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RUSSELL P. SEBOLD.
Poems of
ROBERT SOUTHEY
CONTAINING
THALABA, THE CURSE OF KEHAMA
RODERICK, MADOC, A TALE OF PARAGUAY
AND SELECTED MINOR POEMS
EDITED BY
MAURICE H. FITZGERALD, M.A.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

"Few people," it has been said, "have written so much and so well as Southey, and have been so little read." The remark refers to his work as a whole—in prose as well as in verse—but it is singularly applicable to his poetry. As a poet Southey is now scarcely known, save as the author of the lines beginning: 'My days among the Dead are past,' and of a few ballads such as The Battle of Blenheim and The Inchcape Rock, which are learnt by children in the nursery. The general estimation in which he is held may be illustrated by the obiter dictum in a recent review, that 'it is impossible to take Southey as a poet seriously'; and he is usually condemned as unreadable without a trial. But it is surely impossible to accept so summary a verdict—a verdict, be it remarked, which is in direct contradiction to that pronounced upon Southey's poetry by the most competent judges of his own day. No one, indeed, would pretend that Southey was one of the greatest of English poets. His position in our poetical hierarchy is far more modest. But a man may attain to an honourable place on the roll of Parnassus, although he fall considerably short of the highest rank, and in his lifetime Southey had no cause to fear the judgement of his peers. The praise bestowed upon his poetry by S. T. Coleridge, and by W. S. Landor, might perhaps be discounted on the ground that each of these two critics was influenced by close personal friendship for its author. But we may cite the opinions of other men free from any suspicion of such bias and equally well qualified to speak. In 1813 Sir Walter Scott declined the laureateship which had been offered him, (though without the Regent's knowledge or approval), by Lord Liverpool; and in declining he suggested to Croker that the post should be offered to Southey. On September 4 of that year he writes to Southey to explain what he has done, and to make it clear, as he expresses it, that he has not himself refused the laurel "from any foolish prejudice against the situation: otherwise, how durst I mention it to you, my elder brother in the muse?"—but from a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, upon whom it would be so much
more worthy conferred. For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favour” (Lockhart’s Life of Scott, chap. xxvi). Now, no doubt in this letter Scott was anxious to say pleasant things in a pleasant manner. But he was no humbug. He would never have gone out of his way to coin a false and empty compliment, and he could not have written as he did, unless he had felt a sincere admiration for Southey’s poetical powers. Byron, again, whose principles were as opposed to those of Southey in poetry as they were in politics, morality, and religion, was yet constrained to admit the Laureate’s claims to admiration as a poet. ‘Of his poetry,’ he wrote in his journal for November 22, 1813, ‘there are various opinions; there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation;—posterity will probably select. He has passages equal to anything’ (Moore’s Life of Byron, chap. xviii). And at a later date he spoke of Roderick as ‘the first poem of the time’. To this testimony we may add the witness of another political adversary of Southey, in the person of Macaulay. The young champion of the Edinburgh Review was not the man to deal tenderly with the leading writer of the opposing party. He must have felt towards Southey something of that desire to “dust the varlet’s jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow”, which, a year later, animated his notorious attack upon John Wilson Croker. And in his review of Southey’s Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society he criticizes his opponent’s writings both in prose and verse with unsparing severity. Yet in the midst of his censure he makes the following remarkable admission: ‘His poems, taken in the mass, stand far higher than his prose works. His official Odes, indeed, among which the Vision of Judgement must be classed, are, for the most part, worse than Pye’s and as bad as Cibber’s; nor do we think him generally happy in short pieces. But his longer poems, though full of faults, are nevertheless very extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly whether they will be read fifty years hence; but that, if they are read, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever.’ And, to come down to more recent times, we may cite in conclusion the favourable judgements pronounced upon Southey as a poet by men so eminent and so different from one another, as Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle. The influence exercised upon the former by Thalaba is well known. ‘Thalaba’, he wrote in 1850, ‘has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—(I don’t know Spenser)—I mean morally sublime. The versification of Thalaba is most melodious too—many persons will not perceive they are reading blank verse.” (Quoted in Lord Acton and his Circle, ed. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., p. xix.) Carlyle, though far from being unqualified in his praise, tells us in his Reminiscences how his early prejudice against Southey, derived from the Edinburgh Review, was overcome by the reading of his chief poems. ‘It must have been a year or two later,’ he says, ‘when his Thalaba, Curse of Kohama, Joan of Arc, &c., came into my hands, or some one of them came, which awakened new effort for the others. I recollect the much kindlier and more respectful feeling these awoke in me, which has continued ever since. I much recognize the piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man, which reigned in these pieces; full of soft pity, like the washings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valour finely audible too.’ (T. Carlyle’s Reminiscences, vol. ii, Appendix, p. 311 [1881].)

Each of us ought doublets to form his own opinions on literary questions, as on others, without a slavish deference to authority, however great. But the criticisms quoted above from men so well qualified to judge may at least give us pause before we decide to condemn Southey to oblivion as no better than a laborious poetaster. Meanwhile there can be little doubt that it is more difficult for us than it was for his contemporaries adequately to appreciate such a writer as Southey. We are under the influence of greater and very different minds. We shall not find in Southey the creative imagination, the philosophic insight, of Browning or of Tennyson. We shall miss in him the dramatic power of the one, and the mastery of diction, the curiosa felicitas, of the other. Southey plumbs no depths of thought. He soars to no heights of lyric rapture. The sensuous element is almost wholly absent from his writings. It is not his to stir the deepest feelings of our nature; and many of his poems may justly be charged with a lack of human interest. Again, his imagination is not always completely master of the materials with which it works. He can construct rather than create. His exuberant fancy leads him at times unconsciously to cross the borderland which separates what is strange and striking from what is merely strange and grotesque. His diction is wanting in those ‘inseparable’ touches which mark the work of all really great poets. His style is apt to be diffuse; and he has a tendency to preach too obviously. But, when full allowance has been made for all defects, there remains in Southey’s poetry much that is wholly admirable. He may utter no very profound message to the world; he may not see very far into the mystery of human life. But he has seen enough to inspire him to high and unfaltering action. The spirit of Christian Stoicism which animated his whole life breathes through all his writings. In them Southey has given noble expression to the power of the human will, based on religious faith, to resist evil and to rise superior to all untoward circumstance.'
poetry, as all else that he wrote, reveals a firm trust in the ultimate triumph of good, a cheerful courage to endure suffering, a passion to resist all tyranny and oppression, an unshakable resolve to cleave to all that is fair and pure and true. Such a spirit is far removed from certain tendencies of modern thought. But, while it is content to leave much unexplained, it will seem to many to have laid hold upon the larger portion of the truth.

But other qualifications go to make a poet besides nobility of thought and aim; and in such qualifications Southey is not wanting. He commands a flexible and ample diction, a style which can rise and fall in accordance with its subject. His imagination is rich and powerful, if at times somewhat undisciplined. Many of his characters are finely conceived and clearly presented to the reader's mind. This is more especially true of Roderick. Indeed, there are few scenes in English poetry of a more intense dramatic feeling than that in which Florinda confesses to the guilty king, changed beyond recognition in his hermit's garb, the story of their common fall. Add to this that Southey is master of spirited narrative; that his hoards of curious learning furnish him with a wealth of exotic and picturesque ornament and illustration; that he possesses great metrical dexterity, and a vein of real, if somewhat simple, humour; and it will easily be understood that he commands a great variety of range. Nor, in trying to form a just estimate of Southey's poetry, must we forget to take into consideration his historical importance as a factor in the development of our literature. This is perhaps generally underrated. Southey did far more than is usually recognized in breaking the fetters which had been riveted upon our poetry by the genius and authority of Pope. Cowper, Crabbe, and, still more, Burns, had already begun to teach men to admire what is simple and natural instead of worshipping exclusively a glittering and artificial perfection of form; but Southey was almost the first to strike out an entirely new line. Joan of Arc is not a good poem, but it heralded the dawn of the romantic school. Thalaba was published four years before The Lay of the Last Minstrel. At that time Southey's verse was far more widely read than that of Wordsworth or Coleridge, and he did much to make smooth the way for greater poets than himself. His English Eclogues, again, and his Monodramas—crude and uninspired as in themselves they are—furnished the rough models for some of the most striking work of Browning and Tennyson. And in some of his Ballads his humorous treatment of mediaeval fables and his mastery of rhyme and metre are a distinct anticipation of the Ingoldsby Legends. It would be most misleading to judge of Southey's historical importance as a poet by looking solely at his reputation to-day.
In 1837-8 Southey published his collected Poetical Works in ten volumes. That edition included a few pieces not previously printed, and all those poems already published which Southey thought, for any reason, worthy of preservation. It was originally intended to reprint in the present volume all the poems published in 1837-8 together with the following additions:

1. 'Oliver Newman: a New-England Tale (unfinished): With Other Poetical Remains.' A volume under this title was published in 1845, after Southey's death, by Herbert Hill, his cousin and son-in-law; and the poems contained in it were subsequently included in a one-volume reprint of the collected edition of 1837-8.

2. Robin Hood, Part I; The Three Spaniards; and March; all of which appeared in 1847 in a small volume published by Mrs. Southey, entitled 'Robin Hood: ... A Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R.S. and C.S.'

3. The Inscription for a Coffee-Pot and the Lines to Charles Lamb (see pp. 378 and 402).

It was discovered, however, that such an edition would demand a volume of no less than 1,100 pages. It therefore became clear that some system of selection must be adopted. The loss involved in this change of plan was the less important since, as has been noticed above, Southey was impelled by the stern necessity of winning his daily bread to write for the newspapers great quantities of verse admittedly of very little merit. Such productions of uninspired drudgery may safely be disregarded in forming an estimate of a poet's true worth. Again, while in the case of a Shakespeare or a Milton there may be some justification for gathering together every line of verse that the author ever wrote, the same argument does not apply to the works of lesser men. The office of a literary Resurrection Man has little to recommend it. And a poet may fairly claim that the reputation due to him is from a literary standpoint the least worthy of preservation. It may therefore be the more readily omitted from an edition intended for lovers of poetry in general rather than for the professional student. Two pieces only will be found in the present volume which have not previously appeared in any collected edition of Southey's Poems—the Lines to Charles Lamb and the Inscription for a Coffee-Pot. The reasons for reprinting these verses are given in the Notes.

For the convenience of any students of our literature who may wish to gain an acquaintance with the whole extent of Southey's verse I have added in the Appendix the chief sources in which poems not reprinted in this volume may be found. But, as stated above, none of those pieces can be regarded as making any serious contribution towards Southey's poetical reputation.

The poems have been arranged in the present edition upon the following plan. In the first 378 pages will be found grouped together Thalaba, The Curse of Kehama, and Roderick, the three finest of Southey's long poems, and also a small selection of the best of his minor pieces. It is hoped that this arrangement may be a help to the reader, who will find most of Southey's best work brought together in a convenient form, instead of having to hunt it out for himself from the entire mass of the poetry. It was inevitable that such a selection should produce a certain effect of incongruity; and this is more especially the case, since one or two lighter pieces have been included in it, rather as being characteristic of the writer than as making any claim to poetical merit. But the end may in this case justify the means; and the very variety of style and subject serves to illustrate the extent

permanent value as literature. Indeed, I doubt whether Southey himself would have fought very strenuously for the retention of any of the poems excluded, apart from the Vision of Judgement. In that particular instance, it must be admitted, we should probably have failed to convince him: and we should have been reduced to retort upon him his own reply to certain critics of the Vision, that 'de gustibus non est disputandum'. A word, however, should perhaps be said as to the omission of Joan of Arc. On grounds of historical interest I wish it had been possible to retain the poem by which Southey first made his name. But considerations of space demanded its sacrifice, and no serious plea could be advanced in support of its literary excellence. Even the historical interest of Joan of Arc, as it appeared in 1837, is comparatively small. The poem was practically re-written no less than three times after its first publication, and in its final form it presents but a pale reflexion of the sentimental ardours which mark the original version of 1796. Of Southey's longer poems, as it is the earliest, so it is from a literary standpoint the least worthy of preservation. And it may therefore be the more readily omitted from an edition intended for lovers of poetry in general rather than for the professional student. Two pieces only will be found in the present volume which have not previously appeared in any collected edition of Southey's Poems—the Lines to Charles Lamb and the Inscription for a Coffee-Pot. The reasons for reprinting these verses are given in the Notes.
of Southey's range. After the Selected Minor Poems the arrangement is that adopted by Southey in 1837–8—with the addition, as mentioned above, of the *Lines to Charles Lamb*.

The editor of Southey's poems finds himself free from one great difficulty common to editors: he is called upon to decide no question of variant readings. The text of the poems as revised by Southey himself in 1837–8 is clearly final. In reprinting that text I have made no change, apart from the correction of one or two plain misprints, and of certain obvious inadvertencies in punctuation. I have not thought it worth while to alter a few archaisms of spelling. Such forms as 'chuse', 'controul', or 'gulph', can confuse no one; and, as Southey preferred to use those forms, there seems no good reason why we should revise them for him.

It may here be noted in passing that, while Southey spared no pains in correcting his earlier poems, when once he had mastered his craft, he wrote little which he afterwards saw cause to alter. Thus *Joan of Arc* was practically rewritten at least three times; the second edition of *Thalaba* is an immense improvement on the first, and is in its turn far inferior in symmetry and polish to the final version of the poem as it appeared in 1838; and many of the early minor pieces were recast after their first publication in almost every line. On the other hand, the variations between the first and later editions of *Madoe* are comparatively few and unimportant, and the latest text of *The Curse of Kehama* and of *Roderick* differs scarcely at all from that originally published. In such cases as *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba* it is not without interest to trace the alterations introduced by Southey into successive editions of the poems; but to have cumbered the present volume with an Apparatus Criticus would have been only to annoy the general reader in order to gratify the literary pedant. I have, however, reprinted Southey's Prefaces to the first nine volumes of the ten-volume edition of 1837–8, both on account of the light which they throw upon the composition of many of the poems and for their great personal interest. But the Preface to the tenth volume has been omitted, as it is wholly concerned with a discussion of criticisms directed against the *Vision of Judgement*—a poem which is not included in the present edition.

Southey usually printed at the beginning of his shorter pieces full quotations from the sources whence the subjects of the different poems had been drawn. In a few instances I have preserved these quotations *in extenso*, but for the most part, in order to save space, I have contented myself with giving the reference. I have been able in many cases to give the date and place of the first publication of particular poems, but I have not attempted to do so in all. Probably it would not be possible to attain completeness in this respect; nor would any important object be served by doing so. But I have endeavoured to trace the first publication of all the more notable of the shorter pieces; and I regret that in one or two such instances my search has not met with success. For all those notes which are enclosed in square brackets at the beginning of particular poems I am responsible. The date appended at the foot of any poem is that of its original composition, as printed by Southey in 1837–8.

Southey published with his poems an immense mass of illustrative notes, consisting for the most part of extracts from different authors collected in the course of his wide and varied reading. These notes are full of curious information, but are not always particularly relevant to the poems to which they are attached. From considerations of space they have been almost entirely omitted in the present edition. Some of them, however, will be found quoted—in whole or in part—in the Notes at the end of this volume; the substance of a few others is given in an abridged paraphrase. The letter (S.) after any Note shows that either its actual words or its substance may be found in Southey's note on the passage in question; and in the case of actual quotation the words quoted are marked by inverted commas.

For those Notes which are not followed by the letter (S.) I am responsible. As has been explained above, no textual questions can arise in connexion with Southey's poetry. I have therefore confined myself to inserting a few Notes in order to explain various allusions, to give information as to the composition and publication of certain poems, or to add a touch of personal or critical interest connected with them. In so doing I can hardly hope to escape the charge of having on occasion either inserted or omitted too much. But I trust that, in spite of mistakes, my object has been in great measure attained.

The Chronological Table of Southey's life on pp. xxii–xxviii may perhaps be found useful. In preparing it I have been much indebted to a similar Table in Mr. T. Hutchinson's edition of Wordsworth in the present series.

Of the imperfections of this edition of Southey's Poems I am very sensible. They may be explained in part by the fact that I have been obliged to prepare it at a distance from libraries and in the occasional intervals of other and very different work. Under these circumstances I am the more grateful to those friends without whose help my task could hardly have been completed. In particular my thanks are due to the Reverend Canon Rawnsley for kindly allowing me to see his Southey MSS.; to Miss Geraldine Fitz-Gerald for the work that she has done on my behalf at the British Museum,
and also for her help in reading through some of the proofs; and to Mr. E. H. Coleridge for his great kindness in answering my requests for information on various points and in making many useful suggestions. But above all I desire to express my gratitude to Professor Dowden. In preparing this edition I have received from him most generous help in counsel and encouragement. But I owe him a debt of far longer standing; for it was he who, by his delightful volume in the 'English Men of Letters' series, first taught me to know and to love Robert Southey.

M. H. F. G.
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LIST OF AUTHORITIES

The list of books given below makes no pretence to being a complete bibliography. It is intended to refer the reader to (a) the principal authorities for Southey's life: and (b) a few books and essays which are of special interest from their bearing upon Southey's character and writings.

(a) AUTHORITIES

1. The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, 6 vols., 1849-50.
3. The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles. Edited by E. Dowden, 1881.

(b) MISCELLANEOUS

### BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

CONTAINING THE CHIEF EVENTS OF SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND SOME IMPORTANT DATES IN THE LIVES OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A.D.</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1735</td>
<td>About this year Thomas Southey, son of a yeoman farmer of Wellington in Somerset, settles on a farm at Holford, a village in the Quantock Hills.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1736</td>
<td>George Crabbe born.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1737</td>
<td>William Lisle Bowles born.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1738</td>
<td>Samuel Rogers born.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1739</td>
<td>The Traveller (O. Goldsmith).</td>
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<tr>
<td>1740</td>
<td>Percy's Reliques.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1742</td>
<td>Robert Southey, a linen-draper at Bristol, (born 1745, second son of Thomas S.), married Margaret Hill. To them were born nine children, five of whom died young. The surviving children were Robert, Thomas, Henry Herbert, and Edward. [S. T. Coleridge born.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1743</td>
<td>S. T. Coleridge born.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1745</td>
<td>During 1776-80 S. spends most of his time with his mother's half-sister, Miss Tyler, at Bath.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1746</td>
<td>W. Hazlitt born.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1747</td>
<td>Thomas Moore born.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1748</td>
<td>S. sent as a day-boy to a school kept by a Mr. Foot at Bristol.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1749</td>
<td>S. removed to a school at Corston, nine miles from Bristol. [The Library (Crabbe).]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1750</td>
<td>(Or Jan. 1778) S. placed as a day-boarder at a school at Bristol kept by a Mr. Williams, spending his holidays in general with Miss Tyler. From 1778 onwards Miss Tyler regularly takes him to the theatre. He reads Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher before he is eight years old. He also reads The Faerie Queene about this time. [Cowper's first volume of Poems.]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1751</td>
<td>Henry Herbert Southey born (d. 1865). S. begins to write verses, Epics on the Trojan Brutus, Egbert, &amp;c. [The Village (Crabbe).]</td>
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<tr>
<td>1752</td>
<td>Leigh Hunt born.</td>
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<td>1797</td>
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<td>1799</td>
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<td>1802</td>
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<td>1803</td>
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<td>1804</td>
<td>30</td>
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#### 1796
At the end of this year or early in 1797 S. sent as a day-boy to a Mr. Lewis, a clergyman in Bristol, who took pupils. *Poems* (Robert Burns, ed.) published.

#### 1797
S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*

#### 1798
1. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*
2. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*

#### 1799
1. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*
2. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*

#### 1800
1. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*
2. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*

#### 1801
1. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*
2. S. goes to school at Westminster, where his chief friends are C. W. Wynn, subsequently Secretary at War and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and G. C. Bedford. *Byron born.*
1803 31 Madoc and Metrical Tales and Other Poems published. S. visits Scotland, and stays with Sir W. Scott at Ashiestiel (Oct.). Plans to go to Lisbon for two years in the capacity of the Legation at Lisbon. S. T. C. returns to England (Aug.).

[Curse of Kehama.]

1805 31 A.D. Üï

1807 33 Wynn obtains for S. a pension from Government of £444 net per annum, and S. therefore resigns the annuity of £100 paid him by Wynn since 1797. S. declines Scott’s suggestion that he should contribute to the Edinburgh Review, on the ground of his complete disagreement with its principles. Decides to settle permanently at Greta Hall. Plans an edition of the Cid and Palomerín of England begun. Herbert S. born (Oct. 11). S. undertakes to edit Henry Kirke White’s Remains gratuitously for the White family.

[Simónides (Landor), Odes and Epistles (T. Moore). Elizabeth Barrett born.]

1808 34 Emma S. born (Dec.). S. meets W. S. Landor for the first time at Bristol. Landor urges him to continue his mythological poems, and offers to pay for the printing. Stung by this generous offer, S. resumes The Curse of Kehama, though without thought of accepting Landor’s proposal. Proposes that Spain will eventually prove Buonaparte’s destruction. Plans a poem on Portugal. S. becomes acquainted with Wordsworth at Allan Bank, Grasmere (Sept.).

[Poems in Two Volumes (Wordsworth). The Parish Register (Crabbé). Hours of Idleness (Byron).]

1809 35 Bertha S. born (March 27). Emma S. died (May). S. T. C. publishes first number of The Friend at Penrith (June 1). S. takes a lease of Greta Hall for twenty-one years. Continues History of Brazil. Corresponds with Ebenezer Elliott, who asks him to criticize his poems. Undertakes to write the historical part of Ballantyne’s new Edinburgh Annual Register at a salary of £400 a year. Finishes Curse of Kehama. Plans a poem on Robin Hood. Roderick begun (Dec.).

[Tract on the Convention of Cintra (Wordsworth). English Bards and Scotch Reviewers (Byron). Gertrude of Wyoming (Campbell).]


1810 36 Curse of Kehama and first vol. of History of Brazil published. Katherine S. born. S. T. C. spends four or five months at Greta Hall before leaving in October for London with Basil Montagu. Brench between S. T. C. and Wordsworth.

(The Borough (Crabbé). The Lady of the Lake (Scott).)
### BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

#### A.D. 1818
- **S.** refuses the offer of the post of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Caroline Bowles writes to him (April 25) to ask his opinion of a MS. poem, that's this a correspondence continued without interruption until their marriage in 1829.

#### A.D. 1819
- Catherine S. born (Feb.). *Tour in Scotland with Rickman and Telford.*
- Wynn of the existence of the Dedication of *Don Juan.*
- *The Love of the Waghener* (Wordsworth). *Don Juan, Canto I.*
- *Poems, Rosalind and Helen*, *The Euganean Hills*, *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, *The Cenci* (Shelley).

#### A.D. 1820
- *Colloquies on the Prospects of Society and Book of the Church* begun.
- Caroline Bowles writes to her (Nov. 4) to suggest that they should collaborate in a poem on *Robin Hood.*
- Caroline Bowles at Buckland (Nov.). S. writes to her at the latter's suggestion (Nov. 4) to suggest that they should collaborate in a poem on *Robin Hood.*
- Caroline Bowles at Buckland (Nov.). S. writes to her at the latter's suggestion (Nov. 4) to suggest that they should collaborate in a poem on *Robin Hood.*
- *Imaginary Conversations,* second series (Landor).

#### A.D. 1821
- *Chapters on Churchyards* (Caroline Bowles). *Imaginary Conversations,* second series (Landor).
- Caroline Bowles leaves Greta Hall on the marriage of the latter to H. N. Coleridge, Mrs. C. subsequently taking up her residence with her daughter and son-in-law. S. continues to advocate the establishment of Co-operative Societies.

#### A.D. 1822
- Visits Dr. Bell at Cheltenham (June). Visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland. Death of his uncle, Mr. Hill (Sept.). Mrs. C. now, as always, strongly opposes Parliamentary Reform.
- *Corn Law Rhymes* (Ebenezer Elliott).

#### A.D. 1823
- *Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation.* S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's *Life and Correspondence.* *Naval History of England,* vols. i and ii, published.
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#### A.D. 1824
- S. visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland, near Lymington. Tours in Holland (June) with H. Taylor and Rickman. During his absence is returned to Parliament for the borough of Downton, through the influence of Lord Radnor; but refuses to accept the honour.
- *Death of Isabel S. (July 16).* From this last blow Mrs. S. never really recovers. *Vindiciae Ecclesiæ Anglicanae* published.
- *Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation.* S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's *Life and Correspondence.* *Naval History of England,* vols. i and ii, published.
- *Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation.* S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's *Life and Correspondence.* *Naval History of England,* vols. i and ii, published.

#### A.D. 1825
- S. undertakes to edit the poems of John Jones, a servant in a Yorkshire family, for Jones's benefit, and to prefix a sketch of the lives of uneducated poets. Mrs. S. plainly falling in health.
- *Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation.* S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's *Life and Correspondence.* *Naval History of England,* vols. i and ii, published.
S. declines the offer of a baronetcy from Sir R. Peel, who then obtains for him an additional pension of £300 a year. Mrs. S., though without regaining her reason, so far recovers as to be allowed to return to Keswick (March). Publication of *Life and Works of Cowper* (15 vols., 1835-37) begun.


S. corresponds with Charlotte Brontë in answer to a request for his criticism of her poems. ‘Mr. Southey’s letter was kind and admirable, a little stringent, but it did me good’ (C. Brontë). Publication of collected edition of S.’s poems in 10 vols. begun. Cuthbert S. matriculates at Oxford. Mrs. S. died (Nov. 16).


Tour in Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine with Cuthbert S., H. C. Robinson, and three other friends (Aug., Sept.). S. now first begins to show signs of failing powers. At Buekland with Caroline Bowles (Oct.-Dec.).

Bertha S. marries her cousin Herbert Hill. S. marries Caroline Bowles (June 5). Soon afterwards his mind fails rapidly, until its powers are completely lost. In this condition he lives at Keswick until his death.

Robert Southey died (March 21). Buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard.
obligation. Upon the present occasion it behoves me to state the more general and therefore more important obligations which I am conscious of owning either to my predecessors, or my contemporaries.

My first attempts in verse were much too early to be imitative, but I was fortunate enough to find my way, when very young, into the right path. I read the Jerusalem Delivered and the Orlando Furioso again and again, in Hoole's translations; it was for the sake of their stories that I perused and re-perused these poems with ever new delight; and by bringing them thus within my reach in boyhood, the translator rendered me a service which, when I look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly. I owe him much also for his notes, not only for the information concerning other Italian romances which they imparted, but also for introducing me to Spenser;—how early, an incident which I well remember may show.

When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unwearily engaged in literary pursuits, commuting with my own heart, and taking which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be.

It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that whereof a person arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, which we believe will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heirloom by those who are dearest to us both.

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Others were published at Bristol, 1797, in a single volume, with this motto from Akenside:

"Goddess of the Lyre, —
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come
Her sister Liberty will not be far."

A second volume followed at Bristol in 1799, after the second edition of Joan of Arc, and commencing with the Vision of the Maid of Orleans. The motto to this was from the Epilogue to Spenser’s Shepherds Calendar:

"The better, please; the worse, displease:
I ask no more."

In the third edition of Joan of Arc, the Vision was printed separately, at the end; and its place was supplied in the second edition of the Poems by miscellaneous pieces.

A separate volume, entitled Metrical Tales and other Poems, was published in 1805, with this advertisement:—“These Poems were published some years ago in the Annual Anthology. (Bristol, 1799, 1800.) They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.”

These various pieces were re-arranged in three volumes, under the title of Minor Poems, in 1815, with this motto:

"Nos haec novimus esse nihil;"

and they were published a second time in the same form, 1823.

The Ballads and Metrical Tales contained in those volumes, belong to a different part of this collection; their other contents are comprised here; and the present volume consists, with very few exceptions, of pieces written in youth or early manhood. One of these written in my twentieth year, not having been published at the time, would never have been made public by my own act and deed; but as Wat Tyler obtained considerable notoriety upon its surreptitious publication, it seemed proper that a production which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the providence of historians, should not be imitated more. They who may desire to know more than is stated in the advertisement now prefixed to it, are referred to a Letter addressed to Wordsworth, Esq., M.P., 1817, reprinted in the second volume of my Essays Moral and Political, 1832.

The second volume of this part of the Collection contains one juvenile piece, and many which were written in early manhood. The remainder were composed in middle or later life, and comprise (with one exception, that will more conveniently be arranged elsewhere) all the odes which as Poet Laureat I have written upon national occasions. Of these the Carmen Triumphant, and the Carmen Aulicorum, were separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1822.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this Collection bear an inconceivable proportion to those of substantive length: for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from the fire which destroyed da-60 in which from time to time piles upon piles have been consumed. In middle life works of greater extent, or of a different kind, left less of occasion for any compassionate reason, living or dying. I could wish to blot.

Davenant had not changed his opinion of his own youthful productions so as to think in his age the defects which he had once clearly perceived; but he knew that pieces which it would indeed have been presumptuous to reproduce on the score of their merit, might yet be deemed worthy of preservation on other grounds: that to his family and friends, and to those who might take any interest in English poetry hereafter, they would possess peculiar value, as characteristic memorials of one who had held no inconsiderable place in the literary history of his own times. Feeling, too, that he was not likely to be forgotten by posterity, he thought that after the specimen which he had produced in his Gondibert of a great and elaborate poem, his early attempts would be regarded with curiosity by such of his successors as should, like him, study poetry, as an art— for as an instrument of improvement; and those who would excel in it, though excellence in it is not attainable by art alone.

The cases are very few in which any thing more can be inferred from juvenile poetry, than that the aspirant possesses imaginative talent, and is versifying, for which, as for music, there must be a certain natural aptitude. It is not merely because they have lacked culture and the inspiriting of books; and that so many poets who have been "sown by Nature", have "wanted the accomplishment of verse", and brought forth no fruit after the merest sapling; Men of the highest culture, of whose poetical temperament no doubt can be entertained, and who had "taken to the height the measure of themselves", have yet failed in their endeavour to become poets, for want of that accomplishment.

It is frequently possessed without any other qualification, or any capacity for improvement; but then the innate and ineradicable defect that renders it abortive, is at once apparent.

The state of literature in this kingdom during the last fifty years has produced the same effect upon poetry that academies produce upon painting; in both arts every possible assistance is afforded to imitative talents, and in both they are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts; as long as both are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts; as long as both are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts; as long as both are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts; as long as both are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. 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life. This, however, is not the only reason: the indications, as has already been observed, are far less certain; and the circumstances of society are far less favourable for the moral and intellectual culture which is required for all the higher branches of poetry, ... all indeed that deserves the name.

My advice as to publishing, has often been asked by young poets, who suppose that experience has qualified me to give it, and who have not yet learnt how seldom advice is taken, and how little therefore it is worth. As a general rule, it may be said that one who is not deceived in the estimate which he has formed of his own powers, can neither write too much in his youth, nor publish too little. It cannot, however, be needful to caution the present race of poetical adventurers against hurrying with their productions to the press, for there are obstacles enough in the way of publication. Looking back upon my own career, and acknowledging my imprudence in this respect, will those who suppose I have less cause to wish that I had pursued a different course. In this, as in other circumstances of my life, I have reason to be thankful to that merciful Providence which shaped the ends that I had roughly hewn for myself.

Keswick, Sept. 30. 1837.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

BEING THE SECONDOF "JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS"

In a former Preface my obligations to Akenside were acknowledged, with special reference to the Hymn to the Penates; the earliest of my Inscriptions also originated in the pleasure with which I perused those of this favourite author. Others of a later date bear a nearer resemblance to the general character of Chatterer's epistles. Those which relate to the Peninsular War are part of a series which I once hoped to have completed. The epistle for Bishop Butler was originally composed in the lapidary style, to suit the monument in Bristol Cathedral; it has been remodelled here. I feel that I might express myself more at length, and in a style more accordant with my own judgement.

One thing remains to be explained, and I shall then have said all that it becomes me to say concerning these Minor Poems.

It was stated in some of the newspapers that Walter Scott and myself became competitors for the Poet-Laureate upon the death of Mr. Fye; that we were accidentally at the Prince-Laureate's levee, each in pursuit of his pretensions, and that some words which might occur, his Royal Highness had the good sense and good taste at once to acquiesce in the propriety of this alteration. I have thus relieved from the burden of ridicule which had, in spite of so many illustrious names, been adored to it. The alteration, however, was not brought about exactly in this manner.

I was on the way to London when the correspondence upon this subject between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Croker took place. A letter from Scott followed me thither, and on my arrival in town I was informed of what had been done. No wish for the Laureate ship had passed across my mind, nor had I ever dreamt that it would be proposed to me. My first impulse was to decline it; but from no fear of ridicule, still less of obloquy, but because I had ceased for several years to write occasional pieces: the inclination had departed, and though willing as a bee to work from morn till night in collecting honey, I had a great dislike to spinning like a spider. Other considerations overcame thisless; and I made it my duty to accept the appointment.

I then expressed a wish to Mr. Croker that it might be placed upon a footing which would exclude me from the holder and the holder from me. I considered it was an office the world was neither fitted for nor suited to me. It was formally designed to be. Upon this, Mr. Croker, whose friendliness to me upon every occasion I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging, said that it was not for us to make terms with the Prince Regent. 'Go you', said he, 'and write your Ode for the New Year. You can never have a better subject than the present state of the war affords you.' He added that some time might be found for representing the matter to the Prince in its proper light.

My appointment had no sooner been made known, than I received a note with Sir William Parsons's compliments, requesting that I would let him have the Ode as soon as possible. Mr. Pye having always provided him with it six weeks before the New Year's Day. I was not wanting in punctuality; nevertheless, it was certain that nothing would be expected from me during the life of George III. But the labour which the Poet Laureate bestowed upon the verses of the Chief Poet was so much labour lost. The performance of the Annual Odes had been suspended from the time of the King's illness, in 1810. Under the circumstances of his malady, any festal celebration of the birth-day would have been a violation of natural feeling and public propriety. The Poet-Laureate had passed across my mind, nor had I ever dreamt that it would be proposed to me. My first impulse was to decline it; not from any fear of ridicule, but because I had ceased for several years to write occasional pieces: the inclination had departed, and though willing as a bee to work from morn till night in collecting honey, I had a great dislike to spinning like a spider. Other considerations overcame this less; and I made it my duty to accept the appointment.

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My appointment had no sooner been made known, than I received a note

1 Vol. iii, p. 88.
PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME, CONTAINING ‘THALABA THE DESTROYER’

It was said, in the original Preface to Joan of Arc, that the Author would not be in England to witness its reception, but that he would attend to liberal criticism, and hope to profit by it in the composition of a poem upon the discovery of America by the Welsh prince Madoc.

That subject I had fixed upon when a schoolboy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the schoolfellows to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794; but, upon putting Joan of Arc to the press, its progress was necessarily suspended, and it was not resumed till the second edition of that work had been completed.

Then it became my chief occupation during twelve months that I resided in the village of Westbury, near Bristol. This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Cottle, who had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy,—then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened to him; and when he came to Westbury there was a fresh portion of Madoc for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxide with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation.

In November, 1836, I walked to that village with Davy, with an intention to show him a house endured to me by so many recollections; but not a vestige of it remained, and local alterations rendered it impossible even to ascertain its site,—which is now included within the grounds of a Nunnery! The bosom friends with whom I associated there had all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centered, I am the sole survivor.

When we removed from Westbury to Midsummer, 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of Madoc. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady, whose portrait hangs, with that of my own mother, in the room wherein I am now writing. The son who lived with her was one of my dearest friends, and one of the best men I ever knew or heard of. In those days I was an early riser: the time so gained was usually employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers came down to breakfast on the morning after Madoc was completed, I had the first hundred lines of Thalaba to show him, fresh from the mint. But this poem was neither crudely conceived nor hastily undertaken. I had fixed upon the penultimate book of Madoc. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady, whose portrait hangs, with that of my own mother, in the room wherein I am now writing. The son who lived with her was one of my dearest friends, and one of the best men I ever knew or heard of. In those days I was an early riser: the time so gained was usually employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers came down to breakfast on the morning after Madoc was completed, I had the first hundred lines of Thalaba to show him, fresh from the mint. But this poem was neither crudely conceived nor hastily undertaken. I had fixed upon the penultimate book of Madoc; and in the course of that time the plan had been formed and the materials collected. It was pursued with unabating ardor at Exeter, in the village of Burton, near Christ Church, and afterwards at Kingsdown, till the ensuing spring, when Dr. Beddoes advised me to go to the south of Europe, on account of my health. For Lisbon, therefore, we set off; and, hastening to Falmouth, found the packet, in which we wished to sail, detained in harbour by westerly winds. Six days we watched the weathercock, and sighed for south-easters. I walked and things which would otherwise have been forgotten have thus been brought to my recollection. Herein also the alterations were inserted which the poem underwent before it was printed. They were very numerous. Much was pruned off, and more was ingrained. I was not satisfied with the first part of the concluding book; it was therefore crossed out, and something substituted altogether different in design; but this substitution was so far from being fortunate, that neither pleased my friends in England nor myself. I then made a third attempt, which succeeded to my own satisfaction and to theirs.

I was in Portugal when Thalaba was published. Its reception was very different from that with which Joan of Arc had been welcomed; in proportion as the poem deserved better it was treated worse. Upon this occasion my name was first coupled with Mr. Wordsworth's. We were then, and for some time afterwards, all but strangers to each other. Among the few who were friendly from that time I have ever accounted among the singular advantages and happinesses of my life. I have been under their patronage for its publication with Messrs. Longman and Rees. It was printed at Bristol by Biggs and Cottle, and the task of correcting the press was undertaken for me by Davy and our common friend Danvers, under whose roof it had been begun.

The copy which was made from the original draught, regularly as the poem proceeded, is still in my possession. The first corrections were made as they occurred in the process of transcribing, at which time the verses were tried upon my own ear, and had the advantage of being seen in a fair and remarkably legible handwriting. In this transcript the dates of time and place were noted, and things which would otherwise have been forgotten have thus been brought to my recollection. Herein also the alterations were inserted which the poem underwent before it was printed. They were very numerous. Much was pruned off, and more was ingrained. I was not satisfied with the first part of the concluding book; it was therefore crossed out, and something substituted altogether different in design; but this substitution was so far from being fortunate, that neither pleased my friends in England nor myself. I then made a third attempt, which succeeded to my own satisfaction and to theirs.

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PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME, 
CONTAINING 'MADOC'

When Madoc was brought to a close in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and to proceed with other works, making any material alterations, if any should suggest themselves, till a second edition. But four years had passed over my head since Joan of Arc was sent to the press, and I was not disposed to commit a second imprudence. If the reputation obtained by that poem had confirmed the confidence which I felt in myself, it had also the effect of making me perceive my own deficiencies, and endeavour with all diligence to supply them. I pleased myself with the hope that it would one day be likened to Tasso's Rinaldo, and that as the Madoc could be considered as completed, to see more of Wales than I had yet seen. This I had some opportunity of doing in the summer of 1803, it was resumed, and twelve months were diligently employed in reconstructing it. The alterations were more material than those which had been made in Joan of Arc, and much more extensive. In its original form the poem consisted of fifteen books, containing about six thousand lines. It was now divided into two parts, and enlarged in the proportion of a full third. Formerly, a separate poem, the first book only being divided into one of books, or cantos, were found more convenient; the six books therefore, which the first part comprised, were distributed in seven or eight sections, and the other nine in twenty-seven. These changes in the form of the work were not capriciously made, nor for the sake of novelty. The story consisted of two parts, almost as distinct as the Iliad and Odyssey; and the subdivisions were in like manner indicated by the sub-headings. The alterations in the conduct of the piece occasioned its increase of length.

When Matthew Lewis published the Castle Spectre, he gave as his reason for introducing negro guards in a drama which was laid in feudal times, that he thought their appearance would produce a good effect; and if the effect would have been better by making them blue instead of black, blue, said he, they should have been. He was not more bent upon pleasing the public by stage effect, which would have been better by making them blue instead of black, blue, said he, than was upon following my own sense of propriety, and thereby obtaining the approbation of that fit audience, which, being contented that it should be few, I was sure to find. Mr. Sotheby, whose Sand was published about the same time as Madoc, said to me a year or two afterwards, 'You and I, Sir, find that blank verse will not do in these days; we must stand upon another tack.' Mr. Sotheby considered the decision of the Pie-Poudre Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record which sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the controversy. Mr. Coleridge was immediately reprinted in America in numbers, making two octavo volumes. About nine years afterwards there appeared a paper in the Quarterly Review, which gave great offence to the Americans; if I am not mistaken in my recollections, it was the first in that journal which had any such tendency. An American author, whose name I heard, but had no wish to remember, supposed it to have been written by me; and upon this gratuitous supposition, (in which, moreover, he happened to be totally mistaken,) he attacked me in a pamphlet, which he had the courtesy to send me, and which I have preserved among my Curiosities of Literature. It is noticed in this place, because, among other vituperative accusations, the pamphleteer denounced the British as having 'meditated a most serious injury against the reputation of the New World, by attributing its discovery and colonization to the Welsh Prince.' This, he said, 'being a most insidious attempt against the honour of America and the reputation of Columbus.'

'The title of this notable pamphlet is, 'The United States and England: being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the Quarterly Review for January 1814. New York: published by A. van Wyck and Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia. Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers, 1815.' Miss Seward was seated at her desk. She had just finished some verses to be inscribed on the blank leaves of the first greeting was no sooner past, than she requested that I would permit her to read them to me. It was a mercy that she did not ask me to read them aloud. But she read admirably herself. The situation, however, in which I found myself, was so ridiculous, and I was so apprehensive of catching the eye of one person in the room, who was equally afraid of meeting mine, that I never felt it more difficult to control my emotions, than while listening, or seeming to listen, to my own praise and glory. But, biding my head as if in a posture of attentiveness, and screening my face with my hand, and occasionally using some forced gesture, I let my muscles, I got through the scene without any misbehaviour, and expressed my thanks, if not in terms of such glowing adoration as she was accustomed to receive from others, and had bestowed upon my unworthy self, yet as well as I could. I passed two days under her roof, and was the object of her conversation with her from that time till her death.

Miss Seward had been crippled by having repeatedly injured one of her shoulders. This, Mr. Scott says, 'From a fall in the Vale of North, for which I was in treaty the year following, it would never have been my fortune to be classed among the Lake Poets.' Little had been done in revising the poem till the first year of my abode at Keswick: there, in the latter end of
sion to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of counter-tenance. Sir Walter has not observed that this peculiarity was hereditary. Describing, in one of her earlier letters, a scene with her mother, she says, "I grew so saucy to her, that she looked grave, and took her pinch of snuff, first at one nostril, and then at the other, with swift and angry energy, and her eyes began to grow dark and to flash. 'Tis an odd peculiarity: but the balls of my mother's eyes change from brown into black, when she feels either indignation or bodily pain." Miss Seward was not so much overrated at one time, as she has since been unduly depreciated. She was so considerate a person when her reputation was at its height, that Washington said no circumstance in his life had been so mortifying to him as that of having been made the subject of her invective in her Monody on Major André. After peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, he commissioned an American officer, who was about to sail for England, to call upon her at Lichfield, and explain to her, that instead of having caused André's death, he had endeavoured to save him; ... during the siege. To his great surprise, ... for he had no introduction which could lead him to expect the honour of this notice,... he received an invitation to dine with General Elliot. The General asked him if he were related to the name, and a fair reputation, to entitle you to the notice of every soldier who has it in his power to serve and oblige a military brother. You will always find a cover for you at my table, and a sincere welcome; and whenever it may be in my power to serve you essentially, I shall not want the inclination, These anecdotes show the estimation in which she was, not undeservedly, held. Her epistolary style was dis- torted and disfigured by her admiration of Johnson; and in her poetry she set, rather than followed, the brocade fashion of Dr. Darwin. Still there are unquestionable proofs of extraordinary talents and great ability both in her letters and her poems. She was an exemplary daughter, a most affectionate and faithful friend. Sir Walter has estimated, with characteristic skill, her powers of criticism, and her strong pre-possessions upon literary points. And believing that the more she was known, the more she would have been esteemed and admired, I bear a willing testimony to her accomplishments and her genius, to her generous disposition, her frank- ness, and her sincerity and warmth of heart.

Keswick, Feb. 19, 1838.


5 Biographical Preface to the Poetical Works of Anna Seward, p. xxii.

6 Literary Correspondence. Th., p. cxxi.


10 Biographical Preface to the Poetical Works of Anna Seward, p. xxiii.
last day of our pleasant visit at Hereford; and on the following morning the remainder of the Ballad was pencilled in a post-chaise on our way to Abberley.

Mr. Wathen, a singular and obliging person, who afterwards made a voyage to the East Indies, and published an account of what he saw there, traced for me a facsimile of a wooden cut in the Nuremberg Chronicle (which was among the prisoners in the Cathedral). It represents the Old Woman’s forcible abduction from her intended place of burial. This was put into the hands of a Bristol artist; and the engraving in wood which he made from it was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, in the second volume of my poems, 1799. The Devil alludes to it in his Walk, when he complains of a certain poet as having ‘put him in ugly ballads with libellous pictures for sale.’

The passage from Matthew of Westminster was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, and it has continued to be inserted in every subsequent edition of my minor poems from that time to the present: for whenever I have founded either a poem, or part of one, upon any legendary or written history, I have either extracted the passage to which I was indebted, if its length allowed, or have referred to it. Mr. Payne Collier, however, after the Ballad, with its parentage affixed, had been twenty years before the public, discovered that I had copied the story from Heywood’s Nine Books of various History concerning Women, and that I had not thought proper to acknowledge the obligation. The discovery is thus stated in that gentleman’s Poetical Decameron (vol. i. p. 232). Speaking of the book, one of his Interlocutors says, ‘It is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice now; only if you refer to p. 443, you will find the story on which Mr. Southey founded his mock-ballad of the Old Woman of Berkeley. You will see, too, that the mode in which it is told is extremely similar.’

‘Morton. Had Mr. Southey seen Heywood’s book?’

‘Bourke. It is not improbable; or some quotation from it, the resemblance is so exact; you may judge from the few following sentences.’

Part of Heywood’s narration is then given; upon which one of the speakers observes, ‘The resemblance is exact, and it is not unlikely that Heywood and Southey copied from the same original.’

‘Bourke. Perhaps so: Heywood quotes Guillerimus, in Special Histor. lib. xxvi. c. 26. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.’

