hard on his parents at this time; his help was much needed, and was unsparingly given. For some sketches of this period and a little later we will again quote Mr. Shairst's words.

'In the November of the same year he tried for a Balliol fellowship, but was not successful. Tait,¹ however, was strong in his favour, and, I believe, some other of the Fellows. I remember one of them telling me at the time that a character of Saul

¹ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, at that time Fellow and tutor of Balliol College.

which Clough wrote in that examination was, I think he said, the best, most original, thing he had ever seen written in any examination. But Oriel had at that time a way of finding out original genius better than either Balliol or the Schools. In the spring of 1842, Arthur Hugh Clough was elected Fellow of Oriel, the last examination I believe in which Newman took part. The announcement of that success I remember well. It was on the Friday morning of the Easter week of that year. The examination was finished on the Thursday evening. I had asked Clough and another friend, who was a candidate at the same time, to breakfast with me on the Friday morning, as their work was just over. Most of the scholars of the College were staying up and came to breakfast too. The party consisted of about a dozen. We had little notion that anything about the examination would be known so soon, and were all sitting quietly, having just finished breakfast, but not yet risen from the table. The door opened wide; entered a Fellow of another college, and, drawing himself up to his full height, he addressed the other candidate: "I am sorry to say you have *not* got it." Then, "Clough, you have;" and stepping forward into the middle of the room, held out his hand, with "Allow me to congratulate you." We were all so little thinking of the fellowship, and so taken aback by this formal announcement, that it was some little time before we knew what it was all about. The first thing that recalled my presence of mind was seeing the delight on the face of Clough's younger brother, who was present.

'In the summer of 1842, while I was reading in a retired part of Wales with two or three others, Clough, then wandering through the Welsh mountains, one morning looked in on us. I took a walk with him, and he at once led me up Moël Wyn, the highest mountain within reach. Two things I remember that day: one, that he spoke a good deal (for him) of Dr. Arnold, whose death had happened only a few weeks before: another, that a storm came down upon the mountain when we were half-way up. In the midst of it we lay for some time close above a small mountain tarn, and watched the storm-wind working on the face of the lake, tearing and torturing the water into most fantastic, almost ghostly shapes, the like of which I never saw before or since. These mountain sights, though he did not say much, he used to eye most observantly.

‘Early in the autumn of 1843, Clough came to Grasmere to read with a Balliol reading-party, of which I was one. He was with us about six weeks, I think staying till towards the end of September. This was his earliest long vacation party, all things on a smaller scale than his later ones by Loch Ness, or on Deeside, but still very pleasant. He lived in a small lodging immediately to the west of Grasmere church; we in a farm-house on the lake. During these weeks I read the Greek tragedians with him, and did Latin prose. His manner of translating, especially the Greek choruses, was quite peculiar; a quaint archaic style of language, keeping rigidly to the Greek order of the words, and so bringing out their expression better, more forcibly and poetically, than any other translations I had heard. When work was done we used to walk in the afternoon with him all over that delightful country. His “eye to country” was wonderful. He knew the whole lie of the different dales relatively to each other; every tarn, beck, and bend in them. He used, if I remember right, to draw pen-and-ink maps, showing us the whole lineaments of the district. Without any obtrusive enthusiasm, but in his own quiet manly way, he seemed as if he never could get too much of it — never walk too far or too often over it. Bathing, too, formed one of his daily occupations up in a retired pool of the stream that afterwards becomes the Rotha, as it comes out of Easedale. One walk, our longest, was on a Saturday, up Easedale, over the Raise by Greenup, Borrowdale, Honister Crag, under the starlight, to Buttermere. In the small inn there we stayed all Sunday. Early on Monday morning we walked, by two mountain passes, to a farm at the head of Wastwater to breakfast. On the way we crossed Ennerdale, and up the pass close under the nearly perpendicular precipices of the Pillar — a tall mountain, which is the scene of Wordsworth’s pastoral of “The Brothers.” From the head of Wastwater, up past the great gorge of the Mickledoor, to the top of Scawfell, then down past the east side of Bowfell towards Langdale Pikes, and so home to Grasmere. As we passed under Bowfell a beautiful autumn afternoon, we lay a long time by the side of the lovely Angle Tarn. The sun, just before he sunk beside Bowfell, was showering down his light, which dimpled the smooth face of the tarn like heavy drops of sun-rain. Every now and then a slight breeze would come and scatter the rays broadcast

over the little loch, as if some unseen hand was sowing it with golden grain. It was as memorable an appearance as that different one we had seen a year ago on Moël Wyn. These things, though Clough observed closely, and took pleasure in, he did not speak often about, much less indulge in raptures.

‘Some of our party were very good hill-men. One day, five or six in all set out on a race from our door by Grasmere Lake to the top of Fairfield. He was the second to reach the summit. His action uphill was peculiar; he used to lay himself forward almost horizontally towards the slope, and take very long strides which carried him quickly over the ground. Few men, so stout as he then was, could have matched him up a mountain.

‘Shortly after this time at Oxford, somewhere that is between 1843 and 1845, I remember to have heard him speak at a small debating society called the Decade, in which were discussed often graver subjects, and in a less popular way, than in the Union. Having been an unfrequent attender, I heard him only twice. But both times what he said, and the way he said it, were so marked and weighty as to have stuck to memory when almost everything else then spoken has been forgotten. The first time was in Oriel Common-room; the subject proposed — “That Tennyson was a greater poet than Wordsworth.” This was one of the earliest expressions of that popularity — since become nearly universal — which I remember. Clough spoke against the proposition, and stood up for Wordsworth’s greatness with singular wisdom and moderation. He granted fully that Wordsworth was often prosy, that whole pages of the “Excursion” had better have been written in prose; but still, when he was at his best, he was much greater than any other modern English poet, saying his best things without knowing they were so good, and then drawing on into prosaic tediousness, without being aware where the inspiration failed and the prose began. In this kind of unconsciousness, I think he said, lay much of his power. One of the only other times I heard him speak was, about the same time, when a meeting of the Decade was held in Balliol Common-room. The subject of debate was — “That the character of a gentleman was in the present day made too much of.” To understand the drift of this would require one to know how highly pleasant manners and a good exterior are rated in Oxford at all times, and to understand something of

the peculiar mental atmosphere of Oxford at that time. Clough spoke neither for nor against the proposition; but for an hour and a half—well on two hours—he went into the origin of the ideal, historically tracing from mediæval times how much was implied originally in the notion of a “gentle knight”—truthfulness, consideration for others (even self-sacrifice), courtesy, and the power of giving outward expression to these moral qualities. From this high standard he traced the deterioration into the modern Brummagem pattern which gets the name. These truly gentlemen of old time had invented for themselves a whole economy of manners, which gave true expression to what was really in them, to the ideal in which they lived. These manners, true in them, became false when adopted traditionally and copied from without by modern men placed in quite different circumstances, and living different lives. When the same qualities are in the hearts of men now, as truly as in the best of old time, they will fashion for themselves a new expression, a new economy of manners suitable to their place and time. But many men now, wholly devoid of the inward reality, yet catching at the reputation of it, adopt these old traditional ways of speaking and of bearing themselves, though they express nothing that is really in them.

‘One expression I remember he used, to illustrate the truth that where the true gentle spirit exists, it will express itself in its own rather than in the traditional way. “I have known peasant men and women in the humblest places in whom dwelt these qualities as truly as they ever did in the best of lords and ladies, and who had invented for themselves a whole economy of manners to express them, who were very ‘poets of courtesy.’”

‘His manner of speaking was very characteristic, slow and deliberate, never attempting rhetorical flow, stopping at times to think the right thing, or to feel for the exactly fitting word, but with a depth of suggestiveness, a hold of reality, a poetry of thought, not found combined in any other Oxonian of our time.

‘It must have been in the autumn of 1845 that Clough and I first met in Scotland. One visit there to Walrond’s family at Calder Park I especially remember. On a fine morning early in September we started from Calder Park to drive to the Falls of Clyde. We were to spend the day at Milton Lockhart, and

go on to Lanark in the evening. Besides Walrond and Clough, there were T. Arnold, E. Arnold, and myself. It was one of the loveliest September mornings that ever shone, and the drive lay through one of the most lovely regions in south Scotland, known as "the Trough of Clyde." The sky was bright blue, fleeced with whitest clouds. From Hamilton to Milton Lockhart, about ten miles, the road keeps down in the hollow of the trough, near the water, the banks covered with orchards, full of heavy-laden apple and other fruit trees bending down till they touched the yellow corn that grew among them. There is a succession of fine country houses, with lawns that slope towards lime trees that bend over the river. It was the first time any of us but Walrond had been that way, and in such a drive, under such a sky, you may believe we were happy enough. We reached Milton Lockhart, a beautiful place, built on a high grassy headland, beneath and round which winds the Clyde. Sir Walter Scott, I believe, chose the site, and none could be more beautifully chosen. It looks both ways, up and down the lovely vale.

'As we drove up, near ten o'clock, we found the late Mr. J. G. Lockhart (Scott's biographer) walking on the green terrace that looks over the river. The laird himself being from home, his brother was our host. Soon after we arrived, his daughter, then very young, afterwards Mrs. Hope-Scott, came out on the terrace to say that breakfast was ready. After breakfast she sang, with great spirit and sweetness, several of her grandfather's songs, copied into her mother's books by herself, when they were still newly composed. After listening to these for some time, her brother, Walter Scott Lockhart, then a youth of nineteen or so, and with a great likeness to the portraits of Sir Walter when a young man, was our guide to an old castle, situated on a bank of one of the small glens that come down to the Clyde from the west. It was the original of Scott's Tillietudlem in "Old Mortality." A beautiful walk thither; the castle large, roofless and green with herbage and leafage. We stayed some time roaming over the green deserted place, then returned to a lunch, which was our dinner; more songs, and then drove off late in the afternoon to the Falls of Clyde and Lanark for the night. It was a pleasant day. Clough enjoyed it much in his own quiet way — quietly, yet so humanly interested in all he met. Many a joke he used to make about that

day afterwards. Not he only, but all our entertainers of that day, Mr. J. G. Lockhart, his son and daughter, are now gone.

‘In the summer of 1847, Clough had a reading party at Drumnadrochet, in Glen Urquhart, about two miles north from Loch Ness, where, about the beginning of August, I, along with T. Arnold and Walrond, paid him a visit. Some of the incidents and characters in “*The Bothie*” were taken from that reading party, though its main scenes and incidents lay in Braemar. One anecdote I specially remember connected with that visit. On our way to Drumnadrochet, T. Arnold and I had made a solitary walk together from the west end of Loch Rannoch, up by Loch Ericht, one of the wildest, most unfrequented lochs in the Highlands. All day we saw only one house, till, late at night, we reached another on the side of the loch, about six miles from Dalwhinnie. It was one of the loveliest, most primitive places I ever saw even in the most out-of-the-way parts of the Highlands. We told Clough of it, and when his reading party was over, later in the autumn, he went on our track. He spent a night at the inn at the west end of Loch Rannoch, called Tighnalyne, where he met with some of the incidents which appeared in “*The Bothie*.” He also visited the house by the side of Loch Ericht, a small heather-thatched hut, occupied by one of the foresters of the Ben Aulder forest. He found one of the children lying sick of a fever, the father I think from home, and the mother without any medicines or other aid for her child. He immediately set off and walked to Fort William, about two days’ journey from the place, but the nearest place where medicines and other supplies were to be had. These he got at Fort William, and returned on his two days’ journey, and left them with the mother. He had four days’ walk, over a rough country, to bring medicines to this little child, and the people did not even know his name. On these occasions in Scotland, he told me that he used to tell the people he was a “*Teacher*,” and they were at once at ease with him then. I doubt whether he ever mentioned this to any one but myself, and to me it only came out casually.

‘If I am not mistaken, it was from this place that he took the original name of what is now Tober-na-Vuolich. In this year he visited the West Highlands, and went through “*Lochaber*,” anon in Locheil, in Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower,

and Ardnamurchan." In the first edition this line was—"Knoydart, Moydart, Croydart, Morrer, and Ardnamurchan." But he discovered afterwards that Croydart was only the way that the Gael pronounce what is spelt Knoydart. During this wander he saw all the country about Ben Nevis, westward to the Atlantic—

'Where the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the westernmost Islands.

He walked "where pines are grand in Glen-Mally," and saw all the country which in a few lines here and there he has pictured so powerfully in "The Bothie." The expression about Ben Nevis, with the morning sprinkling of snow on his shoulders, is absolutely true to reality.

'In this expedition he came to Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, the place where Prince Charles met the Highland clans, and unfurled his standard. Here there used to stand a nice quiet little-frequented inn, where one could live for weeks undisturbed. But at the time when Clough reached it, a great gathering was being held there. The Queen had gone to Loch Laggan, and the ships that escorted her to Fort William were lying at the head of Loch Linnhe. McDonald of Glen Aladale had invited all the officers of these ships to have a day's deer-stalking on his property of Glen Aladale, down the side of Loch Shiel, and to have a ball at the Glenfinnan Inn after their day's sport. Clough came in for the ball. It was a strange gathering—the English sailors, officers, a few Highland lairds, Highland farmers and shepherds, with their wives and daughters, were all met altogether at the ball. Clough and one of his reading party were invited to join the dance, and they danced Highland reels, and went through all the festivities like natives. The uproar was immense, and the ludicrous scenes not few. He often used to speak of it afterwards, as one of the motliest, drollest gatherings he had ever fallen in with.

'Often afterwards he used to speak of his Scotch adventures with great heartiness. There was much in the ways of life he saw there that suited the simplicity of his nature. Even when Englishmen would laugh at the baldness of our Presbyterian services, he would defend them as better than English ritualism and formality.'

To these reminiscences of Principal Shairp's may be added some notes supplied by Professor Conington, of his recollections of the speeches made by Clough in the debates of a society at Oxford, called the Decade. Mr. Conington was himself the secretary of the society at the time of which he speaks. 'The first occasion of my meeting Mr. Clough at the Decade,' he says, 'was on February 14, 1846, when I myself brought forward the subject for discussion. The subject was — "That means ought to be adopted by the Legislature for recognising formally the social and political importance of the manufacturing interest." Sir Robert Peel's change of policy about the corn laws had just been announced, and those of us who were on the movement side were naturally more or less enthusiastic in favour of the manufacturers, who appeared to us as the winners of a great social victory. My proposal, if I remember rightly, was to the effect that they ought to be made peers, just as great landowners were. In this the bulk of the members present at that meeting do not seem to have concurred with me; but I had Mr. Clough's support. I do not recollect thoroughly a single sentence of his speech, but I can recall his commanding manner, and the stately serene tones in which he delivered a kind of prophecy of the new era which in a few days was to be inaugurated, and told us that "these men" (the manufacturers) "were the real rulers of England." The next occasion was some months afterwards, on June 9, 1846, when the question for debate was — "That any system of moral science, distinct from a consideration of Christianity, is essentially imperfect." Mr. Clough is reported as having spoken for this motion in part. He eventually moved a rider, which, with the motion, was unanimously accepted — "But the existence of moral science is recognised and presupposed by the idea of a revelation." The only point which remains on my mind is an application by him of the text "comparing spiritual things with spiritual;" "that is," said he, "comparing the spiritual things in a revelation with the spiritual things in one's own mind."

'I see there were five other occasions, in 1847 and the early part of 1848, on which Mr. Clough appeared at the Decade during my membership. One dwells in my memory with tolerable distinctness — a speech made in a debate on March 6, 1847, the subject being — "That the study of philosophy is more impor-

tant for the formation of opinion than that of history." I see that he made five speeches on that evening. I have entered him as supporting the motion "with qualifications," a common mode of registering opinion in our debates: but I remember that, as the debate grew warm, his qualifications seemed to disappear, and in the speech which I happen to recollect, few if any of them were visible. "What is it to me," he said, "to know the fact of the battle of Marathon, or the fact of the existence of Cromwell? I have it all within me." Correcting himself afterwards, he said, "I do not mean that it is of no importance to me that there should have been such a battle or such a person; it is of a great deal: but it is of no importance that I should know it."

'The only other occasion when I recollect anything of Mr. Clough which seems worth recording was a conversation which I had with him in the autumn of 1848. He had given up his fellowship, and was living for a few weeks in small cheap lodgings in Holywell Street, Oxford, where I remember finding him without a fire on a cold day. His "Bothie" was just about to be published, and he gave me some account of it, particularly of the metre. He repeated in his melodious way, several lines, intended to show me how a verse might be read so that one syllable should take up the time of two, or, conversely, two of one. The line which he instanced (altered, I think, from "Evangeline") was this:—

White | naked | feet on the | gleaming | floor of her | chamber.

This was new to me, as I had not risen beyond the common notion of spondees, dactyls, and the rest. So I asked for more explanation. He bade me scan the first line of the "Paradise Lost." I began, "'Of man's:' iambus." "Yes." "'First dis-'" — There I was puzzled. It did not seem an iambus or a spondee: it was nearly a trochee, but not quite one. He then explained to me his conception of the rhythm. The two feet "first disobe-" took up the time of four syllables, two iambic feet: the voice rested awhile on the word "first," then passed swiftly over "diso-," then rested again on "be-," so as to recover the previous hurry. I think he went on to explain that in the next foot, "dience and," both syllables were short, but that the loss of time was made up for by the pause required by the sense after the former of the two, and that finally the voice

rested on the full sounded word "fruit." Possibly this last impression may really be the result of my own subsequent use of the clue which he then gave me. But a clue it was in the fullest sense of the term: it gave me an insight into rhythm which I had not before, and which has constantly been my guide since both in reading and writing.'

In June 1842 occurred the death of Dr. Arnold, which was a severe shock as well as a great grief to Clough from its suddenness as well as from the intense reverence and affection he felt for him. 'He was for a long time more than a father to me,' were his own words, and no doubt the sensitive boy, exiled from his own family in his childhood, clung with even more of filial feeling than is common to the teacher to whom he owed so much. He heard the news at Oxford, and came home immediately, seeming, as his sister describes him, completely stunned by the blow, incapable of realising or speaking of what had happened, and unable to rest. He soon left home, and wandered away among the Welsh hills, where Mr. Shairp tells us of their meeting.

Later in the summer he had some pupils in Ireland, but left them to come over to bid farewell to his brother George, who sailed for America in October 1842. He was deeply attached to this his youngest brother, whose lively spirits combined with most affectionate devotion to him had done a great deal to cheer him even in his darkest moments. And this was, as it proved, their last meeting. The poor young fellow, only just twenty-two, was struck down by fever at Charleston, when away from all his own family, and died there, after a very few days' illness. His father had sailed for America, intending to join him, before the news of his illness reached England, and arrived in Boston only to hear that all was over. The shock was a dreadful one to the unhappy father, and came with a double force, because he relied on his son's help at this moment in a period of great anxiety concerning business. He never recovered the blow, and in the following summer, in 1843, he returned home much shaken by grief and very ill in health, and after lingering on for a few months, during which time he was most tenderly nursed by all his family, including Arthur, he also died.

During his father's illness, and the years that immediately followed, Arthur spent much of his time with his own family; and when he was away from them, he always took an active

part in all plans and arrangements for their comfort and happiness. He had never become estranged in any way from his home, as is often the case with sons and brothers whose calling separates them from their families. Essentially tender and domestic in his feelings, and full of consideration for others, it always seemed natural to him to enter into their interests, and to undertake trouble and responsibility for their sakes.

In 1843 he had been appointed tutor as well as Fellow of Oriel, and he is spoken of as being remarkably effective in this capacity. 'A most excellent tutor, and exceedingly beloved by the undergraduates,' one of those who best knew has called him. But little need be said of this period. He led a quiet, hardworking, uneventful tutor's life, diversified with the reading parties, which have been commemorated in the 'Bothie.' This was the time when most of the poems in the little volume called 'Ambarvalia' were written. He took a warm and increasing interest in all social questions, and in every way he seems to have been full of spirit and vigour. To his younger friends and pupils he especially endeared himself. Mr. Walrond says: 'My Oxford days seem all coloured with the recollection of happy and most instructive walks and talks with him. We used to meet every day almost, though at different colleges; and it was my regular Sunday holiday to breakfast with him, and then take a long ramble over Cumnor Hurst or Bagley Wood. When I recall those days, the one thing that comes back upon me most, even more than the wisdom and loftiness and suggestiveness of his conversation, is his unselfishness and tender kindness. Many must have told you what a gift he had for making people personally *fond* of him; I can use no other word. For myself, I owe him more than I can ever tell, for the seed of just and noble thoughts sown, for the pure and lofty type of character set before me; but the feeling of personal attachment is the strongest of all.' Another friend of this period says: 'In him I felt I had an example of a nobleness and tenderness of nature most rare, and one, too, who, since I was an undergraduate, had always given me not only sincere love, but wise and sincere counsel in many difficulties. What he would think on any doubtful point was indeed often in the mind of many others with me. Often, too, I have remembered that, by his taste, I was first led to read and take pleasure in Wordsworth.'

Thus his life passed on with much of cheerful and active interest and work. Yet it would seem, from his letters, that he was living at Oxford under a sense of intellectual repression. He appears at one time to have doubted about undertaking the tutor's work, but to have overcome the doubt. He evidently regarded teaching as his natural vocation, and he had great enjoyment in it; but the sense of being bound by his position to silence on many important subjects probably oppressed him. At intervals he expresses vague inclinations to leave Oxford, and seek work elsewhere; but the difficulty of finding this, and the undefined nature of his objections, appear to have hindered him. At this time, in order to secure the comfort of a near relative, he entered into a pecuniary arrangement, by which he bound himself to pay 100*l.* a year, on condition of receiving a considerable sum at the death of one of the parties to the negotiation. This was looked on as an event certain to occur very soon, but, in fact, it did not come to pass for fifteen years; and this liability, very easily borne while his circumstances were prosperous, became a drag upon him when he had no longer any assured income. Thus, though everything in his outward circumstances combined to make it desirable for him to remain in his present position, yet by degrees his dissatisfaction with it became too strong to be endured. His was a nature 'which moveth all together, if it move at all'; and, once entered upon the course of free inquiry, nothing could stop the expansion of his thought in that direction. His absolute conscientiousness and intense unworldliness prevented the usual influences which slacken men's movements from telling upon his.

It is not very obvious what eventually decided him to quit Oxford at the precise moment when he did so. In the year 1847 he was powerfully stirred by the distress in Ireland at the time of the potato famine, as may be seen from the pamphlet on 'Retrenchment'; and the general ferment of his nature, as well as the ripening of opinions in his own mind, probably tended to make him more open to change. Emerson also visited England in this year. Clough became intimate with him, and his influence must have tended to urge him on in the direction in which he was already moving. With another friend, also, whose general dissatisfaction with European life was strong, he was at this time very familiar. We are, therefore, disposed to

think that it was some half accidental confirmation of his own doubts as to the honesty and usefulness of his own course, which brought him at last almost suddenly face to face with the question whether he ought to resign his tutorship. After a correspondence with the head of his college — in speaking of whom he always expressed a strong sense of the uniform kindness which he had received from him under these trying circumstances — he eventually gave up his tutorship in 1848; and this done, though his fellowship had not yet expired, he began to feel his whole position hollow; and six months later (in October 1848) he resigned this likewise, and thus left himself unprovided with any present means of making a livelihood, and with the burden of the annuity to which we have alluded still hanging on him. The sacrifice was greater to him than to many men, because he had no natural aptitude for making money. His power of literary production was always uncertain, and very little within his own control. His conscientious scruples interfered with his writing casually, as many would have done; for instance, we are told that he would not contribute to any paper or review with whose general principles he did not agree. He was, therefore, constrained to look out for some definite post in the line of education; and from the best chances in this department he had cut himself adrift by resigning his fellowship. He did, nevertheless, take this step, apparently with a certain lightness of heart and buoyancy, in singular contrast with what might be expected to be the feeling of a man taking a decision so important to his future life. It is clear that he 'broke away with delight' from what he felt to be the thralldom of his position in Oxford.

Immediately after laying down his tutorship, he made use of his leisure to go to Paris, in company with Emerson, where he spent a month in seeing the sights of the Revolution.

It was in September of this year (1848), when staying at home with his mother and sister in Liverpool, that he wrote his first long poem, the 'Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.' This was his utterance to the world on quitting Oxford, and not the theological pamphlet which was expected from him. In the later days he would often speak of the amusement it had been to him to think of the disappointment which the appearance of these lively verses would produce among those who looked for a seri-

ous vindication of his conduct. Some further explanation of his feeling will be furnished by an unpublished letter, which we subjoin:—

‘My objection *in limine* to subscription would be, that it is a painful restraint on speculation; but beyond this, to examine myself in detail on the Thirty-nine Articles, and say how far my thoughts upon them had passed the limit of speculation and begun to assume the form of concretion, would be not only difficult and distasteful to me, but absolutely impossible. I could not do it with any approximation to accuracy; and I have no wish to be hurried into precipitate declarations which, after all, might misrepresent my mind. It is fair to say that the points in question with me would not be subordinate matters; but at the same time I feel no call to the study of theology, and for the present certainly should leave these controversies to themselves, were they not in some measure forced upon my notice. Of joining any sect I have not the most distant intention.’

This year he spent chiefly at home; and, in the winter of 1848, he received an invitation to take the Headship of University Hall, London, an institution professing entirely unsectarian principles, founded for the purpose of receiving students attending the lectures at University College. His tenure of office was to date from October 1849, and he determined before this to take his first long holiday of travel, and to go to Rome. Thus his visit coincided accidentally with the siege of Rome by the French; and this, though it deprived him of many opportunities of travel and sight-seeing, was historically and politically of very great interest to him. This was the scene and the time during which he wrote his second long poem, the ‘*Amours de Voyage*.’

In October 1849 he returned to enter on his duties at University Hall. His new circumstances were, of course, very different from those of his Oxford life, and the change was in many respects painful to him. The step he had taken in resigning his fellowship isolated him greatly; many of his old friends looked coldly on him, and the new acquaintances among whom he was thrown were often uncongenial to him. The transition from the intimate and highly refined society of Oxford to the bustling miscellaneous external life of London, to one not well furnished with friends, and without a home of his own, could

hardly fail to be depressing. He had hoped for liberty of thought and action; he had found solitude, but not perfect freedom. Though not bound by any verbal obligations, he found himself expected to express agreement with the opinions of the new set among whom he had fallen, and this was no more possible to him here than it had been at Oxford. His old prestige at Oxford availed him little in London; it has been remarked by his friends that he often failed to show himself to the best advantage, and this was doubly the case when he felt himself not understood. This was without doubt the dreariest, loneliest period of his life, and he became compressed and reserved to a degree quite unusual with him, both before and afterwards. He shut himself up, and went through his life in silence.

Yet here too he gradually formed some new and valuable friendships. Among these, his acquaintance with Mr. Carlyle was one of the most important; and to the end of his life he continued to entertain the warmest feeling for that great man. It was part of the sensitiveness of his character to shrink from going back on old impressions; and though he always retained his affection for his early friends, yet intercourse with fresh minds was often easier to him than with those to whom his former phases of life and thought were more familiar. In the autumn of 1850 he took advantage of his vacation to make a hasty journey to Venice, and during this interval he began his third long poem of 'Dipsychus,' which bears the mark of Venice in all its framework and its local colouring.

We have now mentioned, at the dates at which they were composed, all his longest works — the 'Bothie,' the 'Amours de Voyage' and 'Dipsychus.' No other long work of his remains except the 'Mari Magno,' which is properly a collection of short poems, more or less united by one central idea, and bound together by their setting, as a series of tales related to each other by a party of companions on a sea voyage. The 'Ambarvalia,' poems written between 1840 and 1847, chiefly at Oxford, though without any setting at all, have something of the same inward coherence. They are all poems of the inner life, while the 'Mari Magno' poems deal with social problems, and the questions of love and marriage. His voyage to America, again, produced a cluster of little sea poems, closely linked together by one or two main thoughts.

It has often been a subject of surprise, that with such evident powers and even facility of production, Clough should have left so little behind him, even considering the shortness of his life, and that for such long periods he should have been entirely silent. We think the best explanation is to be found in his peculiar temper of mind, and we might say physical conformation of brain, which could not work unless under a combination of favourable circumstances. His brain, though powerful, was slow to concentrate itself, and could not carry on several occupations at once. Solitude and repose were necessary for production. This, combined with a certain inertia, a certain slowness of movement, constantly made it hard for him to get over the initial difficulties of self-expression, and would often, no doubt, cause him to delay too long and lose the passing inspiration or opportunity. But, once started, his very weight carried him on, as it did in the 'Bothie,' 'Amours,' and 'Dipsychus,' and 'Mari Magno.'

Besides this, much in the very quality of his poetry will explain this scantiness of production. His absolute sincerity of thought, his intense feeling of reality, rendered it impossible for him to produce anything superficial, and therefore actually curtailed the amount of his creations. His excessive conscientiousness winnowed away so much as to leave often a sense of baldness. His peculiar habits of thought also, his sense of being constantly at variance with the ordinary sentiments of those who surrounded him, his incapability of treating the common themes of poetry in the usual manner, his want of interest in any poetry which did not touch some deep question, some vital feeling in human nature (always excepting his love for the simple beauty of nature), all combined to diminish his range of subjects. He had to enter on a new line, to create a new treatment of old subjects, to turn them over and bring them out in the new light of his critical but kindly philosophy. This, in 'Mari Magno,' he had begun to do, and the rapid production of these last poems makes us believe that this new vein would have continued had he lived, and that we should have received a further expression of his views about the daily problems of social life.

Looking now to the facts of his life, we see that there were in it very few intervals during which he enjoyed the combina-

tion of favourable circumstances necessary to enable him to write. He never was free, except during those short intervals, from the pressure of constant, hard, practical work. He was constantly under the necessity of using his power of work for the purpose of immediately making a living. His conscientious efforts, first to relieve his parents from the burden of his education, and then to assist them, have been related before. As Fellow and tutor his earnings were freely contributed, and no doubt the desire of doing this was one great reason for undertaking the tutor's work at Oriel. It is true that this was a time of comparative wealth, but it was earned by hard labour of a practical kind, and it has been already shown that during this period he made a pecuniary engagement which burdened him for many years after. Thus his duty to others never allowed him for any interval to cast himself on his fortune, and run risks for a while for the sake of freedom and opportunities. To many men this burden would have been lighter, but he was a heavy moving vessel; he could not turn and set his sails to catch light favouring winds. He could not use spare half-hours to write well-paid reviews or popular articles, or even poetry. The demand for his wares seemed to spoil the supply. That it should be profitable, seemed to make it impossible to him to write. Thus he was driven to harder, less congenial work, simply because it was positive and certain. Nothing, for instance, would have been more grateful to him than after leaving Oxford to be free for a few years to roam about the world before settling to a new vocation, but this was never to be thought of. No doubt there is another side to the picture; the real acquaintance with life and men, which this entire acceptance of various positions taught him, not only gave him valuable training, but furnished him with materials which in a mind of his calibre would, we doubt not, have come out in some literary form. But for the time they simply choked his power of production, and no doubt prevented the utterance of many thoughts on religious and other subjects.

After two years at University Hall, the founding of a new college at Sydney induced him to seek a change, and he presented himself as a candidate for its principalship, a post which Dr. Woolley eventually obtained. This would have brought him a safe income, and one on which he could afford to marry.

He had great hopes of success, and this tempted him to engage himself to be married. But very soon after he had done this the appointment was decided against him, and he was at the same time obliged to give up University Hall. His prospects were thus less hopeful than ever. Yet the stimulus which he had received supported him in the struggle to obtain some kind of position in which he might gain a livelihood. His friends endeavoured to procure an appointment for him in the Education Office; but the downfall of the Liberal Ministry destroyed all his chances for the time. Then, after much deliberation and inward hesitation, he resolved to go out to America, and try what opening he might find there, as a teacher or a literary man. But to leave England, to make a new beginning in life, and to pull himself up again, as it were, by the roots, was not an easy matter to one of his tenacious temperament. Some expression of the feelings which possessed him comes out in the poems written on shipboard. Eventually he sailed, in October 1852, and settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts. There he was welcomed with remarkable cordiality, and formed many friendships which lasted to the end of his life. Still his position was too solitary to be cheerful, but he appreciated very highly the hopefulness and the moral healthiness of the new country, and he always retained warm feelings of admiration and affection for its citizens.

At Cambridge he remained some time without much employment, but by degrees he gathered a certain number of pupils. He also wrote several articles at this time in the 'North American Review,' and in 'Putnam's Magazine,' and other magazines, and before long undertook a revision of the translation, known as Dryden's, of Plutarch's 'Lives,' for an American publisher. Thus he carried on a great deal of work, and was gradually making himself an assured position; and he would probably have felt no difficulty in settling down in America as his home, had not the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which his friends obtained for him, come to draw him homewards again. The certainty of a permanent, though small income, the prospects of immediate marriage, and his natural affection for his own country, decided him to accept the place, and give up his chances in America, not without some regret, after he had gradually brought his mind to the idea of

adopting a new country. His genuine democratic feeling rejoiced in the wider diffusion of prosperity and substantial comforts which he found in America; at the same time he would doubtless have suffered greatly from the expatriation, and would probably have always regretted his exclusion from what he calls 'the deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience' to be found in the old country.

In July 1853 he returned to England, and at once entered on the duties of his office. Henceforth his career was decided for him. He was freed from perplexing questions as to choice of occupation. His business life was simple, straightforward, and hard-working; but it was made up of little beyond official drudgery, and the fact of his entering the public service so late diminished his prospect of reaching higher posts. His immediate objects, however, were answered; and in June 1854 he married. For the next seven years he lived quietly at home; and during this time three children were born to him, who formed his chief and unfailing delight. No events of any moment marked this period; but it was one of real rest and contentment. It is hard to speak of happiness which has vanished from the earth; yet what comfort remains lies chiefly in the thought that now at last his life did reach a sort of culmination, that a great-hearted man did for a short time find his natural repose in the pleasures of a home, and that he was able, for a short space at least, to devote his great faculties freely to the service of others. Up to this date we may almost say that he had been too free from active and absorbing employment for his own happiness. Circumstances had forced him to try different schemes and to engage in various undertakings with very moderate success, and the want of definite and continuous occupation left his mind free to deal restlessly with the great insoluble problems of the world, which had for him so true a vitality that he could not dismiss them from his thoughts. After his marriage there was none of this enforced and painful communing with self alone. He had plenty to do; and the close relations into which he was brought with various members of his wife's family kept him actively employed, and tasked his sympathies to the full. All the new duties and interests of domestic life grew up and occupied his daily thoughts. The humour which in solitude had been inclined to take the hue of

irony and sarcasm, now found its natural and healthy outlet. The practical wisdom and insight into life, for which he was distinguished, were constantly exercised in the service of his friends; and the new experience which he was daily gathering at home made many perplexed questions, both social and religious, clear and simple to his mind. In this way, though he did not cease to think about the problems which hitherto had occupied his leisure, he thought about them in a different way, and was able, so to speak, to test them by the facts of actual life, and by the intuitions and experience of those whose character he valued, instead of submitting them only to the crucible of his own reflection. The close and constant contact with another mind gave him a fresh insight into his own, and developed a new understanding of the wants of other people, so that the results of many years of meditation grew distinct and solid. Having thus passed from the speculative to the constructive phase of thought, it is quite certain, from little things which he was in the habit of saying, that, had he been permitted, he would have expressed his mature convictions in works of a more positive and substantial kind. But, unfortunately, he was too willing and too anxious to take work of every sort, and to spend himself for others. Therefore he soon became involved in labours too exciting for a constitution already somewhat over-taxed, nor was he ever able to yield himself wholly to the healthful indolence of private life. To a period of wasting thought and solitude succeeded one of over-strenuous exertion; bracing indeed, but, for a man of his sympathetic temperament and laborious past life, too absorbing and engrossing. What, however, must always be remembered is, that Clough was happy in his work, and happy in his home life. It would be easy, were it necessary, to show from his poems how strong in him was the sense of family feeling, how tenderly and delicately he appreciated the family relations, how fond he was of children and young people, how naturally he enjoyed domestic life. Nor can any one doubt that in work itself he found full satisfaction, especially in such work as made him helpful to others, and brought him into vivid human contact with his fellow-workers. Both of these sources of satisfaction, home life and congenial work, had hitherto been denied him. Now they were largely given to him, and, had his strength been equal to the demands

which were made upon it, a long life of happiness and usefulness was clearly open to him.

Besides the work of the office, the translation of Plutarch, begun in America, absorbed a great part of his scanty leisure during five years after his return from America. In the spring of 1856 he was appointed secretary to a commission for examining the scientific military schools on the Continent. He visited, in consequence, the great schools for artillery and engineers in France, Prussia, and Austria. The travelling lasted about three months, and besides being very interesting and agreeable, it afforded him much occupation during a considerable time afterwards. Another employment, which frequently fell to him, was the examining of candidates in his own special subject of English literature, sometimes for Woolwich, sometimes in his own office. But the work in which he took the deepest interest was that of his friend and relation, Miss Nightingale. He watched over every step in her various undertakings, affording her assistance not merely with advice, and little in his life gave him greater satisfaction than to be her active and trusted friend.

We see that his life, though uneventful, was full of work, and we can also understand why this period of his life produced no poetical result. The conditions under which he could create were at this time wholly wanting. He had not time or strength or leisure of mind to spend on his natural gift of writing; and to his friends it must ever be a source of sorrow that his natural vocation, what he himself felt as such, was unfulfilled. He himself always looked forward to some time when greater opportunity might be granted him, when the various experiences of later life, the results of his later thought, might 'assort themselves upon the brain,' and be given out in some definite form. In the meantime he *waited*, not impatiently or unwillingly, for he was slow to draw conclusions, as he was also patient in hearing the views of others, and ready in his appreciation of them. Yet his mind did not fail to exercise a powerful influence upon others. All who knew him well will bear witness to the strong impression left by his character, and by the force and originality of his intellect. He was not prompt to give out distinct opinions or answers to theoretical questions, but he seldom failed to find a practical solution to any immediate difficulty, whether mental or practical. His mind turned more and more to action

as its natural relief; and in his family circle his gentle wisdom and patience and great tenderness of feeling caused him to be constantly appealed to in all difficulties. It was indeed only in the intimacy of daily life that the full charm and grace of his nature was felt, the intense loveliness of it, the tender unselfishness, and the manly courage with which he met the difficulties of life, and helped others through them. His was a character not easy to describe, whose charm was so personal that it seems to evaporate when translated into words. He was a singular combination of enthusiasm and calmness, of thoughtfulness and imagination, of speech and silence, of seriousness and humour. Ordinarily somewhat slow of utterance, he often seemed, as a friend said of him, 'to be choked by his own fulness.' His own words in the 'Bothie' not unaptly described him —

Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrases and fancies;
 Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals playing;
 Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain in the tropics.

On special occasions he would pour out the accumulation of his mind, but most often the stream remained hid, and only came to the surface in his poetry, or in little incisive phrases, most apt to engrave themselves sharply on the minds of his hearers. He had a strong sense of humour, and was always ready to look on this side of the daily incidents of life; and his friends will long remember his genial smile, and his hearty, almost boyish, laugh. This brightness and the sunny sweetness of his temper, gave cheerfulness to what might otherwise have been too serious a temperament, for though not specially anxious in personal things, yet the habit of his mind, his high-wrought conscientiousness and susceptibility of feeling, rendered him liable to be deeply impressed by the sad things of the world, the great difficulties especially of modern social life, which were in truth to him 'a heavy and a weary weight.'

It has been remarked that in his later poems there is no distinct expression of the peace he had attained. It is true we find in them rather a freedom from disturbance than a positive expression of belief. But his peace was not the result of a crisis, of a sudden conversion, which often pours itself out in words; it was the fruit of years of patient thought and action, it was a temper of mind. He felt no impulse to speak of it. He turned

his mind to the practical questions of the world, as appears in these later poems, which instantly began to flow forth as soon as his brain was relieved from the constant pressure of work.

With so much of inward peace, absolutely free from envy or jealousy, not depressed by the want of outward success given in so much larger measure to many of his contemporaries, capable of looking at outward things from a truly philosophic height, gifted with genuine humour, and open in his soul to all kindly natural feelings, endowed with a rare power of inspiring unclouded affection, he could not but enjoy a high degree of happiness. It has been called a broken life. Broken indeed it was, by death, too soon for the work he might have done, too soon for any full comprehension of him by the public, or by any but his near friends, too soon for those who loved him and depended on him. But not too soon for the realisation of a great and manly character, for the achievement in himself of the highest and purest peace; not too soon to give to a few who really knew him the strongest sense of what he was in himself. It was easiest to describe him by negatives, yet perhaps no one ever made a more concrete positive impression on those who knew him. As one of his friends said, 'I always *felt* his presence;' and truly he was above all a power, a warm supporting presence. His poems tell us of his perplexities, his divided thoughts, his uncertainties; those who remember him will think rather of his simple directness of speech and action, the clearness of his judgment on any moot point; above all, it is remarkable how unanimous all those who knew him are in expressing their feeling of his entire nobleness, his utter purity of character. It seems impossible to speak of him without using these words.

But now this happy and peaceful though laborious life was approaching a too early close. There was never to be any complete opportunity given here for showing to the full what his best friends believed to be in him, and what his poems partly reveal. Probably ever since very early youth he had been subjected to a too severe moral and intellectual strain. His health, though good, had never been strong, and after 1859 it began to cause anxiety to his family, when a series of small illnesses and accidents combined to weaken his constitution. In the summer of 1860, he also suffered the loss of his mother. After a lingering illness of several years, she died of paralysis, a disease to

which several of the family had succumbed, and which was so soon after to strike down her son.

His usual autumn holiday, this time spent chiefly in Scotland, failed of its usual good effect in reviving him, and finding himself seriously out of health, he obtained six months' leave from the Council Office. He then underwent several weeks' treatment at Malvern, which appeared to improve his health. Afterwards, in February 1861, he removed to Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, and here, though at first in a suffering state, he soon improved and regained his spirits, and for the last time really enjoyed his family life with his wife and children. He was naturally fond of children, and to his own little ones he was a most tender and devoted father; he never tired of strolling about with them, carrying them on his back along the country lanes, and listening to their just beginning talk. The pleasures of the country had always had a strong hold upon him, and the opening spring in that sweet spot brought many pleasant sights; many walks among daffodil and snowdrop beds, and discoveries of ferns in sheltered nooks. He always rose early, and was often seen strolling over the downs before breakfast. At this time he returned to his old employment of translating Homer, the only form of versification which he had not laid aside altogether during his office work. This became now a great pleasure to him. At this time too he wrote two or three of the miscellaneous poems. Here also it was a source of great enjoyment to him to be near friends whom he especially valued, and whose society gave him just the intellectual stimulus he needed for enjoyment.

But this pleasant time came too soon to an end. Though himself unwilling to move from a place where he felt happy, and where he had experienced an improvement in his health, he was warned that the good would soon be exhausted, and that the climate was too relaxing for warmer weather. Further change of air, and still more change of scene, were ordered, and in the middle of April he went alone to Greece and Constantinople. Apparently he greatly enjoyed this journey, and no sooner was he again at leisure and in solitude than the old fountain of verse, so long dry within him, reopened afresh. During this journey he wrote the first and perhaps the second of the 'Mari Magno' stories. In June he returned for a few

weeks to England; he seemed unable to bear any protracted absence, and to long for his home; yet he consented to quit it again in July and go to Auvergne and the Pyrenees. There he was fortunate enough to join, though but for a short time, his friends Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, whose companionship made his solitary wanderings pleasant, and to it he owed probably more than pleasure, some of the stimulus which produced the poems which were his last creations. While travelling in Auvergne and the Pyrenees he composed all the remaining 'Mari Magno' tales, except the last, which was conceived and written entirely during his last illness. In the south of France he remained till the middle of September, when he went to Paris to join his wife. Their three little children had been left in England; he had very much wished to come home and see them before starting on a further journey, but in the present state of his nerves it was considered desirable to avoid any unnecessary emotion, and he unwillingly yielded this point. He felt the privation very keenly, though he shrank from any words, and he could hardly endure to hear about the children whom he had not been allowed to revisit. In this way it unfortunately came to pass that he never even saw his youngest child, a little girl who was born after he left England the second time. In Paris he spent a few days and then set out to travel through Switzerland to the Italian lakes, intending to stay some time at Florence, and reach Rome before the winter. He was then able to enjoy much, though he could bear but little fatigue. They stopped at Dijon to see the beautiful Puits de Moÿse and the sculptures in the Museum by the same hand; and then crossed the Jura from Salines to Pontarlier and Neufchâtel. Between Salines and Pontarlier was then still a beautiful drive in the diligence over low grassy hills crowned with pine woods. At Pontarlier they rejoined the railway; a striking line, seen as they saw it by moonlight, a 'chemin très accidenté,' keeping half-way up the hill-side, equally steep whether looking up or down, and continually darting in and out through numerous tunnels. After this came three pleasant vetturino days over the Simplon, one spent in the long drive up the Valais, monotonous but pleasant, with occasional walks and halts to gather the deep blue gentians and mountain pinks on the wayside. The next day, on which they crossed the pass, a sudden deep snow came on, unusual so

early in the year as September; many little avalanches fell, and it was with some difficulty they reached the crest. Then on descending the slope of the great alpine wall, into the country of the sun, everything changed suddenly, the snow disappeared, and all seemed bursting into rich vegetation. Arthur enjoyed this part of the journey excessively; first the beautiful Pass of Gondo, full of waterfalls and cascades, then the descent lower down on Domo d'Ossola, among walnut and chestnut trees. The sense of southern beauty and richness seemed to penetrate him with enjoyment. The third day's drive to Stresa on Lago Maggiore was also full of pleasure. At Stresa they rested a few days and made expeditions to Isola Bella, Orta, and Magadino; but here he became slightly unwell, and hurried on to Milan, thinking it would be more bracing. He did apparently improve, and took pleasure in visiting the pictures and churches, but never recovered himself; and they continued their painful journey during which he grew gradually worse, to Florence, where they expected to meet friends, and where they found good medical help. Some days were better than others, and at Parma he spent a few hours among the pictures of Correggio with great enjoyment. The last day before entering Florence they had a drive of several hours over the Apennines, coming down on Pistoia. It was a lovely sunny day; the hills were covered with young chestnuts and flowering arbutus; the air was fresh and soothing, and he seemed to revive on the heights, but looked with dread on the valley lying beneath, with its white towns shining hot in the sun.

They reached Florence early in the day of October 10. That afternoon Arthur went to the Boboli Gardens, and to look at the grand arches of Orcagna in the Piazza del Granduca. The next day too he attempted to walk as far as the Cathedral and the Baptistery, which were close to the hotel. But on the 12th, when a permanent lodging had been found, he went to bed, unable longer to resist the fever. He had suffered much rheumatic pain in the head, but it very soon gave way to treatment, and after this he did not suffer much. The fever, a sort of malaria, had its course, and appeared to give way. During the first three weeks he seemed perpetually occupied with a poem he was writing, the last in the volume of his poems; and when he began apparently to recover, and was able to sit up for several

hours in the day, he insisted on trying to write it out, and when this proved too great an effort he begged to dictate it. But he broke down before it was finished, and returned to bed never to leave it again. A few days before his death he begged for a pencil and contrived to write down two verses, and quite to the end his thoughts kept hold of his poem. Fortunately it had all been completed and written out in pencil in the first stage of his illness, and was found after his death in his notebook. It seemed a comfort to him to have his mind preoccupied and relieved from the weight of illness and anxiety by this creative instinct.

The fever left him worn out, and then paralysis, with which he had been threatened, struck him down. On the 13th of November he died, in his forty-third year.

Three days before his death his sister reached him from England. He knew her, and was glad to see her near him, but he was too weak to realise the parting that was coming.

He lies buried in the little Protestant cemetery, just outside the walls of Florence, looking towards Fiesole and the hills which he loved and which he had gazed on as he entered Florence, little thinking he should leave it no more. 'Tall cypresses wave over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around;' nowhere could there be a lovelier resting-place.

The memory of Arthur Clough will be safe in the hearts of his friends. Few beyond his friends have known him at all; his writings may not reach beyond a small circle; but those who have received his image into their hearts know that something has been given them which no time can take away, and to them we think no words will seem fitter than those of the poet, happily also his friend, which have cherished the memory of another beautiful soul:—

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
We see thee as thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

EARLY POEMS.



AN EVENING WALK IN SPRING.

It was but some few nights ago
I wandered down this quiet lane ;
I pray that I may never know
The feelings then I felt, again.
The leaves were shining all about,
You might almost have seen them springing ;
I heard the cuckoo's simple shout,
And all the little birds were singing.
It was not dull, the air was clear,
All lovely sights and sounds to deal,
My eyes could see, my ears could hear,
Only my heart, it would not feel ;
And yet that it should not be so,
My mind kept telling me within ;
Though nought was wrong that I did know,
I thought I must have done some sin.
For I am sure as I can be,
That they who have been wont to look
On all in Nature's face they see,
Even as in the Holy Book ;
They who with pure and humble eyes
Have gazed and read her lessons high,
And taught their spirits to be wise
In love and human sympathy, —
That they can soon and surely tell
When ought has gone amiss within,
When the mind is not sound and well,
Nor the soul free from taint of sin.
For as God's Spirit from above,
So Beauty is to them below,
And when they slight that holy love,
Their hearts that presence may not know.

So I turned home the way I came,
With downcast looks and heavy heart,
A guilty thing and full of shame,
With a dull grief that had no smart.
It chanced when I was nearly there
That all at once I raised my eyes —
Was it a dream, or vision rare,
That then they saw before them rise?
I see it now, before me here,
As often, often I have done,
As bright as it could then appear,
All shining in the setting sun.
Elms, with their mantling foliage spread,
And tall dark poplars rising out,
And blossomed orchards, white and red,
Cast, like a long low fence, about;
And in the midst the grey church-tower,
With one slight turret at its side,
Bringing to mind with silent power
Those thousand homes the elm trees hide.
And then there came the thought of one
Who on his bed of sickness lay,
Whilst I beneath the setting sun
Was dreaming this sweet hour away.
I thought of hearts for him that beat,
Of aching eyes their watch that kept;
The sister's and the mother's seat —
And oh! I thought I should have wept.
And oh! my spirit melted then,
The weight fell off me that I bore,
And now I felt in truth again
The lovely things that stood before.
O blessed, blessed scene, to thee,
For that thy sweet and softening power,
I could have fallen upon my knee,
Thy stately elms, thy grey church-tower.
So then I took my homeward way,
My heart in sweet and holy frame,
With spirit, I may dare to say,
More good and soft than when I came.

AN INCIDENT.

'Twas on a sunny summer day
I trod a mighty city's street,
And when I started on my way
My heart was full of fancies sweet;
But soon, as nothing could be seen,
But countenances sharp and keen,
Nought heard or seen around but told
Of something bought or something sold,
And none that seemed to think or care
That any save himself was there, —

Full soon my heart began to sink
With a strange shame and inward pain,
For I was sad within to think
Of this absorbing love of gain,
And various thoughts my bosom tost;
When suddenly my path there crossed,
Locked hand in hand with one another,
A little maiden and her brother —
A little maiden, and she wore
Around her waist a pinafore.

And hand in hand along the street
This pretty pair did softly go,
And as they went, their little feet
Moved in short even steps and slow:
It was a sight to see and bless,
That little sister's tenderness;
One hand a tidy basket bore
Of flowers and fruit — a chosen store,
Such as kind friends oft send to others —
And one was fastened in her brother's.

It was a voice of meaning sweet,
And spake amid that scene of strife
Of home and homely duties meet,
And charities of daily life;
And often, should my spirit fail,
And under cold strange glances quail,

'Mid busy shops and busier throng,
 That speed upon their ways along
 The thick and crowded thoroughfare,
 I'll call to mind that little pair.
 1836.

THE THREAD OF TRUTH.

TRUTH is a golden thread, seen here and there
 In small bright specks upon the visible side
 Of our strange being's party-coloured web.
 How rich the converse! 'Tis a vein of ore
 Emerging now and then on Earth's rude breast,
 But flowing full below. Like islands set
 At distant intervals on Ocean's face,
 We see it on our course; but in the depths
 The mystic colonnade unbroken keeps
 Its faithful way, invisible but sure.
 Oh, if it be so, wherefore do we men
 Pass by so many marks, so little heeding?
 1839.

REVIVAL.

So I went wrong,
 Grievously wrong, but folly crushed itself,
 And vanity o'ertoppling fell, and time
 And healthy discipline and some neglect,
 Labour and solitary hours revived
 Somewhat, at least, of that original frame.
 Oh, well do I remember then the days
 When on some grassy slope (what time the sun
 Was sinking, and the solemn eve came down
 With its blue vapour upon field and wood
 And elm-embosomed spire) once more again
 I fed on sweet emotion, and my heart
 With love o'erflowed, or hushed itself in fear
 Unearthly, yea celestial. Once again
 My heart was hot within me, and, meseemed,
 I too had in my body breath to wind

The magic horn of song; I too possessed
 Up-welling in my being's depths a fount
 Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill
 The golden urns of verse.
 1839.

THE SHADY LANE.

WHENCE comest thou, shady lane? and why and how?
 Thou, where with idle heart, ten years ago,
 I wandered, and with childhood's paces slow
 So long unthought of, and remembered now!
 Again in vision clear thy pathwayed side
 I tread, and view thy orchard plots again
 With yellow fruitage hung, — and glimmering grain
 Standing or shocked through the thick hedge espied.
 This hot still noon of August brings the sight;
 This quelling silence as of eve or night,
 Wherein Earth (feeling as a mother may
 After her travail's latest bitterest throes)
 Looks up, so seemeth it, one half repose,
 One half in effort, straining, suffering still.
 1839.

THE HIGHER COURAGE.¹

COME back again, my olden heart! —
 Ah, fickle spirit and untrue,
 I bade the only guide depart
 Whose faithfulness I surely knew:
 I said, my heart is all too soft;
 He who would climb and soar aloft
 Must needs keep ever at his side
 The tonic of a wholesome pride.

Come back again, my olden heart! —
 Alas, I called not then for thee;

¹ This and the following Early Poems are reprinted from the volume called *Ambarvalia*.

I called for Courage, and apart
 From Pride if Courage could not be,
 Then welcome, Pride! and I shall find
 In thee a power to lift the mind
 This low and grovelling joy above —
 'Tis but the proud can truly love.

Come back again, my olden heart! —
 With incrustations of the years
 Uncased as yet, — as then thou wert,
 Full-filled with shame and coward fears:
 Wherewith amidst a jostling throng
 Of deeds, that each and all were wrong,
 The doubting soul, from day to day,
 Uneasy paralytic lay.

Come back again, my olden heart!
 I said, Perceptions contradict,
 Convictions come, anon depart,
 And but themselves as false convict.
 Assumptions, hasty, crude and vain,
 Full oft to use will Science deign;
 The corks the novice plies to-day
 The swimmer soon shall cast away.

Come back again, my olden heart!
 I said, Behold, I perish quite,
 Unless to give me strength to start,
 I make myself my rule of right:
 It must be, if I act at all,
 To save my shame I have at call
 The plea of all men understood, —
 Because I willed it, it is good.

Come back again, my olden heart!
 I know not if in very deed
 This means alone could aid impart
 To serve my sickly spirit's need;
 But clear alike of wild self-will,
 And fear that faltered, paltered still,
 Remorseful thoughts of after days
 A way espy betwixt the ways.

Come back again, old heart! Ah me!
 Methinks in those thy coward fears
 There might, perchance, a courage be,
 That fails in these the manlier years;
 Courage to let the courage sink,
 Itself a coward base to think,
 Rather than not for heavenly light
 Wait on to show the truly right.
 1840.

WRITTEN ON A BRIDGE.

WHEN soft September brings again
 To yonder gorse its golden glow,
 And Snowdon sends its autumn rain
 To bid thy current livelier flow;
 Amid that ashen foliage light
 When scarlet beads are glistening bright,
 While alder boughs unchanged are seen
 In summer livery of green;
 When clouds before the cooler breeze
 Are flying, white and large; with these
 Returning, so may I return,
 And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern.
 1840.

A RIVER POOL.

SWEET streamlet bason! at thy side
 Weary and faint within me cried
 My longing heart, — In such pure deep
 How sweet it were to sit and sleep;
 To feel each passage from without
 Close up, — above me and about,
 Those circling waters crystal clear,
 That calm impervious atmosphere!
 There on thy pearly pavement pure,
 To lean, and feel myself secure,
 Or through the dim-lit inter-space,
 Afar at whiles upgazing trace

The dimpling bubbles dance around
 Upon thy smooth exterior face;
 Or idly list the dreamy sound
 Of ripples lightly flung, above
 That home, of peace, if not of love.
 1840.

IN A LECTURE-ROOM.

AWAY, haunt thou not me,
 Thou vain Philosophy!
 Little hast thou bestead,
 Save to perplex the head,
 And leave the spirit dead.
 Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,
 While from the secret treasure-depths below,
 Fed by the skyey shower,
 And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,
 Wisdom at once, and Power,
 Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?
 Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,
 When the fresh breeze is blowing,
 And the strong current flowing,
 Right onward to the Eternal Shore?
 1840.

*'Blank Misgivings of a Creature moving about in Worlds
 not realised.'*

I.

HERE am I yet, another twelvemonth spent,
 One-third departed of the mortal span,
 Carrying on the child into the man,
 Nothing into reality. Sails rent,
 And rudder broken, — reason impotent, —
 Affections all unfixed; so forth I fare
 On the mid seas unheeding, so dare
 To do and to be done by, well content.
 So was it from the first, so is it yet;

Yea, the first kiss that by these lips was set
 On any human lips, methinks was sin —
 Sin, cowardice, and falsehood; for the will
 Into a deed e'en then advanced, wherein
 God, unidentified, was thought-of still.

II.

Though to the vilest things beneath the moon
 For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
 And for the moment's sympathy let part
 My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
 My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,
 Almost, as gained; and though aside I start,
 Belie Thee daily, hourly, — still Thou art,
 Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon;
 How much so e'er I sin, whate'er I do
 Of evil, still the sky above is blue,
 The stars look down in beauty as before:
 It is enough to walk as best we may,
 To walk, and, sighing, dream of that blest day
 When ill we cannot quell shall be no more.

III.

Well, well, — Heaven bless you all from day to day!
 Forgiveness too, or e'er we part, from each,
 As I do give it, so must I beseech:
 I owe all much, much more than I can pay;
 Therefore it is I go; how could I stay
 Where every look commits me to fresh debt,
 And to pay little I must borrow yet?
 Enough of this already, now away!
 With silent woods and hills untenanted
 Let me go commune; under thy sweet gloom,
 O kind maternal Darkness, hide my head:
 The day may come I yet may reassume
 My place, and, these tired limbs recruited, seek
 The task for which I now am all too weak.

IV.

Yes, I have lied, and so must walk my way,
 Bearing the liar's curse upon my head;

Letting my weak and sickly heart be fed
 On food which does the present craving stay,
 But may be clean-denied me e'en to-day,
 And tho' 'twere certain, yet were ought but bread;
 Letting — for so they say, it seems, I said,
 And I am all too weak to disobey!
 Therefore for me sweet Nature's scenes reveal not
 Their charm; sweet Music greets me and I feel not
 Sweet eyes pass off me uninspired; yea, more,
 The golden tide of opportunity
 Flows wafting-in friendships and better, — I
 Unseeing, listless, pace along the shore.

v.

How often sit I, poring o'er
 My strange distorted youth,
 Seeking in vain, in all my store,
 One feeling based on truth;
 Amid the maze of petty life
 A clue whereby to move,
 A spot whereon in toil and strife
 To dare to rest and love.
 So constant as my heart would be,
 So fickle as it must,
 'Twere well for others as for me
 'Twere dry as summer dust.
 Excitements come, and act and speech
 Flow freely forth; — but no,
 Nor they, nor ought beside can reach
 The buried world below.

1841.

vi.

— Like a child

In some strange garden left awhile alone,
 I pace about the pathways of the world,
 Plucking light hopes and joys from every stem
 With qualms of vague misgivings in my heart
 That payment at the last will be required,
 Payment I cannot make, or guilt incurred,
 And shame to be endured.

1841.

VII.

— Roused by importunate knocks
 I rose, I turned the key, and let them in,
 First one, anon another, and at length
 In troops they came; for how could I, who once
 Had let in one, nor looked him in the face,
 Show scruples e'er again? So in they came,
 A noisy band of revellers, — vain hopes,
 Wild fancies, fitful joys; and there they sit
 In my heart's holy place, and through the night
 Carouse, to leave it when the cold grey dawn
 Gleams from the East, to tell me that the time
 For watching and for thought bestowed is gone.
 1841.

VIII.

O kind protecting Darkness! as a child
 Flies back to bury in its mother's lap
 His shame and his confusion, so to thee,
 O Mother Night, come I! within the folds
 Of thy dark robe hide thou me close; for I
 So long, so heedless, with external things
 Have played the liar, that whate'er I see,
 E'en these white glimmering curtains, yon bright stars
 Which to the rest rain comfort down, for me
 Smiling those smiles, which I may not return,
 Or frowning frowns of fierce triumphant malice,
 As angry claimants or expectants sure
 Of that I promised and may not perform,
 Look me in the face! O hide me, Mother Night!
 1841.

IX.

Once more the wonted road I tread,
 Once more dark heavens above me spread,
 Upon the windy down I stand,
 My station whence the circling land
 Lies mapped and pictured wide below; —
 Such as it was, such e'en again,
 Long dreary bank, and breadth of plain
 By hedge or tree unbroken; — lo!
 A few grey woods can only show

How vain their aid, and in the sense
 Of one unaltering impotence,
 Relieving not, meseems enhance
 The sovereign dulness of the expanse.
 Yet marks where human hand hath been,
 Bare house, unsheltered village, space
 Of ploughed and fenceless tilth between
 (Such aspect as methinks may be
 In some half-settled colony),
 From Nature vindicate the scene ;
 A wide, and yet disheartening view,
 A melancholy world.

'Tis true,
 Most true ; and yet, like those strange smiles
 By fervent hope or tender thought
 From distant happy regions brought,
 Which upon some sick bed are seen
 To glorify a pale worn face
 With sudden beauty, — so at whiles
 Lights have descended, hues have been,
 To clothe with half-celestial grace
 The bareness of the desert place.
 Since so it is, so be it still !
 Could only thou, my heart, be taught
 To treasure, and in act fulfil
 The lesson which the sight has brought :
 In thine own dull and dreary state
 To work and patiently to wait :
 Little thou think'st in thy despair
 How soon the o'ershaded sun may shine,
 And e'en the dulling clouds combine
 To bless with lights and hues divine
 That region desolate and bare,
 Those sad and sinful thoughts of thine.

Still doth the coward heart complain ;
 The hour may come, and come in vain ;
 The branch that withered lies and dead
 No suns can force to lift its head.
 True ! — yet how little thou canst tell
 How much in thee is ill or well ;
 Nor for thy neighbour nor for thee,

Be sure, was life designed to be
 A draught of dull complacency.
 One Power too is it, who doth give
 The food without us, and within
 The strength that makes it nutritive;
 He bids the dry bones rise and live,
 And e'en in hearts depraved to sin
 Some sudden, gracious influence,
 May give the long-lost good again,
 And wake within the dormant sense
 And love of good; — for mortal men,
 So but thou strive, thou soon shalt see
 Defeat itself is victory.

So be it: yet, O Good and Great,
 In whom in this bedarkened state
 I fain am struggling to believe,
 Let me not ever cease to grieve,
 Nor lose the consciousness of ill
 Within me; — and refusing still
 To recognise in things around
 What cannot truly there be found,
 Let me not feel, nor be it true,
 That, while each daily task I do,
 I still am giving day by day
 My precious things within away
 (Those thou didst give to keep as thine),
 And casting, do whate'er I may,
 My heavenly pearls to earthly swine.
 1841.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

MY wind is turned to bitter north,
 That was so soft a south before;
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er:
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black,
 Upon the dank autumnal floor;
 For love, departed once, comes back
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,
 For winds to blow and rains to pour;
 One frosty night befell, and lo!
 I find my summer days are o'er:
 The heart bereaved, of why and how
 Unknowing, knows that yet before
 It had what e'en to Memory now
 Returns no more, no more.

τὸ καλόν.

I HAVE seen higher, holier things than these,
 And therefore must to these refuse my heart.
 Yet am I panting for a little ease;
 I'll take, and so depart.

Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
 Her high and cherished visions to forget,
 And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
 So vast, so dread a debt?

How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then
 Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
 Turn with sharp stings upon itself! Again,
 Bethink thee of the debt!

—Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
 And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?
 With the true best, alack, how ill agrees
 That best that thou wouldst choose!

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;
 Do thou, as best thou mayst, thy duty do:
 Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
 Some day thou shalt it view.

Χρυσέα κλήϊς ἐπὶ γλώσσα.

IF, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,
 A sense of human kindness hath found us,
 We seem to have around us
 An atmosphere all gold,
 'Midst darkest shades a halo rich of shine,
 An element that, while the bleak wind bloweth,
 On the rich heart bestoweth
 Imbreathèd draughts of wine;
 Heaven guide, the cup be not, as chance may be,
 To some vain mate given up as soon as tasted!
 No, nor on thee be wasted,
 Thou trifler, Poesy!
 Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere
 Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping;
 The fruit of dreamy hoping
 Is, waking, blank despair.

1841.

THE SILVER WEDDING.¹

THE Silver Wedding! on some pensive ear
 From towers remote as sound the silvery bells,
 To-day from one far unforgotten year
 A silvery faint memorial music swells.

And silver-pale the dim memorial light
 Of musing age on youthful joys is shed,
 The golden joys of fancy's dawning bright,
 The golden bliss of, Woo'd, and won, and wed.

Ah, golden then, but silver now! In sooth,
 The years that pale the cheek, that dim the eyes,
 And silver o'er the golden hairs of youth,
 Less prized can make its only priceless prize.

¹ This was written for the twenty-fifth wedding-day of Mr. and Mrs. Walrond, of Calder Park.

Not so; the voice this silver name that gave
To this, the ripe and unenfeebled date,
For steps together tottering to the grave,
Hath bid the perfect golden title wait.

Rather, if silver this, if that be gold,
From good to better changed on age's track,
Must it as baser metal be enrolled,
That day of days, a quarter-century back.

Yet ah, its hopes, its joys, were golden too,
But golden of the fairy gold of dreams:
To feel is but to dream; until we do,
There's nought that is, and all we see but seems.

What was or seemed it needed cares and tears,
And deeds together done, and trials past,
And all the subtlest alchemy of years,
To change to genuine substance here at last.

Your fairy gold is silver sure to-day;
Your ore by crosses many, many a loss,
As in refiners' fires, hath purged away
What erst it had of earthly human dross.

Come years as many yet, and as they go,
In human life's great crucible shall they
Transmute, so potent are the spells they know,
Into pure gold the silver of to-day.

Strange metallurge is human life! 'Tis true;
And Use and Wont in many a gorgeous case
Full specious fair for casual outward view
Electrotype the sordid and the base.

Nor lack who praise, avowed, the spurious ware,
Who bid young hearts the one true love forgo,
Conceit to feed, or fancy light as air,
Or greed of pelf and precedence and show.

True, false, as one to casual eyes appear,
To read men truly men may hardly learn;
Yet doubt it not that wariest glance would here
Faith, Hope and Love, the true Tower-stamp discern.

Come years again! as many yet! and purge
 Less precious earthier elements away,
 And gently changed at life's extremest verge,
 Bring bright in gold your perfect fiftieth day!

That sight may children see and parents show!
 If not — yet earthly chains of metal true,
 By love and duty wrought and fixed below,
 Elsewhere will shine, transformed, celestial-new;

Will shine of gold, whose essence, heavenly bright,
 No doubt-damps tarnish, worldly passions fray;
 Gold into gold there mirrored, light in light,
 Shall gleam in glories of a deathless day.

1845.

THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD AND OF THE SOUL.

I.

WHY should I say I see the things I see not?
 Why be and be not?
 Show love for that I love not, and fear for what I fear
 not?
 And dance about to music that I hear not?
 Who standeth still i' the street
 Shall be hustled and jostled about;
 And he that stops i' the dance shall be spurned by the
 dancers' feet, —
 Shall be shoved and be twisted by all he shall meet,
 And shall raise up an outcry and rout;
 And the partner, too, —
 What's the partner to do?
 While all the while 'tis but, perchance, an humming in
 mine ear,
 That yet anon shall hear,
 And I anon, the music in my soul,
 In a moment read the whole;
 The music in my heart,
 Joyously take my part,
 And hand in hand, and heart with heart, with these re-
 treat, advance;

And borne on wings of wavy sound,
 Whirl with these around, around,
 Who here are living in the living dance!
 Why forfeit that fair chance?
 Till that arrive, till thou awake,
 Of these, my soul, thy music make,
 And keep amid the throng,
 And turn as they shall turn, and bound as they are
 bounding, —
 Alas! alas! alas! and what if all along
 The music is not sounding?

II.

Are there not, then, two musics unto men? —
 One loud and bold and coarse,
 And overpowering still perforce
 All tone and tune beside;
 Yet in despite its pride
 Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
 And sounding solely in the sounding head:
 The other, soft and low,
 Stealing whence we not know,
 Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
 With pauses oft and many a silence strange
 (And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),
 Revivals too of unexpected change:
 Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
 Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away:
 Yet turn to other none, —
 Turn not, oh, turn not thou!
 But listen, listen, listen, — if haply be heard it may;
 Listen, listen, listen, — is it not sounding now?

III.

Yea, and as thought of some departed friend
 By death or distance parted will descend,
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,
 As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene
 The eye and central sense between);
 So may the ear,
 Hearing not hear,

Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring;
 So the bare conscience of the better thing
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,
 May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes alone.

LOVE, NOT DUTY.

THOUGHT may well be ever ranging,
 And opinion ever changing,
 Task-work be, though ill begun,
 Dealt with by experience better;
 By the law and by the letter
 Duty done is duty done:
 Do it, Time is on the wing!

Hearts, 'tis quite another thing,
 Must or once for all be given,
 Or must not at all be given;
 Hearts, 'tis quite another thing!

To bestow the soul away
 Is an idle duty-play! —
 Why, to trust a life-long bliss
 To caprices of a day,
 Scarce were more depraved than this!

Men and maidens, see you mind it;
 Show of love, where'er you find it,
 Look if duty lurk behind it!
 Duty-fancies, urging on
 Whither love had never gone!

Loving — if the answering breast
 Seem not to be thus possessed,
 Still in hoping have a care;
 If it do, beware, beware!
 But if in yourself you find it,
 Above all things — mind it, mind it!

LOVE AND REASON.

WHEN panting sighs the bosom fill,
 And hands by chance united thrill
 At once with one delicious pain
 The pulses and the nerves of twain ;
 When eyes that erst could meet with ease,
 Do seek, yet, seeking, shyly shun
 Extatic conscious unison, —
 The sure beginnings, say, be these
 Prelusive to the strain of love
 Which angels sing in heaven above ?

Or is it but the vulgar tune,
 Which all that breathe beneath the moon
 So accurately learn — so soon ?
 With variations duly blent ;
 Yet that same song to all intent,
 Set for the finer instrument ;
 It is ; and it would sound the same
 In beasts, were not the bestial frame,
 Less subtly organised, to blame ;
 And but that soul and spirit add
 To pleasures, even base and bad,
 A zest the soulless never had.

It may be — well indeed I deem ;
 But what if sympathy, it seem,
 And admiration and esteem,
 Commingling therewithal, do make
 The passion prized for Reason's sake ?
 Yet, when my heart would fain rejoice,
 A small expostulating voice
 Falls in ; Of this thou wilt not take
 Thy one irrevocable choice ?
 In accent tremulous and thin
 I hear high Prudence deep within,
 Pleading the bitter, bitter sting,
 Should slow-maturing seasons bring,
 Too late, the veritable thing.
 For if (the Poet's tale of bliss)

A love, wherewith commensured this
 Is weak and beggarly, and none,
 Exist a treasure to be won,
 And if the vision, though it stay,
 Be yet for an appointed day, —
 This choice, if made, this deed, if done,
 The memory of this present past,
 With vague foreboding might o'ercast
 The heart, or madden it at last.

Let Reason first her office ply ;
 Esteem, and admiration high,
 And mental, moral sympathy,
 Exist they first, nor be they brought,
 By self-deceiving afterthought, —
 What if an halo interfuse
 With these again its opal hues,
 That all o'erspreading and o'erlying,
 Transmuting, mingling, glorifying,
 About the beauteous various whole,
 With beaming smile do dance and quiver ;
 Yet, is that halo of the soul ? —
 Or is it, as may sure be said,
 Phosphoric exhalation bred
 Of vapour, steaming from the bed
 Of Fancy's brook, or Passion's river ?
 So when, as will be by and by,
 The stream is waterless and dry,
 This halo and its hues will die ;
 And though the soul contented rest
 With those substantial blessings blest,
 Will not a longing, half confest,
 Betray that this is not the love,
 The gift for which all gifts above
 Him praise we, Who is Love, the Giver ?

I cannot say — the things are good :
 Bread is it, if not angels' food ;
 But Love ? Alas ! I cannot say ;
 A glory on the vision lay ;
 A light of more than mortal day
 About it played, upon it rested ;
 It did not, faltering and weak,

Beg Reason on its side to speak :
 Itself was Reason, or, if not,
 Such substitute as is, I wot,
 Of seraph-kind the loftier lot ; —
 Itself was of itself attested ; —
 To processes that, hard and dry,
 Elaborate truth from fallacy,
 With modes intuitive succeeding,
 Including those and superseding ;
 Reason sublimed and Love most high
 It was, a life that cannot die,
 A dream of glory most exceeding.
 1844.

‘Ο Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ! ¹

* * * *

FAREWELL, my Highland lassie! when the year returns
 around,
 Be it Greece, or be it Norway, where my vagrant feet are
 found,
 I shall call to mind the place, I shall call to mind the day,
 The day that's gone forever, and the glen that's far away ;
 I shall mind me, be it Rhine or Rhone, Italian land or
 France,
 Of the laughings and the whispers, of the pipings and the
 dance ;
 I shall see thy soft brown eyes dilate to wakening woman
 thought,
 And whiter still the white cheek grow to which the blush
 was brought ;
 And oh, with mine commixing I thy breath of life shall feel,
 And clasp thy shyly passive hands in joyous Highland reel ;
 I shall hear, and see, and feel, and in sequence sadly true,
 Shall repeat the bitter-sweet of the lingering last adieu ;
 I shall seem as now to leave thee, with the kiss upon the
 brow,
 And the fervent benediction of — ‘Ο Θεὸς μετὰ σοῦ!

Ah me, my Highland lassie! though in winter drear and
 long

¹ Ho Thëos meta sou — God be with you !

Deep arose the heavy snows, and the stormy winds were
 strong,
 Though the rain, in summer's brightest, it were raining
 every day,
 With worldly comforts few and far, how glad were I to
 stay!
 I fall to sleep with dreams of life in some black bothie
 spent,
 Coarse poortith's ware thou changing there to gold of
 pure content,
 With barefoot lads and lassies round, and thee the cheery
 wife,
 In the braes of old Lochaber a laborious homely life;
 But I wake — to leave thee, smiling, with the kiss upon
 the brow,
 And the peaceful benediction of — 'Ο Θεός μετὰ σοῦ!

* * * * * *

WIRKUNG IN DER FERNE.

WHEN the dews are earliest falling,
 When the evening glen is grey,
 Ere thou lookest, ere thou speakest,
 My beloved,
 I depart, and I return to thee, —
 Return, return, return.

Dost thou watch me while I traverse
 Haunts of men, beneath the sun —
 Dost thou list while I bespeak them
 With a voice whose cheer is thine?
 O my brothers! men, my brothers,
 You are mine, and I am yours;
 I am yours to cheer and succour,
 I am yours for hope and aid:
 Lo, my hand to raise and stay you,
 Lo, my arm to guard and keep,
 My voice to rouse and warn you,
 And my heart to warm and calm;
 My heart to lend the life it owes
 To her that is not here,
 In the power of her that dwelleth

Where you know not — no, nor guess not —
 Whom you see not; unto whom, —
 Ere the evening star hath sunken,
 Ere the glow-worm lights its lamp,
 Ere the wearied workman slumbers, —
 I return, return, return.

ἐπὶ Λάτμῳ.

ON the mountain, in the woodland,
 In the shaded secret dell,
 I have seen thee, I have met thee!
 In the soft ambrosial hours of night,
 In darkness silent sweet,
 I beheld thee, I was with thee,
 I was thine, and thou wert mine!

When I gazed in palace-chambers,
 When I trod the rustic dance,
 Earthly maids were fair to look on,
 Earthly maidens' hearts were kind:
 Fair to look on, fair to love:
 But the life, the life to me,
 'Twas the death, the death to them,
 In the spying, prying, prating
 Of a curious cruel world.
 At a touch, a breath they fade,
 They languish, droop, and die;
 Yea, the juices change to sourness,
 And the tints to clammy brown;
 And the softness unto foulness,
 And the odour unto stench.
 Let alone and leave to bloom;
 Pass aside, nor make to die,
 — In the woodland, on the mountain,
 Thou art mine, and I am thine.

So I passed. — Amid the uplands,
 In the forests, on whose skirts
 Pace unstartled, feed unfearing
 Do the roe-deer and the red,

While I hungered, while I thirsted,
 While the night was deepest dark,
 Who was I, that thou shouldst meet me?
 Who was I, thou didst not pass?
 Who was I, that I should say to thee
 Thou art mine, and I am thine?

To the air from whence thou camest
 Thou returnest, thou art gone;
 Self-created, discreated,
 Re-created, ever fresh,
 Ever young! —
 As a lake its mirrored mountains
 At a moment, unregretting,
 Unresisting, unreclaiming,
 Without preface, without question,
 On the silent shifting levels
 Lets depart,
 Shows, effaces and replaces!
 For what is, anon is not;
 What has been, again 's to be,
 Ever new and ever young
 Thou art mine, and I am thine.

Art thou she that walks the skies,
 That rides the starry night?
 I know not —
 For my meanness dares not claim the truth
 Thy loveliness declares.
 But the face thou show'st the world is not
 The face thou show'st to me;
 And the look that I have looked in
 Is of none but me beheld.
 I know not; but I know
 I am thine, and thou art mine.

And I watch: the orb behind
 As it fleeteth, faint and fair
 In the depth of azure night,
 In the violet blank, I trace
 By an outline faint and fair
 Her whom none but I beheld.
 By her orb she moveth slow,

Graceful-slow, serenely firm,
 Maiden-Goddess! while her robe
 The adoring planets kiss.
 And I too cower and ask,
 Wert thou mine, and was I thine ?

Hath a cloud o'ercast the sky ?
 Is it cloud upon the mountain-sides
 Or haze of dewy river-banks
 Below ? —
 Or around me,
 To enfold me, to conceal,
 Doth a mystic magic veil,
 A celestial separation,
 As of curtains hymeneal,
 Undiscerned yet all excluding,
 Interpose ?
 For the pine-tree boles are dimmer,
 And the stars bedimmed above ;
 In perspective brief, uncertain,
 Are the forest-alleys closed,
 And to whispers indistinctest
 The resounding torrents lulled.
 Can it be, and can it be ?
 Upon Earth and here below,
 In the woodland at my side
 Thou art with me, thou art here.

'Twas the vapour of the perfume
 Of the presence that should be,
 That enwrapt me ?
 That enwraps us,
 O my Goddess, O my Queen !
 And I turn
 At thy feet to fall before thee ;
 And thou wilt not :
 At thy feet to kneel and reach and kiss thy
 finger-tips ;
 And thou wilt not :
 And I feel thine arms that stay me,
 And I feel —
 O mine own, mine own, mine own,
 I am thine, and thou art mine !

A PROTEST.

LIGHT words they were, and lightly, falsely said :
 She heard them, and she started, — and she rose,
 As in the act to speak ; the sudden thought
 And unconsidered impulse led her on.
 In act to speak she rose, but with the sense
 Of all the eyes of that mixed company
 Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age
 Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical ;
 Some in whom vapours of their own conceit,
 As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars,
 Still blotted out their good, the best at best
 By frivolous laugh and prate conventional
 All too untuned for all she thought to say —
 With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek
 Flushed-up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul
 Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.
 She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon
 With recollections clear, august, sublime,
 Of God's great truth, and right immutable,
 Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind
 Came summoned of her will, in self-negation
 Quelling her troublous earthy consciousness,
 She queened it o'er her weakness. At the spell
 Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek
 Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far
 But that one pulse of one indignant thought
 Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood
 She spoke. God in her spoke and made her heard.
 1845.

SIC ITUR.

As, at a railway junction, men
 Who came together, taking then
 One the train up, one down, again

Meet never ! Ah, much more as they
 Who take one street's two sides, and say
 Hard parting words, but walk one way :

Though moving other mates between,
While carts and coaches intervene,
Each to the other goes unseen ;

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
Knowledge they walk not back to back,
But with an unity of track,

Where common dangers each attend,
And common hopes their guidance lend
To light them to the self-same end.

Whether he then shall cross to thee,
Or thou go thither, or it be
Some midway point, ye yet shall see

Each other, yet again shall meet.
Ah, joy ! when with the closing street,
Forgivingly at last ye greet !

1845.

PARTING.

O TELL me, friends, while yet we part,
And heart can yet be heard of heart,
O tell me then, for what is it
Our early plan of life we quit ;
From all our old intentions range,
And why does all so wholly change ?
O tell me, friends, while yet we part ?

O tell me, friends, while yet we part, —
The rays that from the centre start
Within the orb of one warm sun,
Unless I err, have once begun, —
Why is it thus they still diverge ?
And whither tends the course they urge ?
O tell me, friends, while yet we part !

O tell me, friends, while yet ye hear, —
May it not be, some coming year,

These ancient paths that here divide
 Shall yet again run side by side,
 And you from there, and I from here,
 All on a sudden reappear?
 O tell me, friends, while yet ye hear!

O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear,—
 And if indeed ye did, I fear
 Ye would not say, ye would not speak,—
 Are you so strong, am I so weak,
 And yet, how much so e'er I yearn,
 Can I not follow, nor you turn?
 O tell me, friends, ye hardly hear!

O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er!
 There 's something in me sad and sore
 Repines, and underneath my eyes
 I feel a somewhat that would rise,—
 O tell me, O my friends, and you,
 Do you feel nothing like it too?
 O tell me, friends, ere words are o'er!

O tell me, friends that are no more,
 Do you, too, think ere it is o'er
 Old times shall yet come round as erst,
 And we be friends, as we were first?
 Or do you judge that all is vain,
 Except that rule that none complain?
 O tell me, friends that are no more!

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so — but why the tale reveal
 Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
 Brief absence joined anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
 And onward each rejoicing steered —
 Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
 Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides —
 To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
 One purpose hold where'er they fare, —
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there !

‘WEN GOTT BETRÜGT, IST WOHL BETROGEN.’

Is it true, ye gods, who treat us
 As the gambling fool is treated ;
 O ye, who ever cheat us,
 And let us feel we're cheated !
 Is it true that poetical power,
 The gift of heaven, the dower
 Of Apollo and the Nine,
 The inborn sense, ‘the vision and the faculty divine,’
 All we glorify and bless
 In our rapturous exaltation,
 All invention, and creation,
 Exuberance of fancy, and sublime imagination,
 All a poet's fame is built on,

The fame of Shakespeare, Milton,
Of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley,
Is in reason's grave precision,
Nothing more, nothing less,
Than a peculiar conformation,
Constitution, and condition
Of the brain and of the belly ?
Is it true, ye gods who cheat us ?
And that 's the way ye treat us ?

Oh say it, all who think it,
Look straight, and never blink it!
If it is so, let it be so,
And we will all agree so ;
But the plot has counterplot,
It may be, and yet be not.

POEMS ON RELIGIOUS AND BIBLICAL
SUBJECTS.



FRAGMENTS OF THE MYSTERY OF THE FALL.¹

SCENE I.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. Since that last evening we have fallen indeed !
Yes, we have fallen, my Eve! O yes! —
One, two, and three, and four; — the Appetite,
The Enjoyment, the aftervoid, the thinking of it —
Specially the latter two, most specially the last.
There, in synopsis, see, you have it all:
Come, let us go and work !

Is it not enough ?

What, is there three, four, five ?

Eve.

Oh, guilt, guilt, guilt !

Adam. Be comforted ; muddle not your soul with
doubt.

'Tis done, it was to be done ; if, indeed,
Other way than this there was, I cannot say :
This was one way, and a way was needs to be found.
That which we were we could no more remain
Than in the moist provocative vernal mould
A seed its suckers close and rest a seed ;
We were to grow. Necessity on us lay
This way or that to move ; necessity, too,
Not to be over careful this or that,
So only move we should.

Come, my wife,

¹ The manuscript of this poem is very imperfect, and bears no title.

We were to grow, and grow I think we may,
And yet bear goodly fruit.

Eve. Oh, guilt! oh, guilt!

Adam. You weary me with your 'Oh, guilt! oh, guilt!'

Peace to the senseless iteration. What!
Because I plucked an apple from a twig
Be damned to death eterne! parted from Good,
Enchained to Ill! No, by the God of gods;
No, by the living will within my breast,
It cannot be, and shall not; and if this,
This guilt of your distracted fantasy,
Be our experiment's sum, thank God for guilt,
Which makes me free!

But thou, poor wife! poor mother, shall I say?
Big with the first maternity of man,
Draw'st from thy teeming womb thick fancies fond,
That with confusion mix thy delicate brain;
Fondest of which and cloudiest call the dream
(Yea, my beloved, hear me, it is a dream)
Of the serpent, and the apple, and the curse:
Fondest of dreams and cloudiest of clouds.

Well I remember, in our marriage bower,
How in the dewiest balminess of rest,
Inarmèd as we lay, sudden at once
Up from my side you started, screaming 'Guilt!'
And 'Lost! lost! lost!' I on my elbow rose,
And rubbed unwilling eyes, and cried, 'Eve! Eve!
My love! my wife!' and knit anew the embrace,
And drew thee to me close, and calmed thy fear,
And wooed thee back to sleep. In vain; for soon
I felt thee gone, and opening widest eyes,
Beheld thee kneeling on the turf, hands now
Clenched and uplifted high, now vainly outspread
To hide a burning face and streaming eyes
And pale small lips that muttered faintly, 'Death.'
And thou wouldst fain depart; thou saidst the place
Was for the like of us too good: we left
The pleasant woodland shades, and passed abroad
Into this naked champaign — glorious soil
For digging and for delving, but indeed,
Until I killed a beast or two, and spread
Skins upon sticks to make our palace here,

A residence sadly exposed to wind and rain.
 But I in all submit to you ; and then
 I turned out too, and trudged a furlong's space,
 Till you fell tired and fain would wait for morn.
 So as our nightly journey we began,
 Because the autumnal fruitage that had fallen
 From trees whereunder we had slept, lay thick,
 And we had eaten overnight, and seen,
 And saw again by starlight when you woke me,
 A sly and harmless snake glide by our couch ;
 And because, some few hours before, a lamb
 Fell from a rock and broke its neck, and I
 Had answered, to your wonder, that 'twas dead,
 Forsooth the molten lava of your fright
 Forth from your brain, its crater, hurrying down,
 Took the chance mould ; the vapour blowing by
 Caught and reflected back some random shapes.
 A vague and queasy dream was obstinate
 In waking thoughts to find itself renewed,
 And lo ! the mighty Mythus of the Fall !
 Nay, smile with me, sweet mother !

Eve.

Guilt ! oh, guilt !

Adam. Peace, woman, peace ; I go.

Eve.

Nay, Adam, nay ;

Hear me, — I am not dreaming, am not crazed.
 Did not yourself confess that we are changed ?
 Do not you too ?

Adam. Do not I too ? Well, well,
 Listen ! I too when homeward, weary of toil,
 Through the dark night I have wandered in rain and wind,
 Bewildered, haply scared, I too have lost heart,
 And deemed all space with angry power replete,
 Angry ; almighty — and panic-stricken have cried,
 ' What have I done ? ' ' What wilt thou do to me ? '
 Or with the coward's ' No, I did not, I will not, '
 Belied my own soul's self. I too have heard,
 And listened, too, to a voice that in my ear
 Hissed the temptation to curse God, or worse,
 And yet more frequent, curse myself and die ;
 Until, in fine, I have begun to half believe
 Your dream *my* dream too, and the dream of both
 No dream but dread reality ; have shared
 Your fright ; e'en so share thou, sweet life, my hope ;

I too, again, when weeds with growth perverse
 Have choked my corn and marred a season's toil,
 Have deemed I heard in heaven abroad a cry,
 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thou art cursed.'
 But oftener far, and stronger also far,
 In consonance with all things out and in,
 I hear a voice more searching bid me, 'On!
 On! on! it is the folly of the child
 To choose his path and straightway think it wrong,
 And turn right back and lie on the ground to weep.
 Forward! go, conquer! work and live!' Withal
 A word comes, half command, half prophecy,
 'Forgetting things behind thee, onward press
 Unto the mark of your high calling.' Yea,
 And voices, too, in woods and flowery fields
 Speak confidence from budding banks and boughs,
 And tell me, 'Live and grow,' and say, 'Look still
 Upward, spread outward, trust, be patient, live;'
 Therefore, if weakness bid me curse and die,
 I answer, No! I will not curse myself,
 Nor aught beside; I shall not die, but live.

Eve.

Ah me! alas! alas!

More dismally in my face stares the doubt,
 More heavily on my heart weighs the world.

Methinks

The questionings of ages yet to be,
 The thinkings and cross-thinkings, self-contempts,
 Self-horror; all despondencies, despairs,
 Of multitudinous souls on souls to come,
 In me imprisoned fight, complain and cry.
 Alas!

Mystery, mystery, mystery evermore.

SCENE II.

Adam, alone.

Adam. Misery, oh my misery! O God, God!
 How could I ever, ever, could I do it?
 Whither am I come? where am I? O me, miserable!
 My God, my God, that I were back with Thee!
 O fool! O fool! O irretrievable act!

Irretrievable what, I should like to know?
 What act, I wonder? What is it I mean?

O heaven! the spirit holds me; I must yield;
 Up in the air he lifts me, casts me down;
 I writhe in vain, with limbs convulsed, in the void.

Well, well! go, idle words, babble your will;
 I think the fit will leave me ere I die.

Fool, fool! where am I? O my God! Fool, fool!
 Why did we do't? Eve, Eve! where are you? quick!
 His tread is in the garden! hither it comes!
 Hide us, O bushes! and ye thick trees, hide!
 He comes, on, on. Alack, and all these leaves,
 These petty, quivering and illusive blinds,
 Avail us nought: the light comes in and in;
 Displays us to ourselves; displays — ah, shame —
 Unto the inquisitive day our nakedness.
 He comes; He calls. The large eye of His truth,
 His full, severe, all-comprehending view,
 Fixes itself upon our guiltiness.

O God, O God! what are we? what shall we be?

What is all this about, I wonder now?
 Yet I am better, too. I think it will pass.

'Tis going now, unless it comes again.
 A terrible possession while it lasts.
 Terrible, surely; and yet indeed 'tis true.
 E'en in my utmost impotence I find
 A fount of strange persistence in my soul;
 Also, and that perchance is stronger still,
 A wakeful, changeless touchstone in my brain,
 Receiving, noting, testing all the while
 These passing, curious, new phenomena —
 Painful, and yet not painful unto it.
 Though tortured in the crucible I lie,
 Myself my own experiment, yet still
 I, or a something that is I indeed,
 A living, central, and more inmost I,
 Within the scales of mere exterior me's,
 I, — seem eternal, O thou God, as Thou;
 Have knowledge of the evil and the good,
 Superior in a higher good to both.

Well, well, well! it has gone from me, though still
 Its images remain upon me whole;

And undisplaced upon my mind I view
 The reflex of the total seizure past.
 Really now, had I only time and space,
 And were not troubled with this wife of mine,
 And the necessity of meat and drink —
 I really do believe,
 With time and space and proper quietude,
 I could resolve the problem in my brain.
 But, no; I scarce can stay one moment more
 To watch the curious seething process out.
 If I could only dare to let Eve see
 These operations, it is like enough
 Between us two we two could make it out.
 But she would be so frightened — think it proof
 Of all her own imaginings. 'Twill not do;
 So as it is
 I must e'en put a cheery face on it,
 Suppress the whole, rub off the unfinished thoughts,
 For fear she read them. O, 'tis pity indeed,
 But confidence is the one and main thing now:
 Who loses confidence, he loses all.
 A demi-grain of cowardice in me
 Avowed, were poison to the whole mankind;
 When men are plentier, 'twill be time to try;
 At present, no.
 No;
 Shake it all up and go.
 That is the word, and that must be obeyed.
 I must be off. But yet again some day
 Again will I resume it; if not I,
 I in some child of late posterity.
 Yes, yes, I feel it; it is here the seed,
 Here in my head; but, O thou Power unseen,
 In whom we live and move and have our being,
 Let it not perish; grant, unlost, unhurt,
 In long transmission, this rich atom some day,
 In some posterity of distant years —
 How many thou intendest to have I know not —
 In some matured and procreant human brain,
 May germinate, burst, and rise into a tree.
 No; I shall not tell Eve.

SCENE III.

(*'Now the birth of Cain was in this wise.'*)

Adam and Eve.

Eve. Oh, Adam, I am comforted indeed;
Where is he? O my little one!
My heart is in the garden as of old,
And Paradise come back.

Adam. My love,
Blessed be this good day to thee indeed;
Blessed the balm of joy unto thy soul.
A sad unskilful nurse was I to thee;
But nature teaches mothers, I perceive.

Eve. But you, my husband, you meantime, I feel,
Join not your perfect spirit in my joy.
No; your spirit mixes not, I feel, with mine.

Adam. Alas! sweet love, for many a weary day,
You and not I have borne this heavy weight:
How can I, should I, might I feel your bliss,
Now heaviness is changed to glory? Long,
In long and unparticipated pangs,
Your heart hath known its own great bitterness:
How should, in this its jubilant release,
A stranger intermeddle with its joy?

Eve. My husband, there is more in it than this;
Nay, you are surely, positively sad.

Adam. What if I was (and yet I think I am not),
'Twere but the silly and contrarious mood
Of one whose sympathies refuse to mix
In ought not felt immediate from himself.
But of a truth,
Your joy is greater — mine seems therefore none.

Eve. Nay, neither this I think nor that is true.
Evermore still you love to cheat me, Adam:
You hide from me your thoughts like evil beasts
Most foolishly; for I, thus left to guess,
Catch at all hints, and where perchance one is,
People the forest with a hundred ills,
Each worse perhaps a hundred times than it.

No; you have got some fearful thoughts — no, no;
 Look not in that way on my baby, Adam —
 You do it hurt; you shall not!

Adam. Hear me, Eve,
 If hear you will — and speak I think I must —
 Hear me.

What is it I would say? I think —
 And yet I must — so hear me, mother blest,
 That sittest with thy nursling at thy heart,
 Hope not too greatly, neither fear for him,
 Feeling on thy breast his small compressing lips,
 And glorying in the gift they draw from thee;
 Hope not too greatly in thyself and him.
 And hear me, O young mother — I must speak.
 This child is born of us, and therefore like us;
 Is born of us, and therefore is as we;
 Is born of us, and therefore is not pure;
 Earthly as well as godlike; bound to strive —
 Not doubtfully I augur from the past —
 Through the same straits of anguish and of doubt,
 'Mid the same storms of terror and alarm,
 To the calm ocean which he yet shall reach,
 He or himself or in his sons hereafter,
 Of consummated consciousness of self.
 The self-same stuff which wrought in us to grief
 Runs in his veins; and what to work in him?
 What shape of unsuspected deep disguise,
 Transcending our experience, our best cares
 Baffling, evading all preventive thought,
 Will the old mischief choose, I wonder, here?
 O born to human trouble! also born —
 Else wherefore born — to some diviner lot.
 Live, and may chance treat thee no worse than us.
 There, I have done: the dangerous stuff is out;
 My mind is freed. And now, my gentle Eve,
 Forgive thy foolish spouse, and let me set
 A father's kiss upon these budding lips,
 A husband's on the mother's — the full flower.
 There, there; and so, my own and only wife,
 Believe me, my worst thought is now to learn
 How best and most to serve this child and thee.

This child is born of us, and therefore like us —
 Most true, mine own; and if a man like me

Externally, internally I trust
 Most like to thee, the better of the twain.
 Is born of us, and therefore is not pure —
 Did I say that? I know not what I said;
 It was a foolish humour; but, indeed,
 Whatever you may think, I have not learnt
 The trick of deep suppression, e'en the skill
 To sort my thoughts and sift my words enough.
 Not pure, indeed! — And if it is not pure,
 What is? Ah, well! but most I look to the days
 When these small arms, with pliant thews filled out,
 Shall at my side break up the fruitful glebe,
 And aid the cheery labours of the year —
 Aid, or in feebler wearier years, replace,
 And leave me longer hours for home and love.

SCENE IV.

Adam and Eve.

Eve. O Adam, it was I was godless then;
 But you were mournful, heavy, but composed.
 At times would somewhat fiercely bite your lip
 And pass your hand about your brow; but still
 Held out, denied not God, acknowledged still
 Those glories that were gone. No, I never
 Felt all your worth to me before; I feel
 You did not fall as I did.

Adam. Nay, my child,
 About our falls I don't profess to know.
 I know I ne'er was innocent as thou;
 I only know, as you will have it so,
 Were your descent more lengthy than was mine,
 It is not that your place is lower now,
 But that first 'twas higher up than mine;
 It is that I being bestial, you divine,
 We now alike are human beings both.
 About our fall I won't profess to know,
 But know I do
 That I was never innocent as thou.
 Moping again, my love; yes, I dare swear,
 All the day long while I have been at work,

With some religious folly in your head.

Eve. No, Adam, I am cheerful quite to-day ;
I vary much, indeed, from hour to hour,
But since my baby's birth I am happier far ;
And I have done some work as well as you.

Adam. What is it tho' ? for I will take my oath
You've got some fancy stirring in your brain.

Eve. Nay, but it vexes me for evermore
To find in you no credence to my thought.

Adam. What is it then you wish me to subscribe to ?
That we were in a garden put by God,
Allowed to eat of all the trees but one.
Somehow — I don't know how — a serpent tempted us,
And eat we did and so were doomed to die ;
Whereas before we were meant to live forever.
Meantime, turned out —

Eve. You do not think, then, Adam,
We have been disobedient unto God ?

Adam. My child, how should I know, and what do
you mean ?

Your question's not so simple as it looks ;
For if you mean that God said this or that —
As that ' You shall not touch those apples there,'
And that we did — why, all that I can say
Is that I can't conceive the thing to be.
But if it were so, I should then believe
We had done right — at any rate no harm.

Eve. O Adam, I can scarcely think I hear ;
For if God said to us — God being God —
' You shall not,' is not His commandment His ?
And are not we the creatures He hath made ?

Adam. My child, God does not speak to human minds
In that unmeaning arbitrary way.

God were not God if so, and good not good.
Search in your heart, and if you tell me there
You find a genuine voice — no fancy, mind you —
Declaring to you this or that is evil,
Why this or that I daresay evil is.
Believe me, I will listen to the word ;
For not by observation of without
Cometh the kingdom of the voice of God :
It is within us — let us seek it there.

Eve. Yet I have voices, surely, in my heart.

Often you say I heeded them over much.

Adam. God's voice is of the heart: I do not say
All voices, therefore, of the heart are God's;
And to discern the voice amidst the voices
Is that hard task, my love, that we are born to.

Eve. Ah me, in me I am sure the one, one voice
Goes somehow to the sense of what I say —
The sense of disobedience to God.
O Adam, some way, some time, we have done wrong,
And when I think of this, I still must think
Of Paradise, and of the stately tree
Which in the middle of the garden grew,
The golden fruit that hung upon its boughs,
Of which but once we ate, and I must feel
That whereas once in His continual sight
We lived, in daily communing with Him,
We now are banished, and behold not Him.
Our only present communing, alas!
Is penitential mourning, and the gaze
Of the abased and prostrate prayerful soul;
But you, yourself, my Adam, you at least
Acknowledge some time somehow we did wrong.

Adam. My child, I never even granted that.

Eve. Oh, but you let strange words at times fall from
you.

They are to me like thunderbolts from heaven;
I listen terrified and sick at heart,
Then haste and pick them up and treasure them.
What was it that you said when Cain was born?
'He's born of us and therefore is not pure.'
O, you corrected well, my husband, then
My foolish, fond exuberance of delight.

Adam. My child, believe me, truly I was the fool;
But a first baby is a strange surprise.
I shall not say so when another comes;
And I beseech you treasure up no words.
You know me: I am loose of tongue and light.
I beg you, Eve, remember nought of this;
Put not at least, I pray you — nay, command —
Put not, when days come on, your own strange whim
And misconstruction of my idle words
Into the tender brains of our poor young ones.

SCENE V.

Adam with Cain and Abel.

Adam. Cain, beware!
Strike not your brother! I have said, beware!
A heavy curse is on this thing, my son.
With doubt and fear,
Terror and toil and pain already here,
Let us not have injustice too, my son.
So Cain, beware!
And Abel, too, see you provoke him not.

SCENE VI.

Abel alone.

Abel. At times I could believe
My father is no better than his son:
If not as overbearing, proud and hard,
Yet prayerless, worldly, almost more than Cain.
Enlighten and convert him ere the end,
My God! spurn not my mother's prayers and mine.
Since I was born, was I not left to Thee,
In an unspiritual and godless house,
Unfathered and unbrothered — Thine and hers?
They think not of the fall: e'en less they think
Of the redemption, which God said should be;
Which, for we apprehend it by our faith,
Already is — is come for her and me.
Yea, though I sin, my sin is not to death;
In my repentance I have joy, such joy
That almost I could sin to seek for it —
Yea, if I did not hate it and abhor,
And know that Thou abhorr'st and hatest it,
And will'st, for an example to the rest,
That Thine elect should keep themselves from it.
Alas!
My mother calls the fall a mystery;
Redemption is so too. But oh, my God,

Thou wilt bring all things in the end to good.
 Yea, though the whole world lie in wickedness, I
 Am with Thee, with Thee, with Thee evermore.
 Ah, yet I am not satisfied with this!
 Am I not feeding spiritual pride,
 Rejoicing over sinners, inelect
 And unadmitted to the fellowship
 Which I, unworthy, most unworthy, share?
 What can I do — how can I help it then?
 O God, remove it from my heart; pluck out,
 Whatever pain, whatever wretch to me,
 These sinful roots and remnants which, whate'er
 I do, how high so e'er I soar from earth,
 Still, undestroyed, still germinate within.
 Take them away in Thy good time, O God.
 Meantime, for that atonement's precious sake
 Which in Thy counsels predetermined works
 Already to the saving of the saints,
 O Father, view with mercy, and forgive;
 Nor let my vexed perception of my sin,
 Nor any multitude of evil thoughts,
 Crowding like demons in my spirit's house,
 Nor life, nor death, things here or things below,
 Cast out the sweet assurance of my soul
 That I am Thine, and Thou art mine, my God.

SCENE VII.

Cain alone.

Cain. Am I or am I not this which they think me?
 My mother loves me not; my brother Abel,
 Searing my heart, commends my soul to God;
 My father does not shun me — there's my comfort:
 Almost I think they look askance on him.
 Ah, but for him,
 I know not what might happen; for at times
 Ungovernable angers take the waves
 Of my deep soul and sweep them — who knows whither?
 And a strange impulse, struggling to the truth,
 Urges me onward to put forth my strength,
 No matter how. A wild anxiety

Possesses me moreover to essay
 This world of action round me so unknown;
 And to be able to do this or that
 Seems cause enough without a cause for doing it.
 My father, he is cheerful and content,
 And leads me frankly forward. Yet, indeed,
 His leading — or, more truly, to be led
 At all, by any one, and not myself —
 Is mere dissatisfaction: evermore
 Something I must do individual,
 To vindicate my nature, to give proof
 I also am as Adam is, a man.

SCENE VIII.

Adam and Eve.

Adam. These sacrifices, O my best beloved,
 These rites and forms which you have taught our boys,
 Which I nor practise nor can understand,
 Will turn, I trust, to good; but I much fear.
 Besides the superstitious search of signs
 In merest accidents of earth and air,
 They cause, I think, a sort of jealousy —
 Ill-blood. Hark, now!

Eve. O God, whose cry is that?
 Abel, where is my Abel?

Adam. Cain! what, Cain!

SCENE IX.

Cain alone with the body of Abel.

Cain. What! fallen? so quickly down — so easily
 felled,
 And so completely? Why, he does not move.
 Will not he stir — will he not breathe again?
 Still as a log — still as his own dead lamb.
 Dead is it then? O wonderful! O strange!
 Dead! dead! And we can slay each other then?
 If we are wronged, why we can right ourselves;
 If we are plagued and pestered with a fool
 That will not let us be, nor leave us room

To do our will and shape our path in peace,
 We can be rid of him. There — he is gone;
 Victory! victory! victory! My heaven,
 Methinks, from infinite distances borne back,
 It comes to me re-borne — in multitude
 Echoed, re-echoed, and re-echoed again,
 Victory! victory! — distant, yet distinct —
 Uncountable times repeated. O ye gods!
 Where am I come, and whither am I borne?

I stand upon the pinnacle of earth,
 And hear the wild seas laughing at my feet;
 Yet I could wish that he had struggled more —
 That passiveness was disappointing. Ha!
 He should have writhed and wrestled in my arms,
 And all but overcome, and set his knee
 Hard on my chest, till I — all faint, yet still
 Holding my fingers at his throat — at last,
 Inch after inch, had forced him to relax:
 But he went down at once, without a word,
 Almost without a look.

Ah! — hush! My God!

Who was it spoke? What is this questioner?
 Who was it asked me where my brother is?
 Ha, ha! Was I his keeper? I know not.
 Each for himself; he might have struck again.
 Why did he not? I wished him to. Was I
 To strike for both at once? No! Yet, ah!
 Where is thy brother? Peace, thou silly voice;
 Am I my brother's keeper? I know not,
 I know not ought about it; let it be.
 Henceforth I shall walk freely upon earth,
 And know my will, and do it by my might.
 My God! — it will not be at peace — my God!
 It flames; it bursts in fury in my soul.
 What is it that will come of this? Ah me!
 What is it I have done? — Almighty God!
 I see it; I behold it as it is,
 As it will be in all the times to come:
 Slaughter on slaughter, blood for blood, and death,
 For ever, ever, ever, evermore!
 And all for what?

O Abel, brother mine,
 Where'er thou art, more happy far than me!

SCENE X.

Adam alone.

Adam. Abel is dead, and Cain — ah, what is Cain?
 Is he not even more than Abel dead?
 Well, we must hope in Seth. This merest man,
 This unambitious commonplace of life,
 Will after all perhaps mend all; and though
 Record shall tell men to the after-time
 No wondrous tales of him, in him at last,
 And in his seed increased and multiplied,
 Earth shall be blest and peopled and subdued,
 And what was meant to be brought to pass.
 Oh but, my Abel and my Cain, e'en so
 You shall not be forgotten nor unknown.

SCENE XI.

Cain and Eve.

Cain. I am come. Curse me;
 Curse Cain, my mother, ere he goes. He waits.

Eve. Who? What is this?
 Oh Abel! O my gentle, holy child,
 My perfect son!
 Monster! and did I bear thee too?

Cain. He was so good, his brother hated him,
 And slew him for't. Go on, my mother, on.

Eve. * * * * *
 For there are rites and holy means of grace
 Of God ordained for man's eternal [weal].
 With these, my son, address thyself to Him,
 And seek atonement from a gracious God,
 With whom is balm for every wounded heart.

Cain. I ask not for atonement, mother mine;
 I ask but one thing — never to forget.
 I ask but — not to add to one great crime
 Another self-delusion scarcely less.
 I *could* ask more, but more I know is sin.

If sacrifices and the fat of lambs,
 And whole burnt-offerings upon piles of turf,
 Will bring me this, I'd fill the heaven with smoke,
 And deface earth with million fiery scars.
 I *could* ask back (and think it but my right,
 And passionately claim it as my right)
 That precious life which one misguided blow,
 Which one scarce conscious momentary act,
 One impulse blindly followed to its close,
 Ended forever; but that I know this vain.
 If they shall only keep my sin in mind,
 I shall not, be assured, neglect them either.

Eve. You ask not for atonement! O my son—
 Cain, you are proud and hard of heart e'en now.
 Beware!

Prostrate your soul in penitential prayer,
 Humble your heart beneath the mighty hand
 Of God, whose gracious guidance oft shall lead
 Through sin and crime the changed and melted heart
 To sweet repentance and the sense of Him.
 You ask not for atonement! O my son!
 What, to be banished from the sight of God;
 To dwell with wicked spirits, be a prey
 To them and prey yourself on human souls;
 What, to be lost in wickedness and wrath,
 Deeper and deeper down;
 What, Cain, do you choose this?

Cain. Alas! my mother,
 I know not; there are mysteries in your heart
 Which I profess not knowledge of: it may be
 That this is so; if so, may God reveal it.
 Have faith you too in my heart's secrets; yea,
 All I can say, alas, is that to me,
 As I now comprehend it, this were sin.
 Atonement—no: not that, but punishment.
 But what avails to talk? talk as we will,
 As yet we shall not know each other's hearts;
 Let me not talk, but act. Farewell, forever.

SCENE XII.

Adam and Cain.

Cain. This is the history then, my father, is it?
This is the perfect whole?

Adam. My son, it is.
And whether a dream, or if it were a dream,
A transcript of an inward spiritual fact
(As you suggest, and I allow, might be),
Not the less true because it was a dream.
I know not — O my Cain, I cannot tell,
But in my soul I think it was a dream,
And but a dream; a thing, whence'er it came,
To be forgotten and considered not.

Cain. Father, you should have told me this before;
It is no use now. Oh God, my brother! oh God!

* * * * *

Adam. For what is life, and what is pain or death?
You have killed Abel: Abel killed the lamb —
An act in him prepenze, in you unthought of.
One step you stirred, and lo! you stood entrapped.

Cain. My father, this is true, I know; but yet,
There is some truth beside: I cannot say,
But I have heard within my soul a voice
Asking, 'Where is thy brother?' and I said —
That is, the evil heart within me said —
'Am I my brother's keeper? go ask him.
Who was it that provoked me? should he rail,
And I not smite? his death be on his head.'
But the voice answered in my soul again,
So that the other ceased and was no more.

SCENE XIII.

Adam and Cain.

Cain. My father, Abel's dead.

Adam. My son, 'tis done, it was to be done; some
good end

Thereby to come, or else it had not been.
 Go, for it must be. Cain, I know your heart,
 You cannot be with us. Go, then, depart;
 But be not over scrupulous, my son.

Cain. Curse me, my father, ere I go. Your curse
 Will go with me for good; your curse
 Will make me not forget,

Alas! I am not of that pious kind,
 Who, when the blot has fallen upon their life,
 Can look to heaven and think it white again —
 Look up to heaven and find a something there
 To make what is not be, altho' it is.

My mother — ah, how you have spoke of this!
 The dead — to him 'twas innocence and joy,
 And purity and safety from the world:
 To me the thing seems sin — the worst of sin.
 If it be so, why are we here? — the world,
 Why is it as I find it? The dull stone
 Cast from my hand, why comes it not again?
 The broken flow'ret, why does it not live?
 If it be so.

Why are we here, and why is Abel dead?
 Shall this be true

Of stocks and stones and mere inanimate clay,
 And not in some sort also hold for us?

Adam. My son, Time healeth all,
 Time and great Nature; heed her speech, and learn.

Cain. My father, you are learned in this sort:
 You read the earth, as does my mother heaven.
 Both books are dark to me — only I feel
 That this one thing

And this one word in me must be declared;
 That to forget is not to be restored;
 To lose with time the sense of what we did
 Cancels not that we did; what's done remains —

I am my brother's murderer. Woe to me!
 Abel is dead. No prayers to empty heaven,
 No vegetative kindness of the earth,
 Will bring back warmth into his clay again,
 The gentleness of love into his face.

Therefore, for me farewell;
 Farewell for me the soft,
 The balmy influences of night and sleep,

The satisfaction of achievement done,
 The restorative pulsing of the blood
 That changes all and changes e'en the soul —
 And natural functions, moving as they should,
 The sweet good-nights, the sweet delusive dreams
 That lull us out of old things into new.
 But welcome Fact, and Fact's best brother, Work;
 Welcome the conflict of the stubborn soil,
 To toil the livelong day, and at the end,
 Instead of rest, recarve into my brow
 The dire memorial mark of what still is.
 Welcome this worship, which I feel is mine;
 Welcome this duty —

— the solidarity of life

And unity of individual soul.
 That which I did, I did, I who am here:
 There is no safety but in this; and when
 I shall deny the thing that I have done,
 I am a dream.

Adam. My son,
 What shall I say?
 That which your soul, in marriage with the world,
 Imbreeds in you, accept; — how can I say
 Refuse the revelations of the soul?
 Yet be not over scrupulous, my son,
 And be not over proud to put aside
 The due consolments of the circling years.
 What comes, receive; be not too wise for God.
 The past is something, but the present more;
 Will not it too be past? — nor fail withal
 To recognise the future in our hopes;
 Unite them in your manhood each and all,
 Nor mutilate the perfectness of life.
 You can remember, you can also hope;
 And, doubtless, with the long instructive years,
 Comfort will come to you, my son, to me,
 Even to your mother, comfort; but to us
 Knowledge, at least — the certainty of things
 Which, as I think, is consolation's sum.
 For truly now, to-day, to-morrow, yes,
 Days many more to come, alike to you,
 Whose earliest revelation of the world
 Is, horrible indeed, this fatal fact —

And unto me, who, knowing not much before,
 Look gropingly and idly into this,
 And recognise no figure I have seen —
 Alike, my son, to me, and to yourself,
 Much is now dark which one day will be light;
 With strong assurance fortify your soul
 Of this: and that you meet me here again,
 Promise me, Cain. Farewell, to meet again.

SCENE XIV.

Adam's Vision.

Adam. O Cain, the words of Adam shall be said;
 Come near, and hear your father's words, my son.
 I have been in the spirit, as they call it,
 Dreaming, which is, as others say, the same.
 I sat, and you, Cain, with me, and Eve
 (We sat as in a picture people sit,
 Great figures, silent, with their place content);
 And Abel came and took your hand, my son,
 And wept and kissed you, saying, 'Forgive me, Cain.
 Ah me! my brother, sad has been thy life
 For my sake, all thro' me; how foolishly,
 Because we knew not both of us were right;'
 And you embraced and wept, and we too wept.

Then I beheld through eyes with tears suffused,
 And deemed at first 'twas blindness thence ensuing;
 Abel was gone, and you were gone, my son —
 Gone, and yet not gone; yea, I seemed to see
 The decomposing of those coloured lines
 Which we called you, their fusion into one,
 And therewithal their vanishing and end.
 And Eve said to me, 'Adam, in the day
 When in the inexistent void I heard God's voice,
 An awful whisper, bidding me to be,
 How slow was I to come, how loth to obey;
 As slow, as sad, as lingeringly loth,
 I fade, I vanish, sink, and cease to be,
 By the same sovereign strong compulsion borne:
 Ah, if I vanish, take me into thee!'
 She spoke, nor, speaking, ceased I listening; but

I was alone, yet not alone, with her
 And she with me, and you with us, my sons,
 As at the first; — and yet not wholly — yea,
 And that which I had witnessed thus in you,
 This fusion, and mutation, and return,
 Seemed in my substance working too. I slept,
 I did not dream, my sleep was sweet to me.
 Yes, in despite of all disquietudes,
 For Eve, for you, for Abel, which indeed
 Impelled in me that gaiety of soul —
 Without your fears I had listened to my own —
 In spite of doubt, despondency, and death,
 Though lacking knowledge alway, lacking faith
 Sometimes, and hope; with no sure trust in ought
 Except a kind of impetus within,
 Whose sole credentials were that trust itself;
 Yet, in despite of much, in lack of more,
 Life has been beautiful to me, my son,
 And I, if I am called, will come again.
 As he hath lived he dies. — My comforter,
 Whom I believed not, only trusted in,
 What had I been without thee? how survived?
 Would I were with thee whereso'er thou art!
 Would I might follow thee still!
 But sleep is sweet, and I would sleep, my son.
 Oh Cain! behold your father's words are said!

THE SONG OF LAMECH.

HEARKEN to me, ye mothers of my tent:
 Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech:
 Adah, let Jubal hither lead his goats:
 And Tubal Cain, O Zillah, hush the forge;
 Naamah her wheel shall ply beside, and thou,
 My Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.
 Yea, Jubal, touch, before I speak, the string.
 Hear ye my voice, beloved of my tent,
 Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Eve made answer, Cain, my son, my own.
 O, if I cursed thee, O my child, I sinned,

And He that heard me, heard, and said me nay :
 My first, my only one, thou shalt not go ; —
 And Adam answered also, Cain, my son,
 He that is gone forgiveth, we forgive :
 Rob not thy mother of two sons at once ;
 My child, abide with us and comfort us.

Hear ye my voice ; Adah and Zillah, near ;
 Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.
 For Cain replied not. But, an hour more, sat
 Where the night through he sat ; his knit brows seen,
 Scarce seen, amid the foldings of his limbs.
 But when the sun was bright upon the field,
 To Adam still, and Eve still waiting by,
 And weeping, lift he up his voice and spake.

Cain said, The sun is risen upon the earth ;
 The day demands my going, and I go. —
 As you from Paradise, so I from you :
 As you to exile, into exile I :
 My father and my mother, I depart.
 As betwixt you and Paradise of old,
 So betwixt me, my parents, now, and you,
 Cherubim I discern, and in their hand
 A flaming sword that turneth every way,
 To keep the way of my one tree of life,
 The way my spirit yearns to, of my love.
 Yet not, O Adam and O Eve, fear not.
 For He that asked me, Where is Abel ? He
 Who called me cursed from the earth, and said
 A fugitive and vagabond thou art,
 He also said, when fear had slain my soul,
 There shall not touch thee man nor beast. Fear not.
 Lo, I have spoke with God, and He hath said,
 Fear not ; — and let me go as He hath said,
 Cain also said (O Jubal, touch thy string), —
 Moreover, in the darkness of my mind,
 When the night's night of misery was most black,
 A little star came twinkling up within,
 And in myself I had a guide that led,
 And in myself had knowledge of a soul.
 Fear not, O Adam and O Eve : I go.

Children of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For when the years were multiplied, and Cain
 Eastward of Eden, in this land of Nod,
 Had sons, and sons of sons, and sons of them,
 Enoch and Irad and Mehujael
 (My father, and my children's grandsire he),
 It came to pass that Cain, who dwelt alone,
 Met Adam, at the nightfall, in the field:
 Who fell upon his neck, and wept, and said,
 My son, has not God spoken to thee, Cain?
 And Cain replied, when weeping loosed his voice,
 My dreams are double, O my father, good
 And evil. Terror to my soul by night,
 And agony by day, when Abel stands
 A dead, black shade, and speaks not, neither looks,
 Nor makes me any answer when I cry —
 Curse me, but let me know thou art alive.
 But comfort also, like a whisper, comes,
 In visions of a deeper sleep, when he,
 Abel, as him we knew, yours once and mine,
 Comes with a free forgiveness in his face,
 Seeming to speak, solicitous for words,
 And wearing ere he go the old, first look
 Of unsuspecting, unforeboding love.
 Three nights are gone I saw him thus, my Sire.

Dear ones of Lamech, listen to my speech.

For Adam said, Three nights ago to me
 Came Abel, in my sleep, as thou hast said,
 And spake, and bade, — Arise my father, go
 Where in the land of exile dwells thy son;
 Say to my brother, Abel bids thee come,
 Abel would have thee; and lay thou thy hand,
 My father, on his head, that he may come;
 Am I not weary, father, for this hour?
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear;
 Children of Lamech, listen to my speech:
 And, son of Zillah, sound thy solemn string.

For Adam laid upon the head of Cain
 His hand, and Cain bowed down, and slept, and died.

And a deep sleep on Adam also fell,
 And, in his slumber's deepest, he beheld,
 Standing before the gate of Paradise,
 With Abel, hand in hand, our father Cain.
 Hear ye my voice, Adah and Zillah, hear;
 Ye wives of Lamech, listen to my speech.

Though to his wounding he did slay a man,
 Yea, and a young man to his hurt he slew,
 Fear not, ye wives, nor sons of Lamech fear:
 If unto Cain was safety given and rest,
 Shall Lamech surely and his people die?

 GENESIS XXIV.

Who is this man
 that walketh in the field,
 O Eleazar,
 steward to my lord?

And Eleazar
 answered her and said,
 Daughter of Bethuel,
 it is other none
 But my lord Isaac,
 son unto my lord.
 Who, as his wont is,
 walketh in the field,
 In the hour of evening,
 meditating there.

Therefore Rebekah
 hasted where she sat,
 And from her camel
 'lighting to the earth,
 Sought for a veil
 and put it on her face.

But Isaac also,
 walking in the field,
 Saw from afar
 a company that came,

Camels, and a seat
 as where a woman sat;
 Wherefore he came
 and met them on the way.

Whom, when Rebekah
 saw, she came before,
 Saying, Behold
 the handmaid of my lord,
 Who, for my lord's sake,
 travel from my land.

But he said, O
 thou blessed of our God,
 Come, for the tent
 is eager for thy face.
 Shall not thy husband
 be unto thee more than
 Hundreds of kinsmen
 living in thy land?

And-Eleazar answered,
 Thus and thus,
 Even according
 as thy father bade,
 Did we; and thus and
 thus it came to pass:
 Lo! is not this
 Rebekah, Bethuel's child?

And, as he ended,
 Isaac spoke and said,
 Surely my heart
 went with you on the way,
 When with the beasts
 ye came unto the place.

Truly, O child
 of Nahor, I was there,
 When to thy mother
 and thy mother's son
 Thou madest answer,
 saying, I will go.
 And Isaac brought her
 to his mother's tent.

JACOB.

My sons, and ye the children of my sons,
 Jacob your father goes upon his way,
 His pilgrimage is being accomplished.
 Come near and here him ere his words are o'er.

Not as my father's or his father's days,
 As Isaac's days or Abraham's, have been mine;
 Not as the days of those that in the field
 Walked at the eventide to meditate,
 And haply, to the tent returning, found
 Angels at nightfall waiting at their door.
 They communed, Israel wrestled with the Lord.
 No, not as Abraham's or as Isaac's days,
 My sons, have been Jacob your father's days,
 Evil and few, attaining not to theirs
 In number, and in worth inferior much.
 As a man with his friend, walked they with God,
 In His abiding presence they abode,
 And all their acts were open to His face.
 But I have had to force mine eyes away,
 To lose, almost to shun, the thoughts I loved,
 To bend down to the work, to bare the breast,
 And struggle, feet and hands, with enemies;
 To buffet and to battle with hard men,
 With men of selfishness and violence;
 To watch by day, and calculate by night,
 To plot and think of plots, and through a land
 Ambushed with guile, and with strong foes beset,
 To win with art safe wisdom's peaceful way.
 Alas! I know, and from the onset knew,
 The first-born faith, the singleness of soul,
 The antique pure simplicity with which
 God and good angels communed undispleased,
 Is not; it shall not any more be said,
 That of a blameless and a holy kind,
 The chosen race, the seed of promise, comes.
 The royal, high prerogatives, the dower
 Of innocence and perfectness of life,
 Pass not unto my children from their sire,
 As unto me they came of mine; they fit

Neither to Jacob nor to Jacob's race.
Think ye, my sons, in this extreme old age
And in this failing breath, that I forget
How on the day when from my father's door,
In bitterness and ruefulness of heart,
I from my parents set my face, and felt
I never more again should look on theirs,
How on that day I seemed unto myself
Another Adam from his home cast out,
And driven abroad unto a barren land,
Cursed for his sake, and mocking still with thorns
And briars that labour and that sweat of brow
He still must spend to live? Sick of my days,
I wished not life, but cried out, Let me die;
But at Luz God came to me; in my heart
He put a better mind, and showed me how,
While we discern it not, and least believe,
On stairs invisible betwixt His heaven
And our unholy, sinful, toilsome earth
Celestial messengers of loftiest good
Upward and downward pass continually.
Many, since I upon the field of Luz
Set up the stone I slept on, unto God,
Many have been the troubles of my life;
Sins in the field and sorrows in the tent,
In mine own household anguish and despair,
And gall and wormwood mingled with my love.
The time would fail me should I seek to tell
Of a child wronged and cruelly revenged
(Accursed was that anger, it was fierce,
That wrath, for it was cruel); or of strife
And jealousy and cowardice, with lies
Mocking a father's misery; deeds of blood,
Pollutions, sicknesses, and sudden deaths.
These many things against me many times,
The ploughers have ploughed deep upon my back,
And made deep furrows; blessed be His name
Who hath delivered Jacob out of all,
And left within his spirit hope of good.

Come near to me, my sons: your father goes,
The hour of his departure draweth nigh.
Ah me! this eager rivalry of life,

This cruel conflict for preëminence,
 This keen supplanting of the dearest kin,
 Quick seizure and fast unrelaxing hold
 Of vantage-place; the stony hard resolve,
 The chase, the competition, and the craft
 Which seems to be the poison of our life,
 And yet is the condition of our life!
 To have done things on which the eye with shame
 Looks back, the closed hand clutching still the prize!—
 Alas! what of all these things shall I say?
 Take me away unto Thy sleep, O God!
 I thank Thee it is over, yet I think
 It was a work appointed me of Thee.
 How is it? I have striven all my days
 To do my duty to my house and hearth,
 And to the purpose of my father's race,
 Yet is my heart therewith not satisfied.

JACOB'S WIVES.

THESE are the words of Jacob's wives, the words
 Which Leah spake and Rachel to his ears,
 When, in the shade at eventide, he sat
 By the tent door, a palm tree overhead,
 A spring beside him, and the sheep around.

And Rachel spake and said, The nightfall comes—
 Night, which all day I wait for, and for thee.

And Leah also spake, The day is done;
 My lord with toil is weary and would rest.

And Rachel said, Come, O my Jacob, come;
 And we will think we sit beside the well,
 As in that day, the long long years ago,
 When first I met thee with my father's flock.

And Leah said, Come, Israel, unto me;
 And thou shalt reap an harvest of fair sons,
 E'en as before I bare thee goodly babes;
 For when was Leah fruitless to my lord?

And Rachel said, Ah come! as then thou cam'st,
Come once again to set thy seal of love;
As then, down bending, when the sheep had drunk,
Then settedst it, my shepherd — O sweet seal! —
Upon the unwitting, half-foretasting lips,
Which, shy and trembling, thirsted yet for thine
As cattle thirsted never for the spring.

And Leah answered, Are not these their names —
As Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah — four?
Like four young saplings by the water's brim,
Where straining rivers through the great plain wind —
Four saplings soon to rise to goodly trees —
Four trees whose growth shall cast an huger shade
Than ever yet on river-side was seen.

And Rachel said, And shall it be again
As, when dissevered far, unheard, alone,
Consumed in bitter anger all night long,
I moaned and wept, while, silent and discreet,
One reaped the fruit of love that Rachel's was
Upon the breast of him that knew her not?

And Leah said, And was it then a wrong
That, in submission to a father's word,
Trembling yet hopeful, to that bond I crept,
Which God hath greatly prospered, and my lord,
Content, in after-wisdom not disowned,
Joyful, in after-thankfulness approved?

And Rachel said, But we will not complain,
Though all life long, an alien, unsought third,
She trouble our companionship of love.

And Leah answered, No, complain we not,
Though years on years she loiter in the tent,
A fretful, vain, unprofitable wife.

And Rachel answered, Ah! she little knows
What in old days to Jacob Rachel was.

And Leah said, And wilt thou dare to say,
Because my lord was gracious to thee then,

No deeper thought his riper cares hath claimed,
 No stronger purpose passed into his life ?
 That, youth and maid once fondly, softly touched,
 Time's years must still the casual dream repeat,
 And all the river far, from source to sea,
 One fitting moment's chance reflection bear ?
 Also she added, Who is she to judge
 Of thoughts maternal, and a father's heart ?

And Rachel said, But what to supersede
 The rights which choice bestowed hath Leah done ?
 What which my handmaid or which hers hath not ?
 Is Simeon more than Naphtali ? is Dan
 Less than his brother Levi in the house ?
 That part that Billah and that Zilpah have,
 That, and no more, hath Leah in her lord ;
 And let her with the same be satisfied.

Leah asked then, And shall these things compare
 (Fond wishes, and the pastime, and the play)
 With serious aims and forward-working hopes —
 Aims as far-reaching as to earth's last age,
 And hopes far-travelling as from east to west ?

Rachel replied, That love which in his youth,
 Through trial proved, consoles his perfect age ;
 Shall this with project and with plan compare ?
 Is not forever shorter than all time,
 And love more straitened than from east to west ?

Leah spake further, Hath my lord not told
 How, in the visions of the night, his God,
 The God of Abraham and of Isaac, spake
 And said, Increase, and multiply, and fill
 With sons to serve Me this thy land and mine ;
 And I will surely do thee good, and make
 Thy seed as is the sand beside the sea,
 Which is not numbered for its multitude ?
 Shall Rachel bear this progeny to God ?