‘It cannot, however, be disputed, that Mr. Payne Collier has made one discovery relating to this subject; for he has discovered that the Old Woman of Berkeley is a mock-ballad. Certainly this was never suspected by the Author, or any of his friends. It obtained a very different character in Russia, where having been translated and published, it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it. This I was told by a Russian traveller who called upon me at Keswick.

Keswick, March 8, 1839.

PREFACE TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME,
OR SECOND OF ’BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES’

The two volumes of this collection which consist of Ballads and Metrical Tales contain the Author’s earliest and latest productions of that kind: those which were written with most facility and most time and pains were bestowed, according to the subject and the mode of treating it.

The Tale of Paraguay was published separately in 1826, having been so long in hand that the Dedication was written many years before the Poem was completed.

All for Love, and The Legend of a Cock and a Hen, were published together in a little volume in 1829.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME,
CONTAINING ’THE CURSE OF KEHAMA’

Several years ago, in the Introduction of my Letters to Mr. Charles Butler, vindicating the Book of the Church, I had occasion to state that, while a school-boy at Westminster, I had formed an intention of exhibiting the most remarkable forms of Mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the ground-work of a narrative poem. The performance, as might be expected, fell far short of the design, and yet it proved something more than a dream of juvenile ambition.

I began with the Mahommedan religion, as being that with which I was then best acquainted myself, and of which every one who had read the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments possessed all the knowledge necessary for readily understanding and entering into the intent and spirit of the poem. Mr. Wilberforce thought that I had conveyed in it a very false impression of that religion, and that the moral sublimity which he admired in it was owing to this flattering misrepresentation. But Thalaba the Destroyer was professedly an Arabian Tale. The design required that I should bring into view the best features of that system of belief and worship which had been developed under the Covenant with Ishmael, placing in the most favourable light the morality of the Koran, and what the least corrupted of the Mahommedans retain of the patriarchal faith. It would have been altogether incongruous to have touched upon the abominations engraven upon it: first by the false Prophet himself, who appears to have been far more remarkable for audacious profligacy than for any intellectual endowments, and afterwards by the spirit of Oriental despotism which accompanied Mahommedanism wherever it was established.

Heathen Mythologies have generally been represented by Christian poets as the work of the Devil and his Angels; and the machinery derived from them was thus rendered credible, according to what was during many ages a received opinion. The plan upon which I proceeded in Madeo was to produce the effect of machinery as far as was consistent with the character of the poem, by representing the most remarkable religion of the New World such as it was a system of atrocious priestcraft. It was not here as in Thalaba the foundation of the poem, but, as usual in what
are called epic poems, only incidentally connected with it.

When I took up, for my next subject, that mythology which Sir William Jones had been the first to produce in the English language, I soon perceived that the best mode of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never for a moment have thought of any other measure than blank verse for Joan of Arc, and for Madoc, and afterwards for Roderick. The reason why the irregular rhymed lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for Thalaba was, that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story. Indeed, of all the laudatory criticisms with which I have been favoured during a long literary life, none ever gratified me more than that of Henry Kirke White upon this occasion, when he observed, that if any other known measure had been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. And when he added, that the author never for a moment commended how other men would treat a subject, or what might be the fashion of the times, but took that course which his own sense of fitness pointed out; I must have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simplest and easiest measure, induced me to take a different course in an Indian poem. It appeared to me, that here neither the tone of morals, nor the strain of poetry, could be pursued too high; that nothing but moral sublimity could compensate for the extravagance of the fictions, and that all the skill I might possess in the art of poetry was required to counterbalance the disadvantage of a mythology with which few readers were likely to be well acquainted, and which appeared monstrous if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavoured, therefore, to combine the utmost richness of versification with the greatest freedom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style. I had learnt the language from such writers as were connected with London on the first of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeared to me by many once delightful but now mournful recollections) in which Madoc had been finished, and Thalaba begun. A little was added during the winter of that year in London. It was resumed at Kingsdown in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval Madoc was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was recast at Keswick: there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it in the 29th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places. Were I to name the persons to whom it was communicated during its progress, it would be admitted now that I might well be encouraged by their approbation; and indeed, when it was published, I must have been very unreasonable if I had not been satisfied with its reception.

It was not till the present edition of these Poems was in the press, that, eight-and-twenty years after Kehama had been published, I first saw the article upon it in the Monthly Review, parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved any where than here; it shows the determination with which the Reviewer entered upon his task, and the importance which he attached to it.

Throughout our literary career we cannot recollect a more favourable opportunity than that for a full discharge of our critical duty. We are indeed bound now to make a firm stand for the purity of our poetic taste against this last and most desperate assault, conducted as it is by a writer of considerable reputation, and unquestionably of considerable abilities. If this poem were to be tolerated, all things after it may demand impunity, and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any one established rule of poetry as to design and subject, as to character and incident, as to language and versification. We may return at once to the rude hymn in honour of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustic poetry in the season of vintage:

"Quae canerent agerentque peruncti fæci­bus ora."

It shall be our plan to establish these points, we hope, beyond reasonable controversy, by a complete analysis of the twenty-four sections (as they may truly be called) of the portentous work, and by ample quotations interspersed with remarks, in which we shall endeavouer to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved.

The reviewer fulfilled his promises, however, in his object. He was not more liberal of censure than of praise, and he was not sparing of quotations. The analysis was sufficiently complete for the purposes of criticism, except that the critic did not always give himself the trouble to understand what he was determined to ridicule. 'It is necessary for us,' he said, 'according to our purpose of deterring future writers from the choice of such a story, or from such a management of that story, to detail the gross follies of the work in question, and tedious as the operation may be, we trust that in the judgement of all those lovers of literature who duly value the preservation of sound principles of composition among us, the end will excuse the means.' The means were ridicule and reprobation, and the end of which he aimed was thus stated in the Reviewer's peroration.

'We know not that Mr. Southey's most devoted admirers can complain of our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our having omitted one single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot.

The Monthly Review has, I believe, been for some years defunct. I never knew to whom I was beholden for the good service rendered me in that Journal, parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved any where than here; it shows the determination with which the Reviewer entered upon his task, and the importance which he attached to it.

Keswick, May 19, 1838.
Returning day restored no cheerful sounds
Or joyful motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled motes
As if in mimicry of insect play,
Floated with many movement. Sloping down
Over the altar pass’d the pillar’d beam,
And rested on the sinful woman’s grave
As if it enter’d there, a light from Heaven.

So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!
As in a momentary interval,
When thought expelling thought, had left his mind
Open and passive to the influxes
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was there.
So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!
Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the groans
Of dying penitence, nor my bitter prayer
Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the doreous house
Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts
And other duties than this garb, this night
Enjoin, should thus have pass’d! My mother-land
Exact’d of my heart the sacrifice;
And many a vigil must thy son perform
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastness;
And tented fields, outwatching for her sake
The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day, before the sun begins his course. ¹

¹ See Roderick, VIII, lines 101-33.

Il se laissa à toutes ces reflecctions quand
la lumiere des lampes et des cierges commença à pâlir, et que les premières teintes de l’aurore se montrèrent a travers les hauts croisées tournées vers l’orient. Le retour du jour ne ramena point dans ces marais des sons joyeux ni les mouvements de la vie qui se réveillent; les vents populaires de nuit, agitant leurs ailes pestilencielles tournaient encore sous les voûtes tumultueuses. Bientôt le premier rayon du soleil, glissant obliquement par-dessus l’autel, vint s’arrêter sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel semblait y pénétrer. Que ce présage s’accomplice, s’écria Pelayo, qui, absorbé dans ses méditations, faisait en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau de sa mère; “Dieu de miséricorde, qu’il en soit ainsi! Puissé ta bonté vivifiante y verser de même le pardon; que les songles de la pénitence expirante, et que mes prières acharnées ne montent point en vain devant le trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre âme, qui de ton séjour dououreux de souffrances et de larmes auparavant en mon mais de travail, durant que cette nuit, dépourvue mes pensées sur d’autres devoirs, Notre patrie commune a exigé de moi ce sacrifice, et ton fils doit dorénavant accomplir plus d’une veille dans la profondeur des foréts, sur la cime des monts, dans les plaines couvertes de lentes, dévoue, observant, pour l’amour de l’Espagne, la marche des astres de la nuit, et préparant l’ouvrage de sa journée avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.”—T. i, pp. 175-177.

In the other translation the motes are not converted into moths,—but the image is omitted.

Condamnées dans des soins pareils les rapides heures s’écoutaient, les lampes et les torches commençaient à pâlir, et l’oblique rayon du matin durait déjà les astres éclatants qui regardaient vers l’orient; le retour du jour ne ramena point, dans cette sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se réveillait; mais, tombant d’en haut, le céleste rayon, passant au-dessus de l’autel, vintrapper le tombeau de la femme pécheresse.
PREFACE

quo doctissimo simul ac venustissimo opere, si minus divinam Aeneida,
saltem immortalem Tassonis Epopeiam lentasse,
quin et certo respectu ita superasse videris, ut majorum perpaucos, sequi
lum neminem, cum vera fide ac pietate in Deum, ... Hanc certe, per quadrantem seculi et quod excurrit felicissimo connubio milii junctam, meamque in Divina arte alumnam ac sociam, nimium in eo sibi sumpsisse nemofacile arbitrabitur cui vel minimum Poeseos nostrae sensum usurpare contigerit; ... ac si quod communium studiorum, si quod verae pietatis est vinculum, nos tibi ex animo habe addictissimos. Vale.

'Dabam Lugduni in Batavis. Ipsisidib. Februar. CI q CCCXXIV.'

I went to Leyden, in 1825, for the purpose of seeing the writer of this epistle and the lady who had translated my poem, ... and made the days of my confinement as pleasur- able as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more various and ex-
tensive knowledge than Bilderdijk, confessedly the most distinguished man of letters in his own country. His wife was worthy of him. I paid them another visit the following year. They are now both gone to their rest, and I shall not look upon their like again.

Soon after the publication of Roderick, I received the following curious letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, (who had passed a few days with me in the pro-
ceding autumn,) giving me an account of his endeavours to procure a favour-
able notice of the poem in the Edinburgh Review...

'My dear Sir,

I was very happy at seeing the post-
mark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe my Wake has given to the beau-
teous and happy group at Greta Hall. Indeed few things could give me more pleasure, for I left my heart a sojourner among them. I have had a higher opinion of the marriage since that period than ever I had before, and I desire that you will positively give my kindest respects to each of them individually.

'The Pilgrim of the Sun is published, as you will see by the Papers, and if I may believe some communications that I have got, the public opinion of it is high; but these communications to an author are not to be depended on.

'I have read Roderick over and over again, and am the more and more convinced that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every par-
ticular. He says it is too long, and wants elasticity, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its favour. I had even teased him to let me review it for him, on account, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence out of the letter he sent in answer to mine:—

"For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his Roderick; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over

that and other kindred subjects with you, for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty according to my own apprehensions of it."

'I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the

marrow of the thing to come at as yet, and in that I was joined by Mr. Alison. There was at the same time a Lady—joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—"Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

Atwick, June 16, 1838.
THALABA THE DESTROYER

In the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the Demi-daniel is mentioned; a seminary for evil magicians, under the roots of the sea. From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse; the noblest measure, in my judgment, of which our admirable language is capable. For the following Poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject: it is the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.

The dramatic sketches of Dr. Sayers, a volume which no lover of poetry will recollect without pleasure, induced me, when a young versifier, to practise in this rhythm. I felt that while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. It were easy to make a parade of learning, by enumerating the various feet which it admits: it is only needful to observe that no two lines are employed in sequence which can be read into one. Two six-syllable lines, it will perhaps be answered, compose an Alexandrine: the truth is, that the Alexandrine, when harmonious, is composed of two six-syllable lines.

One advantage this metre assuredly possesses,—the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord: he may read it prosaically, but its flow and fall will still be perceptible. Verse is not enough favoured by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtrusiveness, the regular Jew's harp \\
twning-twang, of what has been foolishly called heroic measure. I do not wish the improvisator's tune;—but something that denotes the sense of harmony, something like the accent of feeling,—like the tone which every poet necessarily gives to poetry.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In the continuation of the Arabian Tales, the Demi-daniel is mentioned; a seminary for evil magicians, under the roots of the sea. From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse; the noblest measure, in my judgement, of which our admirable language is capable. For the following Poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject: it is the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.

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THE FIRST BOOK

Worse and worse, young Orpiane, be thy payne,
If thou due vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdor do obtayne.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy' freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cioud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breales the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,

Who at this untimely hour
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove, islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child, (boy,
The widow'd mother and the fatherless
They at this untimely hour
Wander o'er the desert sands.
THALABA THE DESTROYER

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
Thou know'st I did not teach him
Hodeirah's enemy.

Thou know'st I did not teach him
thoughts like these;
O Prophet, pardon him!

She had not wept till that assuaging
prayer... [then,
The fountains of her grief were open'd
And tears relieved her heart.
She raised her swimming eyes to Heaven,
'Allah, thy will be done!' Beneath the dispensations of that will
I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come, when all things that
are dark
Will be made clear... then shall I know,
O Lord!

No tear relieved the burthen of her heart;
Stunn'd with the heavy woe, she felt like one... blood.
Half-waken'd from a midnight dream of
But sometimes when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fix'd countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother! then
She groan'd... [eyes
At length collecting, Zeinab turn'd her
To heaven, and praised the Lord;
'He gave, he takes away!'
The pious sufferer cried,
'The Lord our God is good!'

'Good is He!' quoth the boy:
'Why are my brethren and my sisters
slain?
Why is my father kill'd?
Did ever we neglect our prayers.
Or ever lift a hand unclean to Heaven?
Did ever stranger from our tent
Unwelcomed turn away?
Mother, He is not good!'

Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony,
'O God, forgive the child!
He knows not what he says;

Not till that moment her afflicted heart
Had leisure for the thought.
She cast her eyes around,
Alas! no tents were there
Beside the bending sands,
No palm-tree rose to spot the wilderness;
The dark blue sky closed round,
And rested like a dome
Upon the circling waste.
She cast her eyes around,
Famine and Thirst were there;
And then the wretched Mother bow'd her
head,
And wept upon her child.

A sudden cry of wonder
From Thalaba aroused her;
She raised her head, and saw
Where high in air a stately palace rose.
Amid a grove embower'd
Stood the prodigal pile;
Trees of such ancient majesty
Tower'd not on Yemen's happy hills,
Nor crown'd the lofty brow of Lebanon:
Fabric so vast, so lavishly enrich'd,
For Idol, or for Tyrant, never yet
Raised the slave race of man,
In Rome, nor in the elder Babylon,
Nor old Persepolis,
Nor where the family of Greece
Hymn'd Eleutherian Jove.

Here studding azure tablatures
And ray'd with feeble light,
Star-like the ruby and the diamond shone:
Here on the golden towers
The yellow moon-beam lay,
Here with white splendour floods the
silver wall.
Less wondrous pile and less magnificent
Sommar built at Hirah, though his art
Ssea'd with one stone the ample edifice,
And made its colours, like the serpent's
skin,
Play with a changeful beauty: him, his
Jealous lest after effort might surpass
The then unequall'd palace, from its
height
Dash'd on the pavement down.

They enter'd, and through aromatic
paths
Wondering they went along.
At length, upon a mossy bank,
Beneath a tall mimosa's shade,
Which o'er him bent its living
canopy,
They saw a man reclined.
Young he appear'd, for on his cheek
there shone
The morning glow of health,
And the brown beard curl'd close around
his chin.
He slept, but at the sound
Of coming feet awaking, fix'd his eyes
In wonder, on the wanderer and her
child.
'Forgive us,' Zeinab cried,
'Distress hath made us bold.'
Relieve the widow and the fatherless!
Blessed are they who succour the
distrest;
For them hath God appointed Paradise.'

He heard, and he look'd up to heaven,
And tears ran down his cheeks:
'It is a human voice!
I thank thee, O my God! ...
How many an age hath pass'd
Since the sweet sounds have visited my
car!
I thank thee, O my God,
It is a human voice!'

To Zeinab turning then, he said,
'O mortal, who art thou,
THALABA THE DESTROYER

Whose gifted eyes have pierced
The shadow of concealment that hath
wrapt
These bowers, so many an age,
From eye of mortal man? 100
For countless years have pass’d,
And never foot of man
The bowers of Irem trod, . .
Save only I, a miserable wretch
From Heaven and Earth shut out! 17

Fearless, and scarce surprised,
For grief in Zeinab’s soul
All other feebler feelings overpower’d,
She answer’d, ‘ ... race. I am a widow now,
Of all my off spring this alone is left. Praise to the Lord our God,
He gave, He takes away! ’

Then said the stranger, ‘ Not by Heaven unseen,
[reach’dÑor in unguided wanderings, hast thou
This secret place, be sure!Ñor for light purpose is the veil,
That from the Universe has long shut
These ancient bowers, withdrawn. Hear thou my words, O mortal, in thine heart
Treasure what I shall tell; And when amid the world
Thou shalt emerge again, 
Repeat the warning tale, [make
Why have the fathers suffer’d, but to
The children wisely safe? 20

Boy, who hast reach’d my solitude,
Fear the Lord in the days of thy youth! My knee was never taught
To bend before my God; My voice was never taught
To shape one holy prayer. 23

We worship’d Idols, wood and stone,
The work of our own foolish hands,
We worship’d in our foolishness;
Vainly the Prophet's voice
Its frequent warning raised, “ Repent and be forgiven!” . . .
We mock’d the messenger of God.
We mock’d the Lord, long-suffering,
Slow to wrath. 25

The Paradise of Irem this,
And this that wonder of the world,
The Palace built by Shedad in his pride.
Alas! in the days of my youth,
The hum of mankind
Was heard in yon wilderness waste;
O’er all the winding sands
The tents of Ad were pitch’d;
Happy Al-Ahkáf then,
For many and brave were her sons,
Her daughters were many and fair.

The Garden, . . copious springs
Blest that delightful spot,
And every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet.
He spake, and bade the full-grown forest rise,
His own creation; should the King
Wait for slow Nature’s work?
And every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet.
He spake, and bade the full-grown forest rise,
His own creation; should the King
Wait for slow Nature’s work?

Then to the Place of Concourse messengers came,
Were sent, to Mecca, where the nations
Round the Red Hillace kneeling, to
implore
God in his favour’d place.

Than that before whose gate
The lightning of the Cherub’s fiery sword
Waves wide to bar access.
Since Adam, the transgressor, thence
was driven.
Here, too, would Shedad build
A kingly pile sublime,
The palace of his pride.
For this exhausted mines
Supplied their golden store; 240
For this the central caverns gave their
gems;
For this the woodman’s axe
Open’d the cedar forest to the sun:
The silkworm of the East
Spun her sepulchral egg;

The hunter Afri [rage;
Provok’d the danger of the Elephant’s
The Ethiop, keen of scent,
Detects the ebony,
That deep-inearth’d, and hating light,
A leafless tree and barren of all fruit,
With darkness feeds its boughs of raven
grain.
[pile; Such were the treasures lavish’d in yon
Ages have pass’d away,
And never mortal eye
Gazed on their vanity.

The wells and fountains fail’d.
Ohard of heart, in whom the punishment
Awake no sense of guilt! Headstrong to ruin, obstinately blind,
We to our Idols still applied for aid;
Sakia we invoked for rain,
We called on Razeca for food;
They did not hear our prayers, they
could not hear! No cloud appear’d in Heaven,
No nightly dews came down.

Then to the Place of Concourse messengers came,
Were sent, to Mecca, where the nations
Round the Red Hillace kneeling, to
implore
God in his favour’d place.

The labour and the pain of multitudes, . .
Maturom in beauty, bore them. 271
Here, frequent in the walks
The marble statue stood
Of heroes and of chiefs.
The trees and flowers remain,
By Nature’s care perpetuate and self-
known. [trace
The marble statues long have lost all
Of heroes and of chiefs;
Huge shapeless stones they lie,
O’ergrown with many a flower. 280

The work of pride went on;
Often the Prophet’s voice
Denounced impending woe;
We mock’d it at the words of the Seer.
We mock’d at the wrath of the Lord.
A long-continued drought first troubled us;
Three years no cloud had form’d,
Three years no rain had fallen;
The wholesome herb was dry.
The corn matured not for the food of
man, 290
The wells and fountains fail’d.
Ohard of heart, in whom the punishment
Awake no sense of guilt!
Headstrong to ruin, obstinately blind,
We to our Idols still applied for aid;
Sakia we invoked for rain,
We called on Razeca for food;
They did not hear our prayers, they
could not hear! No cloud appear’d in Heaven,
No nightly dews came down.
THALABA THE DESTROYER

The soul ascends to him.

We sent to call on God.

Meantime the work of pride went on.

"Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the Lord,"

"The Day of Visitation was at hand,

"Ye must have heard their fame; or likely ye have seen"

"Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts"

"The unbelieving ones.

"0 Ad! my country! evil was the day that thy unhappy sons"

The baby wonders of a woman's work.

Compared with yonder fabric, and they shrink.

THE FIRST BOOK

We sent to call on God; [earth

Ah fools! unthinking that from all the

We went to call on God; [heaven

Ah fools! to think the Lord

Who made no prayers at home!

'Meantime the work of pride went on,

"Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the Lord;"

The Prophet Houd exclaimed;

"Turn men of Ad, and look to Heaven,

We bow'd the impious knee."

"Should thou dream, old man, or art thou drunk with wine?"

"The unbelieving ones.

I too, of stubborn unbelieving heart,

The fearf ul hour of Judgement hastened on.

"I must have heard their fame; or likely ye have seen"

"Here emerald columns o'er the marble courts"

Impious! the Trees of vegetable gold

Such as in Eden's groves

Impious! he made his boast, though Heaven had hid

So deep the baneful ore, [him,

And re-create for him what'er

Was lost in Paradise.

Therefore at Shedad's voice

Here towards the palm, a silver trunk, the fine gold net-work growing out

Loose from its rugged boughs.

Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here

Rose the gold branches, hung with emerald leaves,

Blossom'd with pearls, and rich with ruby fruit.

"0 Ad! my country! evil was the day that thy unhappy sons"

Crouch'd at this Nimrod's throne,

And laid their liberties beneath his feet, Robbing their children of the heritage.

Their fathers handed down.

What was to him the squander'd wealth?

What was to him the burdens of the land,

The lavish'd misery?

He did but speak his will, And, like the blasting Siroc of the sands,

The ruin of the royal voice Found its way every-where.

I marvel not that he, whose power No earthly law, no human feeling curb'd,

Mock'd at the living God!

And now the King's command went forth [young,

Among the people, biding old and Husband and wife, the master and the slave,

All the collected multitudes of Ad, 439

Here to repair, and hold high festival, That they should branch and bud for

That art should force their blossoms and their fruit,

And re-create for him what'er

Was lost in Paradise.

Hither they came, the old man and the boy,

Husband and wife, the master and the slave,

Hither they came. From yonder high tower top,

The loftiest of the Palace, Shedad look'd Down on his tribe; their tents on yonder sands

Rose like the countless billows of the sea;

Their tread and voices like the ocean roar,
30 THALABA THE DESTROYER

One deep confusion of tumultuous sounds.
They saw their King's magnificence, beheld His palace sparkling like the Angel Of Paradise, his Garden like the bowers Of early Eden, and they shouted out, "Great is the King! a God upon the earth!"

34 'Intoxicate with joy and pride, He heard their blasphemies; And in his wantonness of heart he bade The Prophet Houd be brought; And o'er the marble courts, And o'er the gorgeous rooms Glittering with gems and gold, He led the Man of God. "Is not this a stately pile?" cried the monarch in his joy. "Hath ever thought conceived, Place more magnificent?"

35 The Prophet heard his vaunt, And, with an aweful smile, he answer'd him, "O Shedad! only in the hour of death We learn to value things like these aright."

36 'Hast thou a fault to find In all thine eyes have seen?" Look at the riches round, And value them aright, If so thy wisdom can."

37 'I was beside the Monarch when he spake; Gentle the Prophet spake, But in his eye there dwelt A sorrow that disturb'd me while I gazed. The countenance of Shedad fell, And anger sat upon his paler lips. He to the high tower top the Prophet led, And pointed to the multitude, And as again they shouted out, "Great is the King! a God upon the Earth!" With dark and threatful smile to Houd he turn'd, "Say they aright, O Prophet? is the King Great upon earth, a God among mankind?"

38 'Suddenly an uproar rose, A cry of joy below; "The messenger is come! Kall from Mecca comes, He brings the boon obtain'd!"

39 'Forth as we went we saw where overhead There hung a deep black cloud, To which the multitude With joyful eyes look'd up, And blest the coming rain. The Messenger address the King And told his tale of joy.

40 "To Mecca I repair'd, By the Red Hillock knelt, And call'd on God for rain, My prayer ascend'd, and was heard; Three clouds appear'd in heaven, One white, and like the flying cloud of noon, [beams, One red, as it had drunk the evening One black and heavy with its load of rain. A voice went forth from Heaven, 'Choose, Kall, of the three! I thank'd the gracious Power, And chose the black cloud, heavy with its wealth." "Right! right!" a thousand tongues exclaim'd. And all was merriment and joy.

41 Then stood the Prophet up, and cried aloud, "Woe, woe to Irem! woe to Ad! Death is gone up into her palaces! A day of guilt and punishment; A day of desolation!" -As he spake, His large eye roll'd in horror, and so deep His tone, it seem'd some Spirit from within Breathed through his moveless lips the unearthly voice. All looks were turn'd to him. "O Ad!" he cried, "Dear native land, by all remembrances Of childhood, by all joys of manhood dear; O Vale of many Waters; morn and night [grave My age must groan for you, and to the Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy fruits, [will ripen, But who shall gather them? They shall tread the wine-press! Fly the wrath, [alive! Ye who would live and save your souls For strong is his right hand that bends the Bow, The Arrows that he shoots are sharp, And err not from their aim!"

43 'With that a faithful few Frost through the throng to join him. Then arose Mockery and mirth; "Go, bald head!" and they mix'd [once Curses with laughter. He set forth, yet Look'd back to his eye fell on me, and he call'd [fled; "Aswad!... it startled me... it terri- "Aswad! again he call'd... and I almost [soon! Had follow'd him... O moment fled too O moment irrecoverably lost! The shouts of mockery made a coward of me; He went, and I remain'd in fear of Man!"

44 'He went, and darker grew The deepening cloud above. At length it open'd, and... O God! O God! There were no waters there! There fell no kindly rain! The Sarsar from its womb went forth, The Icy Wind of Death.

45 'They fell round me; thousands fell around, The King and all his people fell; All! all! they perish'd all! I... only I... was left. There came a Voice to me and said, "In the Day of Visitation, In the fearful hour of Judgement, God hath remember'd thee!"
32

THALABA THE DESTROYER

46

When from an agony of prayer I rose, And from the scene of death Attempted to go forth, The way was open, I could see No barrier to my steps. But round these bowers the Arm of God Had drawn a mighty chain, A barrier that no human force might break.

47

Twice I essay'd to pass; With that a Voice was heard, "O Aswad, be content, and bless the Lord! One charitable deed hath saved Thy soul from utter death. O Aswad, sinful man!

48

A miserable man From Earth and Heaven shut out, I heard the dreadful Voice. I look'd around my prison-place, The bodies of the dead were there, Where'er I look'd they lay.

49

These ancient trees renew'd; What countless generations of mankind Have risen and fallen asleep, And I remain the same! My garment hath not waxen old, And the sole of my shoe is not worn.

50

'Sinner that I have been, I dare not offer up a prayer to die. O merciful Lord God! . . But when it is thy will, When I have atoned For mine iniquities, And sufferings have made pure My soul with sin defiled, Release me in thine own good time; . . I will not cease to praise thee, O my God!'

51

Silence ensued awhile; Then Zeinab answer'd him; 'Blessed art thou, O Aswad! for the Lord, Who saved thy soul from Hell, . .'

52

She ceased; and the rushing of wings Was heard in the stillness of night, And Azrael, the Death-Angel, stood before them. His countenance was dark, Solemn, but not severe, It saved, but struck no terror to the heart. 'Zeinab, thy wish is heard! Azrael, thine hour is come!' They fell upon the ground and blest the voice; And Azrael from his sword Let fall the drops of bitterness and death.

53

'Son of Hodeirah! the Death-Angel said, 'It is not yet the hour. Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth To avenge thy father's death, To work the mightiest enterprize That mortal man hath wrought. Live! and remember Destiny HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!'

54

'Hath mark'd thee to him in his own good time. And would that when my soul Breathed up the wish to die, Azrael might visit me! Then would I follow where my babes are gone, And join Hodeirah now!'
THALABA THE DESTROYER

5
A Teraph stood against the cavern-side,
A new-born infant's head.
Which Khawla at its hour of birth had seized,
And from the shoulders wrung.
It stood upon a plate of gold,
An unclean Spirit's name inscrib'd beneath.
The cheeks were deathly dark,
Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull;
The lips were bluey pale;
Only the eyes had life,
They gleam'd with demon light.

6
'Tell me!' quoth Khawla, 'is the Fire gone out
That threats the Masters of the Spell?'
The dead lips moved and spake,
The Masters of the Spell.'

7
'Curse thee, Okba! ' Khawla cried,
As to the den the Sorcerer came;
He bore the dagger in his hand,
Red from the murder of Hodeirah's race.
'Bethold those unextinguish'd flames!'
The Fire still burns that threats
The Masters of the Spell!

8
The Murderer, answering, said,
'O versed in all enchanted lore,
Thou better knowest Okba's soul!
Eight blows I struck, eight home-driven blows,
Needed no second stroke.
Ye frown at me as if the will had fail'd;
As if ye did not know
My double danger from Hodeirah's race,
The deeper hate I feel, [arm!]
The stronger motive that inspir'd my
Ye frown as if my hasty fault,
My ill-directed blow,
Had spared the enemy;
And not the Stars that would not give,
And not your feeble spells
That could not force, the sign
Which of the whole was he.
Did ye not bid me strike them all?
Said ye not root and branch should be destroy'd? I heard Hodeirah's dying groan,
I heard his Children's shriek of death,
And sought to consummate the work;
But o'er the two remaining lives
A cloud unpierceable had risen,

9
Khawla to the Teraph turn'd,
Tell me where the Prophet's hand
Hides our destined enemy?
The dead lips spake again,
'Ver the den the Fire Its fearful splendour cast,
The broad base rolling up in wavy streams, [spreads
Bright as the summer lightning when it
Its glory o'er the midnight heaven.
The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,
Which like two twinkling stars
Shone in the darkness late.
The Sorcerers on each other gazed,
And every face, all pale with fear,
And ghastly, in that light was seen
Like a dead man's by the sepulchral lamp.

10
Even Khawla, fiercest of the enchanter brood,
Not without effort drew
Her fear-suspended breath.
Thou art mighty, O Son of Abdallah!
But who is he of woman born
That shall vie with the might of Eblis?
That shall rival the Prince of the Morning?

11
It quiver'd, it was quench'd.
One Flame alone was left,
A pale blue Flame that trembled on the floor,
[A hovering light, upon whose shrinking
The darkness seem'd to press.
Stronger it grew, and spread
Its lucid swell around,
Extending now where all the ten had stood
With lustre more than all.

12
At that portentous sight
The Children of Evil trembled,
And terror smote their souls.
Over the den the Fire
Its fearful splendour cast,
The broad base rolling up in wavy streams, [spreads
Bright as the summer lightning when it
Its glory o'er the midnight heaven.
The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,
Which like two twinkling stars
Shone in the darkness late.
The Sorcerers on each other gazed,
And every face, all pale with fear,
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But who is he of woman born
That shall vie with the might of Eblis?
That shall rival the Prince of the Morning?

14
She said, and raised her skinny hand
As in defiance to high Heaven,
And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,
And spake aloud the words of power,
The Spirits heard her call,
Her Demon Minister.

15
Mistress of the mighty Spell,
Not on Ocean, not on Earth,
Only eyes that view Allah's glory-throne,
Said ye not root and branch should be destroy'd?

16
Bring the dead Hodeirah here,
Khawla cried, ' and he shall tell!'
The Demon heard her bidding, and was gone.
A moment pass'd, and at her feet
Hodeirah's corpse was laid;
His hand still held the sword he grasp'd in death.

17
The Sorceress look'd, and with a smile
That kindled to more fiendishness
'Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?
Is thy soul in Zemzem-well?
Is it in the Eden groves ?

18
Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?
Is thy soul in Zemzem-well?
Is it in the Eden groves?
36 THALABA THE DESTROYER

Waits it for the judgement-blast
In the trump of Israfil ?
Is it, plumed with silver wings,
Underneath the throne of God ?
Even though beneath His throne,
Hodeirah, thou shalt hear
Thou shalt obey my voice !

She said, and mutter'd charms which
Hell in fear,
And Heaven in horror heard.
Soon the stiff eye-balls roll'd,
The muscles with convulsive motion shook,
The white lips quiver'd. Khawla saw,
Exulted, and she cried,
' Prophet! behold my power !'

Not even death secures
Thy slaves from Khawla's spell
Where, Hodeirah, is thy child ?
Hodeirah groan'd and closed his eyes,
As if in the night and the blindness of death
He would have hid himself.

' Speak to my question ! ' she exclaim'd,
' Or in that mangled body thou shalt live
Ages of torture! Answer me !
Where can we find the boy ?

' God! God! ' Hodeirah cried,
' Release me from this life,
From this intolerable agony !

With this he sought the inner den
Where burnt the Eternal Fire.

Unturban'd and unsandal'd there,
Abdal'dar stood before the Flame,
And held the Ring beside, and spake
The language that was con-
Gem of the gem, its living Eye of fire.

A penal orb of Fire.

Now go thy way, Abdaldar !
Over Arabia
Seek the Destroyer !
Over the sands of the scorching Tehama,
Over the waterless mountains of Nayd ;
In Arud pursue him, and Yemen the happy.

From tribe to tribe, from town to town,
From tent to tent, Abdaldar pass'd.

From visions still the same.
Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the Ring ;
And still the imprisoned Fire
Within its crystal socket lay comprest,
Impatient to be free.

At length to the cords of a tent,
That were stretch'd by an Island of Palms,
In the desolate sea of the sands,
The seemingly traveller came.

Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a Damsel stood;
She held her ready robe,
And look'd towards a Boy,
Who from the tree above,
With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd dates.
When raising from the cup his moisten'd lips, [drank again.
The stranger smiled, and praised, and

35 Whither is gone the Boy? He had pierced the Melon's pulp, And closed with wax the wound; And he had duly gone at morn And watch'd its ripening rind, 350 And now all joyfully he brings The treasure now matured;
His dark eyes sparkling with a boy's delight, As out he pours its liquid lusciousness, And proffers to the guest.

36 Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied; And now his tongue discoursed Of regions far remote, As one whose busy feet had travell'd The father of the family, 360 With a calm eye and quiet smile, Sate pleased to hearken him. Tho Damsel who removed the meal, She loiter'd on the way, And listen'd with full hands A moment motionless.

37 All eagerly the Boy Watches the Traveller's lips; And still the wily man With seemly kindness, to the eager Boy Directs his winning tale. Ah, cursed one! if this be he, If thou hast found the object of thy search, Thy hate, thy bloody aim, Into what deep damnation wilt thou plunge Thy miserable soul! 38

38 Look! how his eye delighted watches thine! . . Look! how his open lips

39 Gape at the winning tale! . . And nearer now he comes. 390 To lose no word of that delightful talk, Then, as in familiar mood, Upon the stripling's arm The Sorcerer laid his hand, And the Fire of the Crystal fied.

40 While the sudden shoot of joy Made pale Abdaldar's cheek, The Master's voice was heard; ' It is the hour of prayer, . . My children, let us purify ourselves, And praise the Lord our God! ' 391 The Boy the water brought; After the law they purified themselves, And bent their faces to the earth in prayer.

41 All, save Abdaldar; over Thalaba He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy. Before his lifted arm received Its impulse to descend, The Blast of the Desert came. Prostrate in prayer, the pious family Felt not the Simoom pass. 4

42 They rose, and lo! the Sorcerer lying dead, Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.

THE THIRD BOOK

Time will produce events of which thou canst have no idea; and he to whom thou gavest no commission, will bring thee unexpected news.—Moalakat, Poem of Farewell

1 Thalaba Oneiza, look! the dead man has a ring... Should it be buried with him?

Oneiza Oh yes . . yes! [needs A wicked man! whatever is his must Be wicked too!

2 THALABA But see... the sparkling stone? How it hath caught the glory of the Sun, And shots it back again in lines of light!

20 Why do you take it from him, Thalaba? And look at it so close... it may have charms

21 To blind, or poison... throw it in the grave!

20 I would not touch it!

20 Thalaba And around its rim Strange letters...

20 Oneiza Bury it... oh! bury it!

20 Thalaba It is not written as the Koran is: Some other tongue perchance; the accursed man

20 Said he had been a traveller.

20 Moath (coming from the tent) Thalaba, What hast thou there?

20 Thalaba A ring the dead man wore; Perhaps, my father, you can read its meaning.

20 Moath No, Boy... the letters are not such as ours.

30 Heap the sand over it! a wicked man Wears nothing holy.

30 Thalaba Nay! not bury it!

30 It may be that some traveller, who shall enter Our tent, may read it: or we approach Cities where strangers dwell and learned men. They may interpret.
It were better hid
Under the desert sands. This wretched man,
Whom God hath smitten in the very
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the Demons use.

Bury it! bury it, dear Thalaba!

Such cursed men there are upon the earth,
In league and treaty with the Evil
The covenanted enemies of God
And of all good; dear purchase have they made
Of rule and riches, and their life-long
Masters, yet slaves of Hell. Beneath the
roots
Of Ocean, the Domedaniel caverns lie,
Their impious meeting; there they learn the
words
Unutterable by man who holds his
hope [and let
Of heaven; there brood the pestilence,
The earthquake loose.

And he who would have kill'd me
Was one of these!

I know not; but it may be
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name
Is written their Destroyer, and for this
Thy life by yonder miserable man
So sought, so saved by interfering
Heaven.

And who would have kill'd me
Was one of these?

I know not; but it may be
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name
Is written their Destroyer, and for this
Thy life by yonder miserable man
So sought, so saved by interfering
Heaven.

Moath

Conscious of poison, or with sudden
change
Of darkness, warn the wearer; some
preserve
From spells, or blunt the hostile
weapon's edge;
Some open rocks and mountains, and
lay bare [sight
Their buried treasures; others make the
Strong to perceive the presence of
these Beings [empty air
Through whose pure essence as through
The unaided eye would pass;
And in yon stone I deem
Some such mysterious quality resides.

Thalaba

My father, I will wear it.

Thalaba!

In God's name, and the Prophet's be
its power [evil,
Good, let it serve the righteous; if for
God, and my trust in Him, shall hallow it.

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse.
Andlovell'd over him the desert dust.

The Sun arose, ascending from beneath
The horizon's circling line.
As Thalaba to his ablutions went,
Lo! the grave open, and the corpse ex-
posed!
It was not that the winds of night
Had swept away the sands which
cover'd it;
For heavy with the undried dew
The desert dust lay dark and close
around;
And the night air had been so calm and
It had not from the grave
Shaken a ripe date down.

When from the Isle of Palms they went
their way;
And when the Sun had reach'd his
southern height,
As back they turn'd their eyes,
The distant Palms arose
Like to the top-sails of some fleet far-off
Distantly seen, where else
The Ocean bounds had blended with the
sky;
And when the eve came on,
The sight returning reach'd the grove no
more.
They planted the pole of their tent,
And they laid them down to repose.

At midnight Thalaba started up,
For he felt that the ring on his finger
was moved;
He call'd on Allah aloud,
And he call'd on the Prophet's name.
Moath arose in alarm;
'What ails thee, Thalaba? ' he cried,
'Is the robber of night at hand!
'Dost thou not see, ' the youth ex-
claim'd,
'A Spirit in the tent!' Moath look'd round and said,
'The moon-beam shines in the tent,
I see thee stand in the light,
And thy shadow is black on the ground.

Thalaba answer'd not.
'Spirit! ' he cried, 'what brings thee
here?
In the name of the Prophet, speak, 150
In the name of Allah, obey! '  
He ceased, and there was silence in the
tent.
'Dost thou not hear? ' quoth Thalaba;
The listening man replied,
'I hear the wind, that flaps
The curtain of the tent.'
"The Ring! the Ring!" the youth exclaimed. "For that the Spirit of Evil comes; By that I see, by that I hear. In the name of God, I ask thee. Who was he that slew my father?"

DEMON: Master of the powerful Ring! Okba, the dread Magician, did the deed.

THALABA: Where does the Murderer dwell?

DEMON: In the Domdaniel caverns, Under the Roots of the Ocean.

THALABA: Why were my Father and my brethren slain?

DEMON: We knew from the race of Hodeirali The destined Destroyer would come.

THALABA: Bring me my father's sword!

DEMON: A Fire surrounds the fatal sword; No Spirit or Magician's hand Can pierce that fated Flame.

THALABA: Bring me his bow and his arrows!

Dealing with sudden burst of anger, Now in the agony of tears, And now with flashes of prophetic joy, What had been pity became reverence then, And, like a sacred trust from Heaven, The Old Man cherish'd him. Now, with a father's love, Child of his choice, he loved the Boy, And, like a father, to the Boy was dear. Oneiza call'd him brother; and the youth More fondly than a brother loved the maid; The loveliest of Arabian maidens she. How happily the years Of Thalaba went by!

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven, That in a lonely tent had cast The lot of Thalaba; There might his soul develope best Its strengthening energies; There might he from the world Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate, Till at the written hour he should be found Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled In that beloved solitude! Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening breeze Flow with cool current o'er his cheek? Or comes the Father of the Rains From his caves in the uttermost West, Comes he in darkness and storms? When the blast is loud; When the waters fill The traveller's tread in the sands; When the pouring shower Streams adown the roof; When the door-curtain hangs in heavier folds; When the cut-strain'd tent flags loosely; Within there is the embers' cheerful glow, The sound of the familiar voice, The song that lightens toil, Domestick Peace and Comfort are within. Under the common shelter, on dry sand. The quiet Camels ruminate their head; The lengthening cord from Meath falls, As patiently the Old Man Entwines the strong palm-fibres; by the hearth. The Damsel shakes the coffee-grains, That with warm fragrance fill the tent; And while, with dexterous fingers, Thalaba Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet. Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig, Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake. Or when the winter torrent rolls Down the deep-channel'd rain-course, foamingly, Dark with its mountain spoils, With bare feet pressing the wet sand, There wanders Thalaba, The rushing flow, the flowing roar, Filling his yielded faculties, A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy. Or fingers it a vernal brook Gleaming o'er yellow sands? Beneath the lofty bank reclined,
THALABA THE DESTROYER

With idle eye he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow;
While in the breathings of the stirring gale,
The tall cane bend above,
Floating like streamers on the wind.
Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; God hath given Enough, and blessed him with a mind
No hoarded gold disquieted...full udders to the Damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues;
And lo! had seen his robe Grow in Oneiza's loom.

'Tis the cool evening hour:
The Tamarind from the dew Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their tent the mat is spread;
The Old Man's solemn voice Intones the holy Book.

Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the Tent.

For which the silver rings Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms, Shone daily brighten'd? for a brother's Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimm'd the lamp, And through the veins and delicate skin The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day Wreathed the red flower-crown round Their waves of glossy jet?

Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy,
Singing with agitated face And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
A tale of love and woe;
Then, if the brightening Moon that lit his face,
In darkness favour'd hers, [say,
Oh! even with such a look, as fables
The Mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,
That intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tenderness.

Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth, So motionless, with such an ardent gaze...
Save when from her full eyes She wipes away the swelling tears That dim his image there.

And goats that, morn and eve, Came with full udders to the Damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues;
And lo! had seen his robe Grow in Oneiza's loom.

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Rest on the pillar of the Tent.

For which the silver rings Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms, Shone daily brighten'd? for a brother's Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimm'd the lamp, And through the veins and delicate skin The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day Wreathed the red flower-crown round Their waves of glossy jet?

Or if he strung the pearls of Poesy,
Singing with agitated face And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
A tale of love and woe;
Then, if the brightening Moon that lit his face,
In darkness favour'd hers, [say,
Oh! even with such a look, as fables
The Mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,
That intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tenderness.

Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth, So motionless, with such an ardent gaze...
Save when from her full eyes She wipes away the swelling tears That dim his image there.

With deeper influence from the Imam's voice,
Where in the day of congregation, crowds
Perform the duty-task?
Their Father is their Priest,
The Stars of Heaven their point of prayer, And the blue Firmament
The glorious Temple, where they feel
The present Deity.

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Save when from her full eyes She wipes away the swelling tears That dim his image there.

THE THIRD BOOK

For with no feeble hand, nor erring aim, Oneiza could let loose the obedient shaft. With head back-bending, Thalaba Shot up the simless arrow high in air, Whose line in vain the aching sight pursued, Lost in the depth of Heaven. 'When will the hour arrive,' exclain'd the youth, 'That I shall aim these fated shafts To vengeance long delay'd?' Have I not strength, my father, for the deed? Or can the will of Providence Be mutable like man? Shall I never be call'd to the task?'

'Tis the cool evening hour:
The Tamarind from the dew Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their tent the mat is spread;
The Old Man's solemn voice Intones the holy Book.

Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the Tent.

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46

THALABA THE DESTROYER

31

Behold the mighty army! Moath cried,
Blindly they move, impell'd
By the blind Element.
And yonder birds our welcome visitors,
See! where they soar above the embodi'd host,
Pursue their way, and hang upon the rear,
And thin the spreading flanks.
Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest thou
The scent of water on some Syrian
Placed with priest-mummery and fantastick rites,
Which fool the multitude, hath led them
From far Khorassan? Allah who appoints
Yon swarms to be a punishment of man,
These also liath he doom'd to meet their way:
Both passive instruments
Of his all-acting will,
Sole mover He, and only spring of all.

While thus he spake, Oneiza's eye looks up
Where one toward her flew,
Satiate, for so it seem'd, with sport and food.
The Bird flew over her,
And as he pass'd above,
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell;
It fell upon the Maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

The admiring girl survey'd
Where one toward her flew,
Satiate, for so it seem'd, with sport and food.
The Bird flew over her,
And as he pass'd above,
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell;
It fell upon the Maiden's robe,
And feebly there it stood, recovering slow.

His glossy gorget bright,
Green glittering in the sun;
His plumy pliant horns,
That, nearer as she gazed,
Bent tremblingly before her breath.
She mark'd his yellow-circled front
With lines mysterious vol'nd;
And, 'know'st thou what is here inscribed,
My father?' said the Maid.

Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
Are in the letters of the Ring.
Nature's own language written here.'