But Rachel wept and answered, And if God
 Hath closed the womb of Rachel until now,
 Shall He not at His pleasure open it ?

Hath Leah read the counsels of the Lord ?
Was it not told her, in the ancient days,
How Sarah, mother of great Israel's sire,
Lived to long years, insulted of her slave,
Or e'er to light the Child of Promise came,
Whom Rachel too to Jacob yet may bear ?

Moreover, Rachel said, Shall Leah mock,
Who stole the prime embraces of my love,
My first long-destined, long-withheld caress ?
But not, she said, methought, but not for this,
In the old days, did Jacob seek his bride ; —
Where art thou now, O thou that sought'st me then ?
Where is thy loving tenderness of old ?
And where that fervency of faith to which
Seven weary years were even as a few days ?

And Rachel wept and ended, Ah, my life !
Though Leah bare thee sons on sons, methought
The child of love, late-born, were worth them all.

And Leah groaned and answered, It is well :
She that hath kept from me my husband's heart
Will set their father's soul against my sons.
Yet, also, not, she said, I thought, for this,
Not for the feverish nor the doating love,
Doth Israel, father of a nation, seek ;
Nor to light dalliance, as of boy and girl,
Incline the thoughts of matron and of man,
Or lapse the wisdom of maturer mind.

And Leah ended, Father of my sons,
Come, thou shalt dream of Rachel if thou wilt,
So Leah fold thee in a wife's embrace.

These are the words of Jacob's wives, who sat
In the tent door, and listened to their speech,
The spring beside him, and above the palm,
While all the sheep were gathered for the night.

THE NEW SINAI.

Lo, here is God, and there is God !
 Believe it not, O Man ;
 In such vain sort to this and that
 The ancient heathen ran :
 Though old Religion shake her head,
 And say in bitter grief,
 The day behold, at first foretold,
 Of atheist unbelief :
 Take better part, with manly heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 Receive it not, believe it not,
 Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked
 With cries, 'The king is here,'
 Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,
 Whoe'er shall first appear ;
 And still repeat, to all the street,
 'Tis he, — the king is here ;'
 The long procession moveth on,
 Each nobler form they see,
 With changeful suit they still salute
 And cry, 'Tis he, 'tis he !'

So, even so, when men were young,
 And earth and heaven were new,
 And His immediate presence He
 From human hearts withdrew,
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed
 With sensuous False and True,
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,
 And fain would see Him too :
 'He is !' the prophet-tongues proclaimed ;
 In joy and hasty fear,
 'He is !' aloud replied the crowd,
 'Is here, and here, and here.'

'He is ! They are !' in distance seen
 On yon Olympus high,

In those Avernian woods abide,
 And walk this azure sky:
 'They are! They are!' — to every show
 Its eyes the baby turned,
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,
 On thousand altars burned:
 'They are! They are!' — On Sinai's top
 Far seen the lightnings shone,
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,
 And God said, 'I am One.'

God spake it out, 'I, God, am One;'
 The unheeding ages ran.
 And baby-thoughts again, again,
 Have dogged the growing man:
 And as of old from Sinai's top
 God said that God is One,
 By Science strict so speaks He now
 To tell us, There is None!
 Earth goes by chemie forces; Heaven's
 A *Mécanique Céleste*!
 And heart and mind of human kind
 A watch-work as the rest!

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,
 Whose speaking told abroad,
 When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,
 The ancient truth of God?
 Ah, not the Voice; 'tis but the cloud,
 The outer darkness dense,
 Where image none, nor e'er was seen
 Similitude of sense.
 'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense
 That wrapt the Mount around;
 While in amaze the people stays,
 To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while
 To dare, sublimely meek,
 Within the shroud of blackest cloud
 The Deity to seek?
 'Midst atheistic systems dark,
 And darker hearts' despair,

That soul has heard perchance His word,
 And on the dusky air
 His skirts, as passed He by, to see
 Hath strained on their behalf,
 Who on the plain, with dance amain,
 Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense ;
 Though blank the tale it tells,
 No God, no Truth! yet He, in sooth,
 Is there — within it dwells ;
 Within the sceptic darkness deep
 He dwells that none may see,
 Till idol forms and idol thoughts
 Have passed and ceased to be :
 No God, no Truth! ah though, in sooth
 So stand the doctrine's half :
 On Egypt's track return not back,
 Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,
 Thine adult spirit can ;
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er —
 Believe it ne'er — O Man !
 But turn not then to seek again
 What first the ill began ;
 No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith
 God's self-completing plan ;
 Receive it not, but leave it not,
 And wait it out, O Man !

'The Man that went the cloud within
 Is gone and vanished quite ;
 He cometh not,' the people cries,
 'Nor bringeth God to sight :
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,
 Adore and keep the feast !'
 Deluding and deluded cries
 The Prophet's brother-Priest :
 And Israel all bows down to fall
 Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed! that priestly creed,
 O Man, reject as sin;
 The clouded hill attend thou still,
 And him that went within.
 He yet shall bring some worthy thing
 For waiting souls to see:
 Some sacred word that he hath heard,
 Their light and life shall be;
 Some lofty part, than which the heart
 Adopt no nobler can,
 Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe
 And thou shalt do, O Man!
 1845.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal!

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine;
 Chastised each rebel self-encentred thought,
 My will adareth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart;
 Nor seek to see — for what of earthly kind
 Can see Thee as Thou art? —

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold
 In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare;
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

But, as thou wilt, give or e'en forbear
 The beatific supersensual sight,
 So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
 Approach Thee morn and night.

ἕμνος ἄμνος.

O THOU whose image in the shrine
 Of human spirits dwells divine;
 Which from that precinct once conveyed,
 To be to outer day displayed,
 Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
 Mere blank and void of empty mind,
 Which wilful fancy seeks in vain
 With casual shapes to fill again!

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
 Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
 I thought to speak, I thought to say,
 'The light is here,' 'behold the way,'
 'The voice was thus,' and 'thus the word,'
 And 'thus I saw,' and 'that I heard,' —
 But from the lips that half essayed
 The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
 Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
 I will not frame one thought of what
 Thou mayest either be or not.
 I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
 And be profane with 'yes' and 'no,'
 Enough that in our soul and heart
 Thou, whatso'er Thou mayst be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
 Acknowledged present and divine,
 I will not ask some upper air,
 Some future day to place Thee there ;
 Nor say, nor yet deny, such men
 And women saw Thee thus and then :
 Thy name was such, and there or here
 To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
 Unknown or known, remain, divine ;
 There, or if not, at least in eyes
 That scan the fact that round them lies
 The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
 In sight and sense Thyself divide :
 Be Thou but there, — in soul and heart,
 I will not ask to feel Thou art.

THE HIDDEN LOVE.

O LET me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;
 No witness to my vision call,
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;
 And worship Thee, with Thee withdrawn apart,
 Whoe'er, Whate'er Thou art,
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

What is it then to me
 If others are inquisitive to see ?
 Why should I quit my place to go and ask
 If other men are working at their task ?
 Leave my own buried roots to go
 And see that brother plants shall grow ;
 And turn away from Thee, O Thou most Holy Light,
 To look if other orbs their orbits keep aright,
 Around their proper sun,
 Deserting Thee, and being undone.

O let me love my love unto myself alone,
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;

And worship Thee, O hid One, O much sought,
 As but man can or ought,
 Within the abstracted'st shrine of my least breathed-on
 thought.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent ;
 Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent ;
 Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
 The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure ;
 In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
 And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
 And call it Heaven : place bliss and glory there ;
 Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
 And say, what is not, will be by and by.

SHADOW AND LIGHT.

CEASE, empty Faith, the Spectrum saith,
 I was, and lo, have been ;
 I, God, am nought : a shade of thought,
 Which, but by darkness seen,
 Upon the unknown yourselves have thrown,
 Placed it and light between.

At morning's birth on darkened earth,
 And as the evening sinks,
 Awfully vast abroad is cast
 The lengthened form that shrinks
 And shuns the sight in midday light,
 And underneath you slinks.

From barren strands of wintry lands
 Across the seas of time,
 Borne onward fast ye touch at last
 An equatorial clime ;

In equatorial noon sublime
 At Zenith stands the sun,
 And lo, around, far, near, are found
 Yourselves, and Shadow none.

A moment! yea! but when the day
 At length was perfect day!
 A moment! so! and light we know
 With dark exchanges aye,

Nor morn nor eve shall shadow leave
 Your sunny paths secure,
 And in your sight that orb of light
 Shall humbler orbs obscure.

And yet withal, 'tis shadow all
 Whate'er your fancies dream,
 And I (misdemeaned) that was, that seemed,
 Am not, whate'er I seem.

‘WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS, NEITHER
 SHADOW OF TURNING.’

It fortifies my soul to know }
 That, though I perish, Truth is so: }
 That, howso'er I stray and range, }
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change. }
 I steadier step when I recall |
 That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall. \

IN STRATIS VIARUM.

BLESSED are those who have not seen,
 And who have yet believed
 The witness, here that has not been,
 From heaven they have received.

Blessed are those who have not known
 The things that stand before them,
 And for a vision of their own
 Can piously ignore them.

So let me think whate'er befall,
 That in the city duly

Some men there are who love at all,
Some women who love truly ;

And that upon two millions odd
Transgressors in sad plenty, -
Mercy will of a gracious God
Be shown — because of twenty.

‘PERCHÈ PENSA? PENSANDO S’INVECCHIA.’

To spend uncounted years of pain,
Again, again, and yet again,
In working out in heart and brain
The problem of our being here ;
To gather facts from far and near,
Upon the mind to hold them clear,
And, knowing more may yet appear,
Unto one’s latest breath to fear,
The premature result to draw —
Is this the object, end and law,
And purpose of our being here ?

‘O THOU OF LITTLE FAITH.’

It may be true
That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,
That when we see the o’ertopping waves advance,
And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,
There are who walk beside us ; and the cry
That rises so spontaneous to the lips,
The ‘ Help us or we perish,’ is not nought,
An evanescent spectrum of disease.
It may be that indeed and not in fancy,
A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,
A voice that is not ours commands the waves ;
Commands the waves, and whispers in our ear,
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt ?
At any rate,
That there are beings above us, I believe,
And when we lift up holy hands of prayer,
I will not say they will not give us aid.

|| 'THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY. ||

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be,
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;
Ah ! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts — instincts rules,
Wise men are bad — and good are fools,
Facts evil — wishes vain appear,
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance' sake,
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say : — It doth not yet appear,
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head ;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

AH! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN!

'OLD things need not be therefore true,'
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
Have laid up here their toils and fears,
And all the earnings of their pain, —
Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? each a space
Of some few yards before his face;
Does that the whole wide plan explain?
Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,
And takes its truth from each new day;
They do not quit, nor can retain,
Far less consider it again.

1851.

NOLI ÆMULARI.

In controversial foul impureness
The peace that is thy light to thee
Quench not: in faith and inner sureness
Possess thy soul and let it be.

No violence — perverse — persistent —
What cannot be can bring to be;
No zeal what is make more existent,
And strife but blinds the eyes that see.

What though in blood their souls embruing,
The great, the good and wise they curse,
Still sinning, what they know not doing;
Stand still, forbear, nor make it worse.

By curses, by denunciation,
 The coming fate they cannot stay;
 Nor thou, by fiery indignation,
 Though just, accelerate the day.

'WHAT WENT YE OUT FOR TO SEE?' (1

Across the sea, along the shore,
 In numbers more and ever more,
 From lonely hut and busy town,
 The valley through, the mountain down,
 What was it ye went out to see,
 Ye silly folk of Galilee?
 The reed that in the wind doth shake?
 The weed that washes in the lake?
 The reeds that waver, the weeds that float? —
 A young man preaching in a boat.

What was it ye went out to hear
 By sea and land, from far and near?
 A teacher? Rather seek the feet
 Of those who sit in Moses' seat.
 Go humbly seek and bow to them,
 Far off in great Jerusalem.
 From them that in her courts ye saw,
 Her perfect doctors of the law,
 What is it came ye here to note? —
 A young man preaching in a boat.

A prophet! Boys and women weak!
 Declare, or cease to rave;
 Whence is it he hath learned to speak?
 Say, who his doctrine gave?
 A prophet? Prophet wherefore he
 Of all in Israel tribes? —
He teacheth with authority,
And not as do the Scribes.

1851.

EPI-STRAUSS-IUM.

MATTHEW and Mark and Luke and holy John
 Evanished all and gone!
 Yea, he that erst his dusky curtains quitting,
 Thro' Eastern pictured panes his level beams trans-
 mitting,
 With gorgeous portraits blent,
 On them his glories intercepted spent:
 Southwestering now, thro' windows plainly glassed,
 On the inside face his radiance keen hath cast,
 And in the lustre lost, invisible and gone,
 Are, say you, Matthew, Mark and Luke and holy John?
 Lost, is it, lost, to be recovered never?
 However,
 The place of worship the meantime with light
 Is, if less richly, more sincerely bright,
 And in blue skies the Orb is manifest to sight.

 | THE SHADOW.¹ |

I DREAMED a dream: I dreamt that I espied,
 Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
 A Shadow sit upon a grave — a Shade,
 As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
 Came, the Greek poet told,
 To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made —
 As pale, as thin, and said:
 'I am the Resurrection of the Dead.
 The night is past, the morning is at hand,
 And I must in my proper semblance stand,
 Appear brief space and vanish, — listen, this is true,
 I am that Jesus whom they slew.'

And shadows dim, I dreamed, the dead apostles came,
 And bent their heads for sorrow and for shame —

¹ The manuscript of this poem is incomplete; but it has been thought best to give all the separate fragments, since they evidently are conceived on the same plan, and throw light on each other.

Sorrow for their great loss, and shame
For what they did in that vain name.

And in long ranges far behind there seemed
Pale vapoury angel forms; or was it eloud? that kept
Strange watch; the women also stood beside and wept.

And Peter spoke the word:
'O my own Lord,
What is it we must do?
Is it then all untrue?
Did we not see, and hear, and handle Thee,
Yea, for whole hours
Upon the Mount in Galilee,
On the lake shore, and here at Bethany,
When Thou ascendedst to Thy God and ours?'

And paler still became the distant eloud,
And at the word the women wept aloud.

And the Shade answered, 'What ye say I know not;
But it is true
I am that Jesus whom they slew,
Whom ye have preached, but in what way I know not.

* * * * * *

And the great World, it chanced, came by that way,
And stopped, and looked, and spoke to the police,
And said the thing, for order's sake and peace,
Most certainly must be suppressed, the nuisance cease.
His wife and daughter must have where to pray,
And whom to pray to, at the least one day
In seven, and something sensible to say.

Whether the fact so many years ago
Had, or not, happened, how was he to know?
Yet he had always heard that it was so.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one;
And yet he found it not unpleasant, too,
On Sunday morning in the roomy pew,
To see the thing with such decorum done.
As for himself, perhaps it was all one;
Yet on one's death-bed all men always said
It was a comfortable thing to think upon
The atonement and the resurrection of the dead.
So the great World as having said his say,

Unto his country-house pursued his way.
And on the grave the Shadow sat all day.

* * * * *

And the poor Pope was sure it must be so,
Else wherefore did the people kiss his toe?
The subtle Jesuit cardinal shook his head,
And mildly looked and said,
It mattered not a jot
Whether the thing, indeed, were so or not;
Religion must be kept up, and the Church preserved,
And for the people this best served,
And then he turned, and added most demurely,
'Whatever may befall,
We Catholics need no evidence at all,
The holy father is infallible, surely!'

And English canons heard,
And quietly demurred.
Religion rests on evidence, of course,
And on inquiry we must put no force.
Difficulties still, upon whatever ground,
Are likely, almost certain, to be found.
The Theist scheme, the Pantheist, one and all,
Must with, or e'en before, the Christian fall.
And till the thing were plainer to our eyes,
To disturb faith was surely most unwise.
As for the Shade, who trusted such narration?
Except, of course, in ancient revelation.

And dignitaries of the Church came by.
It had been worth to some of them, they said,
Some hundred thousand pounds a year a head.
If it fetched so much in the market, truly,
'Twas not a thing to be given up unduly.
It had been proved by Butler in one way,
By Paley better in a later day;
It had been proved in twenty ways at once,
By many a doctor plain to many a dunce;
There was no question but it must be so.

And the Shade answered that He did not know;
He had no reading, and might be deceived,
But still He was the Christ, as He believed.

And women, mild and pure,
 Forth from still homes and village schools did pass,
 And asked, if this indeed were thus, alas,
 What should they teach their children and the poor?

The Shade replied, He could not know,
 But it was truth, the fact was so.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Who had kept all commandments from his youth
 Yet still found one thing lacking— even Truth:
 And the Shade only answered, 'Go, make haste,
 Enjoy thy great possessions as thou mayst.'

\\ EASTER DAY. \\

NAPLES, 1849.

THROUGH the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
 With fiercer heat than flamed above my head
 My heart was hot within me; till at last
 My brain was lightened when my tongue had said—
 Christ is not risen!

Christ is not risen, no—
 He lies and moulders low;
 Christ is not risen!

What though the stone were rolled away, and though
 The grave found empty there?—
 If not there, then elsewhere;
 If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then
 Where other men
 Translaid Him after, in some humbler clay.
 Long ere to-day
 Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,
 Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun:
 The foul engendered worm
 Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form
 Of our most Holy and Anointed One.
 He is not risen, no—
 He lies and moulders low;
 Christ is not risen!

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,
 Saw one or more great angels, as they say
 (Angels, or Him himself)? Yet neither there, nor then,
 Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
 Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
 Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul;
 Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,
 He is not risen, indeed, —
 Christ is not risen!

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten
 Saw, heard, and touched, again and yet again?
 What if at Emmaüs' inn, and by Capernaum's Lake,
 Came One, the bread that brake —
 Came One that spake as never mortal spake,
 And with them ate, and drank, and stood, and walked about?
 Ah! 'some' did well to 'doubt'!
 Ah! the true Christ, while these things came to pass,
 Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor lived, alas!
 He was not risen, no —
 He lay and mouldered low,
 Christ was not risen!

As circulates in some great city crowd
 A rumour changeful, vague, importunate, and loud,
 From no determined centre, or of fact
 Or authorship exact,
 Which no man can deny
 Nor verify;
 So spread the wondrous fame;
 He all the same
 Lay senseless, mouldering, low:
 He was not risen, no —
 Christ was not risen!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 As of the unjust, also of the just —
 Yea, of that Just One, too!
 This is the one sad Gospel that is true —
 Christ is not risen!

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise?
 Oh, we unwise!

What did we dream, what wake we to discover?
 Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover!
 In darkness and great gloom
 Come ere we thought it is *our* day of doom;
 From the cursed world, which is one tomb,
 Christ is not risen!

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss:
 There is no heaven but this;
 There is no hell,
 Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,
 Seeing it visits still
 With equalest apportionment of ill
 Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same dust
 The unjust and the just
 With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
 Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
 We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
 And most beliefless, that had most believed.
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 As of the unjust, also of the just—
 Yea, of that Just One too!
 It is the one sad Gospel that is true—
 Christ is not risen!

 Weep not beside the tomb,
 Ye women, unto whom
 He was great solace while ye tended Him;
 Ye who with napkin o'er the head
 And folds of linen round each wounded limb
 Laid out the Sacred Dead;
 And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb;
 Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,
 Bind up as best ye may your own sad bleeding heart:
 Go to your homes, your living echildren tend,
 Your earthly spouses love;
 Set your affections *not* on things above,
 Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest come to
 end:
 Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,

For death ; since dead is He whom ye deemed more than
man,

Who is not risen : no —
But lies and moulders low —
Who is not risen !

Ye men of Galilee !
Why stand ye looking up to heaven, where Him ye ne'er
may see,
Neither ascending hence, nor returning hither again ?
Ye ignorant and idle fishermen !
Hence to your huts, and boats, and inland native shore,
And catch not men, but fish ;
Whate'er things ye might wish,
Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall meet with more.
Ye poor deluded youths, go home,
Mend the old nets ye left to roam,
Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail :
It was indeed an ' idle tale ' —
He was not risen !

And, oh, good men of ages yet to be,
Who shall believe *because* ye did not see —
Oh, be ye warned, be wise !
No more with pleading eyes,
And sobs of strong desire,
Unto the empty vacant void aspire,
Seeking another and impossible birth
That is not of your own, and only mother earth.
But if there is no other life for you,
Sit down and be content, since this must even do :
He is not risen !

One look, and then depart,
Ye humble and ye holy men of heart ;
And ye ! ye ministers and stewards of a Word
Which ye would preach, because another heard —
Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,
Take these things hence and go : —
He is not risen !

Here, on our Easter Day
We rise, we come, and lo ! we find Him not,

Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot:
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say;
 No sound, nor in, nor out—no word
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest:
 Let us go hence, and think upon these things
 In silence, which is best.
 Is He not risen? No—
 But lies and moulders low?
 Christ is not risen?

\\ EASTER DAY. \\

II.

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,
 I with my secret self held communing of mine own.
 So in the southern city spake the tongue
 Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,
 But in a later hour I sat and heard
 Another voice that spake—another graver word.
 Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,
 Though He be dead, He is not dead.
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His tomb,
 Ye women unto whom
 He was great comfort and yet greater grief;
 Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to roam,
 Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to your home;
 Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief;
 Though He be dead, He is not dead,
 Nor gone, though fled,
 Not lost, though vanished;
 Though He return not, though
 He lies and moulders low;
 In the true creed
 He is yet risen indeed;
 Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
 Whate'er befell,
 Earth is not hell ;
Now, too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief :
Or at least, faith unbelief.
 Though dead, not dead ;
 Not gone, though fled ;
 Not lost, though vanished.
 In the great gospel and true creed,
 He is yet risen indeed ;
 Christ is yet risen.

DIPSYCHUS.¹



PROLOGUE TO DIPSYCHUS.

‘I HOPE it is in good plain verse,’ said my uncle, — ‘none of your hurry-scurry anapæsts, as you call them, in lines which sober people read for plain heroics. Nothing is more disagreeable than to say a line over two or, it may be, three or four times, and at last not be sure that there are not three or four ways of reading, each as good and as much intended as another. *Simplex duntaxat et unum.* But you young people think Horace and your uncles old fools.’

‘Certainly, my dear sir,’ said I; ‘that is, I mean, Horace and my uncle are perfectly right. Still, there is an instructed ear and an uninstructed. A rude taste for identical recurrences would exact sing-song from “Paradise Lost,” and grumble because “Il Penseroso” doesn’t run like a nursery rhyme.’ ‘Well, well,’ said my uncle, ‘*sunt certi denique fines*, no doubt. So commence, my young Piso, while Aristarchus is tolerably wakeful, and do not waste by your logic the fund you will want for your poetry.’

PART I. — SCENE I.

The Piazza at Venice, 9 P.M. Dipsychus and the Spirit.

Di. THE scene is different, and the place, the air
Tastes of the nearer north; the people
Not perfect southern lightness; wherefore, then,
Should those old verses come into my mind
I made last year at Naples? Oh, poor fool!
Still resting on thyself — a thing ill-worked —
A moment’s thought committed on the moment

¹ This poem, as well as the ‘Mari Magno,’ was not published during the author’s lifetime, and should not be regarded as having received his finishing touches.

To unripe words and rugged verse:—

'Through the great sinful streets of Naples as I past,
With fiercer heat than flamed above my head

My heart was hot within me; till at last

My brain was lightened when my tongue had said—
Christ is not risen!

Sp. Christ is not risen? Oh, indeed,
I didn't know that was your creed.

Di. So it went on, too lengthily to repeat—
'Christ is not risen.'

Sp. Dear, how odd!
He'll tell us next there is no God.
I thought 'twas in the Bible plain,
On the third day He rose again.

Di. 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
As of the unjust, also of the just—

Yea, of that Just One, too!
Is He not risen, and shall we not rise?
Oh, we unwise!

Sp. H'm! and the tone, then, after all,
Something of the ironical?
Sarcastic, say; or were it fitter
To style it the religious bitter?

Di. Interpret it I cannot. I but wrote it—
At Naples, truly, as the preface tells,
Last year, in the Toledo; it came on me,
And did me good at once. At Naples then,
At Venice now. Ah! and I think at Venice
Christ is not risen either.

Sp. Nay,
Such things don't fall out every day:
Having once happened, as we know,
In Palestine so long ago,
How should it now at Venice here
Where people, true enough, appear
To appreciate more and understand
Their ices, and their Austrian band
And dark-eyed girls.

Di. The whole great square they fill,
From the red flaunting streamers on the staffs,
And that barbaric portal of St. Mark's,
To where, unnoticed, at the darker end,
I sit upon my step— one great gay crowd.

The Campanile to the silent stars
Goes up, above — its apex lost in air —
While these do what?

Sp. Enjoy the minute,
And the substantial blessings in it:
Ices, *par exemple*; evening air,
Company, and this handsome square;
And all the sweets in perfect plenty
Of the old *dolce far niente*.
Music! Up, up; it isn't fit
With beggars here on steps to sit.
Up, to the caffè! take a chair,
And join the wiser idlers there.
And see that fellow singing yonder;
Singing, ye gods, and dancing too —
Tooraloo, tooraloo, tooraloo, loo —
Fiddledi diddledi, diddle di di;
Figaro sù, Figaro giù —
Figaro quà, Figaro là!
How he likes doing it — Ha, ha!

Di. While these do what? Ah, heaven! too true, at
Venice
Christ is not risen either.

SCENE II. — *The Public Garden.*

Di. Assuredly, a lively scene!
And, ah, how pleasant something green!
With circling heavens one perfect rose
Each smoother patch of water glows,
Hence to where, o'er the full tide's face,
We see the Palace and the Place,
And the white dome; beauteous, but hot.
Where in the meantime is the spot —
My favourite — Where by masses blue,
And white cloud-folds, I follow true
The great Alps, rounding grandly o'er,
Huge arc, to the Dalmatian shore?

Sp. This rather stupid place, to-day,
It's true, is most extremely gay;
And rightly — the Assunzione
Was always a *gran' funzione*.

Di. What is this persecuting voice that haunts me?
 What? whence? of whom? How am I to detect?
 Myself or not myself? My own bad thoughts,
 Or some external agency at work,
 To lead me who knows whither?

Sp.

Eh?

We're certainly in luck to-day:
 What crowds of boats before us plying —
 Gay parties, singing, shouting, crying —
 Saluting others past them flying!
 What numbers at the causeway lying!
 What lots of pretty girls, too, hying
 Hither and thither — coming, going,
 And with what satisfaction showing
 Their dark exuberance of hair,
 Black eyes, rich tints, and sundry graces
 Of classic pure Italian faces!

Di.

Ah me, me!

Clear stars above, thou roseate westward sky,
 Take up my being into yours; assume
 My sense to know you only; steep my brain
 In your essential purity; or, great Alps,
 That wrapping round your heads in solemn clouds
 Seem sternly to sweep past our vanities,
 Lead me with you — take me away, preserve me!

O moon and stars, forgive! and thou, clear heaven,
 Look pureness back into me. Oh, great God!

Why, why, in wisdom and in grace's name,
 And in the name of saints and saintly thoughts,
 Of mothers, and of sisters, and chaste wives,
 And angel woman-faces we have seen,
 And angel woman-spirits we have guessed,
 And innocent sweet children, and pure love,
 Why did I ever one brief moment's space
 But parley with this filthy Belial?

. . . . Was it the fear
 Of being behind the world, which is the wicked?

SCENE III. — *At the Hotel.*

Sp.

Come, then,

And with my aid go into good society.

Life little loves, 'tis true, this peevish piety ;
 E'en they with whom it thinks to be securest —
 Your most religious, delicatest, purest —
 Discern, and show as pious people can
 Their feeling that you are not quite a man.
 Still the thing has its place ; and with sagacity,
 Much might be done by one of your capacity.
 A virtuous attachment formed judiciously
 Would come, one sees, uncommonly propitiously :
 Turn you but your affections the right way,
 And what mayn't happen none of us can say ;
 For in despite of devils and of mothers,
 Your good young men make catches, too, like others.

Di. To herd with people that one owns no care for ;
 Friend it with strangers that one sees but once ;
 To drain the heart with endless complaisance ;
 To warp the unfinished diction on the lip,
 And twist one's mouth to counterfeit ; enforce
 Reluctant looks to falsehoods ; base-alloy
 The ingenuous golden frankness of the past ;
 To calculate and plot ; be rough and smooth,
 Forward and silent, deferential, cool,
 Not by one's humour, which is the safe truth,
 But on consideration.

Sp. That is, act
 On a dispassionate judgment of the fact ;
 Look all the data fairly in the face,
 And rule your judgment simply by the case.

Di. On vile consideration. At the best,
 With pallid hotbed courtesies to forestall
 The green and vernal spontaneity,
 And waste the priceless moments of the man
 In regulating manner. Whether these things
 Be right, I do not know : I only know 'tis
 To lose one's youth too early. Oh, not yet —
 Not yet I make the sacrifice.

Sp. *Du tout !*
 To give up nature's just what would not do.
 By all means keep your sweet ingenuous graces,
 And use them at the proper times and places.
 For work, for play, for business, talk and love,
 I own as wisdom truly from above,
 That scripture of the serpent and the dove ;

Nor's aught so perfect for the world's affairs
 As the old parable of wheat and tares ;
 What we all love is good touched up with evil —
 Religion's self must have a spice of devil.

Di. Let it be enough,
 That in our needful mixture with the world,
 On each new morning with the rising sun,
 Our rising heart, fresh from the seas of sleep,
 Scarce o'er the level lifts his purer orb
 Ere lost and sullied with polluting smoke —
 A noonday coppery disk. Lo, scarce come forth,
 Some vagrant miscreant meets, and with a look
 Transmutes me his, and for a whole sick day
 Lepers me.

Sp. Just the one thing, I assure you,
 From which good company can't but secure you.
 About the individual's not so clear,
 But who can doubt the general atmosphere ?

Di. Ay truly, who at first ? but in a while —

Sp. O dear, this o'er-discernment makes me smile.
 You don't pretend to tell me you can see
 Without one touch of melting sympathy
 Those lovely, stately flowers that fill with bloom
 The brilliant season's gay parterre-like room,
 Moving serene yet swiftly through the dances ;
 Those graceful forms and perfect countenances,
 Whose every fold and line in all their dresses
 Something refined and exquisite expresses ?
 To see them smile and hear them talk so sweetly,
 In me destroys all lower thoughts completely ;
 I really seem, without exaggeration,
 To experience the true regeneration.
 One's own dress, too — one's manner, what one's doing
 And saying, all assist to one's renewing.
 I love to see, in these their fitting places,
 The bows, the forms, and all you call grimaces.
 I heartily could wish we'd kept some more of them,
 However much we talk about the bore of them.
 Fact is, your awkward parvenus are shy at it,
 Afraid to look like waiters if they try at it.
 'Tis sad to what democracy is leading —
 Give me your Eighteenth Century for high breeding.
 Though I can put up gladly with the present,

And quite can think our modern parties pleasant.
 One shouldn't analyse the thing too nearly:
 The main effect is admirable clearly.
 'Good manners,' said our great-aunts, 'next to piety:'
 And so my friend, hurrah for good society!

SCENE IV. — *On the Piazza.*

Sp. Insulted! by the living Lord!

He laid his hand upon his sword.

'*Fort*,' did he say? a German brute,

With neither heart nor brains to shoot.

Di. What does he mean? he's wrong, I had done nothing.

'Twas a mistake — more his, I am sure, than mine.

He is quite wrong — I feel it. Come, let us go.

Sp. Go up to him! — you must, that's flat.

Be threatened by a beast like that!

Di. He's violent: what can I do against him?

I neither wish to be killed nor to kill:

What's more, I never yet have touched a sword,

Nor fired, but twice, a pistol in my life.

Sp. Oh, never mind, 'twon't come to fighting —

Only some verbal small requiting;

Or give your card — we'll do't by writing.

He'll not stick to it. Soldiers too

Are cowards, just like me or you.

What! not a single word to throw at

This snarling dog of a d——d Croat?

Di. My heavens! why should I care? he does not hurt me.

If he is wrong, it is the worst for him.

I certainly did nothing: I shall go.

Sp. Did nothing! I should think not; no,

Nor ever will, I dare be sworn!

But, O my friend, well-bred, well-born —

You to behave so in these quarrels

Makes me half doubtful of your morals!

. It were all one,

You had been some shopkeeper's son,

Whose childhood ne'er was shown aught better

Than bills of creditor and debtor.

Di. By heaven, it falls from off me like the rain
 From the oil-coat. I seem in spirit to see
 How he and I at some great day shall meet
 Before some awful judgment-seat of truth;
 And I could deem that I behold him there
 Come praying for the pardon I give now,
 Did I not think these matters too, too small
 For any record on the leaves of time.

O thou great Watcher of this noisy world,
 What are they in Thy sight? or what in his
 Who finds some end of action in his life?
 What e'en in his whose sole permitted course
 Is to pursue his peaceful byway walk,
 And live his brief life purely in Thy sight,
 And righteously towards his brother-men?

Sp. And whether, so you're just and fair,
 Other folks are so, you don't care;
 You who profess more love than others
 For your poor sinful human brothers.

Di. For grosser evils their gross remedies
 The laws afford us; let us be content;
 For finer wounds the law would, if it could,
 Find medicine too; it cannot, let us bear;
 For sufferance is the badge of all men's tribes.

Sp. Because we can't do all we would,
 Does it follow, to do nothing's good?
 No way to help the law's rough sense
 By equities of self-defence?
 Well, for yourself it may be nice
 To serve vulgarity and vice:
 Must sisters, too, and wives and mothers,
 Fare like their patient sons and brothers?

Di. He that loves sister, mother, more than me —

Sp. But the injustice — the gross wrong!
 To whom on earth does it belong
 If not to you, to whom 'twas done,
 Who saw it plain as any sun,
 To make the base and foul offender
 Confess, and satisfaction render?
 At least before the termination of it
 Prove your own lofty reprobation of it.
 Though gentleness, I know, was born in you,
 Surely you have a little scorn in you?

Di. Heaven! to pollute one's fingers to pick up
 The fallen coin of honour from the dirt —
 Pure silver though it be, let it rather lie!
 To take up any offence, where't may be said
 That temper, vanity — I know not what —
 Had led me on!
 To have so much as e'en half felt of one
 That ever one was angered for oneself!
 Beyond suspicion Cæsar's wife should be,
 Beyond suspicion this bright honour shall.
 Did he say scorn? I have some scorn, thank God.

Sp. Certainly. Only if it's so,
 Let us leave Italy, and go
 Post haste, to attend — you're ripe and rank for't —
 The great peace-meeting up at Frankfort.
 Joy to the Croat! Take our lives,
 Sweet friends, and please respect our wives;
 Joy to the Croat! Some fine day,
 He'll see the error of his way,
 No doubt, and will repent and pray.
 At any rate he'll open his eyes,
 If not before, at the Last Assize.
 Not, if I rightly understood you,
 That even then you'd punish, would you?
 Nay, let the hapless soul go free —
 Mere murder, crime, or robbery,
 In whate'er station, age, or sex,
 Your sacred spirit scarce can vex:
De minimis non curat lex.

To the Peace Congress! ring the bell!
 Horses to Frankfort and to ——!

Di. I am not quite in union with myself
 On this strange matter. I must needs confess
 Instinct turns instinct out, and thought
 Wheels round on thought. To bleed for others' wrongs
 In vindication of a cause, to draw
 The sword of the Lord and Gideon — oh, that seems
 The flower and top of life! But fight because
 Some poor misconstruing trifler haps to say
 I lie, when I do not lie,
 Why should I? Call you this a cause? I can't.
 Oh, he is wrong, no doubt; he misbehaves —
 But is it worth so much as speaking loud?

And things so merely personal to myself
Of all earth's things do least affect myself.

Sp. Sweet eloquence! at next May Meeting
How it would tell in the repeating!
I recognise, and kiss the rod —
The methodistic 'voice of God';
I catch contrite that angel wine,
That snuffle human, yet divine.

Di. It may be I am somewhat of a poltroon;
I never fought at school; whether it be
Some native poorness in my spirit's blood,
Or that the holy doctrine of our faith
In too exclusive fervency possessed
My heart with feelings, with ideas my brain.

Sp. Yes; you would argue that it goes
Against the Bible, I suppose;
But our revered religion — yes,
Our common faith — seems, I confess,
On these points to propose to address
The people more than you or me —
At best the vulgar bourgeoisie.
The sacred writers don't keep count,
But still the Sermon on the Mount
Must have been spoken, by what's stated,
To hearers by the thousands rated.
I cuff some fellow; mild and meek
He should turn round the other cheek.
For him it may be right and good;
We are not all of gentle blood
Really, or as such understood.

Di. There are two kindreds upon earth, I know —
The oppressors and the oppressed. But as for me,
If I must choose to inflict wrong, or accept,
May my last end, and life too, be with these.
Yes; whatsoe'er the reason, want of blood,
Lymphatic humours, or my childhood's faith,
So is the thing, and be it well or ill,
I have no choice. I am a man of peace,
And the old Adam of the gentleman
Dares seldom in my bosom stir against
The mild plebeian Christian seated there.

Sp. Forgive me, if I name my doubt,
Whether you know 'fort' means 'get out.'

SCENE V. — *The Lido.*

Sp. What now? the Lido shall it be?
 That none may say we didn't see
 The ground which Byron used to ride on,
 And do I don't know what beside on.
 Ho, barca! here! and this light gale
 Will let us run it with a sail.

Di. I dreamt a dream: till morning light
 A bell rang in my head all night,
 Tinkling and tinkling first, and then
 Tolling and tinkling, tolling again,
 So brisk and gay, and then so slow!
 O joy and terror! mirth and woe!
 Ting, ting, there is no God; ting, ting, —
 Dong, there is no God; dong,
 There is no God; dong, dong.

Ting, ting, there is no God; ting, ting.
 Come, dance and play, and merrily sing,
 Staid Englishman, who toil and slave
 From your first childhood to your grave,
 And seldom spend and always save —
 And do your duty all your life
 By your young family and wife;
 Come, be't not said you ne'er had known
 What earth can furnish you alone.
 The Italian, Frenchman, German even,
 Have given up all thoughts of heaven:
 And you still linger — oh, you fool! —
 Because of what you learnt at school.
 You should have gone at least to college,
 And got a little ampler knowledge.
 Ah well, and yet — dong, dong, dong:
 Do as you like, as now you do;
 If work's a cheat, so's pleasure too.
 And nothing's new and nothing's true;
 Dong, there is no God; dong.

O, in our nook unknown, unseen,
 We'll hold our fancy like a screen

Us and the dreadful fact between ;
 And it shall yet be long — ay, long —
 The quiet notes of our low song
 Shall keep us from that sad dong, dong. —
 Hark, hark, hark! O voice of fear,
 It reaches us here, even here!
 Dong, there is no God ; dong.

Ring ding, ring ding, tara, tara,
 To battle, to battle — haste, haste —
 To battle, to battle — aha, aha!
 On, on to the conqueror's feast,
 From east to west, and south and north,
 Ye men of valour and of worth,
 Ye mighty men of arms come forth,
 And work your will, for that is just;
 And in your impulse put your trust,
 Beneath your feet the fools are dust.
 Alas, alas! O grief and wrong,
 The good are weak, the wicked strong;
 And O my God, how long, how long!
 Dong, there is no God ; dong.

Ring, ting; to bow before the strong,
 There is a rapture too in this;
 Work for thy master, work, thou slave —
 He is not merciful, but brave.
 Be't joy to serve, who free and proud
 Scorns thee and all the ignoble crowd;
 Take that, 'tis all thou art allowed,
 Except the snaky hope that they
 May sometimes serve who rule to-day.
 When, by hell-demons, shan't they pay?
 O wickedness, O shame and grief,
 And heavy load, and no relief!
 O God, O God! and which is worst,
 To be the curser or the curst,
 The vietim or the murderer? Dong.
 Dong, there is no God ; dong.

Ring ding, ring ding, tara, tara,
 Away, and hush that preaching — fagh!
 Ye vulgar dreamers about peace,

Who offer noblest hearts, to heal
 The tenderest hurts honour can feel,
 Paid magistrates and the police!
 O peddling merchant-justice, go,
 Exacter rules than yours we know;
 Resentment's rule, and that high law
 Of whoso best the sword can draw.
 Ah well, and yet — dong, dong, dong.
 Go on, my friends, as now you do;
 Lawyers are villains, soldiers too;
 And nothing's new and nothing's true.
 Dong, there is no God; dong.

I had a dream, from eve to light
 A bell went sounding all the night.
 Gay mirth, black woe, thin joys, huge pain;
 I tried to stop it, but in vain.
 It ran right on, and never broke;
 Only when day began to stream
 Through the white curtains to my bed,
 And like an angel at my head
 Light stood and touched me — I awoke,
 And looked, and said, 'It is a dream.'

Sp. Ah! not so bad. You've read, I see,
 Your Béranger, and thought of me.
 But really you owe some apology
 For harping thus upon theology.
 I'm not a judge, I own; in short,
 Religion may not be my forte.
 The Church of England I belong to,
 And think Dissenters not far wrong too;
 They're vulgar dogs; but for his *creed*,
 I hold that no man will be d——d.
 But come and listen in your turn,
 And you shall hear and mark and learn.

'There is no God,' the wicked saith,
 'And truly it's a blessing,
 For what He might have done with us
 It's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,
 'Or really, if there may be,
 He surely didn't mean a man
 Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'
 The tradesman thinks, 'twere funny
 If He should take it ill in me
 To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,
 'It matters very little,
 For I and mine, thank somebody,
 Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,
 Think there is none, when they are well,
 And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath
 The shadow of the steeple ;
 The parson and the parson's wife,
 And mostly married people ;

Youths green and happy in first love,
 So thankful for illusion ;
 And men caught out in what the world
 Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,
 Disease, or sorrows strike him,
 Inclines to think there is a God,
 Or something very like Him.

But *eccoci!* with our *barchetta*,
 Here at the Sant' Elisabetta.

Di. Vineyards and maize, that's pleasant for sore eyes.
Sp. And on the island's other side,
 The place where Murray's faithful Guide
 Informs us Byron used to ride.

Di. The trellised vines! enchanting! Sandhills, ho!
The sea, at last the sea — the real broad sea —
Beautiful! and a glorious breeze upon it.

Sp. Look back; one catches at this station
Lagoon and sea in combination.

Di. On her still lake the city sits,
Where bark and boat around her flits,
Nor dreams, her soft siesta taking,
Of Adriatic billows breaking.
I do; I see and hear them. Come! to the sea!
Oh, a grand surge! we'll bathe; quick, quick! — undress!
Quick, quick! — in, in!
We'll take the crested billows by their backs
And shake them. Quick! in, in!

And I will taste again the old joy
I gloried in so when a boy;
Aha! come, come — great waters, roll!
Accept me, take me, body and soul!
That's done me good. It grieves me, though,
I never came here long ago.

Sp. Pleasant, perhaps; however, no offence,
Animal spirits are not common sense;
They're good enough as an assistance,
But in themselves a poor existence.
But you, with this one bathe, no doubt,
Have solved all questions out and out.

PART II.

SCENE I. — *The interior Arcade of the Doge's Palace.*

Sp. Thunder and rain! O dear, O dear!
But see, a noble shelter here,
This grand arcade where our Venetian
Has formed of Gothic and of Grecian
A combination strange, but striking,
And singularly to my liking!
Let moderns reap where ancients sowed,
I at least make it my abode.
And now let's hear your famous Ode:
'Through the great sinful' — how did it go on?
For principles of Art and so on

I care perhaps about three curses,
But hold myself a judge of verses.

Di. 'My brain was lightened when my tongue had
said, "Christ is not risen."' "

* * * * *

Sp. Well, now it's anything but clear
What is the tone that's taken here:
What is your logie? what's your theology?
Is it, or is it not, neology?
That's a great fault; you're this and that,
And here and there, and nothing flat;
Yet writing's golden word what is it,
But the three syllables 'explicit'?
Say, if you cannot help it, less,
But what you do put, put express.
I fear that rule won't meet your feeling:
You think half showing, half concealing,
Is God's own method of revealing.

Di. To please my own poor mind! to find repose;
To physic the sick soul; to furnish vent
To diseased humours in the moral frame!

Sp. A sort of seton, I suppose,
A moral bleeding at the nose:
H'm; — and the tone too after all,
Something of the ironical?
Sarcastic, say; or were it fitter
To style it the religious bitter?

Di. Interpret it I cannot, I but wrote it.

Sp. Perhaps; but none that read can doubt it,
There is a strong Strauss-smell about it.
Heavens! at your years your time to fritter
Upon a critical hair-splitter!
Take larger views (and quit your Germans)
From the Analogy and sermons;
I fancied — you must doubtless know —
Butler had proved an age ago,
That in religious as profane things
'Twas useless trying to explain things;
Men's business-wits, the only sane things,
These and compliance are the main things.
God, Revelation, and the rest of it,
Bad at the best, we make the best of it.
Like a good subject and wise man,

Believe whatever things you can.
 Take your religion as 'twas found you,
 And say no more of it, confound you!
 And now I think the rain has ended;
 And the less said, the soonest mended.

SCENE II. — *In a Gondola.*

Sp. Per ora. To the Grand Canal.
 Afterwards e'en as fancy shall.

Di. Afloat; we move. Delicious! Ah,
 What else is like the gondola?
 This level floor of liquid glass
 Begins beneath us swift to pass.
 It goes as though it went alone
 By some impulsion of its own.
 (How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
 Were all things like the gondola!)

How light it moves, how softly! Ah,
 Could life, as does our gondola,
 Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,
 And moral duties and affairs,
 Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,
 Forever thus — thus glide along!
 (How light we move, how softly! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola!)

With no more motion than should bear
 A freshness to the languid air;
 With no more effort than exprest
 The need and naturalness of rest,
 Which we beneath a grateful shade
 Should take on peaceful pillows laid!
 (How light we move, how softly! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola!)

In one unbroken passage borne
 To closing night from opening morn,
 Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark
 Some palace front, some passing bark;

Through windows catch the varying shore,
 And hear the soft turns of the oar!
 (How light we move, how softly! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola!)

So live, nor need to call to mind
 Our slaving brother here behind!

Sp. Pooh! Nature meant him for no better
 Than our most humble menial debtor:
 Who thanks us for his day's employment
 As we our purse for our enjoyment.

Di. To make one's fellow-man an instrument ——

Sp. Is just the thing that makes him most content.

Di. Our gaieties, our luxuries,
 Our pleasures and our glee,
 Mere insolence and wantonness,
 Alas! they feel to me.

How shall I laugh and sing and dance?
 My very heart recoils,
 While here to give my mirth a chance
 A hungry brother toils.

The joy that does not spring from joy
 Which I in others see,
 How can I venture to employ,
 Or find it joy for me?

Sp. Oh come, come, come! By Him that sent us here,
 Who's to enjoy at all, pray let us hear?
 You won't; he can't! Oh, no more fuss!
 What's it to him, or he to us?
 Sing, sing away, be glad and gay,
 And don't forget that we shall pay.

Di. Yes, it is beautiful ever, let foolish men rail at it
 never.

Yes, it is beautiful truly, my brothers, I grant it you duly.
 Wise are ye others that choose it, and happy ye all that
 can use it.

Life it is beautiful wholly, and could we eliminate only
 This interfering, enslaving, o'ermastering demon of
 craving,

This wicked tempter inside us to ruin still eager to guide us,
Life were beatitude, action a possible pure satisfaction.

Sp. (Hexameters, by all that's odious,
Beshod with rhyme to run melodious!)

Di. All as I go on my way I behold them consorting
and coupling;
Faithful it seemeth, and fond; very fond, very possibly
faithful;

All as I go on my way with a pleasure sincere and un-
mingled,

Life it is beautiful truly, my brothers, I grant it you duly,
But for perfection attaining is one method only, abstain-
ing;

Let us abstain, for we should so, if only we thought that
we could so.

Sp. Bravo, bravissimo! this time though
You rather were run short for rhyme though;
Not that on that account your verse
Could be much better or much worse.

This world is very odd we see,
We do not comprehend it;
But in one fact we all agree,
God won't, and we can't, mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin
To take it as I find it;
The pleasure to take pleasure in;
The pain, try not to mind it.

Di. O let me love my love unto myself alone,
And know my knowledge to the world unknown;
No witness to the vision call,
Beholding, unbeheld of all;
And worship thee, with thee withdrawn, apart,
Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,
Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent,
Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent;
Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,
The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure;

In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,
And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,
And call it heaven; place bliss and glory there;
Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,
And say, what is not, will be by and by;
What here exists not must exist elsewhere.
But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man;
Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can.

Sp. To these remarks so sage and clerkly,
Worthy of Malebranche or Berkeley,
I trust it won't be deemed a sin
If I too answer 'with a grin.'

These juicy meats, this flashing wine,
May be an unreal mere appearance;
Only — for my inside, in fine,
They have a singular coherence.

Oh yes, my pensive youth, abstain;
And any empty sick sensation.
Remember, anything like pain
Is only your imagination.

Trust me, I've read your German sage
To far more purpose e'er than you did;
You find it in his wisest page,
Whom God deludes is well deluded.

Di. Where are the great, whom thou wouldst wish to
praise thee?
Where are the pure, whom thou wouldst choose to love
thee?
Where are the brave, to stand supreme above thee,
Whose high commands would cheer, whose chidings raise
thee?
Seek, seeker, in thyself; submit to find
In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind.

(Written in London, standing in the Park,
One evening in July, just before dark.)

Sp. As I sat at the café, I said to myself,
 They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 They may sneer as they like about eating and drinking,
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
 And when I have done throw a crust to the poor;
 Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good living,
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
 But already I'm getting a little renown;
 I make new acquaintance where'er I appear;
 I am not too shy, and have nothing to fear.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

I drive through the streets, and I care not a d——n;
 The people they stare, and they ask who I am.
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,
 I can pay for the damage if ever so bad.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

We stroll to our box and look down on the pit,
 And if it weren't low should be tempted to spit;
 We loll and we talk until people look up,
 And when it's half over we go out to sup.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

The best of the tables and the best of the fare —
 And as for the others, the devil may care;
 It isn't our fault if they dare not afford
 To sup like a prince and be drunk as a lord.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

We sit at our tables and tipple champagne;
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again;

The waiters they skip and they scuttle about,
 And the landlord attends us so civilly out.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,
 But already I'm getting a little renown;
 I get to good houses without much ado,
 Am beginning to see the nobility too.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

O dear! what a pity they ever should lose it!
 For they are the gentry that know how to use it;
 So grand and so graceful, such manners, such dinners,
 But yet, after all, it is we are the winners.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

Thus I sat at my table *en grand seigneur*,
 And when I had done threw a crust to the poor;
 Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good eating,
 But also the pleasure of now and then treating.
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they call pelf,
 And how one ought never to think of one's self,
 And how pleasures of thought surpass eating and
 drinking—
 My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

(Written in Venice, but for all parts true,
 'Twas not a crust I gave him, but a sou.)

A gondola here, and a gondola there,
 'Tis the pleasantest fashion of taking the air.
 To right and to left; stop, turn, and go yonder,
 And let us repeat, o'er the tide as we wander,
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!
 How pleasant it is to have money.

Come, leave your Gothic, worn-out story,
 San Giorgio and the Redentore ;
 I from no building, gay or solemn,
 Can spare the shapely Grecian column.
 'Tis not, these centuries four, for nought
 Our European world of thought
 Hath made familiar to its home
 The classic mind of Greece and Rome ;
 In all new work that would look forth
 To more than antiquarian worth,
 Palladio's pediments and bases,
 Or something such, will find their places :
 Maturer optics don't delight
 In childish dim religious light,
 In evanescent vague effects
 That shirk, not face, one's intellects ;
 They love not fancies just betrayed,
 And artful tricks of light and shade,
 But pure form nakedly displayed,
 And all things absolutely made.

The Doge's palace though from hence,
 In spite of doctrinaire pretence,
 The tide now level with the quay,
 Is certainly a thing to see.
 We'll turn to the Rialto soon ;
 One's told to see it by the moon.

A gondola here, and a gondola there,
 'Tis the pleasantest fashion of taking the air.
 To right and to left ; stop, turn, and go yonder,
 And let us reflect, o'er the flood as we wander,
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !
 How pleasant it is to have money.

Di. How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in moonlight seem to swim !
 The south side rises o'er our bark,
 A wall impenetrably dark ;
 The north is seen profusely bright ;
 The water, is it shade or light ?
 Say, gentle moon, which conquers now
 The flood, those massy hulls, or thou ?
 (How light we go, how softly ! Ah,
 Were life but as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in moonlight seem to swim!
 In moonlight is it now, or shade?
 In planes of sure division made,
 By angles sharp of palace walls
 The clear light and the shadow falls;
 O sight of glory, sight of wonder!
 Seen, a pictorial portent, under,
 O great Rialto, the vast round
 Of thy thrice-solid arch profound!
 (How light we go, how-softly! Ah,
 Life should be as the gondola!)

How light we go, how softly —

Sp. *Nay;*
 'Fore heaven, enough of that to-day:
 I'm deadly weary of your tune,
 And half-ennuyé with the moon;
 The shadows lie, the glories fall,
 And are but moonshine after all.
 It goes against my conscience really
 To let myself feel so ideally.
 Come, for the Piazzetta steer;
 'Tis nine o'clock or very near.
 These airy blisses, skyey joys
 Of vague romantic girls and boys
 Which melt the heart and the brain soften,
 When not affected, as too often
 They are, remind me, I protest,
 Of nothing better at the best
 Than Timon's feast to his ancient lovers,
 Warm water under silver covers;
 'Lap, dogs!' I think I hear him say;
 And lap who will, so I'm away.

Di. How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in moonlight seem to swim!
 Against bright clouds projected dark,
 The white dome now, reclined I mark,
 And, by o'er-brilliant lamps displayed,
 The Doge's columns and arcade;
 Over still waters mildly come

The distant waters and the hum.
 (How light we go, how softly! Ah,
 Life should be as the gondola!)

How light we go, how soft we skim,
 And all in open moonlight swim!
 Ah, gondolier, slow, slow, more slow!
 We go; but wherefore thus should go?
 Ah, let not muscle all too strong
 Beguile, betray thee to our wrong!
 On to the landing, onward. Nay,
 Sweet dream, a little longer stay!
 On to the landing; here. And, ah!
 Life is not as the gondola.

Sp. Tre ore. So. The Parthenone
 Is it? you haunt for your limone.
 Let me induce you to join me,
 In gramolate persiche.

SCENE III. — *The Academy at Venice.*

Di. A modern daub it was, perchance,
 I know not: but the connoisseur
 From Titian's hues, I dare be sure,
 Had never turned one kindly glance.

Where Byron, somewhat drest-up, draws
 His sword, impatient long, and speaks
 Unto a tribe of motley Greeks
 His fealty to their good cause.

Not far, assumed to mystic bliss,
 Behold the ecstatic Virgin rise!
 Ah, wherefore vainly, to fond eyes
 That melted into tears for this?

Yet if we must live, as would seem,
 These peremptory heats to claim,
 Ah, not for profit, not for fame,
 And not for pleasure's giddy dream,

And not for piping empty reeds,
 And not for colouring idle dust;
 If live we positively must,
 God's name be blest for noble deeds.

Verses! well, they are made, so let them go;
 No more if I can help. This is one way
 The procreant heat and fervour of our youth
 Escapes, in puff, in smoke, and shapeless words
 Of mere ejaculation, nothing worth,
 Unless to make maturer years content
 To slave in base compliance to the world.

I have scarce spoken yet to this strange follower
 Whom I picked up — ye great gods, tell me where!
 And when! for I remember such long years,
 And yet he seems new come. I commune with myself:
 He speaks, I hear him, and resume to myself;
 Whate'er I think, he adds his comments to;
 Which yet not interrupts me. Scarce I know
 If ever once directly I addressed him:
 Let me essay it now; for I have strength.
 Yet what he wants, and what he fain would have,
 Oh, I know all too surely; not in vain,
 Although unnoticed, has he dogged my ear.
 Come, we'll be definite, explicit, plain;
 I can resist, I know; and 'twill be well
 For colloquy to have used this manlier mood,
 Which is to last, ye chances say how long!
 How shall I call him? Mephistopheles?

Sp. I come, I come.

Di. So quick, so eager; ha!

Like an eaves-dropping menial on my thought,
 With something of an exultation too, methinks,
 Out-peeping in that springy, jaunty gait.
 I doubt about it. Shall I do it? Oh! oh!
 Shame on me! come! Shall I, my follower,
 Should I conceive (not that at all I do,
 'Tis curiosity that prompts my speech) —
 But should I form, a thing to be supposed,
 A wish to bargain for your merchandise,
 Say what were your demands? what were your terms?
 What should I do? what should I cease to do?

What incense on what altars must I burn ?
 And what abandon ? what unlearn, or learn ?
 Religion goes, I take it.

Sp. Oh,
 You'll go to church of course, you know ;
 Or at the least will take a pew
 To send your wife and servants to.
 Trust me, I make a point of that ;
 No infidelity, that's flat.

Di. Religion is not in a pew, say some ;
 Cucullus, *you* hold, *facit* monachum.

Sp. Why, as to feelings of devotion
 I interdict all vague emotion ;
 But if you will, for once and all
 Compound with ancient Juvenal
 Orandum est, one perfect prayer
 For savoir-vivre and savoir-faire.

Theology — don't recommend you,
 Unless, turned lawyer, Heaven should send you
 In your profession's way a case
 Of Baptism and prevenient grace ;
 But that's not likely. I'm inclined,
 All circumstances borne in mind,
 To think (to keep you in due borders)
 You'd better enter holy orders.

Di. On that, my friend, you'd better not insist.

Sp. Well, well, 'tis but a good thing missed.
 The item's optional, no doubt ;
 But how to get you bread without ?
 You'll marry ; I shall find the lady.
 Make your proposal, and be steady.

Di. Marry, ill spirit ! and at your sole choice ?

Sp. *De rigueur !* can't give you a voice.
 What matter ? Oh, trust one who knows you,
 You'll make an admirable sposo.

Di. Enough. But action — look to that well, mind
 me ;

See that some not unworthy work you find me ;
 If man I be, then give the man expression.

Sp. Of course you'll enter a profession ;
 If not the Church, why then the Law.
 By Jove, we'll teach you how to draw !
 Besides, the best of the concern is

I'm hand and glove with the attorneys.
 With them and me to help, don't doubt
 But in due season you'll come out;
 Leave Kelly, Cockburn, in the lurch.
 But yet, do think about the Church.

Di. 'Tis well, ill spirit, I admire your wit;
 As for your wisdom, I shall think of it.
 And now farewell.

SCENE IV. — *In St. Mark's. Dipsychus alone.*

The Law! 'twere honester, if 'twere genteel,
 To say the dung-cart. What! shall I go about,
 And like the walking shoeblack roam the flags
 To see whose boots are dirtiest? Oh, the luck
 To stoop and clean a pair!
 Religion, if indeed it be in vain
 To expect to find in this more modern time
 That which the old world styled, in old-world phrase,
 Walking with God. It seems His newer will
 We should not think of Him at all, but trudge it,
 And of the world He has assigned us make
 What best we can.

Then love: I scarce can think
 That these bemaddening discords of the mind
 To pure melodious sequence could be changed,
 And all the vexed conundrums of our life
 Solved to all time by this old pastoral
 Of a new Adam and a second Eve
 Set in a garden which no serpent seeks.

And yet I hold heart can beat true to heart:
 And to hew down the tree which bears this fruit,
 To do a thing which cuts me off from hope,
 To falsify the movement of Love's mind,
 To seat some alien trifier on the throne
 A queen may come to claim — that were ill done.
 What! to the close hand of the clutching Jew
 Hand up that rich reversion! and for what?
 This would be hard, did I indeed believe
 'T would ever fall. That love, the large repose
 Restorative, not to mere outside needs
 Skin-deep, but throughly to the total man,

Exists, I will believe, but so, so rare,
 So doubtful, so exceptional, hard to guess;
 When guessed, so often counterfeit; in brief,
 A thing not possibly to be conceived
 An item in the reckonings of the wise.

Action, that staggers me. For I had hoped,
 'Midst weakness, indolence, frivolity,
 Irresolution, still had hoped: and this
 Seems sacrificing hope. Better to wait:
 The wise men wait; it is the foolish haste,
 And ere the scenes are in the slides would play,
 And while the instruments are tuning, dance.

I see Napoleon on the heights intent
 To arrest that one brief unit of loose time
 Which hands high Victory's thread; his marshals fret,
 His soldiers clamour low: the very guns
 Seem going off of themselves; the cannon strain
 Like hell-dogs in the leash. But he, he waits;

And lesser chances and inferior hopes

Meantime go pouring past. Men gnash their teeth;
 The very faithful have begun to doubt;

But they molest not the calm eye that seeks

'Midst all this huddling silver little worth

The one thin piece that comes, pure gold; he waits.

O me, when the great deed e'en now has broke

Like a man's hand the horizon's level line,

So soon to fill the zenith with rich clouds;

Oh, in this narrow interspace, this marge,

This list and selvage of a glorious time,

To despair of the great and sell unto the mean!

O thou of little faith, what hast thou done?

Yet if the occasion coming should find us

Undexterous, incapable? In light things

Prove thou the arms thou long'st to glorify,

Nor fear to work up from the lowest ranks

Whence come great Nature's Captains. And high deeds

Haunt not the fringy edges of the fight,

But the pell-mell of men. Oh, what and if

E'en now by lingering here I let them slip,

Like an unpractised spyer through a glass,

Still pointing to the blank, too high! And yet,

In dead details to smother vital ends

Which would give life to them; in the deft trick
 Of 'prentice-handling to forget great art,
 To base mechanical adroitness yield
 The Inspiration and the Hope a slave!
 Oh, and to blast that Innocence which, though
 Here it may seem a dull unopening bud,
 May yet bloom freely in celestial clime!
 Were it not better done, then, to keep off
 And see, not share, the strife; stand out the waltz
 Which fools whirl dizzy in? Is it possible?
 Contamination taints the idler first;
 And without base compliance, e'en that same
 Which buys bold hearts free course, Earth lends not these
 Their pent and miserable standing-room.
 Life loves no lookers-on at his great game,
 And with boy's malice still delights to turn
 The tide of sport upon the sitters-by,
 And set observers scampering with their notes.
 Oh, it is great to do and know not what,
 Nor let it e'er be known. The dashing stream
 Stays not to pick his steps among the rocks,
 Or let his water-breaks be chronicled.
 And though the hunter looks before he leap,
 'Tis instinct rather than a shaped-out thought
 That lifts him his bold way. Then, instinct, hail!
 And farewell hesitation. If I stay,
 I am not innocent; nor if I go—
 E'en should I fall—beyond redemption lost.
 Ah, if I had a course like a full stream,
 If life were as the field of chase! No, no;
 The life of instinct has, it seems, gone by,
 And will not be forced back. And to live now
 I must sluice out myself into canals,
 And lose all force in ducts. The modern Hotspur
 Shrills not his trumpet of 'To Horse, To Horse!'
 But consults columns in a Railway Guide;
 A demigod of figures; an Achilles
 Of computation;
 A verier Mercury, express come down
 To do the world with swift arithmetic.
 Well, one could bear with that, were the end ours,
 One's choice and the correlative of the soul;
 To drudge were then sweet service. But indeed

The earth moves slowly, if it move at all,
 And by the general, not the single force
 Of the linked members of the vast machine.
 In all these crowded rooms of industry,
 No individual soul has loftier leave
 Than fiddling with a piston or a valve.
 Well, one could bear that also: one would drudge
 And do one's petty part, and be content
 In base manipulation, solaced still
 By thinking of the leagued fraternity,
 And of coöperation, and the effect
 Of the great engine. If indeed it work,
 And is not a mere treadmill! which it may be.
 Who can confirm it is not? We ask action,
 And dream of arms and conflict; and string up
 All self-devotion's muscles; and are set
 To fold up papers. To what end? we know not.
 Other folks do so; it is always done;
 And it perhaps is right. And we are paid for it,
 For nothing else we can be. He that eats
 Must serve; and serve as other servants do:
 And don the lacquey's livery of the house.
 Oh, could I shoot my thought up to the sky,
 A column of pure shape, for all to observe!
 But I must slave, a meagre coral-worm,
 To build beneath the tide with excrement
 What one day will be island, or be reef,
 And will feed men, or wreck them. Well, well, well.
 Adieu, ye twisted thinkings. I submit: it must be.

Action is what one must get, it is clear,
 And one could dream it better than one finds,
 In its kind personal, in its motive not;
 Not selfish as it now is, nor as now
 Maiming the individual. If we had that,
 It would cure all indeed. Oh, how would then
 These pitiful rebellions of the flesh,
 These caterwaulings of the effeminate heart,
 These hurts of self-imagined dignity,
 Pass like the seaweed from about the bows
 Of a great vessel speeding straight to sea!
 Yes, if we could have that; but I suppose
 We shall not have it, and therefore I submit!

Value of individual

Sp. (from within). Submit, submit!
 'Tis common sense, and human wit
 Can claim no higher name than it.
 Submit, submit!
 Devotion, and ideas, and love,
 And beauty claim their place above;
 But saint and sage and poet's dreams
 Divide the light in coloured streams,
 Which this alone gives all combined,
 The *siccum lumen* of the mind
 Called common sense: and no high wit
 Gives better counsel than does it.
 Submit, submit!

To see things simply as they are
 Here at our elbows, transcends far
 Trying to spy out at midday
 Some 'bright particular star,' which may,
 Or not, be visible at night,
 But clearly is not in daylight;
 No inspiration vague outweighs
 The plain good common sense that says,
 Submit, submit!
 'Tis common sense, and human wit
 Can ask no higher name than it.
 Submit, submit!

SCENE V.—*The Piazza at Night.*

Di. There have been times, not many, but enough
 To quiet all repinings of the heart;
 There have been times, in which my tranquil soul,
 No longer nebulous, sparse, errant, seemed
 Upon its axis solidly to move,
 Centred and fast: no mere elastic blank
 For random rays to traverse unretained,
 But rounding luminous its fair ellipse
 Around its central sun. Ay, yet again,
 As in more faint sensations I detect,
 With it too, round an Inner, Mightier orb,
 Maybe with that too — this I dare not say —
 Around, yet more, more central, more supreme,

Whate'er how numerous soe'er they be,
 I am and feel myself, where'er I wind,
 What vagrant chance soe'er I seem to obey
 Communicably theirs.

O happy hours!

O compensation ample for long days
 Of what impatient tongues call wretchedness!
 O beautiful, beneath the magic moon,
 To walk the watery way of palaces!
 O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,
 This spacious court, with colour and with gold,
 With cupolas, and pinnacles, and points,
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
 (Wherewith the bright stars unreproving mix,
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused);
 Fantastically perfect this low pile
 Of Oriental glory; these long ranges
 Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
 And the calm Campanile. Beautiful!
 O beautiful! and that seemed more profound,
 This morning by the pillar when I sat
 Under the great arcade, at the review,
 And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
 The faces, and the voices, and the whole mass
 O' the motley facts of existence flowing by!
 O perfect, if 'twere all! But it is not;
 Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond:
 I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
 Of a completion over soon assumed,
 Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,
 I could believe a painful opening out
 Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field,
 Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
 The vext laborious farmer; came at length
 The deep plough in the lazy under-soil
 Down-driving; with a cry earth's fibres crack,
 And a few months, and lo! the golden leas,
 And autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.
 Let us look back on life; was any change,
 Any now blest expansion, but at first
 A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats
 Of moral being? To do anything,
 Distinct on any one thing to decide,

To leave the habitual and the old, and quit
 The easy-chair of use and wont, seems crime
 To the weak soul, forgetful how at first
 Sitting down seemed so too. And, oh! this woman's
 heart,

Fain to be forced, incredulous of choice,
 And waiting a necessity for God.

Yet I could think, indeed, the perfect call
 Should force the perfect answer. If the voice
 Ought to receive its echo from the soul,
 Wherefore this silence? If *should* rouse my being,
 Why this reluctance? Have I not thought o'ermuch
 Of other men, and of the ways of the world?
 But what they are, or have been, matters not.
 To thine own self be true, the wise man says.
 Are then my fears myself? O double self!
 And I untrue to both? Oh, there are hours,
 When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,
 And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,
 Familiar faces, and familiar books,
 Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,
 And admiration of the noblest things,
 Seem all ignoble only; all is mean,
 And nought as I would have it. Then at others,
 My mind is in her rest; my heart at home
 In all around; my soul secure in place,
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.
 Aimless and hopeless in my life I seem
 To thread the winding byways of the town,
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,
 All at cross-purpose even with myself,
 Unknowing whence or whither. Thence, at once,
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,
 And view all mapped below; islands, lagoon,
 A hundred steeples and a million roofs,
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,
 And the broad Adriatic. Be it enough;
 If I lose this, how terrible! No, no,
 I am contented, and will not complain.
 To the old paths, my soul! Oh, be it so!
 I bear the workday burden of dull life
 About these footsore flags of a weary world,
 Heaven knows how long it has not been; at once,

Lo! I am in the spirit on the Lord's day
 With John in Patmos. Is it not enough,
 One day in seven? and if this should go,
 If this pure solace should desert my mind,
 What were all else? I dare not risk this loss.
 To the old paths, my soul!

Sp. O yes.
 To moon about religion; to inhume
 Your ripened age in solitary walks,
 For self-discussion; to debate in letters
 Vext points with earnest friends; past other men
 To cherish natural instincts, yet to fear them
 And less than any use them; oh, no doubt,
 In a corner sit and mope, and be consoled
 With thinking one is clever, while the room
 Rings through with animation and the dance.
 Then talk of old examples; to pervert
 Ancient real facts to modern unreal dreams,
 And build up baseless fabrics of romance
 And heroism upon historic sand;
 To burn, forsooth, for action, yet despise
 Its merest accident and alphabet;
 Cry out for service, and at once rebel
 At the application of its plainest rules:
 This you call life, my friend, reality;
 Doing your duty unto God and man —
 I know not what. Stay at Venice, if you will;
 Sit musing in its churches hour on hour
 Cross-kneed upon a bench; climb up at whiles
 The neighbouring tower, and kill the lingering day
 With old comparisons; when night succeeds,
 Evading, yet a little seeking, what
 You would and would not, turn your doubtful eyes
 On moon and stars to help morality;
 Once in a fortnight say, by lucky chance
 Of happier-tempered coffee, gain (great Heaven!)
 A pious rapture: is it not enough?

Di. 'Tis well: thou cursed spirit, go thy way!
 I am in higher hands than yours. 'Tis well;
 Who taught you menaces? Who told you, pray,
 Because I asked you questions, and made show
 Of hearing what you answered, therefore —

Sp.

Oh,

As if I didn't know !

Di. Come, come, my friend,
I may have wavered, but I have thought better.
We'll say no more of it.

Sp. Oh, I dare say :
But as you like ; 'tis your own loss ; once more,
Beware !

Di. (alone). Must it be then ? So quick upon my thought
To follow the fulfilment and the deed ?

I counted not on this ; I counted ever
To hold and turn it over in my hands
Much longer, much : I took it up indeed,
For speculation rather ; to gain thought,
New data. Oh, and now to be goaded on
By menaces, entangled among tricks ;
That I won't suffer. Yet it is the law ;
'Tis this makes action always. But for this
We ne'er should act at all ; and act we must.
Why quarrel with the fashion of a fact
Which, one way, must be, one time, — why not now ?

Sp. Submit, submit !

For tell me then, in earth's great laws
Have you found any saving clause,
Exemption special granted you
From doing what the rest must do ?
Of common sense who made you quit,
And told you, you'd no need of it,
Nor to submit ?

To move on angels' wings were sweet ;
But who would therefore scorn his feet ?
It cannot walk up to the sky ;
It therefore will lie down and die.
Rich meats it don't obtain at call ;
It therefore will not eat at all.
Poor babe, and yet a babe of wit !
But common sense, not much of it,
Or 'twould submit.
Submit, submit !

As your good father did before you,
And as the mother who first bore you.

O yes! a child of heavenly birth!
 But yet it *was* born too on earth.
 Keep your new birth for that far day
 When in the grave your bones you lay,
 All with your kindred and connection,
 In hopes of happy resurrection.
 But how meantime to live is fit,
 Ask common sense; and what says it?
 Submit, submit!

SCENE VI. — *On a Bridge.*

Di. 'Tis gone, the fierce inordinate desire,
 The burning thirst for action — utterly;
 Gone, like a ship that passes in the night
 On the high seas: gone, yet will come again:
 Gone, yet expresses something that exists.
 Is it a thing ordained, then? is it a clue
 For my life's conduct? is it a law for me
 That opportunity shall breed distrust,
 Not passing until that pass? Chance and resolve,
 Like two loose comets wandering wide in space,
 Crossing each other's orbits time on time,
 Meet never. Void indifference and doubt
 Let through the present boon, which ne'er turns back
 To await the after sure-arriving wish.
 How shall I then explain it to myself,
 That in blank thought my purpose lives?
 The uncharged cannon mocking still the spark
When come, which *ere* come it had loudly claimed.
 Am I to let it be so still? For truly
 The need exists, I know; the wish but sleeps
 (Sleeps, and anon will wake and cry for food);
 And to put by these unreturning gifts,
 Because the feeling is not with me now,
 Seems folly more than merest babyhood's.
 But must I then do violence to myself,
 And push on nature, force desire (that's ill),
 Because of knowledge? which is great, but works
 By rules of large exception; to tell which
 Nought is more fallible than mere caprice.

What need for action yet? I am happy now,
 I feel no lack—what cause is there for haste?
 Am I not happy? is not that enough?
 Depart!

Sp. O yes! you thought you had escaped, no doubt,
 This worldly fiend that follows you about,
 This compound of convention and impiety,
 This mongrel of uncleanness and propriety.
 What else were bad enough? but, let me say,
 I too have my *grandes manières* in my way;
 Could speak high sentiment as well as you,
 And out-blank-verse you without much ado;
 Have my religion also in my kind,
 For dreaming unfit, because not designed.
 What! you know not that I too can be serious,
 Can speak big words, and use the tone imperious;
 Can speak, not honeyedly, of love and beauty,
 But sternly of a something much like duty.
 Oh, do you look surprised? were never told,
 Perhaps, that all that glitters is not gold.
 The Devil oft the Holy Scripture uses,
 \ But God can act the Devil when He chooses. \

Farewell! But, *verbum sapienti satis*—
 I do not make this revelation gratis.
 Farewell: beware!

Di. Ill spirits can quote holy books I knew;
 What will they *not* say? what not dare to do?

Sp. Beware, beware!

Di. What, loitering still? Still, O foul spirit, there?
 Go hence, I tell thee, go! I *will* beware.
 (*Alone.*) It must be, then. I feel it in my soul;
 The iron enters, sundering flesh and bone,
 And sharper than the two-edged sword of God.
 I come into deep waters—help, O help!
 The floods run over me.

Therefore, farewell! a long and last farewell,
 Ye pious sweet simplicities of life,
 Good books, good friends, and holy moods, and all
 That lent rough life sweet Sunday-seeming rests,
 Making earth heaven-like. Welcome, wicked world,
 The hardening heart, the calculating brain
 Narrowing its doors to thought, the lying lips,
 The calm-dissembling eyes; the greedy flesh,
 The world, the Devil—welcome, welcome, welcome!

Sp. (*from within*). This stern necessity of things
 On every side our being rings ;
 Our sallying eager actions fall
 Vainly against that iron wall.
 Where once her finger points the way,
 The wise thinks only to obey ;
 Take life as she has ordered it,
 And come what may of it, submit,
 Submit, submit !

Who take implicitly her will,
 For these her vassal chances still
 Bring stores of joys, successes, pleasures ;
 But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,
 She calls her torturers up to goad
 With spur and scourges on the road ;
 He does at last with pain whate'er
 He spurned at first. Of such, beware,
 Beware, beware !

Di. O God, O God ! The great floods of the soul
 Flow over me ! I come into deep waters
 Where no ground is !

Sp. Don't be the least afraid ;
 There's not the slightest reason for alarm ;
 I only meant by a perhaps rough shake
 To rouse you from a dreamy, unhealthy sleep.
 Up, then — up, and be going : the large world,
 The thronged life waits us.

Come, my pretty boy,
 You have been making mows to the blank sky
 Quite long enough for good. We'll put you up
 Into the higher form. 'Tis time you learn
 The Second Reverence, for things around.
 Up, then, and go amongst them ; don't be timid ;
 Look at them quietly a bit : by and by
 Respect will come, and healthy appetite.
 So let us go.

How now ! not yet awake ?
 Oh, you will sleep yet, will you ! Oh, you shirk,
 You try and slink away ! You cannot, eh ?
 Nay now, what folly's this ? Why will you fool yourself ?
 Why will you walk about thus with your eyes shut ?

Treating for facts the self-made hues that flash
 On tight-pressed pupils, which you know are not facts.
 To use the undistorted light of the sun
 Is not a crime; to look straight out upon
 The big plain things that stare one in the face
 Does not contaminate; to see pollutes not
 What one must feel if one won't see, what *is*,
 And will be too, howe'er we blink, and must
 One way or other make itself observed.
 Free walking's better than being led about; and
 What will the blind man do, I wonder, if
 Some one should cut the string of his dog? Just think!
 What could you do, if I should go away?
 Oh, you have paths of your own before you, have you?
 What shall it take to? literature, no doubt?
 Novels, reviews? or poems! if you please!
 The strong fresh gale of life will feel, no doubt,
 The influx of your mouthful of soft air.
 Well, make the most of that small stock of knowledge
 You've condescended to receive from me;
 That's your best chance. Oh, you despise that! Oh.
 Prate then of passions you have known in dreams,
 Of huge experience gathered by the eye;
 Be large of aspiration, pure in hope,
 Sweet in fond longings, but in all things vague;
 Breathe out your dreamy scepticism, relieved
 By snatches of old songs. People will like that, doubtless.
 Or will you write about philosophy?
 For a waste far-off *maybe* overlooking
 The fruitful *is* close by, live in metaphysic,
 With transcendental logic fill your stomach,
 Schematise joy, effigiate meat and drink;
 Or, let me see, a mighty work, a volume,
 The Complemental of the inferior Kant,
 The Critic of Pure Practice, based upon
 The Antinomies of the Moral Sense: for, look you,
 We cannot act without assuming *x*,
 And at the same time *y*, its contradictory;
 Ergo, to act. People will buy that, doubtless.
 Or you'll perhaps teach youth (I do not question
 Some downward turn you may find, some evasion
 Of the broad highway's glaring white ascent);
 Teach youth, in a small way, that is, always,

So as to have much time left you for yourself ;
 This you can't sacrifice, your leisure's precious.
 Heartily you will not take to anything ;
 Whatever happen, don't I see you still,
 Living no life at all ? Even as now -
 An o'ergrown baby, sucking at the dugs
 Of instinct, dry long since. Come, come, you are old
 enough
 For spoon-meat surely.

Will you go on thus
 Until death end you ? if indeed it does.
 For what it does, none knows. Yet as for you,
 You'll hardly have the courage to die outright ;
 You'll somehow halve even it. Methinks I see you,
 Through everlasting limbos of void time,
 Twirling and twiddling ineffectively,
 And indeterminately swaying forever.
 Come, come, spoon-meat at any rate.

Well, well,

I will not persecute you more, my friend.
 Only do think, as I observed before,
 What can you do, if I should go away ?

Di. Is the hour here, then ? Is the minute come —
 The irreprievable instant of stern time ?
 O for a few, few grains in the running glass,
 Or for some power to hold them ! O for a few
 Of all that went so wastefully before !
 It must be then, e'en now.

Sp. (*from within*). It must, it must.
 'Tis common sense ! and human wit
 Can claim no higher name than it.
 Submit, submit !

Necessity ! and who shall dare
 Bring to *her* feet excuse or prayer ?
 Beware, beware !
 We must, we must.
 Howe'er we turn, and pause and tremble —
 Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble —
 Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,
 The hand is on us, and we must,
 We must, we must.

'Tis common sense ! and human wit
 Can find no better name than it.
 Submit, submit !

SCENE VII. — *At Torcello. Dipsychus alone.*

Di. I had a vision ; was it in my sleep ?
 And if it were, what then ? But sleep or wake,
 I saw a great light open o'er my head ;
 And sleep or wake, uplifted to that light,
 Out of that light proceeding heard a voice
 Uttering high words, which, whether sleep or wake,
 In me were fixed, and in me must abide.

When the enemy is near thee,
 Call on us !
 In our hands we will upbear thee,
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
 He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.
 Call on us !
 Call when all good friends have left thee,
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee ;
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,
 And the brain is sick with thinking,
 Help, O help !
 Call, and following close behind thee
 There shall haste, and there shall find thee,
 Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
 When necessity seems on thee,
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
 And but one way stands before thee —
 Call on us !
 Oh, and if thou dost not call,
 Be but faithful, that is all.
 Go right on, and close behind thee
 There shall follow still and find thee,
 Help, sure help.

SCENE VIII. — *In the Piazza.*

Di. Not for thy service, thou imperious fiend,
 Not to do thy work, or the like of thine;
 Not to please thee, O base and fallen spirit!
 But One Most High, Most True, whom without thee
 It seems I cannot.

O the misery
 That one must truck and practise with the world
 To gain the 'vantage-ground to assail it from;
 To set upon the Giant one must first,
 O perfidy! have eat the Giant's bread.
 If I submit, it is but to gain time
 And arms and stature: 'tis but to lie safe
 Until the hour strike to arise and slay:
 'Tis the old story of the adder's brood
 Feeding and nesting till the fangs be grown.
 Were it not nobler done, then, to act fair,
 To accept the service with the wages, do
 Frankly the devil's work for the devil's pay?
 Oh, but another my allegiance holds
 Inalienably his. How much soe'er
 I might submit, it must be to rebel.
 Submit then sullenly, that's no dishonour.
 Yet I could deem it better too to starve
 And die untraitored. O, who sent me, though?
 Sent me, and to do something — O hard master! —
 To do a treachery. But indeed 'tis done;
 I have already taken of the pay
 And curst the payer; take I must, curse too.
 Alas! the little strength that I possess
 Derives, I think, of him. So still it is,
 The timid child that elung unto her skirts,
 A boy, will slight his mother, and, grown a man,
 His father too. There's Scripture too for that!
 Do we owe fathers nothing — mothers nought?
 Is filial duty folly? Yet He says,
 'He that loves father, mother more than me;'
 Yea, and 'the man his parents shall desert,'
 The Ordinance says, 'and cleave unto his wife.'
 O man, behold thy wife, the hard naked world;

Adam, accept thy Eve.

So still it is,

The tree exhausts the soil; creepers kill it,
 Their insects them: the lever finds its fulcrum
 On what it then o'erthrows; the homely spade
 In labour's hand unscrupulously seeks .
 Its first momentum on the very clod
 Which next will be upturned. It seems a law.
 And am not I, though I but ill recall
 My happier age, a kidnapped child of Heaven,
 Whom these uncircumcised Philistines
 Have by foul play shorn, blinded, maimed, and kept
 For what more glorious than to make them sport?
 Wait, then, wait, O my soul! grow, grow, ye locks,
 Then perish they, and if need is, I too.

Sp. (aside). A truly admirable proceeding!
 Could there be finer special pleading
 When scruples would be interceding?
 There's no occasion I should stay;
 He is working out, his own queer way,
 The sum I set him; and this day
 Will bring it, neither less nor bigger,
 Exact to my predestined figure.

SCENE IX. — *In the Public Garden.*

Di. Twenty-one past — twenty-five coming on;
 One-third of life departed, nothing done.
 Out of the mammon of unrighteousness
 That we make friends, the Scripture is express.
 My Spirit, come, we will agree;
 Content, you'll take a moiety.

Sp. A moiety, ye gods, he, he!

Di. Three-quarters then? O griping beast;
 Leave me a decimal at least.

Sp. Oh, one of ten! to infect the nine
 And make the devil a one be mine!
 Oh, one! to jib all day, God wot,
 When all the rest would go full trot!
 One very little one, eh? to doubt with,
 Just to pause, think, and look about with?
 In course! you counted on no less —
 You thought it likely I'd say yes!

Di. Be it then thus — since that it must, it seems.
 Welcome, O world, henceforth; and farewell dreams!
 Yet know, Mephisto, know, nor you nor I
 Can in this matter either sell or buy;
 For the fee simple of this trifling lot
 To you or me, trust me, pertaineth not.
 I can but render what is of my will,
 And behind it somewhat remaineth still.
 Oh, your sole chance was in the childish mind
 Whose darkness dreamed that vows like this could bind;
 Thinking all lost, it made all lost, and brought
 In fact the ruin which had been but thought.
 Thank Heaven (or you) that's past these many years,
 And we have knowledge wiser than our fears.
 So your poor bargain take, my man,
 And make the best of it you can.

Sp. With reservations! oh, how treasonable!
 When I had let you off so reasonable.
 However, I don't fear; be it so!
 Brutus is honourable, I know;
 So mindful of the dues of others,
 So thoughtful for his poor dear brothers,
 So scrupulous, considerate, kind —
 He wouldn't leave the devil behind
 If he assured him he had claims
 For his good company to hell-flames!
 No matter, no matter, the bargain's made;
 And I for my part will not be afraid.
 With reservations! oh, ho, ho!
 But time, my friend, has yet to show
 Which of us two will closest fit
 The proverb of the Biter Bit.

Di. Tell me thy name, now it is over.

Sp.

Oh!

Why, Mephistopheles, you know —
 At least you've lately called me so;
 Belial it was some days ago.
 But take your pick; I've got a score —
 Never a royal baby more.
 For a brass plate upon a door
 What think you of *Cosmocrator*?

Di. Τοὺς κοσμοκράτορας τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου.
 And that you are indeed, I do not doubt you.

Sp. Ephesians, ain't it? near the end
You dropt a word to spare your friend.
What follows, too, in application
Would be absurd exaggeration.

Di. The Power of this World! hateful unto God.

Sp. Cosmarchon's shorter, but sounds odd.
One wouldn't like, even if a true devil,
To be taken for a vulgar Jew devil.

Di. Yet in all these things we — 'tis Scripture too —
Are more than conquerors, even over you.

Sp. Come, come, don't maunder any longer,
Time tests the weaker and the stronger;
And we, without procrastination,
Must set, you know, to our vocation.
O goodness; won't you find it pleasant
To own the positive and present;
To see yourself like people round,
And feel your feet upon the ground!

(*Exeunt.*)

EPILOGUE TO DIPSYCHUS.

'I DON'T very well understand what it's all about,' said my uncle. 'I won't say I didn't drop into a doze while the young man was drivelling through his latter soliloquies. But there was a great deal that was unmeaning, vague, and involved; and what was most plain, was least decent and least moral.'

'Dear sir,' said I, 'says the proverb — "Needs must when the devil drives;" and if the devil is to speak —'

'Well,' said my uncle, 'why should he? Nobody asked him. Not that he didn't say much which, if only it hadn't been for the way he said it, and that it was he who said it, would have been sensible enough.'

'But, sir,' said I, 'perhaps he wasn't a devil after all. That's the beauty of the poem; nobody can say. You see, dear sir, the thing which it is attempted to represent is the conflict between the tender conscience and the world. Now, the over-tender conscience will, of course, exaggerate the wickedness of the world; and the Spirit in my poem may be merely the hypothesis or subjective imagination formed —'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, my dear boy,' interrupted my uncle, 'don't go into the theory of it. If you're wrong in it, it makes bad worse; if you're right, you may be a critic, but you can't be a poet. And then you know very well I don't understand all those new words. But as for that, I quite agree that con-

sciences are much too tender in your generation — schoolboys' consciences, too! As my old friend the Canon says of the Westminster students, "They're all so pious." It's all Arnold's doing; he spoils the public schools.'

'My dear uncle,' said I, 'how can so venerable a sexagenarian utter so juvenile a paradox? How often have I not heard you lament the idleness and listlessness, the boorishness and vulgar tyranny, the brutish manners alike, and minds ——'

'Ah!' said my uncle, 'I may have fallen in occasionally with the talk of the day; but at seventy one begins to see clearer into the bottom of one's mind. In middle life one says so many things in the way of business. Not that I mean that the old schools were perfect, any more than we old boys that were there. But whatever else they were or did, they certainly were in harmony with the world, and they certainly did not disqualify the country's youth for after-life and the country's service.'

'But, my dear sir, this bringing the schools of the country into harmony with public opinion is exactly ——'

'Don't interrupt me with public opinion, my dear nephew; you'll quote me a leading article next. "Young men must be young men," as the worthy head of your college said to me touching a case of rustication. "My dear sir," said I, "I only wish to heaven they would be; but as for my own nephews, they seem to me a sort of hobbadi-hoy cherub, too big to be innocent, and too simple for anything else. They're full of the notion of the world being so wicked and of their taking a higher line, as they call it. I only fear they'll never take any line at all." What is the true purpose of education? Simply to make plain to the young understanding the laws of the life they will have to enter. For example — that lying won't do, thieving still less; that idleness will get punished; that if they are cowards, the whole world will be against them; that if they will have their own way, they must fight for it. As for the conscience, mamma, I take it — such as mammas are nowadays, at any rate — has probably set that agoing fast enough already. What a blessing to see her good little child come back a brave young devil-may-care!'

'Exactly, my dear sir. As if at twelve or fourteen a round-about boy, with his three meals a day inside him, is likely to be over-troubled with scruples!'

'Put him through a strong course of confirmation and sacraments, backed up with sermons and private admonitions, and what is much the same as auricular confession, and really, my dear nephew, I can't answer for it but he mayn't turn out as great a goose as you — pardon me — were about the age of eighteen or nineteen.'

'But to have passed *through* that, my dear sir! surely that can be no harm.'

'I don't know. Your constitutions don't seem to recover it,

quite. We did without these foolish measles well enough in my time.'

'Westminster had its Cowper, my dear sir; and other schools had theirs also, mute and inglorious, but surely not few.'

'Ah, ah! the beginning of troubles ——'

'You see, my dear sir, you must not refer it to Arnold, at all, at all. Anything that Arnold did in this direction ——'

'Why, my dear boy, how often have I not heard from you, how he used to attack offences, not as offences — the right view — against discipline, but as sin, heinous guilt, I don't know what beside! Why didn't he flog them and hold his tongue? Flog them he did, but why preach?'

'If he did err in this way, sir, which I hardly think, I ascribe it to the spirit of the time. The real cause of the evil you complain of, which to a certain extent I admit, was, I take it, the religious movement of the last century, beginning with Wesleyanism, and culminating at last in Puseyism. This over-excitation of the religious sense, resulting in this irrational, almost animal irritability of consciences, was, in many ways, as foreign to Arnold as it is proper to ——'

'Well, well, my dear nephew, if you like to make a theory of it, pray write it out for yourself nicely in full; but your poor old uncle does not like theories, and is moreover sadly sleepy.'

'Good night, dear uncle, good night. Only let me say you six more verses.'

' DIPSYCHUS CONTINUED.

A FRAGMENT.

[*An interval of thirty years.*]

SCENE I. — *In London. Dipsychus in his Study.*

Dipsychus. O God! O God! and must I still go on
 Doing this work — I know not, hell's or thine;
 And these rewards receiving — sure not thine;
 The adulation of a foolish crowd,
 Half foolish and half greedy; upright judge —
 Lawyer acute — the Mansfield and the Hale
 In one united to bless modern Courts.
 O God! O God! According to the law,
 With solemn face to solemn sentence fit,
 Doing the justice that is but half just;
 Punishing wrong that is not truly wrong!
 Administering, alas, God! not Thy law.

(*Knock at the door.*)

What? Is the hour already for the Court?
Come in. Now, Lord Chief Justice, to thy work.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. My lord, a woman begging to be seen.

Di. A woman begging to be seen? What's this?
'Tis not the duty of your post, my friend,
To give admittance on the busy days
Of a hard labourer in this great world
To all poor creatures begging to be seen.
Something unusual in it? Bid her wait
In the room below, I'll see her as I pass.
Is the horse there?

Serv. He's coming round, my lord.

Di. Say I will see her as I pass. (*Exit Servant.*)

I have but one way left; but that one way,
On which once entered, there is no return;
And as there's no return, no looking back,
Amidst the smoky tumult of this field
Whereon, enlisted once, in arms we stand,
Nor know, nor e'en remotely can divine
The sense, or purport, or the probable end,
One only guide to our blind work we keep,
To obey orders and to fight it out.

Some hapless sad petitioner, no doubt,
With the true plaintiveness of real distress,
Twisting her misery to a marketable lie,
To waste my close-shorn interval of rest.
She came upon me in my weaker thoughts,
Those weaker thoughts that still indeed recur,
But come, my servants, at a word to go.

(*Enter Woman.*)

What is it? what have you to say to me?
Who are you?

Wom. Once you knew me well enough.

Di. Oh, you! I had been told that you were dead.

Wom. So your creatures said;

But I shall live, I think, till you die too.

Di. What do you want? Money, subsistence, bread?

Wom. I wanted bread, money, all things, 'tis true,
But wanted, above all things, to see you.

Di. This cannot be. What has been done is o'er.
You have no claim or right against me more;
I have dealt justly with you to the uttermost.

Wom. I did not come to say you were unjust —
I came to see you only.

Di. Hear me now.

Remember, it was not the marriage vow,
Nor promise e'er of chaste fidelity,
That joined us thirty years ago in a tie
Which I, I think, scarce sought. It was not I
That took your innocence; you spoiled me of mine.
And yet, as though the vow had been divine,
Was I not faithful? Were you so to me?
Had you been white in spotless purity,
Could I have clung to you more faithfully?
I left you, after wrongs I blush with shame
E'en now through all my fifty years to name.
I left you; yet I stinted still my ease, —
Curtailed my pleasures — toil still extra toil, —
To repay you for what you never gave.
Is it not true?

Wom. Go on, say all and more.

Upon this body, as the basis, lies
The ladder that has raised you to the skies.

Di. Is that so much? am I indeed so high?
Am I not rather

The slave and servant of the wretched world,
Liveried and finely dressed — yet all the same
A menial and lacquey seeking place
For hire, and for hire's sake doing work?

Wom. I do not know; you have wife and child I know,
Domestic comfort and a noble name,
And people speak in my ears too your praise.
O man, O man! do you not know in your heart
It was for this you came to me —
It was for this I took you to my breast?
O man, man, man!

You come to us with your dalliance in the street,
You pay us with your miserable gold,
You do not know how in the —

Di. (*looks at his watch*). You must go now. Justice calls me elsewhere;

Justice — might keep you here.

You may return again; stay, let me see —

Six weeks to-morrow you shall see me again;

Now you must go. Do you need money? here,

It is your due: take it, that you may live;

And see me, six weeks from to-morrow, elsewhere.

Wom. I will not go;

You must stay here and hear me, or I shall die!

It were ill for you that I should.

Di. What! shall the nation wait?

Woman, if I have wronged you, it was for good —

Good has come of it. Lo, I have done some work.

Over the blasted and the blackened spot

Of our unhappy and unhallowed deed

I have raised a mausoleum of such acts

As in this world do honour unto me,

But in the next to thee.

Wom. Hear me, I cannot go!

Di. It cannot be; the court, the nation waits.

Is not the work, too, yours?

Wom. I go, to die this night!

Di. I cannot help it. Duty lies here. Depart!

Wom. Listen; before I die, one word! In old times
You called me Pleasure — my name now is Guilt.

SCENE II. — *In Westminster Hall.*

1st Barrister. They say the Lord Chief Justice is unwell;
Did you observe how, after that decision
Which all the world admired so, suddenly
He became pale and looked in the air and staggered,
As if some phantom floated on his eyes?
He is a strange man.

Bar. 2. He is unwell, there is no doubt of that,
But why or how is quite another question.
It is odd to find so stern and strong a man
Give way before he's sixty. Many a mind,
Apparently less vigorous than his,
Has kept its full judicial faculty,
And sat the woosack past threescore and ten.

Bar. 3. No business to be done to-day. Have you heard
The Chief Justice is lying dangerously ill?

Apoplexy, paralysis, Heaven knows what — some seizure.

Bar. 1. Heavens! that will be a loss indeed!

Bar. 2. A loss

Which will be some one's gain, however.

Bar. 1. Not the nation's,

If this sage Chancellor give it to —

But is he really sure to die, do you think?

Bar. 3. A very sudden and very alarming attack.

And now you know to the full as much as I,

Or, as I fancy, any lawyer here.

Bar. 2. Do you know anything of his early life?

Bar. 1. My father knew him at college: a reading man,
The quietest of the quiet, shy and timid.

And college honours past,

No one believed he ever would do anything.

Bar. 2. He was a moral sort of prig, I've heard,

Till he was twenty-five; and even then

He never entered into life as most men.

That is the reason why he fails so soon.

It takes high feeding and a well-taught conscience

To breed your mighty hero of the law.

So much the worse for him; so much the better

For all expectants now.

Bar. 3. For —, for one.

Bar. 2. Well, there'll be several changes, as I think.

Not that I think the shock of new promotion

Will vibrate quite perceptibly down here.

There was a story that I once was told,

Some woman that they used to tease him with.

Bar. 1. He grew too stern for teasing before long;

A man with greater power of what I think

They call, in some new sense of the word, Repulsion,

I think I never saw in all my life.

Bar. 2. A most forbidding man in private life,

I've always heard. What's this new news?

Bar. 4. The Lord Chief Justice has resigned.

Bar. 1, 2, 3.

Is it true?

Really? Quite certain?

Bar. 4. Publicly announced.

You're quite behind. Most probably ere this

The *Times* has got it in a new edition.

SCENE III. — *Dipsychus in his own house, alone.*

Di. She will come yet, I think, although she said
 She would go hence and die; I cannot tell.
 Should I have made the nation's business wait,
 That I might listen to an old sad tale
 Uselessly iterated? Ah — ah me!
 I am grown weak indeed; those old black thoughts
 No more as servants at my bidding go,
 But as stern tyrants look me in the face,
 And mock my reason's inefficient hand
 That sways to wave them hence.

Serv. You rung, my lord?

Di. Come here, my friend. The woman,
 A beggar-woman, whom six weeks ago,
 As you remember, you admitted to me,
 You may admit again if she returns. (*Exit Servant.*)

Will she return? or did she die? I searched
 Newspaper columns through to find a trace
 Of some poor corpse discovered in the Thames,
 Weltering in filth or stranded on the shoals.

'You called me Pleasure once, I now am Guilt.'
 Is that her voice? —

'Once Pleasure, and now Guilt — and after this
 Guilt evermore.' I hear her voice again.

'Once Guilt, but now' — I know not what it says; —
 Some word in some strange language, that my ears
 Have never heard, yet seem to long to know.

'Once Pleasure and now Guilt, and after this' —
 What does she say? —



POEMS ON LIFE AND DUTY.



DUTY.

DUTY — that's to say, complying
With whate'er's expected here ;
On your unknown cousin's dying,
Straight be ready with the tear ;
Upon etiquette relying,
Unto usage nought denying,
Lend your waist to be embraced,
Blush not even, never fear ;
Claims of kith and kin connection,
Claims of manners honour still,
Ready money of affection
Pay, whoever drew the bill.
With the form conforming duly,
Senseless what it meaneth truly,
Go to church — the world require you,
To balls — the world require you too,
And marry — papa and mamma desire you,
And your sisters and schoolfellows do.
Duty — 'tis to take on trust
What things are good, and right, and just ;
And whether indeed they be or be not,
Try not, test not, feel not, see not :
'Tis walk and dance, sit down and rise
By leading, opening ne'er your eyes ;
Stunt sturdy limbs that Nature gave,
And be drawn in a Bath chair along to the grave.
'Tis the stern and prompt suppressing
As an obvious deadly sin,

All the questing and the guessing
 Of the soul's own soul within :
 'Tis the coward acquiescence
 In a destiny's behest,
 To a shade by terror made,
 Sacrificing, aye, the essence
 Of all that's truest, noblest, best :
 'Tis the blind non-recognition
 Or of goodness, truth, or beauty,
 Save by precept and submission ;
 Moral blank, and moral void,
 Life at very birth destroyed.
 Atrophy, exinanition !
 Duty !
 Yea, by duty's prime condition
 Pure nonentity of duty !

\\LIFE IS STRUGGLE. \\

| To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain,
 | And give oneself a world of pain ;
 | Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
 | Imperious, supple— God knows what,
 | For what's all one to have or not ;
 | O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
 | For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
 | It is not in itself a bliss,
 | Only it is precisely this
 | That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
 And quite are sinking with the strain ;—
 Entirely, simply, undeceived,
 Believe, and say we ne'er believed
 The object, e'en were it achieved,
 A thing we e'er had cared to keep ;
 With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
 And then to go and try it again ;
 O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
 S O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
 Only it is precisely this
 That keeps us still alive.

∞ IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. ∞

EACH for himself is still the rule;
 We learn it when we go to school —
 The devil take the hindmost, O!

And when the schoolboys grow to men,
 In life they learn it o'er again —
 The devil take the hindmost, O!

For in the church, and at the bar,
 On 'Change, at court, where'er they are,
 The devil takes the hindmost, O!

Husband for husband, wife for wife,
 Are careful that in married life
 The devil takes the hindmost, O!

From youth to age, whate'er the game,
 The unvarying practice is the same —
 The devil takes the hindmost, O!

And after death, we do not know,
 But scarce can doubt, where'er we go,
 The devil takes the hindmost, O!

Ti rol de rol, ti rol de ro,
 The devil take the hindmost, O!

∞ THE LATEST DECALOGUE. ∞

THOU shalt have one God only; who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshipped, except the currency:
 Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse:
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend:

Honour thy parents ; that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall ;
 Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
 Officiously to keep alive :
 Do not adultery commit ;
 Advantage rarely comes of it :
 Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
 When it's so lucrative to cheat :
 Bear not false witness ; let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly :
 Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition.

\ THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT. //

THE human spirits saw I on a day,
 Sitting and looking each a different way ;
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,
 Another spirit went around the ring
 To each and each : and as he ceased his say,
 Each after each, I heard them singly sing,
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low.
 We know not — what avails to know ?
 We know not — wherefore need we know ?
 This answer gave they still unto his suing,
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.
 Dost thou not know that these things only seem ? —
 I know not, let me dream my dream.
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure ? —
 I know not, let me take my pleasure.
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought ? —
 I know not, let me think my thought.
 What is the end of strife ? —
 I know not, let me live my life.
 How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move ? —
 I know not, let me love my love.
 Were not things old once new ? —
 I know not, let me do as others do.
 And when the rest were over past,
 I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,
 Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice;
 But shalt thou then, when all is done,
 Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty
 Like these, that may be seen and won
 In life, whose course will then be run;
 Or wilt thou be where there is none?
 I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above, below,
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,
 We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know;
 We know not, sang they, what avails to know?
 Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,
 Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.
 But as the echoing chorus died away
 And to their dreams the rest returned apace,
 By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,
 And in a silvery whisper heard him say:
 Truly, thou know'st not, and thou need'st not know;
 Hope only, hope thou, and believe alway;
 I also know not, and I need not know,
 Only with questionings pass I to and fro,
 Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly
 Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy;
 Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me
 Come all to this true ignorance and thee.
 1847.

BETHESDA.

A SEQUEL.

I SAW again the spirits on a day,
 Where on the earth in mournful case they lay;
 Five porches were there, and a pool and round,
 Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the ground,
 Tied-up and bandaged, weary, sore, and spent,
 The maimed and halt, diseased and impotent.
 For a great angel came, 'twas said, and stirred
 The pool at certain seasons, and the word
 Was, with this people of the sick, that they

Who in the waters here their limbs should lay
 Before the motion on the surface ceased
 Should of their torment straightway be released.
 So with shrunk bodies and with heads down-dropt,
 Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars propt,
 Watching by day and listening through the night,
 They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor
 He too, that spoke of duty once before,
 No otherwise than others here to-day,
 Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.
 'I know not, I will do — what is it I would say?
 What was that word which once sufficed alone for all,
 Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall?'
 And then, as weary of in vain renewing
 His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,
 'I know not, I must do as other men are doing.'

But what the waters of that pool might be,
 Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy;
 And whether he, long waiting, did attain
 Deliverance from the burden of his pain
 There with the rest; or whether, yet before,
 Some more diviner stranger passed the door
 With his small company into that sad place,
 And breathing hope into the sick man's face,
 Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,
 What the end were, and whether it were so,
 Further than this I saw not, neither know.

1849.

HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE!

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy
 thought
 So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy hope
 and belief.
 Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee
 against them;
 Hast thou courage? enough, see them exulting to yield.
 Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's fuming
 waters

(Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to
 destroy),
 All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,
 All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come and
 subdue;
 Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy of
 being conquered
 (Rapture they will not forego), dare to resist and rebel;
 Still, when resisting and raging, in soft undervoice say
 unto him,
 Fear not, retire-not, O man; hope evermore and believe.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars
 direct thee,
 Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
 Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoard-
 ing, the having,
 But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.
 Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action.
 With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the
 earth.

Go; say not in thy heart, And what then were it accom-
 plished,
 Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use or
 the good!
 Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is
 accomplished,
 What thou has done and shalt do, shall be declared to
 thee then.
 Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy
 spirit
 Say to thyself: It is good: yet is there better than it.
 This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
 Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HAVE NOT SEEN!

O HAPPY they whose hearts receive
 The implanted word with faith; believe
 Because their fathers did before,

Because they learnt, and ask no more.
 High triumphs of convictions wrought,
 And won by individual thought;
 The joy, delusive oft, but keen,
 Of having with our own eyes seen,
 What if they have not felt nor known?
 An amplitude instead they own,
 By no self-binding ordinance prest
 To toil in labour they detest:
 By no deceiving reasoning tied
 Or this or that way to decide.

O happy they! above their head
 The glory of the unseen is spread;
 Their happy heart is free to range
 Thro' largest tracts of pleasant change;
 Their intellects encradled lie
 In boundless possibility.
 For impulses of varying kinds
 The Ancient Home a lodging finds:
 Each appetite our nature breeds,
 It meets with viands for its needs.

O happy they! nor need they fear
 The wordy strife that rages near:
 All reason wastes by day, and more,
 Will instinct in a night restore.
 O happy, so their state but give
 A clue by which a man can live;
 O blest, unless 'tis proved by fact
 A dream impossible to act.

COLD COMFORT.

SAY, will it, when our hairs are grey,
 And wintry suns half light the day,
 Which cheering hope and strengthening trust
 Have left, departed, turned to dust,—
 Say, will it soothe lone years to extract
 From fitful shows with sense exact

Their sad residuum, small, of fact ?
 Will trembling nerves their solace find
 In plain conclusions of the mind ?
 Or errant fancies fond, that still
 To fretful motions prompt the will,
 Repose upon effect and cause,
 And action of unvarying laws,
 And human life's familiar doom,
 And on the all-concluding tomb ?

Or were it to our kind and race,
 And our instructive selves, disgrace
 To wander then once more in you,
 Green fields, beneath the pleasant blue ;
 To dream as we were used to dream,
 And let things be whate'er they seem ?

O feeble shapes of beggars grey
 That, tottering on the public way,
 Die out in doting, dim decay,
 Is it to you when all is past
 Our would-be wisdom turns at last ?

\\ SEHNSUCHT. //

WHENCE are ye, vague desires,
 Which carry men along,
 However proud and strong ;
 Which, having ruled to-day,
 To-morrow pass away ?
 Whence are ye, vague desires ?
 Whence are ye ?

Which women, yielding to,
 Find still so good and true ;
 So true, so good to-day,
 To-morrow gone away ;
 Whence are ye, vague desires ?
 Whence are ye ?

From seats of bliss above,
 Where angels sing of love ;

From subtle airs around,
 Or from the vulgar ground,
 Whence are ye, vague desires?
 Whence are ye?

A message from the blest,
 Or bodily unrest;
 A call to heavenly good,
 A fever in the blood:
 What are ye, vague desires?
 What are ye?

Which men who know you best
 Are proof against the least,
 And rushing on to-day,
 To-morrow cast away;
 What are ye, vague desires?
 What are ye?

Which women, ever new,
 Still warned, surrender to;
 Adored with you to-day,
 Then cast with you away;
 What are ye, vague desires?
 What are ye?

Which unto boyhood's heart
 The force of man impart,
 And pass, and leave it cold,
 And prematurely old;
 What are ye, vague desires?
 What are ye?

Which, tremblingly confest,
 Pour in the young girl's breast
 Joy, joy — the like is none,
 And leave her then undone —
 What are ye, vague desires?
 What are ye?

Ah yet! though man be marred,
 Ignoble made, and hard;

Though broken women lie
In anguish down to die ;
Ah yet ! ye vague desires,
Ah yet !

By Him who gave you birth,
And blended you with earth,
Was some good end designed
For man and womankind ;
Ah yet ! ye vague desires,
Ah yet !

The petals of to-day,
To-morrow fallen away,
Shall something leave instead,
To live when they are dead ;
When you, ye vague desires,
Have vanished ;

A something to survive,
Of you though it derive
Apparent earthly birth,
But of far other worth
Than you, ye vague desires,
Than you.

HIGH AND LOW.

THE grasses green of sweet content
That spring, no matter high or low,
Where'er a living thing can grow,
On chilly hills and rocky rent,
And by the lowly streamlet's side —
Oh ! why did e'er I turn from these ? —
The lordly, tall, umbrageous trees,
That stand in high aspiring pride,
With massive bulk on high sustain
A world of boughs with leaf and fruits,
And drive their wide-extending roots
Deep down into the subject plain.
Oh, what with these had I to do ? —

That germs of things above their kind
 May live, pent up and close confined
 In humbler forms, it may be true ;
 Yet great is that which gives our lot ;
 High laws and powers our will transcend,
 And not for this, till time do end,
 Shall any be what he is not.
 Each in its place, as each was sent,
 Just nature ranges side by side ;
 Alike the oak tree's lofty pride
 And grasses green of sweet content.

ALL IS WELL.

WHATE'ER you dream with doubt possest,
 Keep, keep it snug within your breast,
 And lay you down and take your rest ;
 Forget in sleep the doubt and pain,
 And when you wake, to work again.
 The wind it blows, the vessel goes,
 And where and whither, no one knows.

'Twill all be well : no need of care ;
 Though how it will, and when, and where,
 We cannot see, and can't declare.
 In spite of dreams, in spite of thought,
 'Tis not in vain, and not for nought,
 The wind it blows, the ship it goes,
 Though where and whither, no one knows.

πάντα ῥεῖ· οὐδὲν μένει.

UPON the water, in the boat,
 I sit and sketch as down I float :
 The stream is wide, the view is fair,
 I sketch it looking backward there.

The stream is strong, and as I sit
 And view the picture that we quit,
 It flows and flows, and bears the boat,
 And I sit sketching as we float.

Each pointed height, each wavy line,
 To new and other forms combine ;
 Proportions vary, colours fade,
 And all the landscape is remade.

Depicted neither far nor near,
 And larger there and smaller here,
 And varying down from old to new,
 E'en I can hardly think it true.

Yet still I look, and still I sit,
 Adjusting, shaping, altering it;
 And still the current bears the boat
 And me, still sketching as I float.

Still as I sit, with something new
 The foreground intercepts my view ;
 Even the distant mountain range
 From the first moment suffers change.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

O STREAM descending to the sea,
 Thy mossy banks between,
 The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
 The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,
 The fields the labourers till,
 And houses stand on either hand,
 And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,
 Our waking eyes behold,
 Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
 Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,
 Our hearts affections fill,
 We toil and earn, we seek and learn,
 And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,
 Inevitable sea,
 To which we flow, what do we know,
 What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,
 As we our course fulfil ;
 Scarce we divine a sun will shine
 And be above us still.

IN A LONDON SQUARE.

PUR forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
 East wind and frost are safely gone ;
 With zephyr mild and balmy rain
 The summer comes serenely on ;
 Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
 To promise all that's kind and fair : —
 But thou, O human heart of mine,
 Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,
 The winds of March were wild and drear,
 And, nearing and receding still,
 Spring never would, we thought, be here.
 The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
 Had, not the less, their certain date : —
 And thou, O human heart of mine,
 Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH :

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL.



*Nunc formosissimus anus
Ite meæ felix quondam pecus, ite camenæ.*

I.

Socii cratera coronant.

It was the afternoon; and the sports were now at the ending.

Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and thrown the hammer;

Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,
Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility wondrous;

Run too the course on the level had been; the leaping was over:

Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,
Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that was perfect,

Turning the clansmen about, as they stood with upraised elbows;

Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt and sporran.

It was four of the clock, and the sports were come to the ending,

Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for the dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in dressing.

Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated, simple, His Honour;

For the postman made out he was heir to the earldom of
Ilay

(Being the younger son of the younger brother, the
Colonel),

Treated him therefore with special respect; doffed bon-
net, and ever

Called him His Honour: His Honour he therefore was at
the cottage;

Always His Honour at least, sometimes the Viscount of
Ilay.

Hope was first, His Honour, and next to His Honour
the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed
Adam,

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut waist-
coat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense and
feeling beneath it;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets un-
rivalled;

Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and
Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat work
of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded; the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving
Lindsay,

Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialectician,
This was his title from Adam because of the words he
invented,

Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for the
party;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called him
the Piper.

Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-loving
Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine* bath-
ing; of course too

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley by
surname,

Arthur they called him for love and for euphony; they
had been bathing,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of
granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,

Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches between them.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam; on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of Olym^upus; Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had white silk facings,

Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely adjusted,

Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet of women:

When the fourwheel for ten minutes already had stood at the gateway,

He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of the clansmen's meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came; and Donald the inn-keeper showed them

Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four tables were in it;

Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised from the level,

These for Chairman and Croupier, and gentry fit to be with them,

Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie and peasant.

Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet assembled, Keepers a dozen at least; the Marquis's targeted gillies; Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the drunkard;

Many with silver brooches, and some with those brilliant crystals

Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the Cairn-Gorm;

But with snuff-boxes all, and all of them using the boxes.

Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established Minister standing:

Catholic Priest; for many still clung to the Ancient Worship,

And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a chapel;

So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other, but silent,

One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.

Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever ciphering Factor,

Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and stately,
 Hither from lodge and bothie in all the adjoining shoot-
 ings

Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes and blue-
 books,

Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of the
 forest

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway
 Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and
 Croupier,

And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long looked-
 for, himself too

Eager, the grey but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the Chief
 and the Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister prayed
 for a blessing,

And to the viands before them with knife and with fork
 they beset them :

Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton; and grouse
 succeeding;

Such was the feast, with whisky of course, and at top and
 bottom

Small decanters of sherry, not overchoice, for the gentry.
 So to the viands before them with laughter and chat they
 beset them.

And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly been
 sated,

Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks for
 the dinner.

Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-mixed
 toddy,

And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they sat,
 digesting,

Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts and
 speeches.

Spare me, O great Recollection! for words to the task
 were unequal,

Spare me, O mistress of Song! nor bid me remember
 minutely

All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed tempting
 toddy;

How were healths proposed and drunk 'with all the honours,'

Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three thrice over,

Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all, and Keepers;

Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-defiers

Long constructions strange and plusquam-Thueydidean;
Tell how, as sudden torrent in time of speat¹ in the mountain

Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the roughest,
Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in the gallop,

Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one yonder,
So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the torrent,
All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting of syntax,

Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of Sir Hector.

Left to oblivion be it, the mèmory, faithful as ever,
How the Marquis of Ayr, with wonderful gesticulation,
Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections,
Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,
Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,
Swore he would never abandon his country, nor give up deer-stalking;

How, too, more brief, and plainer, in spite of the Gaelic accent,

Highland peasants gave courteous answer to flattering nobles.

Two orations alone the memorial song will render;
For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir Hector.

Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often repeated,
Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland soldiers

Whom he erst led in the fight;—something husky, but ready, though weary,

Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome chieftain:—

¹ Flood.

Fill up your glasses, my friends, once more, — With all
 the honours!
 There was a toast I forgot, which our gallant Highland
 homes have
 Always welcomed the stranger, delighted, I may say, to
 see such
 Fine young men at my table—My friends! are you
 ready? the Strangers.
 Gentlemen, here are your healths, —and I wish you—
 With all the honours!
 So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the honours,
 All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché detecting
 His Honour,
 Guardsman moving to Arthur, and Marquis sidling to
 Airlie,
 And the small Piper below getting up and nodding to
 Lindsay.

But, while the healths were being drunk, was much
 tribulation and trouble,
 Nodding and beckoning across, observed of Attaché and
 Guardsman :

Adam wouldn't speak, — indeed it was certain he couldn't;
 Hewson could, and would if they wished; Philip Hew-
 son a poet,

Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scorning ladies,
 Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
 Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and bishops,
 Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters the
 Game-laws :

He could speak, and was asked to by Adam; but Lindsay
 aloud cried,

(Whisky was hot in his brain,) Confound it, no, not
 Hewson,

Ain't he cock-sure to bring in his eternal political hum-
 bug?

However, so it must be, and after due pause of silence,
 Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling oddly to Adam,
 Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical Hew-
 son: —

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present.
 I have not, as have some of my friends, in my veins some
 tincture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood; no, nothing like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and thank
you.

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my companions,
Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,
All the more welcome, as showing you do not account us
intruders,

Are not unwilling to see the north and the south for-
gather.

And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English more thor-
oughly mingled;

Scarcely with warmer hearts, and clearer feeling of man-
hood,

Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular battle,
Where the life and the strength came out in the tug and
tussle,

Scarcely, where man met man, and soul encountered with
soul, as

Close as do the bodies and twining limbs of the wrestlers,
When for a final bout are a day's two champions mated,—
In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and claymores,
At the old Flodden-field — or Bannockburn — or Culloden.
— (And he paused a moment, for breath, and because of
some cheering.)

We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old fighting,
Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other the better,
We can now shake hands without pretending or shuffling.
On this passage followed a great tornado of cheering,
Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two got
broken:

He, ere the cheers died wholly away, and while still there
was stamping,

Added, in altered voice, with a smile, his doubtful con-
clusion.

I have, however, less claim than others perhaps to this
honour,

For, let me say, I am neither game-keeper, nor game-
preserver.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire had not been
taken.

Only the *men*, who were all on their legs as concerned in
the thanking,

Were a trifle confused, but mostly sat down without
laughing;

Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his fist at the speaker.

Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming election,
Only the Attaché glanced at the Guardsman, who twirled
his moustachio,

Only the Marquis faced round, but, not quite clear of the meaning,

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned for the dancing,

And, to make way for this purpose, the Tutor and pupils retiring

Were by the chieftain addressed and invited to come to the castle.

But ere the doorway they quitted, a thin man clad as the Saxon,

Trouser and cap and jacket of homespun blue, hand-woven,
Singled out, and said with determined accent, to Hewson,
Touching his arm : Young man, if ye pass through the
Braes o' Lochaber,

See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

II.

Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.

MORN, in yellow and white, came broadening out from the mountains,

Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn of the dancers.

Duly in *matutine* bathed, before eight some two of the party,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended.

There two plunges each took Philip and Arthur together,
Duly in *matutine* bathed, and read, and waited for breakfast :

Breakfast commencing at nine, lingered lazily on to noonday.

Tea and coffee were there; a jug of water for Hewson;

Tea and coffee; and four cold grouse upon the sideboard; Gaily they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy at breakfast,

Some professing a book, some smoking outside at the window.

By an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to the zenith, Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and got home by eleven;

Hope and the others had stayed till the round sun lighted them bedward.

They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier women

Spoke — of noble ladies and rustic girls, their partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the Chartist, the poet, the eloquent speaker.

Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas and Floras Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical titles

Of the exotic plants, their antitypes in the hot-house:

Roses, violets, lilies for me! the out-of-door beauties;

Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and hearts-ease!

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none made answer.

Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace, the attraction,

Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty of women,

Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think, be at discount,

All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved us,

Saved for purposes truly and widely productive —

That's right,

Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay, outside in the garden,

Take off your coat to it, Philip.

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming;

Laugh if you please at my novel economy; listen to this, though;

As for myself, and apart from economy wholly, believe me,

Never I properly felt the relation between men and
 women,
 Though to the dancing-master I went perforce, for a
 quarter,
 Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls in
 abundance,
 Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine — a bevy of
 beauties —
 Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all the
 same I shall say it),
 Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between men
 and women,
 Till in some village field in holidays now getting stupid,
 One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tennyson
 has it,
 Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboyhood,
 Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless
 maiden,
 Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden uprooting
 potatoes.
 Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the charm
 of the labour?
 But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious
 possessed me,
 Longing to take her and lift her, and put her away from
 her slaving.
 Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind? hard
 question!
 But a new thing was in me; I, too, was a youth among
 maidens:
 Was it the air? who can say! but in part 'twas the
 charm of the labour.
 Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets revealed
 themselves to me,
 And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand, often I
 wandered,
 Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling and toying
 and coying,
 Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible purely;
 Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening
 parties,
 Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hear-
 ing them singing,

Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the
dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work
(Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage),
Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the objects
of living.
Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join you in
snapping—
What but a pink-paper comfit with motto romantic in-
side it?
Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table of
nosegays;
Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of paper
confections,
Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and gathered,
Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation with-
out it.
That I allow, said Adam.

But he, with the bit in his teeth, scarce
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly on with
his rider,
Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away in the
champaign,
Snorting defiance and force, the white foam flecking his
flanks, the
Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head projecting
before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones! oh,
could they see, could
But for a moment discern, how the blood of true gallantry
kindles,
How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-quixotic
Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate woman
Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world; some
tenderest girl, not
Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it? who shall, if
only
Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed from
her, mind you,
Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man only can
offer,

Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue of
Hellas; —

Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's heart,
as into Eden

Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of earth
uncorrupted,

Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an help meet
for him,

Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to his
spirit,

Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever himself is,
Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be with
him; —

Oh, if they saw it and knew it; we soon should see them
abandon

Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-room,
Satin for worsted exchange; gros-de-naples for plain
linsey-woolsey,

Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical fancies!

So, feel women, not dolls; so feel the sap of existence

Circulate up through their roots from the far-away centre
of all things,

Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the twig that
is topmost!

Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted ourselves
in the seeing,

Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over striped
linsey-woolsey,

Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering cattle,

Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld and
kissed her,

Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,

Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching soft to
the shoulders,

Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to stay it,

Home from the river or pump moving stately and calm
to the laundry;

Ay, doing household work, which some one, after all,
must do,

Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking, and
scouring,

Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden nrooting
potatoes. —

Or, — high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last successful,
 Lindsay this long time swelling with scorn and pent-up
 fury,
 Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw them,
 Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be, above
 them,
 Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes that they
 trod in the wash-tub!

Laughter ensued at this; and seeing the Tutor embarrassed,
 It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling sedately,

Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from Lindsay,
For oh, he was a roquey, the Piper o' Dundee.

Laughter ensued again; and the Tutor, recovering slowly,
 Said, Are not these perhaps as doubtful as other attractions?

There is a truth in your view, but I think extremely distorted;
 Still there is a truth, I own, I understand you entirely.

While the Tutor was gathering his purposes, Arthur continued,
 Is not all this the same that one hears at common-room
 breakfasts,
 Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings and
 Beauty?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes; with a
 cry from the sofa,
 Where he was laid, the great Hobbes, contemplative,
 corpulent, witty,
 Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrases and
 fancies,
 Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at intervals
 playing,
 Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as rain
 in the tropics;
 Studious; careless of dress; inobservant: by smooth
 persuasions
 Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and the
 Piper,
 Hope an Antinoüs mere, Hyperion of calves the Piper.

Beautiful! cried he up-leaping, analogy perfect to
 madness!
 O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it, or
 fancy!
 Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what a
 vista disclosing!
 Exquisite germ! Ah no, crude fingers shall not soil thee;
 Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature in
 the oyster.
 While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing and
 corpulent oyster,
 Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a Pugin
 of women,
 How even churning and washing, the dairy, the scullery
 duties,
 Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to charms
 and attractions,
 Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and artisti-
 cal handling,
 And the removal of slops to be ornamentally treated.
 Philip who speaks like a book, (retiring and pausing
 he added,)
 Philip, here, who speaks—like a folio say'st thou,
 Piper?
 Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The*
Laws of
Architectural Beauty in Application to Women;
 Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent,
 Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-
 columnar
 (Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving
 of any),
 Rising to grace of true woman in English the Early and
 Later,
 Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and Loftier
 stages,
 Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the Lady-
 Flamboyant:
 Whence why in satire and spite too merciless onward
 pursue her
 Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-fine-lady?
 No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of
 women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and not to play with.

You are young, you know, he said, resuming, to Philip, You are young, he proceeded, with something of fervour to Hewson.

You are a boy; when you grow to a man you'll find things alter.

You will then seek only the good, will scorn the attractive,

Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and fashion, Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty also, Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you witness. Good, wherever it's found, you will choose, be it humble or stately,

Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.

Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it only; Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said in the Ethics,

That which is good for ourselves, our proper selves, our best selves.

Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all things at twenty.

Partly you rest on truth; old truth, the duty of Duty, Partly on error, you long for equality.

Ay, cried the Piper, That's what it is, that confounded *égalité*, French manufacture,

He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a meeting in Ireland,

What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as another? Faith, replied Pat, *and a deal better too!*

So rattled the Piper: But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

Partly in error Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as another?*

I with the Irishman answer, *Yes, better too;* the poorer Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the lower, Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and enjoyment,

Women all have their duties, the one as well as the other;

Are all duties alike? Do all alike fulfil them?

However noble the dream of equality, mark you, Philip,

Nowhere equality reigns in all the world of creation,
 Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as
 blossom;

Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet to
 planet.

There is a glory of daisies, a glory again of carnations;
 Were the carnation wise, in gay parterre by greenhouse,
 Should it decline to accept the nurture the gardener
 gives it,

Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial summer,
 Simply because the field-daisy that grows in the grass-
 plat beside it,

Cannot, for some cause or other, develop and be a car-
 nation?

Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous neigh-
 bour?

Up, grow, bloom, and forget me; be beautiful even to
 proudness,

E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies like
 me.

Education and manners, accomplishments and refine-
 ments,

Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of music
 and drawing,

All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and pre-
 cious,

We have all something to do, man, woman alike, I
 own it;

We all have something to do, and in my judgment
 should do it

In our station; not thinking about it, but not disre-
 garding;

Holding it, not for enjoyment, but simply because we
 are in it.

Ah! replied Philip, alas! the noted phrase of the
 Prayer-book,

*Doing our duty in that state of life to which God has called
 us,*

Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich boys
 say it,

Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded flounces,
 Eying her gold-fastened book and the watch and chain
 at her bosom,

Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and never mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy leads me,

Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my fancy.

Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living .

Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are not so guilty.

So the discussion closed; and, said Arthur, Now it is my turn,

How will my argument please you? To-morrow we start on our travel.

And took up Hope the chorus,

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo, the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say they, rising;

Four weeks here have we read; four weeks will we read hereafter;

Three weeks hence will return and think of classes and classics.

Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, undreamt of,

History, Science, and Poets! lo, deep in dustiest cupboard,

Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth buried!

Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of old

Athens,

Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian black-guard!

Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and abide in your lexicon-limbo!

Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculeanean kindred,

Sleep, for aught that I care, 'the sleep that knows no waking,'

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar, and Plato.

Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper, the Dialectician,

Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and the *wash-hand-stand basin*

(These are the Piper's names for the bathing-place and the cottage),

Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy* Aldrich.
But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nicknamed
Adam,

Who are they that go, and when do they promise return-
ing?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself con-
tinued,

Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and Hobbes
and Hewson.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the elo-
quent speaker :

Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and Hobbes,
peradventure ;

Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-kilted
hero,

Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his
breeches' ;

Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an' it
like them !

Weary of reading an I, and weary of walks prescribed
us ;

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,
Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie and
marquis,

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal classics.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you go up
at Easter,

This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin of
women.

Good are the Ethics I wis ; good absolute, not for me,
though ;

Good, too, Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in fine
weather.

Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence, Tem-
perance, Justice,

Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose included ;

Three weeks hence we return to cares of classes and
classics.

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal classics.

But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nicknamed
Adam,

Where do you mean to go, and whom do you mean to visit?
 And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount, His Honour, of Ilay.

Kitcat, a Trinity *coach*, has a party at Drumnadrochet,
 Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful valley of
 Urquhart;

Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us, and
 give us a lift too:

Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison.
 Then at

Castleton, high in Braemar, strange home, with his earliest
 party,

Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and Jones
 and Lauder.

Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior
 wrangler,

With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inverary.

Finally, too, from the kilt and the sofa said Hobbes in
 conclusion,

Finally, Philip must hunt for that home of the probable
 poacher,

Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the Bothie of *What-did-he-
 call-it.*

Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquises hope-
 less,

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more weary,
 There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely potato-
 uprooter,

Study the question of sex in the Bothie of *What-did-he-
 call-it.*

III.

Namque canebat uti —

So in the golden morning they parted and went to the
 westward.

And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes remained the
 Tutor;

Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor, Hobbes and
 Airlie;

One between bathing and breakfast, and six before it was
 dinner

(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again, the
 dinner),

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to eleven.
 Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll together
 Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills before
 them;

Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the cottage
 remaining,

E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again at his
 reading;

Other times, stung by the æstrum of some swift-working
 conception,

Ranged, tearing on in his fury, an Io-cow through the
 mountains,

Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of perspira-
 tion,

On the high peaks, unwitting, the hares and ptarmigan
 starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks, three days
 over,

Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,

And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became uneasy,

And in the golden weather they wondered, and watched
 to the westward.