The youth bent down, and suddenly
He started, and his heart
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,
For these mysterious lines were legible,
When the sun shall be darkened at noon,
Son of Hodriah, depart.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines aloud;
The Locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.

Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?
Who then was troubled but the Arabian Maid?
And Moath sad of heart,
Though with a grief suppress'd, beheld the youth
Sharpen his arrows now,
And now new-plume their shafts,
Now, to beguile impatient hope,
Feel every sharpen'd point.

The day grows dark, the birds retire to rest:
Forth from her shadowy haunt
Flies the large-headed screamer of the night.
Far off the affrighted African,
Deeming his God deceased,
Falls on his knees in prayer,
And trembles as he sees
The fierce hyena's eyes
Glare in the darkness of that dreadful noon.

Then Thalaba exclaim'd, 'Farewell,
My father! my Oneiza!' the Old Man
Felt his throat swell with grief.
'Where wilt thou go, my child?' he cried,
'Will thou not wait a sign
To point thy destined way?
'God will conduct me!' said the faithful youth.

He said, and from the tent,
In the depth of the darkness departed.
They heard his parting steps,
The quiver rattling as he pass'd away.

THE FOURTH BOOK

—Fas est queque brute
Telluri, doctilem montibus conditibus esse.
Manubrum Constantinum.

1

Whose is yon dawning form,
That in the darkness meets
The delegated youth?

Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon,
Or pale reflection on the evening brook
Of glow-worm on the bank,
Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

A moment, and the brightening image
Shaped [she cried,
His Mother's form and features.
'Go,'
'To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
What talisman thy task requires.'

The Spirit hung toward him when she ceased,
As though with actual lips she would have given
A mother's kiss. His arms outstretch'd,
His body bending on
His mouth unclose'd and trembling into speech,
'Prep me again behold thee!' from the darkness

His Mother's voice went forth;
'Should shalt behold me in the hour of death.'
Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,  
The Sun comes forth, and like a god  
Rides through rejoicing heaven.  
Old Moath and his daughter, from their tent,  
Beheld the adventurous youth,  
Dark-moving o'er the sands,  
A lessening image, trembling through their tears.  
Visions of high emprise  
Reguiled his lonely road;  
And if sometimes to Moath's tent  
The involuntary mind recur'd,  
Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,  
Pictured the bliss should welcome his return.  
In dreams like these he went,  
And still of every dream  
Oneiza form'd a part,  
And hope and memory made a mingled joy.  

In the eve he arrived at a Well;  
An Acacia bent over its side,  
Under whose long light-hanging boughs  
He chose his night's abode.  
There, due ablutions made,  
Pervious of the solitudes and the solitude recall'd  
Dear recollections; and with folded arms,  
Thinking of other days, he sate, till thought  
Had left him, and the Acacia's moving shade  
Upon the sunny sand,  
His idle eye;  
And his awaken'd ear  
Heard the grey Lizard's chirp,  
The only sound of life.  

As thus in vacant quietness he sate,  
A Traveller on a Camel reached the Well,  
And courteous greeting gave.  
The mutual salutations past,  
He by the cistern too his garment spread  
And friendly converse cheer'd the social meal.  

The Stranger was an ancient man,  
Yet one whose green old age  
Bore the fair characters of temperate youth:  
So much of manhood's strength his limbs retain'd,  
It seem'd he needed not the staff he  
His beard was long, and grey, and crisp;  
Lively his eyes and quick,  
And reaching over them  
The large broad eye-brow curl'd.  
His speech was copious, and his winning words  
Enrich'd with knowledge, that the attentive listening with a thirsty joy.  

So in the course of talk,  
The adventurer youth enquired  
Whither his course was bent?  
The Old Man answered, 'To Bagdad I go.'  
At that so welcome sound, a flash of joy  
Kindled the eye of Thalaba;  
'And I too,' he replied,  
'I am journeying thatitherward;  
Let me become companion of thy way!'  
Courteous the Old Man smiled,  
And willingly assent.  

Old Man  
It is a noble city that we seek.  
Thou wilt behold magnificent palaces,  
And lofty minarets, and high-domed Mosques,  
And rich Bazaars, whither from all the world  
Industrious merchants meet, and mar.  
The World's collected wealth.  

Thalaba  
Stands not Bagdad  
Near to the site of ancient Babylon  
And Nimrod's impious temple?  

Old Man  
From the walls  
'Tis but a long day's distance.  

Thalaba  
And the ruins?  

Old Man  
A mighty mass remains; enough to tell us  
How great our fathers were, how little we.  
Men are not what they were; their crimes and follies  
Have dwarf'd them down from the old hero race  
To such poor things as we!  

Thalaba  
At Babylon  
I have heard the Angels expiate their guilt,  
Haruth and Maruth.  

Old Man  
'Tis a history  
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale.  
Which children open-eyed and mouth'd devour;  
And thus as garrulous ignorance  
We learn it and believe. . . But all things feel [and grass  
The power of Time and Change; thistles

Old Man  
I know the rest. The accused Spirits were call'd;  
Unable of defence, and penitent,
They own'd their crime, and heard the doom deserved.
Then they besought the Lord, that not for ever
His wrath might be upon them; and
imprisoned
That penal ages might at length restore them. [Babylon, 
Clean from offence; since then by
In the cavern of their punishment, they
dwell.
Runs the conclusion so?

THALABA
So I am taught.

OLD MAN
The common tale! And likely thou hast heard
How that the bold and bad, with impious rites
Intrude upon their penitence, and force, 
Albeit from loathing and reluctant lips,
The sorcery-secret?

THALABA
Is it not the truth?

OLD MAN
Son, thou hast seen the Traveller in the sands
Move through the dizzy light of hot noon-day,
Huge as the giant race of elder times;
And his Camel, than the monstrous Elephant,
Seem of a vaster bulk.

THALABA
A frequent sight.

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THALABA
A frequent sight.
Should we for this forego The needful element? Because the scorching summer Sun Darts its fierce rays, would'st thou quench the orb of day? Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger Iron to till the field, because when man Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he rush'd A murderer to the war? Should we for this forego The needful element? Because the scorching summer Sun Darts its fierce rays, would'st thou quench the orb of day? Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger Iron to till the field, because when man Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he rush'd A murderer to the war?

THALABA
What follows hence?

LOBABA
That nothing in itself is good or evil, But only in its use. Think you the man Praiseworthy, who by painful study learns The knowledge of all simples, and their power, Healing or harmful?

THALABA
All men hold in honour The skilful Leech. From land to land he goes Safe in his privilege; the sword of war Spares him; Kings welcome him with costly gifts; And he who late had from the couch of Lifted a languid look to him for aid, Beholds him with glad eyes, and blesses him In his first thankful prayer.

LOBABA
Yet some there are Who to the purposes of wickedness Apply this knowledge, and from herbs distil Poison, to mix it in the trusted draught.

THALABA
Allah shall cast them in the eternal fire Whose fuel is the cursed! there shall they Endure the ever-burning agony.
But soon that beacon fail'd;  
A heavier mass of cloud,  
Impenetrably deep,  
Hung o'er the wilderness.  
Knowest thou the track? quoth Thalaba.  
Or should we pause, and wait the wind  
To scatter this bewildering fog?  
The Sorcerer answer'd him.  
Now let us hold right on, for if we stray,  
The Sun to-morrow will direct us.  
The Sun to-morrow will direct us.

Earlier the night came on,  
Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in heaven;  
His eyes,  
And when at morn the youth unclosed  
He knew not where to turn his face in prayer.  
What shall we do? Lobaba cried,  
The lights of heaven have ceased  
To guide us on our way.  
Should we remain and wait  
More favourable skies,  
Soon would our food and water fail us here.  
And if we venture on,  
There are the dangers of the wilderness!

Still o'er the wilderness  
Settled the moveless mist.  
The timid Antelope, that heard their steps,  
[dim light;  
Stood doubtful where to turn in that  
The Ostrich, blindly hastening, met them full.  
At night, again in hope,  
Young Thalaba lay down;  
The morning came, and not one guiding  
Through the thick mist was visible,  
The same deep moveless mist that mantled all.

Oh for the Vulture's scream,  
Who haunts for prey the abode of mankind!  
Oh for the Plover's pleasant cry  
To tell of water near!  
Oh for the Camel-driver's song  
For now the water-skin grows light,  
Though of the draught, more eagerly desired,  
[thirst.  
Imperious prudence took with sparing  
Oft from the third night's broken sleep,  
As in his dreams he heard  
The sound of rushing winds,  
Started the anxious youth, and look'd abroad.  
[dured.  
In vain! for still the deadly calm  
Another day pass'd on;  
The water-skin was drain'd;  
But then one hope arrived,  
For there was motion in the air!  
The sound of the wind arose anon,  
That scatter'd the thick mist,  
And lo! at length the lovely face of Heaven!

The herbs so fair to eye  
Were Senna, and the Gentian's blossom blue,  
And kindred plants, that with unwater'd root  
Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter  
Even frantic Famine loathed.

In uncommunicating misery  
Silent they stood.  
At length Lobaba said,  
' Son, we must slay the Camel, or we die  
For lack of water! thy young hand  
Is firm, . .  
Draw forth the knife and pierce him!'  
Wretch accurst!
The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o'er the desert with a show of
Of distant waters, mocking their distress.

The youth's parch'd lips were black,
His tongue was dry and rough,
His eyeballs red with heat.
Lobaba gazed on him with looks
That seem'd to speak of pity, and he said,
'Let me behold thy Ring;
It may have virtue that can save us yet!'
With that he took his hand
And viewed the writing close,
Then cried with sudden joy,
'It is a stone that whose bearers,
The Genii must obey!'

Then oried with sudden joy,'It is a stone that whoso bears,
The Genii must obey!'
Now raise thy voice, my Son,
And bid them in His name that here is written
Preserve us in our need.'

'Nay!' answer'd Thalaba,'Shall I distrust the providence of God?
Is it not He must save!
If Allah wills it not,
Vain were all thoughts of flight!
They had not hoped escape,
Could they have back'd the Dromedary then,
Who in his rapid race gives to the tranquil air a drowning sound.

He drew the arrow to its point,
'True to his eye it flew,
And full upon the breast
It smote the Sorcerer.
Astonish'd Thalaba beheld
The blunted point recoil.

A proud and bitter smile
Wrinkled Lobaba's cheek.
'Try once again this earthly arms!' he cried.
Rash Boy! the Power I serve
Abandons not his votaries.
It is for Allah's wretched slaves, like thou,
To serve a master, who in the hour of need
Forsakes them to their fate! I leave thee!... and he shook his staff, and call'd The Chariot of his charms.

Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle; thou hast subdued under me those that rose up against me.—Psalm xviii. 39.

When Thalaba from adoration rose,
The air was cool, the sky
With welcome clouds o'erspread,
Which soon came down in rain.

A desert Pelican had built her nest
In that deep solitude,
And following him in hope,
Saw joyful from afar
The Tiger stoop and drink.

A desert Pelican had built her nest
In that deep solitude,
And now, return'd from distant flight,
Fraught with the river-stream,
Her load of water had disburthen'd there.

A desert Pelican had built her nest
In that deep solitude,
Fill'd the swoln membrane from their plumless throat
Pendant, and bills yet soft;
And buoyant with arch'd breast,
Plung'd in unpractised stroke
The ears of their broad feet.
They, as the spotted prowler of the wild
Laps the cool wave, around their mother crowd,
And nestles underneath her outspread wings.
The spotted prowler of the wild
Lap't the cool wave, and satiate, from the nest,
Guilless of blood, withdrew.

The mother-bird had moved not,
But cowering o'er her nestlings,
Sate confident and fearless,
And watch'd the wonted guest.
But when the human visitant approach'd,
The alarmed Pelican
Retiring from that hostile shape
Gathers her young, and menaces with wings,
And forward thrusts her threatening neck.
Its feathers ruffling in her wrath,
Bold with maternal fear.

Thalaba drank, and in the water-skin
Hoarded the precious element.
Not all he took, but in the large nest left
Store that sufficed for life;
And journeying onward, blest the Carrier Bird,
And blest, in thankfulness,
Their common Father, provident for all.

With strength renew'd, and confident in faith,
The son of Hodeirah proceeds;
Till after the long toil of many a day,
At length Bagdad appear'd,
The City of his search.
He hastening to the gate,

8
But not in sumptuous Caravansery
The adventurer idles there,
Nor satiates wonder with her pomp and wealth;
A long day's distance from the walls
Stands ruined Babylon;
The time of action is at hand;
The hope that for so many a year
Hath been his daily thought, his nightly dream,
Stings to more restlessness.
He loaths all lingering that delays the hour
When, full of glory, from his quest
He on the pillar of the Tent beloved Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

9

80
Hath been the aerial Gardens, height on height
Rising like Media's mountains crown'd
Work of imperial dotage? Where the fane
Now, Of Belsus? Where the Golden Image
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Corant and schabet, harp and psaltery,

The Assyrian slaves adored?
A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
Spreads o'er the blasted plain:

The wandering Arab never sets his tent
Within her walls; the Shepherd eyes afar
Her evil towers, and devious drives his flock.

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Now, Of Belsus? Where the Golden Image
Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
Corant and schabet, harp and psaltery,
THALABA THE DESTROYER

The Moon still pale and faint:

An awful light obscure,

Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;

Long column stretching dark through

weeds and moes,

Broad length of lofty wall,

Whose windows lay in light,

And of their former shape, low arch’d or square,

Rude outline on the earth

Figured, with long grass fringed.

Reclined against a column’s broken shaft,

Unknown whitherward to bend his way,

He stood, and gazed around.

The Ruins closed him in ;

It seem’d as if no foot of man

For ages had intruded there.

Soon at approaching step

Startling, he turn’d and saw

A Warrior in the moon-beam drawing near.

Forward the Stranger came,

And with a curious eye

Perused the Arab youth.

And who art thou,’ the Stranger cried,

‘That at an hour like this

Wanderest in Babylon ?

A way-bewilder’d traveller, seekest thou

The ruinous shelter here ?

Or comest thou to hide

The plunder of the night ?

Or hast thou spells to make

These ruins, yawning from their rooted base,

Disclose their secret wealth ? ’

‘Nor wandering traveller,

Nor robber of the night,’

Nor skill’d in spells am I.

I seek the Angels here,

Haruth and Maruth. Stranger, in thy turn,

Why wanderest thou in Babylon,

And who art thou, the questioner ? ’

The man was fearless, and the temper’d pride

Which toned the voice of Thalaba

Displeased not him, himself of haughty heart.

Heedless he answered, ‘ Knowest thou

Their cave of punishment ? ’

‘ Vainly I seek it.

Point the path ! ’

Young Arab ! if thou hast a heart can beat [not

Evenly in danger; if thy bowels yearn

With human fears, at scenes where undiscouraged

The soldier tried in battle might look back

And tremble, follow me! … for I am bound

Into that cave of horrors.

Gazed on his comrade: he was young, of port

Stately and strong; belike his face

Had pleased in it

A woman’s eye; but the youth read

Unrestrain’d passions, the obdurate soul

Bold in all evil daring; and it taught,

By Nature’s irresistible instinct, doubt

Well-timed and wary. Of himself assured.

Fearless of man, and firm in faith.

‘ Lead on ! ’ cried Thalaba.

Mohareb led the way;

And through the ruin’d streets,

And through the farther gate,

They pass’d in silence on.

What sound is borne on the wind ?

Is it the storm that shakes

The thousand oaks of the forest ?

But Thalaba’s long looks

Flow down his shoulders moveless, and

In his loose mantle raises not a fold.

Is it the river’s roar

Dash’d down some rocky descent ?

Along the level plain

Euphrates glides unheard.

What sound disturbs the night,

Loud as the summer forest in the storm,

As the river that roars among rocks ?

And what the heavy cloud

That hangs upon the vale,

Thick as the mist o’er a well-water’d plain

Settling at evening, when the cooler air

Let its day-vapours fall;

Black as the sulphur-cloud,

That through Vesuvius, or from Hecla’s mouth, [fires ?

Boil their black billows up.

Silent the Arabian youth,

Along the verge of that wide lake,

Follow’d Mohareb’s way,

Toward a ridge of rocks that bank’d its side.

There from a cave, with torrent force,

And everlasting roar.

The black bitumen roll’d.

The moonlight lay upon the rocks;

Their crags were visible,

The shade of jutting cliffs,

And where broad levènes whiten’d some smooth spot.

And where the ivy hung

Its flowing tresses down.

A little way within the cave

The moonlight fell, glistening the sable tide.

That gush’d tumultuous out.

A little way it entered, then the rock

Arching its entrance, and the winding way,

Darken’d the unseen depths.

No eye of mortal man,

If unenabled by enchanted spell,

Had pierced those fearful depths;

For mingling with the roar

Of the portentous torrent, oft were heard

Shrieks, and wild yells that scared

The brooding Eagle from her midnight nest.

The affrighted countrymen

Call it the mouth of Hell ;

And ever when their way leads near

They hurry with averted eyes, [sight

And drooping their heads fast,

Pronounce the Holy Name.

There pausing at the cavern-mouth,

Mohareb turn’d to Thalaba:

‘Now darest thou enter in ? ’

‘ Behold ! ’ the youth replied,

And leading in his turn the dangerous way,

Set foot within the cave.
"Stay, Madman!" cried his comrade: 'Wouldst thou rush headlong to certain death? Where are thine arms to meet the Keeper of the Passage?" A loud shriek, that shook along the windings of the cave, Scatter'd the youth's reply.

Mohareb, when the long re-echoing ceased, Exclaim'd, 'Fate favour'd thee, Young Arab! when she wrote upon thy brow The meeting of to-night; Else surely had thy name this hour been blotted from the Book of Life!' So saying, from beneath His cloak a bag he drew: 'Young Arab! thou art brave,' he cried, 'But thus to rush on danger unprepared, a lions spring upon the hunter's spear, is blind, brute courage. Zohak keeps the cave: Against that Giant of primeval days No force can wir with the passage.' Thus he said, And from his wallet drew a human hand, Shrivell'd and dark; And fitting as he spake A taper in its hold, Pursued: 'A murderer on the stake had died! For I drove the Vulture from his limbs, and The hand that did the murder, and drew up The tendon strings to close its grasp, And in the sun and wind Parch'd it, nine weeks exposed. The Taper, but not here the place to impart, Nor hast thou undergone the rites, That fit thee to partake of the mystery. Look! it burns clear, but with the air around, Its dead ingredients mingle deathliness. This when the Keeper of the Cave shall feel, Majuge the doom of Heaven, The salutary spell Shall hush his penal agony to sleep, And leave the passage free.' Thalaba answer'd not.

Mohareb held the wither'd arm, The taper of enchanted power. The unhallow'd spell in hand unholy held, Then minister'd to mercy; heavily The wretch's eyelids closed; And welcome and unfelt, Like the release of death, A sudden sleep surpris'd his vital powers.

Yet though along the cave relax'd Lay Zohak's giant limbs, [pass, The twin-born serpents kept the narrow Kindled their fiery eyes, Darted their tongues of terror, and roll'd out Their undulating length, [ship Like the long streamers of some gallant Buoy'd on the wavy air, Still struggling to flow on, and still withheld. The scent of living flesh Inflamed their appetite. The Taper, but not here the place to impart, Nor hast thou undergone the rites, That fit thee to partake of the mystery. Look! it burns clear, but with the air around, Its dead ingredients mingle deathliness. This when the Keeper of the Cave shall feel, Majuge the doom of Heaven, The salutary spell Shall hush his penal agony to sleep, And leave the passage free.' Thalaba answer'd not. Mohareb held the wither'd arm, The taper of enchanted power. The unhallow'd spell in hand unholy held, Then minister'd to mercy; heavily The wretch's eyelids closed; And welcome and unfelt, Like the release of death, A sudden sleep surpris'd his vital powers.
Of human-kind keep this lip-righteousness!
'Twill serve thee in the Mosque
And in the Market-place.
But Spirits view the lie aright.
Only by strong and torturing spells
Those stubborn angels teach the charm
By which we must descend.

"Descend?" said Thalaba.
But then the wrinkling smile
Forsook Mohareb's cheek,
And darker feelings settled on his brow.
"Now by my soul," quoth he,
"and I believe, Idiot! that I have led
Some camel-knee'd prayer-monger through the cave!
What brings thee hither? Thou should'st have a hut [way,
By some Saint's grave beside the public
There to less-knowing fools
Retail thy Koran-seraphs,
And in thy turn die civet-like at last
In the dung-perfume of thy sanctity!

Ye whom I seek! that, led by me,
Feet you tread the highway of the Damned,
To the portal which I held before you!
Whose blood now, by your cruel murders,
Will flow in my threshing-floor:
That, henceforth, there be none but宾客
To greet the atonement of my record.

"Blasphemer! dost thou boast of guiding me?"
Quoth Thalaba, with virtuous pride
infamed,
"Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!
Sayest thou that diffident of God,
In Magic spells I trust?
Liar! let witness this!
And he drew off Abdallar's Ring,
And cast it in the gulph.
A skinny hand came up,
And caught it as it fell,
And peals of devilish laughter shook the Cave.

Then joy suffused Mohareb's cheek,
And Thalaba beheld
The blue blade gleam, descending to destroy.

The undefended youth
Sprung forward, and he seized
Mohareb in his grasp,
And grappled with him breast to breast.
Mohareb was, broad-shoulder'd, and his joints
Knit firm, and in the strife
Of danger practised well.
Time had not thus matured young Thalaba;
But high-wrought feeling now,
The inspiration and the
Strength of madmen
Of madness through his frame.
Mohareb rears before him; he right on,
With knee, with breast, with arm,
Presses the staggering foe;
And now upon the brink
Of that tremendous spring . . .
There with fresh impulse and a rush of force,
He thrust him from his hold.
The upwelling flood received
Mohareb, then, absorb'd,
Engulph'd him in the abyss.

Thalaba's breath came fast,
And panting, he breathed out
A broken prayer of thankfulness.
At length he spake and said,
"Haruth and Maruth! are ye here?
Or hath that evil guide misled my search?
I, Thalaba, the Servant of the Lord,
Invoke you. Hear me, Angels! so may Heaven
Accept and mitigate your penitence.
I go to root from earth the Sorcerer brood,
Tell me the needful Talisman!"

Thus as he spake, recumbent on the rock
Beyond the black abyss,
Their forms grew visible.

A settled sorrow sate upon their brows,.. Sorrow alone, for trace of guilt and shame
None now remain'd; and gradual as by prayer
The sin was purged away,
Their robe of glory, purified of stain,
Resumed the lustre of its native light.

In awe the youth received the answering voice,
"Son of Hodeirah! thou hast proved it here;
The Talisman is Faith."
THALABA THE DESTROYER

Pure and unmingled, from the royal steeds
Of Solomon came down.

4

The chosen Arab’s eye
Glanced o'er his graceful shape,
His rich expansions,
His crimson trappings gay.
But when he saw the month
Uncur’d, the unbridled neck.
Then his heart leapt, and then his cheek
was flush’d;

For sure he deem’d that Heaven had
A courser, whom no erring hand might guide.
And lo! the eager Steed
Threw his head and paws the ground,
Impatient of delay!

Then up leapt Thalaba,
And away went the self-govern’d courser.

5

Over the plain
Away went the steed;
With the dew of the morning his fetlocks were wet,
[of noon, The foam froth’d his limbs in the journey
Nor stay’d he til over the westerly heaven
The shadows of evening had spread.
Then on a shelter’d bank
The appointed Youth reposed,
And by him laid the doole courser down.
Again in the grey of the morning
Thalaba bounded up;
Over hill, over dale,
Away goes the steed.
Again at eve he stops,
Again the Youth alights;
His load discharge’d, his errand done,
The courser then bounded away.

6

Heavy and dark the eve;
The Moon was hid on high,
A dim light tinged the mist

The sounds which last he heard at night
Awoke his recollection first at morn.
A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.
In many windings o’er the vale
A thousand streamlets stray’d,
And in their endless course
Had intersected deep the stony soil,
With labyrinthine channels islanding
A thousand rocks, which seem’d
Amid the multitudinous waters there
Like clouds that freckle o’er the summer sky,
The blue ethereal ocean circling each,
And insulating all.

9

Those islets of the living rock
Were of a thousand shapes,
And Nature with her various tints
Diversified anew their thousand forms;
For some were green with moss,
Some ruddier tinged, or grey, or silver-white,
And some with yellow lichens glow’d like gold,
Some sparkled sparry radiance to the
Like faery music, heard at midnight,

10

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12

This was a wild and wondrous scene,
Strange and beautiful, as where
By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,
The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.
High mountains closed the vale,
Bare rocky mountains, to all living things
Inhospitable; on whose sides no herb
Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
Their echoes, save the Eagles, strong of wing,
A lonely plunderer, that afar
Sought in the vales his prey.

13

Thither toward those mountains Thalaba
Following, as he believed, the path prescribed
By Destiny, advanced.
Up a wide vale that led into their depths,
A stony vale between receding heights
Of stone, he wound his way.
A cheerful place! the solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flow there on restless wing.

14

Still Thalaba holds on;
The winding vale now narrows on his view,
And steeper of ascent.
Rightward and leftward rise the rocks,
And now they meet across the vale.
Was it the toil of human hands
Had hewn a passage in the rock,
Through whose rude portal way
The light of heaven was seen?
Rude and low the portal-way;
Beyond, the same ascending straits
Went winding up the wilds.

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,
A fearful silence, and a solitude
That made itself be felt;
And steeper now the ascent,
A rugged path, that tired
The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.

There hung a hora beside the gate,
Ivory-tipt and brazen-mouth’d;
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen-mouth he breath’d;
Like a long thunder-peal,
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast;
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclosed the passage of the rock.

There hung a horn beside the gate,
Ivory-tipped and brazen-mouth’d;
He took the ivory tip,
And through the brazen-mouth he breath’d;
Like a long thunder-peal,
From rock to rock rebounding rung the blast;
The gates of iron, by no human arm
Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow,
Disclosed the passage of the rock.

And lo! a man, reverend in comely age,
Advancing greets the youth.
‘Favour’d of Fortune,’ thus he said, ‘go taste
The joys of Paradise!’

And on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose! Far music and the distance-mellow’d song
From bowers of merriment; Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster’d henna and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill the breeze As Persis to their Sister bear, When from the summit of some lofty tree She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.

Thalaba, doubting as though an unsubstantial dream
Beguiled him, closed his eyes, And open’d them again;
And yet uncertified,
He prest them elose, and as he look’d around
Question’d the strange reality again.
He did not dream; They still were there, The glittering tents,
The odorous groves, The gorgeous palaces.

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THALABA THE DESTROYER

24

Full of the bliss, yet still awake
To wonder, on went Thalaba;
On every side the song of mirth,
The music of festivity,
Invite the passing youth.

Weared at length with hunger and with heat,
He enters in a banquet room,
Where round a fountain brink,
On silken carpets sate the festive train.

The agitated air,
The very light came cool through silvering panes [tinged;]
Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam
Or where the wine-vase fill'd the aperture,
Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist:
Through every hue, and streak'd by all, The strong essential sweetness ripens there.

Here cas'd in ice the apricot,
A topaz, crystal-set:
Here, on a plate of snow,
The sunny orange rests;
And still the sloes and the sandal-wood,
From golden censers, o'er the banquet room
Diffuse their dying sweets.

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
Their ankles bound with bracelet-bells, That made the modulating harmony.

With earnest eyes the banqueters
Fed on the sight impure:
And nature for a moment woke the thought,
And murmur'd, that, from all domestic joys
Estranged, he wander'd o'er the world
A lonely being, far from all he loved.
Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
That momentary murmur shall be written!

From tents of revelry,
From festal bowers, to solitude he ran;
And now he came where all the rills
Of that well-water'd vale, did roll their collected waves.

Strong in the evening and distinct its stream
Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample.
[shade]

Sounds of carolling came and sang,
And unveiled women bade the advancing youth
Come merry-make with them!

At night they seized me, Thalaba! in my sleep; And now she came and song, And unveil'd women bade the advancing youth

And he partook the odorous fruits,
For all rich fruits were there;
Water-carob rough of rind,
Whose pulp the thirsty lip
Dissolved into a draught;
Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil;
And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber hue,
That many a week endure
The summer sun intense, Till by its powerful heat
All watery particles exhaled, alone The strong essential sweetness...

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But Thalaba took not the draught; For rightly he knew had the Prophet forbidden That beverage, the mother of sins.

Nor did the urgent guests
Proffer a second time the liquid fire.
When the youth's strong eye they saw
No moveable resolve.

Yet not uncourteous, Thalaba
Drank the cool draught of innocence,
That fragrant from its dewy vase
Came purer than it left its native bed;

And nature for a moment woke the thought,
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THALABA

We will seek him; We will return to Araby.

ONEIZA

Alas! We should not find him, Thalaba! Our tent is desolate! the wind hath heap'd the sands within its door; the lizard's track Fresh on the untrodden dust; prowling by night.

The tiger, as he passes, hears no breath Of man, and turns to search the vacancy. Alas! he strays a wretched wanderer. His dreams are of my wretchedness, my wrongs. O Thalaba! this is a wicked place! Let us be gone!

THALABA

But how to pass again The iron doors that opening at a breath Gave easy entrance? armies in their might Would fail to move those hinges for return.

ONEIZA

But we can climb the mountains that shut in This dreadful garden.

THALABA

Are Oneiza's limbs Equal to that long toil?

ONEIZA

Oh I am strong, Dear Thalaba! for this... fear gives me strength, And you are with me!

3

So she took his hand, And gently drew him forward, and they went Toward the mountain chain.

4

It was broad moonlight, and obscure or lost

The garden beauties lay,

But the great boundary rose, distinctly mark'd.

Those were no little hills, No sloping uplands lifting to the sun Their vineyards, with fresh verdure, and the shade Of ancient woods, counting the loiterer To win the easy ascent: stone mountains these, Desolate rock on rock, The burthens of the earth, Whose snowy summits met the morning beam When night was in the vale, whose feet were fix'd Beheld In the world's foundations. Thalaba

The heights precipitous, Impending crags, rocks unascendible, And summits that had tired the eagle's wing;

'There is no way!' he said;

Paler Oneiza grew, And hung upon his arm a feebler weight.

5

But soon again to hope

Revives the Arabian Maid, As Thalaba imparts the sudden thought.

'I pass'd a river,' cried the youth, 'A full and copious stream. The flowing waters cannot be restrain'd, And where they find or force their way, There we perchance may follow; thitherward The current roll'd along.'

6

Silent and calm the river roll'd along, And at the verge arrived Of that fair garden, o'er a rocky bed Toward the mountain-base, Still full and silent, held its even way. But farther as they went its deepening sound Louder and louder in the distance rose, As if it forced its stream Struggling through crags along a narrow pass. course And lo! where raving o'er a hollow The ever-flowing flood Foams in a thousand whirlpools! There adown The perforated rock Plunge the whole waters; so precipitous, So fathomless a fall, That their earth-shaking roar came deaden'd up Like subterranean thunders.

7

'Allah save us!' Oneiza cried; 'there is no path for man From this accursed place!' And as she spake, her joints Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under her. 'Cheer up, Oneiza!' Thalaba replied; 'Bo of good heart. We cannot fly The dangers of the place, But we can conquer them!

8

And the young Arab's soul Arose within him; 'What is he,' he cried, delight, 'Who hath prepared this garden of And wherefore are its snares?'

9

The Arabian Maid replied, 'The Women, when I entered, welcomed me To Paradise, by Aladins will Chosen, like themselves, a Hour of the Earth. [pharmacies, They told me, credulous of his bless lust That Aladins placed them to reward His faithful servants with the joys of Heaven. O Thalaba, and all are ready here To wreak his wicked will, and work all crimes!

How then shall we escape?'

10

'Woe to him!' cried the Appointed, a stern smile Darkening with stronger shades his countenance; 'Woe to him! he hath laid his toils To take the Antelope; The Lion is come in!'

11

She shook her head, 'A Soarer he, And guarded by so many! Thalaba, And thou but one!'

12

He raised his hand to Heaven, 'Is there not God, Oneiza? I have a Talismán, that, whoso bears, Him, nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal Powers Of Evil, can cast down. Remember, Destiny Hath marke'd me from mankind! Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy sleep!'

13

So on a violet bank The Arabian Maid laid down, Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and flowers.
She lay in silent prayer,
Till prayer had tranquillized her fears,
And sleep fell on her. By her side
Slient sate Thalaba,
And gazed upon the Maid,
And as he gazed, drew in
New courage and intenser faith,
And waited calmly for the eventful day.

Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd Maid
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,
And wished for wings and liberty like his.
The flush of fear inflamed her cheek,
But Thalaba was calm of soul,
Collected for the work.
He pondered in his mind
How from Lobaba's breast
His blunted arrow fell.
Aloadin too might wear
Spell perehance of equal power
To blunt the weapon's edge.

Beside the river-brink
Grew a young poplar, whose unsteady leaves
Varying their verdure to the gale,
With silver glitter caught
His meditating eye.
Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
And gave his father's bow,
And over her shoulders slung
The quiver arrow-stored.
'Other weapon suits,' said he; 'Bear thou the Bow, dear Maid,
The days return upon me, when...

Radiant with gems upon his throne of gold
Sate Aloadin; o'er the Sorcerer's
Hover'd a Bird, and in the fragrant air
Waved his wide winnowing wings,
A living canopy.
Large as the hairy Cassowar
Was that o'ershadowing Bird;
So huge his talons, in their grasp
The Eagle would have hung a helpless prey.
His beak was iron, and his plumes
Glitter'd like burnish'd gold,
And his eyes glowed, as though an inward fire
Shoot through a diamond orb.

'Children of Earth,' he said,
'Whom I have guided here
By easier passage than the gate of Death,
The infidel Sultan, to whose lands
My mountains stretch their roots,
Blasphemes and threatens me.
Strong are his arænas, many are his guards,
Yet may a dagger find him.
Children of Earth, I tempt ye not
With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
With tales of a hereafter Heaven,
Whence... of happiness
For ever over-mantling tempts
The ever-thirsty lip? Who is there here
That by a deed of danger will deserve...

'I!' Thalaba exclaim'd;
And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's
He dash'd his knotty club.

Aloadin fell not, though his skull
Was shattered by the blow,
For by some talisman
His miserable life imprison'd still
Dwell in the body. The astonish'd crowd
Stand motionless with fear,
Expecting to behold
Immediate vengeance from the wrath of Heaven.
And lo! the Bird... the monster Bird,
Soores up... then pounces down
To seize on Thalaba!
Now, Oneiza, raise the bow,
Now draw the arrow home!...
True feel the arrow from Oneiza's hand;
It pierc'd the monster Bird,
It broke the Talisman,
Then darkness cover'd all...
Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and amid the yells
Of evil Spirits perished
The Paradise of Sin.

At last the earth was still;
The yelling of the Demons ceased!
Opening the wreck and ruin to their sight,
The darkness roll'd away.
Alone in life,
Amid the desolation and the dead,
Stood the Destroyer and the Arabian Maid.
They look'd around, the rocks were rent,
The path was open, late by magic closed; Awe-struck and silent down the stony
They wound their thoughtful way.
Amid the vale below Tents rose, and streamers play'd, And javelins sparkled to the sun; And multitudes encamp'd Swarms'd, far as eye could travel o'er the plain. There in his war pavilion sate The Sultan of the Land. Before his presence there a Captain led Oneiza and the Appointed Youth.

'Obedient to our Lord's command,' said he, 'We pass'd toward the mountains, and The ascending strait, when suddenly Earth shook, And darkness, like the midnight, fell around, And fire and thunder came from Heaven, As though the Retribution-day were come.

After the terror ceased, and when with hearts Somewhat assured, again we ventured This youth and woman met us on the way. They told us, that from Aloadin's hold They came, on whom the judgement stroke hath fallen.

He and his sinful Paradise at once Destroy'd by them, the agents they of Heaven. Therefore I brought them hither to The tale before thy presence; that as search Shall prove it false or faithful, to their merit. Thou mayest reward them.' 'Be it done to us,' Thalaba answer'd, 'as the truth shall prove!'

When from the pomp of triumph And presence of the King, Thalaba sought the tent allotted him, Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld His animated eye, His cheek inflamed with pride. 'Oneiza!' cried the youth, 'The King hath done according to his word, And made me in the land Next to himself be named! But why that serious melancholy smile? Oneiza, when I heard the voice that gave me Honour, and wealth, and fame, the instant thought [hear Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st The tidings, and be happy.'

'Thou would'st not have me mirthful! Am I not An orphan, . . among strangers? But with me!' My Father! . .

Nay, be comforted! Last night To what wert thou exposed! in what a peril The morning found us! . . safety, The morning found us! . . wealth, The morning found us! . . The morning found us! . . This instant who thouwert The morning found us! . .

Then in the purple robe They vested Thalaba, And hung around his neck the golden chain, And bound his forehead with the diadem, And on the royal steed They led him through the camp, And Heralds went before and cried, 'Thus shall the Sultan reward The man who serves him well!'

His will, that bade me fix the marriage day! . .

In tears, my love? . .

Remember, Destiny

Hath mark'd thee from mankind!

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go? Is it not prudent to abide in peace Till I am summon'd? Take me to the Deserts!

But Moath is not there; and would'st thou dwell In a stranger's tent? thy father then In long and fruitless wandering for his child.

Take me then to Meeca! There let me dwell a servant of the Temple.

Bind thou thyself my veil, . . to human Bind thou thyself my veil, . . It never . . Bind thou thyself my veil, . . to human Bind thou thyself my veil, . . to human

Dear Thalaba! I shall rise to succour thee, And I shall live, . . if not in happiness, Surely in hope.
THALABA THE DESTROYER

Will tell what we have done, and how we dwell
Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing;
So shall thy father hear the fame, and find us tears!
What be hath wish'd us ever... Still in
Still that unwilling eye? nay... nay...
Oneiza...
I dare not leave thee other than my own...
My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
As yet preserve the Sultan from all thoughts
That sin against thee; but so sure as Heaven
Hath gifted thee above all other maids
With loveliness, so surely would...
Wrong arise within the heart of Power. If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
But else, there is no sanctuary could save.

ONEIZA

Thalaba! Thalaba!

With song, with music, and with dance,
The bridal pomp proceeds.
Pol lo wing the deep-veil'd Bride
Fifty female slaves attend
In costly robes that gleam
With interwoven gold,
And sparkle far with gems.
An hundred slaves behind them bear
Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,
And many a gorgeous garment gay,
The presents that the Sultan gave.
On either hand the pages go
With torches flaring through the gloom,
And trump and timbrel merriment
Accompanies their way;
And multitudes with loud acclaim
Shout blessings on the Bride.
And now they reach the palace pile,
The palace home of Thalaba,
In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba;
'And must I nightly leave my grave
To tell thee, still in vain,
God hath abandon'd thee?'

'This is not she!' the Old Man exclaimed;
'A Fiend; a manifest Fiend!
And to the youth he held his lance;
'Strike, and deliver thyself!'
'Strike her!' cried Thalaba,
And, palsied of all power,
Gazed fixedly upon the dreadful form.

'Yea, strike her!' cried a voice, whose tones
Flow'd with such sudden healing through
his soul,
As when the desert shower
From death deliver'd him;
But unobedient to that well-known voice,
His eye was seeking it,
When Moath, firm of heart,
Perform'd the bidding: through the vampire corpse
He thrust his lance; it fell,
And howling with the wound,
Its220
dreadful tenant fled.

A sapphire light fell on them,
And garmented with glory, in their sight
Oneiza's Spirit stood.

'O Thalaba!' she cried,
'Abandon not thyself!
Would'st thou for ever lose me? . . . O my husband,
Go and fulfil thy quest,
In vain, nor wait thee long.'

'Thought with what other hopes;
But now his heart was calm,
For on his soul a heavenly hope had dawn'd.'

'The Old Man answered nothing, but he held
His garment, and to the door
Of the Tomb Chamber followed him.
The rain had ceased, the sky was wild,
Its black clouds broken by the storm.
And, lo! it chanced, that in the chasm
Of Heaven between, a star,
So in the flourish of its outwardness
Wasting the sap and strength
That should have given forth fruit.
But when I pruned the plant,
Then it grew temperate in its vain expense
Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou
Into these full clear clusters, to repay
The hand that wisely wounded it.
Replete not, O my Son! 247
In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts
Its painful remedies.'

Then pausing... 'Whither goest thou now?' he asked.'I know not;' answered Thalaba;'My purpose is to hold
Straight on, secure of this,That travel where I will, I cannot stray,
For Destiny will lead my course aright.'

'Far be it from me,' the Old Man replied,
'To shake that pious confidence;
And yet, if knowledge may be gain'd, methinks
Thy course should be to seek it.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of
Hodeirah? 250
Dost thou long for the gales of Arabia?
Cold! cold! his blood flows languidly,
His hands are red, his lips are blue,
His feet are sore with the frost.
Cheer thee! cheer thee! Thalaba! A little yet bear up!' 250

He laid his bow before the hearth,For the string was frozen stiff;
He took the quiver from his neck,For the arrow-plumes were iced.
Then as the cheerful fire
Revived his languid limbs,
The adventurer asked for food.
The Woman answered him,
And still her speech was song;
'The She Bear she dwells near to me,
And she hath cubs, one, two, and three;
She hunts the deer, and brings him here,
And now to the chase the She Bear is gone,
And she with her prey will be here anon.'

She ceased her spinning while she spake;
And when she had answered him,
Again her fingers twirled the thread,
And the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing
The unintelligible song.

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
And sweetly she smiled on him,
And he conceived no ill:
And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left, He wound the thread so fine.
And then again the Woman spake,
And still her speech was song:
'Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain!
Now then break the slender chain.'

Thalaba strove, but the thread
By magic hands was spun,
And in his cheek the flush of shame arose, commixt with fear.
She beheld and laugh'd at him
And then again she sung,'My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,Who can break this thread of mine!' Then from his head she wrenched
A heart-reviving fire;And thither with strength renew'd
Thalaba presses on.

He found a Woman in the cave,
A solitary Woman,
Who by the fire was spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The pine boughs were cheerfully blazing,
And her face was bright with the flame;
Her face was as a Damsel's face,
And yet her hair was grey.
She made him welcome with a smile,
And still continued spinning,
And singing as she spun.
The thread the woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm's,
Was finer than the gossamer;
The song she sang was low and sweet,
But Thalaba knew not the words.

He laid his bow before the hearth,For the string was frozen stiff;
He took the quiver from his neck,For the arrow-plumes were iced.
Then as the cheerful fire
Revived his languid limbs,
The adventurer asked for food.
The Woman answered him,
And still her speech was song:
'The She Bear she dwells near to me,
And she hath cubs, one, two, and three;
She hunts the deer, and brings him here,
And now to the chase the She Bear is gone,
And she with her prey will be here anon.'

She ceased her spinning while she spake;
And when she had answered him,
Again her fingers twirled the thread,
And the Woman began,
In low, sweet tones to sing
The unintelligible song.

The thread she spun it gleam'd like gold
In the light of the odorous fire,
Yet was it so wondrously thin;
That, save when it shone in the light,
You might look for it closely in vain.
The youth safe watching it,
And she observed his wonder,
And then again she spake,
And still her speech was song;
'Now twine it round thy hands I say,
Now twine it round thy hands I pray!
My thread is small, my thread is fine,
But he must be
A stronger than thee,Who can break this thread of mine!'
The prize is won,  
The work is done,  
For I have made captive Hodeirah’s Son.

Borne in her magic car  
The Sisfer Soreeress came, Khawla, the fiercest of the Soreer brood.  
She gazed upon the youth,  
She had him broale tlie slender thread,  
She laugh’d aloud for scorn,  
She clapt her liands for joy.

The She Bear from the chase oame in,  
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth,  
She laid it at Maimona’s feet,  
And then look’d up with wistful eyes  
As if to ask her share.

There ! there ! ‘ quoth Maimuna,  
And pointing to the prisoner-youth,  
She spurn’d him with her foot,  
And bade her make her meal.

And anger and shame aróse;  
For the She Bear fawn’d on Thalaba,  
And quietly look’d bis hand.

The grey-hair’d Soreeress stampt the ground,  
And call’d a Spirit up; ’Shall we bear the Enemy  
To the dungeon dens below ? ’

SPIRIT  
Woe ! woe ! to our Empire woe !  
If ever he tread the cavernas below.

Maimuna  
Shall we leave him fetter’d here  
With hunger and cold to die ?

SPIRIT  
Away from thy lonely dwelling fly !  
Here I see a danger nigh,  
That he should live and thou should’st die.

The Monarch heard the chariot wheels,  
And forth he came to greet  
The mistress whom he served,  
He knew the captive youth,  
And Thalaba beheld  
Mohareb in the robes of royalty,  
Whom erst his arm had thrust  
Down the bitumen pit.

THE NINTH BOOK

Conscience !  
Poor plodding Priests and preaching Friars may make  
Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles  
Of churches ring with that round word: but we,  
That draw the subtle and more piercing air  
In that sublimed region of a court,  
Know all is good we make so, and go on  
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.

Go up my Sister Maimuna,  
Go up and read the stars ! ’

Lo ! on the terrace of the topmost tower  
She stands; her darkening eyes,  
Her fine face raised to Heaven;  
Her white hair flowing like the silver streams  
That streak the northern night.

They hear her coming tread,  
They lift their asking eyes :  
Her face is serious, her unwilling lips  
Slow to the tale of ill. ’What hast thou read ? what hast thou read ? ’ Quoth Khawla in alarm.’Danger . . . death . . . judgement!’  
Maimuna replied.

THE EIGHTH BOOK

‘Is that the language of the lights of Heaven ? ’  
Exclaim’d the sternest Witch ;  
‘Creatures of Allah, they perform bis will,  
And with their lying menaces would  
Our credulous folly . . . Maimuna,  
I never liked this ungenial lore !  
Better befits to make the Sacrifice  
Of Divination ; so shall I  
Be mine own Oracle.

Command the victims thou, O King !  
Male and female they must be,  
Thou knowest the needful rites.

Meanwhile I purify the place.’

The Sultan went; the Sorceress rose,  
And North, and South, and East, and West,  
She faced the points of Heaven;  
And ever where she turn’d  
She laid her hand upon the wall;  
And up she stoopt, and smote the air;  
And down she stoopt, and smote the floor.