There is a stream (I name not its name, lest inquisitive
 tourist

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into guide-
 books),

Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the folds of
 great mountains,

Falling two miles through rowan and stunted alder, en-
 veloped

Then for four more in a forest of pine, where broad and
 ample

Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery slopes on
 both sides:

Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls and
 narrows;

But, where the glen of its course approaches the vale of
 the river,

Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of granite,

Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and raging
 onward,

Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a lady would
 step it.

There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden bridge
goes,

Carrying a path to the forest; below, three hundred yards,
say,

Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats of
shingle,

Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open valley.

But in the interval here the boiling pent-up water

Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,

Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness and
fury

Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a mirror;

Beautiful there for the colour derived from green rocks
under;

Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam uprising

Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate hue of the
stillness,

Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent birch
boughs,

Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge and path-
way,

Still more enclosed from below by wood and rocky pro-
jection.

You are shut in, left alone with yourself and perfection
of water,

Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the goddess
of bathing.

Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the fall and
clear it;

Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded spark-
lings,

Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty ledges.

Hither, a mouth agone, they had come, and discovered
it; hither

(Long a design, but long unaccountably left unaccom-
plished),

Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above to the
forest,

Turning below from the track of the carts over stone and
shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural
causeway

Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the streamlet,

Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden before
them

Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of water,
Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the goddess
of bathing.

There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the Glory of
headers,

Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet, he
thirty;

There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot height
descended,

Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet pro-
tending;

There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they shrieked
and shouted.

'Hobbes's gutter' the Piper entitles the spot, profanely,
Hope 'the Glory' would have, after Arthur, the Glory of
headers:

But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive reflex,
Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of Jupiter
glimmer;

Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of the
evening.

Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening above
them,

Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and Tutor;
Turned from the track of the carts, and passing the stone
and shingle,

Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the natural
causeway,

Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease looked
up; and

Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of headers,
Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigarless, the
Piper, —

And they looked, and wondered, incredulous, looking
yet once more.

Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo,
down-gazing,

Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung
himself in it,

Eying through eddying green waters the green-tinted
floor underneath them,

Eying the bead on the surface, the bead, like a cloud
rising to it,

Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue and the
clearness,

Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the Glory
of headers;

Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack, spectator
and critic,

Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-com-
peller.

Yes, they were come; were restored to the party, its
grace and its gladness,

Yes, were here, as of old; the light-giving orb of the
household,

Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and-con-
tentment diffusing,

In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel long,
nor be pettish,

And, the gay fountain of mirth, their dearly beloved of
Pipers;

Yes, they were come, were here: but Hewson and Hope
— where they then?

Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going straight, by
the pathway?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the
Cloud-compeller.

Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah me, were
I with him!

Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word and
my reading!

Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might be at
Balloch!

Only one day to have stayed who might have been wel-
come for seven,

Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the
mazy,

Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at the
horny!

And the Tutor, impatient, expectant, interrupted.

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — with him? or where
have you left him?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the Cloud-
compeller.

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson — Why, Hewson we
left in Rannoch,
By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house, —
reflecting —

Helping to shear,¹ and dry clothes, and bring in peat from
the peat-stack.

And the Tutor's countenance fell; perplexed, dumb-
founded

Stood he, — slow and with pain disengaging jest from
earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the water,
He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the next day.

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's re-
joinder.

Can he have come by the mail, and have got to the cot-
tage before us?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was not at the
cottage;

But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who himself was
to follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought not
Philip,

Two whole days and nights exhausted not question and
story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected of
Arthur,

Often by word corrected, more often by smile and motion,
How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to Cul-
loden,

Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch Ness, Loch
Arkaig,

Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-muick-
dhui;

How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken, and slept
in kitchens,

Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real Glenlivet,
Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down them,

Hither and thither had been, and this and that had wit-
nessed,

Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper re-
maining.

For it was told withal, he telling, and he correcting,

¹ Reap.

How in the race they had run, and beaten the gillies of
Rannoch,

How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,
Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope compliant,
They had defied the keepers; the Piper alone protesting,
Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but tender of
game-law;

Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's fair forest,
Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and inter-
mingle

Grandly with rowan and ash — in Mar you have no ashes,
There the pine is alone, or relieved by the birch and the
alder —

How in Meäly glen, while stags were starting before, they
Made the watcher believe they were guests from Achna-
carry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the other cor-
recting,

Often by word, more often by mute significant motion,
Much of the Cambridge *coach* and his pupils at Inverary,
Huge barbarian pupils, Expanded in Infinite Series,
Firing-off signal guns (great scandal) from window to
window

(For they were lodging perforce in distant and numerous
houses).

Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to the
Tutor: —

Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at Drum-
nadrochet,

Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness horrid and
dog-cart;

Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*, but at
Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest* places for
bathing;

One by the bridge in the village, indecent, the *Town Hall*
christened,

Where had Lauder howbeit been bathing, and Harrison
also,

Harrison even, the Tutor; another like Hesperus here,
and

Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all *stunners*.

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur cor-
recting,

Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in picture,
 He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring, abating,
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime and
 ideal,

He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing, dwarf-
 ing,

River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope subduing :
 So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of Arthur,
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks, between rocks,
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling,
 rushing,

Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding, unbroken,
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent unbroken, —
 How to the element offering their bodies, downshooting
 the fall, they

Mingled themselves with the flood and the force of im-
 perious water.

And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the Piper cor-
 recting,

How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the down-
 ward impulse

Carries the head under water, delightful, unspeakable ;
 how the

Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and borne-off
 by the current

Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the craggy
 corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected of
 Arthur,

More by word than motion, change ominous, noted of
 Adam,

How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morning at
 sunrise,

Came, in default of the ferryman, out of her bed a brave
 lassie ;

And as Philip and she together were turning the handles,
 Winding the chain by which the boat works over the
 water

Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as they
 stepped from the boatie,

Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips ; but
 That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by Arthur :

How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Foyers Fall,
 where
 Over the loch looks at you the summit of Méalfour-
 vónie,
 How here too he was hunted at morning, and found in
 the kitchen
 Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing them
 smoked for certain,
 Watching the porridge being made, and asking the lassie
 that made them
 What was the Gaelic for *girl*, and what was the Gaelic
 for *pretty* ;
 How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet blush-
 ingly stammered,
 Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushing bent o'er
 the porridge,
 Something outlandish — *Slan-something, Slan leat*, he
 believed, *Caleg Looach* —
 That was the Gaelic, it seemed, for 'I bid you good-bye,
 bonnie lassie ;'
 Arthur admitted it true, not of Philip, but of the Piper.
 And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur looked out
 at the window,
 How in thunder and in rain — it is wetter far to the
 westward —
 Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and road, they
 were welcomed,
 Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by the
 lochside of Rannoch ;
 How in the three days' detention was Philip observed to
 be smitten,
 Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and come-
 liest daughter ;
 Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from breakfast
 to bedtime,
 Following her motions with eyes ever brightening, soft-
 ening ever ?
 Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand waiting
 at table ?
 Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he saw her
 at nightfall
 Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating rain
 to the peat-stack ?

How too a dance, as it happened, was given by Grant of
 Glenurehie,
 And with the farmer they went as the farmer's guests to
 attend it;
 Philip stayed dancing till daylight, — and evermore with
 Katie;
 How the whole next afternoon he was with her away in
 the shearing,¹
 And the next morning ensuing was found in the ingle
 beside her
 Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron, — blowing
 together,
 Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to kindle
 the embers;
 Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to another, —
 Though, it was true, he was shy, very shy, — yet it
 wasn't in nature,
 Wasn't in nature, the Piper averred, there shouldn't be
 kissing;
 So when at noon they had packed up the things, and pro-
 posed to be starting,
 Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the morning
 and follow;
 Follow he did not; do burns, when you go up a glen,
 follow after?
 Follow, he did not, nor left; do needles leave the loadstone?
 Nay, they had turned after starting, and looked through
 the trees at the corner,
 Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the lassie
 beside him,
 Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping with
 stones from the water
 Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she would
 spread for the drying.
 There they had left him, and there, if Katie was there,
 was Philip,
 There drying clothes, making fires, making love, getting
 on too by this time,
 Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.
 You may say so, said Arthur,
 For the first time they had known with a peevish intona-
 tion, —

¹ Reaping.

Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single evening,
Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all our
sojourn ?

Philip had stayed, it was true; the Piper was loth to
depart, too,

Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the keeper
at Balloch ;

And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,
Answered the Piper, indeed ! —

But tell me, said Hobbes, interposing,
Did you not say she was seen every day in her beauty
and bedgown

Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking,
scouring ?

How could he help but love her ? nor lacked there perhaps
the attraction

That, in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped linsey-
woolsey,

Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms bare up to
the elbows,

Bending with fork in her hand in a garden uprooting
potatoes ?

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob ?

Truly Jacob, supplanting a hairy Highland Esau ?

Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the Laban
of Rannoch ?

Patriarch happier he, the long servitude ended of woo-
ing,

If when he wake in the morning he find not a Leah beside
him !

But the Tutor inquired, who had bit his lip to bleeding,
How far off is the place ? who will guide me thither
to-morrow ?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope, and
brought new tidings,

Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not at
Rannoch ;

He had left at noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie ?
With her ? the Piper exclaimed. Undoubtedly ! By
great Jingo !

And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs like a
 hero,
 Partly for emphasis only, to mark his conviction, but also
 Part in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful living.
 Hope couldn't tell him, of course, but thought it
 improbable wholly ;
 Janet, the Piper's friend, he had seen, and she didn't say
 so,
 Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and where he
 was gone to :
 One odd thing, by the bye, he continued, befell me while
 with her ;
 Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass ; I thought I had
 seen her,
 Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere ; and asked
 what her name was ;
 Elspie Mackaye, was the answer, the daughter of David !
 she's stopping
 Just above here, with her uncle. And David Mackaye,
 where lives he ?
 It's away west, she said ; they call it Tober-na-vuolich.

IV.

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.

So in the golden weather they waited. But Philip
 returned not.
 Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his writing. —
 But, O Muse, that encompassed Earth like the ambient
 ether,
 Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive
 electric,
 Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like trail of
 thy travel,
 Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office second-
 hand knowledge
 Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch the
 wandering hero.
 There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where, silent
 upheaving,
 Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds of
 September,

Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in the
shining,

Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren huge of
Ben-nevis?

There, or westward away, where roads are unknown to
Loch Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the
westernmost islands?

There is it? there? or there? we shall find our wander-
ing hero?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in Lochiel,
in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardna-
murchan,

Here I see him and here: I see him; anon I lose him!

Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from mountain to
mountain,

Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable next on
Ben-vohrich,

Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars in its
hunting,

Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether eludent.

Wherefore, as cloud of Ben-more or hawk over-ranging
the mountains,

Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber, Lochiel,
and

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardna-
murchan,

Wandereth he who should either with Adam be studying
logic,

Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his rhetoric
using;

He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago, to the
cottage

Punctual promised return to cares of classes and classics,

He who, smit to the heart by that youngest comeliest
daughter,

Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading clothes
from her wash-tub?

Can it be with him through Badenoch, Morrer, and Ardn-
namurchan;

Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired lassie of
Rannoch?

This fierce, furious walking—o'er mountain-top and moorland,

Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on hill-side sleeping,

Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker than rocks by Loch Awen,

This fierce, furious travel unwearying—cannot in truth be Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of wooing!

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not; I see him,

Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words in the mountain.

Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be with the living;

Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they bring,—do they feel too?—

Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner essence with essence;

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!

Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and, when they retire, leaving after

No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency; memories rather,

Sweet happy hopes bequeathing. Ah! wherefore not thus with the living?

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!

Is it impossible, say you, these passionate fervent impulses,

These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward embraces, Should in strange ways, in her dreams, should visit her, strengthen her, shield her?

Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of feeling Setting-in daily from me towards her should, impotent wholly,

Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet shore they heave to?

Eflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx!

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and uphold her!

Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain lamenting,

Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice, 'I am
with thee,'

Saying, 'although not with thee; behold, for we mated
our spirits

Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew not the
words we were saying;'

Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one finger
I touched her,

Surely she knows it, and feels it while sorrowing here in
the moorland.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go
and uphold her!

Spirits with spirits commingle and separate; lightly
as winds do,

Spice-laden South with the ocean-born zephyr! they
mingle and sunder;

No sad remorse for them, no visions of horror and vileness.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go and
uphold her!

Surely the force that here sweeps me along in its
violent impulse,

Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and protec-
tion about her,

Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigour of joy shall
sustain her,

Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap in the
springtide

Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en as
aforetime!

Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet ever and
ever,

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I could go
and uphold her!

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not: behold,
for

Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words in the
mountain.

And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch, in
parlour and kitchen,

Hark! there is music—the flowing of music, of milk,
and of whisky;

Lo, I see piping and dancing! and whom in the midst of
the battle

Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with arms
uplifted,
Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing his gay-
smiling Janet,
Whom? — whom else but the Piper? the wary pre-
cognisant Piper,
Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old
invitation,
Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims to
attention,
True to his night had crossed over: there goeth he,
brimful of music,
Like a cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious
lasher,
Like to skiff, lifted, uplifted, in lock, by the swift-swell-
ing sluices,
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth
he, look you,
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping, and
grasping and clasping
Whom but gay Janet? — Him rivalling, Hobbes, brief-
est-kilted of heroes,
Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere fool of
a Saxon,
Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too, — the whirl
and the twirl o't:
Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at swifter
gyration
Under brief curtain revealing broad acres — not of broad
cloth.
Him see I there and the Piper — the Piper what vision
beholds not?
Him and His Honour with Arthur, with Janet our Piper,
and is it,
Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of the mazy,
Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though languid,
with head on one shoulder,
Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-haired
Katie consoling?
Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling and blushing
as ever,
What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief
remembered as Philip's,

Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small consolation of waistcoats!—

Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in Lochaber,
Lochiel, in
Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, or Ardnamurchan,

Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling or
bothie is sleeping,

He who,—and why should he not then? capricious?
or is it rejected?

Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the thrilling
fair fingers,

Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom the
throb of his own—yea,—

Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning his
Katie?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the
cottage?

Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing to
answer?

What is it Adam is reading? What was it Philip had
written?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed undoubtedly
had been,

Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the maiden
of Rannoch;

Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching he
felt her

Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the byre,
the kitchen;

How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side in the
shearing,

Binding uncouthly the ears that fell from her dexterous
sickle,

Building uncouthly the stooks,¹ which she laid by her
sickle to straighten,

How at the dance he had broken through shyness; for
four days after

Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not articulate
speaking;

Felt too that she too was feeling what he did.—How-
beit they parted!

¹ Shocks.

How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made nobler
and stronger,
Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and perfect,
So forth! much that before has been heard of. — How-
beit they parted!

What had ended it all, he said, was singular, very. —
I was walking along some two miles off from the cottage,
Full of my dreamings — a girl went by in a party with
others;

She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for rain
was beginning;

But as she passed, from her hood I saw her eyes look
at me.

So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although I had
felt it,

You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast it,
and left it:

It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it was.
I had seen her

Somewhere before I am sure, but that wasn't it; not its
import:

No, it had seemed to regard me with simple superior
insight,

Quietly saying to itself — Yes, there he is still in his
fancy,

Letting drop from him at random as things not worth
his considering

All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by fortune,
Loosing a hold which others, contented and unambitious,
Trying down here to keep up, know the value of better
than he does.

What is this? was it perhaps? — Yes, there he is still
in his fancy,

Doesn't yet see we have here just the things he is used
to elsewhere;

People here too are people and not as fairy-land crea-
tures;

He is in a trance, and possessed; I wonder how long to
continue;

It is a shame and a pity — and no good likely to
follow. —

Something like this, but indeed I cannot attempt to
define it.

Only, three hours thence I was off and away in the
moorland,
Hiding myself from myself if I could; the arrow within
me.

Katie was not in the house, thank God: I saw her in
passing,
Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel de-
sertion ;
What she thinks about it, God knows! poor child; may
she only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more worth her
remembering!

Meantime all through the mountains I hurry and know
not whither,

Tramp along here, and think, and know not what I
should think.

Tell me then, why, as I sleep amid hill-tops high in
the moorland,

Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the dis-
solute city,

Where dressy girls slithering by upon pavements give
sign for accosting,

Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and shame
in their bosoms ;

Hunger by drink, and by that which they shudder yet
burn for, appeasing, —

Hiding their shame — ah God! — in the glare of the
public gas-lights ?

Why, while I feel my ears catching through slumber
the run of the streamlet,

Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the sign for
accosting,

Still am I passing those figures, not daring to look in
their faces ?

Why, when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak un-
easily wakes me,

Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven of
heavens,

No, Great Unjust Judge! she is purity ; I am the lost one.

You will not think that I soberly look for such things
for sweet Katie ;

No, but the vision is on me ; I now first see how it
happens,

Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl; how
 passive
 Fain would it be, how helpless; and helplessness leads
 to destruction.

Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again to
 reclothe it,

Modesty broken through once to immodesty flies for
 protection.

Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave the
 tree up in the forest,

When the next wind casts it down, — is *his* not the hand
 that smote it?

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering long
 with emotion,

There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed to
 Philip.

I have perhaps been severe, dear Philip, and hasty;
 forgive me;

For I was fain to reply ere I wholly had read through
 your letter;

And it was written in scraps with crossings and counter-
 crossings

Hard to connect with each other correctly, and hard to
 decipher;

Paper was scarce, I suppose: forgive me; I write to
 console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought in
 the market;

Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for the
 asking.

There are exceptional beings, one finds them distant
 and rarely,

Who, endowed with the vision alike and the interpre-
 tation,

See, by the neighbours' eyes and their own still motions
 enlightened,

In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of the
 forest,

In the child of to-day its children to long generations,

In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.

There are inheritors, is it? by mystical generation

Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone by;
 without labour

Owning what others by doing and suffering earn; what
old men

After long years of mistake and erasure are proud to
have come to,

Siek with mistake and erasure possess when possession
is idle.

Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in women
and children,

Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read off, un-
faltering,

Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed book
under,

Words which we are poring at, hammering at, stumbling
at, spelling.

Rare is this; wisdom mostly is bought for a price in the
market; —

Rare is this; and happy, who buys so much for so little,
As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has Katie.

Knowledge is needful for man, — needful no less for
woman,

Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of shooter
and tourist.

Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your blindfold
hurry

Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most with-
holding;

Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet most
unselfish;

Renders help and accepts it, a man among men that
are brothers,

Views, not plucks, the beauty, adores, and demands no
embraeing,

So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and gracious
Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself repro-
ducing.

No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of Arthur;

No, I do not compare still tarn with furious torrent,

Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake be the
torrent.

Women are weak, as you say, and love of all things to
be passive,

Passive, patient, receptive, yea, even of wrong and mis-
doing,

Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious
feeling

Patient, passive, receptive; for that is the strength of
their being,

Like to the earth taking all things, and all to good con-
verting.

Oh, 'tis a snare indeed! — Moreover, remember it, Philip,
To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone to be
yielding,

Think that in dealing with them they are raised to a
different region,

Where old laws and morals are modified, lost, exist
not;

Ignorant they as they are, they have but to conform and
be yielding.

But I have spoken of this already, and need not repeat
it.

You will not now run after what merely attracts and
entices,

Every-day things highly-coloured, and common-place
carved and gilded.

You will henceforth seek only the good: and seek it,
Philip,

Where it is — not more abundant, perhaps, but — more
easily met with;

Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run into
error,

In your station, not thinking about it, but not disregard-
ing.

So was the letter completed: a postscript afterward
added,

Telling the tale that was told by the dancers returning
from Rannoch.

So was the letter completed: but query, whither to send
it?

Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the hawk of
the moorland,

Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoydart, and
Moydart,

Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal arrange-
ment.

Query resolved very shortly, when Hope, from his cham-
ber descending,

Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his aunt, at
the Castle;

Came and revealed the contents of a missive that brought
strange tidings;

Came and announced to the friends, in a voice that was
husky with wonder,

Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the room
with the Countess,

Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with Lady
Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately refusal,
He there at last—O strange! O marvel, marvel of
marvels!

Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this morn-
ing at Rannoch:

Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down, repeat-
ing

Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which Hope had
lent him,

Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the Castle, with Lady
Maria.

v.

— Putavi

Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

So in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together
Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,
Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.
Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September day-
light,

Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,
Five full hours between for the loch and the glen and the
mountain,—

So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,
So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from
the westward,

What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled,
Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gem-
ming,

Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads of
hoar-frost,

Duly in *matutine* still, and daily, whatever the weather,
 Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the
 Glory of headers

Hope. Thither also at times, of cold and of possible
 gutters

Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes, or ere
 they departed,

Come, in heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk enfolding,
 Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,
 All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man reveal-
 ing.

Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or the trio,
 Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of
 granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended ;
 Beautiful, very, to gaze in ere plunging ; beautiful also,
 Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes to the
 sightless,

Through the great granite jambs the stream, the glen,
 and the mountain,

Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,
 Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; themselves
 too seeming

Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as truly
 Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there by the
 birches.

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and
 forest ;

Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they shadow,
 Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the loch be-
 yond it,

Deep, under huge red cliffs, a secret ; and oft by the
 starlight,

Or the aurora, perchance, racing home for the eight
 o'clock mutton.

So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery High-
 land ;

There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets
 Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more for
 Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam.
 I am here, O my friend !—idle, but learning wisdom.

Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my penance.
Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or
on horseback
One that is here, in her freedom and grace, and imperial
sweetness,
Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions, —
Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf
and of tendril,
Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismallest stick of the
garden ;
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long
summers,
So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at
the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria.
Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I
say it,
What of the poor and the weary ? their labour and pain
is needed.
Perish the poor and the weary ! what can they better
than perish,
Perish in labour for her, who is worth the destruction of
empires ?
What ! for a mite, for a mote, an impalpable odour of
honour,
Armies shall bleed ; cities burn ; and the soldier red from
the storming
Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of mothers and
daughters :
What ! would ourselves for the cause of an hour en-
counter the battle,
Slay and be slain ; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison :
Die as a dog dies ; die mistaken perhaps, and dishonoured.
Yea, — and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain of a
glory denied them,
Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs
as spectators ?
Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labour
of hodmen ?
And I find myself saying, and what I am saying, dis-
cern not,

Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner! and finding be thankful;

Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection,

While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,

Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of a Princess.

Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or earnest?

Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,

Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;

Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,

Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam in your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,

Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you;

Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely, —

Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for enjoyment;

Not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory!

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration — of Good or of Evil!

Is it not He that hath done it, and who shall dare gain-say it?

Is it not even of Him, who hath made us? — Yea, *for the lions,*

Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!

Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another

All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?

Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,

Who hath made man as Himself to know the law — and
accept it!

You will wonder at this, no doubt! I also wonder!
But we must live and learn; we can't know all things at
twenty.

List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are Ca-
thedrals,

Such is the Catholic doctrine; 'tis ours with a slight
variation;

Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and perfect,
Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of Beauty,
Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to
adornment,

Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and em-
bellish. —

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of
my Philip,

So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of*
Architectural Beauty in Application to Women,

So had I writ. — But my fancies are palsied by tidings
they tell me.

Tidings — ah me, can it be then? that I, the blasphemur
accounted,

Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous Analogy
working,

Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a
prophet apostate,

(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd
travestie,

(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun, — with pipe no
longer,

Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recanta-
tions,

Teachest thy verse to exalt Amaryllis, a Countess's
daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master, that
rightly considered

Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is
graceful?

She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must
be good-looking,

If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is
 shapely,
 If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that
 made them,
 If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil alone in the
 cottage
 Slowly elaborates here thy System of Feminine Graces,
 Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-talking
 and dancing,
 Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a Lady
 Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the Tutor
 from Balloch.
 I am conquered, it seems! you will meet me, I hope, in
 Oxford,
 Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the laws and
 arrangements,
 Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I to resist
 them?
 Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as in
 manners,
 Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the pupils five together,
 Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not now of
 Philip,
 All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting-jackets.

VI.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright October,
 Bright October was come to burn and glen and cottage;
 But the cottage was empty, the *matutine* deserted.

Who are these that walk by the shore of the salt sea
 water?
 Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt sea
 water?

Who are these? and where? it is no sweet seclusion;
 Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at their
 bases,
 Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with rowan
 and alder;

Cottages here and there outstanding bare on the mountain,
Peat-roofed, windowless, white; the road underneath by the water.

There on the blank hill-side, looking down through the loch to the ocean,

There with a runnel beside, and pine trees twain before it,
There with the road underneath, and in sight of coaches and steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye, and his daughters Elspie and Bella,

Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling the younger,

How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised potatoes,

Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his father before him;

Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making horse-shoes

Far; in the army had seen some service with brave Sir Hector,

Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith and soldier;

He had been many things since that, — drover, — school-master,

Whitesmith, — but when his brother died childless came up hither;

And although he could get fine work that would pay in the city,

Still was fain to abide where his father abode before him.

And the lassies are bonnie, — I'm father and mother to them, —

Bonnie and young; they're healthier here, I judge, and safer,

I myself find time for their reading, writing, and learning.

So on the road they walk by the shore of the salt sea water,

Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain conversing.

This was the letter that came when Adam was leaving the cottage.

If you can manage to see me before going off to Dartmoor,
 Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you have not seen it),
 Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you will wonder,
 There however I am) to the Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date was written:—

It was by accident purely I lit on the place; I was returning,
 Quietly, travelling homeward by one of these wretched coaches;
 One of the horses cast a shoe; and a farmer passing
 Said, Old David's your man; a clever fellow at shoeing
 Once; just here by the firs; they call it Tober-na-vuolich.
 So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our acquaintance.

When we came to the journey's end some five miles farther,
 In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to the bothie.

But on the final crossing, still later in date, was added:
 Come as soon as you can; be sure and do not refuse me.
 Who would have guessed I should find my haven and end of my travel,
 Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed about so?
 Who would have guessed that here would be she whose glance at Rannoch
 Turned me in that mysterious way; yes, angels conspiring,
 Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself; the needle
 Which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither,
 at last, long
 Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I am cautious:
 More, at least, than I was in the old silly days when I left you.

Not at the bothie now; at the changehouse in the clachan;¹
 Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell you.

¹ Public-house in the hamlet.

There was another scrap, without or date or comment,
Dotted over with various observations, as follows:—
Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did not
remember.

I was as one that sleeps on the railway; one, who
dreaming

Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted out;
hears and hears not,—

Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in distance;
Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate and
choice,—and

Sense of claim and reality present, anon relapses
Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy, while
forward

Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows not
whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome does is
more so;

Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be useful.

No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that; but I *will* say,
Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service rendered,
Interchange of service the law and condition of beauty:
Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is meant for.
I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am not
intended:

No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Tober-na-vuolich.

This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought the
Tutor:

This is why Tutor and pupil are walking with David and
Elspie.—

When for the night they part, and these, once more
together,

Went by the lochside along to the changehouse near in
the clachan,

Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man, Adam.

Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as morning:
Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the At-
tractive!

Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave it!

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at the
changehouse,

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father and
daughter.

Ten more nights, and night by night more distant away
 were
 Philip and she; every night less heedful, by habit, the
 father.
 Happy ten days, most happy: and, otherwise than in-
 tended,
 Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to David.
 Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness! Pass o'er
 them slowly,
 Slowly; like cruse of the prophet be multiplied, even to
 ages!
 Pass slowly o'er them, ye days of October; ye soft misty
 mornings,
 Long dusky eves; pass slowly; and thou, great Term-
 time of Oxford,
 Awful with lectures and books, and Little-goes, and
 Great-goes,
 Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and retire for
 the lovers,
 Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself even
 to doomsday!
 Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours! Be with them, ye
 Loves and Graces!
 Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly bather,
 Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along by the
 edges,
 In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the plain
 present,
 Scorning historic abridgment and artifice anti-poetic,
 In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and Graces,
 I will confront the great peril, and speak with the mouth
 of the lovers,
 As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the runnel below
 them,
 Elspie, a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers watching.

VII.

*Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite: Vesper Olympo
 Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit.*

For she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and he saw
 not her blushes,

Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her father
she saw him,

When at the door the old man had told him the name of
the bothie;

Then after that at the dance; yet again at a dance in
Rannoch —

And she was silent, confused. Confused much rather
Philip

Buried his face in his hands, his face that with blood was
bursting.

Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her fear, and
continued.

Katie is good and not silly; be comforted, Sir, about
her;

Katie is good and not silly; tender, but not, like many,
Carrying off, and at once, for fear of being seen, in the
bosom

Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any man
gives them,

Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be ashamed
of;

That is the way, I think, Sir, in England more than in
Scotland;

No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in beautiful
weather,

Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose fine
weather.

And she is strong to return to herself and feel unde-
serted,

Oh, she is strong, and not silly: she thinks no further
about you;

She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know, as
from simple.

Yes, she is good and not silly; yet were you wrong, Mr.
Philip,

Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,

Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.

That was what gave me much pain, when I met you that
dance at Rannoch,

Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced with
Donald;

That was what gave me such pain; I thought it all a
 mistaking,
 All a mere chance, you know, and accident, — not proper
 choosing, —
 There were at least five or six — not there, no, that I
 don't say,
 But in the country about — you might just as well have
 been courting,
 That was what gave me much pain, and (you won't
 remember that, though),
 Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's, walking,
 And I was wondering much, and hoped you wouldn't
 notice,
 So as I passed I couldn't help looking. You didn't know
 me.
 But I was glad, when I heard next day you were gone to
 the teacher.

And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,
 Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with dabbled
 lashes,
 Philip, with new tears starting,

You think I do not remember,
 Said, — suppose that I did not observe! Ah me, shall I
 tell you?

Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from Rannoeh.
 It was your glance that, descending, an instant revela-
 tion,

Showed me where I was, and whitherward going; re-
 called me,

Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of thought
 in the mountains.

Yes, I have carried your glance within me undimmed,
 unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has lent her,
 Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moorland:

And you suppose that I do not remember, I had not
 observed it!

O did the sailor bewildered observe when they told him
 his bearings?

O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the compass
 they gave him?

And he continued more firmly, although with stronger
 emotion:

‘ Elspie, why should I speak it? you cannot believe it,
and should not :

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said to
another ?

Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only I
love ; you,

First and sole in my life that has been and surely that
shall be ;

Could — O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it and
spurn not ?

Is it — possible, — possible, Elspie ?

Well, — she answered,

And she was silent some time, and blushed all over, and
answered

Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, Maybe, I think
of it,

Though I don’t know that I did : and she paused again ;
but it may be,

Yes, — I don’t know, Mr. Philip, — but only it feels to
me strangely,

Like to the high new bridge, they used to build at, below
there,

Over the burn and glen on the road. You won’t under-
stand me.

But I keep saying in my mind — this long time slowly
with trouble

I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully raising,
Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself without
masons,

Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on another,
All one side I mean ; and now I see on the other

Just such another fabric uprising, better and stronger,
Close to me, coming to join me : and then I sometimes
fancy, —

Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about arches
and bridges, —

Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand coming
down, and

Dropping the great key-stone in the middle : there in my
dreaming,

There I felt the great key-stone coming in, and through it
Feel the other part — all the other stones of the arch-
way,

Joined into mine with a strange happy sense of completeness. But, dear me,
This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I
can think of.

And you won't understand, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,
So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and
pondering,

Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not
resist:

So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped.
But emotion

Came all over her more and yet more from his hand,
from her heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was re-
newing.

So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping
on it,

Trembling a long time, kissed it at last. And she
ended.

And as she ended, uprose he, saying: What have I
heard? Oh,

What have I done, that such words should be said to
me? Oh, I see it,

See the great key-stone coming down from the heaven of
heavens;

And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to the
cottage,

Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,

Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.

Do not say anything yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,
Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall see
nothing of you.

Do not I go myself on Monday?

But oh, he said, Elspie!
Do as I bid you, my child: do not go on calling me Mr.;
Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie?

Call me, this heavenly night for once, for the first time,
Philip.

Philip, she said, and laughed, and said she could not
say it;

Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way of Philip:
And at the evening seat, when he took her hand by the alders,
Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too sudden.
What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was hasty.
When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified at it.
Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said it,
And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait, Mr. Philip!

We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key-stone of the centre:

Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and fix it;
If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the archway,
Damage all our own work that we wrought, our painful upbuilding.

When, you remember, you took my hand last evening, talking,

I was all over a tremble: and as you pressed the fingers
After, and afterwards kissed them, I could not speak.
And then, too,

As we went home, you kissed me for saying your name.
It was dreadful.

I have been kissed before, she added, blushing slightly,
I have been kissed more than once by Donald my cousin,
and others;

It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind not to mind it;

But, Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was different, quite, Sir.

When I think of all that, I am shocked and terrified at it. Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.

You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip! just like the sea there,

Which *will* come, through the straits and all between the mountains

Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and inlet,
 Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland
 water,
 Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving it back-
 ward,
 Quite preventing its own quiet running: and then, soon
 after,
 Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and wrack
 and uncleanness:
 And the poor burn in the glen tries again its peaceful
 running,
 But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in dis-
 order.
 That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the burnie,
 Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine, and
 could not;
 I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the great salt
 tide, that
 Would mix-in itself with me, and change me; I felt
 myself changing;
 And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my dream.
 It was dreadful.
 You are too strong, Mr. Philip! I am but a poor slender
 burnie,
 Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and birch of
 the woodies,
 Quite unused to the great salt sea; quite afraid and
 unwilling.
 Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip released her
 fingers;
 As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook and
 shivered;
 There he stood, looking pale and ghastly; when she had
 ended,
 Answering in hollow voice,
 It is true; oh, quite true, Elspie;
 Oh, you are always right; oh, what, what have I been
 doing?
 I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not wholly,
 Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me; no, do not hate me, my
 Elspie.
 But a revulsion passed through the brain and bosom of
 Elspie;

And she got up from her seat on the rock, putting by her
knitting;

Went to him, where he stood, and answered:

No, Mr. Philip,

No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle; and I am the
foolish:

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers: he dared no
movement;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the heavy
elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will; and kissed the fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past
counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom of
Elspie;

And the passion she just had compared to the vehement
ocean,

Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way through the
mountains,

Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs from
the inland;

That great power withdrawn, receding here and passive,
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources far in the moun-
tains,

Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-outflowing,
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate rill in the
valley,

Filling it, making it strong, and still descending, seeking,
With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and seeking,
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea before
it;

There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its bosom,
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless are fain
to be added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the ground
before her,

Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of what she
was doing

Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague emo-
tion,

Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the hair on
 his forehead :
 And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first time
 round her
 Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her close to his
 bosom.
 As they went home by the moon, Forgive me, Philip, she
 whispered ;
 I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;
 I who had never once thought a thing, — in my ignorant
 Highlands.

VIII.

Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenæus.

But a revulsion again came over the spirit of Elspie,
 When she thought of his wealth, his birth and education :
 Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference truly ;
 Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds his
 portion,
 Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is had for
 nothing ;
 Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and simple.
 But the many things that he knew, and the ease of a
 practised
 Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable graces
 (Were they not hers, too, Philip ?) to speech, and manner,
 and movement,
 Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely instructed
 feeling, —
 When she thought of these, and these contemplated daily,
 Daily appreciating more, and more exactly appraising, —
 With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a thing she
 could not
 Estimate, and of a step (such a step !) in the dark to be
 taken,
 Terror nameless and ill-understood of deserting her sta-
 tion, —
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the sorrow,
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the conviction,
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so unworthy,
 (Ah me ! Philip, that ever a word such as that should be
 written !)

It would do neither for him nor for her ; she also was something,
 Not much indeed, it was true, yet not to be lightly extinguished.

Should *he* — *he*, she said, have a wife beneath him ? herself be

An inferior there where only equality can be ?

It would do neither for him nor for her.

Alas for Philip !

Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor had availed then

All his prayer and all his device. But much was spoken Now, between Adam and Elspie : companions were they hourly :

Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiring, anxiously seeking,
 From his experience seeking impartial accurate statement
 What it was to do this or do that, go hither or thither,
 How in the after-life would seem what now seeming certain

Might so soon be reversed ; in her quest and obscure exploring

Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her footsteps ;

Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiringly, eagerly seeking :

Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,

Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heedfully speaking,

Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,

Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognisant wholly,

But as suspending until she should seek it, direct intimation ;

Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was and would be,

Much that was strength to her mind, confirming beliefs and insights

Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and timid for action :

Much of relations of rich and poor, and of true education.

It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
 Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,

And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie ;

Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet and yellow ;

One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the
birch tree,

Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace, and
ear-rings,

Cover her now, o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters
them from her.

There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright October,
Under the alders knitting, gave Elpsie her troth to Philip,
For as they talked, anon she said,

It is well, Mr. Philip.

Yes, it is well: I have spoken, and learnt a deal with the
teacher.

At the last I told him all, I could not help it;
And it came easier with him than could have been with
my father;

And he calmly approved, as one that had fully considered.
Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too great and
sudden;

I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for years yet.
I am afraid; but believe in you; and I trust to the
teacher;

You have done all things gravely and temperate, not as
in passion;

And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell what is
likely.

What my father will say, I know not; we will obey him:
But for myself, I could dare to believe all well, and
venture.

O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be different!
And she hid her face —

Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom!

After some silence, some tears too perchance, Philip
laughed, and said to her,

So, my own Elpsie, at last you are clear that I'm bad
enough for you.

Ah! but your father won't make one half the question
about it

You have — he'll think me, I know, nor better nor worse
than Donald,

Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship and
bookwork,

Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vagabond
fellow,
Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for your sake,
Elspie,
Though he allows I did some good at the end of the
shearing.
But I had thought in Scotland you didn't care for this
folly.
How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days in the
Highlands!
This is what comes of the year you spent in our foolish
England.
You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered.

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was re-
viving.
No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for her
knitting,
No, nor do I, dear Philip, I don't myself feel always
As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four days lately,
Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only
weaker;
And that the one big tree might spread its root and
branches,
All the lesser about it must even be felled and perish.
No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,
Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that, up from
old time
Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue and
life of
Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds and
nations
And must have for itself the whole world for its root and
branches.
No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the shadow;
Yes, and I feel the life-juices of all the world and the ages,
Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt and poorer:
You are more near, but then you will help to convey
them to me.
No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully! While you
look so

Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing and
trembling,
Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rushing river;
And I feel coming unto me from you, or it may be from
elsewhere,
Strong contemptuous resolve; I forget, and I bound as
across it.

But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry you over.
Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me for a
burden.

O sweet burden, he said, and are you not light as a
feather?

But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and ears
too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves will
support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat under-
neath us;

There is a boat, he said, and a name is written upon it,
Love, he said, and kissed her. —

But I will read your books, though,
Said she: you'll leave me some, Philip?

Not I, replied he, a volume.

This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low
together.

Women must read, as if they didn't know all beforehand:
Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running water,
And the running spring will needs have a pump built
upon it.

Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose in your
eyelight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty
of Nature.

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of things we are sick to the
death of.

What, she said, and if I have let you become my sweet-
heart,

I am to read no books! but you may go your ways then,
And I will read, she said, with my father at home as I
used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read them
to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself, when I choose it ;
What, you suppose we never read anything here in our Highlands,
Bella and I with the father, in all our winter evenings !
But we must go, Mr. Philip —

I shall not go at all, said
He, if you call me Mr. — Thank heaven ! that's over forever.

No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.
Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by ?

No, Mr. Philip, no — you have kissed me enough for two nights ;

No — come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,
Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,

Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady ;

We will do work together — you do not wish me a lady.
It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness ; still it is so ;
I have been used all my life to help myself and others ;
I could not bear to sit and be waited on by footmen,
No, not even by women —

And God forbid, he answered,
God forbid you should ever be aught but yourself, my Elspie !

As for service, I love it not, I ; your weakness is mine too,
I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were clipped.

But my Elspie,

You will at least just go and see my uncle and cousins,
Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You should go,
if you liked it,

Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate, my Elspie.

Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility stage-play

One little look, to leave it with all the more satisfaction.

That may be, my Philip, she said; you are good to think of it.

But we are letting our fancies run on indeed; after all, it may all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing whatever, There is so much that needs to be done, so much that may happen.

All that needs to be done, said he, shall be done, and quickly.

And on the morrow he took good heart, and spoke with David.

Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiving: Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured by the Tutor.

And he remembered how he had fancied the lad from the first; and

Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for inner than outer,

And the natural tune of his heart without misgiving Went to the noble words of that grand song of the Lowlands,

Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for a' that.

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it now, but insisted

Philip should go to his books; if he chose, he might write; if after

Chose to return, might come; he truly believed him honest.

But a year must elapse, and many things might happen. Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie, and blessed them:

Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not when at the doorway

Standing with you, and telling the young man where he would find us,

I did not think he would one day be asking me here to surrender

What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

IX.

Arva, beata Petamus arva !

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread re-
turning,
Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained at
Oxford,
All the Christmas and Easter remained and read at Ox-
ford.

Great was wonder in College when postman showed to
butler

Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Tober-na-vuolich,
Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every Sunday :

Great at that Highland post was wonder too and con-
jecture,

When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife to
the lassies,

And the lassies declared they couldn't be really to David ;
Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine, and
supper,

Keen the conjecture and joke ; but Adam kept the secret,
Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas to Adam.
There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation it is to be
idle,

Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be :

Only let each man seek to be that for which nature meant
him.

If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out with you,
and do it ;

If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I will
feed you.

If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by your dress,
to believe so,

Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery stable ;
Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the corner ;
Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the eighth
commandment.

Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live and be lovely ;
Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious ware,
who

Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility better!
 — Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,
 Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under glass cases,
 Come, in God's name, come down! the very French clock
 by you
 Puts you to shame with ticking; the fire-irons deride you.
 You, young girl, who have had such advantages, learnt so
 quickly,
 Can you not teach? O yes, and she likes Sunday-school
 extremely,
 Only it's soon in the morning. Away! if to teach be your
 calling,
 It is no play, but a business: off! go teach and be paid
 for it.
 Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so gentle.
 Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and matron?
 Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa? in with
 them,
 In with your fingers! their beauty it spoils, but your own
 it enhances
 For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are meant for.
 This was the answer that came from the Tutor, the
 grave man, Adam.
 When the armies are set in array, and the battle begin-
 ning,
 Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the leftward
 Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do best service?
 There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who arrays our
 battalions;
 Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in our
 stations.
 This was the final retort from the eager, impetuous
 Philip.
 I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me sadly;
 Children of Circumstance are we to be? you answer, On
 no wise!
 Where does Circumstance end, and Providence, where be-
 gins it?
 What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends with?
 If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand in the dark-
 ness,
 Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on both
 sides,

Signal and password known; which is friend and which
is foeman?

Is it a friend? I doubt, though he speak with the voice
of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose; you always are, and will be;
Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the duty
of order.

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding my
Elspie,

O that the armies indeed were arrayed! O joy of the
onset!

Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great Cause, to
array us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing seek thee.
Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O where is
the battle!

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in Israel,
Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,
Backed by a solemn appeal, 'For God's sake, do not stir,
there!'

Yet you are right, I suppose; if you don't attack my con-
clusion,

Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we are fit for;
Every one for himself, and the common success for us
all, and

Thankful, if not for our own, why then for the triumph
of others,

Get along, each as we can, and do the thing we are meant
for.

That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and drinking.

These are fragments again without date addressed to
Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and Greenland,
Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull and Scarba,
Heaving, swelling, spreading the might of the mighty
Atlantic;

There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous bottom
Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth sea-sur-
face

Eddies, coils, and whirls; by dangerous Corryvreckan:
So in my soul of souls, through its cells and secret recesses,

Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old democratic
fervour.

But as the light of day enters some populous city,
Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-streak sig-
nal,

High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out the gas-
lamps —

All the great empty streets are flooded with broadening
clearness,

Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access
Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars lying in
Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of alleys: —
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the
suburb,

Sees sights only peaceful and pure; as labourers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of
slumber;

Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of the
country

Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon
after

Half-awake servant-maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by the
doorway;

School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others
maidenly tripping;

Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may be
Meet his sweetheart — waiting behind the garden gate
there;

Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed; and now
by this time

Little child bringing breakfast to 'father' that sits on the
timber

There by the scaffolding; sec, she waits for the can beside
him;

Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires:
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised fabric —
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway out-
works —

Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty: —
— Such — in me, and to me, and on me the love of Elspie!

Philip returned to his books, but returned to his High-
 lands after ;
 Got a first, 'tis said; a winsome bride, 'tis certain.
 There while courtship was ending, nor yet the wedding
 appointed,
 Under her father he studied the handling of hoe and of
 hatchet:
 Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and Arthur
 to see him
 Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison ; Adam
 the tutor,
 Arthur, and Hope; and the Piper anon who was there
 for a visit ;
 He had been into the schools; plucked almost; all but a
gone-coon ;
 So he declared; never once had brushed up his *hairy*
 Aldrich ;
 Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime and
 ideal
 Gave to historical questions a free poetical treatment ;
 Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their lexicon-
 limbo,
 Took Aristophanes up at a shot; and the whole three last
 weeks
 Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing, to Nuneham
 and Godstowe :
 What were the claims of Degree to those of life and the
 sunshine ?
 There did the four find Philip, the poet, the speaker, the
 Chartist,
 Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland land-
 lords,
 Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the Piper's
 fury.
 There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and the
 Piper was almost,
 Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of Elspie ;
 But the good Adam was heedful : they did not go too often.
 There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright October,
 When the brackens are changed, and heather blooms are
 faded,
 And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are
 bonnie,

Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and yellow,
Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold the birch
tree,

There, when shearing had ended, and barley-stooks were
garnered,

David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling Elspie;
Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married and gone

— But oh, Thou

Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the playful
and tender,

Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly to thy
Pindus,

(Pindus is it, O Muse, or Ætna, or even Ben-nevis?)

Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and Idyll,

Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair gratu-
lations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine chest and
tool-box,

Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and the Piper a rifle,

Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family Bible,

Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a Bible and iron bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by the cor-
pulent hero?

This is the letter of Hobbes, the kilted and corpulent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O my elo-
quent speaker!

So *the good time is coming*, or come is it? O my Chartist!

So the cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin of women;

Finished, and now, is it true? to be taken out whole to
New Zealand!

Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with Ruth, O
Boaz,

Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her gods,
her mountains.

Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem said
they,

Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and Leah unto
thee;

Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bedstead!

Yea, to the full golden fifty renewed be! and fair memo-
randa

Happily fill the fly-leaves duly left in the Family Bible.

Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, mayst thou, an un-
roasted Grandsire,
See thy children's children, and Democracy upon New
Zealand!

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the postscript
after.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in a post-
script;

Listen to wisdom — *Which things*—you perhaps didn't
know, my dear fellow,

I have reflected; *Which things are an allegory*, Philip.

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage; which, I have seen
it,

Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be, bigamy
only,

Even in noblest kind a duality, compound, and complex,
One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and earthy:

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and *Laban, their
father,

Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and hard task-
master.

Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of Heth
by the desert:

Rachel we met at the well; we came, we saw, we kissed
her;

Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem as a few
days only,

E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at last
of Laban.

Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand of her
father?

Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from the
altar?

Rachel we dream-of at night: in the morning, behold, it
is Leah.

'Nay, it is custom,' saith Laban, the Leah indeed is the
elder.

Happy and wise who consents to redouble his service to
Laban,

So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder the
younger,

Not repudiates Leah, but wins the Rachel unto her!

Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Jacob, she also is worthy;

So, many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and survive her
sister;

Yea, and her children — *Which things are an allegory,*
Philip,

Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance truly, a long
one!

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man, nick-
named Adam.

I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your departure.
Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your beautiful
Elspie.

Happy is he that found, and finding was not heedless;
Happy is he that found, and happy the friend that was
with him.

So won Philip his bride: —

They are married and gone to New Zealand.
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or
three pictures,

Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the sphere
to New Zealand.

There he hewed, and dug; subdued the earth and his
spirit;

There he built him a home; there Elspie bare him his
children,

David and Bella; perhaps ere this too an Elspie or Adam;
There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and
flax fields;

And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich.

IDYLLIC SKETCHES.



ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT HESPERUS.

THE skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on ?
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by ;
Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be ?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie).
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind ?
And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be ?
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),

And loud and louder roars the flood below.
 Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,
 Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)
 For weary is work, and weary day by day
 To have your comfort miles on miles away.
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,
 And he returning see himself too late?
 For work we must, and what we see, we see,
 And God, He knows, and what must be, must be,
 When sweethearts wander far away from me.
 Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew
 (Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),
 The rain is ending, and our journey too:
 Heigho! aha! for here at home are we:—
 In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

A LONDON IDYLL.

On grass, on gravel, in the sun,
 Or now beneath the shade,
 They went, in pleasant Kensington,
 A prentice and a maid.

That Sunday morning's April glow,
 How should it not impart
 A stir about the veins that flow
 To feed the youthful heart.

Ah! years may come, and years may bring
 The truth that is not bliss,
 But will they bring another thing
 That can compare with this?

I read it in that arm she lays
 So soft on his; her mien,
 Her step, her very gown betrays
 (What in her eyes were seen)
 That not in vain the young buds round,
 The cawing birds above,
 The air, the incense of the ground,
 Are whispering, breathing love.

Ah! years may come, &c.

To inclination, young and blind,
 So perfect, as they lent,
 By purest innocence confined
 Unconscious free consent.
 Persuasive power of vernal change,
 On this, thine earliest day,
 Canst thou have found in all thy range
 One fitter type than they?

Ah! years may come, &c.

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,
 Which we our duties call,
 Trades, arts, and politics of life,
 Say, have they after all,
 One other object, end or use
 Than that, for girl and boy,
 The punctual earth may still produce
 This golden flower of joy?

Ah! years may come, &c.

O odours of new-budding rose,
 O lily's chaste perfume,
 O fragrance that didst first unclose
 The young Creation's bloom!
 Ye hang around me, while in sun
 Anon and now in shade,
 I watched in pleasant Kensington
 The prentice and the maid.

Ah! years may come, and years may bring
 The truth that is not bliss,
 But will they bring another thing
 That will compare with this ?

NATURA NATURANS.¹

BESIDE me, — in the car, — she sat,
 She spake not, no, nor looked to me:
 From her to me, from me to her,
 What passed so subtly, stealthily ?
 As rose to rose that by it blows
 Its interchanged aroma flings ;
 Or wake to sound of one sweet note
 The virtues of parted strings.

Beside me, nought but this ! — but this,
 That influent as within me dwelt
 Her life, mine too within her breast,
 Her brain, her every limb she felt :
 • We sat ; while o'er and in us, more
 And more, a power unknown prevailed,
 Inhaling, and inhaled, — and still
 • 'Twas one, inhaling or inhaled.

Beside me, nought but this ; — and passed ;
 I passed ; and know not to this day
 If gold or jet her girlish hair,
 If black, or brown, or lucid-grey
 Her eye's young glance : the fickle chance
 That joined us, yet may join again ;
 But I no face again could greet
 As hers, whose life was in me then.

As unsuspecting mere a maid
 As, fresh in maidhood's bloomiest bloom,
 In casual second-class did e'er
 By casual youth her seat assume ;

¹ This poem is reprinted from the volume called *Ambarvalia*.

Or vestal, say, of saintliest clay,
 For once by balmiest airs betrayed
 Unto emotions too, too sweet
 To be unlingeringly gainsaid :

Unowning then, confusing soon
 With dreamier dreams that o'er the glass
 Of shyly ripening woman-sense
 Reflected, scarce reflected, pass,
 A wife maybe, a mother she
 In Hymen's shrine recalls not now,
 She first in hour, ah, not profane,
 With me to Hymen learnt to bow.

Ah no! — Yet owned we, fused in one,
 The Power which e'en in stones and earths
 By blind elections felt, in forms
 Organic breeds to myriad births ;
 By lichen small on granite wall
 Approved, its faintest feeblest stir
 Slow-spreading, strengthening long, at last
 Vibrated full in me and her.

In me and her — sensation strange !
 The lily grew to pendent head,
 To vernal airs the mossy bank
 Its sheeny primrose spangles spread,
 In roof o'er roof of shade sun-proof
 Did cedar strong itself outclimb,
 And altitude of aloe proud
 Aspire in floreal crown sublime ;

Flashed flickering forth fantastic flies,
 Big bees their burly bodies swung,
 Rooks roused with civic din the elms,
 And lark its wild reveillez rung ;
 In Libyan dell the light gazelle,
 The leopard lithe in Indian glade,
 And dolphin, brightening tropic seas,
 In us were living, leapt and played :

Their shells did slow crustacea build,
 Their gilded skins did snakes renew.

While mightier spines for loftier kind
Their types in amplest limbs outgrew ;
Yea, close comprest in human breast,
What moss, and tree, and livelier thing,
What Earth, Sun, Star of force possest,
Lay budding, burgeoning forth for Spring.

Such sweet preluding sense of old
Led on in Eden's sinless place
The hour when bodies human first
Combined the primal prime embrace,
Such genial heat the blissful seat
In man and woman owned unblamed,
When, naked both, its garden paths
They walked unconscious, unashamed :

Ere, clouded yet in mistiest dawn,
Above the horizon dusk and dun,
One mountain crest with light had tipped
That orb that is the Spirit's Sun ;
Ere dreamed young flowers in vernal showers
Of fruit to rise the flower above,
Or ever yet to young Desire
Was told the mystic name of Love.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.



*Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio,
And taste with a distempered appetite!*

SHAKSPEARE.

Il doutait de tout, même de l'amour.

FRENCH NOVEL.

Solvitur ambulando.

SOLUTIO SOPHISMATUM.

*Flevit amores
Non elaboratum ad pedem.*

HORACE.

CANTO I.

*Over the great windy waters, and over the clear-crested
summits,*

*Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter earth,
Come, let us go, — to a land wherein gods of the old time
wandered,*

*Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.
Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper, 'The
world that we live in,*

*Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib;
'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord, that we
travel;*

*Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and
think;*

*'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories wilfully falser;
'Tis but to go and have been.' — Come, little bark! let
us go.*

I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

DEAR EUSTATIO, I write that you may write me an answer,
 Or at the least to put us again *en rapport* with each other.
 Rome disappoints me much, — St. Peter's, perhaps, in
 especial;
 Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please
 me:
 This, however, perhaps is the weather, which truly is
 horrid.
 Greece must be better, surely; and yet I am feeling so
 spiteful,
 That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and
 Mount Sinai,
 Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also.
 Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as yet under-
 stand, but
Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it.
 All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier savings,
 All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages,
 Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present
 and future.
 Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner
 sweep of it!
 Would to Heaven some new ones would come and destroy
 these churches!
 However, one can live in Rome as also in London.
 It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for a time, of
 All one's friends and relations, — yourself (forgive me!)
 included, —
 All the *assujettissement* of having been what one has been,
 What one thinks one is, or thinks that others suppose one;
 Yet, in despite of all, we turn like fools to the English.
 Vernon has been my fate; who is here the same that you
 knew him,
 Making the tour, it seems, with friends of the name of
 Trevellyn.

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

ROME disappoints me still; but I shrink and adapt my-
 self to it.

Somehow a tyrannous sense of a superincumbent oppression

Still, wherever I go, accompanies ever, and makes me
Feel like a tree (shall I say?) buried under a ruin of
brickwork.

Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte
Testaceo,

Merely a marvellous mass of broken and castaway wine-
pots.

Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of ages
departed,

Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has
failed in?

What do I find in the Forum? An archway and two or
three pillars.

Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has filled it with
sculpture!

No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great
Coliseum.

Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive
amusement,

This the old Romans had; but tell me, is this an idea?

Yet of solidity much, but of splendour little is extant:

'Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee!' their
Emperor vaunted;

'Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee!' the
Tourist may answer.

III. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA —.

At last, dearest Louisa, I take up my pen to address
you.

Here we are, you see, with the seven-and-seventy boxes,
Courier, Papa and Mamma, the children, and Mary and
Susan:

Here we all are at Rome, and delighted of course with
St. Peter's,

And very pleasantly lodged in the famous Piazza di
Spagna.

Rome is a wonderful place, but Mary shall tell you
about it;

Not very gay, however; the English are mostly at Naples;
There are the A.'s, we hear, and most of the W. party.

George, however, is come; did I tell you about his
 mustachios?
 Dear, I must really stop, for the carriage, they tell me, is
 waiting;
 Mary will finish; and Susan is writing, they say, to
 Sophia.
 Adieu, dearest Louise, — evermore your faithful Georgina.
 Who can a Mr. Claude be whom George has taken to be
 with?
 Very stupid, I think, but George says so *very* clever.

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, the Christian faith, as at any rate I understood it,
 With its humiliations and exaltations combining,
 Exaltations sublime, and yet diviner abasements,
 Aspirations from something most shameful here upon
 earth and
 In our poor selves to something most perfect above in the
 heavens, —
 No, the Christian faith, as I, at least, understood it,
 Is not here, O Rome, in any of these thy churches;
 Is not here, but in Freiburg, or Rheims, or Westminster
 Abbey.
 What in thy Dome I find, in all thy recenter efforts,
 Is a something, I think, more *rational* far, more earthly,
 Actual, less ideal, devout not in scorn and refusal,
 But in a positive, calm, Stoic-Epicurean acceptance.
 This I begin to detect in St. Peter's and some of the
 churches,
 Mostly in all that I see of the sixteenth-century masters;
 Overlaid of course with infinite gauds and gewgaws,
 Innocent, playful follies, the toys and trinkets of child-
 hood,
 Forced on maturer years, as the serious one thing need-
 ful,
 By the barbarian will of the rigid and ignorant Spaniard.
 Curious work, meantime, re-entering society: how we
 Walk a livelong day, great Heaven, and watch our
 shadows!
 What our shadows seem, forsooth, we will ourselves be.
 Do I look like that? you think me that: then I *am* that.

V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LUTHER, they say, was unwise; like a half-taught Ger-
 man, he could not
 See that old follies were passing most tranquilly out of
 remembrance;
 Leo the Tenth was employing all efforts to clear out abuses;
 Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, Fine Arts, and Fine Letters,
 the Poets,
 Scholars, and Sculptors, and Painters, were quietly clear-
 ing away the
 Martyrs, and Virgins, and Saints, or at any rate Thomas
 Aquinas:
 He must forsooth make a fuss and distend his huge Wit-
 tenberg lungs, and
 Bring back Theology once yet again in a flood upon
 Europe:
 Lo you, for forty days from the windows of heaven it
 fell; the
 Waters prevail on the earth yet more for a hundred and
 fifty;
 Are they abating at last? the doves that are sent to ex-
 plore are
 Wearily fain to return, at the best with a leaflet of
 promise,—
 Fain to return, as they went, to the wandering wave-tost
 vessel,—
 Fain to re-enter the roof which covers the clean and the
 unclean,—
 Luther, they say, was unwise; he didn't see how things
 were going;
 Luther was foolish,—but, O great God! what call you
 Ignatius?
 O my tolerant soul, be still! but you talk of barbarians,
 Alaric, Attila, Genseric;— why, they came, they killed,
 they
 Ravaged, and went on their way; but these vile, tyran-
 nous Spaniards,
 These are here still,—how long, O ye heavens, in the
 country of Dante?
 These, that fanaticised Europe, which now can forget
 them, release not

This, their choicest of prey, this Italy; here you see
 them,—
 Here, with emasculate pupils and gimerack churches of
 Gesu,
 Pseudo-learning and lies, confessional-boxes and pos-
 tures,—
 Here, with metallic beliefs and regimental devotions,—
 Here, overcrusting with slime, perverting, defacing, de-
 basing,
 Michael Angelo's Dome, that had hung the Pantheon in
 heaven,
 Raphael's Joys and Graces, and thy clear stars, Galileo!

VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHICH of three Misses Trevellyn it is that Vernon shall
 marry
 Is not a thing to be known; for our friend is one of
 those natures
 Which have their perfect delight in the general tender-
 domestic;
 So that he trifles with Mary's shawl, ties Susan's bonnet,
 Dances with all, but at home is most, they say, with
 Georgina,
 Who is, however, *too* silly in my apprehension for Vernon.
 I, as before when I wrote, continue to see them a little;
 Not that I like them much or care a *bajocco* for Vernon,
 But I am slow at Italian, have not many English ac-
 quaintance,
 And I am asked, in short, and am not good at excuses.
 Middle-class people these, bankers very likely, not wholly
 Pure of the taint of the shop; will at table d'hôte and
 restaurant
 Have their shilling's worth, their penny's pennyworth
 even:
 Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth!
 Yet they are fairly descended, they give you to know,
 well connected;
 Doubtless somewhere in some neighbourhood have, and
 are careful to keep, some
 Threadbare-genteel relations, who in their turn are en-
 charmed
 Grandly among county people to introduce at assemblies

To the unpennied cadets our cousins with excellent fortunes.

Neither man's aristocracy this, nor God's, God knoweth!

VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AH, what a shame, indeed, to abuse these most worthy people!

Ah, what a sin to have sneered at their innocent rustic pretensions!

Is it not laudable really, this reverent worship of station? Is it not fitting that wealth should tender this homage to culture?

Is it not touching to witness these efforts, if little availing, Painfully made, to perform the old ritual service of manners?

Shall not devotion atone for the absence of knowledge? and fervour

Palliate, cover, the fault of a superstitious observance?

Dear, dear, what do I say? but, alas! just now, like Iago, I can be nothing at all, if it is not critical wholly;

So in fantastic height, in coxcomb exultation,

Here in the garden I walk, can freely concede to the Maker

That the works of His hand are all very good: His creatures,

Beast of the field and fowl, He brings them before me; I name them;

That which I name them, they are, — the bird, the beast, and the cattle.

But for Adam, — alas, poor critical coxcomb Adam!

But for Adam there is not found an help-meet for him.

VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian! canst not,

Strip and replaster and daub and do what they will with thee, be so!

Here underneath the great porch of colossal Corinthian columns,

Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian belfries above them;

Or, on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours, till thy
 whole vast
 Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I repeople thy
 niches,
 Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors, and
 Virgins, and children,
 But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer worship;
 And I recite to myself, how

Eager for battle here
 Stood Vulcan, here matronal Juno,
 And with the bow to his shoulder faithful
 He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
 His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia
 The oak forest and the wood that bore him,
 Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.¹

IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YET it is pleasant, I own it, to be in their company;
 pleasant,
 Whatever else it may be, to abide in the feminine
 presence.
 Pleasant, but wrong, will you say? But this happy,
 serene coexistence
 Is to some poor soft souls, I fear, a necessity simple,
 Meat and drink and life, and music, filling with sweet-
 ness,
 Thrilling with melody sweet, with harmonies strange
 overwhelming,
 All the long-silent strings of an awkward, meaningless
 fabric.
 Yet as for that, I could live, I believe, with children;
 to have those
 Pure and delicate forms encompassing, moving about you,
 This were enough, I could think; and truly with glad
 resignation
 Could from the dream of Romance, from the fever of
 flushed adolescence,

¹ Hic avidus stetit
 Vulcanus, hic matrona Juno, et
 Nunquam humeris positurus arcum;
 Qui rore puro Castalie lavit
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
 Dumeta natalemque silvam,
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.

Look to escape and subside into peaceful avuncular functions.
 Nephews and nieces! alas, for as yet I have none! and, moreover,
 Mothers are jealous, I fear me, too often, too rightfully;
 fathers
 Think they have title exclusive to spoiling their own little darlings;
 And by the law of the land, in despite of Malthusian doctrine,
 No sort of proper provision is made for that most patriotic,
 Most meritorious subject, the childless and bachelor uncle.

X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YE, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte Cavallo
 Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your motionless movement,
 Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil regardant faces,
 Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood,—
 O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas.
 Are ye Christian too? to convert and redeem and renew you,
 Will the brief form have sufficed, that a Pope has set up on the apex
 Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you, the Christian symbol?
 And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious marble,
 Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican chambers,
 Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and Bacchus,
 Ye unto whom far and near come posting the Christian pilgrims,
 Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic Christian Pontiff,
 Are ye also baptized? are ye of the kingdom of Heaven?

Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile Ancient
and Modern!
Am I to turn me from this unto thee, great Chapel of
Sixtus?

XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THESE are the facts. The uncle, the elder brother, the
squire (a
Little embarrassed, I fancy), resides in the family
place in
Cornwall, of course; 'Papa is in business,' Mary in-
forms me;
He's a good sensible man, whatever his trade is. The
mother
Is—shall I call it fine?—herself she would tell you
refined, and
Greatly, I fear me, looks down on my bookish and
maladroit manners;
Somewhat affecteth the blue; would talk to me often
of poets;
Quotes, which I hate, Childe Harold; but also appreci-
ates Wordsworth;
Sometimes adventures on Schiller; and then to religion
diverges;
Questions me much about Oxford; and yet, in her lofti-
est flights still
Grates the fastidious ear with the slightly mercantile
accent.

Is it contemptible, Eustace—I'm perfectly ready to
think so,—
Is it,—the horrible pleasure of pleasing inferior people?
I am ashamed my own self; and yet true it is, if dis-
graceful,
That for the first time in life I am living and moving
with freedom.
I, who never could talk to the people I meet with my
uncle,—
I, who have always failed,—I, trust me, can suit the
Trevellyns;
I, believe me,—great conquest, am liked by the country
bankers.
And I am glad to be liked, and like in return very kindly.

So it proceeds; *Laissez faire, laissez aller*, — such is the watchword.

Well, I know there are thousands as pretty and hundreds as pleasant,

Girls by the dozen as good, and girls in abundance with polish

Higher and manners more perfect than Susan or Mary Trevellyn.

Well, I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition, —

Juxtaposition, in short; and what is juxtaposition?