‘To Eblish and his servants  
I consecrate the place;  
Let enter none but they !  
Whatever hath the breath of life,  
Whatever hath the sap of life,  
Let it be blasted and die ! ’

Now all is prepared;  
Mohareb returns,  
The Circle is drawn,  
The Victims have bled,  
The Youth and the Maid.  
She in the circle holds in either hand,  
Clothed by the hair, a head,  
The heads of the Youth and the Maid.  
‘Go out, ye lights!’ Quoth Khawla,  
And in darkness began the spell.
With spreading arms she whirls around
Rapidly, rapidly,
Ever around and around;
And loudly she calls the while,
'Eblis! Eblis!'
Loudly, incessantly,
Still she calls, 'Eblis! Eblis!'
Giddily, giddily, still she whirls,
Loudly, incessantly, still she calls;
The motion is ever the same,
Ever around and around;
The calling is still the same,
Still it is, 'Eblis! Eblis!'
Till her voice is a shapeless yell,
And dizzily rolls her brain;
And now she is full of the Fiend.
She ... reels! Look! look! she appears in the darkness!
Her flamy hairs curl up
All living, like the Meteor's locks of light!
Her eyes are like the sickly Moon!

It is her lips that move,
Her tongue that shapes the sound;
But whose is the Voice that proceeds?
Ve may hope and ye may fear,
The danger of his stars is near.
Sultan! if he perish, woe!

She wakes as from a dream,
She asks the utter'd voice;
But when she heard, an anger and a grief
Darken'd her wrinkling brow.
'Then let him live in long captivity!' She answer'd:
But Mohareb's quicken'd eye
Perused her sullen countenance,
That lied not with the lips.
A miserable man!
What boots it that in central caves,
The Powers of Evil at his Baptism pledged
The Sacred of Hell?
His death secures them now.
What boots it that they gave
Abdaklas's guardian ring,
When, through another's life,
The blow may reach his own?

He sought the dungeon cell
Where Thalaba was laid.
'Twas the grey morning twilight, and the voice
Of Thalaba in prayer [his ear.
With words of hallow'd import
Smote the grating of the heavy hinge
Roused not the Arabian youth;
Nor lifted he his earthward face,
At sound of coming feet.
Nor did Mohareb with unholy speech
Disturb the duty: silent, spirit-awed,
Envious, heart-humbled, he beheld
The peace which piety alone can give.

She spake the Oracle,
And senselessly she fell.
They knelt in care beside her... Her Sister and the King;
They sprinkled her palms with water,
They wetted her nostrils with blood.

An unintended friend in enmity,
The Hand that caught thy ring
Received and bore me to the scene I sought.
Now know me grateful. I return
That amulet, thy only safety here.'

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.
'Look'd in his magic chain,
Thalaba on his passive powerless hand
Received again the Spell.
Remembering then with what an ominous faith
First he drew on the ring.
The youth repeats his words of augury;
In God's name and the Prophet's be
its power [evil,
Good, let it serve the righteous! if for
God and my trust in Him shall hallow it,
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven!'
So Thalaba received again
The written ring of gold.

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive youth.
Then, building skilfully sophistic speech,
Thus he began. 'Brave art thou,
Thalaba! [would buy
And wherefore are we foes... for I
Thy friendship at a princely price, and
make thee
To thine own welfare wise.
Hear me! in Nature are two hostile
Gods,
Makers and Masters of existing things,
Equal in power... nay, hear me
patiently...'

Equal... for look around thee! The
same Earth [Camel finds
Bears fruit and poison; where the
His fragrant food, the horned Viper
there
Sucks in the juice of death: the
Elements
Now serve the use of man, and now
assert [hear
Dominion o'er his weakness: dost thou
The sound of merriment and nuptial
song? [mourners cry,
From the next house proceeds the
Launting o'er the dead. Say'st thou
that Sin
Enter'd the world of Allah? that the
Fiend,
Permitted for a season, prows for prey?
When to thy tent the venemous
serpent creeps,
Dost thou not crush the reptile? Even
Be sure, had Allah crush'd his Enemy,
But that the power was wanting. From
the first,
Eternal as themselves their warfare is;
To the end it must endure. Evil and
Good... [the strife
What are they, Thalaba, but words in
Of Angels, as of Men, the weak are
guilty;

Power must decide. The Spirits of the
Dead
Quitting their mortal mansion, enter
not, [seat
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final
Of bliss, or bale; nor in the sepulchre
Sleep they the long, long sleep; each
joins the host
Of his great leader, aiding in the war
Whose fate involves his own.
Woe to the vanquish'd then!
Woe to the sons of man who follow'd
him! [eternity,
They, with their Leader, through

Must howl in central fires.
Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will
was not,
Nor searching doubt, nor judgement
wise to weigh.
Hard is the service of the Power, beneath whose banners thou wert born; his Severe, yea cruel; and his wages, rich Only in promise; who hath seen the pay? [ours, For us...the pleasures of the world are Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the Earth. We met in Babylon adventurers both, Each zealous for the hostile Power he served; [for art, We meet again; thou feelest what thou Thou seest what I am, the Sultan here, The Lord of Life and Death. Abandon him who has abandon'd thee, And be, as I am, great among mankind!

The Captive did not, hasty to confute, Break off that subtle speech; But when the expectant silence of the King Look'd for his answer, then spake Thalaba. 'And this then is thy faith! this monstrous creed! [Stars, This lie against the Sun, and Moon, and And Earth, and Heaven! Blind man, who canst not see How all things work the best! who will not know, [what'er That in the Manhood of the World, Of folly mark'd its Infancy, of vice Sullied its Youth, ripe Wisdom shall cast off, [safe. Stablish'd in good, and, knowing evil, Sultan Mohareb, yea, ye have me here In chains; but not forsaken, though oppressed; Cast down, but not destroy'd. Shall danger daunt, Shall death dismay his soul, whose life is given

For God, and for his brethren of mankind? Alike rewarded, in that holy cause, The Conqueror's and the Martyre's palm above my blood Beat with one glory. Hope ye that Can quench the dreaded flame? and know ye not, [and Wise, That leagued against ye are the Just And all Good Actions of all ages past, Yea, your own crimes, and Truth, and God in Heaven?

'Slay!' quoth Mohareb, and his lip Quiver'd with eager wrath, 'I have thee! thou shalt feel my power, And in thy dungeon loathsomeness Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!' And out the Tyrant rushes, And all impatient of the thoughts That canker'd in his heart. Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous sport Short respite from the avenging power within.

What Woman is she So wrinkled and old, That goes to the wood? She leans on her staff With a tottering step, She tells her bead-string slow Through fingers dull'd by age. The wanton boys bemock her; The babe in arms that meets her Turns round with quick affright And elings to his nurse's neck.

Hark! hark! the hunter's cry; Mohareb has gone to the chase. The dogs, with eager yelp, Are struggling to be free; The hawks in frequent stoop

Token their haste for flight; And couchant on the saddle-bow, With tranquil eyes and talons sheathed, The ounce expects his liberty. 19

Propt on the staff that shakes Beneath her trembling weight, The Old Woman sees them pass. Halloa! halloa! The dogs pursue Far, far behind

Short respite from the avenging power within. And now the death-sweat darkens his His fear, his groans, his agony, his death, Are the sport, and the joy, and the triumph!

The ounce, whose gums were warm in his pray, He hears the summoning sound. In vain his master's voice, No longer dreaded now,

Mohareb knew her not, As to the chase he went, The glance of his proud eye Passing in scorn o'er age and wretchedness. She stands in the depth of the wood. And panting to her feet, Frowning and fearful, creeps The ounce by charms constraint'd. Well mayst thou fear, and vainly dost thou fawn! Her form is changed, her visage new, Her power, her art the same!

It is Khawla that stands in the wood. She knew the place where the Mandrake grew, And round the neck of the ounce, And round the Mandrake's head, She tightens the ends of her cord. Her ears are closed with wax, And her pret'finger fastens them, Deaf as the Adder, when, with grounded head, And circled form, both avenues of sound Barn'd safely, one slant eye Watches the charmer's lips

Waste on the wind his baffled witchery, The spotted ounce so beautiful,
Springs forceful from the source:
With that the dying plant all agony,
Feeling its life-strings crack,
Utter'd the unimaginable groan
That none can hear and live.

Then from her victim servant Khawla loosed [hand,
The precious poison. Next with naked
She pluck'd the boughs of the machineel;
And of the wormy wax she took, That, from the perforated tree forced out,
Bewray'd its insect-parent's work within.

In a cavern of the wood she sits, And moulds the wax to human form; And, as her fingers kneaded it, By magic accents, . . . Thalaba, In all its passive powers, Mysterious sympathy.

She lays her finger to the pile, And blue and green the flesh Glows with emitted fire, A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.

Before the fire she placed the imaged wax: 'There, waste away!' the Enchantress cried, 'And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son!'

Fool! fool! go' thaw the everlasting ice, Whose polar mountains bound the human reign.

Thou startest, Maimuna, Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks! Is Khawla's spell so weak? Sudden came the breeze and strong; The heavy mist wherewith the lungs oppress.

The Bat, that with her hook'd and leathery wings
Cling to the cave-roof, loused her hold,
Death-thickening with the heat;
The Toad, which to the darkest nook
had crawled,
Panted fast with fever pain;
The Viper from her nest came forth,
Leading her quicken'd brood, That, sportive with the warm delight, roll'd out.

Their thin curls, tender as the tendril Ere the green beauty of their brittle youth [summer sun, Grows brown, and toughens in the Cold, marble-cold, the wax Lay on the raging pile,
The silver quivering of the element O' er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

Amid the red and fiery smoke, Watching the portent strange, The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister stood, Seeming a ruined . . . at length her thoughtful eyes: 'Whence, Sister, was the wax? The work of the worm, or the bee? Nay then I marvel not!' It were as wise to bring from Ararat The fore-world's wood to build the magic pile, And feed it from the balm . . . universal strife! There is a Grave-wax, . . . Figlit for the dainty at their banquet-

Excellent Witch! ' quoth Khawla, and she went To the cave-arch of entrance, and sco' w'd up,
Mocking the blessed Sun:
'Shine thou in Heaven, but I will shadow Earth! Thou wilt not shorten day,
But I will hasten darkness!' Then the Witch Began a magic song, One long low tone, through teeth half-closed, [slow; Through lips slow-moving, muttered One long-continued breath, Till to her eyes a darker yellowness Was driven, and fuller-swoln the prominent veins On her loose throat grew black.

Into the face of Heaven; The baneful breath infected Heaven; A midewing fog it spread Darker and darker; so the evening sun Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist, And it was night below.

Bring now the wax,' quoth Khawla, ' for thou know'st ' the Enchantress And she hath reach'd the Place of Tombs, And in their sepulchres the Dead Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

The mine that yields it.' Fortith went Maimuna, [forth; In mist and darkness went the Sorceress And she hath reach'd the Place of Tombs, And in their sepulchres the Dead Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

Thus starts Maimuna, Because the breeze is in thy lifted looks! Is Khawla's spell so weak? Sudden came the breeze and strong; The heavy mist wherewith the lungs oppress.
The gnawing of his hundred poison-mouths! [death!']

God! God! is there no mercy after

Soul-struck, she rush'd away,
She fled the Place of Tombs,
She cast herself upon the earth,
All agony, and tumult, and despair.
And in that wild and desperate agony
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,
If aught of evil had been possible
On this mysterious night; [death!']

For every flower sent then in the moon-beam,
Shines in the moon-beam? Oh! she weeps—she weeps!
And the Good Angel that abandoned her
At her hell-baptism, by her tears drawn down,
Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna
Recall'd to mind the double oracle;
Quick as the lightning flash [death!']
Its import glanced upon her, and the hope
Of pardon and salvation rose,
As now she understood
The lying prophecy of truth.
She paused not, she ponders not;
The driven air before her fann'd the face
Of Thalaba, and he aw'oke and saw
The Sorceress of the Silver Locks.

One more permitted spell.
She takes the magic thread.
With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba
Wrought her snowy fingers round and round,
Unwind the loosening chain.
Again he hears the low sweet voice,
The low sweet voice so musical.
That sure it was not strange,
If in those unintelligible tones
Was more than human potency,
That with such deep and undefined delight
Fell'd the surrender'd soul.

The work is done, the song hath ceased;
He wakes as from a dream of Paradise,
And feels his fetters gone, and with the burst
Of wondering adoration, praises God.

Here charm'st hath loosed the chain of bound,
But massy walls and iron gates
Confine Hodeirah's Son.

The sudden flush of fear!
Again her louder lips repeat the charm;
Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,
Her pulse plays fast and feebly.

Nay, Maimuna! thy power hath ceased,
And the wind scatters now
The voice which ruled it late.

'Be comforted, my soul!' she cried,
her eye [forted!]

Brightening with sudden joy, 'be com-
We have burst through the bonds which
bound us down
To utter death; our covenant with Hell
Is blotted out! The Lord hath given
me strength!'

Great is the Lord, and merciful!
Hear me, ye rebel Spirits! in the name
Of Allah and the Prophet, hear the spell!

Groans then were heard, the prison walls
were rent,
The whirlwind wrapt them round, and
forth they flew,
Borne in the chariot of the Winds abroad.

And the Angel that was sent unto me
tsaid, Thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the Most High! . . Then said I, Yea, my Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am sent to shew thee three ways, and to set
forth three similitudes before thee; whereof
if thou canst declare me One, I will shew thee also the way that thou desirest to see, and I shall shew thee from whence the wicked heart cometh. And I said, Tell on, my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, or call me again the day that is past.—

Esdrae., i. 4.
Thalaba the Destroyer

2
Then came the weakness of her natural age
At once on Maimuna;  
The burden of her years  
Fell on her, and she knew  
That her repentance in the sight of God  
Had now found favour, and her hour was come.  
Her death was like the righteous: 'Turn my face  
mTo Mecca!' in her languid eyes  
The joy of certain hope  
Lit a last lustre, and in death  
A smile was on her cheek.

3
No faithful crowded round her bier,  
No tongue reported her good deeds,  
For her no mourners wail'd and wept,  
No Iman o'er her perfumed corpse  
For her soul's health intoned the prayer;  
Nor column raised by the way-side  
Implored the passing traveller  
To say a requiem for the dead.

Thalaba laid her in the snow,  
And took his weapons from the hearth,  
And then once more the youth began  
His weary way of solitude.

4
The breath of the East is in his face,  
And it drives the sleet and the snow.  
The air is keen, the wind is keen,  
His limbs are aching with the cold,  
His eyes are aching with the snow,  
His very heart is cold,  
His spirit chill'd within him. He looks on  
If aught of life be near;  
But all is sky, and the white wilderness,  
And here and there a solitary pine,  
Its branches broken by the weight of snow.  
His pains abate, his senses, dull  
With suffering, cease to suffer.  
Languidly, languidly,

Thalaba drags along,  
A heavy weight is on his lids,  
His limbs move slow for heaviness,  
And he full fain would sleep.  
Not yet, not yet, 0 Thalaba,  
Thy hour of rest is come!  
Not yet may the Destroyer sleep:  
The comfortable sleep:  
His journey is not over yet,  
His course not yet fulfilled!  
Run thou thy race, 0 Thalaba!  
The prize is at the goal.

5
It was a Cedar-tree  
Which woke him from that deadly drowsiness;  
Its broad round-spreading branches, when they felt  
Heaven, the snow, rose upward in a point to  
And standing in their strength erect,  
Defied the baffled storm.  
He knew the lesson Nature gave,  
And he shook off his heaviness,  
And hope revived within him.

6
Now sunk the evening sun,  
A broad and beamless orb,  
Adown the glowing sky;  
Through the red light the snow-flakes fell like fire.  
Louder grows the biting wind,  
And it drifts the dust of the snow.  
The snow is elotted in his hair,  
The breath of Thalaba is ice'd upon his lips;  
He looks around; the darkness,  
The dizzy floating of the feathery sky  
Close in his narrow view.

7
At length, through the thick atmosphere,  
A light  
Not distant far appears.  
He, doubting other wiles of sorcery,  
With mingled joy and fear, yet quicken'd  
Bends thitherward his way.

8
It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,  
Amid a garden whose delightful air  
Was mild and fragrant as the evening wind.  
Passing in summer 'er the coffee-groves  
Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of palm.

9
There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch:  
His step awoke her, and she gazed at him  
With pleased and wondering look,  
And asked if he knew her  
What to fear.  
With words of courtesy  
The young intruder spake.  
At the sound of his voice, a joy  
Kindled her bright black eyes;  
She rose and took his hand;  
But at the touch the joy forsook her cheek:  
'Oh! it is cold!' she cried,  
'I thought I should have felt it warm, like mine,  
But thou art like the rest!'  
Thalaba stood mute awhile,  
AndWondering at her words:  
'Cold? Lady!' then he said;  
'I have travel'd long  
In this cold wilderness,  
Till life is well-nigh spent!'  

10
LAILA

11
LAILA  
Arthou a Man, then?  
THALABA  
Nay... I did not think  
Sorrow and toil could so have alter'd me,  
As to seem otherwise.  
LAILA  
And thou canst be warm  
Sometimes? life-warm as I am?  
THALABA  
Surely, Lady.  
As others are, I am, to heat and cold.  
Subject like all. You see a Traveller,  
Bound upon hard adventure, who requests  
Only to rest him here to-night, to-morrow  
He will pursue his way.

12
' Hungery?' Laila cried:  
She clapt her lily hands,  
And whether from above, or from below,  
It came, sight could not see, [food.  
So suddenly the floor was spread with

13
LAILA

WHENCE CAME IT?
LAILA

Matters it from whence it came? My Father sent it: when I call, he hears. Nay, thou hast falsified with me! and art like the forms that wait upon my solitude, Human to eye alone; thy hunger would not question so idly else.

THALABA

I will not eat! It came by magic! fool, to think that aught here. But fraud and danger could await me. Let loose my cloak!

LAILA

Begone then, insolent! Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus? Ay! eye the features well that threaten thee. With fraud and danger! in the wilderness mayst thou be avenged in the hour of want, They shall avenge me, in the hour of rise on thy view, and make thee feel, How innocent I am: and this remember'd cowardice and insult, [thy cheek, With a more painful shame will burn Than now heats mine in anger!

THALABA

Mark me, Lady! Many and restless are my enemies; My daily paths have been beset with snares till I have learnt suspicion, bitter sufferings teaching the needful vice. If I have wrong'd you, ... For yours should be the face of innocence. I pray you pardon me! In the name of God And of his Prophet, I partake your food.

LAILA

Lo! now! thou wert afraid of sorcery, And yet hast said a charm! A charm?

LAILA

And wherefore? Is it not delicate food? What mean thy words?

LAILA

How! never heard the names Of God and of the Prophet?

LAILA

Never... now! Again that troubled eye? thou art a strange man, And wondrous fearful ... but I must not twice [peculiar still, Be charged with fraud: If thou surrender Depart and leave me!

THALABA

And you do not know The God that made you?

LAILA

Made me, man! ... my Father Made me. He made this dwelling, and the grove, [morn And yonder fountain-fire; and every He visits me, and takes the snow, and moulds [into them Women and men, like thee; and breathes motion, life, and sense, ... but, to the touch [night closes They are chilling cold; and ever when They melt away again, and leave me here Alone and sad. Oh then how I rejoice When it is day, and my dear Father comes And cheers me with kind words and kinder looks!

THALABA

And therefore placed me here amid the snows, And laid a spell that never human eye, If foot of man by chance should reach the depth Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of grove, [fire, Garden or dwelling-place, or yonder That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky. And, more than this, even if the Enemy should come, I have a Guardian here.

LAILA

A Guardian?

THALABA

'Twas well, that when my sight unclosed upon thee, [face, There was no dark suspicion in thy There else I had called his succour! Wilt thou see him? 231 But, if a woman can have terrified thee, How wilt thou bear his unrelaxing brow, And lifted lightnings?

THALABA

Lead me to him, Lady!

LAILA

No. I besought him once To give me power like his, that where he went [head, I might go with him; but he shook his And said, it was a power too dearly bought, [tears. And kiss'd me with the tenderness of And wherefore hath he hidden you thus far From all the ways of humankind?

LAILA

'Twas fear, Fatherly fear and love. He read the stars, And saw a danger in my destiny, And therefore placed me here amid the snows, 220 And laid a spell that never human eye, If foot of man by chance should reach the depth Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of grove, [fire, Garden or dwelling-place, or yonder That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky. And, more than this, even if the Enemy Should come, I have a Guardian here.

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THALABA

Lead me to him, Lady!

LAILA

She took him by the hand, And through the porch they pass'd. Over the garden and the grove The fountain-streams of fire Pour'd a broad light like noon: A broad unnatural light, Which made the rose's blush of beauty pale And dimm'd the rich geranium's scarlet The various verdure of the grove Wore here one undistinguishable grey, Chequer'd with blacker shade. Suddenly Laila stopt, 'I do not think thou art the enemy,' She said, 'but He will know! If thou hast meditated wrong, 250 Stranger, depart in time... I would not lead thee to thy death.'
She turn’d her gentle eyes Toward him then with anxious tenderness. [Thalaba, ‘So let him pierce my breast,’ cried ‘If it hide thought to harm you!’

LAILA ‘Tis a figure, Almost I fear to look at!... yet come on. ‘Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems To sink my heart; and thou may’st dwell here then In safety;... for thou shalt not go to-morrow, Nor on the after, nor the after day, Nor ever! It was only solitude Which made my misery here, And now, that I can see a human face, And hear a human voice... Oh no! thou wilt not leave me!

THALABA Alas, I must not rest! The star that ruled at my nativity, Shone with a strange and blasting influence.

LAILA But I will ask my Father To save you from all danger; and you know not [I ask, The wonders he can work; and when It is not in his power to say me nay. Perhaps thou know’st the happiness it is To have a tender Father?

THALABA He was one, [tainted Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have With my contagious destiny. One evening He kiss’d me as he wont, and laid his hands [slept. Upon my head, and blest me ere I His dying groan awoke me, for the Murderer Had stolen upon our sleep!... For me was meant The midnight blow of death; my Father died; The brother playmates of my infancy, The baby at the breast, they perish’d all... [saved All in that dreadful hour!... but I was To remember and revenge.

LAILA She answer’d not; for now, Emerging from the o’er-arch’d avenue, The finger of her upraised hand Mark’d where the Guardian of the garden stood. It was a brazen Image, every limb And swelling vein and muscle true to life: The left knee bending on, [hand The other straight, firm planted, and his Lifter’d on high to hurl The lightning that it grasp’d.

17 When Thalaba approach’d, [on, The enchanted Image knew Hodeirah’s [face. Blindly the wicked work The righteous will of Heaven. Full in his face the lightning-bolt was driven; The scatter’d fire recoiled; Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt [310 Its ineffectual force;... Nor a hair of his head was singed.

18 He started, and his glance Turn’d angrily upon the Maid. The sight disarm’d suspicion;... breathless, pale.

Against a tree she stood; Her wan lips quivering, and her eyes Upraised, in silent supplicating fear.

19 Anon she started with a scream of joy, Seeing her Father there, [320 And ran and threw her arms around his neck. ‘Save me!’ she cried, ‘the Enemy is Save me! save me! Okba!’

20 ‘Okba!’ repeats the youth; For never since that hour, When in the tent the Spirit told his name, Had Thalaba let slip The memory of his Father’s murderer; ‘Okba’... and in his hand He grasp’d an arrow-shaft, [339 And he rush’d on to strike him. ‘Son of Hodeirah!’ the Old Man replied, ‘My hour is not yet come;’ And putting forth his hand Gently he repel’d the Youth. ‘My hour is not yet come! But thou may’st shed this innocent Maiden’s blood; That vengeance God allows thee!’

21 ‘Liar!’ quoth Thalaba. And Laila’s wondering eye [face. Look’d up, all anguish, to her father’s ‘By Allah and the Prophet,’ he replied, ‘I speak the words of truth. Misery! misery! That I must beg mine enemy to speed The inevitable vengeance now so near! I read it in her horoscope;... race. Her birth-star warn’d me of Hodeirah’s I laid a spell, and call’d a Spirit up; He answered, one must die, [371 Laila or Thalaba... Accursed Spirit! even in truth Giving a lying hope!

22 ‘Not upon her, Hodeirah’s blood cries out For vengeance!... and again his lifted Threaten’d the Sorcerer: Thalaba or Laila... The years that it has gnawn me! and the load Of sin that it has laid upon my soul! 380 Curse on this hand, that in the only hour The favouring Stars allow’d, Reek’d with other blood than thine. Still dost thou stand and gaze incredu- lous? Young man, be merciful, and keep her not Longer in agony.’
100

THALABA THE DESTROYER

26
Thalaba's unbelieving frown
Saw'd on the Sorcerer, he heard,
When in the air the rush of wings was
And Azrael stood before them.

30
He said, and from above,
As though it were the Voice of Night,
The startling answer came.

31
He hesitated not,
But, looking upward, spread his hands
to Heaven,
'Oneiza, in thy bower of Paradise,
Receive me, still unstain'd!' he cried.

32
'What! ' exclaimed Okba, 'darest thou disobey, Abandoning all claim To Allah's longer aid?'

33
So as the Servant of the Prophet stood,
With sudden motion the night-air Gently fann'd his cheek.'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings Had waved the quiet air.

34
'Servant of Allah, thou hast disobey'd; God hath abandon'd thee; This hour is mine!' cried Okba, And shook his daughter off, And drew the dagger from his vest, And aim'd the deadly blow.

35
All was accomplish'd. Laila rush'd between
To save the saviour Youth.
She met the blow, and sunk into his arms, And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba, Received her parting soul.

36
The eager exultation of his speech Earthward recali'd the thoughts of Thalaba.

37
The wretched Sorcerer. 'Ay! look and triumph! ' he exclaim'd: 'This is the justice of thy God! A righteous God is he, to let His vengeance fall upon the innocent head! ...

38
'Why! ' exclaimed Okba, 'darest thou disobey,Abandoning all claim To Allah's longer aid!'

39
The eager exultation of his speech Earthward recall'd the thoughts of Thalaba.

40
And dost thou triumph, Murderer? dost thou deem Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids Of Justice shall be closed upon thy crime?

41
Poor, miserable man! that thou canst not live
With such beast-blindness in the present joy.

42
When o'er thy head the sword of thy hand perceives
Upon the wing again.

43
Unknowing he what blessed messenger Had come to guide his steps...

44
The young Arabian silently
Beheld his frantic grief.

45
The presence of the hated youth To raging anguish stung

46
The wretched Sorcerer.

47
'AY! look and triumph! ' he exclaim'd: 'This is the justice of thy God! A righteous God is he, to let His vengeance fall upon the innocent head! ...

48
All feelings of revenge
Hast left Hodeirah's son.
Pitying and silently heard
The victim of his own iniquities; Not with the officious hand Of consolation, fretting the sore wound He could not hope to heal.

49
So as the Servant of the Prophet stood, With sudden motion the night-air Gently fann'd his cheek. 'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings Had waved the quiet air.

50
The wretched Sorcerer. 'Ay! look and triumph! ' he exclaim'd: 'This is the justice of thy God! A righteous God is he, to let His vengeance fall upon the innocent head! ...

51
Thine ineffectual hand to close her wound, And call on Hell to aid, And call on Heaven to send Its merciful thunderbolt!
Brought up in darkness, and the child of sin, Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence, Just Heaven permitted her by one good deed To work her own redemption after death; So, she might abide in bliss, Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

The morning sun came forth, Wakening no eye to life In this wide solitude; His radiance, with a saffron hue, like heat, Suffused the desert snow. The Green Bird guided Thalaba; Now caring with slow wing her upward way, Descending now in slant descent On out-spred pinions motionless; Floating now, with rise and fall alternate, As if the billows of the air Heaved her with their sink and swell. And when beneath the moon The icy glitter of the snow Dazzled his aching sight, Then on his arm alighted the Green Bird, And spread before his eyes Her plumage of refreshing hue.

Evening came on; the glowing clouds Tinged with a purple ray the mountain ridge That lay before the Traveller. Ah! whither art thou gone, Guide and companion of the youth, whose eye Has lost thee in the depth of Heaven? Why hast thou left alone The weary wanderer in the wilderness? And now the western clouds grow pale, And night descends upon his solitude.

8
The Arabian youth knelt down, And bow’d his forehead to the ground, And made his evening prayer. When he arose the stars were bright in heaven, The sky was blue, and the cold Moon Shone over the cold snow.

A speck in the air! Is it his guide that approaches? For it moves with the motion of life! Lo! she returns, and scatters from her pinions Odours diviner than the gales of Waft from Sabea.

9
Hovering before the youth she hung, Till from her rosy feet, that at his touch Uncur’d their grasp, he took The fruitful fruit that grew there. He took and tasted: a new life Flow’d through his renovated frame; His limbs, that late were sore and stiff, Felt all the freshness of repose; His dizzy brain was calm’d, The heavy aching of his lids was gone; For Laila, from the Bowers of Paradise, Had borne the healing fruit.

10
So up the mountain steep, With untired foot he pass’d, The Green Bird guiding him, Mid crags, and ice, and rocks, A difficult way, winding the long ascent. How then the heart of Thalaba rejoiced, When, boas’n’d in the mountain depths, A shelter’d Valley open’d on his view! It was the Simorg’s vale, The dwelling of the Ancient Bird.

11
On a green and mossy bank, Beside a rivulet, The Bird of Ages stood.

12
Reverently the youth approach’d That old and only Bird, And crost his arms upon his breast, And bow’d his head and spake. ‘Earliest of existing things, Earliest thou, and wisest thou, Guide me, guide me, on my way! I am bound to seek the Caverns Underneath the roots of Ocean, Where the Sorcerers have their seat; Thou the eldest, thou the wisest, Guide me, guide me, on my way!’

The ancient Simorg on the youth Unclosed his thoughtful eyes, And answer’d to his prayer. ‘Northward by the stream proceed; In the Fountain of the Rock Wash away thy worldly stains Kneel thou there, and seek the Lord, And for thy soul with prayer. Thus prepared, ascend the Sledge; Be bold, be wary; seek and find! God hath appointed all.’

The Ancient Simorg then let fall his lids, Relapsing to repose.

13
Northward, along the rivulet, The adventurer went his way; Tracing its waters upward to their source. Green Bird of Paradise, Thou hast not left the youth!.. With slow associate flight, She companies his way;
And now they reach the Fountain of the Rock.

14
There, in the cold clear well, Thalaba wash’d away his earthly stains, And bow’d his face before the Lord, And fortiﬁed his soul with prayer. The while, upon the rock, Stood the celestial Bird, pass, And pondering all the perils he must With a mild, melancholy eye, Beheld the youth beloved.

15
And lo! beneath yon lonely pine, the Sledge: Their wide eyes watching for the youth, Their ears erect, and turn’d toward his way. They were lean as lean might be, Their furrow’d ribs rose prominent, And they were black from head to foot, Save a white spot that marked their seat in the sledge; His arms are folded on his breast, The Bird is on his knees; There is fear in the eyes of the Dogs, And now they turn their heads, And seeing him seated, away!

16
The youth, with the start of their speed, Falls back to the bar of the sledge; His hair floats straight in the stream of the wind Like the weeds in the running brook. They wind with speed their upward way, An icy path through rocks of ice; His eye is at the summit now,
And thus far all is dangerless; And now upon the height 
The black Dogs pause and pant; They turn their eyes to Thalaba
As if to plead for pity; They moan and whine with fear.

Once more away! and now 
The long descent is seen, A long, long, narrow path; Ice-rocks aright, and hills of snow, Aleft the precipice.

Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba! One motion now, one bend, And on the crags below Thy shuttle'd flesh will harden in the... the blood flow fast All purple over their sable skin? His arms are folded on his breast, Nor seourge nor goad hath he,

No hand appears to strike, No sounding lash is heard; But piteously they moan and whine, And track their way with blood.

Behold! on yonder height A giant Fiend aloft Waits to thrust down the tottering avalanche! If Thalaba looks back, he dies; The motion of fear is death. On... on... with swift and steady pace, Adown that dreadful way? The Youth is firm, the Dogs are fleet, The Sledge goes rapidly; The thunder of the avalanche Re-echoes far behind.

In that most utter solitude It o'erc'd his heart to hear Her soft and soothing voice. Her voice was soft and sweet, It rose not with the blackbird's thrill, Nor warbled like that dearest bird that holds The solitary man

It had a tone that touch'd a finer string,

A music that the soul received and own'd. Her bill was not the beak of blood; There was a human meaning in her eye When fix'd on Thalaba, He wonder'd while he gazed, And with mysterious love Felt his heart drawn in powerful sympathy.

Oh joy! the signs of life appear, The first and single Fir That on the limits of the living world Strikes in the ice its roots. Another, and another now; And now the Larch, that flings its arms Down-curving like the falling wave; And now the Aspin's arms, Down-curving like the falling wave; And now the Birch so beautiful Light as a lady's plumes. Oh joy! the signs of life! The Deer Hath left his slot beside the way; The little Ermine now is seen, White wanderer of the snow; And now from yonder pines they hear The clatter of the Grouse's wings; And now the snowy Owl pursues The Traveller's sledge, in hope of food; And hark! the rosy-breasted bird, The Throstle of sweet song! Joy! joy! the winter-wilds are left! Green bushes now, and greener grass, Red thickets here, all berry-bright, And here the lovely flowers!

When the last morning of their way was come, After the early prayer, The Green Bird fix'd on Thalaba A sad and supplicating eye, And speech was given her then: 'Servant of God, I leave thee now; If rightly I have guided thee, Give me the boon I beg!'

'O gentle Bird!' quoth Thalaba, 'Guide and companion of my dangerous way, Friend and sole solace of my solitude, How can I pay thee benefits like these? Ask what thou wilt that I can give, O gentle Bird, the poor return Will leave me debtor still!'

'Son of Hodeirah!' she replied, 'When thou shalt see an Old Man bent beneath The burden of his earthly punishment, Forgive him, Thalaba! Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf!' A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's cheek; Ho turn'd his eye towards the Bird As if in half repentance; for he thought Of Okba; and his Father's dying groan Came on his memory. The celestial Bird Saw and renew'd her speech; 'O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms Received the dagger-blow and died for thee... Deserve one kind remembrance, save, O save [less death]! The Father that she loves from end-

'Laila! and is it thou?' the youth replied, 'What is there that I durst refuse to This is no time to harbour in my heart One evil thought;... here I put off revenge,
The last rebellious feeling. . . Be it so!

The last rebellious feeling. . . Be it so! God grant to me the pardon that I need, As I do pardon him! . . . But who am I, that I should save the sinful soul alive?'

' Enough!' said Laila. 'When the hour shall come, Remember me! my task is done. We meet again in Paradise!' She said, and shook her wings, and up she soar'd With arrowy swiftness through the heights of Heaven.

His aching eye pursued her path, When starting onward went the Dogs; More rapidly they hurried now, In hope of near repose.

It was the early morning yet, When by the well-head of a brook They stopt, their journey done. The spring was olear, the . . . its loosen'd bed below, Heaved strangely up and down, And to and fro, from side to side, It heaved, and waved, and toss'd,

And yet the depths were olear, And yet no ripple wrinkled o'er The face of that fair Well.

And on that Well, so strange and fair, A little boat there lay, Without an oar, without a sail, One only seat it had, one seat, As if for only Thalaba. And at the helm a Damsel stood, A Damsel bright and bold of eye, Yet did a maiden modesty Adorn her fearless brow;

Her face was sorrowful, but sure More beautiful for sorrow. To her the Dogs look'd wistful up, And then their tongues were loosed: 'Have we done well, O Mistress dear! And shall our sufferings end?'

The gentle Damsel made reply; ' Poor servants of the God I serve, When all this witchery is destroy'd, Your woes will end with mine. A hope, alas! how long unknown! This new adventurer gives; Now God forbid, that he, like you, Should perish for his fears! Poor servants of the God I serve, Wait ye the event in peace.'

A deep and total slumber as she spake Seized them. Sleep on, poor sufferers! be at rest! Ye wake no more to anguish: . . . ye have borne The Chosen, the Destroyer! . . . soon his hand Shall strike the efficient blow; And shaking off your penal forms, shall With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves, Hymn the Deliverer's praise.

Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba, 'The morn is young, the Sun is fair, And pleasantly through pleasant banks Yon quiet stream ílows on . . . Wilt thou embark with me? Thould embark with me? And no ripple wrinkled o'er The face of that fair Well. The little boat falls rapidly Adown the rapid stream.

What heart were his, who could gainsay That melancholy smile? That melancholy smile? I will, quoth Thalaba. 'I will, in Allah's name!' The little boat falls rapidly Adown the river-stream.

A broader and yet broader stream, That rock'd the little boat! The Cormorant stands upon its shools, His black and dripping wings Half open'd to the wind. The Sun goes down, the crescent Moon is brightening in the firmament; And what is yonder roar, That sinking now, and swelling now. But evermore increasing. Still louder, louder, grow! The little boat falls rapidly Adown the rapid tide; The Moon is bright above, And the great Ocean opens on their way.

Then did the Damsel speak again, 'Wilt thou go on with me? The Moon is bright, the sea is calm, I know the ocean-paths; Wilt thou go on with me? Deliverer! yes! thou dost not fear! Wilt thou go on with me?' 'Sail on, sail on!' quoth Thalaba, 'Sail on, in Allah's name!'

The Moon is bright, the sea is calm, The little boat rides rapidly Across the ocean waves; The line of moonlight on the deep Still follows as they voyage on; The winds are motionless; The gentle waters gently part In dimples round the prow. He looks above, he looks around, The boundless heaven, the boundless seas. The crescent moon, the little boat, Nought else above, below.
108 THALABA THE DESTROYER

The Moon is sunk; a dusky grey
Spreads o'er the Eastern sky;
The stars grow pale and paler;
Oh beautiful! the godlike Sun
Is rising o'er the sea!
Without an oar, without a sail,
The little boat rides rapidly;
Is that a cloud that skirts the sea?
There is no cloud in heaven!
And nearer now, and darker now.
It is... it is... the Land!
For yonder are the rocks that rise
Dark in the reddening morn;
For loud around their hollow base
The surges rage and foam.

The little boat rides rapidly,
And pitches now with shorter toss
Upon the narrower swell;
And now so near, they see The shelves and shadows of the cliff,
And the low-lurking rocks,
O'er whose black summits, hidden half,
The shivering billows burst;
And nearer now they feel the breaker's spray.

Then Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring,
And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,' Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope,
O God!
Behold and guard me now,
Thou who alone canst save.
If from my childhood up I have look'd on
With exultation to my destiny;
If in the hour of anguish I have own'd
The justice of the hand that chasten'd me;
If of all selfish passions purified
I go to work thy will, and from the world
Root up the ill-doing race,
Then Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring, and cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,' Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope, O God!
Behold and guard me now,
Thou who alone canst save.
If from my childhood up I have look'd on
With exultation to my destiny;
If in the hour of anguish I have own'd
The justice of the hand that chasten'd me;
If of all selfish passions purified
I go to work thy will, and from the world
Root up the ill-doing race;

The Sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablutions, and the Sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablutions, and the

Meantime with fuller reach and stronger swell,
Wave after wave advanced;
Each following billow lifted the last foam
That trembled on the sand with rainbow hues;
That trembled on the sand with rainbow hues;
That trembled on the sand with rainbow hues;
The living flower that, rooted to the rock,
Late from the thinner element
Shrunk down within its purple stem to sleep,
Now feels the water, and again
Awakening, blossoms out
All its green anther-necks.

The Sun was rising all magnificent,
Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.
And now had Thalaba
Perform'd his last ablutions, and the

Was there a Spirit in the gale
That fluttered o'er his cheek?
For it came on him like the new-risen sun
That fluttered o'er his cheek?
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THALABA THE DESTROYER

Thee, the Deliverer... surely thou art he!
It was my righteous punishment,
In the same youth unchangeable,
And love unchangeable,
Sorrow for ever fresh,
And bitter penitence,
That gives no respite night nor day from grief,
To abide the written hour, when I
should wait there.
The doom’d Destroyer and Deliverer
Remember thou, that thy success affects
No single fate, no ordinary woes.

As thus she spake, the entrance of the cave
Darken’d the boat below.
Around them from their nests,
The screaming sea-birds...

The gates of adamant
Unfolding at the stroke,
Open’d and gave the entrance. Then she
turn’d
To Thalaba and said,’ Go, in the name of God!
I cannot enter, ... I must wait the end
In hope and agony.
God and Mahommed prosper thee,
For thy sake and for ours!’

He tarried not, ... he pass’d
The threshold, over which was no return.
All earthly thoughts, all human hopes
And passions now put off,
He cast no backward glance,
Toward the gleam of day.
There was a light within, ... Sun.
A yellow light, as when the autumnal
Through travelling rain and mist
Shines on the evening hills:
Whether, from central fires effused,
Or that the sun-beams, day by day,
From earliest generations, there
And solitude, and silence like the grave.

At length the long descent
Ends on a precipice;
No feeble ray enter’d its dreadful gulph;
For it had been in its fall
The dead atmosphere:
He grasp’d the burning fetters, ‘in the
Of God!’ ... and from the rock
Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulph
Dropt them. The rush of flames roar’d
up.

For they had kindled in their fall
The deadly vapours of the pit profound,
And Thalaba bent on and look’d below. But vainly he explored
The deep abyss of flame, ... eye, That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal
Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires
Illumed the world beneath.

Soon was the poison-fuel spent, The flame grew pale and dim
And dimmer now it fades, and now is quench'd,  
And all again is dark,  
Save where the yellow air enters a little in, and mingles slow.

Meantime, the freed Othatha claspt his knees,  
And cried, ' Deliverer ! ' struggling then  
With joyful hope, ' and where is she,'  
He cried,  
' Whose promised coming for so many a year ...  
' Go!' answered Thalaba,  
' She waits thee at the gates,'  
' And in thy triumph,' he replied,  
' There thou wilt join us!'  
The Deliverer's eye glanced on the abyss, way else was none.  
The depth was unascendable.  
' Await not me,' he cried,  
' My path hath been appointed! go and embark!  
Betum to life,  
Live happy!'  

But thy name? ... [it, ... That through the nations we may blazon  
That we may bless thee!  
Bless the Merciful!

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of God,  
And leapt into the car.  
Was then the Simorg with the Powers of ill  
Associate to destroy?  
And was that lovely Mariner a fiend as false as fair?  
For still the car sinks down;  
But ever the uprushing wind inflates the wings above;  
And still the struggling wings repel the rushing wind.  
Down . . . down . . . and now it strikes.

He stands and totters giddily;  
All objects round awhile float dizzy on his sight;  
Collected soon, he gazes for the way.  
There was a distant light that led his search;  
The torch a broader blaze,  
The unpruned taper flares a longer flame;  
But this was strong as is the noon tide sun,  
So, in the glory of its rays intense,  
It quiver'd with green glow.  
Beyond was all unseen,  
No eye could penetrate  
That unendurable excess of light.

It veil'd no friendly form, thought Thalaba:  
And wisely did he deem,  
For at the threshold of the rocky door,  
Hugest and fiercest of his kind accurst,  
A rebel Afræt lay;  
He scented the approach of human food,  
And hungry hope kindled his eye of fire;  
Raising his hand to screen the dazzled  
Onward held Thalaba,  
And lifted still at times a rapid glance;  
Till the due distance gain'd,  
With head abased, he laid  
An arrow in its rest.

With steady effort and knit forehead then,  
Full on the painful light  
He fix'd his aching eye, and loosed the bow.

A hideous yell ensued;  
And sure no human voice had scope or power  
For that prodigious shriek.  
Whose pealing echoes thundered up the rock.  
Dim grew the dying light;  
But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors  
Now visible beyond,  
And while the Afræt warden of the way was writhing with his death-pangs,  
Over him sprung and smote the story doors,  
And bade them, in the name of God,  
Give way!

The dying Fiend beneath him, at that name  
Tost in worse agony,  
And the rocks shudder'd, and the rocky doors rent at the threshold of the inner cave  
Smote the Round Altar.  
The alarum shock was felt;  
The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er dispersed,  
Perforce obey'd the summons; all, all, with the union of their strength  
Oppose the common danger; forced by Heaven  
To share the common doom.
114 THALABA THE DESTROYER

25
Vain are all spells ! the Destroyer Treads the Domdaniel floor. 
They crowd with human arms and human force
To crush the single foe. 370 
Vain is all human force !
He wields his Father's Sword,
The vengeance of awakened Deity. But chief on Thalaba Moharab preest ;
The Witch in her sorcerous speech Announced one fatal blow for both, And,desperate of self-safety, yet he hoped To serve the cause of Eblis, and uphold His empire, true in death.

26
Who shall withstand the Destroyer ? 380 
Scatter'd before the sword of Thalaba The Sorcerer throng recede, And leave him space for combat. Wretched man, . . . Under the edge of that fire-hardened Steel, The shield falls sever'd ; his cold arm Rings with the jarring blow : . . .

27
It was a Living Image, by the art Of magic hands, of flesh and bones com- posed, And human blood, through veins and arteries
That flow'd with vital action. In the shape
Of Eblis it was made ;
Its stature such, and such its strength, As when among the sons of God 499
Pre-eminent he raised his radiant head, Prince of the Morning. On his brow A coronet of meteor flames,
Flowing in points of light, Self-poised in air before him Hung the Round Altar, rolling like the World
On its diurnal axis, like the World Cheque'd with sea and shore, The work of Demon art, For where the sceptre in the Idol's hand Touch'd the Round Altar, in its answering realm, Earth felt the stroke, and Ocean rose in storms, And shatter'd Cities, shaken from their seat, Crush'd all their habitants. His other arm was raised, and its spread palm Sustain'd the ocean-weight, Whose naked waters arch'd the sanctuary ; Sole prop and pillar he.

28
Fallen on the ground, around his feet, The Sorcerers lay. Moharab's quivering arms Clung to the Idol's knees ;
The Idol's face was pale, And calm in terror he beheld The approach of the Destroyer.

29
Sure of his stroke, and therefore in pursuit [foe, Following, nor blind, nor hasty, on his Moved the Destroyer. Okba met his way, Of all that brotherhood He only fearless, miserable man,
The one that had no hope. ' On me, on me,' the childless Sorcerer cried, 49
Let fall the weapon! I am he who stole Upon the midnight of thy Father's tent; This is the hand that pierced Hodeirah's heart, [blood That felt thy brethren's and thy sisters' 
Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall on me The fated sword! the vengeance-hour is come! Destroyer, do thy work !'

30
Nor wile, nor weapon, had the desperate wretch; He spread his bosom to the stroke. ' Old Man, I strike thee not!' said Thalaba; 
'The evil thou hast done to me and mine Brought its own bitter punishment. For thy dear Daughter's sake I pardon thee, As . . . in Laila's name; and what if now Thou canst not think to join in Paradise Her spotless Spirit, . . . hath not Allah made Al-Araf, in his wisdom ? where the sight Of Heaven may kindle in the penitent The strong and purifying fire of hope, Till, at the Day of Judgement, he shall see The Mercy-Gates unfold. 

31
The astonish'd man stood gazing as he spake, [tears At length his heart was soften'd, and the Gusli'd, and he sobb'd aloud. Then suddenly was heard The all-beholding Prophet's voice divine, ' Thou hast done well, my Servant! 471 Ask and receive thy reward !

32
A deep and awful joy Seem'd to dilate the heart of Thalaba; With arms in reverence cross'd upon his breast, Upseeking eyes suffused with tears devout, He answered to the Voice, ' Prophet of God, Holy, and good, and bountiful! One only earthly wish have I, to work Thy will; and thy protection grants me that. Look on this Sorcerer ! heavy are his crimes, But infinite is mercy ! if thy servant Have now found favour in the sight of God, [save Let him be touch'd with penitence, and His soul from utter death. 

33
'The groans of penitence,' replied the Voice, 'Never arise unheard! But, for thyself, prefer the prayer; The Treasure-house of Heaven Is open to thy will.'
THALABA THE DESTROYER

34 'Prophet of God!' then answered Thalaba,
*I am alone on earth; Thou knowest the secret wishes of my heart!*

35 Do with me as thou wilt! thy will is best.'

36 There issued forth no Voice to answer him; But, lo! Hodeirah's Spirit comes to His vengeance, and beside him, a pure form

37 Of roseate light, his Angel mother hung.

38 Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come; And on he leapt, and springing up, Into the Idol's heart Hilt deep he plunged...

39 In the same moment, at the gate Of Paradise, Omeiza's Houri form Welcomed her Husband to eternal bliss.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

KATAPAI, ÏX KAI TA AAETPTONONEOTTA, OKON AЕΙ OYE KEN
EIANTHEE ETKHIGOMENAI

Curse are like young chickens, they always come home to roost.

TO

THE AUTHOR OF GEBIR,
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
BY
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ORIGINAL

In the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an Incarnation of Veesano the Preserver, necessary. This belief is the foundation of the following Poem. The story is original; but, in all its parts, consistent with the superstition upon which it is built: and however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

I. THE FUNERAL

1 Midnight, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in sleep!
Behold her streets a blaze
With light that seems to kindle heaven.

2 Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-shine
Even the broad eye of day.

3 Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peal the car assailing.

4 The death-procession moves along;
Their bald heads shining to the torches' flame
Flare upon the midnight air,
In vain ye thunder on his ear the name; Would ye awake the dead?

5 Close following his dead son, Kehama came.
Nor joining in the ritual song,
But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,
Arvalan! Arvalan!

6 Borne upright in his palankeen, There Arvalan is seen!
A glow is on his face;... a lively red;
With quick rebound of sound, All in accordance cry,
Arvalan! Arvalan!

7 With one shout, Cali Arvalan! The overpowering sound, From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

8 He moves... he nods his head... But the motion comes from the bearer's tread,
As the body, borne aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight.

9 Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night, Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-shine
Even the broad eye of day.

10 Pored at, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air, Blotting the lights of heaven With one portentous glare.

11 Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold Ascending, floats along the fiery sky, And hangs a dark and waving canopy.

12 Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath! 'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin, With one long thunder-peal the car assailing;
Ten thousand voices then join in, And with one deep and general din Pour their wild wailing.

13 The song of praise is crown'd Amid the deafening sound; You hear no more the trumpet's tone, You hear no more the mourner's morn.
Though the trumpet's breath, and the dirge of death, Swell with commingled force the funeral yell.

14 But rising over all in one acclaim Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name, From all that countless rout; Arvalan! Arvalan! Arvalan! Arvalan!

15 Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound, From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.

16 O sight of grief! the wives of Arvalan, Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen! With gold and jewels bright, Each like an Eastern queen.

17 Woe! woe! around their palankeen, As on a bridal day, With symphony, and dance, and song, Their kindred and their friends come on.

18 The dance of sacrifice! the funeral song! With next the victim slaves in long array, Richly bedight to grace the fatal day, Their heads and breast, Move onward to their death;
The clarions' stirring breath Lifts their thin robes in every flowing fold,
And swells the woven gold, That on the agitated air Flutters and glitters to the torch's glare.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came;
O wretched father! O unhappy child!
They were all eyes of all the throng exploring.
Is this the daring man
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan?
Is this the wretch condemn'd to feel
Kehama's dreadful wrath?
Then were all hearts of all the throng deploiring;
For not in that innumerable throng
Was one who loved the dead; for who could know
What aggravated wrong
Provoked the desperate blow!

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,
In order'd files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding light:
Far, far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable elanour,
Of horn, and trump, and tambour;
Incessant as the roar
Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of breakers on a rocky shore,
When the winds rage over the waves,
And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the... With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,
And built of precious sandal wood.
They cease their music and their outcry here,
Gently they rest the bier;
They wet the face of Arvalan,
No sign of life the sprinkled droops excite;
They feel his breast, no motion there;
They feel his lips, no breath;
For not with feeble nor with erring hand,
The brave avenger dealt the blow of death.
Then with a doubling peal and deeper blast,
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry,
They call on Arvalan.

Woe! woe! for Azla takes her seat
Upon the funeral pile!
Calmly she took her seat,
Calmly the whole terrific pomp survey'd;
As on her lap the while
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.

Woe! woe! Nealliny,
They strip her ornaments away,
Braelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone;
Around her neck they leave
The marriage knot alone,
That marriage band, which when
Yon waning moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung.

Then all around retire;
Circling the pile, the ministering Bramins stand,
Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.
Alone the Father of the dead advanced
And lit the funeral pyre.

At once on every side
The circling torches drop,
At once on every side
The fragrant oil is pour'd,
At once on every side
The rapid flames rush up.
Then hand in hand the victim band
Roll in the... In drunken whirl they wheel around;
One drops, another plunges in;
And still with overwhelming din
The tambours and the trumpets sound;
And clap of hand, and shouts, and cries,
From all the multitude arise;
While round and round, in giddy wheel,
Intoxicate they roll and reel,
Till one by one whirl'd in they fall,
And the devouring flames have swallow'd all.

Then all was still; the drums and clarions ceased;
In wretchedness await
The hour of Yamen's wrath?
I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,
Undying as I am,
Yea, re-create me!... Father, is this all?
This all? and thou Almighty!
But in that wrongful and upbraiding tone,
Kehama found relief,
For rising anger half suppress his grief.
122 THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Reproach not me! he cried, 30
Had I not spell-secured thee from disease,
Fire, sword, ... all common accidents of man,
And thou! ... fool, fool! ... to perish by a stake!
And by a peasant's arm! ...
Even now, when from reluctant Heaven,
Forcing new gifts and mightier attributes,
So soon I should have quell'd the Death-God's power.

Waste not thy wrath on me, Arvalan,
It was my hour of folly! Fate prevail'd,
Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.
I am in misery, Father! Other souls
Predoom'd to Indra's Heaven, enjoy the dawn
Of bliss, ... to them the temper'd elements
Minister joy: genial delight the sun
Sheds on their happy being, and the stars
Effuse on them benignant influences;
And thus o'er earth and air they roam at will.
And when the number of their days is full,
Go fearlessly before the awful throne.
But I, ... all naked feeling and raw life...
What worse than this hath Yamen's hell in store?
If ever thou didst love me, mercy, Father!
Save me, for thou canst save ... the Elements
Know and obey thy voice.

KEHAMA

The Elements
Shall sin no more against thee; whilst
I speak

Already dost thou feel their power is gone.
Fear not! I cannot call again the past,
Fate hath made that its own; but fate
shall yield
To me the future; and thy doom be fix'd
By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime
Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made
Participant, I give. Is there ought else
To mitigate thy lot?

ARVALAN
Only the sight of vengeance. Give me that!
Vengeance, full, worthy, vengeance! ... not the stroke
Of sudden punishment, ... no agony
That spends itself and leaves the wretch at rest,
But lasting long revenge.

KEHAMA
What, boy? is that cup sweet? then take thy fill!
So as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride
Inflamed his cheek, with quick and angry stride
He moved toward the pile, And raised his hand to hush the crowd, and cried,
Bring forth the murderer! At the Rajah's voice,
Calmly, and like a man whom fear had stunn'd,
Ladurlad came, obedient to the call;
But Kailyal started at the sound,
And gave a womanly shriek, and back she drew,
And eagerly she roll'd her eyes around, As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew
No aid could there be found.

II. THE CURSE

It chanced that near her on the river brink,
The sculptured form of Marriataly stood;
It was an Idol roughly hewn of wood,
Artless, and mean, and rude;
The Goddess of the poor was she;
None else regarded her with piety.
But when that holy Image Kailyal view'd,
To that she sprang, to that she clung,
On her own Goddess, with close-clasping arms,
For life the maiden hung.

They seized the maid; with unrelenting grasp
They bruised her tender limbs; She, nothing yielding, to this only
Clinged with the strength of frenzy and despair.
She screams not now, she breathes not now,
She sends not up one vow, She forms not in her soul one secret prayer,
All thought, all feeling, and all powers of life
In the one effort centering. Wrathful they
With tug and strain would force the maid away; ...
Didst thou, O Marriataly, see their strife,
In pity didst thou see the suffering maid? Or was thine anger kindled, that rude hands
Assail'd thy holy Image? ... for behold
The holy image shakes!

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid
Relax'd her stubborn hold,
And now with force redoubled drag their prey;
And now the rooted Idol to their sway
Bends, ... yields, ... and now it falls.
But then they scream,
For lo! they feel the crumbling bank
give way,
And all are plunged into the stream.

She hath escaped my will. Kehama cried,
She hath escaped, ... but thou art here,
I have thee still,
The worse criminal!
And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe
He fix'd his dreadful frown. Lit his dark lineaments,
Lit the protruded brow, the gathered, front,
The steady eye of wrath.

But while the fearful silence yet endured,
Ladurlad roused himself;
Ere yet the voice of destiny
Which trembled on the Rajah's lips was loosed,
Eager he interposed, As if despair had waken'd him to hope;
Mercy! oh mercy! only in defence...
Only instinctively, ... Only to save my child, I smote the Prince;
King of the world, be merciful!
Crush me, ... but torture not!

The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply,
Still he stood silent; in no human mood
Of mercy, in no hesitating thought
Of right and justice. At the length he raised
His brow yet unrelax'd, ... his lips
And uttered from the heart,
With the whole feeling of his soul enforced,
The gathered vengeance came.
I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,
And the beasts of blood:
From Sickness I charm thee,
And Time shall not harm thee;
But Earth which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And Water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee:
And the Winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the Dews shall not wet thee,
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek Death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And Sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.

There where the Curse had stricken him,
There stood the miserable man,
There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hanging arms,
And eyes of idiot wandering.
Was it a dream? alas,
He heard the river... heard the wind which shower'd
The thin white ashes round.
There motionless he stood,
As if he hoped it were a dream,
And feared to move, lest he should prove
The actual misery;
And still at times he met Kehama's eye,
Kehama's eye that fastened on him still.

III. THE RECOVERY

1

Till Rajah turn'd toward the pile again,
Loud rose the song of death from all the crowd;
Their din the instruments begin,
And once again in join
With overwhelming sound.
Ladurlad starts; he looks around;
What hast thou here in view,
O wretched man! in this disastrous scene;
The soldier train, the Bramins who renew
Their ministry around the funeral pyre,
The empty palankins,
The dimly-fading fire.

2

Where too is she whom most his heart held dear,
His best-beloved Kailyal, where is she,
The solace and the joy of many a year
Of widowhood? is she then gone,
And is he left allutterly alone,
To bear his blasting curse, and none
To succour or deplore him?
He staggered from the dreadful spot; the throng
Give way in fear before him;
Like one who carries pestilence about,
Shuddering they shun him, where he moves along.
And now he wanders on
Beyond the noisy rout;
He cannot fly and leave his Curse behind,
Yet doth he seem to find
A comfort in the change of circumstance.
Adown the shore he strays,
Unknowing where his wretched feet shall rest,
But farthest from the fatal place is best.

By this in the orient sky appears the gleam
Of day. Lo! what is yonder in the stream,
Down the slow river floating slow,
In distance indistinct and dimly seen?
The childless one with idle eye
Followed its motion thoughtlessly;
Idly he gazed unknowing why,
And half unconscious that he watch'd its way.
Belike it is a tree
Which some rude tempest, in its sudden sway,
Tore from the rock, or from the hollow shore
The undermining stream hath swept away.

But when anon on swelling by its side,
A woman's robe he spied.
Oh then Ladurlad started;
As one, who in his grave
Had heard an Angel's call.
Yea, Harriataly, thou hast deign'd to save!
Yea, Goddess! it is she,
Kailyal, still clinging senselessly
To thy dear Image, and in happy hour
Upborne amid the wave
By that preserving power.

In her father's arms thus languidly,
While over her with earnest gaze he hung,
Silent and motionless she lay,
And painfully and slowly writhed at fits,
At fits to short convulsive starts was stung.

Upon the farther side a level shore
Of sand was spread: thither Ladurlad bore
His daughter, holding still with senseless hand
The saving Goddess; there upon the sand
He laid the livid maid,
Raised up against his knees her drooping head;
Bent to her lips, her lips as pale as death,
If he might feel her breath,
His own the while in hope and dread suspended;
Chafed her cold breast, and ever and anon
Let his hand rest, upon her heart extended.

Soon did his touch perceive, or fancy there
The first faint motion of returning life.
He chafes her feet and lays them bare
In the sun; and now again upon her breast
Lays his hot hand; and now her lips he prest,
For now the stronger throb of life he knew;
And her lips tremble too!
The breath comes palpably;
Her quivering lips outlines,
Foolish and feebly fall,
Relapsing as it seem'd to dead repose.

So in her father's arms thus languidly,
While over her with earnest gaze he hung,
Silent and motionless she lay,
And painfully and slowly writhed at fits,
At fits to short convulsive starts was stung.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

WATER must mock my thirst and shrink from me;
The common Earth must yield no fruit to me;
Sleep, blessed Sleep! must never light on me;
And Death, who comes to all, must fly from me,
And never, never set Ladurlad free.

This is a dream! exclaimed the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice the while a fear expressed,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.
This is a dream! she rose and laid her hand
Upon her father's brow, to try the charm;
He could not bear the pressure there; he shrank,
He warded off her arm, as though it were an enemy's blow,
He bore me from the river-depths, and his garment is not wet.

Reclined beneath a Cocoa's feathery shade
Ladurlad lies,
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath laid,
To hide her streaming eyes.

While young and old, assembled round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound,
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous tongue.

Musing so long he lay, that all things seem
Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,
A monstrous dream of things which could not be.
That beating, burning brow, why it was now
There the height of noon, and he was lying
In the broad sun, all bare!
What if he felt no wind? the air was still.
That was the general will
Of Nature, not his own peculiar doom;
Yon rows of rice erect and silent stand,
The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest stem
Is steady on the sand.

And catch it up, oh misery!
Kailyal cried, yet
He bore me from the river-depths, and his garment is not wet.

This is the departure

For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew,
Sweeter, sweeter than the dew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and rais'd no shower.
Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they?

But now the Sun in heaven is high,
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour,
They pant and palpitate with heat;
Their bills are open languidly
To catch the passing air;
They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not, it moves not.
The boatman, as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger there,
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.

IV. THE DEPARTURE

1
Reclined beneath a Cocoa's feathery shade
Ladurlad lies,
And Kailyal on his lap her head hath laid;
To hide her streaming eyes.
The boatman, sailing on his easy way,
With envious eye beheld them where they lay;
While young and old, assembled round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound,
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous tongue.

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3
There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,
Silent and motionless like one at ease;
There motionless upon his father's knees
Reclined the silent maid.

The man was still, pondering with steady mind,
As if it were another's Curse,
His own portentous lot;
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy thought,
As though it were a last night's tale of woe,
Before the cottage door
By some old beldam sung.
Air knows him, Water knows him; Sleep
His dreadful word will keep;
Even in the grave there is no rest for me,
Cut off from that last hope, the
wretch's joy;
And Veeshno hath no power to save,
Nor Sveta to destroy.

Oh! wrong not them! quoth Kailyal,
Wrong not the Heavenly Powers!
Our hope is all in them: They are not blind!
And lighter wrongs than ours,
And lighter crimes than his,
Have drawn the Incarnate down among mankind.
Already have the Immortals heard our cries,
And in the mercy of their righteousness
Beheld us in the hour of our distress!
She spake with streaming eyes,
Where pious love and ardent feeling beam.
And turning to the Image, threw
Her grateful arms around it. . . It was thou
Who savedst me from the stream!
My Mariataly, it was thou!
I had not else been here
To share my Father's Curse,
To suffer now, and yet to thank thee thus!

Set up her Image here,
And bless her for her aid with tongue
and soul sincere.

So saying on her knees the maid
Began the pious toil.
Soon their joint labour scoops the easy soil;
They raise the Image up with reverent
hand;
And round its rooted base they keep the sand.

O Thou whom we adore,
O Mariataly, thee do I implore,
The virgin cried; my Goddess, pardon thou
The unwilling wrong, that I no more,
With dance and song,
Can do thy daily service, as of yore!
The flowers which last I wreathed around thy brow,
Are withering there; and never now
Shall I at eve adore thee,
And swimming round with arms outspread,
Poise the full pitcher on my head,
In dexterous dance before thee,
While underneath the reedy shed, at rest
My father sat the evening rites to view,
And blest thy name, and blest
His daughter too.

Then heaving from her heart a heavy sigh,
O Goddess! from that happy home, cried she,
The Almighty Man hath forced us!
And homeward with the thought unconsciously
She turn'd her dizzy eye. . . But there on high,
With many a dome, and pinnacle, and spire,
The summits of the Golden Palaces
Blazed in the dark blue sky, aloft, like fire.

Father, away! she cried, away!
Why linger we so nigh?
For not to him hath Nature given
The thousand eyes of Deity,
Always and every where with open sight,
To persecute our flight!

Away... away! she said,
And took her father's hand, and like a child
He followed where she led.

IV. THE SEPARATION

Evening comes on: arising from the stream,
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;
And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
The watchman, at the wish'd approach of night,
Gladsly forsakes the field, where he all day,
To scare the winged plunderers from their prey,
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
Hath borne the sultry ray.

The Moon is up, still pale
Amid the lingering light.
A cloud ascending in the eastern sky,
Sails slowly over the vale,
And darkens round and closes in the night.

No hospitable house is nigh,
No traveller's home the wanderers to invite;
Forlorn, and with long watching overworn,
The wretched father and the wretched child
Lie down amid the wild.

Before them full in sight,
A white flag flapping to the winds of night
Marks where the tiger seized a human prey.

Far, far away with natural dread,
Shunning the perilous spot,
At other times abhorrent had they fled;
But now they heed it not.
Nothing they care; the boding death-flag now
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

In vain for them may gleam and flutter there. Despair and agony in him, Prevent all other thought; And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for aught, Save her dear father's strange and miserable lot.

There in the woodland shade, Upon the lap of that unhappy maid, His head Ladurlad laid, And never word he spake; Nor heaved he one complaining sigh, Nor groaned he with his misery, But silently for her dear sake Endured the raging pain. And now the moon was hid on high, No stars were glimmering in the sky, She could not see her father's eye, How red with burning agony; Perhaps he may be cooler now, She hoped, and long'd to touch his brow With gentle hand, yet did not dare To lay the painful pressure there. Now forward from the tree she bent, And anxiously her head she leant, And listen'd to his breath. Ladurlad's breath was short and quick, Yet regular it came, And like the shudder of the sick, In pantings still the same. Oh if he sleeps!...her lips unclose, Intently listening to the sound, That equal sound so like repose. Still quietly the sufferer lies, Bearing his torment now with resolute will; He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs, DOTH SATISFY CRUELTY BESOT This little respite to his woe, She thought, or are there Gods who look below?

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly deceived, Our Marriatly hath his pain relieved, And she hath bade the blessed sleep assuage His agony, despite the Rajah's rage. That was a hope which fill'd her gushing eyes, And made her heart in silent yearnings rise, To bless the power divine in thankfulness, And yielding to that joyful thought her mind, Backward the maid her aching head reclined Against the tree, and to her father's breath [ear. In fear she hearken'd still with earnest But soon forgetful fits the effort broke; In starts of recollection then she woke, Till now benignant Nature overcame The Virgin's weary and exhausted frame, Nor able more her painful watch to keep, She closed her heavy lids, and sunk to sleep. Vain was her hope! he did not rest from pain, The Curse was burning in his brain; Alas! the innocent maiden thought he slept, But Sleep the Rajah's dread commandment kept, SLEEP KNEW KEHAMA'S CURSE. The dews of night fell round them now, They never bathed Ladurlad's brow; They knew Kehama's Curse. The night-wind is abroad, Aloft it moves among the stirring trees; He only heard the breeze, No liealing aid to him it brought, It play'd around his head and touch'd him not, It knew Kehama's Curse.

LISTENING, Ladurlad lay in his despair, If Kailyal slept, for wherewith should she share Her father's wretchedness, which none could cure? Better alone to suffer; he must bear The burden of his Curse, but why endure The unavailing presence of her grief? She too, apart from him, might find relief; For dead the Rajah deem'd her, and as thus Already she his dread revenge had fled, So might she still escape and live secure. Gently he lifts his head, And Kailyal does not feel; Gently he rises up...she slumbers still; Gently he steals away with silent tread. anon she started, for she felt him...is gone, And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on. The darkness and the wood impede her speed; Through spell-raised fogs, a bloody baleful red.

That Spectre fix'd his eyes upon her full; The light which shone in their accursed orbs Was like a light from Hell, And it grew deeper, kindling with the view. She could not turn her sight.
From that infernal gaze, which like a spell,
Bound her, and held her rooted to the ground.
It palsied every power,
Her limbsavail'd her not in that dread hour,
There was no moving thence,
Thought, memory, sense were gone:
She heard not now the tiger's nearer cry,
She thought not on her father now,
Her cold heart's blood ran back,
Her hand lay senseless on the bough it clasp'd,
Her feet were motionless;
Her fascinated eyes
Like the stone eye-balls of a statue fix'd,
Yet conscious of the sight that blasted them.

The wind is abroad,
It opens the clouds;
Scatter'd before the gale,
They skurry through the sky,
And the darkness retiring rolls over the vale.

The Stars in their beauty come forth on high,
And through the dark blue night
The Moon rides on triumphant, broad and bright,
Distinct and darkening in her light,
Appears that Spectro foul,
The moon-beam gives his face and form to sight,
The shape of man,
The living form and face of Arvalan!
His hands are spread to clasp her.

But at that sight of dread the Maid awoke;
As if a lightning-stroke
Had burst the spell of fear.
Away she broke all frantically, and fled.
There stood a temple near beside the way,
An open fane of Pollear, gentle God,
To whom the travellers for protection pray.
With elephantine head and eye severe,
Here stood his image, such as when he seiz'd
And tore the rebel Giant from the ground.
With mighty trunk wreathed round
His impotent bulk, and on his tusks, on high
Impaled upheld him between earth and sky.

Thither the affrighted Maiden sped her flight,
And she hath reach'd the place of sanctuary;
And now within the temple in
Hath Arvalan with fleshly arm of might Seized her. That instant the insulted God Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous grasp, As if from some tort catapult let loose, Over the forest hurl'd him all abroad.

O'eroomo with dread,
Her foot struck on the knotted root
Of a broad manohineil, and there the Maid Fell senselessly beneath the deadly shade.

VI. Casyapa
1
SHALL this then be thy fate, O lovely Maid,
Thus, Kailyal, must thy sorrows then be ended?
Her face upon the ground,
Her arms at length extended,
There like a corpse behold her laid Beneath the deadly shade.
What if the hungry tiger, prowling by,
Should snuff his banquet nigh?
Alas, Death needs not now his ministry;
The baleful boughs hang o'er her,
The poison-dews descend.
What Power will now restore her?
What God will be her friend?

Bright and so beautiful was that fair night,
It might have calm'd the gay amid their mirth,
And given the wretched a
The poison-dews deseend.
What Power will now restore her?
What God will be her friend?

The Father of the Immortals sate,
Where underneath the Tree of Life,
The Fountains of the Sacred River sprung;
The Father of the Immortals smiled
Benignant on his son.
Knewest thou, he said, my child,
Ereania, knowest thou whom thou bringest here?
A mortal to the holy atmosphere?

I found her in the Groves of Earth,
Beneath a poison-tree
Thus helpless as thou seest her.
In pity have I brought her to these bowers,
Not erring, Father! by that smile.
By that benignant eye!

What if the Maid be sinful? if her ways Were ways of darkness, and her death predoom'd To that black hour of midnight, when the Moon Hath turn'd her face away,
Unwilling to behold
The unhappy end of guilt?
Then what a lie, my Sire, were written here, [died, in these fair characters! and she had sure proof of purer life and happier doom, [Heaven, now in the moonlight, in the eye of if I had left so fair a flower to fade. But thou, . . all knowing as thou art, why askest thou of me? O Father, oldest, holiest, wisest, best, to whom all things are plain, 79 why askest thou of me? CASYAPA knowest thou kehama? EREENIA the Almighty Man! who knows not him and his tremendous power? the tyrant of the Earth, the enemy of Heaven! CASYAPA Fearest thou the rajah? EREENIA he is terrible! CASYAPA Yea, he is terrible! such power hath he that hope hath enter'd Hell. 89 the asuras and the spirits of the damn'd acclaim their hero; yamen, with the might of godhead, scarce can quell the rebel race accurst: [rise, half from their beds of torture they up and half uproot their chains. Is there not fear in heaven? the souls that are in bliss suspend their joy; the danger hath disturbed the calm of deity. And Brahma fears, and Veeshnoo turns his face. In doubt toward Seева's throne. I have seen Indra tremble at his prayers, and at his dreadful penances turn pale. They claim and wrest from Seева power so vast, that even Seева's self, the highest, cannot grant and be secure. CASYAPA And darkest thou, Ereenia, brave the Almighty Tyrant's power? EREENIA I brave him, Father! I? 100 CASYAPA Darest thou brave his vengeance? . . . For, if not, take her again to earth, cast her before the tiger in his path, or where the death-dew-dropping tree may work kehama's will. EREENIA neve!' CASYAPA Then meet his wrath! for he, even he, hath set upon this worm his wanton foot. EREENIA I know her not, how wretched and how fair, when here I wafted her. . . Poor child of earth! shall I forsake her, seeing thee so fair, so wretched? O my Father, let the maid dwell in the sacred grove! EREENIA that must not be, for force and evil then would enter here; [sin, Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth would flow from hence polluted in its springs, [death, and they who gasp upon its banks in
8

Trust thou in him whate'er betide,
And stand forth fearlessly!
The Sire of Gods replied:
All that He wills is right, and doubt not thou,
Howe'er our feeble scope of sight
May fail us now,
His righteous will in all things must be done.

My blessing be upon thee, O my son!

The sail from end to end display'd
Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the Maid.
An Angel's head, with visual eye,
Through trackless space, directs its chosen way;
Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,
Requires to voyage o'er the obedient sky,
Smooth as the stream when not a breeze at even,
Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven.

The immortal Youth of Heaven who floated by,
Even such as that divinest form shall be
In those blest stages of our onward race,
When no infirmity,
Low thought, nor base desire, nor wasting care,
Deface the semblance of our heavenly sire.

5

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim
Had seem'd unworthy him;
Angelic power and dignity and grace
Were in his glorious person; from the neck
Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling web
Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that deck
Imperial Majesty:
Their colour like the winter's moonless sky,
When all the stars of midnight's canopy
Shine forth; or like the azure deep
Radiant, through auras of emerald green
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint when closed, but
when outspread,
The permeating light
Shed through their substance thin and variegated hue;
Now bright as when the rose,
Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent and sight
A like delight; now like the juice that flows
From Douro's generous vine;
Or ruby when with deepest red it glows;
Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine,
When, at forthcoming of the Lord of Day,
The Orient, like a shrine,
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
And heralding his way,
Proclaims the presence of the Power divine.

6

Thus glorious were the wings
Of that celestial Spirit, as he went
Disporting through his native element.
Nor these alone
The gorgeous beauties that they gave to view;
Through the broad membrane branched a plant bone, [stem,
Spreading like fibres from their parent
Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
Or as the chaster hue
Of pearls that grace some Sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong behold him smile
The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

7

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship of Heaven;
Far, far beneath them lies
The vast and heavy atmosphere of earth;
And with the Swerga gales,
The Maid of mortal birth
At every breath a new delight inhales.
And now toward its port the Ship of Heaven, [flight,
Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its
Yet gently as the dews of night that
don't bend the harebell's
generest stem.

Daughter of Earth, Erenea cried, alight;
This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,
Lo, here my Bower of Bliss!
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

8
He furl’d his azure wings, which round him fold
Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
The happy Kailyal knew not where to gaze;
Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
Now turn’d upon the lovely Glendoveer,
Now on his heavenly home.
EREENIA
Here, Maiden, rest in peace,
And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.
The Almighty Rajah shall not harm thee here,
While Indra keeps his throne.

9
Then to the Garden of the Deity
Ereenia led the Maid.
In the mid garden tower’d a giant Tree;
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,
Roar’d its unrivall’d head on high, and stretch’d a thousand branches o’er the sky.
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.

10
On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie
Blue and transpierious, like another sky,
The Elements had rear’d their King’s abode.
A strong controlling power their strife suspended,
And there their hostile essences they blended,
To form a Palace worthy of the God.
Built on the Lake, the waters were its floor;
And here its walls were water arch’d with fire.
And here were fire with water vaulted o’er;
And spires and pinacles of fire
Round watery cupolas aspire,
And domes of rainbow rest on fiery towers;
And roofs of flame are turreted around
With cloud, and shafts of cloud with flame are bound.
Here too the Elements for ever veer,
Ranging around with endless inter-changing;
Pursued in love, and so in love... at intervals descry Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night
In fitful splendour, through the northern sky.

And feeding thus the source from whence they came,
The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,
For ever renovate, yet still the same.

11
Impatient of delay, Ereenia caught
The Maid aloft, and spread his wings abroad,
And bore her to the presence of the God.
There Indra sat upon his throne reclined,
Where Devetas adore him;
The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,
All tones of magic harmony combined
To soothe his troubled mind.
While the dark-eyed Apsaras danced before him.

In vain the God-musician play’d,
In vain the dark-eyed Nymphs of Heaven essay’d
To charm him with their beauties in the dance;
And when he saw the mortal Maid
Led by the heroic Glendoveer,
A deeper trouble fill’d his countenance,
What hast thou done, Ereenia, said the God,
Bringing a mortal here?
And while he spoke his eye was on the Maid;
The look he gave was solemn, not severe.

No hope to Kailyal it convey’d,
And yet it struck no fear;
There was a sad displeasure in his air,
But pity too was there.
EREENIA
Hear me, O Indra! On the lower earth
I found this child of man, by what mishap
I know not, lying in the lap of death.
Aloft I bore her to our Father’s grove,
Of bliss had heal’d her, upon earth again
To leave its lovely daughter.

Another thought, than when the gales
Of bliss had heal’d her, upon earth again
To leave its lovely daughter.

And feeding thus the source from whence they came,
The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,
For ever renovate, yet still the same.

And make him yet put forth his arm to wield.
The thunder, while the thunder is his own.

Then to the Garden of the Deity
Ereenia led the Maid.
In the mid garden tower’d a giant Tree;
Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,
Roar’d its unrivall’d head on high, and stretch’d a thousand branches o’er the sky.
Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.

Long years of life and happiness,
O Child of Earth be thine!
From death I sav’d thee, and from all thy foes
Will save thee, while the Swerga is secure.

Not me alone, O gentle Deveta!
I have a Father suffering upon earth,
A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,
For whose strange misery
There is no human help,
And none but I dare comfort him
Beneath Kehama’s Curse.
O gentle Deveta, protect him too!
EREENIA
Come, plead thyself to Indra! Words like thine
May win their purpose, rouse his slumbering heart,
And ending thus where they began.
For she is one who groans beneath the power
Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike
To men and Gods. His son, dead Arvalan,
Arm'd with a portion, Indra, of thy
Already wrested from thee, persecutes
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.
What then behoved me but to waft her here
To my own Bower of Bliss? what other choice?
The Spirit of foul Arvalan not yet
Hath power to enter here; here thou art yet
Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine

INDRA
No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowcrs
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off
His mortal part; for on mortality
Time and Infirmity and Death attend,
Close followers they, and in their mournful
Sorrow and Pain and Mutability.
Dil thefind entrance herto, we should behold
Our joys, like earthly summers, pass away.
Those joys perchance may pass; a stronger hand
May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise
The Swerga; but, Ereenia, if we fall,
Let it be Fate's own arm that casts us down:
We will not rashly hasten and provoke
The blow, nor bring ourselves the
ruin on.

EREENIA
Fear courts the blow, Fear brings the ruin on.
[Destiny
Needs must the chariot-wheels of
Crush him who throws himself before
their track,
Patient and prostrate.

The steam of that portentous sacrifice
Arise to Heaven. Then was the hour to
strike;
Then in the consummation of his pride,
His height of glory, then the thunder-bolt
Should have gone forth, and hurl'd him
from his throne
Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,
To everlasting burnings, agony
Eternal, and remorse which knows no
end.
That hour went by: grown impious in
success,
By prayer and penance he wrested now
Such power from Fate, that soon, if
Seeva turn not
His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,
Roll on through Padalon his chariot wheels,
Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock
The accurate Asuras to its burning floor,
And force the drink of Immortality
From Yama's charge. 
[Power
To those who will not turn their eyes from wrongs like ours;
From earth, or yet above the earth;
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour.

VIII. THE SACRIFICE
1
Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of
the Sky,
Why slumber those thunders of thine ?
Dost thou tremble on high,
Wilt thou tamely the Swarga resign,
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread?
On earth, or yet above the earth;
[Power
How many a day to Seeva's shrine
Kehama his victim hath led?
Nine and ninety days are fled,
Nine and ninety steeds have bled; so
One more, the rite will be complete,
One victim more, and this the dreadful day.

Then will the impious Rajah seize thy
And wrest the thunder-sceptre from thy
sway.
Along the mead the hallow’d Steed
Yet bends at liberty his way;
At noon his consummating blood will flow.

O day of woe! above, below,
That blood confirms the Almighty Tyrant’s reign!

Thou tremblest, O Indra, O God of the Sky,
Thy thunder is vain,
Thou tremblest on high for thy power!

But where is Veeshnoo at this hour,
But where is Seeva’s eye?
Is the Preserver careless for mankind?

Along the mead the hallow’d Steed
Still wanders wheresoe’er he will,
O’er hill, or dale, or plain;
No human hand hath trick’d that mane
From which he shakes the morning dew;
His mouth has never felt the rein,
His lipa have never felt the birea.

The multitude who long,
Lest aught should mar the rite,
Contract their circle now, and ... archers flank an ample
space;
Here, moving onward still, they drive him near,
Then, opening, give him way to enter
Behold him, how he starts and flings his head!

On either side in glittering order spread,
The archers ranged in narrowing lines appear;
The multitude behind close up the rear
With moon-like bend, and silently await
The awful end,
The rite that shall from Indra wreath his power.
In front, with far-stretched walls, and
many a tower,
Turret and dome and pinnacle elate,
The huge Pagoda seems to load the land:
And there before the gate

The Bramin band expectant stand,
The axe is ready for Kehama’s hand.

Hark! at the Golden Palaces
The Bramin strikes the time!
One, two, three, four, a thrice-told chime,

To lay upon the Steed his hand profane.
A thousand archers, with unerring eye,
At once let fly,
And with their hurling arrows fill the sky.

In vain they fall upon him fast as rain;
He bears a charmed life, which may defy
All weapons... and the darts that whizz around,
As from an adamantine panoply
Reppell’d, fall idly to the ground.

Kehama clasp’d his hands in agony
And saw him grasp the hallow’d
course’s mane,
Spring up with sudden bound,
And with a frantic cry,
And madman’s gesture, gallop round and round.

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah’s feet.
What doom will now be his... what vengeance meet
Will he, who knows no mercy, now require?

The obsequious guards around, with blood-hound eye,
Look for the word, in slow-consuming fire,
By piece-meal death, to make the
wretch expire.
Or hoist his living carcass, hook’d on
To feed the fowls and... and many a tower,
To that remorseless heart of royalty.

Might prompt, accursed instruments they stand
To work the wicked will with wicked hand.
Far other thoughts were in the
multitude;
Pity, and human feelings, held them still;
And stifled sighs and groans supprest were there,
And many a secret curse and inward prayer
Call'd on the insulted Gods to save mankind,
Expecting some new crime, in fear they stood,
Some horror which would make the natural blood
Start, with cold shudderings thrill the sinking heart,
Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent eye
Roll back and close, prent in for agony.

How then fared he for whom the mighty crowd
Suffer'd in spirit thus, how then fared he?
A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye
Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew
And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah! it is I!
And wilt thou kill me now?
The countenance of the Almighty Man rell when he knew... free! he cried; he hath his Curse,And vengeance upon him can wreak no worse... But ye who did not stop him... tremble ye!

The steam of slaughter from that place of blood
Spread o'er the tainted sky. Vultures, for whom the Rajah's tyrannv
So oft... watch'd the dead.
Far off the tigers, in the inmost wood, Heard the death shriek, and snuff'd the scent of blood;
They rose, and through the covert went their way, Couch'd at the forest edge, and waited for their prey.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Is there; Ladurlad hears their distant voices,
But with their joy no more his heart rejoices; [fare,
And how their old companion now may
Little they know, and less they care;
The torment he is doom'd to bear
Was but to them the wonder of a day,
A burden of sad thoughts soon put away.

They knew not that the wretched man was near,
And yet it seem'd, to his distemper'd
As if they wrong'd him with their merri-
Resentfully he turn'd away his eyes,
Yet turn'd them but to find
Sights that enraged his mind
With envy's grief more wild and over-
The tank which fed his fields was there,
and there
The large-leaved lotus on the waters
flowering.
There, from the intolerable heat
The buffalo's retreat;
Only their nostrils raised to meet the air,
Amid the sheltering element they rest.
Impatient of the sight, he closed his eyes.
And bow'd his burning head, and in despair
Calling on Indra... Thunder-God! he said,
Thou owest to me alone this day thy throne,
Be grateful, and in mercy strike me dead.

Despair had roused him to that hopeless prayer,
Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers,
Drew comfort; and he rose and gather'd
flowers,
And twined a crown for Mariataly's
brow;
And taking then her wither'd garland
down,
Replaced it with the blooming coronal.
Not for myself, the unhappy Father
cried,
Not for myself, O Mighty One! I pray,
Accursed as I am beyond thy aid!
But, oh! be gracious still to that dear
Maid
Who crown'd thee with these garlands
day by day,
And danced before thee eye at even-tide
In beauty and in pride.
O Mariataly, wheresoe'er she stray
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her guide!

A loud and fiendish laugh replied,
Scorning his prayer. Aloft, as from the air,
The sound of insinuit came: he look'd, and
The visage of dead Arvalan came forth,
Only his face amid the clear blue sky,
With long-drawn lips of insolent mockery,
And eyes whose lurid glare
Was like a sulphur fire,
Mingling with darkness ere its flames
expire.

Ladurlad knew him well: enraged to see
The cause of all his misery,
He stoop'd and lifted from the ground
A stake, whose fatal point was black
with blood;
The same wherewith his hand had dealt
the wound,
When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,
For violation seized the shrieking Maid.
Thus arm'd, in act again to strike he stood,
And twice with inefficient wrath essay'd
To smite the impassive shade.
The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh
renouvé;
And Arvalan put forth a hand and
cought [light,
The sunbeam, and condensing there its
Upon Ladurlad turn'd the burning stream.
Vain cruelty! the stake
Fall in white ashes from his hold, but he
Endured no added pain; his agony
Was full, and at the height;
The burning stream of radiance nothing
harm'd him;
A fire was in his heart and brain,
And from all other flame Kehama's Curse had charm'd him.

Anon the Spirit waved a second hand;
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind from the sky,
Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and
shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's
head.
Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is
East, West, and North, and South, on
every side
The Hand accursed waves in air to
The dizzying storm; ears, nostrils, eyes, and
mouth
It fills and cloggs, and clogging every
pore,
Taught him new tormenta might be
yet in store.
Where shall he turn to fly? behold his
house [bower,
In flames! uprooted lies the marriage-
The Goddess buried by the sandy
shower.
Blindly, with staggering step, he reels
about,
And still the accursed Hand pursued,
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-
laugh renew'd.

What, Arvalan! hast thou so soon
forgot [defy
The grasp of Pollear? Wilt thou still
The righteous Powers of heaven? or know'st thou not
That there are yet superior Powers on
high, [flight,
Son of the Wicked?... Lo, in rapid
Ereonia hastens from the ethereal height,
Brill it the sword celestial in his hand;
Like lightning in its path athwart the sky.
He comes and drives, with angel-arm,
the blow.
Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of
Heaven,
Felt that keen sword by arm angelic
-driven,
And fled before it from the fields of light.
Thrice through the vulnerable shade
The Glendoveer impels the gridding
blade.
The wicked Shade flies howling from his
to.
So let that Spirit foul
Fly, and for impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds
deplor; [served,
Worse punishment hath Arvalan de-
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom in store.
Not now the Glendoveer pursues his
flight;
He had the Ship of Heaven alight,
And gently there he laid
The astonish'd Father by the happy
Maid.
The Maid now shedding tears of deep delight. Beholding all things with incredulous eyes, still dizzy with the sand-storm, there he lay. [Bark while sailing up the skies, the living Through air and sunshine held its heavenly way.}

X. MOUNT MERU

1 Swift through the sky the vessel of the Suras Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel. Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou bearest! Beauty and Virtue, Fatherly care and filial veneration, Hearts which are proved and strengthened by affliction, Manly resoluteness, fortitude and action, Womanly goodness; All with which Nature halloweth her daughters, Tenderness, truth, and purity and meekness, Piety, patience, faith and resignation, Love and devotion. Ship of the Gods, how richly art thou laden! Proud of the charge, thou voyager rejoicing, Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening Lingea in heaven.

2 A stream descends on Meru mountain; None hath seen its secret fountain; It had its birth, so Sages say, Upon the memorable day When Parvati presumed to lay, In wanton play, Her hands, too venturous Goddess, in her mirth, On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of Earth. Thereat the heart of the Universe stood still: The Elements ceased their influences; the Hours Stopt on the eternal round; Motion and Breath, Time, Change, and Life and Death, In sudden trance oppress'd, forgot their powers, A moment, and the dread eclipse was ended; But at the thought of Nature thus suspended, The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood, And Ganges thence upon the world descended, The Holy River, the Redeeming Flood.

3 None hath seen its secret fountain; But on the top of Meru Mountain Which rises o'er the hills of earth, In light and clouds, it hath its mortal birth. Earth seems that pinnacle to rear Sublime above this worldly sphere, Its eradle, and its altar, and its throne; And there the new-born River lies Outspread beneath its native skies, As if it... springs at once, with sudden leap, Down from the immeasurable steep. From rock to rock, with shivering force rebounding, The mighty cataract rushes; Heaven around, Like thunder, with the incessant roar resounding, And Meru's summit shaking with the sound. Wide spreads the snowy foam, the sparkling spray Dances aloft; and ever there at morning The earliest sunbeams haste to wing their way, [Algorning; With rainbow wreathe: the holy stream And duly the adoring Moon at night Sheds her white glory there, And in the watery air Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

4 A mountain-valley in its blessed breast Receives the stream, which there delights to lie, Untroubled and at rest Beneath the... dark and deep, Their secret way the holy Waters wind, Till, rising underneath the root Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot, Majestic forth they flow to purify mankind.

5 Towards this Lake, above the nether sphere, The living Bark with angel eye Directs its course along the obedient sky, And thence through many a channel dark and deep, Their secret way the holy Waters wind, Till, rising underneath the root Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot, Majestic forth they flow to purify mankind.

6 The living Bark alights; the Glen-doveer Three happy beings are there here, The Sire, the Maid, the Glen-doveer. A fourth approaches; who is this That enters in the Bower of Bliss? No form so fair might painter find Among the daughters of mankind; For death her beauties hath refined, And unto her a form hath given Framed of the elements of Heaven; Pure dwelling place for perfect mind. She stood and gazed on Sire and Child, Her tongue not yet had power to speak,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

The tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when those tears her sight beguiled,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The Spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the carress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

The Maid that lovely form survey'd;
Wistful she gazed, and knew her not,
But Nature to her heart convey'd
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring,
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
And fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
As once with love and awe opprest.

Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held and clasped her hand,
And thus to Heaven's joys restored,
And thus to Heaven's joys restored,
For all the joys of Heaven,
By Death alone to others given,
This moment hath to him restored
The early-lost, the long-deplored.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,

It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soveth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

Oh! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

A blessed family is this
Assembled in the Bower of Bliss!
Strange woe, Ladurlad, art thou born,
And pangs beyond all pangs, many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring,
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
And fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
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Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
Stood mute in dolorous expectation;
And rushing forward in that hour,
Saved the Sworga from his power.

Grateful for this they hover nigh,
And bless that blessed Company.

One God alone, with wanton eye,
Beheld them in their Bower; O ye, he cried, who have deled
The Rajah, will ye mock my glory?
'Twas the immortal Youth of Love;
If men below, and Gods above,
Subject alike, quoth he, have felt
These darts, shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts?
Hover here, my gentle love,
Gently hover, while I see
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,
To the Glondoveer or me.

Then in the dewy evening sky,
The bird of gorgeous plumery
Poised his wings and hover'd nigh.
It chanced at that delightful hour
Kailyal sat before the Bower,
On the green bank with amaranth sweet,
Where Ganges warbled at her feet.
Ereenia there, before the Maid,
His sails of... with sudden stroke and strong,
In rapid course careering, swept along;
Now shooting downward from his heavenly height,
Plunged in the deep below,
Then rising, soar'd again,
And shook the sparkling waters off like rain.

And hovering o'er the silver surface hung,
At him young Camdeo bent the bow;
With living bees the bow was strung,
The fatal bow of sugar-cane,
And flowers which would inflame the heart
With their petals bare'd the dart.

The shaft, unerringly adrest,
Unerring flew, and smote Ereenia's breast.
Ah, Wanton! cried the Glondoveer,
Go aim at idler hearts,
Thy skill is baffled here!
A deeper love I bear that Maid divine,
A love that springeth from a higher will,
A holier power than thine!