XII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

BUT I am in for it now, — *laissez faire*, of a truth, *laissez aller*.

Yes, I am going, — I feel it, I feel and cannot recall it, — Fusing with this thing and that, entering into all sorts of relations,

Tying I know not what ties, which, whatever they are, I know one thing,

Will, and must, woe is me, be one day painfully broken, — Broken with painful remorse, with shrinkings of soul, and relentings,

Foolish delays, more foolish evasions, most foolish renewals.

But I have made the step, have quitted the ship of Ulysses;

Quitted the sea and the shore, passed into the magical island;

Yet on my lips is the *moly*, medicinal, offered of Hermes.

I have come into the precinct, the labyrinth closes around me,

Path into path rounding slyly; I pace slowly on, and the fancy,

Struggling awhile to sustain the long sequences weary, bewildered,

Fain must collapse in despair; I yield, I am lost, and know nothing;

Yet in my bosom unbroken remaineth the clue; I shall use it.

Lo, with the rope on my loins I descend through the fissure; I sink, yet

Inly secure in the strength of invisible arms up above
 me;
 Still, wheresoever I swing, wherever to shore, or to
 shelf, or
 Floor of cavern untrodden, shell sprinkled, enchanting,
 I know I
 Yet shall one time feel the strong cord tighten about
 me,—
 Feel it, relentless, upbear me from spots I would rest
 in; and though the
 Rope sway wildly, I faint, crags wound me, from crag
 unto crag re-
 Bounding, or, wide in the void, I die ten deaths, ere the
 end I
 Yet shall plant firm foot on the broad lofty spaces I
 quit, shall
 Feel underneath me again the great massy strengths
 of abstraction,
 Look yet abroad from the height o'er the sea whose salt
 wave I have tasted.

XIII. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA —.

DEAREST LOUISA,—Inquire, if you please, about Mr.
 Claude —.
 He has been once at R., and remembers meeting the H.'s.
 Harriet L., perhaps, may be able to tell you about him.
 It is an awkward youth, but still with very good man-
 ners;
 Not without prospects, we hear; and, George says, highly
 connected.
 Georgy declares it absurd, but Mamma is alarmed, and
 insists he has
 Taken up strange opinions, and may be turning a Papist.
 Certainly once he spoke of a daily service he went to.
 'Where?' we asked, and he laughed and answered, 'At
 the Pantheon.'
 This was a temple, you know, and now is a Catholic
 church; and
 Though it is said that Mazzini has sold it for Protestant
 service,
 Yet I suppose this change can hardly as yet be effected.
 Adieu again,—evermore, my dearest, your loving Georgina.

P.S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

I AM to tell you, you say, what I think of our last new acquaintance.

Well, then, I think that George has a very fair right to be jealous.

I do not like him much, though I do not dislike being with him.

He is what people call, I suppose, a superior man, and Certainly seems so to me; but I think he is terribly selfish.

*Alba, thou findest me still, and, Alba, thou findest me ever,
Now from the Capitol steps, now over Titus's Arch,
Here from the large grassy spaces that spread from the Lat-
eral portal,*

*Towering o'er aqueduct lines lost in perspective between,
Or from a Vatican window, or bridge, or the high Coliseum,
Clear by the garlanded line cut of the Flavian ring.*

*Beautiful can I not call thee, and yet thou hast power to
o'ermaster,*

*Power of mere beauty; in dreams, Alba, thou hauntest
me still.*

Is it religion? I ask me; or is it a vain superstition?

Slavery abject and gross? service, too feeble, of truth?

Is it an idol I bow to, or is it a god that I worship?

Do I sink back on the old, or do I soar from the mean?

*So through the city I wander and question, unsatisfied
ever,*

Reverent so I accept, doubtful because I revere.

CANTO II.

Is it illusion? or does there a spirit from perfecter ages,

Here, even yet, amid loss, change, and corruption abide?

*Does there a spirit we know not, though seek, though we find,
comprehend not,*

Here to entice and confuse, tempt and evade us, abide?

*Lives in the exquisite grace of the column disjointed and
single,*

Haunts the rude masses of brick garlanded gaily with vine,

*E'en in the turret fantastic surviving that springs from the
ruin,*

E'en in the people itself? is it illusion or not?

*Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine,
Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to
stare?*

*Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms
to the gate?*

I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHAT do the people say, and what does the government
do? — you

Ask, and I know not at all. Yet fortune will favour your
hopes; and

I, who avoided it all, am fated, it seems, to describe it.

I, who nor meddle nor make in politics, — I who sincerely

Put not my trust in leagues nor any suffrage by ballot,

Never predicted Parisian millenniums, never beheld a

New Jerusalem coming down dressed like a bride out of
heaven

Right on the Place de la Concorde, — I, nevertheless, let
me say it,

Could in my soul of souls, this day, with the Gaul at the
gates shed

One true tear for thee, thou poor little Roman Republic;

What, with the German restored, with Sicily safe to the
Bourbon,

Not leave one poor corner for native Italian exertion?

France, it is foully done! and you, poor foolish England, —

You, who a twelvemonth ago said nations must choose for
themselves, you

Could not, of course, interfere, — you, now, when a nation
has chosen —

Pardon this folly! The *Times* will, of course, have an-
nounced the occasion,

Told you the news of to-day; and although it was slightly
in error

When it proclaimed as a fact the Apollo was sold to a
Yankee,

You may believe when it tells you the French are at
Civita Vecchia.

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Dulce it is, and *decorum*, no doubt, for the country to fall,
 — to
 Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the
 Cause; yet
 Still, individual culture is also something, and no man
 Finds quite distinct the assurance that he of all others is
 called on,
 Or would be justified even, in taking away from the world
 that
 Precious creature, himself. Nature sent him here to abide
 here;
 Else why send him at all? Nature wants him still, it is
 likely;
 On the whole, we are meant to look after ourselves; it is
 certain
 Each has to eat for himself, digest for himself, and in
 general
 Care for his own dear life, and see to his own preservation;
 Nature's intentions, in most things uncertain, in this are
 decisive;
 Which, on the whole, I conjecture the Romans will follow,
 and I shall.

So we cling to our rocks like limpets; Ocean may bluster,
 Over and under and round us; we open our shells to im-
 bibe our
 Nourishment, close them again, and are safe, fulfilling the
 purpose
 Nature intended, — a wise one, of course, and a noble, we
 doubt not.
 Sweet it may be and decorous, perhaps, for the country to
 die; but,
 On the whole, we conclude the Romans won't do it, and I
 shan't.

III. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WILL they fight? They say so. And will the French?
 I can hardly,
 Hardly think so; and yet — He is come, they say, to
 Palo,
 He is passed from Monterone, at Santa Severa

He hath laid up his guns. But the Virgin, the Daughter
 of Roma,
 She hath despised thee and laughed thee to scorn, — The
 Daughter of Tiber,
 She hath shaken her head and built barricades against
 thee!
 Will they fight? I believe it. Alas! 'tis ephemeral folly,
 Vain and ephemeral folly, of course, compared with pic-
 tures,
 Statues, and antique gems! — Indeed: and yet indeed too,
 Yet, methought, in broad day did I dream, — tell it not in
 St. James's,
 Whisper it not in thy courts, O Christ Church! — yet did
 I, waking,
 Dream of a cadence that sings, *Si tombent nos jeunes héros,*
la
Terre en produit de nouveaux contre vous tous prêts à se
battre;
 Dreamt of great indignations and angers transcendental,
 Dreamt of a sword at my side and a battle-horse under-
 neath me.

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Now supposing the French or the Neapolitan soldier
 Should by some evil chance come exploring the Maison
 Serny
 (Where the family English are all to assemble for safety),
 Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?
 Really, who knows? One has bowed and talked, till, little
 by little,
 All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit.
 Oh, one conformed, of course; but one doesn't die for good
 manners,
 Stab or shoot, or be shot, by way of graceful attention.
 No, if it should be at all, it should be on the barricades
 there;
 Should I inearnadine ever this inky pacifical finger,
 Sooner far should it be for this vapour of Italy's freedom,
 Sooner far by the side of the d——d and dirty plebeians.
 Ah, for a child in the street I could strike; for the full-
 blown lady —
 Somehow, Eustace, alas! I have not felt the vocation.

Yet these people of course will expect, as of course, my
 protection,
 Vernon in radiant arms stand forth for the lovely Geor-
 gina,
 And to appear, I suppose, were but common civility. Yes,
 and
 Truly I do not desire they should either be killed or of-
 fended.
 Oh, and of course, you will say, 'When the time comes,
 you will be ready.'
 Ah, but before it comes, am I to presume it will be so?
 What I cannot feel now, am I to suppose that I shall
 feel?
 Am I not free to attend for the ripe and indubious in-
 stinct?
 Am I forbidden to wait for the clear and lawful percep-
 tion?
 Is it the calling of man to surrender his knowledge and
 insight,
 For the mere venture of what may, perhaps, be the virtu-
 ous action?
 Must we, walking our earth, discern a little, and hoping
 Some plain visible task shall yet for our hands be assigned
 us, —
 Must we abandon the future for fear of omitting the
 present,
 Quit our own fireside hopes at the alien call of a neighbour,
 To the mere possible shadow of Deity offer the victim?
 And is all this, my friend, but a weak and ignoble refining,
 Wholly unworthy the head or the heart of Your Own
 Correspondent?

V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, we are fighting at last, it appears. This morning as
 usual,
Murray, as usual, in hand, I enter the Caffè Nuovo;
 Seating myself with a sense as it were of a change in the
 weather,
 Not understanding, however, but thinking mostly of
Murray,
 And, for to-day is their day, of the Campidoglio Marbles;
Caffè-latte! I call to the waiter, — and *Non c'è latte*,

This is the answer he makes me, and this is the sign of a battle.

So I sit: and truly they seem to think any one else more Worthy than me of attention. I wait for my milkless
nero

Free to observe undistracted all sorts and sizes of persons, Blending civilian and soldier in strangest costume, coming in, and

Gulping in hottest haste, still standing, their coffee — withdrawing

Eagerly, jangling a sword on the steps, or joggng a musket

Slung to the shoulder behind. They are fewer, moreover, than usual,

Much and silenter far; and so I begin to imagine

Something is really afloat. Ere I leave, the Caffè is empty,

Empty too the streets, in all its length the Corso

Empty, and empty I see to my right and left the Condotti.

Twelve o'clock, on the Pincian Hill, with lots of English,

Germans, Americans, French, — the Frenchmen, too, are protected, —

So we stand in the sun, but afraid of a probable shower; So we stand and stare, and see, to the left of St. Peter's, Smoke, from the cannon, white, — but that is at intervals only, —

Black, from a burning house, we suppose, by the Cavalleggieri;

And we believe we discern some lines of men descending Down through the vineyard-slopes, and catch a bayonet gleaming.

Every ten minutes, however, — in this there is no misconception, —

Comes a great white puff from behind Michel Angelo's dome, and

After a space the report of a real big gun, — not the Frenchman's! —

That must be doing some work. And so we watch and conjecture.

Shortly, an Englishman comes, who says he has been to St. Peter's,

Seen the Piazza and troops, but that is all he can tell us;

So we watch and sit, and, indeed, it begins to be tiresome. —

All this smoke is outside; when it has come to the inside,

It will be time, perhaps, to descend and retreat to our houses.

Half-past one, or two. The report of small arms frequent,

Sharp and savage indeed; that cannot all be for nothing: So we watch and wonder; but guessing is tiresome, very.

Weary of wondering, watching, and guessing, and gossiping idly,

Down I go, and pass through the quiet streets with the knots of

National Guards patrolling, and flags hanging out at the windows,

English, American, Danish, — and, after offering to help an

Irish family moving *en masse* to the Maison Serny,

After endeavouring idly to minister balm to the trembling Quinquagenarian fears of two lone British spinsters,

Go to make sure of my dinner before the enemy enter.

But by this there are signs of stragglers returning; and voices

Talk, though you don't believe it, of guns and prisoners taken;

And on the walls you read the first bulletin of the morning. —

This is all that I saw, and all I know of the battle.

VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

VICTORY! VICTORY! — Yes! ah, yes, thou republican Zion,

Truly the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together;

Doubtless they marvelled to witness such things, were astonished, and so forth.

Victory! Victory! Victory! — Ah, but it is, believe me,

Easier, easier far, to intone the chant of the martyr

Than to indite any pæan of any victory. Death may

Sometimes be noble; but life, at the best, will appear an illusion.

While the great pain is upon us, it is great; when it is
 over,
 Why, it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to
 heaven,
 Of a sweet savour, no doubt, to Somebody; but on the
 altar,
 Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dirt and ill
 odour.
 So it stands, you perceive; the labial muscles that
 swelled with
 Vehement evolution of yesterday Marseillaises,
 Articulations sublime of defiance and scorning, to-day col-
 Lapse and languidly mumble, while men and women and
 papers
 Scream and re-scream to each other the chorus of Victory.
 Well, but
 I am thankful they fought, and glad that the Frenchmen
 were beaten.

VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

So, I have seen a man killed! An experience that,
 among others!
 Yes, I suppose I have; although I can hardly be certain,
 And in a court of justice could never declare I had seen it.
 But a man was killed, I am told, in a place where I saw
 Something; a man was killed, I am told, and I saw
 something.
 I was returning home from St. Peter's; Murray, as
 usual,
 Under my arm, I remember; had crossed the St. Angelo
 bridge; and
 Moving towards the Condotti, had got to the first barricade,
 when
 Gradually, thinking still of St. Peter's, I became conscious
 Of a sensation of movement opposing me, — tendency this
 way
 (Such as one fancies may be in a stream when the wave
 of the tide is
 Coming and not yet come, — a sort of noise and retention);
 So I turned, and, before I turned, caught sight of stragglers
 Heading a crowd, it is plain, that is coming behind that
 corner.

Looking up, I see windows filled with heads; the Piazza,
 Into which you remember the Ponte St. Angelo enters,
 Since I passed, has thickened with curious groups; and
 now the

Crowd is coming, has turned, has crossed that last
 barricade, is

Here at my side. In the middle they drag at something.
 What is it?

Ha! bare swords in the air, held up? There seem to be
 voices

Pleading and hands putting back; official, perhaps; but
 the swords are

Many, and bare in the air. In the air? they descend;
 they are smiting,

Hewing, chopping—At what? In the air once more
 upstretched? And—

Is it blood that's on them? Yes, certainly blood! Of
 whom, then?

Over whom is the cry of this furor of exultation?

While they are skipping and screaming, and dancing
 their caps on the points of

Swords and bayonets, I to the outskirts back, and ask a
 Mercantile-seeming bystander, 'What is it?' and he,
 looking always

That way, makes me answer, 'A Priest, who was trying
 to fly to

The Neapolitan army,'—and thus explains the proceeding.

You didn't see the dead man? No;—I began to be
 doubtful;

I was in black myself, and didn't know what mightn't
 happen,—

But a National Guard close by me, outside of the hubbub,
 Broke his sword with slashing a broad hat covered with
 dust,—and

Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm,
 and

Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs
 of a body.

You are the first, do you know, to whom I have men-
 tioned the matter.

Whom should I tell it to else?—these girls?—the
 Heavens forbid it!—

Quidnuncs at Monaldini's?—Idlers upon the Pincian?

If I rightly remember, it happened on that afternoon
 when
 Word of the nearer approach of a new Neapolitan army
 First was spread. I began to bethink me of Paris
 Septembers,
 Thought I could fancy the look of that old 'Ninety-two.
 On that evening
 Three or four, or, it may be, five, of these people were
 slaughtered.
 Some declared they had, one of them, fired on a sentinel;
 others
 Say they were only escaping; a Priest, it is currently
 stated,
 Stabbed a National Guard on the very Piazza Colonna:
 History, Rumour of Rumours, I leave to thee to deter-
 mine!
 But I am thankful to say the government seems to have
 strength to
 Put it down; it has vanished, at least; the place is most
 peaceful.
 Through the Trastevere walking last night, at nine of the
 clock, I
 Found no sort of disorder; I crossed by the Island-bridges,
 So by the narrow streets to the Ponte Rotto, and onwards
 Thence by the Temple of Vesta, away to the great
 Coliseum,
 Which at the full of the moon is an object worthy a visit.

VIII. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA ———.

ONLY think, dearest Louisa, what fearful scenes we have
 witnessed! —

* * * * * * *

George has just seen Garibaldi, dressed up in a long white
 cloak, on
 Horseback, riding by, with his mounted negro behind
 him:
 This is a man, you know, who came from America with
 him,
 Out of the woods, I suppose, and uses a *lasso* in fighting,
 Which is, I don't quite know, but a sort of noose, I
 imagine;
 This he throws on the heads of the enemy's men in a battle,

Pulls them into his reach, and then most cruelly kills them :

Mary does not believe, but we heard it from an Italian.
Mary allows she was wrong about Mr. Claude *being selfish* ;
He was *most* useful and kind on the terrible thirtieth of April.

Do not write here any more ; we are starting directly for Florence :

We should be off to-morrow, if only Papa could get horses ;
All have been seized everywhere for the use of this dreadful Mazzini.

P.S.

Mary has seen thus far. — I am really so angry,
Louisa, —
Quite out of patience, my dearest ! What can the man be intending ?
I am quite tired ; and Mary, who might bring him to in a moment,
Lets him go on as he likes, and neither will help nor dismiss him.

IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

It is most curious to see what a power a few calm words
(in
Merely a brief proclamation) appear to possess on the people.

Order is perfect, and peace ; the city is utterly tranquil ;
And one cannot conceive that this easy and *nonchalant* crowd, that

Flows like a quiet stream through street and market-place, entering

Shady recesses and bays of church, *osteria* and *caffè*,
Could in a moment be changed to a flood as of molten lava,
Boil into deadly wrath and wild homicidal delusion.

Ah, 'tis an excellent race, — and even in old degradation,
Under a rule that enforces to flattery, lying, and cheating,
E'en under Pope and Priest, a nice and natural people.

Oh, could they but be allowed this chance of redemption !
— but clearly

That is not likely to be. Meantime, notwithstanding all journals,

Honour for once to the tongue and the pen of the eloquent writer!
 Honour to speech! and all honour to thee, thou noble
 Mazzini!

X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I AM in love, meantime, you think; no doubt you would think so.
 I am in love, you say; with those letters, of course, you would say so.
 I am in love, you declare. I think not so; yet I grant you
 It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl. Oh, rare gift,
 Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way, can
 Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind and of thinking,
 Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one moment,
 Never, however you urge it, however you tempt her, consents to
 Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations to those vain
 Conscious understandings that vex the minds of mankind.
 No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert not the keys; 'tis
 Song, though you hear in the song the articulate vocables sounded,
 Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.
 I am in love, you say: I do not think so, exactly.

XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

THERE are two different kinds, I believe, of human attraction:
 One which simply disturbs, unsettles, and makes you uneasy,
 And another that poises, retains, and fixes and holds you.
 I have no doubt, for myself, in giving my voice for the latter.

I do not wish to be moved, but growing where I was
growing,
There more truly to grow, to live where as yet I had
languished.
I do not like being moved: for the will is excited; and
action
Is a most dangerous thing; I tremble for something
factitious,
Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process;
We are so prone to these things, with our terrible notions
of duty.

XII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Ah, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, unhurried,
unprompted!
Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or end what
is present!
Say not, Time flies, and Occasion, that never returns, is
departing!
Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords, from my
Eden,
Waiting, and watching, and looking! Let love be its own
inspiration!
Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from the airs
that environ,
Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our knowledge
or effort,
Break into audible words? And love be its own
inspiration?

XIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

WHEREFORE and how I am certain, I hardly can tell; but
it *is* so.
She doesn't like me, Eustace; I think she never will like
me.
Is it my fault, as it is my misfortune, my ways are not
her ways?
Is it my fault, that my habits and modes are dissimilar
wholly?
'Tis not her fault; 'tis her nature, her virtue, to misap-
prehend them:

'Tis not her fault; 'tis her beautiful nature, not ever to
 know me.
 Hopeless it seems, — yet I cannot, though hopeless,
 determine to leave it:
 She goes — therefore I go; she moves, — I move, not to
 lose her.

XIV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

OH, 'tisn't manly, of course, 'tisn't manly, this method of
 wooing;
 'Tisn't the way very likely to win. For the woman, they
 tell you,
 Ever prefers the audacious, the wilful, the vehement
 hero;
 She has no heart for the timid, the sensitive soul; and
 for knowledge, —
 Knowledge, O ye Gods! — when did they appreciate
 knowledge?
 Wherefore should they, either? I am sure I do not
 desire it.
 Ah, and I feel too, Eustace, she cares not a tittle about
 me!
 (Care about me, indeed! and do I really expect it?)
 But my manner offends; my ways are wholly repugnant;
 Every word that I utter estranges, hurts, and repels her;
 Every moment of bliss that I gain, in her exquisite
 presence,
 Slowly, surely, withdraws her, removes her, and severs
 her from me.
 Not that I care very much! — any way I escape from the
 boy's own
 folly, to which I am prone, of loving where it is easy.
 Not that I mind very much! Why should I? I am not
 in love, and
 Am prepared, I think, if not by previous habit,
 Yet in the spirit beforehand for this and all that is like
 it;
 It is an easier matter for us contemplative creatures,
 Us upon whom the pressure of action is laid so lightly;
 We, discontented indeed with things in particular, idle,
 Sickly, complaining, by faith, in the vision of things in
 general,

Manage to hold on our way without, like others around
us,
Seizing the nearest arm to comfort, help, and support us.
Yet, after all, my Eustace, I know but little about it.
All I can say for myself, for present alike and for past,
is,
Mary Trevellyn, Eustace, is certainly worth your ac-
quaintance.
You couldn't come, I suppose, as far as Florence to see
her?

XV. GEORGINA TREVELLYN TO LOUISA —.

. To-morrow we're starting for Florence,
Truly rejoiced, you may guess, to escape from republican
terrors;
Mr. C. and Papa to escort us; we by *vettura*
Through Siena, and Georgy to follow and join us by Leg-
horn.
Then — Ah, what shall I say, my dearest? I tremble
in thinking!
You will imagine my feelings, — the blending of hope
and of sorrow.
How can I bear to abandon Papa and Mamma and my
Sisters?
Dearest Louise, indeed it is very alarming; but, trust me
Ever, whatever may change, to remain your loving
Georgina.

P.S. BY MARY TREVELLYN.

. 'Do I like Mr. Claude any better?'
I am to tell you, — and, 'Pray, is it Susan or I that
attract him?'
This he never has told, but Georgina could certainly ask
him.
All I can say for myself is, alas! that he rather repels
me.
There! I think him agreeable, but also a little repulsive.
So be content, dear Louisa; for one satisfactory marriage
Surely will do in one year for the family you would es-
tablish;
Neither Susan nor I shall afford you the joy of a second.

P.S. BY GEORGINA TREVELLYN.

MR. CLAUDE, you must know, is behaving a little bit better;
 He and Papa are great friends; but he really is too *shilly-shally*, —
 So unlike George! Yet I hope that the matter is going on fairly.
 I shall, however, get George, before he goes, to say something.
 Dearest Louise, how delightful to bring young people together!

*Is it to Florence we follow, or are we to tarry yet longer,
 E'en amid clamour of arms, here in the city of old,
 Seeking from clamour of arms in the Past and the Arts to be hidden,
 Vainly 'mid Arts and the Past seeking one life to forget?
 Ah, fair shadow, scarce seen, go forth! for anon he shall follow, —
 He that beheld thee, anon, whither thou ledest must go!
 Go, and the wise, loving Muse, she also will follow and find thee!
 She, should she linger in Rome, were not dissevered from thee!*

CANTO III.

*Yet to the wondrous St. Peter's and yet to the solemn Rota,
 Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatican Walls,
 Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty world seems above us,
 Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme;
 Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner around us;
 Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a chamber remain;
 Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our souls in resistance. —
 Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and gossip of war,*

*Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak trees
imingle,*

*Where, amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,
Where, under mulberry branches, the diligent rivulet
sparkles,*

*Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works
ply,*

*Where, over fig tree and orange in tier upon tier still re-
peated,*

*Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky,—
Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the streets of
the city,*

Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee!

I. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER, — *on the way to
Florence.*

WHY doesn't Mr. Claude come with us? you ask. — We
don't know,

You should know better than we. He talked of the Vati-
can marbles;

But I can't wholly believe that this was the actual rea-
son, —

He was so ready before, when we asked him to come and
escort us.

Certainly he is odd, my dear Miss Roper. To change so
Suddenly, just for a whim, was not quite fair to the
party, —

Not quite right. I declare, I really almost am offended:
I, his great friend, as you say, have doubtless a title to
be so.

Not that I greatly regret it, for dear Georgina distinctly
Wishes for nothing so much as to show her adroitness.

But, oh, my

Pen will not write any more; — let us say nothing further
about it.

* * * * *

Yes, my dear Miss Roper, I certainly called him repulsive;
So I think him, but cannot be sure I have used the ex-
pression

Quite as your pupil should; yet he does most truly repel
me.

Was it to you I made use of the word? or who was it
told you?
Yes, repulsive; observe, it is but when he talks of ideas
That he is quite unaffected, and free, and expansive, and
easy;
I could pronounce him simply a cold intellectual being.—
When does he make advances? — He thinks that women
should woo him;
Yet, if a girl should do so, would be but alarmed and dis-
gusted.
She that should love him must look for small love in re-
turn, — like the ivy
On the stone wall, must expect but a rigid and niggard
support, and
E'en to get that must go searching all round with her
humble embraces.

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Rome.*

TELL me, my friend, do you think that the grain would
sprout in the furrow,
Did it not truly accept as its *summum* and *ultimum bonum*
That mere common and may-be indifferent soil it is set in?
Would it have force to develop and open its young coty-
ledons,
Could it compare, and reflect, and examine one thing with
another?
Would it endure to accomplish the round of its natural
functions
Were it endowed with a sense of the general scheme of
existence?
While from Marseilles in the steamer we voyage to
Civita Vecchia,
Vexed in the squally seas as we lay by Capraja and Elba,
Standing, uplifted, alone on the heaving poop of the vessel,
Looking around on the waste of the rushing incurious
billows,
'This is Nature,' I said: 'we are born as it were from
her waters;
Over her billows that buffet and beat us, her offspring
uncared for,
Casting one single regard of a painful victorious know-
ledge,

Into her billows that buffet and beat us we sink and are
swallowed.'

This was the sense in my soul, as I swayed with the poop
of the steamer;

And as unthinking I sat in the hall of the famed Ariadne,
Lo, it looked at me there from the face of a Triton in
marble.

It is the simpler thought, and I can believe it the truer.
Let us not talk of growth; we are still in our Aqueous
Ages.

III. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

FAREWELL, Politics, utterly! What can I do? I cannot
Fight, you know; and to talk I am wholly ashamed. And
although I

Gnash my teeth when I look in your French or your Eng-
lish papers,

What is the good of that? Will swearing, I wonder,
mend matters?

Cursing and scolding repel the assailants? No, it is idle;
No, whatever befalls, I will hide, will ignore or forget it.
Let the tail shift for itself; I will bury my head. And
what's the

Roman Republic to me, or I to the Roman Republic?

Why not fight? — In the first place, I haven't so much
as a musket;

In the next, if I had, I shouldn't know how I should use
it;

In the third, just at present I'm studying ancient marbles;

In the fourth, I consider I owe my life to my country;

In the fifth — I forget, but four good reasons are ample.

Meantime, pray let 'em fight, and be killed. I delight in
devotion.

So that I 'list not, hurrah for the glorious army of martyrs!
Sanguis martyrum semen Ecclesie; though it would seem
this

Church is indeed of the purely Invisible, Kingdom-come
kind:

Militant here on earth! Triumphant, of course, then,
elsewhere!

Ah, good Heaven, but I would, I were out far away from
the pother!

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

NOT, as we read in the words of the olden-time inspiration,
 Are there two several trees in the place we are set to
 abide in;
 But on the apex most high of the Tree of Life in the
 Garden,
 Budding, unfolding, and falling, decaying and flowering
 ever,
 Flowering is set and decaying the transient blossom of
 Knowledge, —
 Flowering alone, and decaying, the needless unfruitful
 blossom.

Or as the cypress-spires by the fair-flowing stream
 Hellespontine,
 Which from the mythical tomb of the godlike Protesilaüs
 Rose sympathetic in grief to his love-lorn Laodamia,
 Evermore growing, and when in their growth to the pros-
 pect attaining,
 Over the low sea-banks, of the fatal Ilian city,
 Withering still at the sight which still they upgrow to
 encounter.

Ah, but ye that extrude from the ocean your helpless
 faces,
 Ye over stormy seas leading long and dreary processions,
 Ye, too, brood of the wind, whose coming is whence we
 discern not,
 Making your nest on the wave, and your bed on the
 crested billow,
 Skimming rough waters, and crowding wet sands that
 the tide shall return to,
 Cormorants, ducks, and gulls, fill ye my imagination!
 Let us not talk of growth; we are still in our Aqueous
 Ages.

V. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER, — *from Florence.*

DEAREST MISS ROPER, — Alas! we are all at Florence
 quite safe, and
 You, we hear, are shut up! indeed, it is sadly distressing!
 We were most lucky, they say, to get off when we did
 from the troubles.

Now you are really besieged ; they tell us it soon will be over ;

Only I hope and trust without any fight in the city.

Do you see Mr. Claude ? — I thought he might do something for you.

I am quite sure on occasion he really would wish to be useful.

What is he doing ? I wonder ; — still studying Vatican marbles ?

Letters, I hope, pass through. We trust your brother is better.

VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION, in fine ; and what is juxtaposition ?

Look you, we travel along in the railway-carriage or steamer,

And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey be ended,

Lay aside paper or book, to talk with the girl that is next one ;

And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all but in prospect,

Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.

Ah, did we really accept with a perfect heart the illusion !

Ah, did we really believe that the Present indeed is the Only !

Or through all transmutation, all shock and convulsion of passion,

Feel we could carry undimmed, unextinguished, the light of our knowledge !

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,

Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage procession ?

But for that final discharge, would he dare to enlist in that service ?

But for that certain release, ever sign to that perilous contract ?

But for that exit secure, ever bend to that treacherous doorway ? —

Ah, but the bride, meantime, — do you think she sees it as he does ?

But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and larger exist-
 ence,
 Think you that man could consent to be circumscribed
 here into action?
 But for assurance within of a limitless ocean divine, o'er
 Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the wind-tost
 surface
 Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and change and
 endure not,—
 But that in this, of a truth, we have our being, and know
 it,
 Think you we men could submit to live and move as we
 do here?
 Ah, but the women,— God bless them! they don't think
 at all about it.
 Yet we must eat and drink, as you say. And as limited
 beings
 Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an Actual Ab-
 stract,
 Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands knowledge
 confiding,
 Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and dies
 not,
 Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular
 doings,—
 Yes, and contented sit down to the victual that He has
 provided.
 Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.
 Ah, but the women, alas! they don't look at it in that
 way.
 Juxtaposition is great;—but, my friend, I fear me, the
 maiden
 Hardly would thank or acknowledge the lover that sought
 to obtain her,
 Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he must
 even put up with,—
 Hardly would tender her hand to the wooer that candidly
 told her
 That she is but for a space, an *ad-interim* solace and
 pleasure,—
 That in the end she shall yield to a perfect and absolute
 something,
 Which I then for myself shall behold, and not another,—

Which amid fondest endearments, meantime I forget not,
forsake not.

Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving, and so exacting,
Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to deceive
you ?

Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and revolts you,
Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter and —
leave you ?

VII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

JUXTAPOSITION is great, — but, you tell me, affinity
greater.

Ah, my friend, there are many affinities, greater and
lesser,

Stronger and weaker ; and each, by the favour of juxtapo-
sition,

Potent, efficient, in force, — for a time ; but none, let me
tell you,

Save by the law of the land and the ruinous force of the
will, ah,

None, I fear me, at last quite sure to be final and per-
fect.

Lo, as I pace in the street, from the peasant-girl to the
princess,

Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto, —

Vir sum, nihil feminei, — and e'en to the uttermost circle,
All that is Nature's is I, and I all things that are Na-
ture's.

Yes, as I walk, I behold, in a luminous, large intuition,
That I can be and become anything that I meet with or
look at :

I am the ox in the dray, the ass with the garden-stuff
panniers ;

I am the dog in the doorway, the kitten that plays in the
window,

On sunny slab of the ruin the furtive and fugitive lizard,
Swallow above me that twitters, and fly that is buzzing
about me ;

Yea, and detect, as I go, by a faint but a faithful
assurance,

E'en from the stones of the street, as from rocks or trees
of the forest

Something of kindred, a common, though latent vitality,
 greets me;
 And to escape from our strivings, mistakings, misgrowths,
 and perversions,
 Fain could demand to return to that perfect and primitive
 silence,
 Fain be enfolded and fixed, as of old, in their rigid
 embraces.

VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

AND as I walk on my way, I behold them consorting and
 coupling;
 Faithful it seemeth, and fond, very fond, very probably
 faithful,
 All as I go on my way, with a pleasure sincere and
 unmingled.
 Life is beautiful, Eustace, entrancing, enchanting to
 look at;
 As are the streets of a city we pace while the carriage is
 changing,
 As a chamber filled-in with harmonious, exquisite pictures,
 Even so beautiful Earth; and could we eliminate only
 This vile hungering impulse, this demon within us of
 craving,
 Life were beatitude, living a perfect divine satisfaction.

IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

MILD monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters:
 So let me offer a single and celibatarian phrase, a
 Tribute to those whom perhaps you do not believe I can
 honour.
 But, from the tumult escaping, 'tis pleasant, of drumming
 and shouting,
 Hither, oblivious awhile, to withdraw, of the fact or the
 falsehood,
 And amid placid regards and mildly courteous greetings
 Yield to the calm and composure and gentle abstraction
 that reign o'er
Mild monastic faces in quiet collegiate cloisters:
 Terrible word, Obligation! You should not, Eustace,
 you should not,

No, you should not have used it. But, oh, great Heavens,
 I repel it!
 Oh, I cancel, reject, disavow, and repudiate wholly
 Every debt in this kind, disclaim every claim, and
 dishonour,
 Yea, my own heart's own writing, my soul's own signature!
 Ah, no!
 I will be free in this; you shall not, none shall, bind me.
 No, my friend if you wish to be told, it was this above
 all things,
 This that charmed me, ah, yes, even this, that she held
 me to nothing.
 No, I could talk as I pleased; come close; fasten ties, as
 I fancied;
 Bind and engage myself deep;—and lo, on the following
 morning
 It was all e'en as before, like losings in games played for
 nothing.
 Yes, when I came, with mean fears in my soul, with a
 semi-performance
 At the first step breaking down in its pitiful rôle of
 evasion,
 When to shuffle I came, to compromise, not meet,
 engagements,
 Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing
 of it,—
 Stood unexpected, unconscious. *She* spoke not of
 obligations,
 Knew not of debt—ah, no, I believe you, for excellent
 reasons.

X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

HANG this thinking, at last! what good is it? oh, and
 what evil!
 Oh, what mischief and pain! like a clock in a sick man's
 chamber,
 Ticking and ticking, and still through each covert of
 slumber pursuing.
 What shall I do to thee, O thou Preserver of men?
 Have compassion;
 Be favourable, and hear! Take from me this regal
 knowledge;

Let me, contented and mute, with the beasts of the fields,
 my brothers,
 Tranquilly, happily lie, — and eat grass, like Nebuchad-
 nezzar!

XI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes, and the
 Anio

Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence;
 Tibur and Anio's tide; and cool from Lucretilis ever,
 With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandusian
 fountain,

Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of Hor-
 ace: —

So not seeing I sang; so seeing and listening say I,
 Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell of the
 Sibyl,

Here with Albunea's home and the grove of Tiburnus be-
 side me;¹

Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,
 Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted impetuous
 waters,

Tivoli's waters and rocks; and fair unto Monte Gennaro
 (Haunt, even yet, I must think, as I wander and gaze, of
 the shadows,

Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the Nymphs,
 and the Graces),

Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing cre-
 ations,

Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Hor-
 ace: —

So not seeing I sang; so now — Nor seeing, nor hearing,
 Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in sylvan embraces,
 Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping the Monte Gen-
 naro,

Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping Bandusian waters,
 But on Montorio's height, looking down on the tile-clad
 streets, the

Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes and kitchen-gar-
 dens,

¹ — domus Albunæ resonantis,
 Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lncns, et uda
 Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Which, by the grace of the Tibur, proclaim themselves
 Rome of the Romans, —
 But on Montorio's height, looking forth to the vapoury
 mountains,
 Cheating the prisoner Hope with illusions of vision and
 fancy, —
 But on Montorio's height, with these weary soldiers by
 me,
 Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate Pope and Tourist.

XII. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

DEAR MISS ROPER, — It seems, George Vernon, before
 we left Rome, said
 Something to Mr. Claude about what they call his atten-
 tions.
 Susan, two nights ago, for the first time, heard this from
 Georgina.
 It is *so* disagreeable and *so* annoying to think of!
 If it could only be known, though we may never meet
 him again, that
 It was all George's doing, and we were entirely uncon-
 scious,
 It would extremely relieve — Your ever affectionate Mary.

P.S. (1)

Here is your letter arrived this moment, just as I
 wanted.
 So you have seen him, — indeed, and guessed, — how
 dreadfully clever!
 What did he really say? and what was your answer ex-
 actly?
 Charming! — but wait for a moment, I haven't read
 through the letter.

P.S. (2)

Ah, my dearest Miss Roper, do just as you fancy about
 it.
 If you think it sincerer to tell him I know of it, do so.
 Though I should most extremely dislike it, I know I
 could manage.
 It is the simplest thing, but surely wholly uncalled for.
 Do as you please; you know I trust implicitly to you.

Say whatever is right and needful for ending the matter.
 Only don't tell Mr. Claude, what I will tell you as a
 secret
 That I should like very well to show him myself I for-
 get it.

P.S. (3)

I am to say that the wedding is finally settled for
 Tuesday.
 Ah, my dear Miss Roper, you surely, surely can manage
 Not to let it appear that I know of that odious matter.
 It would be pleasanter far for myself to treat it exactly
 As if it had not occurred: and I do not think he would
 like it.
 I must remember to add that as soon as the wedding is
 over
 We shall be off, I believe, in a hurry, and travel to Milan;
 There to meet friends of Papa's, I am told, at the Croce
 di Malta;
 Then I cannot say whither, but not at present to England.

XIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

YES, on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city, —
 So it appears; though then I was quite uncertain about
 it.
 So, however, it was. And now to explain the proceeding.
 I was to go, as I told you, I think, with the people to
 Florence.
 Only the day before, the foolish family Vernon
 Made some uneasy remarks, as we walked to our lodging
 together,
 As to intentions forsooth, and so forth. I was astounded,
 Horrified quite; and obtaining just then, as it happened,
 an offer
 (No common favour) of seeing the great Ludovisi collection,
 Why, I made this a pretence, and wrote that they must
 excuse me.
 How could I go? Great Heavens! to conduct a permitted
 flirtation
 Under those vulgar eyes, the observed of such observers!
 Well, but I now, by a series of fine diplomatic inquiries,
 Find from a sort of relation, a good and sensible woman,

Who is remaining at Rome with a brother too ill for removal,
 That it was wholly unsanctioned, unknown, — not, I think,
 by Georgina:
 She, however, ere this, — and that is the best of the story, —
 She and the Vernon, thank Heaven, are wedded and gone — honeymooning.
 So — on Montorio's height for a last farewell of the city.
 Tibur I have not seen, nor the lakes that of old I had dreamt of;
 Tibur I shall not see, nor Anio's waters, nor deep enfolded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of Horace;
 Tibur I shall not see; — but something better I shall see.
 Twice I have tried before, and failed in getting the horses;
 Twice I have tried and failed: this time it shall not be a failure.

Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envineyarded ruins!

*Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars, and domes!
 Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic Albano,*

*Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Æsula's hills!
 Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand, while, to ocean descending,*

Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the yellow broad sun,

Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once in the champaign,

Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts umbrageous and old,

E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy beautiful hollow,

*Nemi, embedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the hill! —
 Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and the City Eternal!*

Therefore farewell! We depart, but to behold you again!

CANTO IV.

*Eastward, or Northward, or West? I wander and ask as
I wander;
Weary, yet eager and sure, Where shall I come to my
love?
Whitherward hasten to seek her? Ye daughters of Italy,
tell me,
Graceful and tender and dark, is she consorting with you?
Thou that out-climbest the torrent, that tendest thy goats to
the summit,
Call to me, child of the Alp, has she been seen on the
heights?
Italy, farewell I bid thee! for whither she leads me, I follow.
Farewell the vineyard! for I, where I but guess her, must
go;
Weariness welcome, and labour, wherever it be, if at last it
Bring me in mountain or plain into the sight of my love.*

I. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Florence.*

GONE from Florence; indeed! and that is truly provoking;
—
Gone to Milan, it seems; then I go also to Milan.
Five days now departed; but they can travel but slowly; —
I quicker far; and I know, as it happens, the house they
will go to. —
Why, what else should I do? Stay here and look at the
pictures,
Statues, and churches? Alack, I am sick of the statues
and pictures! —
No, to Bologna, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi, and Milan,
Off go we to-night, — and the Venus go to the Devil!

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Bellaggio.*

GONE to Como, they said; and I have posted to Como.
There was a letter left; but the *cameriere* had lost it.
Could it have been for me? They came, however, to
Como,
And from Como went by the boat, — perhaps to the
Splügen, —

Or to the Stelvio, say, and the Tyrol; also it might be
 By Porlezza across to Lugano, and so to the Simplon
 Possibly, or the St. Gothard, — or possibly, too, to Baveno,
 Orta, Turin, and elsewhere. Indeed, I am greatly
 bewildered.

III. CLAUDE TO ÉUSTACE, — *from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE been up the Splügen, and on the Stelvio also:
 Neither of these can I find they have followed; in no one
 inn, and
 This would be odd, have they written their names. I
 have been to Porlezza;
 There they have not been seen, and therefore not at
 Lugano.
 What shall I do? Go on through the Tyrol, Switzerland,
 Deutschland,
 Seeking, an inverse Saul, a kingdom to find only asses?
 There is a tide, at least, in the *love* affairs of mortals,
 Which, when taken at flood, leads on to the happiest
 fortune, —
 Leads to the marriage-morn and the orange-flowers and
 the altar,
 And the long lawful line of crowned joys to crowned joys
 succeeding. —
 Ah, it has ebbed with me! Ye gods, and when it was
 flowing,
 Pitiful fool that I was, to stand fiddle-faddling in that
 way!

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE returned and found their names in the book at
 Como.
 Certain it is I was right, and yet I am also in error.
 Added in feminine hand, I read, *By the boat to Bellag-
 gio.* —
 So to Bellaggio again, with the words of her writing to
 aid me.
 Yet at Bellaggio I find no trace, no sort of remembrance.
 So I am here, and wait, and know every hour will remove
 them.

V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Bellaggio.*

I HAVE but one chance left, — and that is going to
 Florence.
 But it is cruel to turn. The mountains seem to demand
 me, —
 Peak and valley from far to beckon and motion me
 onward.
 Somewhere amid their folds she passes whom fain I
 would follow;
 Somewhere among those heights she haply calls me to
 seek her.
 Ah, could I hear her call! could I catch the glimpse of
 her raiment!
 Turn, however, I must, though it seem I turn to desert
 her;
 For the sense of the thing is simply to hurry to Florence,
 Where the certainty yet may be learnt, I suppose, from
 the Ropers!

VI. MARY TREVELLYN, *from Lucerne*, TO MISS ROPER,
at Florence.

DEAR MISS ROPER, — By this you are safely away, we
 are hoping,
 Many a league from Rome; ere long we trust we shall
 see you.
 How have you travelled? I wonder; — was Mr. Claude
 your companion?
 As for ourselves, we went from Como straight to Lugano;
 So by the Mount St. Gothard; we meant to go by Por-
 lezza,
 Taking the steamer, and stopping, as you had advised, at
 Bellaggio,
 Two or three days or more; but this was suddenly al-
 tered,
 After we left the hotel, on the very way to the steamer.
 So we have seen, I fear, not one of the lakes in perfec-
 tion.
 Well, he is not come, and now, I suppose, he will not
 come.

What will you think, meantime? and yet I must really
 confess it;—
 What will you say? I wrote him a note. We left in a
 hurry,
 Went from Milan to Como, three days before we expected.
 But I thought, if he came all the way to Milan, he really
 Ought not to be disappointed: and so I wrote three
 lines to
 Say I had heard he was coming, desirous of joining our
 party;—
 If so, then I said, we had started for Como, and meant to
 Cross the St. Gothard, and stay, we believed, at Lucerne,
 for the summer.
 Was it wrong? and why, if it was, has it failed to bring
 him?
 Did he not think it worth while to come to Milan? He
 knew (you
 Told him) the house we should go to. Or may it, per-
 haps, have miscarried?
 Anyway, now I repent, and am heartily vexed that I
 wrote it.

*There is a home on the shores of the Alpine sea, that upswelling
 High up the mountain-sides spreads in the hollows be-
 tween;
 Wilderness, mountain, and snow from the land of the olive
 conceal it;
 Under Pilatus's hill low by its river it lies:
 Italy, utter the word, and the olive and vine will allure not,—
 Wilderness, forest, and snow will not the passage impede;
 Italy, unto thy cities receding, the clue to recover,
 Hither, recovered the clue, shall not the traveller haste?*

CANTO V.

*There is a city, upbuilt on the quays of the turbulent Arno,
 Under Fiesole's heights,—thither are we to return?
 There is a city that fringes the curve of the inflowing waters,
 Under the perilous hill fringes the beautiful bay,—
 Parthenope, do they call thee?—the Siren, Neapolis, seated
 Under Vesevus's hill,—are we receding to thee?—*

*Sicily, Greece, will invite, and the Orient; — or are we to
turn to
England, which may after all be for its children the best?*

I. MARY TREVELLYN, at *Lucerne*, TO MISS ROPER, at
Florence.

So you are really free, and living in quiet at Florence;
That is delightful news; you travelled slowly and safely;
Mr. Claude got you out; took rooms at Florence before
you;

Wrote from Milan to say so; had left directly for
Milan,

Hoping to find us soon; — *if he could, he would, you are
certain.* —

Dear Miss Roper, your letter has made me exceedingly
happy.

You are quite sure, you say, he asked you about our
intentions;

You had not heard as yet of Lucerne, but told him of
Como. —

Well, perhaps he will come; however, I will not expect
it.

Though you say you are sure, — *if he can, he will, you are
certain.*

O my dear, many thanks from your ever affectionate
Mary.

II. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

Florence.

ACTION will furnish belief, — but will that belief be the
true one?

This is the point, you know. However, it doesn't much
matter.

What one wants, I suppose, is to predetermine the action,
So as to make it entail, not a chance belief, but the true
one.

Out of the question, you say; *if a thing isn't wrong we may
do it.*

Ah! but this *wrong*, you see — but I do not know that it
matters.

Eustace, the Ropers are gone, and no one can tell me
about them.

Pisa.

Pisa, they say they think, and so I follow to Pisa,
Hither and thither inquiring. I weary of making in-
quiries.

I am ashamed, I declare, of asking people about it. —
Who are your friends? You said you had friends who
would certainly know them.

Florence.

But it is idle, moping, and thinking, and trying to fix
her

Image more and more in, to write the whole perfect in-
scription

Over and over again upon every page of remembrance.

I have settled to stay at Florence to wait for your
answer.

Who are your friends? Write quickly and tell me. I
wait for your answer.

III. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER, — *at Lucca Baths.*

You are at Lucca Baths, you tell me, to stay for the sum-
mer;

Florence was quite too hot; you can't move further at
present.

Will you not come, do you think, before the summer is
over?

Mr. C. got you out with very considerable trouble;
And he was useful and kind, and seemed so happy to
serve you.

Didn't stay with you long, but talked very openly to you;
Made you almost his confessor, without appearing to
know it, —

What about? — and you say you didn't need his confes-
sions.

O my dear Miss Roper, I dare not trust what you tell
me!

Will he come, do you think? I am really so sorry for
him.

They didn't give him my letter at Milan, I feel pretty
certain.

You had told him Bellaggio. We didn't go to Bellaggio;
So he would miss our track, and perhaps never come to
Lugano,

Where we were written in full, *To Lucerne across the St. Gothard.*
 But he could write to you;—you would tell him where
 you were going.

IV. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

LET me, then, bear to forget her. I will not cling to her
 falsely:
 Nothing factitious or forced shall impair the old happy
 relation.
 I will let myself go, forget, not try to remember;
 I will walk on my way, accept the chances that meet me,
 Freely encounter the world, imbibe these alien airs, and
 Never ask if new feelings and thoughts are of her or
 of others.
 Is she not changing herself?—the old image would only
 delude me.
 I will be bold, too, and change,—if it must be. Yet if
 in all things,
 Yet if I do but aspire evermore to the Absolute only,
 I shall be doing, I think, somehow, what she will be
 doing;—
 I shall be thine, O my child, some way, though I know
 not in what way,
 Let me submit to forget her; I must; I already forget
 her.

V. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

UTTERLY vain is, alas! this attempt at the Absolute,—
 wholly!
 I, who believed not in her, because I would fain believe
 nothing,
 Have to believe as I may, with a wilful, unmeaning ac-
 ceptance.
 I, who refused to enfasten the roots of my floating existence
 in the rich earth, cling now to the hard, naked rock that
 is left me,—
 Ah! she was worthy, Eustace,—and that, indeed, is my
 comfort,—
 Worthy a nobler heart than a fool such as I could have
 given her.

YES, it relieves me to write, though I do not send, and
 the chance that
 Takes may destroy my fragments. But as men pray,
 without asking
 Whether One really exist to hear or do anything for
 them,—
 Simply impelled by the need of the moment to turn to a
 Being
 In a conception of whom there is freedom from all limi-
 tation,—
 So in your image I turn to an *ens rationis* of friendship,
 Even so write in your name I know not to whom nor in
 what wise.

THERE was a time, methought it was but lately departed,
 When, if a thing was denied me, I felt I was bound to
 attempt it:
 Choice alone should take, and choice alone should sur-
 render.
 There was a time, indeed, when I had not retired thus
 early,
 Languidly thus, from pursuit of a purpose I once had
 adopted,
 But it is over, all that! I have slunk from the perilous
 field in
 Whose wild struggle of forces the prizes of life are con-
 tested.
 It is over, all that! I am a coward, and know it.
 Courage in me could be only factitious, unnatural, useless.

COMFORT has come to me here in the dreary streets of
 the city,
 Comfort—how do you think?—with a barrel-organ to
 bring it.
 Moping along the streets, and cursing my day as I wan-
 dered,
 All of a sudden my ear met the sound of an English
 psalm-tune,
 Comfort me it did, till indeed I was very near crying.
 Ah, there is some great truth, partial, very likely, but
 needful,

Lodged, I am strangely sure, in the tones of the English
 psalm-tune :
 Comfort it was at least ; and I must take without question
 Comfort, however it come, in the dreary streets of the city.

WHAT with trusting myself, and seeking support from
 within me,
 Almost I could believe I had gained a religious assurance,
 Formed in my own poor soul a great moral basis to rest on.
 Ah, but indeed I see, I feel it factitious entirely ;
 I refuse, reject, and put it utterly from me ;
 I will look straight out, see things, not try to evade them ;
 Fact shall be fact for me, and the Truth the Truth as ever,
 Flexible, changeable, vague, and multiform, and doubtful. —
 Off, and depart to the void, thou subtle, fanatical tempter !

I SHALL behold thee again (is it so ?) at a new visita-
 tion,
 O ill genius thou ! I shall at my life's dissolution
 (When the pulses are weak, and the feeble light of the
 reason
 Flickers, an unfed flame retiring slow from the socket),
 Low on a sick-bed laid, hear one, as it were, at the door-
 way,
 And, looking up, see thee standing by, looking empty
 at me ;
 I shall entreat thee then, though now I dare to refuse
 thee, —
 Pale and pitiful now, but terrible then to the dying. —
 Well, I will see thee again, and while I can, will repel
 thee.

VI. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

ROME is fallen, I hear, the gallant Medici taken,
 Noble Manara slain, and Garibaldi has lost *il Moro* ; —
 Rome is fallen ; and fallen, or falling, heroic Venice.
 I, meanwhile, for the loss of a single small chit of a girl,
 sit

Moping and mourning here, — for her, and myself much smaller.

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle,
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them ?

Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous pinions of angels

Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from their labour,

And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter and burning moisture

Wiped from the generous eyes? or do they linger, unhappy,

Pining, and haunting the grave of their by-gone hope and endeavour ?

All declamation, alas! though I talk, I care not for Rome nor

Italy; feebly and faintly, and but with the lips, can lament the

Wreck of the Lombard youth, and the victory of the oppressor.

Whither depart the brave? — God knows; I certainly do not.

VII. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

HE has not come as yet; and now I must not expect it. You have written, you say, to friends at Florence, to see him,

If he perhaps should return; — but that is surely unlikely.

Has he not written to you? — he did not know your direction.

Oh, how strange never once to have told him where you were going!

Yet if he only wrote to Florence, that would have reached you.

If what you say he said was true, why has he not done so?

Is he gone back to Rome, do you think, to his Vatican marbles? —

O my dear Miss Roper, forgive me! do not be angry! —

You have written to Florence; — your friends would certainly find him.

Might you not write to him? — but yet it is so little likely! I shall expect nothing more. — Ever yours, your affectionate Mary.

VIII. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

I CANNOT stay at Florence, not even to wait for a letter. Galleries only oppress me. Remembrance of hope I had cherished

(Almost more than as hope, when I passed through Florence the first time)

Lies like a sword in my soul. I am more a coward than ever,

Chicken-hearted, past thought. The caffès and waiters distress me.

All is unkind, and, alas! I am ready for any one's kindness.

Oh, I knew it of old, and knew it, I thought, to perfection, If there is any one thing in the world to preclude all kindness,

It is the need of it, — it is this sad, self-defeating dependence.

Why is this, Eustace? Myself, were I stronger, I think I could tell you.

But it is odd when it comes. So plumb I the deeps of depression,

Daily in deeper, and find no support, no will, no purpose. All my old strengths are gone. And yet I shall have to do something.

Ah, the key of our life, that passes all wards, opens all locks

Is not *I will*, but *I must*. I must, — I must, — and I do it.

AFTER all, do I know that I really cared so about her? Do whatever I will, I cannot call up her image; For when I close my eyes, I see, very likely, St. Peter's Or the Pantheon façade, or Michel Angelo's figures, Or, at a wish, when I please, the Alban hills and the Forum, —

But that face, those eyes, — ah, no, never anything like them;
 Only, try as I will, a sort of featureless outline,
 And a pale blank orb, which no recollection will add to.
 After all, perhaps there was something factitious about it;
 I have had pain, it is true : I have wept, and so have the actors.

At the last moment I have your letter, for which I was waiting;
 I have taken my place, and see no good in inquiries.
 Do nothing more, good Eustace, I pray you. It only will vex me.
 Take no measures. Indeed, should we meet, I could not be certain;
 All might be changed, you know. Or perhaps there was nothing to be changed.
 It is a curious history, this; and yet I foresaw it;
 I could have told it before. The Fates, it is clear, are against us;
 For it is certain enough I met with the people you mention;
 They were at Florence the day I returned there, and spoke to me even;
 Stayed a week, saw me often; departed, and whither I know not.
 Great is Fate, and is best. I believe in Providence partly.
 What is ordained is right, and all that happens is ordered.
 Ah, no, that isn't it. But yet I retain my conclusion.
 I will go where I am led, and will not dictate to the chances.
 Do nothing more, I beg. If you love me, forbear interfering.

IX. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE.

SHALL we come out of it all, some day, as one does from a tunnel?
 Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,
 We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows about us,

And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved looking
 at us ?
 Who knows ? Who can say ? It will not do to suppose it.

X. CLAUDE TO EUSTACE, — *from Rome.*

ROME will not suit me, Eustace ; the priests and soldiers
 possess it ;

Priests and soldiers : — and, ah ! which is the worst, the
 priest or the soldier ?

Politics, farewell, however ! For what could I do ?
 with inquiring,

Talking, collating the journals, go fever my brain about
 things o'er

Which I can have no control. No, happen whatever may
 happen,

Time, I suppose, will subsist ; the earth will revolve on
 its axis ;

People will travel ; the stranger will wander as now in
 the city ;

Rome will be here, and the Pope the *custode* of Vatican
 marbles.

I have no heart, however, for any marble or fresco ;
 I have essayed it in vain ; 'tis in vain as yet to essay
 it :

But I may haply resume some day my studies in this
 kind ;

Not as the Scripture says, is, I think, the fact. Ere our
 death-day,

Faith, I think, does pass, and Love ; but Knowledge
 abideth.

Let us seek Knowledge ; — the rest may come and go as
 it happens.

Knowledge is hard to seek, and harder yet to adhere to.

Knowledge is painful often ; and yet when we know we
 are happy.

Seek it, and leave mere Faith and Love to come with the
 chances.

As for Hope, — to-morrow I hope to be starting for Naples.
 Rome will not do, I see, for many very good reasons.

Eastward, then, I suppose, with the coming of winter,
 to Egypt.

XI. MARY TREVELLYN TO MISS ROPER.

You have heard nothing ; of course I know you can have
heard nothing.

Ah, well, more than once I have broken my purpose, and
sometimes,

Only too often, have looked for the little lake steamer to
bring him.

But it is only fancy, — I do not really expect it.

Oh, and you see I know so exactly how he would take it:
Finding the chances prevail against meeting again, he
would banish

Forthwith every thought of the poor little possible hope,
which

I myself could not help, perhaps, thinking only too much
of ;

He would resign himself, and go. I see it exactly.

So I also submit, although in a different manner.

Can you not really come ? We go very shortly to
England.

So go forth to the world, to the good report and the evil !

Go, little book ! thy tale, is it not evil and good ?

Go, and if strangers revile, pass quietly by without answer.

Go, and if curious friends ask of thy rearing and age,

*Say, ' I am flitting about many years from brain unto brain
of*

Feeble and restless youths born to inglorious days :

But, ' so finish the word, ' I was writ in a Roman chamber,

*When from Janiculum heights thundered the cannon of
France.'*



SEVEN SONNETS ON THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.¹



I.

THAT children in their loveliness should die
Before the dawning beauty, which we know
Cannot remain, has yet begun to go;
That when a certain period has passed by,
People of genius and of faculty,
Leaving behind them some result to show,
Having performed some function, should forego
The task which younger hands can better ply,
Appears entirely natural. But that one
Whose perfectness did not at all consist
In things towards forming which time can have done
Anything,— whose sole office was to exist,
Should suddenly dissolve and cease to be
Is the extreme of all perplexity.

II.

THAT there are better things within the womb
Of Nature than to our unworthy view
She grants for a possession, may be true:
The cycle of the birthplace and the tomb

¹These sonnets have been brought together from very imperfect manuscripts. It is not to be supposed that their author would have given them to the public in their present state; but they are in parts so characteristic of his thought and style, that they will not be without interest to the readers of his poems.

Fulfils at least the order and the doom
 Of earth, that has not ordinance to do
 More than to withdraw and to renew;
 To show one moment and the next resume :
 The law that we return from whence we came,
 May for the flowers, beasts, and most men remain ;
 If for ourselves, we ask not nor complain :
 But for a being that demands the name
 We highest deem — a Person and a Soul —
 It troubles us that this should be the whole.

III.

To see the rich autumnal tint depart,
 And view the fading of the roseate glow
 That veils some Alpine altitude of snow,
 To hear of some great masterpiece of art
 Lost or destroyed, may to the adult heart,
 Impatient of the transitory show
 Of lovelinesses that but come and go,
 A positive strange thankfulness impart.
 When human pure perfections disappear,
 Not at the first, but at some later day,
 The buoyancy of such reaction may
 With strong assurance conquer blank dismay.

IV.

BUT whether in the uncoloured light of truth,
 This inward strong assurance be, indeed,
 More than the self-willed arbitrary creed,
 Manhood's inheritor to the dream of youth ;
 Whether to shut out fact because forsooth
 To live were insupportable unfreed,
 Be not or be the service of untruth :
 Whether this vital confidence be more
 Than his who, upon death's immediate brink,
 Knowing, perforce determines to ignore ;
 Or than the bird's, that when the hunter's near,
 Burying her eyesight, can forget her fear ;
 Who about this shall tell us what to think ?

V.

IF it is thou whose casual hand withdraws
 What it at first as casually did make,
 Say what amount of ages it will take
 With tardy rare concurrences of laws,
 And subtle multiplicities of cause,
 The thing they once had made us to remake;
 May hopes dead slumbering dare to reawake,
 E'en after utmost interval of pause,
 What revolutions must have passed, before
 The great celestial cycles shall restore
 The starry sign whose present hour is gone;
 What worse than dubious chances interpose,
 With cloud and sunny gleams to recompose
 The skyey picture we had gazed upon.

VI.

BUT if as not by that the soul desired
 Swayed in the judgment, wisest men have thought,
 And furnishing the evidence it sought,
 Man's heart hath ever fervently required,
 And story, for that reason deemed inspired,
 To every clime, in every age, hath taught;
 If in this human complex there be aught
 Not lost in death, as not in birth acquired,
 O then, though cold the lips that did convey
 Rich freights of meaning, dead each living sphere
 Where thought abode, and fancy loved to play,
 Thou yet, we think, somewhere somehow still art,
 And satisfied with that the patient heart
 The where and how doth not desire to hear.

VII.

SHALL I decide it by a random shot?
 Our happy hopes, so happy and so good,
 Are not mere idle motions of the blood;
 And when they seem most baseless, most are not.
 A seed there must have been upon the spot

· Where the flowers grow, without it ne'er they could:
The confidence of growth least understood
Of some deep intuition was begot.
What if despair and hope alike be true?
The heart, 'tis manifest, is free to do
Whichever Nature and itself suggest,
And always 'tis a fact that we are here,
And with being here, doth palsy-giving fear
(Whoe'er can ask or hope) accord the best?

MARI MAGNO; OR, TALES ON BOARD.¹



A YOUTH was I. An elder friend with me,
'Twas in September o'er the autumnal sea
We went; the wide Atlantic ocean o'er
Two amongst many the strong steamer bore.

Delight it was to feel that wondrous force
That held us steady to our proposed course,
The burning resolute victorious will
'Gainst winds and waves that strive unwavering still.
Delight it was with each returning day
To learn the ship had won upon her way
Her sum of miles, — delight were mornings grey
And gorgeous eves, — nor was it less delight,
On each more temperate and favouring night,
Friend with familiar or with new-found friend,
To pace the deck, and o'er the bulwarks bend,
And the night watches in long converse spend;
While still new subjects and new thoughts arise
Amidst the silence of the seas and skies.

Amongst the mingled multitude a few,
Some three or four, towards us early drew;
We proved each other with a day or two;
Night after night some three or four we walked
And talked, and talked, and infinitely talked.

Of the New England ancient blood was one;
His youthful spurs in letters he had won,
Unspoil't by that, to Europe late had come, —
Hope long deferred, — and went unspoil't by Europe
home.

¹ These Tales were written only a few months before the writer's death, during his journeys in Greece, Italy, and the Pyrenees, and had not been revised by him.

What racy tales of Yankeeland he had !
 Up-country girl, up-country farmer lad ;
 The regnant clergy of the time of old
 In wig and gown ; — tales not to be retold
 By me. I could but spoil were I to tell :
 Himself must do it who can do it well.

An English clergyman came spick and span
 In black and white — a large well-favoured man,
 Fifty years old, as near as one could guess.
 He looked the dignitary more or less.
 A rural dean, I said, he was, at least,
 Canon perhaps ; at many a good man's feast
 A guest had been, amongst the choicest there.
 Manly his voice and manly was his air :
 At the first sight you felt he had not known
 The things pertaining to his cloth alone.
 Chairman of Quarter Sessions had he been ?
 Serious and calm, 'twas plain he much had seen,
 Had miscellaneous large experience had
 Of human acts, good, half and half, and bad.
 Serious and calm, yet lurked, I know not why,
 At times, a softness in his voice and eye.
 Some shade of ill a prosperous life had crossed ;
 Married no doubt : a wife or child had lost ?
 He never told us why he passed the sea.

My guardian friend was now, at thirty-three,
 A rising lawyer — ever, at the best,
 Slow rises worth in lawyer's gown compressed ;
 Succeeding now, yet just, and only just,
 His new success he never seemed to trust.
 By nature he to gentlest thoughts inclined,
 To most severe had disciplined his mind ;
 He held it duty to be half unkind.
 Bitter, they said, who but the exterior knew ;
 In friendship never was a friend so true :
 The unwelcome fact he did not shrink to tell,
 The good, if fact, he recognised as well.
 Stout to maintain, if not the first to see ;
 In conversation who so great as he ?
 Leading but seldom, always sure to guide,
 To false or silly, if 'twas borne aside,
 His quick correction silent he expressed,
 And stopped you short, and forced you to your best.