A second shaft, while thus Ereenia cried,
Had Camdeo aim'd at Kailyal's side;
But lo! the Bees which strung his bow
Broke off, and took their flight.
To that sweet flower of earth they wing their way,
Around her raven tresses play,
And buzz about her with delight,
As if with that melodious sound,
They strove to pay their willing duty
To mortal purity and beauty.

Ah! Wanton! cried the Glondoveer,
No power hast thou for mischief here!
Choose thou some idler breast,
For these are proof, by nobler thoughts possed.
Go, to thy plains of Matra go,
And string again thy broken bow!

Rightly Ereenia spake; and ill had thoughts
Of earthly love beseech'd the sanctuary
Where Kailyal had been wafted, that the Soul

Of her dead Mother there might strengthen her,
Feeding her with the milk of heavenly
And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart
With hope and faith, and holy fortitude,
Against the evil day. Here rest a while
In peace, O father! mark'd for misery
Above all sons of men; O daughter! doon'd
For sufferings and for trials above all
Of women; yet both favour'd, both beloved
By all good Powers, rest here a while in peace.

When from the sword by arm angelic driven,
Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,
His thin essential spirit, rent and riven.
His soul the ignominious thought disdain'd,
Or to his mighty Father should he go,
Complaining of defeature twice sustain'd,
And ask new powers to meet the immortal foe?
Repulse he fear'd not, but he fear'd rebuke,
And shamed to tell him of his overthrow.
There dwelt a dread Enchantress in a nook,
Beneath Obscur; old holspite she to him had
Lending her aid in many a secret sin;
And there for counsel now his way he took.

She was a woman, whose unlovely youth,
Even like a canker'd rose which none will cult;
Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart was full
Of passions which had found no natural scope,
Feelings which there had grown but ripen'd not,
Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,
Repinings which provoked vindictive thought,
These restless elements for ever wrought
Fermenting in her with perpetual airm,
And thus her spirit to all evil moved;
She hated men because they loved not her,
And hated women because they were loved.
And thus, in wrath and hatred and despair,
She tempted Hell to tempt her; and resign'd.
Her body to the Demons of the Air,
Wicked and wanton fiends, who where they will
Wander abroad, still seeking to do ill,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

And take whatever vacant form they find, 
Carcass of man or beast that life hath foul
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.
To those the Witch her wretched body gave,
So they would wreak her vengeance on mankind;
She thus at once their mistress and their slave;
And they to do her service nothing loth,
Obey'd her bidding, slaves and masters both.

The wine which from you wounded palm
on high,
Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distills,
Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.
The deadliest worm from which all creatures fly
Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye;
The babe unborn, within its mother's womb,
Started and trembled when the Witch came nigh;
And in the silent chambers of the tomb,
Death shudder'd her unholy tread to hear,
And from the dry and moulderling bones did fear
Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite was near.

Power made her haughty; by ambition fired,
Ere long to mightier mischiefs she aspired.
The Calis, who o'er Cities rule,
And sword whose edge even now I rue,
In a Ship of Heaven on high
Pilots her along the sky.
Where they voyage thou canst tell,
Mistress of the mighty spell.

The pregnant seeds of death he bade her strew,
All deadly plagues and pestilence to brew.
The Locusts were her army, and their bands,
Where'er she turn'd her skinny finger, flew.
The floods in ruin roll'd at her commands;
And when, in time of drought, the husbandman
Beheld the gather'd rain about to fall,
Her breath would drive it to the desert sands.
While in the marshes' parch'd and gaping
The rice-roots by the searching Sun were dried,
And in lean groups, assembled at the side
Of the empty tank, the cattle dropt and died.

Woe was to him, on whom that eye of hate
Was bent; for, certain as the stroke of Fate,
The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,
And thence adored with blood and human life,
They knew her, and in their accurate employ
She stirr'd up neighbouring states to mortal strife.
Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad
Upon the King of the Ravens, to destroy
The offending sons of men, when his four hands
Were weary with their toil, would let her do
His work of vengeance upon guilty lands;
And Lorrinite, at his commandment, knew
When the ripe earthquake should be loosed, and where
To point its course. And in the baneful

She for whom so ill I sped,
Whom my Father deemeth dead,
Lives, for Marriataly's aid
From the water saved the Maid.
In hatred I desire her still,
And in revenge would have my will.
A Devata with wings of blue,
And sword whose edge even now I rue
In a Ship of Heaven on high,
Plots her along the sky.
Where they voyage thou canst tell,
Mistress of the mighty spell.

At this the Witch, through shrivelled lips and thin
Sent forth a sound half whistle and half hiss.
Two winged Hands came in,
Armless and bodiless,
Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set
In frame as diamond bright, yet black as jet.
A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless
To form that magic globe; for Lorrinite
Had, from their sockets, drawn the liquid sight,
And kneaded it, with re-creating skill,
Into this organ of her mighty will.
Look in yonder orb, she cried,
Tell me what is there descried.

ARVALAN

A mountain top, in clouds of light
Enveloped, rises on my sight;
Thence a cataract rushes down,
Hung with many a rainbow crown;
Light and clouds conceal its head;
Below, a silver Lake is spread;
Upon its shores a Bower I see,
Fit home for blessed company.
See they come forward... one, two, three...
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

11

The Asuras, often put to flight
And scatter'd in the fields of light
By their foes celestial might,
Forged this enchanted armour for the fight.
Mid fires intense did they anneal
In mountain furnaces, the quivering steel,
Till trembling through each deepening
It settled in a midnight blue;
Last they cast it, to aslake,
In the penal icy lake.
Then they consign'd it to the Giant brood;
And while they forged the impenetrable arms,

12

Then she led him to the den,
Where her chariot, night and day,
Stood harness'd ready for the way.
Two Dragons, yoked in adamant, convey
The magic car from either collar sprung
An adamantine rib, which met in air,
O'er arch'd, and cross and bent diverging there;
And firmly in its arc upright,
Upon their brazen necks, the seat of power.
Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand Receives the magic reins from Lorripite;
The dragons, long obedient to command,
Their ample sails expand; Like steeds well-broken to fair lady's hand,
They feel the reins of might, And up the northern sky begin their flight.

13

Son of the Wicked, doth thy soul delight
To think its hour of vengeance now is nigh?
Lo! where the far-off light
Of Indra's palace flashes on his sight, And Meru's heavenly summit shines on high,
With clouds of glory bright, Amid the dark-blue sky.
Already, in his hope, doth he espy,
Himself secure in mail of tenfold charms, Ereenia writhing from the magic blade.
The Father sent to bear his Curse, the Maid
Resisting vainly in his impious arms.

14

Ah, Sinner! whose anticipating soul
Incurs the guilt even when the crime is spared!
Joyous toward Meru's summit on he fared,
While the twin Dragons, rising as he guides,
With steady flight, steer northward for Anon, with irresistible control.
Force mightier far than his arrests their course;
It wrought as though a Power unseen had caught
Their adamantine yokes to drag them on.
Straight on they bend their way, and now, in vain,
Upward doth Arvalan direct the rein;
The rein of magic power avails no more,
Bootless its strength against that unseen Power
That in their mid career,
Hath seized the Chariot and the Chariteer.
With hands resisting, and down-pressing feet
Upon their hold insisting, He struggles to maintain his difficult seat.
Seeking in vain with that strange Power to vie, Their doubled speed the afflicted Dragons try.
Forced in a stream from whence was no retreat,
Strong as they are, behold them whirl'd along.
Headlong, with useless pennons, through the sky.

15

What Power was that, which, with resistless might,
Foil'd the dread magic thus of Lorripite?
'Twas all-commanding Nature. They were here
Within the sphere of the adamantine rocks
Which gird Mount Meru round, as far below
That heavenly height where Ganges hath its birth
Involved in clouds and light, So far above its roots of ice and snow.

16

On...on they roll, rap headlong they roll on;
The lost canoe, less rapidly than this,
Down the precipitous stream is whirl'd along.
To the brink of Niagara's dread abyss. On...on they roll, and now, with shivering shock.
Are dash'd against the rock that girds the Polo.
Down from his shattered mail the unhappy Soul
Is dropt...ten thousand thousand fathoms down.
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow.
Foul Arvalan is stop'd. There let him howl,
Goon there...and there with unavailing moan,
For aid on his Almighty Father call.

17

All human sounds are lost
Amid those deserts of perpetual frost,
Old Winter's drear domain, Beyond the limits of the living World,
Beyond Kehama's reign.
Of utterance and of motion soon bereft,
Frozen to the ice-rock, there behold him lie,
Only the painful sense of Being left,
A Spirit who must feel, and cannot die,
Bleaching and bare beneath the polar sky.

XII. THE SACRIFICE COMPLETED

1

O ye who, by the Lake
On Meru Mount, partake
The joys which Heaven hath destined for the blest,
Swift, swift, the moments fly,
The silent hours go by,
And ye must leave your dear abode of rest.
O wretched Man, prepare
Again thy Curse to bear!
Prepare, O wretched Maid, for farther woe!
The fatal hour draws near.
When Indra's heavenly sphere
Must own the Tyrant of the World below.
To-day the hundredth Steed,
At Sceva's shrine must bleed,
The dreadful sacrifice is full to-day;
Not man nor God hath power,
At this momentous hour,
Again to save the Swerga from his sway.
Fresh woes, O Maid divine,
Fresh trials must be thine.
And what must thou, Ladurlad, yet endure!
But let your hearts be strong,
And rise against all wrong.
For Providence is just, and virtue is secure.

They, little deeming that the fatal day
Was come, beheld where through the morning sky
A Ship of Heaven drew nigh.
Onward they watch it steer its steady flight;
Till wondering, they spy
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.
But when Ereenia saw the Sire appear,
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight
His heart received a sudden shock of fear:
Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,
O Father! cried the startled Glenloving.
The dreadful hour is near! I know it well!
Not for less import would the Sire of
Forsake his ancient and august abodes.

Even so, serene the immortal Sire replies;
Soon like an earthquake will ye feel the blow
Which consummates the mighty sacrifice:
And this World, and its Heaven, and all therein,
Are then Kehama's. To the second ring
Of these seven Spheres, the Swarga-King.
Even now, prepare for flight,
Beyond the circle of the conquer'd world,
Beyond the Rahja's might.
Ocean, that clips this inmost of the Spheres,
And girds it round with everlasting roar,
Set like a gem appears
Within that bending shore.
Thither fly all the Sons of heavenly race;
I too forsake mine amant dwelling-place.
And now, O Child and Father, ye must
Take up the burden of your woe,
And wander once again below.

With patient heart hold onward to the end,
Be true unto yourselves, and bear in mind
That every God is still the good Man's friend;
And when the Wicked have their day assign'd,
Then they who suffer bravely save mankind.

O ye immortal Bowers,
Where hitherto the Hours
Have led their dance of happiness for aye,
With what a sense of woe
Do ye expect the blow,
And see your heavenly dwellers driven away!
Lo! where the rambling-birds of graceful mien,
Whose milk-white forms were seen,
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees between,
And by your silent springs,
With melancholy cry
Now spread unwilling wings;
Their stately necks reluctant they pretend,
And through the sullen sky,
To other worlds, their mournful progress bend.

The afflicted gales to-day
O'er their beloved streams no longer play.
The streams of Paradise have ceased to flow;
The Fountain-Tree withstands its diamond shower,
In this portentous hour.
This dolorous hour, this universal woe,
Where is the Palace, whose far-flashing beams,
With streaks and streams of ever-varying light,
Brighten'd the polar night
Around the frozen North's extremest shore?
Gone like a morning rainbow, like a dream.
A star that shoots and falls, and then is seen no more.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

XIII. THE RETREAT

1

AROUND her Father's neck the Maiden look'd Her arms, when that portentous blow was given; [up roar, Clinging to him she heard the dread earth-roll, And felt the shuddering shock which run through Heaven; Earth underneath them rock'd, Her strong foundations heaving in commotion, Such as wild winds upraise in raving Ocean.

As though the solid base were rent asunder. [sky.
And lo! where, storming the astonish'd Kehama and his evil host ascend! to Before them rolls the thunder, Ten thousand thousand lightnings round them fly, Upward the lengthening pageantries aspire, Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widening wake of fire.

The Maiden, at those welcome words, imprest A passionate kiss upon her father's cheek! [seek They look'd around them then as if to Where they should turn, North, South, or East, or West, Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd best.

Some on the lower boughs which cross their way, Fixing their bearded Abres, round and round, [wound; With many a ring and wild contortion 

Some to the passing wind at times, with sway Of gentle motion swung; Others of younger growth, unmoved, were hung Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height; Beneath was smooth and fair to sight, Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the natural floor, And through the leafy cope which bower'd it o'er. Came gleams of cheque'r'd light. So like a temple did it seem, that there A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.

A brook, with easy current, murmur'd near; Water so cool and clear [well, The peasants drink not from the humble Which they with sacrifice of rural pride, Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside; Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense To those in towns who dwell, The work of Kings, in their beneficence. Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon, Pellucid, deep and still, in silence join'd And swell'd the passing stream. Like burnish'd steel Glowings, it lay beneath the eye of noon; And when the breezes in their play, Ruffled the darkening surface, then with gleam Of sudden light, around the lotus stem It rippled, and the sacred flowers that crown The lakelet with their roseate beauty, ride In easy waving rock'd, from side to side; And as the wind upheaves Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves [down. Flap on the twinkling waters, up and
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

1
They built them here a bower, of jointed cane,
Long for the needful use, and light and strong
Was the slight framework there'd, with little pain;
Supply, little creepers, then, the wicker sides
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
Beneath the genial sky.
And here did Kailyal, each returning day,
Four forth libations from the brook to pay
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite;
In such libations pour'd in open glades,
Beside clear streams and solitary sliades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.
And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,
The Maid, as with an angel's voice of song,
Poured her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even.

8
Thus ever, in her Father's doating eye,
Kailyal perform'd the customary rite;
He, patient of his burning pain the while,
Beheld her, and approved her pious toil;
And sometimes at the sight
A melancholy smile
Would gleam upon his awful countenance.
He too by day and night, and every hour,
Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, and rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude,
An agony represt, a will resign'd,
To her, who, on her secret throne reclined,
Amid the Sea of Milk, by Veessnook's side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power ended,
There Voomdavee beholds this lower clime,
And marks the silent sufferings of the soul
To recompense them in her own good time.

11
Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers
O'er-topping the young trees,
On comes the Elephant, to slake his thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with wavvy motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He moves it to and fro.
But when that form of beauty meets his sight,
The trunk its undulating motion stops,
From his forgetful hold the plane-branch drops,
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational eyes
To her as if in prayer;
And when she pours her angel voice in song,
Enchanted he listens to the thrilling
Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden dews,
Their fragrance of delight and love diffuse.

12
Lo! as the voice melodious floats around,
The Antelope draws near,
The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs to hear;
The Snake comes gliding from the secret
Himself in fascination forced along
By that enchanting song;
The antic Monkies, whose wild gambols late,
When not a breeze waved the tall jungle grass,
Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and silent
Hang on the cluster'd tree.
All things in wonder and delight are still;
Only at times the Nightingale is heard,
Not that in emulous skill that sweetest bird
Her rival strain would try.
A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie;
She only bore her part in powerful sympathy.

13
Well might they thus adore that heavenly Maid!
For never Nymph of Mountain,
Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,
With a diviner grace,
Her natural graces,
Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet stain,
Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor anklet,
Not trinketry on front, or neck, or breast
Marring the perfect form; she seem'd a thing
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work,
A child
Of early nature undefiled,
A daughter of the years of innocence.
And therefore all things loved her. When she stood
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother bird,
When Kailyal's step she heard,
Sought not to tempt her from her secret nest,
But hastening to the dear retreat,
Would fly
To meet and welcome her benignant eye.
Maid of strange destiny! but think not
Thou art forgotten now.
And hast no cause for further hope or fear.
High-fated Maid, thou dost not know
What eyes watch over thee for weal and woe!

Even at this hour,
Searching the dark decrees divine,
Kehama, in the fulness of his power,
Perceives his thread of fate entwine with thine.

The Glendover, from his far sphere,
With love that never sleeps, beholds thee here,
And in the hour permitted will be near.

Dark Lorrimite on thee hath fix'd her sight,
And laid her viles, to aid
Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear;
For well she weened his Spirit would renew [hate;]
Old vengeance now, with unremitting
The Enchantress well that evil nature knew;

The accursed Spirit hath his prey in view;
And thus, while all their separate hopes pursue,
All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate.

Fate work'd its own the while. A band
Of Yoguees, as they roam'd the land
Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut their God,
Stray'd to this solitary glade,
And reach'd the bower wherein the Maid abode.

Wondering at form so fair, they deem'd the Power
Divine had led them to his chosen bride,
And seized and bore her from her Father's side.

XIV. JAGA-NAUT

1

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut!
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
A virgin-bride his ministers have brought,
A mortal maid, in form and face divine,
Peerless among all daughters of mankind;
Search'd they the world again from East to West,
In endless quest,
Seeking the fairest and the best,
No maid so lovely might they hope to find;
For she hath breathed celestial air,
And heavenly food hath been her fare,
And heavenly thoughts and feelings give her face
That heavenly grace.
Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut,
Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine!
The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought,
A fairer than the fairest have they brought,
A maid of charms surpassing human thought,
A maid divine.

2
Now bring ye forth the Chariot of the God!
Bring him abroad, That through the swarming City he may ride;
And by his side
Place ye the Maid of more than mortal grace,
The Maid of perfect form and heavenly face;
Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride
Upon the Bridal Car,
And spread the joyful tidings wide and far ...

Spread it with trump and voice
That all may hear, and all who hear rejoice,

Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate! the God
Will ride abroad! To-night will he go forth from his abode!
Ye myriads who adore him,
Prepare the way before him!

3

Uprase'd on twenty wheels elate,
Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appear'd;
Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as through the gate [load.

A thousand Bramins drag the enormous
There tirioned aloft in state, 

The Image of the seven-headed God
Came forth from his abode; and at his side
Sate Kaiyal on like a bride.
A bridal statue rather might she seem,
For she regarded all things as a dream,
Having no thought, nor fear, nor will, nor ought
Save hope and faith, that lived within her still.

4
O silent night, how have they startled thee
With the brazen trumpet's blare;
And thou, O Moon! whose quiet light serene
Filletteth wide heaven, and bathing hill and wood, [flood.

Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a
How have they dimm'd thee with the torches' glare,
Which round you moving pageant flame and flare,
As the wild rout, with deafening song and shout,
Fling their long flashes out,
That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh, with
might and main,
To drag that sacred wain,
And scarce can draw along the enormous load.
Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
And calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
To pave his chariot-way.
On Jaga-Naut they call,
The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes
all.
Through flesh and bones it ploughs its
dreadful path.
Groans rise unheard: the dying cry,
And death and agony
Are trodden under foot by yon mad throng,
Who follow close, and thrust the deadly wheels along.

Pale grows the Maid at this accursed sight;
The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath ... those eyes be turn'd ? she knows not where!

Nor can her patient looks to Heaven repair,
For the huge Idol over her, in air,
Spreads his seven hideous heads, and
wide
Extends their snaky necks on every side;
And all around, behind, before,
The Bridal Car, is the raging rout,
With frantic shouts, and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.

And the double double peals of the drum
are there,
And the startling burst of the trumpet's
blare;
And the gong, that seems, with its
thunders dread
To astound the living, and waken the
dead, [rent,
The ear-strings thro'b as if they were
And the eyelids drop as stunned
and spent. [fast,
Fain would the Maid have kept them
But open they start at the crack of the blast.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia?
In this dread hour of horror and despair?
Thinking on him, she strove her fear to quil
If he be near me, then will all be well;
And, if he reck not for my misery,
Let come the worst, it matters not to me.

He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of match-
less charms !
Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,
And fill his longing arms!

Thus to the inner fane,
With circling dance and hymeneal strain,
The astonish'd Maid they led,
And there they laid her on the bridal bed.
Then forth they go, and close the
Temple-gate,
And leave the wretched Kailyal to her fate.

There, in the Temple-court with song
and dance,
A harlot-band, to meet the Maid,
advance.
The drum hath ceased its peals; the
trump and gong
Are still; the frantic crowd forbid their
yells;
And sweet it was to hear the voice of
song,
And the sweet music of their girdle-bells,
Armlets and anklets, that, with cheerful
sound,
Symphonious tinkled as they wheel'd
around.

They sung a bridal measure,
A song of measure,
A hymn of joyance and of gratulation.
Go, chosen One, they cried,
Go, happy bride!

For thee the God descends in expecta-
tion !
For thy dear sake
He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of match-
less charms !
Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,
And fill his longing arms!

Then, in despair,
Anguish and agony, and hopeless prayer,
Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.
There trembling as she lay,
The Brahm of the fane advanced
And came to seize his prey.
But as the abominable Priest drew nigh,
A power invisible opposed his way:
Starting, he utter'd wildly a death-cry,
And fell.

When lo! with other life re-animate,
She saw the dead arise,
And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,
She knew the hateful Spirit who look'd through
Their specular orbs, ... clothed in the
flush of man.

Sho needs that faith, she needs that consolation,
For now the Car hath measured back its
track
Of death, and hath re-enter'd now its
station.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
But not in vain, with sudden shriek of fear,
She calls Ereenia now; the Glendoveer
Is here ! Upon the guilty sight he burst
Like lightning from a cloud, and caught
the acurat,
Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the
floor
With vengeance dash'd him, quivering
there in gore.

He called the Enchantress cried;
A host of Demons at her word appear,
And like tornado winds, from every side
At once they rush upon the Glendoveer.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
From the loathed bed she starts, and
in the air
Looks up, as if she thought to find him
there ;

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
From the loathed bed she starts, and
in the air
Looks up, as if she thought to find him
there ;

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
From the loathed bed she starts, and
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Looks up, as if she thought to find him
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Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
From the loathed bed she starts, and
in the air
Looks up, as if she thought to find him
there ;

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
From the loathed bed she starts, and
in the air
Looks up, as if she thought to find him
there ;

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
where?
Not that celestial falchion, which in
fight
So oft had put the rebel race to flight.
There are no Gods on earth to give
him aid;
Hemm'd round, he is overpower'd, beat
down, and bound,
And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

Meantime the scatter'd members of the
slain,
Obedient to her mighty voice assum'd
Their vital form again,
And that foul Spirit upon vengeance
bent,
Fled to the fleshly tenement.

Lo! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest thy foe!
Him ... help him now, and there
Por Man there is no way.
To that dread scene of durance and despair,
Asuras, bear your enemy! I go
To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime do thou,
Freed from thy foe, and now secure from fear,
Son of Kehama, take thy pleasure here.

So having said, she knit
Her body up to work her soul's desire,
And rush at once among the thickest fire.

XIV. JAGA-NAUT

A sudden cry withheld her... Kailyal, stay!
Child! Daughter! I am here! the
voice exclaims.

Relying that the Waves will guard him
there? [near; Short-sighted are the eyes of Wicked.
And all its craft but folly. Oh my child! The
Curses of the Wicked are upon me,
And the immortal Deities, who see
And suffer all things for their own wise
end,
Have made them blessings to us!

KAILYAL
Then thou knowest
Where they have borne him?

LADURLAD
To the Sepulchres
Of the Ancient Kings, which Baly in his
power
Made in primeval times; and built
above them
A City, like the Cities of the Gods,
Being like a God himself. For many an
age
Hath Ocean war'd against his Palaces,
Till, overwhelm'd, they lie beneath the
waves,
Not overthrown, so well the aweful Chief
Had laid their deep foundations. Rightly
said
The Accursed, that no way for man was
there,
But not like man am I!

Up from the ground the Maid exultant
sprung,
And clapp'd her happy hands in attitude
Of thanks to Heaven, and flung
Her arms around her Father's neck, and
stood
Struggling awhile for utterance, with
excess
Of hope and pious thankfulness.

Come... come! she cried, Oh let us not
delay...

He is in torments there... away!
3
Long time they travell'd on; at dawn of day
Still setting forward with the earliest light,
Nor ceasing from their way
Till darkness closed the night.
Short refuge from the noontide heat,
Reluctantly compelled, the Maiden took,
And ill her indefatigable feet
Could that brief respite brook.
Hope kept her up, and her intense desire
Supports that heart which ne'er at danger quails,
Those feet which never tire,
That frame which never fails.

Their talk was of the City of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the fame
Of Baly its great founder, . . . he whose name
In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless glory,
Because his might
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld the right.
Till for ambition, as old sages tell,
At length the universal Monarch fell:
For he too, having made the World his own,
Then in his pride, had driven
The Devas from Heaven,
And seized triumphantly the Sverga throne.
The Incarnate came before the Mighty One,
In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure;
The sacred cord he bore,
And ask'd, for Brahma's sake, a little boon,
Three steps of Baly's ample reign, no
Poor was the boon required, and poor was he
Who begg'd. . . a little wretch it seem'd to be;
But Baly ne'er refused a suppliant's
He on the Dwarf cast down
A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,
And bade him take the boon,
And measure where he would.

Lo, Son of giant birth,
I take my grant! the Incarnate Power replies.
With his first step he measured o'er the Earth,
The second spann'd the skies.
Three pace thou hast granted,
Twice have I set my footstep, Vecshno cries.
Where shall the third be planted?

Then Baly knew the God, and at his feet,
In homage due, he laid his humbled head.
Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth and Heaven,
Mighty art thou! he said,
Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.
He ask'd for mercy of the Merciful,
And mercy for his people, his sake was shown.
For though he was cast down to Padalon,
Yet there, by Yamen's throne,
Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,
To judge the dead, and sentence them to right.
And forasmuch as he was still the friend
Of righteousness, it is permitted him,
Yearly, from those drear regions to ascend,
And walk the Earth, that he may hear in his name
Still hymn'd and honour'd by the grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Such was the talk they held upon their way,
Of him to whose old City they were bound;
And now, upon their journey, many a day
Had risen and closed, and many a week gone round,
And many a realm and region had they pass'd,
When now the Ancient Towers appear'd at last.
Their golden summits in the noon-day light,
Shone o'er the dark green deep that roll'd between,
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen,
Piercing above the sea, . . . a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devoting
Had swallow'd there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-kewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude;
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;

Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
According to the melancholy waves.

With reverence did the travellers see
The works of ancient days, and silently
Approach the shore. Now on the yellow sand,
Where round their feet the rising waves part
They stand. Ladulair's heart
Excited in his wondrous destiny.
To Heaven he raised his hand
In attitude of stern heroic pride;
Oh what a power, he cried,
Thou dreadful Rajah, doth thy curse impart!
I thank thee now! . . . Then turning to the Maid,
Thou seest how far and wide
Yet Towers extend, he said,
My search must needs be long.
Mean-time the flood
Will cast thee up thy food,
And in the Chambers of the Rock by night,
Take thou thy safe abode.
No prowling beast to harm thee, or affright,
Can enter there; but wrap thyself with care
From the foul Birds obscene that thirst for blood.
For in such caverns doth the Bat delight.
To have his haunts. Do thou with stolen and show't
Ere thou liest down at evening, scare them out,
And in this robe of mine involve thy feet.
Duly commend us both to Heaven
in prayer, [sweet! Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be
So saying, he put back his arm, and gave 
The cloth which girt his loins, and pressed her hand 
With fervent love, then from the sand 
Advanced into the sea; the coming 
Wave 
Which knew Kehama's curse, before his way 
Started, and on he went as on dry land, 
And still around his path the waters parted. 
She stands upon the shore, where seaweeds play, 
Lashing her polish'd ankles, and the 
spray 
Which off her Father, like a rainbow, 
Falls on her like a shower; there Kailyal stands, 
And sees the billows rise above his head. 
She at the startled sight forgot the power 
The Curse had given him, and held forth her hands 
Imploringly; her voice was on the wind, 
And the deaf Ocean o'er his destiny, 
Composed her soul with prayer, to wait the event resignation. 

Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be sweet, 
Ladurlad said: Alas! that cannot be 
To one whose days are days of 
Oft amid the visions of delight, 
Fear in her heart all is not as it seems; 
Then from unsettled slumber start, and 
hear 
The Winds that moan above, the Waves below! 
Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep! thy friend of Woe, 
But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee 

Another day, another night are gone, 
A second passes, and a third wanes on. 
So long she paced the shore, 
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and no more 
Fled, when she pass'd beside them on the strand. 
[light 
Bright shine the golden summits in the light; 
Of the noon-sun, and lovelier far by night 
Their moonlight glories o'er the sea they
Of that proud City, whose superb abodes
Seem'd rear'd by Giants for the immortal Gods.
How silent and how beautiful they
Like things of Nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates and chok'd their doors,
Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors.
Did then the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair City, that he spared thee thus?

Art thou Varomin's capital and court,
Where all the Sea-Gods for delight resort,
A place too godlike to be held by us,
The poor degenerate children of the Earth?
So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd around,
Weening to hear the sound
Of Mermaid's shell, and song
Of choral throng from some imperial hall,
Wherein the Immortal Powers at festival,
Their high carousals keep;
But all is silence dread,
Silence profound and dead,
The everlasting stillness of the Deep.

It was a Garden still beyond all price,
Even yet, it was a place of Paradise;
For where the mighty Ocean could not spare,
There had he with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores.
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossey bed
Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here too were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossom spread,
Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking head.

The golden fountains had not ceased to flow:
And where they mingled with the briny Sea,
There was a sight of wonder and delight,
To see the fishes, like birds in air,
Round those strange waters they repair,
Their scarlet fins outspread and plying.
They float with gentle hovering there;
And now upon those little wings,
As if to dare forbidden things
With wilful purpose bent,
Swift as an arrow from a bow,
In rapid glance, like lightning go
Through that unvonted element.

Almost in scenes so wondrous fair,
Ladurlad had forget
The mighty cause which led him there;
His busy eye was every where,
His mind had lost all thought;
His heart, surrender'd to the joys
Of sight, was happy as a boy's.
But soon the awakening thought recurs
Of him who in the Sepultures,
Hopeless of human aid, in chains is laid;
And her who on the solitary shore,
By night and day her weary watch will keep,
Till she shall see them issuing from the deep.

Now hath Ladurlad reach'd the Court
Of the great Palace of the King;
Its floor was of the marble rock;
Wherewith the Sea-Nymphs love their locks to braid,
When to their father's hall, at festival
Repairing they, in emulous array,
Their charms display,
To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.

The mighty Image on the steps was seen,
Of stature huge, of countenance serene.
A crown and sceptre at his feet were laid;
One hand a scroll display'd,
The other pointed there, that all might see;
My name is Death, it said,
In mercy have the Gods appointed me.
Two brazen gates beneath him night and day
Stood open; and within them you behold
Descending steps, which in the living stone
Were hewn, a spacious way
Down to the Chambers of the Kings of old.
Trembling with hope, the adventurous man descended.
The sea-green light of day
Not far along the vault extended;
But where the slant reflection ended,
Another light was seen
Of red and fiery hue,
That with the water blended,
And gave the secrets of the Tombs to view.

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall
Of Death was hollow'd out, a chamber wide,
Low-roof'd, and long; on either side,
Each in his own alcove, and on his throne
The Kings of old were seated; in his
Each held the sceptre of command,
From whence, across that scene of endless night,
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting light.

So well had the embalmers done their part
With spice and precious unguents to
The perfect corpse, that each had still the hue
Of living man, and every limb was still
Supple and firm and full, as when of yore
Its motion answer'd to the moving will,
The robes of royalty which once they wore,
Long since had moulder'd off and left them bare:
Naked upon their thrones behold them
Statues of actual flesh, a fearful sight!
Their large and rayless eyes
Dimly reflecting to that gem-born light,

Glazed, fix'd, and meaningless, yet, open wide.
Their gashly balls belied
The mockery of life in all beside.

But if amid these chambers dream,
Death were a sight of shuddering and of fear,
Life was a thing of stranger horror here.
For at the farther end, in yon alcove,
Where Baly should have lain, had he obey'd
Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid.
Strong fetters link him to the rock;
his eye
Now rolls and widens, as with effort vain
He strives to break the chain,
Now seems to brood upon his misery
Before him could 'd there lay
One of the mighty monsters of the deep,
Whom Lorrincente encountering on the way,
There station'd, his perpetual guard to keep;
In the sport of wanton power, she
charmed him there,
As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

Upward his form was human, save that here
The skin was cover'd o'er with scale on scale
Compact, a panoply of natural mail.
His mouth, from ear to ear,
Weapon'd with triple teeth, extended wide,
And tusks on either side;
A double snare, he roll'd
His supple length behind in many a sinuous fold.

With red and kindling eye, the Beast beholds
A living man draw nigh,
And rising on his folds,
In hungry joy awaits the expected feast,
His mouth half-open, and his teeth unsheath'd.
Then on he sprang, and in his scaly arms
Seized him, and fasten'd on his neck, to suck,
With greedy lips the warm life-blood:
and sure
But for the mighty power of magic
As easily as, in the blithesome hour
Of spring, a child doth crop the meadow-flower,
Piecemeal those claws
Had rent their victim, and those armed jaws
stood,
Snap't him in twain. Naked Ladurlad
Yet fearless and unharm'd in this dread strife,
So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd his fated life.

He too, . . . for anger, rising at the sight
Of him he sought, in such strange thrall confined,
With desperate courage fired Ladurlad's mind,
He too unto the fight himself addrest,
And grappling breast to breast,
With foot firm-planted stands,
And seized the monster's throat with both his hands.
Vainly, with throttling grasp, he prest
The impenetrable scales;
And lo! the Guard rose up, and round his foe,
Then tighten'd all their folds with stress and strain.

Ereenia groan'd in anguish at the sight
Of this dread fight: once more the Glendoveer
Essay'd to break his bonds, and fear
For that brave father who had sought him here,
Stung him to wilder strugglings.
Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length;
Then prostrate on his prison-bed of stone, 

Body and chain alike with lifeless
weight.
Struggling they lay in mortal fray
All day, while day was in our upper
And natural darkness never entered
All night, with unabated might,
They waged the unremitting fight.
A second day, a second night,
With furious will they wrestled still.
The third came on, the fourth is gone;
Another comes, another goes,
And yet no respite, no repose!
But day and night, and night and day,
Involved in mortal strife they lay;
Six days and nights have passed away,
And still they wage, with mutual rage,
The unremitting fray.
With mutual rage their war they wage,
But not with mutual will;
For when the seventh morning came,
The monster's worn and weary frame
In this strange contest fails;
And weaker, weaker, every hour,
He yields beneath strong Nature's power,
For now the Curse prevails.

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear
His foe aloft; and trusting there
To shake him from his hold
Relax'd the rings that wreath'd him round;
But on his throat Ladurlad liung
And weigh'd him to the ground;
Tenacious of his grasp; for well he knew with what a power.
Exempt from Nature's laws,
The Curse had arm'd him for this hour;
And in the monster's gasping jaws,
And in his hollow eye,
Well could Ladurlad now descry
The certain signs of victory.

Joyfully springing there
He seized the weapon, and with eager stroke
He dealt the force that was dealt in vain,
For not as if through yielding air
Passe'd the descending scimitar,
Its death'den way the heavy water broke;
Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his hands,
He wields the blade, and dealt a surer blow.
The bower metal yields
To that fine edge, and lo! the
Glendoveer
Rises and snapp'd the half-sever'd links, and stands
Freed from his broken bands.

This is the appointed night,
The night of joy and consecrated mirth,
When from his judgement-seat in Padalon,
By Yamen's throne,
Baly goes forth, that he may walk the Earth
Unseen, and hear his name
Still hymn'd and honour'd by the grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his name rejoice.
Therefore from door to door, and street to street,
With willing feet,
Shaking their firebrands, the glad children run;
Baly! great Baly! they acclaim,
Where'er they run they hear the mighty name,
Where'er they meet,
Baly! great Baly! still their choral tongues repeat.
Therefore at every door the votive flame
Through pendant lanterns sheds its painted light,
And rockets hissing upward through the sky,
Fall like a shower of stars
From Heaven's black canopy.
Therefore, on yonder mountain's templ'd height,
The brazen caldron blazes through the night.
Huge as a Ship that travels the main sea
Is that capacious brass; its wick as tall
As is the mast of some great admiral.
Ten thousand votaries bring
Campfire and glee to feed the sacred flame.
And while, through regions round, the nations see
Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,
Baly! great Baly! they exclaim,
For ever hallowed be his blessed name!
Honour and praise to him for ever more be given!

Why art not thou among the festive throng,
Baly, righteous Judge! to hear thy name?
Still, as of yore, with pageantry and song,
The glowing streets along,
They celebrate thy name:
Baly! great Baly! still
The grateful inhabitants of Earth acclaim,
Baly! great Baly! still
The ringing walls and echoing towers proclaim.
From yonder mountain the portentous flame
Still blazes to the nations as before; All things appear to human eyes the same, As perfect as of yore; To human eyes, but how unlike to thine! Thine which were wont to see The Company divine, That with their presence came to honour thee! For all the blessed ones of mortal birth Who have been clothed with immortality, From the eight corners of the Earth, From the Seven Worlds assembling, all Wont to attend thy solemn festival, Then did thine eyes behold The wide air peopled with that glorious train; Now may'st thou seek the blessed ones in vain, For Earth and Air are now beneath the Rajah's reign.

Therefore the righteous Judge hath walk'd the Earth In sorrow and in solitude to-night. The sound of human mirth To him was bitter to the ear. He turn'd away from that ungrateful sight, Hallowed not now by visitante divine, And there he bents his melancholy way Where, in yon full-orb'd Moon's resplendent light, The Golden Towers of his old City shine Above the silver sea. The ancient Chief There bent his way in grief, As if and thoughts indulged would work their own relief.

There he beholds upon the sand A lovely Maiden in the moonlight stand. The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet, The waves around her polish'd ankles play, Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is wet; Her arms are cross'd, unconscious, to fold That bosom from the cold, While statue-like she seems her watch to keep, Gazing intently on the restless deep.

Seven miserable days had Kailyal there From earliest dawn till evening watch'd the deep; Six nights within the chamber of the rock, Had laid her down, and found in prayer That comfort which she sought in vain from sleep, But when the seventh night came, Never should she behold her father more, The wretched Maiden said in her despair; Yet would not quit the shore, Nor turn her eyes one moment from the sea; Never before Had Kailyal watch'd it so impatiently, Never so eagerly had hoped before, As now when on her hour of joy the Spectre came.

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood, In that wild solitude, Baly from his invisibility Had issued then, to know her cause of woe;

But that in the air beside her, he espied Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied, Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite. Walking in darkness him they could not see And marking with what demon-like delight They kept their innocent prey in sight, He waits, expecting what the end may be.

She starts; for lo! where floating many a rood, A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood, Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward the shore. Backward she starts in fear before the flood, And, when the waves retreat, They leave their hideous burthen at her feet. She ventures to approach with timid tread, She starts, and half draws back in fear, Then stops, and stretches out her hands exultingly To Heaven in gratitude. Then spreading them toward the Sea, While pious tears bedim her streaming eyes, Come! come! my Father, come to me, Ere this sweet vision be o'er, Lo! from the opening deep they rise, And to Ladurlad's arms the happy Kailyal flies.

She turn'd from him, to meet with beating heart, The Glendoveer's embrace. Now turn to me, for mine thou art! Foul Arvalan exclaim'd; his loathsome face Came forth, and from the air, In fleshy form, he burst. Always in horror and despair Had Kailyal seen that form and face, But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er Shot with a thrill like death through all her frame, As now when on her hour of joy the Spectre came.

Vain is resistance now, The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard; And at her dreadful word, The Asuras once again appear, And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

Hold your accursed hands! A voice exclaim'd, whose dread commands Were fear'd through all the vaults of night, And through among them, in the midnight air, The presence of the mighty Baly shone. He, making manifest his mightiness, Put forth on every side an hundred arms, And seized the Sorceress; maugre all her charms, Her and her fiendish ministers he caught With force as unconstrouable as fate; And that unhappy Soul, to whom The Almighty Rajah's power was left not Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate His righteous doom.
Help, help, Kehama! Father, help! he cried,
But Baly tarried not to abide
That mightier Power; with irresistible feet
He stamp'd and clept the Earth; it
opened wide,
And gave him way to his own Judgment-seat.

Down, like a plummet, to the World below
He sunk, and bore his prey
To punishment deserved, and endless woe.

XVIII. KEHAMA’S DESCENT

1
The Earth, by Baly’s feet divided,
Closed o’er his way as to the Judgment-seat
He plunged and bore his prey.

2
Fool that he is!... in torments let him lie!
Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.

3
In voice like thunder thus the Rajah cried,
Impending o’er the abyss, with menacing hand
Put forth, as in the action of command,
And eyes that darted their red anger down.

4
In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,
Now towards the Rajah Kailyal turn’d her
As if to ask what doom awaited her.

5
Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah cried,

6
Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I
Alike have done the work of Destiny,
Unknowing each to what the impulse tended;

7
Never had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.

8
Was fix’d upon Kehama haughtily;
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,
Stem patience unassailable by pain,
And pride triumphant over agony.

9
O Virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favour’d alike in beauty and in worth,
And in the glories of thy destiny, Now let thy...
The virtuous heart and resolute mind are free. 
Thus in their wisdom did the Gods decree. 
When they created man, let come what will, 
This is our rock of strength; in every sorrow, oppression, pain and agony, 
The spirit of the good is unsubdued, 
And, suffer as they may, they triumph still. 

8

Oh never, never, Father! Kailyal cried; it is not as he saith, it cannot be! I, his bride! 
Nature is never false; he wrongeth her! My heart belies such lines of destiny. 
There is no other true interpreter! 

9

At that reply, Kehama's darkening brow bewray'd the anger which he yet suppress'd; counsel thy daughter! tell her thou art now free from thy Curse, he said, and bid her bow. 
In thankfulness to Fate's benign behest, bid her her stubborn will restrain, For Destiny at last must be obey'd, and tell her, while obedience is delay'd, Thy Curse will burn again. 

10

She needeth not my counsel, he replied, and idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus of destiny! for though all other things were subject to the starry influencings, and bow'd submissive to thy tyranny, 
In branching veins, which to the gifted eye map out the mazes of futurity. There is it written, Maid, that thou and I alone of human kind a deathless pair, are doom'd to share the Amracta-drink divine of immortality. Come, Maiden mine! High-fated One, ascend the subject sky, and by Kehama's side sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride. 

XIX. MOUNT CALASAY

The Rajah, scattering curses as he rose, soar'd to the Swerga, and resumed his throne. Not for his own redoubled agony, which now through heart and brain with renovate pain, rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes that groan, that groan is for his child; he groan'd to see that she was stricken now with leprosy, which as the enemy vindictive fled, o'er all her frame with quick contagion spread. 

She, wondering at events so passing strange, and filled with hope and fear, and joy to see the Tyrant disappear, and glad expectation of her Glendoveer, perceived not in herself the hideous change. 
His burning pain, she thought, had forced the groan. 
Her father breathed; his agonies alone were present to her mind; she clasped his knees, wept for his Curse, and did not feel her own.

Nor when she saw her plague, did her good heart, true to itself, even for a moment fail. Ha, Rajah! with disdainful smile she cries, mighty and wise and wicked as thou art, still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly part. 

Shall I not thank thee for this scourf and scale, of dire deformity, whose loathsome surer than panoply of strongest mail, arms me against all foes? Oh, better so, better such foul disgrace, than that this innocent face should tempt thy wooing! That I need not dread; nor ever impious foe will offer outrage now, nor farther woe will beauty draw on my unhappy head, safe through the unholy world may Kailyal go.

3

Her face in virtuous pride was lifted to the skies, as him and his poor vengeance she defied; but earthward, when she ceased, she turn'd her eyes, as if she thought to hide the tear which in her own despite would rise. Did then the thought of her own Glendoveer call forth that natural tear? Was it a woman's fear, a thought of earthly love which troubled her? Like yon thin cloud amid the moonlight sky, that fits before the wind and leaves no trace behind, the womanly pang pass'd over Kailyal's mind. 

This is a loathsome sight to human eye, half-shrinkingly at herself the Maiden thought; will it be so to him? Oh surely not! The immortal Powers, who see through the poor wrappings of mortality, behold the soul, the beautiful soul, exempt from age and wasting maladies, and undeform'd, while pure and free from sin.

This is a loathsome sight to human eyes, but not to eyes divine, Erenia, Son of Heaven, oh not to thee! 

The wrongful thought of fear, the womanly pain had pass'd away, her heart was calm again. She raised her head, expecting now to see the Glendoveer appear; where hath he fled, quoth she, that he should tarry now? Oh! had she known whither the adventurous son of Heaven was flown.
Strong as her spirit was, it had not 
borne
The appalling thought, nor dared to hope for his return.

5
For he in search of Seeva’s throne was gone,
To tell his tale of wrong;
In search of Seeva’s own abode
The Glendoveer began his heavenly road.
[skies
O wild emprise! above the farthest
He hoped to rise!
Him who is throned beyond the reach of thought,
The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.

For proud pre-eminence of power,
Brama and Veeshnoo, wild with rage contended,
And Seeva, in his might,
Their dreadful contention ended;
Before their sight
In a fiery column did he tower,
Whose head the fathomless profound,
Upward, to reach its head,
Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama soar’d,
And still, as up he fled,
Above him still the... own’d their Lord,
And trembled and adored.
How shall the Glendoveer attain
What Brahma and what Veeshnoo sought in vain?

Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet from ring to ring
Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of Mount Calasay.
But that strong power that nerved his wing,
That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustained ‘Ercema still,
And he hath gain’d the plain, the sanctuary above.

Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustain’d, hangs buoyant in the air!
Lo! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,
From whose four sides the bordering gems unite
Their harmonising rays,
In one mid fount of many-colour’d light,
The stream of splendour, flashing as it flows,
Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon celestial Rose!
Where is the Sage whose wisdom can
The hidden things of that mysterious flower,
That flower which serves all mysteries
The sacred Triangle is there,
Holding the Emblem which no tongue may tell;
Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where
Seerva’s self doth dwell?

Behold the Silver Mountain! round
About
Seven ladders stand, so high, the aching eye,
Seeking their tops in vain amid the sky,
Might deem they led from earth to highest Heaven.

Not so, for his immortal sight
Endured the Table’s light;
Distinctly he beheld all things around,
And doubt and wonder rose within his mind
That this was all he found.
Howbeit he lifted up his voice and spoke.
There is oppression in the World below;
Earth groans beneath the yoke; yes, in her woe.
She asks if the Avenger’s eye is blind?
Awake, O Lord, awake!
Too long thy vengeance steepeth. Holiest One!
Put thou thy terrors on for mercy’s sake, and strike the blow, in justice to mankind!

So as he pray’d, intenser faith he felt,
His spirit seem’d to melt
With ardent yearnings of increasing love;
Upward he turn’d his eyes
As if there should be something yet above;
Let me not, Seeva, seek in vain! he
Thou art not here, . . . for how should these contain thee?
Thou art not here, . . . for how should I sustain thee?
But thou, where’er thou art,
Canst hear the voice of prayer,
Canst read the righteous heart.
Thy dwelling who can tell,
Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret throne?
But thou art not alone,
Not unapproachable!
O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art everywhere,
Whom all who seek shall find.
Hear me, O Seeva! hear the suppliant’s prayer!

XIX. MOUNT CALASAY
11
So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung
Before the mystic Rose.
From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
Abash’d, confounded,
It left the Glendoveer; . . ye, all astounded
In overpowering fear and deep dismay;
For when that Bell had sounded,
The Rose, with all the mysteries it surrounded,
The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calassay,
The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,
Even as a morning dream before the day
Dissolves away, they faded and were gone.

12
Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight,
For all around is Light,
Primal, essential, all-pervading Light!
What can he do but there to bear
That Glory unimaginably bright;
The Sun himself seem’d a speck of darkness there,
Amid that Light of Light!
Down fell the Glendoveer,
Down through all regions, to our mundane sphere
He fell; but in his ear
A Voice, which from within him came,
Thro’ the sea of darkness, there to say,
To him, the Holy One: Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen’s He hath the remedy for every woe; He setteth right whate’er is wrong below.

XX. THE EMBARKATION

1
Down from the Heaven of Heavens Ereenia fell
Precipitate, yet imperceptible
His fall, nor had he cause nor thought of fear;
And when he came within this mundane sphere,
And felt that Earth was near,
The Glendoveer his azure wings expanded,
And, sloping down the sky
Toward the spot from whence he sprung on high,
There on the shore he landed.

2
Kailyal advanced to meet him,
Not moving now as she was wont to greet him,
Joy in her eye and in her eager pace;
With a calm smile of melancholy pride
She met him now, and turning half aside
Her warning hand repel’d the dear embrace.
Strange things, Ereenia, have befallen us here,
The Virgin said; the Almighty Man hath read
The lines which, traced by Nature on my brain, There to the gifted eye
Make all my fortunes plain,
Mapping the mazes of futurity.
He sued for peace, for it is written there
That I with him the Amreeta cup must share;
Wherefore he bade me come, and by his side
Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal bride.

3
I need not tell thee what reply was given;
My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,
His insipid words belied.
Thou seest his poor revenge! So having said,
One look she glanced upon her leprous stain
Indignantly, and shook
Her head in calm disdain.

4
O Maid of soul divine!
O more than ever dear,
And more than ever mine,
Replied the Glendoveer;
He hath not read, be sure, the mystic ways
Of Fate; almighty as he is, that maze
Hath mock’d his fallible sight.
Said he the Amreeta-cup? So far aright
The Evil One may see; for Fate displays
Her hidden things in part, and part conceals,
Baffling the wicked eye
Alike with what she hides, and what reveals,
When with unholy purpose it would pry
Into the secrets of futurity.
So may it be permitted him to see
Dimly the inscrutable decree;
For to the World below,
Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we must go;
Thus Seeva hath express’d his will, even he
[he saith, The Holiest hath ordain’d it; there, All wrongs shall be redrest
By Yamen, by the righteous Power of Death.
Forthwith the Father and the fated Maid,
And that heroic Spirit, who for them
Such flight had late essay’d,
The will of Heaven obey’d.
They went their way along the road
That leads to Yamen’s dread abode.

6
Many a day hath pass’d away,
Since they began their arduous way,
Their way of toil and pain;
And now their weary feet attain
The Earth’s remotest bound.
Where outer Ocean girds it round.
But not like other Oceans this;
Rather it seem’d a drear abyss,
Upon whose brink they stood.
Oh! scene of fear! the travellers hear
The raging of the flood;
They hear how fearfully it roars,
But clouds of darker shade than night
For ever hovering round those shores
Hide all things from their sight;
The Sun upon that darkness pours
His unavailing light,
Nor ever Moon nor Star displays,
Through the thick shade, one guiding ray
To show the perils of the way.

7
There in a creek a vessel lay,
Just on the confines of the day,
It rode at anchor in its bay;
These venturous pilgrims to convey
Across that outer Sea.
Strange vessel sure it seem’d to be,
And all unfit for such wild sea!
For through its yawning side the wave
Was oozing in; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail.
How may that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion
For ever roar and rave?
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean
O’er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell!
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

8
Well might the travellers fear to enter!
But summon'd once on that adventure,
For them was no retreat.
Nor boots it with reluctant feet;
To linger on the strand;
Aboard! aboard!
An awful voice, that left no choice,
Sent forth its stern command,
Aboard! aboard!
The travellers hear that voice in fear,
And breathe to Heaven an inward prayer,
And take their seats in silence there.

9
Self hoisted then, behold the sail
Expands itself before the gale;
No hands, which they cannot see,
Let slip the cable of that fated ship;
The land breeze send on her way,
And lo! they leave the living light of day!

XXI. THE WORLD'S END

1
Swift as an arrow in its flight
The Ship shot through the incumbent night;
And they have left behind
The raging billows and the storm, the darkness, and all mortal fears;
And lo! another light
To guide their way appears,
The light of other spheres.

2
That instant from Ladurlad's heart and brain
The Curse was gone; he feels again
Fresh as in youth's fair morning, and the Maid
Hath lost her leprous stain.

3
Therefore in fear and agony they stood,
Expecting when the Evil Messenger
Among them should appear. But with their fear
A hope was mingled now;
O'er the dark shade of guilt a deeper hue
It threw, and gave a fiercer character
To the wild eye and lip and sinful brow.
They hoped that soon Kehama would subdue
The inexorable God and seize his throne,
Reduce the Infernal World to his command,
And with his irresistible right hand,
Re deem them from the vaults of Padalon.

4
Apart from these a milder company,
The victims of offences not their own,
Look'd when the appointed Messenger should come;
Gather'd together some, and some alone
Brooding in silence on their future doom.

5
Whom erring parents vow'd
To Ganges, and the holy stream profan'd
With that strange sacrifice, rite
By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd;
Others more hapless in their destiny,
Scarce having first inhaled their vital breath,
Whose erasdes from some tree
Unnatural hands suspended,
Then left, till gentle Death,
Coming like Sleep, their feeble moanings ended;
Or for his prey the ravenous Kite descended;
Or marching like an army from their caves.

6
Innocent Souls! thus set so early free
From sin and sorrow and mortality,
Their spotless souls all-creating Love
Received into its universal breast.

7
And thus these innocents in yonder sky
Grow and are strengthen'd while the allotted years
Perform their course; then hitherward they fly,
Being free from moral taint, so free
From fears,
A joyous band, expecting soon to soar
To Indra's happy spheres.

And mingle with the blessed company
Of heavenly spirits there for ever more.
A Gulph profound surrounded
This icy belt; the opposite side
With highest rocks was bounded;
But where their heads they hide,
Or where their base is founded,
None could spy. Above all reach of
They rose, the second Earth was on
their height, [night.
Their feet were fix’d in everlasting
9
So deep the Gulph, no eye
Could plumb its dark profundity,
Yet all its depth must try; for this the road
To Padalon, and Yamen’s dread abode.
And from below continually
Ministrant Demons rose and caught
The Souls whose hour was come;
Then with their burden fraught,
Plunged down, and bore them to receive their doom.

Then might be seen who went in hope, and who
Trembled to meet the meed
Of many a foul misdeed, as wild they threw
Their arms retorted from the Demons’ grasp,
And look’d around, all eagerly, to seek
For help, where help was none; and
To chas’l the nearest shade;
Yea, with imploring looks and horror
shriek, [bending,
Even from one Demon to another
With hands extending,
Their mercy they essay’d.
Still from the verge they strain,
And from the dreadful gulph avert their
eyes,
In vain; down plunge the Demons, and
their cries
Feebly, as down they sink, from that
profound arise.

What heart of living man could,
undisturb’d, [there
Bear sight so sad as this! What wonder
If Kailyal’s lip were blanch’d with
inmost dread!
The chill which from that icy belt
Struck through her, was less keen than
what she felt
With her heart’s blood through every
limb dispread.
Close to the Glendoveer she clung,
And clasping round his neck her
troubled hands,
She closed her eyes, and there in
silence hung.

Then to Ladurlad said the Glendoveer,
These Demons, whom thou seest, the ministers
Of Yamen, wonder to behold us here;
But for the dead they come, and not
for us; [thus,
Therefore albeit they gaze upon thee
Have thou no fear.
A little while thou must be left alone,
Till I have borne thy daughter down,
And placed her safely by the throne
Of him who keeps the Gate of Padalon.

Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he said,
Be of good heart, Beloved! it is I
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings
he spread,
Sprung upward in the sky, and poised
his flight,
Then plunged into the Gulph, and
sought the World of Night.

The strong foundations of this inmost
Earth
Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound
Which girt the mortal Ocean round,
Reach’d the profound,
Ice in the regions of the upper air,
Crystal midway, and adamant below,
Whose strength sufficed to bear
The weight of all this upper World of
ours, [of Woe.
And with its rampart closed the Realm
Eight gates hath Padalon; eight
heavenly Powers
Have them in charge, each alway at
his post,
Lost from their penal caves the accused host,
Mange the might of Baly and the God,
Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.
Those gates stand ever open, night and
day,
And Souls of mortal men
For ever throng the way.
Some from the dolorous den,
Children of sin and wrath, return no more:
They, fit companions of the Spirits
accursed,
Are doom’d, like them in baths of fire immerst,
Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,
Or stretch’d upon the brazen floor,
Or hang and pull, and worms of fire for ever
gnaw their food,
That, still renew’d,
Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

Others there were whom Baly’s voice
condemn’d,
By long and painful penance, to stone
Their fleshly deeds. Then, from the
Judgement-throne,
Dread Azyoruca, where she sat involved
In darkness as a tent, received, and
dealt
To each the measure of his punishment;
Till, in the central springs of fire, the
Will
Impure is purged away; and the
freesoul,
Thus fitted to receive a second birth,
Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

But they whom Baly’s righteous voice
absolved,
And Yamen, viewing with benignant eye,
Dismiss’d to seek their heritage on high,
How joyfully they leave this gloomy
bourn,
The dread sojourn
Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment
and Woe,
And wild Remorse, here link’d with
worse Despair!
They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go;
The Ship of Heaven awaits their
coming there. [flight
And on they sail, greeting the blessed
Through realms of upper air,
Bound for the Swerga once; but now
no more
Their voyage rests upon that happy
shore, [might
Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah’s
Compell’d, hath taken flight;
On to the second World their way
they wend,
And there, in trembling hope, await
the doubteful end.
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

5 For still in them doth hope pre-dominate,
Faith's precious privilege, when higher Powers [hours,
Give way to fear in these portentous
Behold the Wardens eight, 60
Each silent at his gate
Expectant stands; they turn their
anxious eyes
Within, and, listening to the dizzy din
Of mutinous uproar, each in all his hands [fight.
Holds all his weapons, ready for the
For, hark! what clamorous cries
Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!
Holds all his weapons, ready for the
For, hark! what clamorous cries
Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!

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Expectant stands; they turn their
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For, hark! what clamorous cries
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7 Who and what art thou? cried the
Guardian Power,
Sight so unwonted wondering to
behold, . .
O Son of Light!

8 Who and what art thou? cried the
Guardian Power,
Sight so unwonted wondering to
behold, . .
O Son of Light!

9 Then quoth he to the Maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest
dear,
In faith sublime thy dread;
Anon I shall be here. So having said,
Aloft with vigorous bound the Glen-
doveer
Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

10 But as he thus departed,
The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was
lying,
Like one entranced or dying
Recovering strength from sudden
terror, started; [sight,
And gazing after him with sighing
And sighs of love, she stood,
As if in attitude
To win him back from flight.
Yea, she had shaped his name
For utterance, to recall and bid him
stay,
Nor leave her thus alone; but virtuous
Repeal the unbidden sounds upon
their way;
And calling faith to aid,
Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid
Collected courage, till she seemed to be
Calm and in hope, such power hath
peity.
Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate
She crept her patient arms, and at his
feet,
Prepar'd to meet
The awful will of Fate with equal mind,
She took her seat resign'd.

11 Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow
Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid,
Hope, long unfelt till now,

XXII. THE GATE OF PADALON

9 Then quoth he to the Maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest
dear,
In faith sublime thy dread;
Anon I shall be here. So having said,
Aloft with vigorous bound the Glen-
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Sprung in celestial might,
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Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid,
Hope, long unfelt till now,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

How joyfully she rears
Her eager head! and scarce upon the ground
Ladurlad’s giddy feet their footing
When, with her trembling arms, she clasps him round.
No word of greeting,
Nor other sign of joy at that strange meeting;
Expectant of their fate,
Silent, and hand in hand
Before the Infernal Gate,
The Father and his pious Daughter stand.

Then to Neroodi said the Glendoveer,
No Heaven-born Spirit e’er hath visited
This region drear and dread; but I, the first
Who tread your World aecurst.

Bring forth my Chariot, Carmala! quoth then
The Keeper of the way.
It was the Car wherein
On Yamen’s festal day, When all... Hell attend their King,
Yearly to Yamenpur did he repair
To pay his homage there. Poised on a single wheel, it moved
Instinct with motion; by what wondrous skill
Compact, no human tongue could tell,
Nor human wit devise; but on that wheel,
Moving or still,
As if with life imbued,
The Car miraculous supported stood.

Then Carmala brought forth two mantles, white
As the swan’s breast, and bright as mountain snow,
When from the wintry sky
The sun, late-rising, shines upon the height,
And rolling vapours fill the vale below.
Not without pain the unaccustomed’
That brightness could sustain; For neither mortal stain,
Nor parts corruptible, remain,
Nor aught that time could touch, or force destroy,
In that pure web whereof the robes were wrought;
So long had it in tenfold fires been
And blanch’d, and to that brightness purified.
Apparel’d thus, alone,
Children of Earth, Neroodi cried, In safety may ye pass to Yamen’s throne.

Of other frame, O son of Heaven, art thou!
Yet hast thou now to go Through regions which thy heavenly mould will try.
Glories unutterably bright, I know,
And beams intense of empyrean light, Thine eye divine can bear: but fires of woe,
The sight of torment, and the cry
Of absolute despair,
Might not these things dismay thee in thy flight,
And thy strong pennons flag and fail thee there?
[thou art, Trust not thy wings, celestial though
Nor thy good heart, which horror might assail
And pity quail,
Pity in these abodes of no avail;
But take thy seat this mortal pair beside,
And Carmala the infernal Car will guide.
Go, and may happy end your way besides!
So, as he spake, the self-moved Car And lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

XXII. THE GATE OF PADALON

Her lover with venturesome step to tread The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper’s beam Lost in the arch... secret bed, And course unknown and inaccessible, The silent waters well; Whoe’er hath trod such caves of endless night,
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way, With what delight refresh’d his eye Perceives the shadow of the light of day, [it falls Through the far portal slanting, where Dimly reflected on the watery walls; How heavenly seems the sky; And how, with quicken’d feet, he hastens up, Eager again to greet The living World and blessed sunshine there,
And drink, as from a cup Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

XXIII. PADALON

Who’s hath loved with venturesome step to tread
The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper’s beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And mask’d its gloom, Playing afar upon the sunless stream, Where from their secret bed, And course unknown and inaccessible, The silent waters well;
Whoe’er hath trod such caves of endless night,
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way, With what delight refresh’d his eye Perceives the shadow of the light of day, [it falls Through the far portal slanting, where Dimly reflected on the watery walls; How heavenly seems the sky; And how, with quicken’d feet, he hastens up, Eager again to greet The living World and blessed sunshine there,
And drink, as from a cup Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

Far other light than that of day there shone Upon the travellers, entering Padalon. They too in darkness enter’d on their way,
But, far before the Car, A glow, as of a fiery furnace light, Fill’d all before them. ’Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismay’d,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Whieh girt the World of Woe; on either Its massive walls arose, and overhead Arch’d the long passage; onward as they ride, With stronger glare the light around them spread; And lo! the regions dread,
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.

There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around. A sea of flame it seem’d to be, Sea without bound; For neither mortal nor immortal sight, Could pierce across through that intensest light.
A single rib of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest scimitar, Spann’d this wide gulph of fire. The infernal Car Roll’d to the Gulp, and on its single wheel Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of steel. [head, Red-quivering float the vapours over.

The fiery gulph beneath them spread,
THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Tosses its billowing blaze with rush and roar;
Steady and swift the self-moved
Chariot went,
Winning the long ascent,
Then, downward rolling, gains the farther shore.

But, oh! what sounds and sights of woe,
What sights and sounds of fear,
Assail the mortal travellers here!
Their way was on a causey straight and wide,
Where penal vaults on either side were seen,
Ranged like the cells wherein
Their stores of liquid gold.
Thick walls of adamant divide
The dungeons; and from yonder circling flood,
Off-streams of fire through secret channels glide,
And wind among them, and in each provide
An everlasting food
Of rightful torments for the accursed brood.

These were the rebel race, who in their might
Confiding impiously, would fain have driven
The Deities supreme from highest Heaven:
But by the Suras, in celestial fight,
Opposed and put to flight,
Here, in their penal dens, the accursed crew,
Not for its crime, but for its failure, rue
Their wild ambition. Yet again they long
The contest to renew.

And wield their arms again in happier hour;
And with united power,
Following Kehama's triumph, to press on
From World to World, and Heaven to Heaven, and Sphere
To Sphere, till Hemakoot shall be their own,
And Meru-Mount, and Indra's Swarga-Bowers,
And Brama's region, where the heavenly Hours [day.
Weave the vast circle of his age-long
Even over Veeshnoo's empyreal seat.
They trust the Raja shall extend their sway,
And that the seven-headed Snake, whereon
The strong Preserver sets his conquering feet,
Will rise and shake him headlong from his throne.
When, in their irresistible array,
Amid the Milky Sea they force their way,
Their flights the Milky Way, that with repose and fiercer pains,
Represa their rage rebellious. Loud around,
In mingled sound, the echoing clash, the clash.

Upon Kehama; him the accursed rout
Acclaim; with furious cries and maddening shout
They call on him to save;
Kehama! they exclaim;
Thundering the dreadful echo rolls about,
And Hell's whole vault repeats Kehama's name.

Over these dens of punishment, the host
Of Padalon maintain eternal guard,
Keeping upon the walls their vigilant ward.
At every angle stood
A watch-tower, the deject Demon's post,
Where raised on high he view'd with sleepless eye
His trust, that all was well. And over these,
Such was the perfect discipline of Captains of fifty and of hundreds held Authority, each in his loftier tower; And chiefs of legions over them had power;
And thus all Hell with towers was girt around.

Aloft the brazen turrets shone
In the red light of Padalon; And on the walls between,
Dark moving, the infernal Guards were seen,
Gigantic Demons, pacing to and fro; Who ever and anon,
Spreading their crimson pennons, plunged below,
Faster to rivet down the Asuras' chains,
And with the snaky scourge and fiercer pains,
Bringing their rage rebellious. Loud around,
In mingled sound, the echoing clash, the clash.

Now, now, Deliverer! now, Kehama, now!
Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest thou?

Oh, if that name abhorr'd,
Thus utter'd, could well nigh Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt their Lord,
How fearfully to Kehama's ear came she!
As the Car roll'd on its rapid way,
Bent down her head, and closed her eyes for dread;
And deaening, with strong effort from within,
Her ears against the din,
Cover'd and press'd them close with both her hands.
Sure if the mortal Maid had not fed
On heavenly food, and long been strengthened
With heavenly converse for such end vouchsafed,
Her human heart had fail'd, and she had died
Beneath the horrors of this awful hour.
But Heaven supplied a power
Beyond her earthly nature, to the measure
Of need infusing strength;
And Fate, whose secret and unerring pleasure
Appointed all, decreed
An ample meed and recompense at length.
High-fated Maid, the righteous hour is nigh!
The all-embracing Eye Of Retribution still beholdeth thee;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid, courageously!

On roll'd the Car, and lo! afar
Upon its height the towers of Yamenpur Rise on the astonish'd sight. Behold the infernal City, Yamen's Seat Of empire, in the midst of Padalon, Where the eight causeys meet.

There on a rock of adamant it stood, Resplendent far and wide, Itself of solid diamond edified, And all around it roll'd ... arch'd the stream; huge piles of brass Magnificent, such structures as beam The Seat and Capital of such great God, Worthy of Yamen's own august abode. A brazen tower and gateway at each end Of each was raised, where Giant Wardens stood, That never foe might cross the fiery flood.

Oh what a gorgeous sight it was to see The Diamond City blazing on its height With more than mid-sun splendour, by the light Of its own fiery river! Its towers and domes and pinnacles and spires, Turrets and battlements, that flash and quiver Through the red restless atmosphere for ever; And hovering over head, The smoke and vapours of all Padalon, Fit firmament for such a world, were spread, With surge and swell, and everlasting motion, [ocean. Heaving and opening like tumultuous 

Nor were there wanting there Such glories as seem'd such region well; For though with our blue heaven and genial air The firmament of Hell might not compare, As little might our earthly tempests vie With the dread storms of that infernal sky, Whose clouds of all metallic elements Sublimed were full. For, when its thunder broke, Not all the United World's ... solid arch was shaken with the And Cities in one mighty ruin fell. Through the red sky terrific meteors scour; Huge stones come hailing down; or sulphur-shower, Kindles in its descent, And with blue fire-drops rains on all below. At times the whole supernnal element Igniting, burst in one large sheet of flame, And roar'd as with the sound Of rushing winds, above, below, around; And Anon the flame was spent, and overhead A heavy cloud of moving darkness spread.

Straight to the brazen bridge and gate The self-move'd Chariot bears its mortal load.
At sight of Carmala, On either side the Giant guards divide, And give the chariots way.
Up yonder winding road it rolls along, Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing, And lo! the Palace of the Infernal King!

Two forms inseparable in unity Hath Yamen; even as with hope or fear The Soul regardeth him doth he appear; For hope and fear At that dread hour, from ominous conscience spring, And err not ... of eye, Reflecting back upon the sinful mind, Heighten'd with vengeance, and with wrath divine Its own inborn deformity. But to the righteous Spirit how benign His aweful countenance, Where, tempering justice with parental love, Goodness and ... these his twofold aspeets are but And change is none In him, for change in Yamen could not be, The Immutable is he.

On steps of gold those living Statues stood, Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud behind [light Immovable was spread; not all the Of all the flames and fires of Padalon Could pierce its depths of night. There Azyorua veil'd her aweful form In those eternal shadows: there she sate, And as the trembling Souls, who crowd around The Judgement-seat, received the doom of fate, The righteous Baly had his Judgement-seat. [stood; A Golden Throne before them vacant Three human forms sustain'd its ponderous weight, With lifted hands outspread, and shoulders bow'd Bending beneath the load.

A fourth was wanting. They were of the hue Of coals of fire; yet were they flesh and blood, And living breath they drew; And their red eye-balls roll'd with ghastly stare, As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood tormented there.

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THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Here, issuing from the car, the Glen-doveer
Did homage to the God, then raised his head.
Suppliant we come, ho said, I need not tell thee by what wrongs opprest,
For nought can pass on earth to thee unknown;
Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,
And Sceva bade us go to Yamen's throne;
Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be redrest.
Yamen replied, Even now the hour draws near,
When Fate its hidden ways will manifest.
Not for light purpose would the Wiser send
His suppliants here, when we, in doubt and fear,
The awful issue of the hour attend.
Wait ye in patience and in faith the end!

XXIV. THE AMREETA

So spake the King of Padalon, when, lo!
Hell, the voice of lamentation ceased in sudden silence all around them heard, advancing on And deepening on their way; For now the inexorable hour was come, and, in the fulness of his power,

Now that the dreadful rites had all been done,
Kehama from the Swerga hasten'd down,
To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

He came in all his might and majesty,
With all his terrors clad, and all his pride;
And, by the attribute of Deity,
Which he had won from Heaven, self-multiplied,
The Almighty Man appear'd on every side.
In the same indivisible point of time,
At the eight Gates he stood at once, and beat
The Warden-Gods of Hell beneath his feet;
Then, in his brazen Cars of triumph straight,
At the same moment, drove through every gate.
By Aullays, hugest of created kind,
Fiercest, and fittest than the viewless wind,
His Cars were drawn, ten yokes of ten abreast, ...
What less sufficed for such almighty weight?
Eight bridges from the fiery flood arose
Growing before his way; and on he goes,
And drives the thundering Chariot-wheels along,

Silent and motionless remain
The Asuras on their bed of pain,
Waiting, with breathless hope, the great event.
All Hell was hush'd in dread, such awe that omnipresent silence more wild and terrible
Than all the infernal dissonance before.
Through that portentous stillness, far away,
Unwonted sounds were heard, advancing on For now the inexorable hour was come, and, in the fulness of his power,

The voice of lamentation ceased in
And sudden silence all around them heard, advancing on And deepening on their way; For now the inexorable hour was come, and, in the fulness of his power,
FIRST STATUE
I of the Children of Mankind was first, Me miserable! who, adding store to store, [accurst, Heart up superfluous wealth; and now For ever I the frantic crime deplore.

SECOND STATUE
I o'er my Brethren of Mankind the first Usurping power, set up a throne sublime, A King and Conqueror: therefore thus accurst, For ever I in vain repent the crime.

THIRD STATUE
I on the Children of Mankind the first, In God's most holy ñame, imposed a tale Of impious falsehood; therefore thus accurst, For ever I in vain the crime bewail.

Even as thou here beholdest us, Here we have stood, tormented thus, Such countless ages, that they seem to be Long as eternity, And still we are but Three. A Fourth will come to share our pain, at yonder vacant corner bear His portion of the burden, and compleat The Golden Throne for Yamen's Judgement-seat, Thus hath it been appointed: he must Equal in guilt to us, the guilty Three. Kehama, come! too long we wait for thee!

Thereat, with one accord, The Three took up the word, like choral song, Come Rajah! Man-God! Earth's Almighty Lord! Kehama, come! we wait for thee too long.

A short and sudden laugh of wondering pride [reply Burst from him in his triumph: to Soornful he deign'd not; but with altered eye Wherein some doubtful meaning seem'd to lie, [cried, He turn'd to Kailiyal. Maiden, thus he I need not bid thee see How vain it is to strive with Fate's decree, [from me, When hither thou hast fled to fly And lo! even here thou find'at me at thy side. Mine thou must be, being doom'd with me to share. The Amreeta-cup of immortality; Yea, by Myself I swear, It hath been thus appointed. Joyfully Join then thy hand and heart and will with mine, Nor at such glorious destiny repine, Nor in thy folly more provoke my wrath divine.

The answer'd; I have said. It must not be! Almighty as thou art, Thou hast put all things underneath thy feet; But still the resolute heart and virtuous will are free. Never, oh! never, never. can there be Communion, Rajah, between thee and me.

Once more, quoth he, I urge, and once alone. Thou seest yon Golden Throne, Where I anon shall set thee by my side; Take thou thy seat thereon, Kehama's willing bride.

And I will place the Kingdoms of the World Beneath thy Father's feet, Appointing him the King of mortal men: Else underneath that Throne, The Fourth supporter he shall stand and groan; Prayers will be vain to move my mercy then.

Again the Virgin answer'd, I have said! Ladurlad caught her in his proud embrace, While on his neck she hid In agony her face.

Bring forth the Amreeta-cup! Kehama cried To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride. It is within the Marble Sepulchre, The vanquish'd Lord of Padalon replied, Bid it be open'd. Give thy treasure up! Exclaim'd the Man-Almighty to the Tomb.

And at his voice and look The masy fabric shook, and open'd wide. A huge Anatomy was seen reclined Within its marble womb. Give me the Cup! Again Kehama cried; no other charm Was needed than that voice of stern command.

From his repose the ghastly form arose, Put forth his bony and gigantic arm, And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's hand.

Take! drink! with accents dread the Spectre said, For thee and Kailiyal hath it been assign'd. Ye only of the Children of Mankind.

Then was the Man-Almighty's heart elate; This is the consummation! he exclaim'd; Thus have I triumphed over Death and Fate.

Now, Seeva! look to thine abode! Hencforth, on equal footing we engage. Alike immortal now, and we shall wage Our warfare, God to God! Joy fill'd his impious soul, And to his lips he raised the fatal bowl.

Thus long the Glendoveer had stood Watching the wonders of the eventful hour, Amazed but undismay'd; for in his heart Faith, overcoming fear, maintain'd its power. Nor had that faith abated, when the God Of Padalon was beaten down in fight; For then he look'd to see the heavenly might now break upon them. But when He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand, An impulse which defied all self-command In that extremity Stung him, and he resolved to seize the cup, And dare the Rajah's force in Seeva's sight.

Forward he sprang to tempt the unequal fray, When lo! the Anatomy, With warning arm, withstood his desperate way, And from the Golden Throne the fiery Three Again, in one accord, renew'd their song. Kehama, come! we wait for thee too long.
206 THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

The fiendish Three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee; long
Come, Brother, come! they sung; too
Have we expected thee, Henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight; Come, Brother, we are Four!

Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain
Subdued all power; pain ruled supreme alone;
And yielding to the bony hand
The unemptied cup, he moved toward the Throne;
And at the vacant corner took his
Behold the Golden Throne at length complete,
And Yamen silently ascends the Judge-

Then Seeva open'd on the Accursed One
His Eye of Anger: upon him alone
The wrath-beam fell. He shudders. . . but too late;
The deed is done, The dreadful liquor works the will of Fate.

The mortal Maiden's heart, but over all
Hope rose triumphant. With a trembling hand,
Obedient to his call, She took the fated Cup; and, lifting up
Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,
Is it not your command, Ye heavenly Powers? as on her knees
she fell,
The pious Virgin cried.

Ye know my innocent will, my heart sincere.
Ye govern all things still, And wherefore should I fear!

207 XXIV. THE AMREETA

She said, and drank. The Eye of Mercy beam'd
Upon the Maid: a cloud of fragrance steam'd
Like incense-smoke, as all her mortal frame
Dissolved beneath the potent agency
Of that mysterious draught; such quality,
From her pure touch, the fated Cup partook.
Like one entranced she knelt, feeling her body melt,
Till all but what was heavenly pass'd away;
Yet still she felt
Her Spirit strong within her, the same heart,
With the same loves, and all her heavenly part
Unchang'd, and ripen'd to such perfect estate
In this miraculous birth, as here on Earth,
Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

Mine! mine! with rapturous joy
Ereenia cried, Immortal now, and yet not more divine;
Mine, mine, . . for ever mine!
The immortal Maid replied, For ever, ever, thine!

Then Yamen said, O thou to whom by Fate,
Alone of all mankind, this lot is given, Daughter of Earth, but now the Child of Heaven!
Go with thy heavenly Mate, Partaker now of his immortal bliss; Go to the Swerga Bowers, And there recall the hours Of endless happiness.

But that sweet Angel, for she still retain'd
Her human loves and human piety,
As if reluctant at the God's commands, Linger'd, with anxious eye
Upon her Father fix'd, and spread her hands
Toward him wistfully.

Go! Yamen said, nor cast that look behind
Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour, For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's Bower.

The Car, for Carmala his word obey'd, Moved on, and bore away the Maid,
While from the Golden Throne the Lord of Death
With love besignant on Ladurlad smiled,
And gently on his head his blessing laid.
As sweetly as a Child, Whom neither thought disturbs nor ears engulf,
Tired with long play, at close of summer day,
Lies down and slumbers, Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking.

By Yamen blessed, Ladurlad sunk to rest.
Blessed that sleep! more blessed was the waking!
For on that night a heavenly morning broke,
The light of heaven was round him when he woke;

And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's Bower,
All whom he loved he met, to part no more.
RODERICK,
THE LAST OF THE GOTHS:
A TRAGIC POEM.

TO
GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,
BY HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

The history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasintho; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chieftain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo, the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, and Count Julian, the last King of the Wisi-Goths: son of Theodofred.

Abulcazer,
Alcman,
Aub,
Ibrahim,
Magreb,
Oras,
Aya,
Ismael,
Nymachan,
Gego,
Cuent Julan,
Florinda,
Gegio.

I. RODERICK AND ROMANO

For that unhappy daughter and himself, Desperate apostate... on the Moors he call'd; And like a cloud of locusts, whom the South Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa, The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore Descend. A countless multitude they came; Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade, Persian and Copt and Tartar, in one bond Of erring faith conjion't, strong in the youth And heat of zeal... a dreadful brotherhood.

Romano... a Monk of the Cauian Schools, near Merida. Abdalaziz, the Moorish Governor of Spain. Estilona, formerly the wife of Roderick, now of Abdalaziz.

Wordsworth.
While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst,
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them
All bloody, all abominable things.

Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming; ancient Rock
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus,
Bacchus or Hercules; but doom'd to bear
The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth
To stand his everlasting monument.

Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;
Their swartmyriadsof accursed
Thy lands.

There on the beach the Misbelievers spread
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze;
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engraillé'd
With gold, and scimitars of Syrian steel;
And gently did the breezes, as in sport,
Curl their long flags outrolling, and display
The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy.

Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour
Was come, and Vengeance, long withheld, went loose.
Famine and Pestilence had wasted them,
And Treason, like an old and eating sore,
Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength;
And worst of enemies, their Sins were arm'd
Against them. Yet the sceptre from their hands
Pass'd not away inglorious, nor was shame
Left for their children's lasting heritage;
Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
The fatal fight endured, till perish'd
Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk
Defeated, not disheart'n'd. On the banks
Of Chrysaus, Roderick's royal car was found,
His battle-horse Orelio, and that helm
Whose horns, amidst the thickest of the fray
Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did the stream
Receive him with the undistinguish'd dead,
Christian and Moor, who clogg'd its course that day?
So thought the Conqueror, and from that day forth,
Memorial of his perfect victory,
He bade the river bear the name of Joy.

So thought the Goths; they said no prayer for him,
For him no Service sung, nor mourning made,
But charged their crimes upon his head, and curs'd
His memory.

Bravely in that eight-days' fight
The King had striven... for victory first, while hope
Remain'd, then desperately in search of death.

The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
The spear-point pierc'd him not, the scimitar
Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield
Of Heaven,
Wretch that I am, extended over me? Cried Roderick; and he dropt Orelio's reins,
And cheer'd his hands aloft in frantic prayer,...
Death is the only mercy that I crave,
Death soon and short, death and forgetfulness!
Aloud he cried; but in his inmost heart
There answer'd him a secret voice, that spake
Of righteousness and judgement after death,
And God's redeeming love, which faint would save
The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
And yet 'twas hope;... a momentary light,
That flash'd through utter darkness on the Cross
To point salvation, then left all within
Dark as before. Fear, never felt till then,
Sudden and irresistible as stroke
Of lightning, smote him. From his horse he dropt
Whether with human impulse, or by Heaven
Struck down, he knew not; loosen'd
From his wrist
The sword-chain, and let fall the sword,
Whose hilt,
Cugg'd to his palm a moment ere it fell,
Glaided there with Moonish gore. His royal robe,
His borned helmet and enamell'd mail,
He cast aside, and taking from the dead
A peasant's garment, in those weeds involved
Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the field.

Evening closed round to favour him. All night
He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
Ringing, and sights of death before his eyes,
With forms more horrid of eager fiends
That seem'd to hover round, and gulps of fire
Opening beneath his feet. At times the groan
Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing with him
His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the way,
Roused him from these dread visions, and he call'd
In answering groans on his Redeemer's name,
That word the only prayer that pass'd his lips
Or rose within his heart. Then would he see
The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour hung.

Who call'd on him to come and cleanse his soul
In those all-healing streams, which from his wounds,
As from perpetual springs, for ever flow'd.
No hurt e'er pant'd for the water
As Roderick thirsted there to drink and live;
But Hell was interposed; and worse than Hell...
Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the fiends
Who flock'd like hungry ravens round his head...
Florinda stood between, and warn'd him off
With her abhorrent hands;... that agony
Still in her face, which, when the deed was done;
Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
That it invoked from Heaven... Oh
what a night
Of waking horrors! Nor when morning came
Did the realities of light and day
Bring aught of comfort; whereas'er he went
The tidings of defeat had gone before;
And leaving their defenceless homes to seek
What shelter walls and battlements might yield,
Old men with feeble feet, and tottering babes,
And widows with their infants in their arms,
Harried along. Nor royal festival,
Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
E'er fill'd the public way. All whom the sword
Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity
Alone was left behind; the cripple plied
His crutches, with her child of yest'ryear.

The mother fled, and she whose hour was come
Fell by the road. Less dreadful than this view
Of outward suffering which the day disclosed,
Had night and darkness seem'd to Roderick's heart,
With all their dread creations. From the throng
He turn'd aside, unable to endure
This burden of the general woe; nor walls,
Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he sought,
A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
A rock of surer strength. Unknowing where,
Straight through the wild he hasten'd on all day,
And with unslacken'd speed was traveling still
When evening gather'd round. Seven
days from morn
Till night he travell'd thus; the forest oaks,
The fig grove by the fearful husbandman
Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,
Where fox and household dog together now
Fed on the vintage, gave him food; the hand
Of Heaven was on him, and the agony
Which wrought within, supplied a strength beyond
All natural force of man.

When the eighth eve
Was come, he found himself on Ana's banks.
Past by the Cauilan Schools. It was the hour
Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,
Nor other sound, than of the passing stream,
O'er stork, who flapping with wide wing the air,
Sought her broad nest upon the silent tower.

Brethren and pupils thence alike had fled
To save themselves within the embattled walls
Of neighbouring Mérida. One aged
Monk
Alone was left behind; he would not leave
The sacred spot beloved, for having served
There from his childhood up to ripe old age
God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, before that altar to await
The merciless unbelievers, and lay down
His life, a willing martyr. So he said
When all were gone, and duly fed the lamps,
And kept devotedly the altar chrest,
And duly offer'd up the sacrifice.
Four days and nights he thus had pass'd alone,
In such high mood of saintly fortitude,
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly joy;
And now at evening to the gate he went
If he might spy the Moors, for it seem'd long
To tarry for his crown.

Before the Cross
Roderick had thrown himself; his body raised,
Half kneeling, half at length he lay; his
arms
Embraced its foot, and from his lifted face
Tears streaming down below'd the senseless stone.
He had not wept till now, ... Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
Of prayer he lay; an agony of tears
Was all his soul could offer. When the Monk
Beheld him suffering thus, he rais'd him up,
And took him by the arm, and led him in;
And there before the altar, in the name Of Him whose bleeding image there was hung;
Space comfort, and adju'd him in that name
There to lay down the burden of his sins.
Lo! said Romano, I am waiting here
The coming of the Moors, that from their hands
My spirit may receive the purple robe
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its crown.

That God who willeth not the sinner's death
Hath led thee hither. Threescore years and five,
Even from the hour when I, a five-years' child,
Enter'd the schools, have I continued here
And served the altar: not in all those years
Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appeard before me. O my brother, Heaven
Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for mine,
That my last earthly act may reconcile
A sinner to his God.

Then Roderick knelt before the holy man, and strove to speak.
Thou seest, he cried, thou seest, but memory
And suffocating thoughts represse'd the word,
And shudderings, like an ague fit, from head
To foot convuls'd him; till at length,
Subduing his nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his face,
As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, ... Thou seest
Roderick the Goth! That name would have sufficed
To tell its whole abhorred history:
He not the less pursued... the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straighten'd down, and hands out
spread, and eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one who from
his voice
 Awaited life or death.

All night the old man
Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused
A healing hope of mercy that allay'd
His heat of anguish. But Romano saw

What strong temptations of despair beset,
And how he needed in this second birth,
Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's
care.

Father in Heaven, he cried, thy will be
done!
Surely I hoped that I this day should
Sing
Hosannahs at thy throne; but thou hast
Yet
Work for thy servant here. He girt his
loins,
And from her altar took with reverent
hands
Our Lady's image down: In this, quoth
he,
We have our guide and guard and comforter,
The best provision for our perilous way.
Fright not but we shall find a


Toward the Lusitanian capital
To lay their siege advanced; the eastern
breach

Bore to the fearful travellers far away
The sound of horn and tambour o'er the
plain.
All day they hasten'd, and when evening
fell
Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line
Of glory came from Heaven to point
their course.
But feeble were the feet of that old man
For such a weary length of way; and
now
Being pass'd the danger (for in Merida
Sacaru long in resolute defence
Withstood the tide of war,) with easier
pace
The wanderers journey'd on; till having
cross'd
Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zezere,
They from Albardos' lofty height
Beheld
Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair
lake
Where Alcas, mingled there with Baza's
stream,
Rests on its passage to the western sea,
That sea the aim and boundary of their
toil.

The fourth week of their painful
pilgrimage
Was full, when they arrived where from
the land
A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,
O'erhung the glittering beach; there
on the top
A little lowly hermitage they found,
And a rude Cross, and at its foot a
grave,
Bearing no name, nor other monument.
Where better could they rest than here,
where faith
And secret penitence and happiest death

Had bless'd the spot, and brought good
Angels down,
And open'd as it were a way to Heaven?
Behind them was the desert, offering
ruit
And water for their need: on either
side
The white sand sparkling to the sun; in
front,
Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd,
The wonders of the Almighty, filling
thus
The pauses of their fervent orisons.
Where better could the wanderers rest
than here?

To break the third. In all his intervals
Of prayer, save only when he search'd
the woods
And fill'd the water-cruise, he labour'd
there;
And when the work was done and he
had laid
Himself at length within its narrow sides
And measured it, he shook his head to
think
There was no other business now for
him.
Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he
exclaim'd,
And would that night were come! It
was a task,
All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled
The sense of solitude; but now he felt
The burden of the solitary hours:
The silence of that lonely hermitage
Lay on him like a spell; and at the
voice
Of his own prayers, he started half
asleep.

Then too as on Romano's grave he sate
And pored upon his own, a natural
thought
Arose within him: well might he have
spared
That useless toil; the sepulchre would
be
No hiding place for him; no Christian

hands
Were here who should compose his
decent corpse
And cover it with earth. There he
might drag
His wretched body at its passing hour,
But there the Sea-Birds of her heritage
Would rob the worm, or peradventure
seize,
Ere death had done its work, their
helpless prey.
Even now they did not fear him: when
he walk'd
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly They saw his coming; and their whirring wings
Upon the height had sometimes fann'd his cheek,
As if, being thus alone, humanity
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative
Of man were done away.

For his lost crown
And sceptre never had he felt a thought
Of pain; repentance had no pang to spare
For trifles such as those... the loss of these
Was a cheap penalty... that he had fallen
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,
His hope and consolation. But to lose
His human station in the scale of things...
To see brute nature scorn him, and renounce
His homage to the human form divine...
Had then Almighty vengeance thus reveal'd
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed
Below fallen man, below redemption's reach...

Made lower than the beasts, and like the beasts
To perish!

Such temptations troubled him
By day, and in the visions of the night;
And even in sleep he struggled with the thought,
And wak'd with the effort of his prayers
The dream assail'd him still.

A wider form
Sometimes his poignant penitence assumed,
Starting with force revived from intervals
Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest;
When floating back upon the tide of thought
Remembrance to a self-executing strain
Beguiled him, and recall'd in long array
The sorrows and the secret impulses
Which to the abyss of wretchedness and guilt
Led their unwary victim. The evil hour
Returned upon him, when reluctantly
Yielding to worldly counsel his assent,
In wedlock to an ill-assorted mate
He gave his cold unwilling hand: then came
The disappointment of the barren bed,
The hope deceived, the soul dissatisfied,
Home without love, and privacy from which
Delight was banish'd first, and peace too soon
Departed. Was it strange that when he met
A heart attuned... a spirit like his own,
Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild,
And tender as a youthful mother's joy... Oh was it strange if at such sympathy
The feelings which within his breast repelled
And chill'd had shrunk, should open forth like flowers
After cold winds of night, when gentle gales
Restored the genial sun? If all were known,
Would it indeed be not to be forgiven... (Thus would he lay the unction to his soul),
If all were truly known, as Heaven knows all,
Heaven that is merciful as well as just...
A passion slow and mutual in its growth,
Pure as fraternal love, long self-conceal'd
And when confess'd in silence, long control'd;
Tracking the way with blood; there day by day
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the seourge,
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed
Hang with extended limbs upon the cross,
A nightly crucifixion!...any thing
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,
Labour, and outward suffering....any thing
But stillness and this dreadful solitude!
Romano! Father! let me hear thy voice
In dreams, O sainted soul! or from the grave
Speak to thy penitent; even from the grave
Thine were a voice of comfort.
Thus he cried, Easing the pressure of his burthen’d spirit
With passionate prayer; thus pour’d his soul forth,
Till with the long impetuous effort spent
His spirit fail’d, and laying on the grave
Pell on him. He had pray’d to hear a voice
Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
Of consolation came. Roderick, it said, Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,
Jesus have mercy on thee!...Not if Heaven
Had opened, and Romano, visible
In his attitude, had breathed that prayer;...Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With compunctious visitings, nor given
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs,
Counsell’d, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And lo! his mother stood
Before him in the vision; in those weeds
Which never from the hour when to the grave
She follow’d her dear lord Theodefred
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespeake a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe,...Yea a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza’s ruffians and the red-hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the tears
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusions, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death...and over all
The shout of victory. Spain and Victory!
Roderick, as the strong vision master’d him,
Rush’d to the fight...and the dream
Groaning he kneel’d before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she rais’d her hands to lay
A benediction on him. But those hands
Were clas’d, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theoden;
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick’s arm
Is wither’d;...chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?