Often, I think, he suffered from some pain
 Of mind, that on the body worked again ;
 One felt it in his sort of half-disdain,
 Impatient not, but acrid in his speech ;
 The world with him her lesson failed to teach
 To take things easily and let them go.

He, for what special fitness I scarce know,
 For which good quality, or if for all,
 With less of reservation and recall
 And speedier favour than I e'er had seen,
 Took, as we called him, to the rural dean.
 As grew the gourd, as grew the stalk of bean,
 So swift it seemed, betwixt these differing two
 A stately trunk of confidence up-grew.

Of marriage long one night they held discourse ;
 Regarding it in different ways, of course.
 Marriage is discipline, the wise had said,
 A needful human discipline to wed ;
 Novels of course depict it final bliss, —
 Say, had it ever really once been this ?

Our Yankee friend (whom, ere the night was done,
 We called New England or the Pilgrim Son),
 A little tired made bold to interfere ;
 'Appeal,' he said, 'to me ; my sentence hear.
 You'll reason on till night and reason fail ;
 My judgment is you each shall tell a tale ;
 And as on marriage you cannot agree,
 Of love and marriage let the stories be.'
 Sentence delivered, as the younger man,
 My lawyer friend was called on and began.
 '*Infandum jubes!* 'tis of long ago,
 If tell I must, I tell the tale I know :
 Yet the first person using for the freak,
 Don't rashly judge that of myself I speak.'
 So to his tale ; if of himself or not
 I never learnt, we thought so on the spot.
 Lightly he told it as a thing of old,
 And lightly I repeat it as he told.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST TALE.

Primitiæ, or Third Cousins.

I.

‘DEAREST of boys, please come to-day,
 Papa and mama have bid me say,
 They hope you'll dine with us at three;
 They will be out till then, you see,
 But you will start at once, you know,
 And come as fast as you can go.
 Next week they hope you'll come and stay
 Some time before you go away.
 Dear boy, how pleasant it will be!
 Ever your dearest Emily!’

Twelve years of age was I, and she
 Fourteen, when thus she wrote to me,
 A schoolboy, with an uncle spending
 My holidays, then nearly ending.
 My uncle lived the mountain o'er,
 A rector, and a bachelor;
 The vicarage was by the sea,
 That was the home of Emily:
 The windows to the front looked down
 Across a single-streeted town,
 Far as to where Worms-head was seen,
 Dim with ten watery miles between;
 The Carnedd mountains on the right
 With stony masses filled the sight;
 To left the open sea; the bay
 In a blue plain before you lay.

A garden, full of fruit, extends,
 Stone-walled, above the house, and ends
 With a locked door, that by a porch
 Admits to churehyard and to church;
 Farm-buildings nearer on one side,
 And glebe, and then the country wide.

I and my cousin Emily
 Were cousins in the third degree;
 My mother near of kin was reckoned
 To hers, who was my mother's second:

My cousinship I held from her.
 Such an amount of girls there were,
 At first one really was perplexed :
 'Twas Patty first, and Lydia next,
 And Emily the third, and then,
 Philippa, Phœbe, Mary Gwen.
 Six were they, you perceive, in all ;
 And portraits fading on the wall,
 Grandmothers, heroines of old,
 And aunts of aunts, with scrolls that told
 Their names and dates, were there to show
 Why these had all been christened so.

The crowd of blooming daughters fair,
 Scarce let you see the mother there,
 And by her husband, large and tall,
 She looked a little shrunk and small ;
 Although my mother used to tell
 That once she was a county belle :
 Busied she seemed, and half-distress'd
 For him and them to do the best.

The vicar was of bulk and thews,
 Six feet he stood within his shoes,
 And every inch of all a man ;
 Ecclesiast on the ancient plan,
 Unforced by any party rule
 His native character to school ;
 In ancient learning not unread,
 But had few doctrines in his head ;
 Dissenters truly he abhorr'd,
 They never had his gracious word.
 He ne'er was bitter or unkind,
 But positively spoke his mind.
 Their piety he could not bear,
 A sneaking snivelling set they were :
 Their tricks and meanness fired his blood ;
 Up for his Church he stoutly stood.
 No worldly aim had he in life
 To set him with himself at strife ;
 A spade a spade he freely named,
 And of his joke was not ashamed,
 Made it and laughed at it, be sure,
 With young and old, and rich and poor.
 His sermons frequently he took

Out of some standard reverend book ;
 They seemed a little strange, indeed,
 But were not likely to mislead.
 Others he gave that were his own,
 The difference could be quickly known.

Though sorry not to have a boy,
 His daughters were his perfect joy ;
 He plagued them, oft drew tears from each,
 Was bold and hasty in his speech ;
 All through the house you heard him call,
 He had his vocatives for all :
 Patty Patina, Pat became,
 Lydia took Languish with her name,
 Philippa was the Gentle Queen,
 And Phœbe, Madam Proserpine ;
 The pseudonyms for Mary Gwen
 Varied with every week again ;
 But Emily, of all the set,
 Emilia called, was most the pet.

Soon as her messenger had come,
 I started from my uncle's home,
 On an old pony scrambling down
 Over the mountain to the town.
 My cousins met me at the door,
 And some behind, and some before,
 Kissed me all round and kissed again,
 The happy custom there and then,
 From Patty down to Mary Gwen.

Three hours we had, and spent in play
 About the garden and the hay ;
 We sat upon the half-built stack ;
 And when 'twas time for hurrying back,
 Slyly away the others hied,
 And took the ladder from the side ;
 Emily there, alone with me,
 Was left in close captivity ;
 But down the stack at last I slid,
 And found the ladder they had hid.

I left at six ; again I went
 Soon after and a fortnight spent :
 Drawing, by Patty I was taught,
 But could not be to music brought ;
 I showed them how to play at chess,

I argued with the governess;
 I called them stupid; why, to me
 'Twas evident as A B C;
 Were not the reasons such and such?

Helston, my schoolfellow, but much
 My senior, in a yacht came o'er,
 His uncle with him, from the shore
 Under Worms-head: to take a sail
 He pressed them, but could not prevail;
 Mama was timid, durst not go,
 Papa was rather gruff with no.
 Helston no sooner was afloat,
 We made a party in a boat,
 And rowed to Sea-Mew Island out,
 And landed there and roved about:
 And I and Emily out of reach,
 Strayed from the rest along the beach.
 Turning to look into a cave
 She stood, when suddenly a wave
 Ran up; I caught her by the frock,
 And pulled her out and o'er a rock,
 So doing, stumbled, rolled, and fell.
 She knelt down; I remember well,
 Bid me where I was hurt to tell,
 And kissed me three times as I lay;
 But I jumped up and limped away.
 The next was my departing day.

Patty arranged it all with me
 To send next year to Emily
 A valentine. I wrote and sent;
 For the fourteenth it duly went.
 On the fourteenth what should there be
 But one from Emily to me;
 The postmark left it plain to see.
 Mine, though they praised it at the time,
 Was but a formal piece of rhyme.
 She sent me one that she had bought;
 'Twas stupid of her, as I thought:
 Why not have written one? She wrote,
 However, soon, this little note.

'Dearest of boys, of course 'twas you;
 You printed, but your hand I knew,
 And verses too, how did you learn?

I can't send any in return.
 Papa declares they are not bad —
 That's praise from him — and I'm so glad
 Because you know no one can be
 I'd rather have to write to me.

'Our governess is going away,
 We're so distressed she cannot stay:
 Mama had made it quite a rule
 We none of us should go to school.
 But what to do they do not know,
 Papa protests it must be so.
 Lydia and I may have to go;
 Patty will try to teach the rest,
 Mama agrees it will be best.
 Dear boy, good-by, I am, you see,
 Ever your dearest Emily.
 We want to know, so write and tell,
 If you'd a valentine as well.'

II.

FIVE tardy years were fully spent
 Ere next my cousins' way I went;
 With Christmas then I came to see
 My uncle in his rectory:
 But they the town had left; no more
 Were in the vicarage of yore.
 When time his sixtieth year had brought,
 An easier cure the vicar sought:
 A country parsonage was made
 Sufficient, amply, with the aid
 Of mortar here and there, and bricks,
 For him and wife and children six.
 Though neighbours now, there scarce was light
 To see them and return ere night.

Emily wrote: how glad they were
 To hear of my arrival there;
 Mama had bid her say that all
 The house was crowded for the ball
 Till Tuesday, but if I would come,
 She thought that they could find me room;
 The week with them I then should spend,
 But really must the ball attend;

‘Dear cousin, you have been away
For such an age, pray don’t delay,
But come and do not lose a day.’

A schoolboy still, but now, indeed,
About to college to proceed,
Dancing was, let it be confess’d,
To me no pleasure at the best :
Of girls and of their lovely looks
I thought not, busy with my books.
Still, though a little ill-content,
Upon the Monday morn I went:
My cousins, each and all, I found
Wondrously grown! They kissed me round,
And so affectionate and good
They were, it could not be withstood.
Emily, I was so surprised,
At first I hardly recognised;
Her face so formed and rounded now,
Such knowledge in her eyes and brow ;
For all I read and thought I knew,
She could divine me through and through.
Where had she been, and what had done,
I asked, such victory to have won ?
She had not studied, had not read,
Seemed to have little in her head,
Yet of herself the right and true,
As of her own experience knew.
Straight from her eyes her judgments flew,
Like absolute decrees they ran,
From mine, on such a different plan.

A simple county country ball
It was to be, not grand at all ;
And cousins four with me would dance,
And keep me well in countenance.
And there were people there to be
Who knew of old my family,
Friends of my friends — I heard and knew,
And tried ; but no, it would not do.
Somehow it seemed a sort of thing
To which my strength I could not bring ;
The music scarcely touched my ears,
The figures fluttered me with fears.
I talked, but had not aught to say,

Danced, my instructions to obey ;
 E'en when with beautiful good-will
 Emilia through the long quadrille
 Conducted me, alas the day,
 Ten times I wished myself away.

But she, invested with a dower
 Of conscious, scarce-exerted power,
 Emilia, so, I know not why,
 They called her now, not Emily,
 Amid the living, heaving throng,
 Sedately, somewhat, moved along,
 Serenely, somewhat, in the dance
 Mingled, divining at a glance,
 And reading every countenance ;
 Not stately she, nor grand nor tall,
 Yet looked as if controlling all
 The fluctuations of the ball ;
 Her subjects ready at her call,
 All others, she a queen, her throne
 Preparing, and her title known,
 Though not yet taken as her own.
 O wonderful ! I still can see,
 And twice she came and danced with me.

She asked me of my school, and what
 Those prizes were that I had got,
 And what we learnt, and 'oh,' she said,
 'How much to carry in one's head,'
 And I must be upon my guard,
 And really must not work too hard :
 Who were my friends ? and did I go
 Ever to balls ? I told her no :
 She said, 'I really like them so ;
 But then I am a girl ; and dear,
 You like your friends at school, I fear
 Better than anybody here.'
 How long had she left school, I asked.
 Two years, she told me, and I tasked
 My faltering speech to learn about
 Her life, but could not bring it out :
 This while the dancers round us flew.

Helston, whom formerly I knew,
 My schoolfellow, was at the ball,
 A man full-statured, fair and tall,

Helston of Helston now they said,
 Heir to his uncle, who was dead ;
 In the army, too : he danced with three
 Of the four sisters. Emily
 Refused him once, to dance with me.

How long it seemed ! and yet at one
 We left, before 'twas nearly done :
 How thankful I ! the journey through
 I talked to them with spirits new ;
 And the brief sleep of closing night
 Brought a sensation of delight,
 Which, when I woke, was exquisite.
 The music moving in my brain
 I felt ; in the gay crowd again
 Half felt, half saw the girlish bands,
 On their white skirts their white-gloved hands,
 Advance, retreat, and yet advance,
 And mingle in the mingling dance.
 The impulse had arrived at last,
 When the opportunity was past.

Breakfast my soft sensations first
 With livelier passages dispersed.

Reposing in his country home,
 Which half luxurious had become,
 Gay was their father, loudly flung
 His guests and blushing girls among,
 His jokes ; and she, their mother, too,
 Less anxious seemed, with less to do,
 Her daughters aiding. As the day
 Advanced, the others went away,
 But I must absolutely stay,
 The girls cried out ; I stayed and let
 Myself be once more half their pet,
 Although a little on the fret.

How ill our boyhood understands
 Incipient manhood's strong demands !
 Boys have such troubles of their own,
 As none, they fancy, e'er have known,
 Such as to speak of, or to tell,
 They hold, were unendurable :
 Religious, social, of all kinds,
 That tear and agitate their minds.
 A thousand thoughts within me stirred,

Of which I could not speak a word ;
 Strange efforts after something new,
 Which I was wretched not to do ;
 Passions, ambitions lay and lurked,
 Wants, counter-wants, obscurely worked
 Without their names, and unexplained.
 And where had Emily obtained
 Assurance, and had ascertained ?
 How strange, how far behind was I,
 And how it came, I asked, and why ?
 How was it, and how could it be,
 And what was all that worked in me ?

They used to scold me when I read,
 And bade me talk to them instead ;
 When I absconded to my room,
 To fetch me out they used to come ;
 Oft by myself I went to walk,
 But, by degrees, was got to talk.

The year had cheerfully begun,
 With more than winter's wonted sun,
 Mountains, in the green garden ways,
 Gleamed through the laurel and the bays.
 I well remember letting out
 One day, as there I looked about,
 While they of girls discoursing sat,
 This one how sweet, how lovely that,
 That I could greater pleasure take
 In looking on Llynidwil lake
 Than on the fairest female face :
 They could not understand : a place !
 Incomprehensible it seemed ;
 Philippa looked as if she dreamed,
 Patty and Lydia loud exclaimed,
 And I already was ashamed,
 When Emily asked, half apart,
 If to the lake I'd given my heart ;
 And did the lake, she wished to learn,
 My tender sentiment return.
 For music, too, I would not care,
 Which was an infinite despair :
 When Lydia took her seat to play,
 I read a book, or walked away.

I was not quite composed, I own,

Except when with the girls alone ;
 Looked to their father still with fear
 Of how to him I must appear ;
 And was entirely put to shame,
 When once some rough he-cousins came.
 Yet Emily from all distress
 Could reinstate me, more or less ;
 How pleasant by her side to walk,
 How beautiful to let her talk,
 How charming ; yet, by slow degrees,
 I got impatient, ill at ease ;
 Half glad, half wretched, when at last
 The visit ended, and 'twas past.

III.

NEXT year I went and spent a week,
 And certainly had learnt to speak ;
 My chains I forcibly had broke,
 And now too much indeed I spoke.

A mother sick and seldom seen
 A grief for many months had been,
 Their father too was feebler, years
 Were heavy, and there had been fears
 Some months ago ; and he was vexed
 With party heats and all perplexed
 With an upheaving modern change
 To him and his old wisdom strange.
 The daughters all were there, not one
 Had yet to other duties run,
 Their father, people used to say,
 Frightened the wooers all away ; —
 As vines around an ancient stem,
 They clung and clustered upon him,
 Him loved and tended ; above all,
 Emilia, ever at his call.
 But I was — intellectual ;

I talked in high superior tone
 Of things the girls had never known,
 Far wiser to have let alone ;
 Things which the father knew in short
 By country clerical report ;
 I talked of much I thought I knew,

Used all my college wit anew,
 A little on my fancy drew;
 Religion, politics, O me!
 No subject great enough could be.
 In vain, more weak in spirit grown,
 At times he tried to put me down.

I own it was the want, in part,
 Of any discipline of heart.
 It was, now hard at work again,
 The busy argufying brain
 Of the prize schoolboy; but, indeed,
 Much more, if right the thing I read,
 It was the instinctive wish to try
 And, above all things, not be shy.
 Alas! it did not do at all;
 Ill went the visit, ill the ball;
 Each hour I felt myself grow worse.
 With every effort more perverse.
 I tried to change; too hard, indeed,
 I tried, and never could succeed.
 Out of sheer spite an extra day
 I stayed; but when I went away,
 Alas, the farewells were not warm,
 The kissing was the merest form;
 Emilia was *distracte* and sad,
 And everything was bad as bad.

O had some happy chance fall'n out,
 To turn the thing just round about,
 In time at least to give anew
 The old affectionate adieu!
 A little thing, a word, a jest,
 A laugh, had set us all at rest;
 But nothing came. I went away,
 And could have really cried that day,
 So vexed, for I had meant so well,
 Yet everything so ill befell,
 And why and how I could not tell.

Our wounds in youth soon close and heal,
 Or seem to close; young people feel,
 And suffer greatly, I believe,
 But then they can't profess to grieve:

Their pleasures occupy them more,
 And they have so much time before.
 At twenty life appeared to me
 A sort of vague infinity ;
 And though of changes still I heard,
 Real changes had not yet occurred :
 And all things were, or would be, well,
 And nothing irremediable.
 The youth for his degree that reads
 Beyond it nothing knows or needs
 Nor till 'tis over wakes to see
 The busy world's reality.

One visit brief I made again
 In autumn next but one, and then
 All better found. With Mary Gwen
 I talked, a schoolgirl just about
 To leave this winter and come out,
 Patty and Lydia were away,
 And a strange sort of distance lay
 Betwixt me and Emilia.

She sought me less, and I was shy.

And yet this time I think that I
 More subtly felt, more saw, more knew
 The beauty into which she grew ;
 More understood the meanings now
 Of the still eyes and rounded brow,
 And could, perhaps, have told you how
 The intellect that crowns our race
 To more than beauty in her face
 Was changed. But I confuse from hence
 The later and the earlier sense.

IV.

HAVE you the Giesbach seen ? a fall
 In Switzerland you say, that's all ;
 That, and an inn, from which proceeds
 A path that to the Faulhorn leads,
 From whence you see the world of snows.
 Few see how perfect in repose,
 White green, the lake lies deeply set,
 Where, slowly purifying yet,

The icy river-floods retain
A something of the glacier stain.
Steep cliffs arise the waters o'er,
The Giesbach leads you to a shore,
And to one still sequestered bay
I found elsewhere a scrambling way.
Above, the loftier heights ascend,
And level platforms here extend
The mountains and the cliffs between,
With firs and grassy spaces green,
And little dips and knolls to show
In part or whole the lake below ;
And all exactly at the height
To make the pictures exquisite.
Most exquisite they seemed to me,
When, a year after my degree,
Passing upon my journey home
From Greece, and Sicily, and Rome,
I stayed at that minute hotel
Six days, or eight, I cannot tell.
Twelve months had led me fairly through
The old world surviving in the new.
From Rome with joy I passed to Greece,
To Athens and the Peloponnese ;
Saluted with supreme delight
The Parthenon-surmounted height ;
In huts at Delphi made abode,
And in Areadian valleys rode ;
Counted the towns that lie like slain
Upon the wide Bœotian plain ;
With wonder in the spacious gloom
Stood of the Mycenæan tomb ;
From the Aerocorinth watched the day
Light the eastern and the western bay.
Constantinople then had seen,
Where, by her eypresses, the queen
Of the East sees flow through portals wide
The steady streaming Scythian tide ;
And after, from Scamander's mouth,
Went up to Troy, and to the South,
To Lyeia, Caria, pressed, at whiles
Outvoyaging to Egean isles.
To see the things which, sick with doubt

And comment, one had learnt about,
 Was like clear morning after night,
 Or raising of the blind to sight.
 Aware it might be first and last,
 I did it eagerly and fast,
 And took unsparingly my fill.
 The impetus of travel still
 Urged me, but laden, half oppress'd,
 Here lighting on a place of rest,
 I yielded, asked not if 'twere best.
 Pleasant it was, reposing here,
 To sum the experience of the year,
 And let the accumulated gain
 Assort itself upon the brain.
 Travel's a miniature life,
 Travel is evermore a strife,
 Where he must run who would obtain.
 'Tis a perpetual loss and gain;
 For sloth and error dear we pay,
 By luck and effort win our way,
 And both have need of every day.
 Each day has got its sight to see,
 Each day must put to profit be;
 Pleasant, when seen are all the sights,
 To let them think themselves to rights.
 I on the Giesbach turf reclined,
 Half watched this process in my mind;
 Watch the stream purifying slow,
 In me and in the lake below;
 And then began to think of home,
 And possibilities to come.

Brienz, on our Brienzer See
 From Interlaken every day
 A steamer seeks, and at our pier
 Lets out a crowd to see things here;
 Up a steep path they pant and strive;
 When to the level they arrive,
 Dispersing, hither, thither, run,
 For all must rapidly be done,
 And seek, with questioning and din,
 Some the cascade, and some the inn,
 The waterfall, for if you look,

You find it printed in the book
 That man or woman, so inclined,
 May pass the very fall behind;
 So many feet there intervene
 The rock and flying jet between;
 The inn, 'tis also in the plan
 (For tourist is a hungry man),
 And a small *salle* repeats by rote,
 A daily task of *table d'hôte*,
 Where broth and meat, and country wine
 Assure the strangers that they dine;
 Do it they must while they have power,
 For in three-quarters of an hour
 Back comes the steamer from Brienz,
 And with one clear departure hence
 The quietude is more intense.

It was my custom at the top
 To stand and see them clambering up,
 Then take advantage of the start,
 And pass into the woods apart.

It happened, and I know not why,
 I once returned too speedily;
 And, seeing women still and men,
 Was swerving to the woods again,
 But for a moment stopped to seize
 A glance at some one near the trees;
 A figure full, but full of grace,
 Its movement beautified the place.
 It turns, advances, comes my way;
 What do I see, what do I say?
 Yet, to a statelier beauty grown,
 It is, it can be, she alone!
 O mountains round! O heaven above!
 It is — Emilia, whom I love;
 'Emilia, whom I love,' the word
 Rose to my lips, as yet unheard,
 When she, whose colour flushed to red,
 In a soft voice, 'My husband,' said;
 And Helston came up with his hand,
 And both of them took mine; but stand
 And talk they could not, they must go;
 The steamer rang her bell below;
 How curious that I did not know!

They were to go and stay at Thun,
 Could I come there and see them soon?
 And shortly were returning home,
 And when would I to Helston come?
 Thus down we went, I put them in;
 Off went the steamer with a din,
 And on the pier I stood and eyed
 The bridegroom, seated by the bride,
 Emilia closing to his side.

v.

SHE wrote from Helston; begged I'd come
 And see her in her husband's home.
 I went, and bound by double vow,
 Not only wife, but mother now,
 I found her, lovely as of old,
 O, rather, lovelier manifold.
 Her wifely sweet reserve unbroke,
 Still frankly, tenderly, she spoke;
 Asked me about myself, would hear
 What I proposed to do this year;
 At college why was I detained,
 Was it the fellowship I'd gained?

I told her that I was not tied
 Henceforward further to reside,
 Yet very likely might stay on,
 And lapse into a college don;
 My fellowship itself would give
 A competence on which to live,
 And if I waited, who could tell,
 I might be tutor too, as well.
 O, but, she said, I must not stay,
 College and school were only play;
 I might be sick, perhaps, of praise,
 But must not therefore waste my days!
 Fellows grow indolent, and then
 They may not do as other men,
 And for your happiness in life,
 Sometime you'll wish to have a wife.

Languidly by her chair I sat,
 But my eyes rather flashed at that.

I said, 'Emilia, people change,
 But yet, I own, I find it strange
 To hear this common talk from you :
 You speak, and some believe it true,
 Just as if any wife would do ;
 Whoe'er one takes, 'tis much the same,
 And love — and so forth, but a name.'
 She coloured. 'What can I have said
 Or what could put it in your head ?
 Indeed, I had not in my mind
 The faintest notion of the kind.'

I told her that I did not know —
 Her tone appeared to mean it so.
 'Emilia, when I've heard,' I said,
 'How people match themselves and wed,
 I've sometimes wished that both were dead.'

She turned a little pale. I woke
 Some thought ; what thought ? but soft she spoke :
 'I'm sure that what you meant was good,
 But, really, you misunderstood.
 From point to point so quick you fly,
 And are so vehement, — and I,
 As you remember, long ago,
 Am stupid, certainly am slow.
 And yet some things I seem to know ;
 I know it will be just a crime,
 If you should waste your powers and time.
 There is so much, I think, that you,
 And no one equally, can do.'
 'It does not matter much,' said I.
 'The things I thought of are gone by ;
 I'm quite content to wait to die.'

A sort of beauteous anger spread
 Over her face. 'O me !' she said,
 'That you should sit and trifle so,
 And you so utterly don't know
 How greatly you have yet to grow,
 How wide your objects have to expand,
 How much is yet an unknown land !
 You're twenty-three, I'm twenty-five,
 And I am so much more alive.'

My eyes I shaded with my hand,
 And almost lost my self-command.
 I muttered something : ' Yes, I see ;
 Two years have severed you from me.
 O, Emily, was it ever told,'
 I asked, ' that souls are young and old ?'

But she, continuing, ' All the day
 Were I to speak, I could but say
 The one same thing the one same way.
 Sometimes, indeed, I think, you know,'
 And her tone suddenly was low,
 ' That in a day we yet shall see,
 You of my sisters and of me,
 And of the things that used to be,
 Will think, as you look back again,
 With something not unlike disdain ;
 So you your rightful place obtain,
 That will to me be joy, not pain.'
 Her voice still lower, lower fell,
 I heard, just heard, each syllable.
 ' But,' in the tone she used before,
 ' Don't stay at college any more !
 For others it perhaps may do,
 I'm sure it will be bad for you.'

She softened me. The following day
 We parted. As I went away
 Her infant on her bosom lay,
 And, as a mother might her boy,
 I think she would with loving joy
 Have kissed me ; but I turned to go,
 'Twas better not to have it so.

Next year achieved me some amends,
 And once we met and met as friends.
 Friends, yet apart ; I had not much
 Valued her judgment, though to touch
 Her words had power ; yet strangely still,
 It had been cogent on my will.
 As she had counselled, I had done,
 And a new effort was begun.
 Forth to the war of life I went,
 Courageous, and not ill content.

‘Yours is the fault I opened thus again
 A youthful, ancient, sentimental vein,’
 He said, ‘and like Munchausen’s horn o’erflow
 With liquefying tunes of long ago.
 My wiser friend, who knows for what we live,
 And what shall seek, will his correction give.’

We all made thanks. ‘My tale were quickly told,
 The other said, ‘but the turned heavens behold ;
 The night two watches of the night is old,
 The sinking stars their suasions urge for sleep.
 My story for to-morrow night will keep.’

The evening after, when the day was stilled,
 His promise thus the clergyman fulfilled.

THE CLERGYMAN’S FIRST TALE.

Love is fellow-service.

A YOUTH and maid upon a summer night
 Upon the lawn, while yet the skies were light,
 Edmund and Emma, let their names be these,
 Among the shrubs within the circling trees,
 Joined in a game with boys and girls at play :
 For games perhaps too old a little they ;
 In April she her eighteenth year begun,
 And twenty he, and near to twenty-one.
 A game it was of running and of noise ;
 He as a boy with other girls and boys
 (Her sisters and her brothers), took the fun ;
 And when her turn, she marked not, came to run,
 ‘Emma,’ he called, — then knew that he was wrong,
 Knew that her name to him did not belong.
 Her look and manner proved his feeling true, —
 A child no more, her womanhood she knew ;
 Half was the colour mounted on her face,
 Her tardy movement had an adult grace.
 Vexed with himself, and shamed, he felt the more
 A kind of joy he ne’er had felt before.
 Something there was that from this date began ;
 ’Twas beautiful with her to be a man.

Two years elapsed, and he who went and came,
 Changing in much, in this appeared the same;
 The feeling if it did not greatly grow,
 Endured and was not wholly hid below.

He now, o'ertasked at school, a serious boy,
 A sort of after-boyhood to enjoy
 Appeared — in vigour and in spirit high
 And manly grown, but kept the boy's soft eye:
 And full of blood, and strong and lithe of limb,
 To him 'twas pleasure now to ride, to swim;
 The peaks, the glens, the torrents tempted him:
 Restless he seemed, — long distances would walk,
 And lively was, and vehement in talk.
 A wandering life his life had lately been,
 Books he had read, the world had little seen.
 One former frailty haunted him, a touch
 Of something introspective overmuch.
 With all his eager motions still there went
 A self-correcting and ascetic bent,
 That from the obvious good still led astray,
 And set him travelling on the longest way;
 Seen in these scattered notes their date that claim
 When first his feeling conscious sought a name.

'Beside the wishing gate which so they name,
 'Mid northern hills to me this fancy came,
 A wish I formed, my wish I thus expressed:
*Would I could wish my wishes all to rest,
 And know to wish the wish that were the best!*
 O for some winnowing wind, to the empty air
 This chaff of easy sympathies to bear
 Far off, and leave me of myself aware!
 While thus this over health deludes me still,
 So willing that I know not what I will;
 O for some friend, or more than friend, austere,
 To make me know myself, and make me fear!
 O for some touch, too noble to be kind,
 To awake to life the mind within the mind!'

'O charms, seductions and divine delights!
 All through the radiant yellow summer nights,
 Dreams, hardly dreams, that yield or e'er they're done,
 To the bright fact, my day, my risen sun!
 O promise and fulfilment, both in one!
 O bliss, already bliss, which nought has shared,

Whose glory no fruition has impaired,
 And, emblem of my state, thou coming day,
 With all thy hours unspent to pass away!
 Why do I wait? What more propose to know?
 Where the sweet mandate bids me, let me go;
 My conscience in my impulse let me find,
 Justification in the moving mind,
 Law in the strong desire; or yet behind,
 Say, is there aught the spell that has not heard,
 A something that refuses to be stirred?'

'In other regions has my being heard
 Of a strange language the diviner word?
 Has some forgotten life the exemplar shown?
 Elsewhere such high communion have I known,
 As dooms me here, in this, to live alone?
 Then love, that shouldest blind me, let me, love,
 Nothing behold beyond thee or above;
 Ye impulses, that should be strong and wild,
 Beguile me, if I am to be beguiled!'

'Or are there modes of love, and different kinds,
 Proportioned to the sizes of our minds?
 There are who say thus, I held there was one,
 One love, one deity, one central sun;
 As he resistless brings the expanding day,
 So love should come on his victorious way.
 If light at all, can light indeed be there,
 Yet only permeate half the ambient air?
 Can the high noon be regnant in the sky,
 Yet half the land in light, and half in darkness lie?
 Can love, if love, be occupant in part,
 Hold, as it were, some chambers in the heart;
 Tenant at will of so much of the soul,
 Not lord and mighty master of the whole?
 There are who say, and say that it is well;
 Opinion all, of knowledge none can tell.'

'Montaigne, I know in a realm high above
 Places the seat of friendship over love;
 'Tis not in love that we should think to find
 The lofty fellowship of mind with mind;
 Love's not a joy where soul and soul unite,
 Rather a wondrous animal delight;
 And as in spring, for one consummate hour
 The world of vegetation turns to flower,

The birds with liveliest plumage trim their wing,
 And all the woodland listens as they sing;
 When spring is o'er and summer days are sped,
 The songs are silent, and the blossoms dead:
 E'en so of man and woman is the bliss.
 O, but I will not tamely yield to this!
 I think it only shows us in the end,
 Montaigne was happy in a noble friend,
 Had not the fortune of a noble wife;
 He lived, I think, a poor ignoble life,
 And wrote of petty pleasures, petty pain;
 I do not greatly think about Montaigne.'

'How charming to be with her! yet indeed,
 After a while I find a blank succeed;
 After a while she little has to say,
 I'm silent too, although I wish to stay;
 What would it be all day, day after day?
 Ah! but I ask, I do not doubt, too much;
 I think of love as if it should be such
 As to fulfil and occupy in whole
 The nought-else-seeking, nought-essaying soul.
 Therefore it is my mind with doubts I urge;
 Hence are these fears and shiverings on the verge;
 By books, not nature, thus have we been schooled,
 By poetry and novels been befooled;
 Wiser tradition says, the affections' claim
 Will be supplied, the rest will be the same.
 I think too much of love, 'tis true: I know
 It is not all, was ne'er intended so;
 Yet such a change, so entire, I feel, 'twould be,
 So potent, so omnipotent with me;
 My former self I never should recall,—
 Indeed I think it must be all in all.'

'I thought that Love was winged; without a sound,
 His purple pinions bore him o'er the ground,
 Wafted without an effort here or there,
 He came—and we too trod as if in air:—
 But panting, toiling, clambering up the hill,
 Am I to assist him? I, put forth my will
 To upbear his lagging footsteps, lame and slow,
 And help him on and tell him where to go,
 And ease him of his quiver and his bow?'

'Erotion! I saw it in a book;

Why did I notice it, why did I look?
 Yea, is it so, ye powers that see above?
 I do not love, I want, I try to love!
 This is not love, but lack of love instead!
 Merciless thought! I would I had been dead,
 Or e'er the phrase had come into my head.'

She also wrote: and here may find a place,
 Of her and of her thoughts some slender trace.

'He is not vain; if proud, he quells his pride,
 And somehow really likes to be defied;
 Rejoices if you humble him: indeed
 Gives way at once, and leaves you to succeed.'

'Easy it were with such a mind to play,
 And foolish not to do so, some would say;
 One almost smiles to look and see the way:
 But come what will, I will not play a part,
 Indeed I dare not condescend to art.'

'Easy 'twere not, perhaps, with him to live;
 He looks for more than any one can give:
 So dulled at times and disappointed; still
 Expecting what depends not of my will:
 My inspiration comes not at my call,
 Seek me as I am, if seek you do at all.'

'Like him I do, and think of him I must;
 But more — I dare not and I cannot trust.
 This more he brings — say, is it more or less
 Than that no fruitage ever came to bless, —
 The old wild flower of love-in-idleness?'

'Me when he leaves and others when he sees,
 What is my fate who am not there to please?
 Me he has left; already may have seen
 One who for me forgotten here has been;
 And he, the while is balancing between.
 If the heart spoke, the heart I knew were bound
 What if it utter an uncertain sound?'

'So quick to vary, so rejoiced to change,
 From this to that his feelings surely range;
 His fancies wander, and his thoughts as well;
 And if the heart be constant, who can tell?
 Far off to fly, to abandon me, and go,
 He seems returning then before I know:
 With every accident he seems to move,
 Is now below me and is now above,

Now far aside, — O, does he really love ?’

‘ Absence were hard ; yet let the trial be ;
His nature’s aim and purpose he would free,
And in the world his course of action see.
O should he lose, not learn ; pervert his scope ;
O should I lose ! and yet to win I hope.
I win not now ; his way if now I went,
Brief joy I gave, for years of discontent.’

‘ Gone, is it true ? but oft he went before,
And came again before a month was o’er.
Gone — though I could not venture upon art,
It was perhaps a foolish pride in part ;
He had such ready fancies in his head,
And really was so easy to be led ;
One might have failed ; and yet I feel ’twas pride,
And can’t but half repent I never tried.
Gone, is it true ? but he again will come,
Wandering he loves, and loves returning home.’

Gone, it was true ; nor came so soon again ;
Came, after travelling, pleasure half, half pain,
Came, but a half of Europe first o’erran ;
Arrived, his father found a ruined man.
Rich they had been, and rich was Emma too.
Heiress of wealth she knew not, Edmund knew.

Farewell to her ! — In a new home obscure,
Food for his helpless parents to secure,
From early morning to advancing dark,
He toiled and laboured as a merchant’s clerk.
Three years his heavy load he bore, nor quailed,
Then all his health, though scarce his spirit, failed ;
Friends interposed, insisted it must be,
Enforced their help, and sent him to the sea.

Wandering about with little here to do,
His old thoughts mingling dimly with his new,
Wandering one morn, he met upon the shore,
Her whom he quitted five long years before.

Alas ! why quitted ? Say that charms are nought,
Nor grace, nor beauty, worth one serious thought ;
Was there no mystic virtue in the sense
That joined your boyish girlish innocence ?
Is constancy a thing to throw away,
And loving faithfulness a chance of every day ?
Alas ! why quitted ? is she changed ? but now

The weight of intellect is in her brow ;
 Changed, or but truer seen, one sees in her
 Something to wake the soul, the interior sense to stir.

Alone they met, from alien eyes away,
 The high shore hid them in a tiny bay.
 Alone was he, was she ; in sweet surprise
 They met, before they knew it, in their eyes.
 In his a wondering admiration glowed,
 In hers, a world of tenderness o'erflowed ;
 In a brief moment all was known and seen,
 That of slow years the wearying work had been :
 Morn's early odorous breath perchance in sooth,
 Awoke the old natural feeling of their youth :
 The sea, perchance, and solitude had charms,
 They met — I know not — in each other's arms.

Why linger now — why waste the sands of life ?
 A few sweet weeks, and they were man and wife.

To his old frailty do not be severe,
 His latest theory with patience hear :

'I sought not, truly would to seek disdain,
 A kind, soft pillow for a wearying pain,
 Fatigues and cares to lighten, to relieve ;
 But love is fellow-service, I believe.'

'No, truly no, it was not to obtain,
 Though that alone were happiness, were gain,
 A tender breast to fall upon and weep,
 A heart, the secrets of my heart to keep ;
 To share my hopes, and in my griefs to grieve ;
 Yet love is fellow-service, I believe.'

'Yet in the eye of life's all-seeing sun
 We shall behold a something we have done,
 Shall of the work together we have wrought,
 Beyond our aspiration and our thought,
 Some not unworthy issue yet receive ;
 For love is fellow-service, I believe.'

The tale, we said, instructive was, but short ;
 Could he not give another of the sort ?
 He feared his second might his first repeat,
 'And Aristotle teaches, change is sweet ;
 But come, our younger friend in this dim night

Under his bushel must not hide his light.'
 I said I'd had but little time to live,
 Experience none or confidence could give.
 'But I can tell to-morrow, if you please,
 My last year's journey towards the Pyrenees.'
 To-morrow came, and evening, when it closed,
 The penalty of speech on me imposed.

MY TALE.

A la Banquette, or a Modern Pilgrimage.

I STAYED at La Quenille, ten miles or more
 From the old-Roman sources of Mont Dore;
 Travellers to Tulle this way are forced to go,
 — An old high-road from Lyons to Bordeaux, —
 From Tulle to Brives the swift Corrèze descends,
 At Brives you've railway, and your trouble ends;
 A little *bourg* La Quenille; from the height
 The mountains of Auvergne are all in sight;
 Green pastoral heights that once in lava flowed,
 Of primal fire the product and abode;
 And all the plateaux and the lines that trace
 Where in deep dells the waters find their place;
 Far to the south above the lofty plain,
 The Plomb du Cantal lifts his towering train.

A little after one, with little fail,
 Down drove the diligence that bears the mail;
 The *courier* therefore called, in whose *banquette*
 A place I got, and thankful was to get;
 The new postillion climbed his seat, *allez*,
 Off broke the four cart-horses on their way.
 Westward we roll, o'er heathy backs of hills,
 Crossing the future rivers in the rills;
 Bare table-lands are these, and sparsely sown,
 Turning their waters south to the Dordogne.

Close-packed we were, and little at our ease,
 The *conducteur* impatient with the squeeze;
 Not tall he seemed, but bulky round about,
 His cap and jacket made him look more stout;
 In *grande tenue* he rode of *conducteur*;

Black eyes he had, black his moustaches were,
 Shaven his chin, his hair and whiskers cropt;
 A ready man; at Ussel when we stopt,
 For me and for himself, bread, meat, and wine,
 He got, the *courier* did not wait to dine;
 To appease our hunger, and allay our drouth,
 We ate and took the bottle at the mouth;
 One draught I had, the rest entire had he,
 For wine his body had capacity.

A peasant in his country blouse was there,
 He told me of the *conseil* and the *maire*.
 Their *maire*, he said, could neither write nor read,
 And yet could keep the registers, indeed;
 The *conseil* had resigned — I know not what. —
 Good actions here are easily forgot:
 He in the *quarante-huit* had something done,
 Were things but fair, some notice should have won.

Another youth there was, a soldier he,
 A soldier ceasing with to-day to be;
 Three years had served, for three had bought release:
 From war returning to the arts of peace,
 To Tulle he went, as his department's town,
 To-morrow morn to pay his money down.

In Italy, his second year begun,
 This youth had served, when Italy was won.
 He told of Montebello, and the fight,
 That ended fiercely with the close of night.
 There was he wounded, fell, and thought to die,
 Two Austrian cones had passed into his thigh;
 One traversed it, the other, left behind,
 In hospital the doctor had to find:
 At eight of night he fell, and sadly lay
 Till three of morning of the following day,
 When peasants came and put him on a wain,
 And drove him to Voghera in his pain;
 To Alessandria thence the railway bore,
 In Alessandria then two months and more
 He lay in hospital; to lop the limb
 The Italian doctor who attended him
 Was much disposed, but high above the knee;
 For life an utter cripple he would be.
 Then came the typhoid fever, and the lack
 Of food. And sick and hungering, on his back,

With French, Italians, Austrians as he lay,
 Arrived the tidings of Magenta's day,
 And Milan entered in the burning June,
 And Solferino's issue following soon.
 Alas, the glorious wars! and shortly he
 To Genoa for the advantage of the sea,
 And to Savona, suffering still, was sent
 And joined his now returning regiment.
 Good were the Austrian soldiers, but the feel
 They did not well encounter of cold steel,
 Nor in the bayonet fence of man with man
 Maintained their ground, but yielded, turned and ran.
Les armes blanches and the rifled gun
 Had fought the battles, and the victories won.
 The glorious wars! but he, the doubtful chance
 Of soldiers' glory quitting and advance, —
 His wounded limb less injured than he feared, —
 Was dealing now in timber, it appeared;
 Oak-timber finding for some mines of lead,
 Worked by an English company, he said.
 This youth perhaps was twenty-three years old;
 Simply and well his history he told.

They wished to hear about myself as well;
 I told them, but it was not much to tell;
 At the Mont Dore, of which the guide-book talks,
 I'd taken, not the waters, but the walks.
 Friends I had met, who on their southward way
 Had gone before, I followed them to-day.

They wondered greatly at this wondrous thing, —
Les Anglais are forever on the wing, —
 The *conducteur* said everybody knew
 We were descended of the Wandering Jew.
 And on with the declining sun we rolled,
 And woods and vales and fuller streams behold.

About the hour when peasant people sup,
 We dropped the peasant, took a *curé* up,
 In hat and bands and *soutane* all to fit.
 He next the *conducteur* was put to sit;
 I in the corner gained the senior place.
 Brown was his hair, but closely shaved his face;
 To lift his eyelids did he think it sin?
 I saw a pair of soft brown eyes within.
 Older he was, but looked like twenty-two,

Fresh from the cases, to the country new.

I, the *conducteur* watching from my side,
 A roguish twinkle in his eye espied;
 He begged to hear about the pretty pair
 Whom he supposed he had been marrying there;
 The deed, he hoped, was comfortably done, —
Monsieur l'Evêque he called him in his fun.
 Then lifted soon his voice for all to hear;
 A baritone he had both strong and clear:
 In fragments first of music made essay,
 And tried his pipes and modest felt his way.
Le verre en main la mort nous trouvera,
 It was, or *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman!*
 And then, *A toi, ma belle, à toi toujours;*
 Till of his organ's quality secure,
 Trifling no more, but boldly, like a man,
 He filled his chest and gallantly began.

'THOUGH I have seemed, against my wiser will,
 Your victim, O ye tender foibles, still,
 Once now for all, though half my heart be yours,
 Adieu, sweet faults, adieu, ye gay amours!
 Sad if it be, yet true it is to say,
 I've fifty years, and 'tis too late a day,
 My limbs are shrinking and my hair turns grey;
 Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day!

'Once in your school (what good, alas! is once?)
 I took my lessons, and was not the dunce.
 Oh, what a pretty girl was then Juliette!
 Don't you suppose that I remember yet,
 Though thirty years divide me from the day,
 When she and I first looked each other's way?
 But now! midwinter to be matched with May!
 Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day!

'You lovely Marguerite! I shut my eyes,
 And do my very utmost to be wise;
 Yet see you still; and hear, though closed my ears,
 And think I'm young in spite of all my years;
 Shall I forget you if I go away?
 To leave is painful, but absurd to stay;
 I've fifty dreadful reasons to obey.
 Adieu, gay loves, it is too late a day!'

This priest beside the lusty *conducteur*
 Under his beaver sat and looked demure ;
 Faintly he smiled the company to please,
 And folded held his hands above his knees.
 Then, apropos of nothing, had we heard
 He asked, about a thing that had occurred
 At the Mont Dore a little time ago,
 A wondrous cure? and when we answered, No,
 About a little girl he told a tale,
 Who, when her medicines were of no avail,
 Was by the doctor ordered to Mont Dore,
 But nothing gained and only suffered more.
 This little child had in her simple way
 Unto the Blessed Virgin learnt to pray,
 And, as it happened, to an image there
 By the roadside one day she made her prayer,
 And of our Lady, who can hear on high,
 Begged for her parents' sake she might not die.
 Our Lady of Grace, whose attribute is love,
 Beheld this child, and listened from above.
 Her parents noticed from that very day
 The malady began to pass away,
 And but a fortnight after, as they tell,
 They took her home rejoicing, sound and well.
 Things come, he said, to show us every hour
 We are surrounded by superior power.
 Little we notice, but if once we see,
 The seed of faith will grow into a tree.
 The *conducteur*, he wisely shook his head :
 Strange things do happen in our time, he said ;
 If the *bon Dieu* but please, no doubt indeed,
 When things are desperate, yet they will succeed.
 Ask the postillion here, and he can tell
 Who cured his horse, and what of it befell.
 Then the postillion, in his smock of blue,
 His pipe into his mouth's far corner drew,
 And told about a farrier and a horse ;
 But *Auvergnat* grew from bad to worse ;
 His rank Arvernian *patois* was so strong,
 With what he said I could not go along ;
 And what befell and how it came to pass,
 And if it were a horse or if an ass,
 The sequence of his phrase I could not keep,

And in the middle fairly sank to sleep.
 When I awoke, I heard a stream below
 And on each bank saw houses in a row,
 Corrèze the stream, the houses Tulle, they said ;
 Alighted here and thankful went to bed.

‘But how,’ said one, ‘about the Pyrenees ?
 In Hamlet give us Hamlet, if you please ;
 Your friend declares you said you met with there
 A peasant beauty, beauteous past compare,
 Who fed her cows the mountain peaks between,
 And asked if at Villettri you had been.
 And was Villettri larger than was Rome ?
 Her soldier-brother went away from home,
 Two years ago, — to Rome it was he went,
 And to Villettri was this summer sent ;
 He twenty-three, and she was sweet seventeen,
 And fed her cows the mountain peaks between.
 Lightly along a rocky path she led,
 And from a grange she brought you milk and bread.
 In summer here she lived, and with the snow
 Went in October to the fields below ;
 And where you lived, she asked, and oh, they say,
 That with the English we shall fight some day ;
 Loveliest of peasant girls that e’er was seen,
 Feeding her cows the mountain peaks between.’
 ‘’Tis true,’ I said, ‘though to betray was mean.
 My Pyrenean verses will you hear,
 Though not about that peasant girl, I fear.’
 ‘Begin,’ they said, ‘the sweet bucolic song,
 Though it to other maids and other cows belong.’

Currente Calamo.

QUICK, painter, quick, the moment seize
 Amid the snowy Pyrenees ;
 More evanescent than the snow,
 The pictures come, are seen, and go :
 Quick, quick, *currente calamo.*

I do not ask the tints that fill
 The gate of day ’twixt hill and hill ;
 I ask not for the hues that fleet
 Above the distant peaks ; my feet

Are on a poplar-bordered road,
 Where with a saddle and a load
 A donkey, old and ashen-grey,
 Reluctant works his dusty way.
 Before him, still with might and main
 Pulling his rope, the rustic rein,
 A girl: before both him and me,
 Frequent she turns and lets me see,
 Unconscious, lets me scan and trace
 The sunny darkness of her face
 And outlines full of southern grace.

Following I notice, yet and yet,
 Her olive skin, dark eyes deep set,
 And black, and blacker e'en than jet,
 The escaping hair that scanty showed,
 Since o'er it in the country mode,
 For winter warmth and summer shade,
 The lap of scarlet cloth is laid.
 And then, back-falling from the head,
 A crimson kerchief overspread
 Her jacket blue; thence passing down,
 A skirt of darkest yellow-brown,
 Coarse stuff, allowing to the view
 The smooth limb to the woollen shoe.

But who — here's some one following too, —
 A priest, and reading at his book!
 Read on, O priest, and do not look;
 Consider, — she is but a child, —
 Yet might your fancy be beguiled.
 Read on, O priest, and pass and go!
 But see, succeeding in a row,
 Two, three, and four, a motley train,
 Musicians wandering back to Spain;
 With fiddle and with tambourine,
 A man with women following seen.
 What dresses, ribbon-ends and flowers!
 And, — sight to wonder at for hours, —
 The man, — to Philip has he sat? —
 With butterfly-like velvet hat;
 One dame his big bassoon conveys,
 On one his gentle arm he lays;
 They stop, and look, and something say,
 And to 'España' ask the way.

But while I speak, and point them on,
 Alas! my dearer friends are gone;
 The dark-eyed maiden and the ass
 Have had the time the bridge to pass.
 Vainly, beyond it far descried,
 Adieu, and peace with you abide,
 Grey donkey, and your beauteous guide.
 The pictures come, the pictures go,
 Quick, quick, *currente calamo*.

They praised the rhymes, but still would persevere
 The eclogue of the mountain peaks to hear,
 Eclogue that never was; and then awhile,
 Of France, and Frenchmen, and our native isle,
 They talked; pre-insular above the rest,
 My friend his ardent politics expressed;
 France was behind us all, he saw in France
 Worse retrogression, and the least advance.
 Her revolutions had but thrown her back.
 Powerful just now, but wholly off the track;
 They in religion were, as I had seen,
 About where we in Chaucer's time had been;
 In Chaucer's time, and yet their Wickliffe where?
 Something they'd kept — the worst part — of Voltaire.

Strong for Old England, was New England too;
 The clergyman was neutral in his view,
 And I, for France with more than I could do,
 Though sound my thesis did not long maintain.
 The contemplation of the nightly main,
 The vaulted heavens above, and under these,
 The black ship working through the dusky seas,
 Deserting, to our narrow berths we crept;
 Sound slumbered there, the watch while others kept.

The second officer, who kept the watch,
 A young man, fair of feature, partly Scotch
 And partly Irish in his voice and way,
 Joined us the evening of the following day,
 And of our stories when he heard us tell,
 Offered to give a narrative as well.

THE MATE'S STORY.

I'VE often wondered how it is, at times
 Good people do what are as bad as crimes.
 A common person would have been ashamed
 To do what once a family far-famed
 For their religious ways was known to do.
 Small harm befell, small thanks to them were due.
 They from abroad, perhaps it cost them less,
 Had brought a young French girl as governess,
 A pretty, youthful thing as e'er you saw;
 She taught the children how to play and draw,
 Of course, the language of her native land;
 English she scarcely learnt to understand.
 After a time they wanted her no more;
 She must go home, — but how to send her o'er, —
 Far in the south of France she lived, and they
 In Ireland there — was more than they could say.
 A monthly steamer, as they chanced to know,
 From Liverpool went over to Bordeaux,
 And would, they thought, exactly meet the case.
 They wrote and got a friend to take a place;
 And from her salary paid her money down.
 A trading steamer from the seaport town
 Near which they lived, across the Channel plied,
 And this, they said, a passage would provide.

With pigs, and with the Irish reaping horde,
 This pretty tender girl was put on board;
 And a rough time of it, no doubt, had she,
 Tossing about upon the Irish Sea.
 Arrived at last and set ashore, she found
 The steamer gone for which she had been bound.
 The pious people, in their careless way,
 Had made some loose mistake about the day.
 She stood; the passengers with whom she crossed
 Went off, and she remained as one that's lost.

Think of the hapless creature standing here
 Alone, beside her boxes on the pier.
 Whither to turn, and where to try and go,
 She knew not; nay, the language did not know.
 So young a girl, so pretty too, set down
 Here, in the midst of a great seaport town,

What might have happened one may sadly guess,
 Had not the captain, seeing her distress,
 Made out the cause, and told her she could stay
 On board the vessel till the following day.
 Next day, he said — the steamer to Bordeaux
 Was gone, no doubt, next month the next would go;
 For this her passage-money she had paid,
 But some arrangement could, he thought, be made,
 If only she could manage to afford
 To wait a month and pay for bed and board.
 She sadly shook her head — well, after all,
 'Twas a bad town, and mischief might befall.
 Would she go back? Indeed 'twas but a shame
 To take her back to those from whom she came.
 'There's one thing, Miss,' said he, 'that you can do;
 It's speaking somewhat sudden-like, it's true,
 But if you'll marry me, I'll marry you.
 Maybe you won't, but if you will you can.'
 This captain was a young and decent man,
 And I suppose she saw no better way;
 Marry they did, and married live this day.

Another friend, these previous nights away,
 An officer of engineers, and round
 By Halifax to far Bermuda bound,
 Joined us this night; a rover he had been.
 Many strange sights and many climes had seen,
 And much of various life; his comment was, 'twas well
 There was no further incident to tell.
 He'd been afraid that e'er the tale was o'er,
 'Twould prove the captain had a wife before.
 The poor French girl was luckier than she knew;
 Soldiers and sailors had so often two.
 And it was something, too, for men who went
 From port to port to be with two content.
 In every place the marriage rite supplied
 A decent spouse to whom you were not tied.
 Of course the women would at times suspect,
 But felt their reputations were not wrecked.

One after night we took ourselves to task
 For our neglect who had forborne to ask
 The clergyman, who told his tale so well,
 Another tale for our behalf to tell.

He to a second had himself confessed.
 Now, when to hear it eagerly we pressed,
 He put us off; but, ere the night was done,
 Told us his second, and his sadder one.

THE CLERGYMAN'S SECOND TALE.

EDWARD and Jane a married couple were,
 And fonder she of him or he of her
 Was hard to say; their wedlock had begun
 When in one year they both were twenty-one;
 And friends, who would not sanction, left them free.
 He gentle-born, nor his inferior she,
 And neither rich; to the newly-wedded boy,
 A great Insurance Office found employ.
 Strong in their loves and hopes, with joy they took
 This narrow lot and the world's altered look;
 Beyond their home they nothing sought nor craved,
 And even from the narrow income saved;
 Their busy days for no *ennui* had place,
 Neither grew weary of the other's face.
 Nine happy years had crowned their married state
 With children, one a little girl of eight;
 With nine industrious years his income grew,
 With his employers rose his favour too;
 Nine years complete had passed when something ailed.
 Friends and the doctors said his health had failed,
 He must recruit, or worse would come to pass;
 And though to rest was hard for him, alas!
 Three months of leave he found he could obtain,
 And go, they said, get well and work again.

Just at this juncture of their married life,
 Her mother, sickening, begged to have his wife.
 Her house among the hills in Surrey stood,
 And to be there, said Jane, would do the children good.

They let their house, and with the children she
 Went to her mother, he beyond the sea;
 Far to the south his orders were to go.
 A watering-place, whose name we need not know,
 For climate and for change of scene was best:
 There he was bid, laborious task, to rest.

A dismal thing in foreign lands to roam
 To one accustomed to an English home,
 Dismal yet more, in health if feeble grown,
 To live a boarder, helpless and alone
 In foreign town, and worse yet worse is made,
 If 'tis a town of pleasure and parade.
 Dispiriting the public walks and seats,
 The alien faces that an alien meets;
 Drearly every day this old routine repeats.

Yet here this alien prospered, change of air
 Or change of scene did more than tenderest care;
 Three weeks were scarce completed, to his home,
 He wrote to say, he thought he now could come
 His usual work was sure he could resume,
 And something said about the place's gloom,
 And how he loathed idling his time away.
 O, but they wrote, his wife and all, to say
 He must not think of it, 'twas quite too quick;
 Let was their house, her mother still was sick,
 Three months were given, and three he ought to take;
 For his, and hers, and for his children's sake.

He wrote again, 'twas weariness to wait,
 This doing nothing was a thing to hate;
 He'd cast his nine laborious years away,
 And was as fresh as on his wedding-day;
 At last he yielded, feared he must obey.

And now, his health repaired, his spirits grown
 Less feeble, less he cared to live alone.
 'Twas easier now to face the crowded shore,
 And table d'hôte less tedious than before;
 His ancient silence sometimes he would break,
 And the mute Englishman was heard to speak.
 His youthful colour soon, his youthful air
 Came back; amongst the crowd of idlers there,
 With whom good looks entitle to good name,
 For his good looks he gained a sort of fame,
 People would watch him as he went and came.

Explain the tragic mystery who can,
 Something there is, we know not what, in man,
 With all established happiness at strife,
 And bent on revolution in his life.
 Explain the plan of Providence who dare,
 And tell us wherefore in this world there are

Beings who seem for this alone to live,
 Temptation to another soul to give.
 A beauteous woman at the table d'hôte,
 To try this English heart, at least to note
 This English countenance, conceived the whim.
 She sat exactly opposite to him.
 Ere long he noticed with a vague surprise
 How every day on him she bent her eyes;
 Soft and inquiring now they looked, and then
 Wholly withdrawn, unnoticed came again;
 His shrunk aside: and yet there came a day,
 Alas! they did not wholly turn away.
 So beautiful her beauty was, so strange,
 And to his northern feeling such a change;
 Her throat and neck Junonian in their grace;
 The blood just mantled in her southern face:
 Dark hair, dark eyes; and all the arts she had
 With which some dreadful power adorns the bad, —
 Bad women in their youth, — and young was she,
 Twenty perhaps, at the utmost twenty-three, —
 And timid seemed, and innocent of ill; —
 Her feelings went and came without her will.

You will not wish minutely to know all
 His efforts in the prospect of the fall.
 He oscillated to and fro, he took
 High courage oft, temptation from him shook,
 Compelled himself to virtuous thoughts and just,
 And as it were in ashes and in dust
 Abhorred his thought. But living thus alone,
 Of solitary tedium weary grown;
 From sweet society so long debarred,
 And fearing in his judgment to be hard
 On her — that he was sometimes off his guard
 What wonder? She relentless still pursued
 Unmarked, and tracked him in his solitude.
 And not in vain, alas!

The days went by and found him in the snare.
 But soon a letter full of tenderest care
 Came from his wife, the little daughter too
 In a large hand — the exercise was new —
 To her papa her love and kisses sent.
 Into his very heart and soul it went.
 Forth on the high and dusty road he sought

Some issue for the vortex of his thought.
Returned, packed up his things, and ere the day
Descended, was a hundred miles away.

There are, I know of course, who lightly treat
Such slips; we stumble, we regain our feet;
What can we do? they say, but hasten on
And disregard it as a thing that's gone.
Many there are who in a case like this
Would calm re-seek their sweet domestic bliss;
Accept unshamed the wifely tender kiss,
And lift their little children on their knees,
And take their kisses too; with hearts at ease
Will read the household prayers, — to church will go,
And sacrament — nor care if people know.
Such men — so minded — do exist, God knows,
And, God be thanked, this was not one of those.

Late in the night, at a provincial town
In France, a passing traveller was put down;
Haggard he looked, his hair was turning grey,
His hair, his clothes, were much in disarray:
In a bedchamber here one day he stayed,
Wrote letters, posted them, his reckoning paid
And went. 'Twas Edward rushing from his fall;
Here to his wife he wrote and told her all.
Forgiveness — yes, perhaps she might forgive —
For her, and for the children, he must live
At any rate; but their old home to share
As yet was something that he could not bear.
She with her mother still her home should make,
A lodging near the office he should take;
And once a quarter he would bring his pay,
And he would see her on the quarter-day,
But her alone; e'en this would dreadful be,
The children 'twas not possible to see.

Back to the office at this early day
To see him come, old-looking thus and grey,
His comrades wondered, wondered too to see
How dire a passion for his work had he,
How in a garret too he lived alone;
So cold a husband, cold a father grown.

In a green lane beside her mother's home,
Where in old days they had been used to roam,
His wife had met him on the appointed day,

Fell on his neck, said all that love could say,
 And wept; he put the loving arms away.
 At dusk they met, for so was his desire;
 She felt his cheeks and forehead all on fire;
 The kisses which she gave he could not brook;
 Once in her face he gave a sidelong look,
 Said, but for them he wished that he were dead,
 And put the money in her hand and fled.

Sometimes in easy and familiar tone,
 Of sins resembling more or less his own
 He heard his comrades in the office speak,
 And felt the colour tingling in his cheek;
 Lightly they spoke as of a thing of nought;
 He of their judgment ne'er so much as thought.

I know not, in his solitary pains,
 Whether he seemed to feel as in his veins
 The moral mischief circulating still,
 Racked with the torture of the double will;
 And like some frontier-land where armies wage
 The mighty wars, engage and yet engage
 All through the summer in the fierce campaign;
 March, counter-march, gain, lose, and yet regain;
 With battle reeks the desolated plain;
 So felt his nature yielded to the strife
 Of the contending good and ill of life.

But a whole year this penance he endured,
 Nor even then would think that he was cured.
 Once in a quarter, in the country lane,
 He met his wife and paid his quarter's gain;
 To bring the children she besought in vain.

He has a life small happiness that gives,
 Who friendless in a London lodging lives,
 Dines in a dingy chop-house, and returns
 To a lone room while all within him yearns
 For sympathy, and his whole nature burns
 With a fierce thirst for some one, — is there none? —
 To expend his human tenderness upon.
 So blank, and hard, and stony is the way
 To walk, I wonder not men go astray.

Edward, whom still a sense that never slept
 On the strict path undeviating kept,
 One winter-evening found himself pursued
 Amidst the dusky thronging multitude.

Quickly he walked, but strangely swift was she,
And pertinacious, and would make him see.
He saw at last, and recognising slow,
Discovered in this hapless thing of woe
The occasion of his shame twelve wretched months ago.
She gaily laughed, she cried, and sought his hand,
And spoke sweet phrases of her native land;
Exiled, she said, her lovely home had left,
Not to forsake a friend of all but her bereft;
Exiled, she cried, for liberty, for love,
She was; still limpid eyes she turned above.
So beauteous once, and now such misery in,
Pity had all but softened him to sin;
But while she talked, and wildly laughed, and cried,
And plucked the hand which sadly he denied,
A stranger came and swept her from his side.

He watched them in the gas-lit darkness go,
And a voice said within him, Even so,
So 'midst the gloomy mansions where they dwell
The lost souls walk the flaming streets of hell!
The lamps appeared to fling a baleful glare,
A brazen heat was heavy in the air;
And it was hell, and he some unblest wanderer there.

For a long hour he stayed the streets to roam,
Late gathering sense, he gained his garret home;
There found a telegram that bade him come
Straight to the country, where his daughter, still
His darling child, lay dangerously ill.
The doctor would he bring? Away he went
And found the doctor; to the office sent
A letter, asking leave, and went again,
And with a wild confusion in his brain,
Joining the doctor caught the latest train.
The train swift whirled them from the city light
Into the shadows of the natural night.

'Twas silent starry midnight on the down,
Silent and chill, when they, straight come from town,
Leaving the station, walked a mile to gain
The lonely house amid the hills where Jane,
Her mother, and her children should be found.
Waked by their entrance, but of sleep unsound,
The child not yet her altered father knew;
Yet talked of her papa in her delirium too.

Danger there was, yet hope there was ; and he,
 To attend the crisis, and the changes see,
 And take the steps, at hand should surely be.

Said Jane the following day, 'Edward, you know,
 Over and over I have told you so,
 As in a better world I seek to live,
 As I desire forgiveness, I forgive.
 Forgiveness does not feel the word to say, —
 As I believe in One who takes away
 Our sin and gives us righteousness instead, —
 You to this sin, I do believe, are dead.
 'Twas I, you know, who let you leave your home
 And bade you stay when you so wished to come ;
 My fault was that : I've told you so before,
 And vainly told ; but now 'tis something more.
 Say, is it right, without a single friend,
 Without advice, to leave me to attend
 Children and mother both ? Indeed I've thought
 Through want of you the child her fever caught.
 Chances of mischief come with every hour.
 It is not in a single woman's power
 Alone and ever haunted more or less
 With anxious thoughts of you and your distress, —
 'Tis not indeed, I'm sure of it, in me, —
 All things with perfect judgment to foresee.
 This weight has grown too heavy to endure ;
 And you, I tell you now, and I am sure,
 Neglect your duty both to God and man
 Persisting thus in your unnatural plan.
 This feeling you must conquer, for you can.
 And, after all, you know we are but dust,
 What are we, in ourselves that we should trust ?'

He scarcely answered her ; but he obtained
 A longer leave, and quietly remained.
 Slowly the child recovered, long was ill,
 Long delicate, and he must watch her still ;
 To give up seeing her he could not bear,
 To leave her less attended, did not dare.
 The child recovered slowly, slowly too
 Recovered he, and more familiar drew
 Home's happy breath ; and apprehension o'er,
 Their former life he yielded to restore,
 And to his mournful garret went no more.

Midnight was dim and hazy overhead
 When the tale ended and we turned to bed.
 On the companion-way, descending slow,
 The artillery captain, as we went below,
 Said to the lawyer, life could not be meant
 To be so altogether innocent.

What did the atonement show? he, for the rest,
 Could not, he thought, have written and confessed.
 Weakness it was, and adding crime to crime
 To leave his family that length of time,
 The lawyer said; the American was sure
 Each nature knows instinctively its cure.

Midnight was in the cabin still and dead,
 Our fellow-passengers were all in bed,
 We followed them, and nothing further spoke.
 Out of the sweetest of my sleep I woke
 At two, and felt we stopped; amid a dream
 Of England knew the letting-off of steam
 And rose. 'Twas fog, and were we off Cape Race?
 The captain would be certain of his place.
 Wild in white vapour flew away the force,
 And self-arrested was the eager course
 That had not ceased before. But shortly now
 Cape Race was made to starboard on the bow.
 The paddles plied. I slept. The following night
 In the mid seas we saw a quay and light,
 And peered through mist into an unseen town,
 And on scarce-seeming land set one companion down,
 And went. With morning and a shining sun,
 Under the bright New Brunswick coast we run,
 And visible discern to every eye
 Rocks, pines, and little ports, and passing by
 The boats and coasting craft. When sunk the night,
 Early now sunk, the northern streamers bright
 Floated and flashed, the cliffs and clouds behind,
 With phosphorus the billows all were lined.

That evening, while the arctic streamers bright
 Rolled from the clouds in waves of airy light,
 The lawyer said, 'I laid by for to-night
 A story that I would not tell before;
 For the last time, a confidential four,
 We meet. Receive in your elected ears
 A tale of human suffering and tears.'

THE LAWYER'S SECOND TALE.

Christian.

A HIGHLAND inn among the western hills,
 A single parlour, single bed that fills
 With fisher or with tourist, as may be ;
 A waiting-maid, as fair as you can see,
 With hazel eyes, and frequent blushing face,
 And ample brow, and with a rustic grace
 In all her easy quiet motions seen,
 Large of her age, which haply is nineteen,
 Christian her name, in full a pleasant name,
 Christian and Christie scarcely seem the same ; —
 A college fellow, who has sent away
 The pupils he has taught for many a day,
 And comes for fishing and for solitude,
 Perhaps a little pensive in his mood,
 An aspiration and a thought have failed,
 Where he had hoped, another has prevailed,
 But to the joys of hill and stream alive,
 And in his boyhood yet, at twenty-five.

A merry dance, that made young people meet,
 And set them moving, both with hands and feet ;
 A dance in which he danced, and nearer knew
 The soft brown eyes, and found them tender too.
 A dance that lit in two young hearts the fire,
 The low soft flame, of loving sweet desire,
 And made him feel that he could feel again ; —
 The preface this, what follows to explain.

That night he kissed, he held her in his arms,
 And felt the subtle virtue of her charms ;
 Nor less bewildered on the following day,
 He kissed, he found excuse near her to stay, —
 Was it not love ? And yet the truth to speak,
 Playing the fool for haply half a week,
 He yet had fled, so strong within him dwelt
 The horror of the sin, and such he felt
 The miseries to the woman that ensue.
 He wearied long his brain with reasonings fine,
 But when at evening dusk he came to dine,
 In linsey petticoat and jacket blue

She stood, so radiant and so modest too,
 All into air his strong conclusions flew.
 Now should he go. But dim and drizzling too,
 For a night march, to-night will hardly do,
 A march of sixteen weary miles of way.
 No, by the chances which our lives obey,
 No, by the heavens and this sweet face he'll stay.

A week he stayed, and still was loth to go,
 But she grew anxious and would have it so.
 Her time of service shortly would be o'er,
 And she would leave; her mistress knew before.
 Where would she go? To Glasgow, if she could;
 Her father's sister would be kind and good;
 An only child she was, an orphan left,
 Of all her kindred, save of this, bereft.
 Said he, 'Your guide to Glasgow let me be,
 You little know, you have not tried the sea;
 Say, at the ferry when are we to meet?
 Thither, I guess, you travel on your feet.'
 She would be there on Tuesday next at three;
 'O dear, how glad and thankful she would be;
 But don't,' she said, 'be troubled much for me.'

Punctual they met, a second-class he took,
 More naturally to her wants to look,
 And from her side was seldom far away.
 So quiet, so indifferent yet, were they,
 As fellow-servants travelling south they seemed,
 And no one of a love-relation dreamed.
 At Oban, where the stormy darkness fell,
 He got two chambers in a cheap hotel.
 At Oban of discomfort one is sure,
 Little the difference whether rich or poor.

Around the Mull the passage now to make,
 They go aboard, and separate tickets take,
 First-class for him, and second-class for her.
 No other first-class passengers there were,
 And with the captain walking soon alone,
 This Highland girl, he said, to him was known.
 He had engaged to take her to her kin;
 Could she be put the ladies' cabin in?
 The difference gladly he himself would pay,
 The weather seemed but menacing to-day.

She ne'er had travelled from her home before,
He wished to be at hand to hear about her more.

Curious it seemed, but he had such a tone,
And kept at first so carefully alone,
And she so quiet was, and so discreet,
So heedful, ne'er to seek him or to meet,
The first small wonder quickly passed away.

And so from Oban's little land-locked bay
Forth out to Jura — Jura pictured high
With lofty peaks against the western sky,
Jura, that far o'erlooks the Atlantic seas,
The loftiest of the Southern Hebrides.
Through the main sea to Jura; — when we reach
Jura, we turn to leftward to the breach,
And southward strain the narrow channel through,
And Colonsay we pass and Islay too;
Cantire is on the left, and all the day
A dull dead calm upon the waters lay.

Sitting below, after some length of while,
He sought her, and the tedium to beguile,
He ventured some experiments to make,
The measure of her intellect to take.
Upon the cabin table chanced to lie
A book of popular astronomy;
In this he tried her, and discoursed away
Of Winter, Summer, and of Night and Day.
Still to the task a reasoning power she brought,
And followed, slowly followed with the thought;
How beautiful it was to see the stir
Of natural wonder waking thus in her;
But loth was he to set on books to pore
An intellect so charming in the ore.

And she, perhaps, had comprehended soon
Even the nodes, so puzzling, of the moon;
But nearing now the Mull they met the gale
Right in their teeth: and should the fuel fail?
Thinking of her, he grew a little pale,
But bravely she the terrors, miseries, took:
And met him with a sweet courageous look:
Once, at the worst, unto his side she drew,
And said a little tremulously too,
'If we must die, please let me come to you.'

I know not by what change of wind or tide,

Heading the Mull, they gained the eastern side,
 But stiller now, and sunny e'en it grew;
 Arran's high peaks unmantled to the view;
 While to the north, far seen from left to right,
 The Highland range extended snowy white.

Now in the Clyde, he asked, what would be thought,
 In Glasgow, of the company she brought:
 'You know,' he said, 'how I desire to stay;
 We've played at strangers for so long a day,
 But for a while I yet would go away.'

She said, O no, indeed they must not part.
 Her father's sister had a kindly heart.
 'I'll tell her all, and O, when you she sees,
 I think she'll not be difficult to please.'
 Landed at Glasgow, quickly they espied
 Macfarlane, grocer, by the river side:
 To greet her niece the woman joyful ran,
 But looked with wonder on the tall young man.
 Into the house the women went and talked,
 He with the grocer in the doorway walked.
 He told him he was looking for a set
 Of lodgings: had he any he could let?

The man was called to council with his wife;
 They took the thing as what will be in life,
 Half in a kind, half in a worldly way;
 They said, the lassie might play out her play.
 The gentleman should have the second floor,
 At thirty shillings, for a week or more.

Some days in this obscurity he stayed,
 Happy with her, and some inquiry made
 (For friends he found) and did his best to see,
 What hope of getting pupils there would be.
 This must he do, 'twas evident, 'twas clear,
 Marry and seek a humble maintenance here.
 Hi himself he had a hundred pounds a year.
 To this plain business he would bend his life,
 And find his joy in children and in wife,
 A wife so good, so tender, and so true,
 Mother to be of glorious children too.

Half to excuse his present lawless way,
 He to the grocer happened once to say
 Marriage would cost him more than others dear,
 Cost him, indeed, three hundred pounds a-year.

‘Deed,’ said the man, ‘a heavy price, no doubt,
For a bit form that one can do without.’
And asked some questions, pertinent and plain,
Exacter information to obtain;
He took a little trouble to explain.

The College Audit now, to last at least
Three weeks, ere ending with the College Feast,
He must attend, a tedious, dull affair,
But he, as junior Bursar, must be there.
Three weeks, however, quickly would be fled,
And then he’d come, — he didn’t say to wed.

With plans of which he nothing yet would say,
Preoccupied upon the parting day,
He seemed a little absent and distrait;
But she, as knowing nothing was amiss,
Gave him her fondest smile, her sweetest kiss.

A fortnight after, or a little more,
As at the Audit, weary of the bore,
He sat, and of his future prospects thought,
A letter in an unknown hand was brought.
’Twas from Macfarlane, and to let him know
To South Australia they proposed to go.
‘Rich friends we have, who have advised us thus,
Occasion offers suitable for us;
Christie we take; whate’er she find of new,
She’ll ne’er forget the joy she’s had with you;
’Tis an expensive pilgrimage to make,
You’ll like to send a trifle for her sake.’
Nothing he said of when the ship would sail.

That very night, by swift-returning mail,
Ten pounds he sent, for what he did not know;
And ‘In no case,’ he said, ‘let Christian go.’
He in three days would come, and for his life
Would elaim her and declare her as his wife.

Swift the night-mail conveyed his missive on;
He followed in three days, and found them gone.
All three had sailed: he looked as though he dreamed;
The money-order had been cashed, it seemed.

The Clergyman, ‘This story is mere pain,’
Exclaimed, ‘for if the women don’t sustain
The moral standard, all we do is vain.’

‘But what we want,’ the Yankee said, ‘to know,

Is if the girl went willingly or no.
 Sufficient motive though one does not see,
 'Tis clear the grocer used some trickery.'

He judged himself, so strong the clinging in
 This kind of people is to kith and kin;
 For if they went and she remained behind,
 No one she had, if him she failed to find.
 Alas, this lawless loving was the cause,
 She did not dare to think how dear she was.
 Justly his guilty tardiness he curst,
 He should have owned her when he left her first.
 And something added how upon the sea,
 She perilled, too, a life that was to be;
 A child that, born in far Australia, there
 Would have no father and no father's care.
 So to the South a lonely man returned,
 For other scenes and busier life he burned, —
 College he left and settled soon in town,
 Wrote in the journals, gained a swift renown.
 Soon into high society he came,
 And still where'er he went outdid his fame.
 All the more liked and more esteemed, the less
 He seemed to make an object of success.

An active literary life he spent,
 Towards lofty points of public practice bent,
 Was never man so carefully who read,
 Whose plans so well were fashioned in his head,
 Nor one who truths so luminously said.
 Some years in various labours thus he passed,
 A spotless course maintaining to the last.
 Twice upon Government Commissions served
 With honour; place, which he declined, deserved.
 He married then, — a marriage fit and good,
 That kept him where his worth was understood;
 A widow, wealthy, and of noble blood.
 Mr. and Lady Mary are they styled,
 One grief is theirs — to be without a child.

I did not tell you how he went before
 To South Australia, vainly to explore.
 The ship had come to Adelaide, no doubt;
 Watching the papers he had made it out,
 But of themselves, in country or in town,

Nothing discovered, travelling up and down.
 Only an entry of uncertain sound,
 In an imperfect register he found.
 His son, he thought, but could not prove it true ;
 The surname of the girl it chanced he never knew.
 But this uneasy feeling gathered strength
 As years advanced, and it became at length
 His secret torture and his secret joy
 To think about his lost Australian boy.
 Somewhere in wild colonial lands has grown
 A child that is his true and very own.
 This strong parental passion fills his mind,
 To all the dubious chances makes him blind.
 Still he will seek, and still he hopes to find.
 Again will go.

Said I, 'O let him stay,
 And in a London drawing-room some day —
 Rings on her fingers, brilliants in her hair,
 The lady of the latest millionaire —
 She'll come, and with a gathering slow surprise
 On Lady Mary's husband turn her eyes :
 The soft brown eyes that in a former day
 From his discretion lured him all astray.
 At home, six bouncing girls, who more or less
 Are learning English of a governess,
 Six boisterous boys, as like as pear to pear ;
 Only the eldest has a different air.'

'You jest,' he said, 'indeed it happened so.'
 From a great party just about to go,
 He saw, he knew, and ere she saw him, said
 Swift to his wife as for the door he made,
 'My Highland bride! to escape a scene I go,
 Stay, find her out — great God! — and let me know.'

The Lady Mary turned to scrutinise
 The lovely brow, the beautiful brown eyes,
 One moment, then performed her perfect part,
 And did her spiriting with simplest art,
 Was introduced, her former friends had known,
 Say, might she call to-morrow afternoon
 At three? O yes! At three she made her call,
 And told her who she was and told her all.
 Her lady manners all she laid aside ;

Like women the two women kissed and cried.
 Half overwhelmed sat Christian by her side,
 While she, 'You know he never knew the day
 When you would sail, but he believed you'd stay
 Because he wrote — you never knew, you say, —
 Wrote that in three days' time, they need not fear,
 He'd come and then would marry you, my dear.
 You never knew? And he had planned to live
 At Glasgow, lessons had arranged to give.
 Alas, then to Australia he went out,
 All through the land to find you sought about,
 And found a trace which, though it left a doubt,
 Sufficed to make it still his grief, his joy,
 To think he had a child, a living boy,
 Whom you, my love ——'

'His child is six foot high,
 I've kept him as the apple of my eye,'
 Cried she, 'he's riding, or you'd see him here.
 O joy, that he at last should see his father dear!
 As soon as he comes in I'll tell him all,
 And on his father he shall go and call.'

'And you,' she said, 'my husband will you see?'

'O no, it is not possible for me.

The boy I'll send this very afternoon.
 O dear, I know he cannot go too soon;
 And something I must write, to write will do.
 So they embraced and sadly bade adieu.

The boy came in, his father went and saw!
 We will not wait this interview to draw;
 Ere long returned, and to his mother ran:
 His father was a wonderful fine man,
 He said, and looked at her; the Lady, too,
 Had done whatever it was kind to do.
 He loved his mother more than he could say,
 But if she wished, he'd with his father stay.
 A little change she noticed in his face,
 E'en now the father's influence she could trace;
 From her the slight, slight severance had begun,
 But simply she rejoiced that it was done.
 She smiled and kissed her boy, and 'Long ago,
 When I was young, I loved your father so.
 Together now we had been living, too,
 Only the ship went sooner than he knew.

In loving him you will be loving me :
 Father and mother are as one, you see.'

Her letter caught him on the following day
 As to the club he started on his way.
 From her he guessed, the hand indeed was new ;
 Back to his room he went and read it through.

'I know not how to write and dare not see ;
 But it will take a load of grief from me —
 O ! what a load — that you at last should know
 The way in which I was compelled to go.
 Wretched, I know, and yet it seems 'twas more
 Cruel and wretched than I knew before ;
 So many years to think how on your day
 Joyful you'd come, and found me flown away.
 What would you think of me, what would you say ?
 O love, this little let me call you so ;
 What other name to use I do not know.
 O let me think that by your side I sit,
 And tell it you, and weep a little bit,
 And you too weep with me, for hearing it.
 Alone so long I've borne this dreadful weight ;
 Such grief, at times it almost turned to hate.
 O let me think you sit and listening long,
 Comfort me still, and say I wasn't wrong,
 And pity me, and far, far hence again
 Dismiss, if haply any yet remain,
 Hard thoughts of me that in your heart have lain.
 O love ! to hear your voice I dare not go ;
 But let me trust that you will judge me so.

'I think no sooner were you gone away,
 My aunt began to tell me of some pay,
 More than three hundred pounds a-year 'twould be,
 Which you, she said, would lose by marrying me.
 Was this a thing a man of sense would do ?
 Was I a fool, to look for it from you ?
 You were a handsome gentleman and kind,
 And to do right were every way inclined,
 But to this truth I must submit my mind,
 You would not marry. "Speak and tell me true,
 Say, has he ever said one word to you
 That meant as much ?" O, love, I knew you would.
 I've read it in your eyes so kind and good,
 Although you did not speak, I understood.

Though for myself, indeed, I sought it not,
 It seemed so high, so undeserved a lot,
 But for the child, when it should come, I knew —
 O, I was certain — what you meant to do.
 She said, "We quit the land, will it be right
 Or kind to leave you for a single night,
 Just on the chance that he will come down here,
 And sacrifice three hundred pounds a-year,
 And all his hopes and prospects fling away,
 And has already had his will, as one may say?
 Go you with us, and find beyond the seas,
 Men by the score to choose from, if you please."

I said my will and duty was to stay,
 Would they not help me to some decent way
 To wait, and surely near was now the day?
 Quite they refused; had they to let you know
 Written, I asked, to say we were to go?
 They told me yes; they showed a letter, too,
 Post-office order that had come from you.
 Alas, I could not read or write, they knew.
 I think they meant me, though they did not say,
 To think you wanted me to go away;
 O, love, I'm thankful nothing of the kind
 Ever so much as came into my mind.

'To-morrow was the day that would not fail;
 For Adelaide the vessel was to sail.
 All night I hoped some dreadful wind would rise,
 And lift the seas and rend the very skies.
 All night I lay and listened hard for you.
 Twice to the door I went, the bolt I drew,
 And called to you; scarce what I did I knew.

'Morning grew light, the house was emptied clear;
 The ship would go, the boat was lying near.
 They had my money, how was I to stay?
 Who could I go to, when they went away?
 Out in the streets I could not lie, you know.
 O, dear, but it was terrible to go.
 Yet, yet I looked; I do not know what passed,
 I think they took and carried me at last.
 Twelve hours I lay, and sobbed in my distress;
 But in the night, let be this idleness,
 I said, I'll bear it for my baby's sake,
 Lest of my going mischief it should take,

Advice will seek, and every caution use ;
My love I've lost — his child I must not lose.

'How oft I thought, when sailing on the seas,
Of our dear journey through the Hebrides,
When you the kindest were and best of men :
O, love, I did not love you right till then.
O, and myself how willingly I blamed,
So simple who had been, and was ashamed,
So mindful only of the present joy,
When you had anxious cares your busy mind to employ.
Ah, well, I said, but now at least he's free,
He will not have to lower himself for me.
He will not lose three hundred pounds a-year,
In many ways my love has cost him dear.

'Upon the passage, great was my delight,
A lady taught me how to read and write.
She saw me much, and fond of me she grew,
Only I durst not talk to her of you.

'We had a quiet time upon the seas,
And reached our port of Adelaide with ease.
At Adelaide my lovely baby came.
Philip, he took his father's Christian name,
And my poor maiden surname, to my shame.
O, but I little cared, I loved him so,
'Twas such a joy to watch and see him grow.
At Adelaide we made no length of stay ;
Our friends to Melbourne just had gone away.
We followed shortly where they led before,
To Melbourne went, and flourished more and more.
My aunt and uncle both are buried there ;
I closed their eyes, and I was left their heir.
They meant me well, I loved them for their care.

'Ten years ago I married Robert ; dear
And well he loved, and waited many a year.
Selfish it seemed to turn from one so true,
And I of course was desperate of you.
I've borne him children six ; we've left behind
Three little ones whom soon I hope to find.
To my dear boy he ever has been kind.

'Next week we sail, and I should be so glad,
Only to leave my boy will make me sad.
But yours he is by right — the grief I'll bear,
And at his age, more easy he can spare,

Perhaps, a mother's than a father's care.
Indeed I think him like his father, too;
He will be happier, probably, with you.
'Tis best, I know, nor will he quite forget,
Some day he'll come perhaps and see his mother yet.
 'O heaven! farewell — perhaps I've been to blame
To write as if it all were still the same.
Farewell, write not. — I will not seek to know
Whether you ever think of me or no.'
O love, love, love, too late! the tears fell down.
He dried them up — and slowly walked to town.

To bed with busy thoughts; the following day
Bore us expectant into Boston Bay;
With dome and steeple on the yellow skies,
Upon the left we watched with curious eyes
The Puritan great Mother City rise.
Among the islets, winding in and round,
The great ship moved to her appointed ground.
We bade adieu, shook hands and went ashore:
I and my friend have seen our friends no more.

SONGS IN ABSENCE.¹



FAREWELL, farewell! Her vans the vessel tries,
His iron might the potent engine plies;
Haste, wingèd words, and ere 'tis useless, tell,
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

The docks, the streets, the houses past us fly,
Without a strain the great ship marches by;
Ye fleeting banks take up the words we tell,
And say for us yet once again, farewell.

The waters widen — on without a strain
The strong ship moves upon the open main;
She knows the seas, she hears the true waves swell,
She seems to say farewell, again farewell.

The billows whiten and the deep seas heave;
Fly once again, sweet words, to her I leave,
With winds that blow return, and seas that swell.
Farewell, farewell, say once again, farewell.

Fresh in my face and rippling to my feet
The winds and waves an answer soft repeat,
In sweet, sweet words far brought they seem to tell,
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

Night gathers fast; adieu, thou fading shore!
The land we look for next must lie before;
Hence, foolish tears! weak thoughts, no more rebel,
Farewell, farewell, a last, a last farewell.

¹ These songs were composed either during the writer's voyage across the Atlantic in 1852, or during his residence in America.

Yet not, indeed, ah not till more than sea
 And more than space divide my love and me,
 Till more than waves and winds between us swell,
 Farewell, a last, indeed, a last farewell.

YE flags of Piccadilly,
 Where I posted up and down,
 And wished myself so often
 Well away from you and town, —

Are the people walking quietly
 And steady on their feet,
 Cabs and omnibuses plying
 Just as usual in the street?

Do the houses look as upright
 As of old they used to be,
 And does nothing seem affected
 By the pitching of the sea?

Through the Green Park iron railings
 Do the quick pedestrians pass?
 Are the little children playing
 Round the plane-tree in the grass?

This squally wild north-wester
 With which our vessel fights,
 Does it merely serve with you to
 Carry up some paper kites?

Ye flags of Piccadilly,
 Which I hated so, I vow
 I could wish with all my heart
 You were underneath me now!

COME home, come home! and where is home for me,
 Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?
 To the frail bark here plunging on its way,
 To the wild waters, shall I turn and say
 To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,
 You are my home?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,
 Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,
 These far, far back, behind me lie, before
 The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,
 And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam
 No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,
 There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,
 Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as true,
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam
 Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,
 With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come
 To thy true home.

Come home, come home! and where a home hath he
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that roar,
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,
 Indeed our home?

1852.

GREEN fields of England! wheresoe'er
 Across this watery waste we fare,
 Your image at our hearts we bear,
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
 Past where the waves' last confines be,
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
 If but in thee my lot lie cast,

The past shall seem a nothing past
 To thee, dear home, if won at last;
 Dear home in England, won at last.
 1852.

COME back, come back, behold with straining mast
 And swelling sail, behold her steaming fast;
 With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,
 With morning light to touch her native shore.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, while westward labouring by,
 With sailless yards, a bare black hulk we fly.
 See how the gale we fight with sweeps her back,
 To our lost home, on our forsaken track.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,
 We hear faint far-off voices call us home,
 Come back, ye seem to say; ye seek in vain;
 We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither back or why?
 To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try;
 Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;
 Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; and whither and for what?
 To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
 And with much toil attain to half-believe.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back; yea back, indeed, do go
 Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow;
 Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,
 And wishes idly struggle in the strings;
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze,
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,
 And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,
 The heart's fond message hurries to its home.
 Come back, come back.

Come back, come back !
 Back flies the foam ; the hoisted flag streams back ;
 The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,
 Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,
 The strong ship follows its appointed way.
 1852.

SOME future day when what is now is not,
 When all old faults and follies are forgot,
 And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
 We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
 As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
 When all but it has yielded to decay,
 We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
 The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
 Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
 We'll meet again, — we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
 Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
 Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
 And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
 In some far year, though distant yet to be,
 Shall we indeed, — ye winds and waters, say ! —
 Meet yet again, upon some future day ?
 1852.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from ? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,
 How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
 The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
 Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
 And where the land she travels from? Away,
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.
 1852.

THE mighty ocean rolls and raves,
 To part us with its angry waves;
 But arch on arch from shore to shore,
 In a vast fabric reaching o'er,

With careful labours daily wrought
 By steady hope and tender thought,
 The wide and weltering waste above—
 Our hearts have bridged it with their love.

There fond anticipations fly
 To rear the growing structure high,
 Dear memories upon either side
 Combine to make it large and wide.

There, happy fancies day by day,
 New courses sedulously lay;
 There soft solitudes, sweet fears,
 And doubts accumulate, and tears.

While the pure purpose of the soul,
 To form of many parts a whole,
 To make them strong and hold them true,
 From end to end, is carried through.

Then when the waters war between,
 Upon the masonry unseen,
 Secure and swift, from shore to shore,
 With silent footfall travelling o'er,

Our sundered spirits come and go,
 Hither and thither, to and fro,
 Pass and repass, now linger near,
 Now part, anew to reappear.

With motions of a glad surprise,
 We meet each other's wondering eyes,
 At work, at play, when people talk,
 And when we sleep, and when we walk.

Each dawning day my eyelids see
 You come, methinks, across to me,
 And I, at every hour anew,
 Could dream I travelled o'er to you.
 1853.

THAT out of sight is out of mind
 Is true of most we leave behind ;
 It is not sure, nor can be true,
 My own and only love, of you.

They were my friends, 'twas sad to part ;
 Almost a tear began to start ;
 But yet as things run on they find
 That out of sight is out of mind.

For men, that will not idlers be,
 Must lend their hearts to things they see ;
 And friends who leave them far behind,
 When out of sight are out of mind.

I blame it not ; I think that when
 The cold and silent meet again,
 Kind hearts will yet as erst be kind,
 'Twas 'out of sight,' was 'out of mind.'

I knew it when we parted, well,
 I knew it, but was loth to tell ;
 I felt before, what now I find,
 That 'out of sight' is 'out of mind.'

That friends, however friends they were,
 Still deal with things as things occur,
 And that, excepting for the blind,
 What's out of sight is out of mind.

But love, the poets say, *is* blind ;
 So out of sight and out of mind
 Need not, nor will, I think, be true,
 My own and only love, of you.
 1853.

WERE you with me or I with you,
 There's nought, methinks, I might not do ;
 Could venture here, and venture there,
 And never fear, nor ever care.

To things before, and things behind,
 Could turn my thoughts, and turn my mind,
 On this and that, day after day,
 Could dare to throw myself away.

Secure, when all was o'er, to find
 My proper thought, my perfect mind,
 And unimpaired receive anew
 My own and better self in you.
 1853.

AM I with you, or you with me ?
 Or in some blessed place above,
 Where neither lands divide nor sea,
 Are we united in our love ?

Oft while in longing here I lie,
 That wasting ever still endures ;
 My soul out from me seems to fly,
 And half-way, somewhere, meet with yours.

Somewhere — but where I cannot guess —
 Beyond, may be, the bound of space,
 The liberated spirits press
 And meet, bless heaven, and embrace.

It seems not either here nor there,
 Somewhere between us up above,
 A region of a clearer air,
 The dwelling of a purer love.

1852.

WERE I with you, or you with me,
 My love, how happy should we be;
 Day after day it is sad cheer
 To have you there, while I am here.

My darling's face I cannot see,
 My darling's voice is mute for me,
 My fingers vainly seek the hair
 Of her that is not here, but there.

In a strange land, to her unknown,
 I sit and think of her alone;
 And in that happy chamber where
 We sat, she sits, nor has me there.

Yet still the happy thought recurs
 That she is mine, as I am hers,
 That she is there, as I am here,
 And loves me, whether far or near.

The mere assurance that she lives
 And loves me, full contentment gives;
 I need not doubt, despond, or fear,
 For, she is there, and I am here.

1852.

WERE you with me, or I with you,
 There's nought methinks I could not do;
 And nothing that, for your dear sake,
 I might not dare to undertake.

With thousands standing by as fit,
 More keen, perhaps more needing it,
 To be the first some job to spy,
 And jump and call out, Here am I!

O for one's miserable self
 To ask a pittance of the pelf,
 To claim, however small, a share,
 Which other men might think so fair:

It was not worth it! a first time
 A thought upon it seemed a crime;
 To stoop and pick the dirty pence,
 A taint upon one's innocence.

My own! with nothing sordid, base,
 Or mean, we would our love disgrace;
 Yet something I methinks could do,
 Were you with me, or I with you:

Some misconstruction would sustain;
 Count some humiliation gain;
 Make unabashed a righteous claim,
 And profess merit without shame:

Apply for service; day by day
 Seek honest work for honest pay,
 Without a fear by any toil
 The over-cleanly hand to soil:

Secure in safety to return,
 And every pettiness unlearn;
 And unimpaired still find anew
 My own and better self in you.

O SHIP, ship, ship,
 That travellest over the sea,
 What are the tidings, I pray thee,
 Thou bearest hither to me?

Are they tidings of comfort and joy,
That shall make me seem to see
The sweet lips softly moving
And whispering love to me ?

Or are they of trouble and grief,
Estrangement, sorrow, and doubt,
To turn into torture my hopes,
And drive me from Paradise out ?

O ship, ship, ship,
That comest over the sea,
Whatever it be thou bringest,
Come quickly with it to me.

1853.



ESSAYS IN CLASSICAL METRES.



TRANSLATIONS OF ILIAD.

(I. 1-32.)

GODDESS, the anger sing of the Pelean Achilles,
Fatal beginning of griefs unnumbered to the Achæans ;
Many valiant souls untimely it hurried to Hades,
And the heroes left themselves of dogs to be eaten
And of ravenous birds — till Zeus's plan was accom-
plished —

From the day when first contention arose to dissever
Atrides the King and the godlike hero Achilles.

What divinity thus incited them to contention ? —
Zeus and Leto's son ; who, in anger with Agamemnon,
Sent a deadly disease on the host, destroying the people,
On account of the wrong the King to his worshipper
offered,

Chryses, who had come to the hollow ships of Achaia,
To recover his daughter, with gifts of costly redemption,
Carrying in his hands the wreaths of the archer Apollo
Set on a golden staff — beseeching all the Achæans,
And the Atridæ in chief, the two in command of the
nations :

‘Ye, Atreus' sons, and other well-greaved Achaïan
heroes,

May the gods, who live in Olympian houses, accord you
Capture of Priam's town and safe to return to Achaia,
But liberate to me my child and take the redemption —
Fearing Zeus's son, the far-death-dealing Apollo.’

Then the Achæans all with acclamation assented,
Honour to show to the priest, and take the costly redemp-
tion ;

Only to Atrides Agamemnon it was displeasing,
Sternly who dismissed him with contumelious answer :

‘Old man, let me not, by the hollow ships of Achaia
Lingering find you now, or henceforth ever appearing,
Lest to defend you fail the staff and wreaths of Apollo.
Her do I not release until old age come upon her,
In my house in the land of Argos, far from her country,
Stepping at the loom and in the chamber attending.
Go, and trouble me not, that your return be the safer.’

(I. 121-218.)

And replying, said godlike, swift-footed Achilles :

‘Atrides, our chief, as in rank, so in love of possessions,
Say, in what way shall the noble Achæans find you a
present ?

Little we yet have gained the general stock to replenish,
Distributed were all the spoils we took from the cities,
And to recall our gifts and reapportion befits not —
Yield you the maiden to-day to the god, and we, the
Achæans,

Three or four times over will compensate it, if ever
Zeus the capture accord of the well-walled Ilian city.’

And with words of reply the King Agamemnon ad-
dressed him :

‘Think not, great as you are, O god-resembling Achilles
Thus to dissimulate and evade me with a profession ;
Is it that you desire to enjoy your prize, and to let me
Sit empty-handed here, and mine you bid me surrender —
Doubtless, if the noble Achæans find me another
Suitable to my wants and answerable in value ;
But, if they do not give, myself will maké my election —
Yours, or that, if I please, of Ajax or of Ulysses,
I for my own will take, and leave the loser lamenting.
At a suitable time this, after, will we determine ;
Now proceed we to haul a swift ship into the water,
Choose the rowers to take her, and send the cattle aboard
her

For sacrifice, and bring the beautiful daughter of Chryses
Also on board, and appoint some prudent chief to convey
her —

Ajax shall it be, or Idomeneus, or Ulysses ?

Or will Pelides, incomparable of heroes,
Go, and with holy rite appease the wrath of Apollo?’

And with a frown swift-footed Achilles eyed him, and
answered :

‘O me! clothed-upon with impudence, greedy-hearted,
How shall any Achæan again be willing to serve you,
Make any expedition, or fight in battle to help you?
Certainly not upon any account of the Troïan horsemen
Came I hither to fight; they never gave me occasion,
Never carried away any cattle of mine, any horses,
Nor in Phthia ever, the rich land, feeder of people,
Devastated the fruit; since numerous, to divide them,
Mountains shadowy lie, and a sea’s tumultuous water:
To attend thee we came, on thy effrontery waiting,
Reparation to take of the Trojans for Menelaus,
And thy unblushing self. All which you little remember,
And can threaten to-day of my reward to deprive me,
Dearly with labour earned, and given me by the Achæans.
Do I ever receive any gift your gifts to compare with,
When the Achæans sack any wealthy town of the Trojans?
Truly the larger part of the busy, hurrying warfare
My hands have to discharge; but, in the day of division,
Yours is the ample share, and I, content with a little,
Thankfully turn to my ships, well wearied out with the
fighting.

Now to Phthia I go — far wiser for me to do so,
Home with my hollow ships to travel, than for another
Accumulate riches to be requited with insult.’

And replying, said the king of men, Agamemnon :

‘Go, if to go be your wish; I keep you not — do not ask
you

For my honour to stay; I have others here to support it,
Who — and Zeus above all, the Counsellor — will uphold
me.

You are the hatefullest to me of the Zeus-fed princes,
Lover for evermore of brawl and battle and discord.
Strong if you are, your strength was by some deity given.
Home with your hollow ships, and with your people re-
turning

Order the Myrmidonians: expect not me to regard you,
Or to observe your wrath. I advertise you beforehand —
As Chryseïda Phœbus Apollo hath bid me surrender,
I in a ship of my own will with my people remit her

Home, and the beautiful-cheeked Briseïda then to replace
her

Out of your tent, your prize, will carry ; an argument to
you

How much greater I am than yourself, and a warning to
others

Not to oppose my will and talk with me as an equal.'

So said he, and pain seized Pelides, and in the bosom
Under his hairy breast two purposes he divided,
Either, from his thigh the glittering blade unsheathing,
To put aside the rest and straightway kill Agamemnon,
Or to repress his wrath and check himself in his anger.

With the purposes yet conflicting thus in his bosom,
From the sheath the huge sword was issuing out, when
Athena

Came from heaven: the goddess, the white-armed Hera,
desired it,

Solicitous for the good of the one alike and the other.

Standing behind, by the yellow hair she drew back
Achilles,

Visible only to him; of the rest to no one apparent ;
And with wonder seized he turned, and knew in a moment
Pallas Athenæa, with dreadful eyes looking at him ;
And he opened his lips with wingèd words and addressed
her :

'Wherefore art thou come, O child of the ægis-bearer ;
Was it the fury to see of Atrides Agamemnon ?
Lo, I declare it now, and you will see it accomplished,
His injurious acts will bring his death-blow upon him.'

And replying, said the blue-eyed goddess, Athena :
'To repress I came, if practicable, your anger,
Out of heaven,—the goddess, the white-armed Hera,
desired me,

Solicitous for the good of the one alike and the other.

Abstain from violence, put back the sword in the scab-
bard,

Let opprobrious words, if necessary, requite him ;
For I declare it now, and you will see it accomplished,
Three times as many gifts will soon, as costly, be sent
you

In reparation of this ; be ruled by us to be patient.'

And replying, spoke and said swift-footed Achilles :
'Unto admonition of you two given, O goddess,

Even the greatly incensed should yield; 'tis well to obey
 you;
 Who to the voice of the gods is obedient, they will assist
 him.'

ELEGIACS.

I.

FROM thy far sources, 'mid mountains airily climbing,
 Pass to the rich lowland, thou busy sunny river;
 Murmuring once, dimpling, pellucid, limpid, abundant,
 Deepening now, widening, swelling, a lordly river.
 Through woodlands steering, with branches waving above
 thee,
 Through the meadows sinuous, wandering irriguous;
 Towns, hamlets leaving, towns by thee, bridges across
 thee,
 Pass to palace garden, pass to cities populous.
 Murmuring once, dimpling, 'mid woodlands wandering
 idly,
 Now with mighty vessels loaded, a mighty river.
 Pass to the great waters, though tides may seem to resist
 thee,
 Tides to resist seeming, quickly will lend thee passage,
 Pass to the dark waters that roaring wait to receive
 thee;
 Pass them thou wilt not, thou busy sunny river.
 Freshwater, 1861.

II.

TRUNKS the forest yielded with gums ambrosial oozing,
 Boughs with apples laden beautiful, Hesperian,
 Golden, odoriferous, perfume exhaling about them,
 Orbs in a dark umbrage luminous and radiant;
 To the palate grateful, more luscious were not in Eden,
 Or in that fabled garden of Alcinoüs;
 Out of a dark umbrage sounds also musical issued,
 Birds their sweet transports uttering in melody:
 Thrushes clear piping, wood-pigeons cooing, arousing
 Loudly the nightingale, loudly the sylvan echoes;
 Waters transpicuous flowed under, flowed to the list'ning
 Ear with a soft murmur, softly soporiferous;

Nor, with ebon locks too, there wanted, circling, attentive
 Unto the sweet fluting, girls, of a swarthy shepherd;
 Over a sunny level their flocks are lazily feeding,
 They of Amor musing rest in a leafy cavern.

1861.

 ALCAICS.

So spake the voice : and as with a single life
 Instinct, the whole mass, fierce, irretainable,
 Down on that unsuspecting host swept;
 Down, with the fury of winds, that all night
 Upbrimming, sapping slowly the dyke, at dawn
 Fall through the breach o'er holmstead and harvest; and
 Heard roll a deluge : while the milkmaid
 Trips i' the dew, and remissly guiding
 Morn's first uneven furrow, the farmer's boy
 Dreams out his dream ; so, over the multitude
 Safe-tented, uncontrolled and uncon-
 trollably sped the Avenger's fury.

 ACTÆON.¹

OVER a mountain slope with lentisk, and with abounding
 Arbutus, and the red oak overtufted, 'mid a noontide
 Now glowing fervidly, the Leto-born, the divine one,
 Artemis, Arcadian wood-rover, alone, hunt-weary,
 Unto a dell cent'ring many streamlets her foot unerring
 Had guided. Platanus with fig-tree shaded a hollow,
 Shaded a waterfall, where pellucid yet abundant
 Streams from perpetual full-flowing sources a current :
 Lower on either bank in sunshine flowered the oleanders :
 Plenteous under a rock green herbage here to the margin
 Grew with white poplars overcrowning. She thither
 arrived,
 Unloosening joyfully the vest enfolded upon her,
 Swift her divine shoulders discovering, swiftly revealing
 Her maidenly bosom and all her beauty beneath it,

¹ Passages of the second letter of Parepidemus (vol. i. pp. 400, 401) illustrate the theory which Mr. Clough has carried into practice in these hexameters as well as in the Translations from the Iliad.

To the river water overflowing to receive her
 Yielded her ambrosial nakedness. But with an instant
 Conscious, with the instant th' immortal terrific anger
 Flew to the guilty doer: that moment, where amid amply
 Concealing plane-leaves he th' opportunity pursued,
 Long vainly, possessed, unwise, Actæon, of hunters,
 Hapless of Arcadian, and most misguided of hunters,
 Knew the divine mandate, knew fate directed upon him.
 He, to the boughs crouching, with dreadful joy the de-
 sired one
 Had viewed descending, viewed as in a dream, disarraying,
 And the unclad shoulders awestruck, awestruck let his
 eyes see
 The maidenly bosom, but not — dim fear fell upon them —
 Not more had witnessed. Not, therefore, less the forest
 through
 Ranging, their master ceasing thenceforth to remember,
 With the instant together came trooping, as to devour him
 His dogs from the ambush. — Transformed suddenly be-
 fore them,
 He fled, an antlered stag, wild with terror to the mountain.
 She, the liquid stream in, her limbs carelessly reclining,
 The flowing waters collected grateful about her.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



COME, POET, COME!¹

COME, Poet, come!
A thousand labourers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments pourtray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet; both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

¹ A great proportion of the Poems described as Miscellaneous have, like some included in previous divisions, been brought together from rough copies and unfinished manuscripts. Fragmentary and imperfect as they are, they yet are so characteristic of their writer that they have been placed here along with others more finished.

Come, Poet, come !
 In vain I seem to call. And yet
 Think not the living times forget.
 Ages of heroes fought and fell
 That Homer in the end might tell ;
 O'er grovelling generations past
 Upstood the Doric fane at last ;
 And countless hearts on countless years
 Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
 Rude laughter and unmeaning tears ;
 Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
 The pure perfection of her dome.
 Others, I doubt not, if not we,
 The issue of our toils shall see ;
 Young children gather as their own
 The harvest that the dead had sown,
 The dead forgotten and unknown.

THE DREAM LAND.

I.

To think that men of former days
 In naked truth deserved the praise
 Which, fain to have in flesh and blood
 An image of imagined good,
 Poets have sung and men received,
 And all too glad to be deceived,
 Most plastic and most inexact,
 Posterity has told for fact ; —
 To say what was, was not as we,
 This also is a vanity.

II.

Ere Agamemnon, warriors were,
 Ere Helen, beauties equalling her,
 Brave ones and fair, whom no one knows,
 And brave or fair as these or those.
 The commonplace whom daily we
 In our dull streets and houses see,

To think of other mould than these
 Were Cato, Solon, Socrates,
 Or Mahomet or Confutze,
 This also is a vanity.

III.

Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemain,
 And he before, who back on Spain
 Repelled the fierce inundant Moor ;
 Godfrey, St. Louis, wise and pure,
 Washington, Cromwell, John, and Paul,
 Columbus, Luther, one and all,
 Go mix them up, the false and true,
 With Sindbad, Crusoe, or St. Preux,
 And say as he was, so was he,
 This also is a vanity.

IV.

Say not: Behold it here or there,
 Or on the earth, or in the air.
 That better thing than can be seen
 Is neither now nor e'er has been ;
 It is not in this land or that,
 But in a place we soon are at,
 Where all can seek and some can find,
 Where hope is liberal, fancy kind,
 And what we wish for we can see,
 Which also is a vanity.

 IN THE DEPTHS.

It is not sweet content, be sure,
 That moves the nobler Muse to song,
 Yet when could truth come whole and pure
 From hearts that inly writhe with wrong ?

'Tis not the calm and peaceful breast
 That sees or reads the problem true ;
 They only know on whom 't has prest
 Too hard to hope to solve it too.

Our ills are worse than at their ease
 These blameless happy souls suspect,
 They only study the disease,
 Alas, who live not to detect.

DARKNESS.

BUT that from slow dissolving pomps of dawn
 No verity of slowly strengthening light
 Early or late hath issued ; that the day
 Scarce-shown, relapses rather, self-withdrawn,
 Back to the glooms of ante-natal night,
 For this, O human beings, mourn we may.

TWO MOODS.

AH, blame him not because he's gay !
 That he should smile, and jest, and play
 But shows how lightly he can bear,
 How well forget that load which, where
 Thought is, is with it, and how'er
 Dissembled, or indeed forgot,
 Still is a load, and ceases not.
 This aged earth that each new spring
 Comes forth so young, so ravishing
 In summer robes for all to see,
 Of flower, and leaf, and bloomy tree,
 For all her scarlet, gold, and green,
 Fails not to keep within unseen
 That inner purpose and that force
 Which on the untiring orbit's course
 Around the sun, amidst the spheres
 Still bears her thro' the eternal years.
 Ah, blame the flowers and fruits of May,
 And then blame him because he's gay.

Ah, blame him not, for *not* being gay,
 Because an hundred times a day
 He doth not currently repay
 Sweet words with ready words as sweet,

And for each smile a smile repeat.
 To mute submissiveness confined,
 Blame not, if once or twice the mind
 Its pent-up indignation wreak
 In scowling brow and flushing cheek,
 And smiles curled back as soon as born,
 To dire significance of scorn.
 Nor blame if once, and once again
 He wring the hearts of milder men,
 If slights, the worse if undesigned,
 Should seem unbrotherly, unkind ;
 For though tree wave, and blossom blow
 Above, earth hides a fire below ;
 Her seas the starry laws obey,
 And she from her own ordered way
 Swerves not, because it dims the day
 Or changes verdure to decay.
 Ah, blame the great world on its way,
 And then blame him for not being gay.

YOUTH AND AGE.

DANCE on, dance on, we see, we see
 Youth goes, alack, and with it glee,
 A boy the old man ne'er can be ;
 Maternal thirty scarce can find
 The sweet sixteen long left behind ;
 Old folks must toil, and scrape, and strain,
 That boys and girls may once again
 Be that for them they cannot be,
 But which it gives them joy to see,
 Youth goes and glee ; but not in vain,
 Young folks, if only you remain.

Dance on, dance on, 'tis joy to see ;
 The dry red leaves on winter's tree
 Can feel the new sap rising free.
 On, on, young folks ; so you survive,
 The dead themselves are still alive ;
 The blood in dull parental veins
 Long numbed, a tingling life regains.

Deep down in earth, the tough old root
 Is conscious still of flower and fruit.
 Spring goes and glee but were not vain :
 In you, young folks, they come again.

Dance on, dance on, we see, we feel ;
 Wind, wind your waltzes, wind and wheel,
 Our senses too with music reel ;
 Nor let your pairs neglect to fill
 The old ancestral scorned quadrille.
 Let hand the hand uplifted seek,
 And pleasure fly from cheek to cheek ;
 Love too ; but gently, nor astray,
 And yet, deluder, yet in play.
 Dance on ; youth goes : but all's not vain,
 Young folks, if only you remain.

Dance on, dance on, 'tis joy to see ;
 We once were nimble e'en as ye,
 And danced to give the oldest glee ;
 O wherefore add, as we, you too,
 Once gone your prime cannot renew ;
 You too, like us, at last shall stand
 To watch and not to join the band,
 Content some day (a far-off day)
 To your supplanters soft to say,
 Youth goes, but goes not all in vain,
 Young folks, so only you remain,
 Dance on, dance on, 'tis joy to see.

SOLVITUR ACRIS HIEMS.

YOUTH, that went, is come again,
 Youth, for which we all were fain ;
 With soft pleasure and sweet pain
 In each nerve and every vein,
 Circling through the heart and brain,
 Whence and wherefore come again ?
 Eva, tell me !

Dead and buried when we thought him,
 Who the magic spell hath taught him ?

Who the strong elixir brought him ?
 Dead and buried as we thought,
 Lo! unasked for and unsought
 Comes he, shall it be for nought ?
 Eva, tell me !

Youth that lifeless long had lain,
 Youth that long we longed in vain for,
 Used to grumble and complain for,
 Thought at last to entertain
 A decorous cool disdain for,
 On a sudden see again
 Comes, but will not long remain,
 Comes, with whom too in his train,
 Comes, and shall it be in vain ?
 Eva, tell me !

THESIS AND ANTITHESIS.

If that we thus are guilty doth appear,
 Ah, guilty tho' we are, grave judges, hear!
 Ah, yes; if ever you in your sweet youth
 'Midst pleasure's borders missed the track of truth,
 Made love on benches underneath green trees,
 Stuffed tender rhymes with old new similes,
 Whispered soft anythings, and in the blood
 Felt all you said not most was understood —
 Ah, if you have — as which of you has not? —
 Nor what you were have utterly forgot,
 Then be not stern to faults yourselves have known,
 To others harsh, kind to yourselves alone.

That we, young sir, beneath our youth's green trees
 Once did, not what should profit, but should please,
 In foolish longing and in love-sick play
 Forgot the truth and lost the flying day —
 That we went wrong we say not is not true,
 But, if we erred, were we not punished too?
 If not — if no one checked our wandering feet, —
 Shall we our parents' negligence repeat? —

In future times that ancient loss renew,
 If none saved *us*, forbear from saving you?
 Nor let that justice in your faults be seen
 Which in our own or was or should have been?

Yet, yet, recall the mind that you had then,
 And, so recalling, listen yet again;
 If you escaped, 'tis plainly understood
 Impunity may leave a culprit good;
 If you were punished, did you then, as now,
 The justice of that punishment allow?
 Did what your age consents to now, appear
 Expedient then and needfully severe?
 In youth's indulgence think there yet might be
 A truth forgot by grey severity.
 That strictness and that laxity between,
 Be yours the wisdom to detect the mean.

'Tis possible, young sir, that some excess
 Mars youthful judgment and old men's no less;
 Yet we must take our counsel as we may
 For (flying years this lesson still convey),
 'Tis worst unwisdom to be overwise,
 And not to use, but still correct one's eyes.

ἀνεμώλια.

Go, foolish thoughts, and join the throng
 Of myriads gone before;
 To flutter and flap and flit along
 The airy limbo shore.

Go, words of sport and words of wit,
 Sarcastic point and fine,
 And words of wisdom wholly fit,
 With folly's to combine.

Go, words of wisdom, words of sense,
 Which, while the heart belied,
 The tongue still uttered for pretence,
 The inner blank to hide.

Go, words of wit, so gay, so light,
 That still were meant express
 To soothe the smart of fancied slight
 By fancies of success.

Go, broodings vain o'er fancied wrong;
 Go, love-dreams vainer still;
 And scorn that's not, but would be, strong;
 And Pride without a Will.

Go, foolish thoughts, and find your way
 Where myriads went before,
 To languish out your lingering day
 Upon the limbo shore.

November, 1850.

COLUMBUS.

How in God's name did Columbus get over
 Is a pure wonder to me, I protest,
 Cabot, and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
 Frobisher, Dampier, Drake, and the rest.
 Bad enough all the same,
 For them that after came,
 But, in great Heaven's name,
 How *he* should ever think
 That on the other brink
 Of this wild waste terra firma should be,
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

How a man ever should hope to get thither,
 E'en if he knew that there was another side;
 But to suppose he should come any whither,
 Sailing straight on into chaos untried,
 In spite of the motion
 Across the whole ocean,
 To stick to the notion
 That in some nook or bend
 Of a sea without end
 He should find North and South America,
 Was a pure madness, indeed I must say, to me.

What if wise men had, as far back as Ptolemy,
 Judged that the earth like an orange was round,
 None of them ever said, Come along, follow me,
 Sail to the West, and the East will be found.
 Many a day before
 Ever they'd come ashore,
 From the 'San Salvador,'
 Sadder and wiser men
 They'd have turned back again;
 And that *he* did not, but did cross the sea,
 Is a pure wonder, I must say, to me.

EVEN THE WINDS AND THE SEA OBEY.

SAID the Poet, I wouldn't maintain,
 As the mystical German has done,
 That the land, inexistent till then,
 To reward him then first saw the sun;
 And yet I could deem it was so,
 As o'er the new waters he sailed,
 That his soul made the breezes to blow,
 With his courage the breezes had failed;
 His strong quiet purpose had still
 The hurricane's fury withheld;
 The resolve of his conquering will
 The lingering vessel impelled:
 For the beings, the powers that range
 In the air, on the earth, at our sides,
 Can modify, temper, and change
 Stronger things than the winds and the tides,
 By forces occult can the laws —
 As we style them — of nature o'errule;
 Can cause, so to say, every cause,
 And our best mathematics befool;
 Can defeat calculation and plan,
 Baffle schemes ne'er so wisely designed,
 But will bow to the genius of man,
 And acknowledge a sovereign mind.

REPOSE IN EGYPT.

O HAPPY mother! — while the man wayworn
 Sleeps by his ass and dreams of daily bread,
 Wakeful and heedful for thy infant care —
 O happy mother! — while thy husband sleeps,
 Art privileged, O blessed one, to see
 Celestial strangers sharing in thy task,
 And visible angels waiting on thy child.

Take, O young soul, O infant heaven-desired,
 Take and fear not the cates, although of earth,
 Which to thy hands celestial hands extend,
 Take and fear not: such vulgar meats of life
 Thy spirit lips no more must scorn to pass;
 The seeming ill, contaminating joys,
 Thy sense divine no more be loth to allow;
 The pleasures as the pains of our strange life
 Thou art engaged, self-compromised, to share.
 Look up, upon thy mother's face there sits
 No sad suspicion of a lurking ill,
 No shamed confession of a needful sin;
 Mistrust her not, although of earth she too:
 Look up! the bright-eyed cherubs overhead
 Strew from mid air fresh flowers to crown the just.
 Look! thy own father's servants these, and thine,
 Who at his bidding and at thine are here.
 In thine own word was it not said long since
 Butter and honey shall he eat, and learn
 The evil to refuse and choose the good?
 Fear not, O babe divine, fear not, accept;
 O happy mother, privileged to see,
 While the man sleeps, the sacred mystery.

 TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

LIPS, lips, open!
 Up comes a little bird that lives inside —
 Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,
Up he comes, and out he goes at night to spread his
wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away around the world, while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home;

Round the round world, and back through the air,
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird and looks and in he flies,
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day;

Sleep, little boy, the little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes; sleep, sleep sound.

TRANSLATIONS FROM GOETHE.

I.

OVER every hill
All is still;
In no leaf of any tree
Can you see
The motion of a breath.
Every bird has ceased its song,
Wait; and thou too, ere long,
Shall be quiet in death.

II.

Who ne'er his bread with tears hath ate,
 Who never through the sad night hours
 Weeping upon his bed hath sate,
 He knows not you, you heavenly powers.

Forth into life you bid us go,
 And into guilt you let us fall,
 Then leave us to endure the woe
 It brings unfailingly to all.

III.

You complain of the woman for roving from one to
 another : —
 Where is the constant man whom she is trying to find?

IV.

SLUMBER and Sleep, two brothers appointed to serve the
 immortals,
 By Prometheus were brought hither to comfort man-
 kind ;
 But what in heaven was light, to human creatures was
 heavy : —
 Slumber became our Sleep, Sleep unto mortals was
 Death.

V.

OH, the beautiful child! and oh, the most happy mother!
 She in her infant blessed, and in its mother the babe—
 What sweet longing within me this picture might not
 occasion,
 Were I not, Joseph, like you, calmly condemned to
 stand by!

VI.

DIOGENES by his tub, contenting himself with the sun-
 shine,
 And Calanus with joy mounting his funeral pyre : —
 Great examples were these for the eager approving of
 Philip,
 But for the Conqueror of Earth were, as the earth was,
 too small.

URANUS.¹

WHEN on the primal peaceful blank profound,
 Which in its still unknowing silence holds
 All knowledge, ever by withholding holds —
 When on that void (like footfalls in far rooms),
 In faint pulsations from the whitening East
 Articulate voices first were felt to stir,
 And the great child, in dreaming grown to man,
 Losing his dream to piece it up began ;
 Then Plato in me said,
 'Tis but the figured ceiling overhead,
 With cunning diagrams bestarred, that shine
 In all the three dimensions, are endowed
 With motion too by skill mechanical,
 That thou in height, and depth, and breadth, and power,
 Schooled unto pure Mathesis, might proceed
 To higher entities, whereof in us
 Copies are seen, existent they themselves
 In the sole kingdom of the Mind and God.
 Mind not the stars, mind thou thy Mind and God.²
 By that supreamer Word
 O'ermastered, deafly heard
 Were hauntings dim of old astrologies ;
 Chaldean mumblings vast, with gossip light
 From modern ologistic fancyings mixed,
 Of suns and stars, by hypothetic men
 Of other frame than ours inhabited,
 Of lunar seas and lunar craters huge.
 And was there atmosphere, or was there not ?
 And without oxygen could life subsist ?
 And was the world originally mist ? —
 Talk they as talk they list,
 I, in that ampler voice,
 Unheeding, did rejoice.

¹ This thought is taken from a passage on Astronomy in Plato's *Republic*, in which the following sentence occurs, vii. 529, D: 'We must use the fretwork of the sky as patterns, with a view to the study which aims at these higher realities, just as if we chanced to meet with diagrams cunningly drawn and devised by Dædalus or some other craftsman or painter.'

SELENE.

My beloved, is it nothing
Though we meet not, neither can,
That I see thee, and thou me,
That we see, and see we see,
When I see I also feel thee ;
Is it nothing, my beloved ?

Thy luminous clear beauty
Brightens on me in my night,
I withdraw into my darkness
To allure thee into light.
About me and upon me I feel them pass and stay,
About me, deep into me, every lucid tender ray.
And thou, thou also feelest
When thou stealest
Shamefaced and half afraid
To the chamber of thy shade,
Thou in thy turn,
Thou too feelest
Something follow, something yearn,
A full orb blaze and burn.

My full orb upon thine,
As thine erst, gently smiling,
Softly wooing, sweetly wiling,
Gleamed on mine ;
So mine on thine in turn
When thou feelest blaze and burn,
Is it nothing, my beloved ?

My beloved, is it nothing
When I see thee and thou me,
When we each other see,
Is it nothing, my beloved ?

Closer, closer come unto me.
Shall I see thee and no more ?
I can see thee, is that all ?
Let me also,

Let me feel thee,
 Closer, closer, my beloved,
 Come unto me, come to me, come!
 O cruel, cruel lot, still thou rollest, stayest not,
 Lookest onward, look'st before,
 Yet I follow, evermore.
 Oh, cold and cruel fate, thou rollest on thy way,
 Scarcely lookest, wilt not stay,
 From thine alien way.

The inevitable motion
 Bears me forth upon the line
 Whose course I cannot see.
 I must move as it conveys me
 Evermore. It so must be.

O cold one, and I round thee
 Revolve, round only thee,
 Straining ever to be nearer
 While thou evadest still;
 Repellest still, O cold one,
 Nay, but closer, closer, closer,
 My beloved, come, come, come!

The inevitable motion
 Carries both upon its line,
 Also you as well as me.
 What is best, and what is strongest,
 We obey. It so must be.

Cruel, cruel, didst thou only
 Feel as I feel evermore,
 A force, though in, not of me,
 Drawing inward, in, in, in.

Yea, thou shalt though, ere all endeth,
 Thou shalt feel me closer, closer,
 My beloved, close, close to thee,
 Come to thee, come, come, come!

The inevitable motion
 Bears us both upon its line
 Together, you as me,
 Together and asunder,
 Evermore. It so must be.

AT ROME.

O RICHLY soiled and richly sunned,
 Exuberant, fervid, and fecund!
 Is this the fixed condition
 On which may Northern pilgrim come,
 To imbibe thine ether-air, and sum
 Thy store of old tradition?
 Must we be chill, if clean, and stand
 Foot-deep in dirt on classic land?

So is it: in all ages so,
 And in all places man can know,
 From homely roots unseen below
 The stem in forest, field, and bower,
 Derives the emanative power
 That crowns it with the ethereal flower,
 From mixtures fœtid, foul, and sour
 Draws juices that those petals fill.

Ah Nature, if indeed thy will
 Thou own'st it, it shall not be ill!
 And truly here, in this quick clime,
 Where, scarcely bound by space or time,
 The elements in half a day
 Toss off with exquisitest play
 What our cold seasons toil and grieve,
 And never quite at last achieve;
 Where processes, with pain, and fear,
 Disgust, and horror wrought, appear
 The quick mutations of a dance,
 Wherein retiring but to advance,
 Life, in brief interpause of death,
 One moment sitting taking breath,
 Forth comes again as glad as e'er,
 In some new figure full as fair,
 Where what has scarcely ceased to be,
 Instinct with newer birth we see —
 What dies, already, look you, lives;
 In such a clime, who thinks, forgives;
 Who sees, will understand; who knows,
 In calm of knowledge find repose,

And thoughtful as of glory gone,
 So too of moré to come anon,
 Of permanent existence sure,
 Brief intermediate breaks endure.

O Nature, if indeed thy will,
 Thou ownest it, it is not ill !
 And e'en as oft on heathy hill,
 On moorland black, and ferny fells,
 Beside thy brooks and in thy dells,
 Was welcomed erst the kindly stain
 Of thy true earth, e'en so again
 With resignation fair, and meet
 The dirt and refuse of thy street,
 My philosophic foot shall greet,
 So leave but perfect to my eye
 Thy columns, set against thy sky !

LAST WORDS. NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON.

NAPOLEON.

Is it this, then, O world-warrior,
 That, exulting, through the folds
 Of the dark and cloudy barrier
 Thine enfranchised eye beholds ?
 'Is, when blessed hands relieve thee
 From the gross and mortal clay,
 This the heaven that should receive thee ?
 'Tête d'armée.'

Now the final link is breaking,
 Of the fierce, corroding chain,
 And the ships, their watch forsaking,
 Bid the seas no more detain,
 Whither is it, freed and risen,
 The pure spirit seeks away,
 Quits for what the weary prison ?
 'Tête d'armée.'

Doubtless — angels, hovering o'er thee
 In thine exile's sad abode,

Marshalled even now before thee,
 Move upon that chosen road!
 Thither they, ere friends have laid thee
 Where sad willows o'er thee play,
 Shall already have conveyed thee!
 'Tête d'armée.'

Shall great captains, foiled and broken,
 Hear from thee on each great day,
 At the crisis, a word spoken —
 Word that battles still obey —
 'Cuirassiers here, here those cannon;
 Quick, those squadrons, up — away!
 To the charge, on — as one man, on!' —
 'Tête d'armée.'

(Yes, too true, alas! while sated
 Of the wars so slow to cease,
 Nations, once that scorned and hated,
 Would to Wisdom turn, and Peace;
 Thy dire impulse still obeying,
 Fevered youths, as in the old day,
 In their hearts still find thee saying,
 'Tête d'armée.')

Oh, poor soul! — Or do I view thee,
 From earth's battle-fields withheld,
 In a dream, assembling to thee
 Troops that quell not, nor are quelled.
 Breaking airy lines, defeating
 Limbo-kings, and, as to-day,
 Idly to all time repeating
 'Tête d'armée'?

WELLINGTON.

And what the words, that with his failing breath
 Did England hear her aged soldier say?
 I know not. Yielding tranquilly to death,
 With no proud speech, no boast, he passed away.

Not stirring words, nor gallant deeds alone,
 Plain patient work fulfilled that length of life;

Duty, not glory — Service, not a throne,
Inspired his effort, set for him the strife.

Therefore just Fortune, with one hasty blow,
Spurning her minion, Glory's, Victory's lord,
Gave all to him that was content to know,
In service done its own supreme reward.

The words he said, if haply words there were,
When full of years and works he passed away,
Most naturally might, methinks, refer
To some poor humble business of to-day.

'That humble simple duty of the day
Perform,' he bids; 'ask not if small or great:
Serve in thy post; be faithful, and obey;
Who serves her truly, sometimes saves the State.'
1852.

PESCHIERA.

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'

The tricolour — a trampled rag
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track
By sentry boxes yellow-black,
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand
Upon the grass of your redoubts;
The eagle with his black wings flouts
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,
O men of Brescia, on the day
Of lost past hope, I heard you say
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, 'Since so it is, — good-bye
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare
To tell, "The Lombard feared to die!"'

You said (there shall be answer fit),
'And if our children must obey,
They must; but thinking on this day
'Twill less debase them to submit.'

You said (Oh not in vain you said),
'Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
The hours ebb fast of this one day
When blood may yet be nobly shed.'

Ah! not for idle hatred, not
For honour, fame, nor self-applause,
But for the glory of the cause,
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,
By force and fortune's right he stands;
By fortune, which is in God's hands,
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
''Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.'

1849.

ALTERAM PARTEM.

OR shall I say, Vain word, false thought,
Since Prudence hath her martyrs too,
And Wisdom dictates not to do,
Till doing shall be not for nought?

Not ours to give or lose is life;
Will Nature, when her brave ones fall,
Remake her work? or songs recall
Death's victim slain in useless strife?

That rivers flow into the sea
 Is loss and waste, the foolish say,
 Nor know that back they find their way,
 Unseen, to where they went to be.

Showers fall upon the hills, springs flow,
 The river runneth still at hand,
 Brave men are born into the land,
 And whence the foolish do not know.

No! no vain voice did on me fall,
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,
 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
 Than never to have fought at all.'

1849.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT
 AVAILETH.

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in you smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

1849.

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