And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope,
Dost thou too sleep?...Awake, Pelayo!...up!
Whyarest thou, Deliverer?...But with that
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody cross
Glen’d on her breast-plate, in her shield display’d
Erect a lion ramp’d; her held head
Rose like the Berecythian Goddess crown’d
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blaz’d. Aton the trapm
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rang around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War cries and tumult, strife and hate and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit and death...and over all
The shout of victory. Spain and Victory!
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With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theoden;
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick’s arm
Is wither’d;...chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
Oh, might he hear That actual voice! And if Rusilla lived,...If shame and anguish for his crimes not yet
Had brought her to the grave, ...sure she would bless
Her penitent child, and pour into his heart
Prayers and forgiveness, which, like precious balm,
Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to herself
Less precious, or less healing, would the voice
That spake forgiveness flow. She wept her son
For ever lost, cut off with all the weight
Of unrepented sin upon his head,
Sin which had weigh’d a nation down...what joy
To know that righteous Heaven had in its wrath
Remember’d mercy, and she yet might meet
The child whom she had borne, redeem’d, in bliss.
The sudden impulse of such thoughts confirmed
That unacknowledged purpose, which till now
Vainly had sought its end. He girt his loins,
Laid holiest Mary’s image in a cleft
Of the rock, where, shelter’d from the elements,
It might abide till happier days came on.
From all defilement safe; pour’d his last prayer
Upon Romano’s grave, and kiss’d the earth
Which cover’d his remains, and wept as if
At long leave-taking, then began his way.
Roderick, the Last of the Goths

III. Adosinda

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the Sun, Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light Amid the forest, and with ray salutant Entering its depth, illum'd the branchless pines, Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue Its rusty stains, and east along the floor Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect Like pillars of the temple. With slow foot Roderick pursued his way; for penitence, Remorse which gave no repose, and the long And painful conflict of his troubled soul, Had worn him down. Now brighter thoughts arose, And that triumphant vision floated still Before his sight with all her blazonry, Her castell'd helm, and the victorious sword That flash'd like lightning o'er the field of blood Sustain'd by thoughts like these, from morn till eve He journey'd, and drew near Leyria's walls. 'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was heard; Instead thereof, on her polluted towers, Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd prayer, The cryer stood, and with his sonorous voice Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar, And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth; The face of human-kind so long unseen Confused him now, and through the streets he went With haggard mien, and countenance like one Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd, And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopp'd him short, Put alms into his hand, and then desired In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man To bless him. With a look of vacancy Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye Fell on the money, and the fallen King. Soeing his own royal impress on the piece, Broke out into a quick convulsive voice, That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon In hollow groans suppress'd; the Musselman Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified The name of Allah as he hasten'd on. So through the streets, and through the northern gate Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place, With feeble yet with hurried step pursue His agitated way; and when he reach'd the open fields, and found himself alone Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven, The sense of solitude, so dreadful late, Was then repose and comfort. There he stopp'd Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf; And shedding o'er that long untasted food Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul, He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed On heath and myrtle. But when he arose At day-break and pursued his way, his heart Felt lighten'd that the shock of mingling first Among his fellow-kind was overpast; 70 And journeying on, he greet'd whom he met With such short interchange of benison As each to other gentle travellers give, Recovering thus the power of social speech Which he had long disused. When hunger prest He ask'd for alms; slight supplication serv'd; A countenance so pale and woe-begone, A voice so low and lifeless, and the marks it bore Of rigorous penance and austerest life, With something too of majesty that still Appeard amid the wreck, inspired a sense Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills Open'd his scrip for him; the babe in arms, Affrighted at his visage, turn'd away, And clinging to the mother's neck in tears Would yet again look up, and then again Shrink back, with cry renew'd. The bolder imps Sporting beside the way, at his approach Brake off their games for wonder, and stood still In silence; some among them cried, A Saint! The village matron when she gave him food Besought his prayers; and one entertained him To lay his healing hands upon her child, For with a sore and hopeless malady Wasting, it long had lain; and sure, she said, He was a man of God. Thus travelling on He pass'd the vale where wild Arunca pours Its wintry torrents; and the happier site Of old Conimbrica, whose ruin'd towers Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath. Mondego too he cross'd, not yet renown'd So had the insulting Arian given command. Those stately palaces and rich domains Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke. Before Fernando's banner through her gate
Shall pass triumphant, and her hallow’d
Mosque
Behold the hero of Bivar receive
The knighthood which he glorified so oft
In his victorious fields. Oh, if the years
To come might then have risen on Roderick’s soul,
How had they kindled and consol’d his heart!
What joy might Douro’s haven then have given,
Whence Portugal, the faithful and the brave,
Shall take her name illustrious! what those walls
Where Mumadona one day will erect
Convent and town and towers, which shall become
The cradle of that famous monarchy!
What joy might these prophetic scenes have given,
What ample vengeance on the Musselman,
Driven out with foul defeat, and made to feel
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to Spain;
And still pursued by that relentless sword,
Even to the farthest Orient, where his power
Received its mortal wound.
O years of pride!
In undiscoverable futurity,
Yet unenviled, your destined glories lay they went
And all that Roderick in those fated scenes
Beheld, was grief and wretchedness; the waste
Of recent war, and that more mournful calm
Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.
’Twas not the ruin’d walls of church or tower,
Cottage or hall or convent, black with smoke;
’Twas not the unburied bones, which where the dogs
And crows had strewn them, lay amid the field
Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung his heart
With keenest anguish; ’twas when he beheld
The turban’d traitor show his shameless front
In the open eye of Heaven, the renegade,
On whose base brutal nature unredom’d
Even black apostacy itself could stamp
No deeper reprobation, at the hour
Assign’d fall prostrate; and unite the names
Of God and the Blasphemer, impious prayer,
Most impious, when from unbelieving lips
The accursed utterance came. Then Roderick’s heart
With indignation burnt, and then he long’d
To be a King again, that so, for Spain
Betray’d and his Redeemer thus renounced,
He might inflict due punishment, and make
These wretches feel his wrath. But when he saw
The daughters of the land, who, as they went
With cheerful step to church, were wont to show
Their innocent faces to all passers’ eyes
Freely, and free from sin as when they looked
In adoration and in praise to Heaven,
Now mask’d in Moorish mufflers, to the Mosque
Holding uncompanied their jealous way,
His spirit seem’d at that unhappy sight
To die away within him, and he too
Would fain have died, so death could bring with it
Entire oblivion.
Rented with thoughts like these
He reach’d that city, once the seat renowned
Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of Rome
Degenerate long, the North’s heroic race
Raised first a rival throne; now from its state
Of proud regality debased and fallen,
Still bounteous nature o’er the lovely vale,
Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,
Pour’d forth its gifts profuse; perennial springs
Flow’d for her inhabitants, and genial
sun’s
With kindly showers to bless the happy clime.
Combining in vain their gentle influences;
For patient servitude was there, who bow’d
His neck beneath the Moor, and silent grief
That cats into the soul. The walls and stones
Seem’d to reproach their dwellers: stately plies
Yet undesayed, the mighty monuments
Of Roman pomp, barbaric palaces,
And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons late
Gladden’d their faithful vassals with the feast
And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler’s now.
Leaving these captive scenes behind,
He erst
Carado’s silver current, and the banks
Of Lima, through whose groves in after years,
Mournful yet sweet, Diogo’s amorous lute
Prolong’d its tuneful echoes. But when now
Beyond Arnoya’s tributary tide,
He came where Minho roll’d its ampler stream
By Aura’s ancient walls, fresh horrors met
His startled view; for prostrate in the dust
Those walls were laid, and towers and temples stood
Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
Had left them black and bare; and through the streets,
All with the recent wreck of war bestrew’d,
Helmet and turban, scimitar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay
Each where they fell; and bloody-dales, parch’d and crack’d
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allure’d
The wolf and raven, and to impious food Tempted the houseless dog.
A thrilling pang,
A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul
Came over Roderiek. Soon they pass’d away,
And admiration in their stead arose,
Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,
With wrath, and hate, and sacred vengeance now
Indissolubly link’d. O valiant race,
Bless’d and glorious now and evermore
Be your heroic names!... Led by the sound,
As thus he cried aloud, a woman came
Toward him from the ruins. For the love
Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while
Thy charitable help!... Her words, her voice,
Her look, more horror to his heart convey'd
Than all the havoc round: for though she spake
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones
Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice
Pour'd forth its hymns in ecstasy to Heaven.
Her hands were bloody, and her garments stain'd
With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.
Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,
Had every charm of form and feature given;
But now upon her rigid countenance
Severest anguish set a fixedness
Ghastlier than death.
She led him through the streets
A little way along, where four low walls,
Heapt rudely from the ruins round, enclosed
A narrow space: and there upon the ground
Four bodies, decently composed, were... for whose middle age, (If ruthless slaughter had not inter- vened,) Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time, might well
Have many a calm declining year in store;
The third an armed warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were cross'd;
There, with firm eye and steady countenance
Unfaltering, she address't him, there they lie,
Child, Husband, Parents, ... Adosinda's all!
I could not break the earth with these poor hands,
Nor other tomb provide, but let that pass!
Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants:—What better grave?
What worthier monument?... Oh cover not
Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye blessed Souls
Of Heroes and of murder'd Innocents,
Oh never let your everlasting cries
Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the Most High
For all these unexampled wrongs hath given
Many a calm declining year in store; The third an armed warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were cross'd;
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Of Heroes and of murder'd Innocents,
Oh never let your everlasting cries
Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the Most High
For all these unexampled wrongs hath given
Full, over-flowing vengeance!
While she spake
She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if
Calling for justice on the Judgement-seat;
Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning
Bent o'er the open sepulchre.
But soon
With quiet mien collectedly, like one
Who from intense devotion, and the act
Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself
For this world's daily business, she arose,
And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise
The covering of the tomb.

With half-burnt planks, Which she had gather'd for this funeral use,
They roof'd the vault, then, laying stones above,
They closed it down; last, rendering all secure,
Stones upon stones they pilled, till all appeared
A huge and shapeless heap. Enough, she cried;
And taking Roderick's hands in both her own,
And wringing them with fervent thankfulness,
May God shew mercy to thee, she exclam'd,
When most thou needest mercy! Who thou art
I know not; not of Auria, ... for of all
Her sons and daughters, save the one who stands
Before thee, not a soul is left alive.
But thou hast render'd to me, in my hour
Of need, the only help which man could give.
What else of consolation may be found
For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven
And from myself must come. For deem not thou
That I shall sink beneath calamity:
This visitation, like a lightning-stroke,
Hath scorched the fruit and blossom of my youth;
One hour hath orphan'd me, and widow'd me,
And made me childless. In... human lo ves and natural charities;
All womanly tenderness, all gentle thoughts,
All female weakness too, I bury here.

Yes, all my former nature. There remain
Revenge and death:... the bitterness of death
Is past, and Heaven already hath vouchsafed
A foretaste of revenge.

Look here! she cried,
And drawing back, held forth her bloody hands...
'Tis Moorish!... In the day of massacre,
A captain of Alahman's murderous host
Reserved me from the slaughter. Not because
My rank and station tempted him with thoughts
Of ransom, for amid the general waste
Of ruin all was lost:... Nor yet, be sure,
That pity moved him... they who from this race
Account for pity look, such pity find
As ravenous wolves show the defenceless flock.
My husband at my feet had fallen; my babe...
Spare me that thought, O God!... and then... even then
Amid the maddening throes of agony
Which rent my soul... when if this solid Earth
Had open'd and let out the central fire
Before whose all-involving flames wide
Heaven Shall shrivel like a scroll and be con- sumed,
The universal wreck had been to me
Relief and comfort;... even then this
Moor
Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and bade
His men reserve me safely for an hour
Of durance... me!... me in my agonies!
But when I found for what this mis- croent child
Of Hell had snatched me from the butchery, The very horror of that monstrous thought Saved me from madness; I was calm at once, ... Yea comforted and reconciled to life: Hatred became to me the life of life, Its purpose and its power.

The glutted Moors At length broke up. This hell-dog turn'd aside Toward his home; we travell'd fast and far, Till by a forest edge at eve he pitched His tents. I wash'd and ate at his command, Forcing revolting nature; I composed My garments and bound up my scattered hair; And when he took my hand, and to his couch Would fain have drawn me, gently I retired From that abominable touch, and said, Forbear to-night I pray thee, for this day A widow, as thou seest me, am I made; Therefore, according to our law, must watch And pray to-night. The loathsome villain paused Ere he assented, then laid down to rest; While at the door of the pavilion, I Kneeled on the ground, and bowed my face to earth; But when the neighbouring tents had ceased their stir, The fire were out, and all were fast asleep, Then I arose. The blessed Moon from Heaven Lent me her holy light. I did not pray For strength, for strength was given me as I drew

The scymitar, and standing o'er his couch, Raised it in both my hands with steady aim And smote his neck. Upward, as from a spring When newly open'd by the husbandman, The villain's life-blood spouted. Twice I struck, So making vengeance sure; then, praising God, Retired amid the wood, and measured back My patient way to Aura, to perform This duty which thou seest.

As thus she spake, Roderick intently listening had forgot His crown, his kingdom, his calamities, His crimes, ... so like a spell upon the Goth Her powerful words prevail'd. With open lips, And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watch'd Her features, caught the ... deep prophetio eehoes. On his brow The pride and power of former majesty Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified: Duty and high heroic purposes Now hallow'd it, and as with inward light Illumed his meagre countenance austere.

Awhile in silence Adosinda stood, Reading his altered visage and the thoughts Which thus transfigured him. Ay, she explain'd, My tale hath moved thee! it might move the dead, Quicken captivity's dead soul, and rouse This prostrate country from her mortal trance:
Therefore I live to tell it; and for this Hath the Lord God Almighty given to me A spirit not mine own and strength from Heaven; Dealing with me as in the days of old With that Bethulian Matron when she saved His people from the spoiler. What remains But that the life which he hath thus preserved I consecrate to him? Not veil'd and vow'd To pass my days in holiness and peace; Nor yet between sepulchral walls immured, Alive to penitence alone; my rule He hath himself prescribed, and hath infused A passion in this woman's breast, wherein All passions and all virtues are combined;

Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and despair, And hope, and natural pieté, and faith, Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not Revenge! thus sanctified and thus sublimed, 'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace Of God, it came and saved me; and in it Spain must have her salvation. In thy hands Here, on the grave of all my family, I make my vow.

She said, and kneeling down, Placed within Roderick's palms her folded hands.

This life, she cried, I dedicate to God, Thervewith to do him service in the way Which he hath shown. To rouse the land against This impious, this intolerable yoke, ... To offer up the invader's hateful blood, ... This shall be my employ, my rule and rite, Observances and sacrifice of faith; For this I hold the life which he hath given, A sacred trust; for this, when it shall suit His service, joyfully will I lay it down.

So deal with me as I fulfil the pledge, O Lord my God, my Saviour and my Judge.

Then rising from the earth, she spread her arms, And looking round with sweeping eyes exclaim'd, Aura, and Spain, and Heaven receive the vow!

IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

Thus long had Roderick heard her powerful words In silence, awed before her; but his heart Was fill'd the while with swelling sympathy, And now with impulse not to be restrain'd The feeling overpower'd him. Hear me too, Aura, and Spain, and Heaven! he cried; and thou
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GYTHS

Who risest thus above mortality,
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,
For surely such thou art... receive in me
The first-fruit of thy calling. Kneeling then,
And placing as he spake his hand in hers,
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth pursued,
Even so I swear; my soul hath found
Her rest and refuge; in the invader's blood
She must efface her stains of mortal sin,
And in redeeming this lost land, work out
Redemption for herself. Herein I place
My penance for the past, my hope to come,
My faith and my good works; here offer up
All thoughts and passions of mine inmost heart,
My days and night... this flesh, this life,
Yes this whole being, do I here devote
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints in Heaven,
And prosper its good end!... Clap now your wings,
The Goth with louder utterance as he rose
Exclaim'd... clap now your wings excitedly.
Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven; and in your dew
Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy.
For, lo! a nation hath this day been sworn
To furnish forth your banquet; for a strife
Hath been commenced, the which from this day forth
Permits no breathing-time, and knows no end.

Till in this land the last invader bow
His neck beneath the exterminating sword.

Said I not rightly? Adosinda cried:
The will which goads me on is not mine own,
'Tis from on high... yes, verily of Heaven!
But who art thou who hast professed me,
My first sworn brother in the appointed rule?
Tell me thy name.

Ask any thing but that!
The fallen King replied. My name was lost
When from the Goths the sceptre pass'd away,
The nation will arise regenerate;
Strong in her second youth and beautiful,
And like a spirit which hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain arise in glory.
But for my good name
No resurrection is appointed here.
Let it be blotted out on earth: in Heaven
There shall be written with penitence,
And grace, and saving faith, and such good deeds
Wrought in atonement, as my soul this day
Hath sworn to offer up.

Then be thy name, she answer'd, Maceabe, from this day forth:
For this day art thou born again; and like
Those brethren of old times, whose holy names
Live in the memory of all noble hearts
For love and admiration, ever young... So for our native country, for her hearths

And altars, for her cradles and her graves.
Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now
Each to our work. Among the neighbouring hills,
I to the vassals of my father's house; Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there
What thou hast seen at Auria; and with him
Take counsel who of all our Baronage
Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,
And wear upon his brow the Spanish crown.

Now, brother, fare thee well! we part in hope,
And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King
Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,
As when Elisha, on the farther bank
Of Jordán, saw that elder prophet mount
The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,
Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up the sky:
Thus gazing after her did Roderick stand;
And as the immortal Tishbite left behind
His mantle and prophetic power, even
Had her inspiring presence left infused
The spirit which she breathed. Gazing he stood,
As at a heavenly visitation there
Voushaeful in mercy to himself and Spain;
And when the heroic mourner from his sight
Had pass'd away, still reverential awe
Held him suspended there and motionless;
Then turning from the ghastly scene of death
Up murmuring Lona, he began toward
The holy Bierzo his obedient way.

IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

And Siles's ample stream he crost, where through the vale
Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears
The whole collected waters; northward then,
Skirting the heights of Aguilar, he reach'd
That consecrated pile amid the wild,
Which painted Fructuoso in his zeal
Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonis's banks.

In commune with a priest of age mature,
Whose thoughtful visage and majestic mien
Bespoke authority and weight of care.
Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate,
When ushering Roderick in, the Porter said,
A stranger came from Auria, and required
His private ear. From Auria? said the old man,
Comest thou from Auria, brother? I can spare
Thy painful errand then... we know the worst.

Nay, answer'd Roderick, but thou hast not heard
My tale. Where that devoted city lies
In ashes, 'mid the ruins and the dead
I found a... deed the Assyrian fell. And that same spirit which had
Work'd in her still. Four walls with patient toil
In act of pious passion raised to Heaven...
Oh, none but Adosinda!... none but she,
None but that noble heart, which was the heart
Of Auria while it stood, its life and strength,
More than her father's presence, or the arm
Of her brave husband, valiant as he was.
Hers was the spirit which inspired old age,
Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth,
And virgins in the beauty of their spring,
And youthful mothers, doting like herself
With ever-anxious love: She breathed through all
That zeal and that devoted faithfulness,
Which to the invader's threats and promises
Turn'd a deaf ear alike; which in the head
And flood of prosperous fortune check'd his course,
Repell'd him from the walls, and when at length
His overpowering numbers forced their way,
Even in that uttermost extremity
Unyielding, still from street to street,
From house to house, from floor to floor, maintain'd the fight:
Till by their altars falling, in their doors,
And on their household hearth, and by their beds
And cradles, and their fathers' sepulchres,
This noble army, gloriously revenged,
Embraced their martyrdom. Heroic souls!
Well have ye done, and righteously discharged

Your arduous part! Your service is perform'd,
Your earthly warfare done! Ye have put on
The purple robe of everlasting peace!
Ye have received your crown! Ye bear the palm
Before the throne of Grace!
With that he paused,
Checking the strong emotions of his soul.
Then with a solemn tone addressing
Who shared his secret thoughts, thou knowest, he said,
O Urban, that they have not fallen in vain;
For by this virtuous sacrifice they
Alcahman's thousands; and his broken force,
Exhausted by their dear-bought victory,
Turn'd back from Auria, leaving us to breathe
Among our mountains yet. We lack not here
Good hearts, nor valiant hands. What walls or towers
Or battlements are like these fastnesses, These rocks and glens and everlasting hills?
Give but that Aurian spirit, and the Moors
Will spend their force as idly on these holds, As round the rocky girdle of the land
The wild Cantabrian billows waste their rage.
Give but that spirit!... Heaven hath given it us,
If Adosinda thus, as from the dead, Be granted to our prayers!
And who art thou, Said Urban, who hast taken on thyself This rule of warlike faith? Thy coun-

And those poor weeds bespeak a life ere this
Devoted to austere observances.
Roderick replied, I am a sinful man,
One who in solitude hath long deplored
A life mis-spent; but never bound by vows,
Till Adosinda taught me where to find comfort, And how to work forgiveness out.
When that exalted woman took my vow,
She call'd me Maccabee; from this day forth
Be that my earthly name. But tell me now,
Whom shall we rouse to take upon his head
The crown of Spain? Where are the Gothic Chiefs?
Sacar, Theudemir, Athanagild,
All who survived that eight days' obstinate fight,
When clogg'd with bodies Chrysus scarce could force
Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons, Bad offspring of a stock accursed, I know,
Have put the turban on their recreant heads.
Where are your own Cantabrian Lords?
I ween, Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now
Have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo live,
His were the worthy heart and rightful hand
To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain.
Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be
Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scanned his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty, and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their favours premature, ... forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than three-score winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed
That thou hast pass'd thy days in solitude,
Replied the Abbot, or thou would'st not ask
Of things so long gone by. Athanagild
And Theudemir have taken on their necks
The yoke. Sacarú played a nobler part. Long within Mérida
He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most
That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son
There too is held as hostage, and secures
His father's faith; Count Eudon is despised,
And so lives unmolested. When he pays
His tribute, an uncomfortable thought
May then perhaps disturb him: ... or more like
He mediates how profitable 'twere
To be a Moor; and if apostasy
Were all, and to be unbaptized might serve...
But I waste breath upon a wretch like this;
Pelayo is the only hope of Spain.

If, as we believe, 269
Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is here,
And dreadful though they be, yet for wise end
Of good, these visitations do its work;
And dimly as our mortal sight may scan
The future, yet methinks my soul deceives
How in Pelayo should the purposes
Of Heaven be best accomplished. All too long,
Here in their own inheritance, the sons
Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yoke;
Punic and Roman, Keit, and Goth, and Greek:
This latter tempest comes to sweep away
All proud distinctions which conningling blood
And time's long course have fai'd to efface; and now
Perchance it is the will of Fate to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in Pelayo's native line
The sceptre to the Spaniard.

Go thou, then, And seek Pelayo at the Conqueror's court.

Tell him the mountaineers are unsubdued;
The precious time they needed hath been gain'd.
By Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask
In him to guide them on. In Odoar's name
And Urban's, tell him that the hour is come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pursued,
The rule which thou hast taken on thyself.
Toledo ratifies: 'tis meet for Spain,
And as the will divine, to be received,
Observed, and spread abroad. Come hither thou,
Who for thyself hast chosen the good part:
Let me lay hands on thee, and consecrate
Thy life unto the Lord.

Me! Roderick cried;
Me! sinner that I am! ... and while he spake
His wither'd cheek grew paler, and his limbs shook.
As thou goest among the indolent,
Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt find
Fallen from the faith; by weakness some betray'd,
Some led astray by baser hope of gain,
And haply too by ill example led
Of those in whom they trusted. Yet have these
Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the touch
Of sickness, and that awful power divine
Which hath its dwelling in the heart of man,
Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,
Move them with silent impulse; but they look
For help, and finding none to succour them
The irrevocable moment passeth by.
Therefore, my brother, in the name of Christ
Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His name
Thou with His gracious promises may'st raise
The fallen, and comfort those that are in need;
And bring salvation to the penitent.
Now, brother, go thy way: the peace of God
Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us!

Between St. Felix and the regal seat
Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
Lay many a long day's journey interposed;
And many a mountain range hath Roderick cross't,
And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
Where Betis, winding through the unbounded plain,
Roll'd his majestic waters. There at eve,
Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
With other travellers round the crackling hearth.
Where heath and cistus gave their fragrant flame.
That flame no longer, as in other days, lit up the countenance of easy mirth
And light discourse: the talk which now went round
Was of the grief that pressed'd on every heart;
Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the Goths
Broken; their nation and their name effaced;
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Slaughter and mourning, which had left no house Unvisited; and shame, which set its mark On every Spaniard's face. One who had seen His sons fall bravely at his side, bewail'd The unhappy chance which, rescuing him from death, Left him the last of all his family; Yet he rejoiced to think that none who drew Their blood from him remain'd to wear the yoke, Be at the miscreant's beck, and propagate A breed of slaves to serve them. Here sat one Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft. Another for a virgin daughter mourn'd, The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth had seen His only child forsake him in his age, And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ. His was the heaviest grief of all, he said, And clenching as he spake his hoary locks, He cursed King Roderick's soul. Oh curse him not! Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as he spoke. Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not! Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt That lies upon his miserable soul! O brother, do not curse that sinful soul, Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to save!

But then an old man, who had sate thus long A silent listener, from his seat arose, And moving round to Roderick took his hand; Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christian speech, He said; and shame on me that any tongue Roodier than mine was found to utter it! His own emotion fill'd him while he spake, So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand Shook like a palsied limb; and none could see How, at his well-known voice, the countenance Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed, And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering play'd.

Oh, it is ever thus! the old man pursued, The crimes and woes of universal Spain Are charged on him; and curses which should aim At living heads, pursue beyond the grave His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy! As if the Moslems in their career Would never have overtop the gulf which parts Iberia from the Mauritanian shore, If Julian had not beckon'd them! Alas! The evils which drew on our overthrow, Would soon by other means have wrought their end, Though Julian's daughter should have lived and died A virgin vow'd and veil'd.

But Spain hath witness'd other crimes as foul: Have we not seen Favilla's shameless wife, Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid The murderous tyrant in her husband's blood Dip his adulterous hand? Did we not see Pelaya, by that bloody king's pursuit, And that unnatural mother, from the land With open outcry, like an outlaw'd thief, Hunted? And saw ye not, Theodosfred, As through the streets I guided his dark steps, Roll mournfully toward the noon-day sun His blank and senseless eye-balls? Spain saw this, And suffer'd it! I seek not to excuse The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds The burning tears I shed in solitude, Knows how I plead for him in midnight prayer. But if, when he victoriously revenged The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house, his sword Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge, Upon the banks of Chryseus! Curse not him, Who in that fatal conflict to the last So valiantly maintain'd his country's cause; But if your sorrow needs must have its vent In curses, let your impressions strike The castrifs, who, when Roderick's horned helm Rose eminent amid the thickest fight, Betraying him who spared and trusted them, Forsook their King, their Country, and their God, And gave the Moor his conquest.

Ay! they said, These were Witiza's hateful progeny; And in an evil hour the unhappy King Had spared the vipers brood. With that they talk'd How Sisibert and Ebba through the land Guided the foe: and Orpas, who had cast The mitre from his renegado brow, Went with the armies of the infidels; And how in Hispal, even where his hands Had minister'd so oft the bread of life, The circumcised apostate did not shame To show in open day his turban'd head. The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaim'd; Was she not married to the enemy, The Moor, the Misbeliever? What a heart Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself To rank among his herd of concubines,
Having been what she had been! And who could say
How far domestic wrongs and discontent
Had wrought upon the King! Hereat
the old man,
Raising beneath the knit and curly brow
His mournful eyes, replied, This I can tell,
That that unquiet spirit and unblest,
Though Roderick never told his sorrows, drove
Rusilla from the palace of her son,
She could not bear to see his generous mind
Wither beneath the unwholesome influence,
And cankered at the core. And I know well,
That oft when she deplored his barren bed,
The thought of Egilona's qualities
Came like a bitter medicine for her grief,
And to the extinction of her husband's line,
Sad consolation, reconciled her heart.

But Roderick, while they communed thus, had ceased
To hear such painful anxiety
The sight of that old venerable man
Avowed. A sickening fear came over him:
The hope which led him from his hermitage
Now seemed for ever gone, for well he knew,
With careful collocation its dear form,
So might the waters, like a crystal shrine,
Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling then,
Over the memorial of redeeming love
He bent, and mingled with the fount his tears,
And pour'd his spirit to the Crucified.

A Moor came by, and seeing him, exclaimed,
Ah, Kaffer! worshipper of wood and stone,
God's curse beound thee! And as he
Roderick turn'd,
His face, the miscreant spurn'd him with his foot,
Between the eyes. The ignominious King
arose,
And fell'd him to the ground. But then
The Moor
Drew forth his dagger, rising as he cried,
What, darest thou, thou infidel and slave,
Strike a believer! and he aim'd a blow
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick
caught his arm,
And closed, and wrench'd the dagger from his hold,
As on a bloody altar, I have sworn
To offer to insulted Heaven for Spain,
Her vengeance and her expiation.
This was but a hasty act, by sudden wrong
Provoled; but I am bound for Cordoba,
On weighty mission from Vionoia sent,
To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice
Of spirit-stirring power, which, like the trump
Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead Spain.
The northern mountainers are unsubdued;
They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
Odeur and Urban tell him that the hour
Is come. Thou too, I ween, old man, art charged
With no light errand, or thou wouldst not now
Have left the ruins of thy master's house.

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as he searched
The wan and wither'd features of the King.
The face is of a stranger, but thy voice
Disturbs me like a dream.

Roderick replied,
Thou seest me as I am, ... a stranger; one
Whose fortunes in the general wreck were lost,
His name and lineage utterly extinct,
Himself in mercy spared, surviving all...
In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal
A soul diseased. Now, having cast the slough
Of old offences, thou beholdest me
A man new born; in second baptism named,
Like those who in Judea bravely raised
Against the Heathen's impious tyranny
The banner of Jehovah, Maccabees;
So call me. In that name hath Urban laid
His consecrating hands upon my head;
And in that name have I myself for Spain
Devoted. Tell me now why thou art sent
To Cordoba; for sure thou goest not not
An idle gazer to the Conqueror's court.

Thou judgest well, the old man replied.

I too seek the Cantabrian Prince, the hope of Spain,
With other tidings charged, for other end
Design'd, yet such as well may work with thine.
My noble Mistress sends me to aver
The shame that threatens his house. The renegade
Numacian, he who for the infidels
Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos
His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
The unworthy Guisla hath inherited
Her Mother's leprous taint; and willingly
She to the circumcised and upstart slave,
Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.
The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,
With the quick foresight of maternal care,
The impending danger to her husband's care,
The base alliance. Guisla wearily sets
His will at nought; but that vile renegade,
From hatred, and from avarice, and from fear,
Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.
This too my venerable Mistress sees;
Wherefore these valiant and high-minded dames
Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince
Cannot by timely interdiction stop
The irrevocable act of infamy,
He may at least to his own safety look,
Being timely warn'd.

Thy Mistress rejoins then
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall?
Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home, rejoined
Siverian: Chindasuintho's royal race
Have every where one lot of woe or woe:
And she who hath beheld her own fair shoot,
The godly summit of that ancient tree,
Struck by Heaven's bolt, seeks shelter now beneath
The only branch of its majestic stem
That still survives the storm.

Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering store.
For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba,
Shining majestic in the light of eve
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
In many a slivery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behold the walls
And stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
With olives, and with sunny slope of vine,
And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bower's were once the abode of peace,
Height above height, reeding hills were seen
Imbued with evening hues; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose,
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky,
The traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the godly vision, would have loved
To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,
A joy for years to come.

Cordoba, Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been when happy was their lot
Who had their birthright here; but happy now
Are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
Because they feel not in their graves the feet
That trample upon Spain. 'Tis well that age
Hath made me like a child, that I can weep:
My heart would else have broken, over-charged,
And I, false servant, should lie down to rest
Before my work is done.

A little way without the walls, there stood
An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother, quoth he,
'Tis like the urgency of our return
Will brook of no retardment; and this spot
It were a sin if I should pass, and leave
Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me, The while I offer up one devout prayer.

Roderick made no reply. He had not dared
To turn his face toward those walls; but now
He follow'd where the old man led the way.

Lord! in his heart the silent sufferer said,
Forgive my feeble soul, which would have shrunk
From this... for what am I that I should put
The bitter cup aside!

Lord! let my shame and anguish be accepted in thy sight!

VI. RODERICK IN TIMES PAST

The mansion whitherward they went, was one
Which in his youth Theodofred had built;
Thither had he brought home in happy hour
His blooming bride; there fondled on his knee
The lovely boy she bore him. Close beside,
A temple to that Saint he rear'd, who first;
As old tradition tells, proclaim'd to Spain
The gospel-tidings; and in health and youth,
There mindful of mortality, he saw
His sepulchre prepared. Wittiza took it;
For his adulterous leman and himself
The stately pile: but to that sepulchre, When from captivity and darkness death
Enlarged him, was Theodofred consign'd;

For that unhappy woman, wasting then
Beneath a mortal malady, at heart
Was smitten, and the Tyrant at her prayer
This poor and tardy restitution made.
Soon the repentant sinner follow'd him;
And calling on Pelayo ere she died,
For his own wrongs, and for his father's death,
Imploded forgiveness of her absent child...
If it were possible he could forgive
Crimes black as hers, she said. And by the pangs
Of her remorse... by her last agonies...
The unutterable horrors of her death...
And by the blood of Jesus on the cross
For sinners given, did she beseech his prayers
In aid of her most miserable soul.
Thus mingling sudden shrieks with hopeless vows...
And uttering frantically Pelayo's name, And crying out for mercy in despair,
Among his sins. Old man, thou mayest regret
The mercy ill deserved, and worse return'd, 100
But not for this wouldst thou reproach the King!

Reproach him! cried Siverian; ... I reproach
My child, ... my noble boy, ... whom every tongue
Bless'd at that hour, ... whose love fill'd every heart
With joy, and every eye with joyful tears!
My brave, my beautiful, my generous boy!
Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,
Never so brave, so beautiful, so great
As thee. ... not even on that glorious day,
When on the field of victory, elevate ro
Amid the thousands who acclaim'd him King,

Firm on the shield above their heads uppraised,
Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword...

What dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt?
I do not dream, nor fable! Ten short years
Have scarcely pass'd away, since all within
The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
Which girdle Spain, echoed in one response
The acclamation from that field of fight...
Or doth aught all thee, that thy body quakes
And shudders thus?

'Tis but a chill, replied
The King, in passing from the open air
Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.
Oh! if this scene awoke in thee such thoughts
As swell my bosom here, the old man pursued,
Sunshine, or shade, and all things from without,
Would be alike indifferent. Gracious God,
Only but ten short years, ... and all so changed!
Ten little years since in yon court he check'd
His fiery steeds. The steeds obey'd his hand,
The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leapt
Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,
In their deep silence, open-ear'd, the sound.

With slower movement from the ivory boat,
Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,
Extended to her son's supporting hand;
Not for default of firm or agile strength,
But that the feeling of that solemn hour
Subdued her then, and tears bedimm'd her sight.

Howbeit when to her husband's grave she came,
On the sepulchral stone she bow'd her head
Awhile; then rose collectedly, and fix'd
Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.
Roderick, ... oh when did valour wear a form
So beautiful, so noble, so august?
Or vengeance, when did it put on before
A character so awful, so divine?
Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred! Father! I stand before thee once again,
According to thy prayer, when kneeling down

Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
And vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
Her silent anguish, and the grief which then
Even from thee she did not seek to hide, That if our cruel parting should avail
To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
Surely should my avenging sword fulfil
What'er he omen'd. Oh that time, I cried,
Would give the strength of manhood to this arm,
Already would it find a manly heart
To guide it to its purpose

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza stood
Listening in agony, with open mouth,
And head half rais'd, toward his sentence turn'd;
His eye-lids stiffen'd and purs'd up, ... his eyes
Rigid, and wild, and wide; ... and when
The King had ceased, amid the silence which ensued,
The dastard's chains were heard, link against link
Clinking. At length upon his knees he fell,
And lifting up his trembling hands, outstretch'd
In supplication, ... Mercy! ... In supplication, ... Mercy! ... I exclaim'd,
Chains, dungeons, darkness, ... any thing but death!
I did not touch his life.

Roderick replied,
His hour, whenever it had come, had found
A soul prepared: he lived in peace with Heaven,
And life prolong'd for him, was bliss delay'd.
But life, in pain and darkness and despair,
For thee, all lepros as thou art with crimes,
In mercy ... Take him hence, and let him see
The light of day no more!

Oh, why art thou so tough!
VII. RODERICK AND PELAYO

'Twas not in vain that on her absent son,
Pelayo's mother from the bed of death
Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony
Besought his repentance in her prayer.

The old man, from fear
Recovering and from wonder, knew him first.

It is the Prince! he cried, and bending down
Embraced his knees. The action and the word

Awaken'd Roderick; he shook off the load
Of struggling thoughts, which pressing on his heart,

Held him like one entranced; yet, all untaught
To bend before the face of man, confused

While he stood, forgetful of his part.

But when Siverian cried, My Lord, my Lord,

Now God be praised that I have found thee thus,

My Lord and Prince, Spain's only hope
And mine!

Then Roderick, echoing him, exclaimed, My Lord

And Prince, Pelayo! and approaching near,

He bent his knee obeisant: but his head
Earthward inclined; while the old man, looking up

From his low gesture to Pelayo's face,

Then through the long and painful hours, before
The altar, like a penitent himself,

He kept his vigil; and when Roderick's sword

Subdued Witiza, and the land was free,
Duly upon his grave he offered up
His yearly sacrifice of agony
And prayer. This was the night, and he it was

Who now before Siverian and the King
Stood up in sackcloth.
He ask'd the oíd man; for she hath ever been
My wise and faitkful oounsellor. . . He replied,
The Lady Gaudiosa bade me say ... hearts most open to assault of fear, I quail'd at danger. Never be it said
Of Spain, that in the hour of her distress
Her women were as heroes, but her men
Perform'd the woman's part.

Roderick at that
Look'd up, and taking up the word, exolaim'd,
0 Prince, in better days the pride of Spain,
And prostrate as she lies, her surest hope,
Hear now my tale. The fire which
seem'd extinct
Hath risen revigorate; a living spark
From Auria's ashes, by a woman's hand
Preserved and quicken'd, kindles far and wide
The beacon-flame o'er all the Asturian hills.
There hath a vow been offer'd up,
which binds
Us and our children's children to the work
Of holy hated. In the name of Spain
That vow hath been pronounced and
register'd
Above, to be the bond whereby we stand
For condemnation or acceptance.

Heaven

Received the irrevocable vow, and Earth
Must witness its fulfillment, Earth and
Heaven
Call upon thee, Pelayo! Upon thee
The spirits of thy royal ancestors
Look down expectant; unto thee, from fields
Laid waste, and hamlets burnt, and
cities sack'd,
The blood of infancy and helpless age
Cries out; thy native mountains call
for thee,
Echoing from all their arméd sons thy name.
And doth not thou that hot impatience
Thy countrymen to counsels immature.
Odoar and Urban from Visonia's banks
Send me, their sworn and trusted messenger,
To summon thee, and tell thee in their name
That now the hour is come: For sure it seems,
Thus saith the Primate, Heaven's high will to rear
Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
The sceptre to the Spaniard. Worthy son
Of that most ancient and heroic race,
Hath risen against its mightier enemies,
Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
So often by superior arms oppress'd,
More often by superior arts beguil'd;
Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste
Of sword and fire remorselessly employ'd,
Unconquer'd and unconquerable still; . .
Son of that injured and illustrious stock,
Stand forward thou, draw forth the sword of Spain,
Restore them to their rights, too long withheld,
And place upon thy brow the Spanish crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely Mountaineer
Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,
With eyes intently fix'd, and thoughtful
brow;
Then turning to the altar, he let fall
The sackcloth robe, which late with folded arms
Against his heart was prest; and stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaim'd,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy aifeul presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bestrown,
Could I so fitly answer to the call
Of Spain; and for her sake, and in thy name,
Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers me!

And where but here, said Roderick in his heart,
Could I so properly, with humbled knee
And willing soul, confirm my forfeiture . . .
The action follow'd on that secret thought:
He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and cried,
First of the Spaniards, let me with this kiss
Do homage to thee here, my Lord and King!

With voice unchanged and steady countenance
He spake; but when Silverian follow'd him,
The old man trembled as his lips pronounced
The faltering vow; and rising he exclaim'd,
God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate
Than thy poor kinsman's, who in happier days
Received thy homage here! Grief choked his speech,
And, bursting into tears, he sobb'd aloud.
Tears too adown Pelayo's manly cheek
Roll'd silently. Roderick alone appear'd
Unmoved and calm; for now the royal Goth
Had offer'd his accepted sacrifice,
And therefore in his soul he felt that peace
Which follows painful duty well perform'd . . .
Perfect and heavenly peace, the peace of God.

Fain would Pelayo have that hour obey'd
The call, commencing his adventurous flight,
As one whose soul impatiently endured
His country's thraldom, and in daily prayer
Implored her deliverance, cried to Heaven,
How long, O Lord, how long! . . But other thoughts
Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile
Sustain the weight of bondage. Him alone, 
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors 
Watch'd with regard of wary policy. . .
Knowing his powerful name, his noble 
And how in him the old Iberian blood, 
Of royal and remotest ancestry, 
From undisputed source flow'd unde-
His mother's after-guilt attaining not 
The claim legitimate he derived from 
Her first-born in her time of innocence. 
He too of Chindasuinto's regal line 
Sole remnant now, drew after him the 
Of all true Goths, uniting in himself 
Thus by this double right, the general 
Of Spain. For this the renegado crew, 
Wretches in whom their conscious guilt and 
Engender'd cruellest hatred, still ad-
The extinction of Pelayo's house; but most 
The apostate Prelate, in iniquity 
Witiza's genuine brother as in blood, 
Orpas, pursued his life. He never ceased 
With busy zeal, true traitor, to infuse 
His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief; 
Their only danger, ever he observed, 
To let their private purposes incline, 
His counsels, and believing Spain sub-
Smiled, in the pride of power and 
victory, 
Dismal at the thought of farther strife. 
Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court, 
And told him that until his countrymen 
Submissively should lay their weapons down, 
He from his children and paternal hearth 
Apart must dwell; nor hope to see again 
His native mountains and their vales beloved, 
Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian 
Hills had bow'd before the Caliph; Cordoba 
Must be his nightly prison till that hour. 
This night, by special favour from the Moor 
Ask'd and vouchsaf'd, he pass'd and was thus in strongest bonds by honour 
kept, this yearly vigilant; on this night 
Therefore the prince did Spaniard could 
not fly, 
Being thus in strongest bonds by honour 
held; 
Nor were the by his own escape expose 
To stricter bondage, or belike to death,
Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts And other duties than this garb, this night Enjoin, should thus have pass'd! Our mother-land Exacted of my heart the sacrifice; And many a vigil must thy son perform Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses, And tented fields, outwatching for her sake The starry host, and ready for the work Of day, before the sun begins his course.

The noble Mountaineer, concluding then With silent prayer the Service of the night, Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro With patient step and eye reverent oft, No sign of sorrow on his brow, Move on its heavy hinges, ran to him, And welcomed him with smiles of youthful love.

I have been watching yonder moon, quoth he, How it grew pale and paler as the sun Scattered the flying shades; but woe is me, For on the towers of Cordoba the while That beneficent crescent glitter'd in the morn, And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock The son I had found... Last night I dreamt That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain, And I was at thy side: the infidels Beset us round, but we with our good swords Hew'd out a way. Methought I stabb'd a Moor Who would have slain thee; but with that I woke For joy, and wept to find it but a dream.

Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'er-spread His cheek, and starting tears again suffused The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince Regard'd him a moment steadfastly, As if in quick' resolve; then looking round On every side with keen and rapid glance, Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart Throb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd The calmness of Pelayo's countenance Throbb'd with the solemn thoughts, expressing High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd. If, said the Prince, thy dream were... in quick' resolve; then looking round On every side with keen and rapid glance, Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart Throb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd The calmness of Pelayo's countenance Throbb'd with the solemn thoughts, expressing High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd. If, said the Prince, thy dream were... in quick' resolve; then looking round On every side with keen and rapid glance, Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart Throb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd The calmness of Pelayo's countenance Throbb'd with the solemn thoughts, expressing High purposes of resolute hope. He gazed All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd. If, said the Prince, thy dream were...
252  RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

But who thou art, I marvell at, that dost

1

touch

Upon that string, and ask in Roderick’s

name! . . .

She bared her face, and, looking up,

replied,

Florinda! . . . Shrinking then, with both

her hands

She hid herself, and bow’d her head

abased

Upon her knee, . . . as one who, if the

grave

Had oped beneath her, would have

thrown herself,

Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.

Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen

Count Julian’s daughter since in

Roderick’s court,

Glittering in beauty and in innocence;

A radiant vision, in her joy she moved;

More like a poet’s dream, or form divine,

Heaven’s prototype of perfect woman-

hood,

So lovely was the presence . . . than a

thing

Of earth and perishable elements.

Now had he seen her in her winding-

sheet,

Less painful would that spectacle have

proved;

For peace is with the dead, and piety

Bringeth a patient hope to those who

mourn . . .

O’er the departed; but this alter’d face,

Bearing its deadly sorrow character’d,

Came to him like a ghost, which in the

grave

Could find no rest. He, taking her cold

hand,

Raised her, and would have spoken;

but his tongue

Fall’d in its office, and could only speak

In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothed and melted

her;

And when the Prince bade her be com-

forted,

Prolfering his zealous aid in whatsoever

Might please her to appoint, a feeble

smile

past’d slowly over her pale countenance,

Like moonlight on a marble statue.

Heaven

Requite thee, Prince! she answer’d.

All I ask

Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein

A broken heart, in prayer and humble

hope,

May wait for its deliverance. Even this

My most unhappy fate denies me here.

Griefs which are known too widely and

too well

I need not now remember. I could

bear

Privation of all Christian ordinances,

The woe which kills hath saved me too,

and made

A temple of this ruin’d tabernacle,

Wherein redeeming God doth not dis-

dain

To let his presence shine. And I could

bear

To see the turban on my father’s brow, . . .

Sorrow beyond all sorrows, . . . shame of

shames, . . .

Yet to be borne, while I with tears of

blood,

And throes of agony, in his behalf

Implore and wrestle with offended

Heaven.

This I have borne resign’d: but other ill’s

And worse assail me now; the which to

bear,

If to avoid be possible, would draw

Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured

Priest,

The apostate Orpas, claims me for his

bride.

IX.  FLORINDA  253

Obdurate as he is, the wretch professes

My sacred vow, and wos to me to his bed.

The thing I am, . . . the living death thou

seest!

Miserous! exclaim’d Pelayo. Might

I meet

That renegado, sword to scymitar, . . .

In open field, never did man approach

The altar for the sacrifice in faith

More sure, than I should hew the villain

down!

But how should Julian favour his demand . . .

Julian, who hath so passionately loved

His child, so dreadfully revenged her

wrongs!

Count Julian, she replied, hath none

but me, and it hath, therefore, been his heart’s
desire

To see his ancient line by me . . .

repaired.

This was their covenant when in fatal

hour

For Spain, and for themselves, in traitor-

ous bond

Of union they combined. My father,

stung

To madness, only thought of how to

make

His vengeance sure; the Prelate, calm

and cool,

When he renounced his outward faith in

Christ,

Indulged at once his hatred of the King,

His inbred wickedness, and a haughty

hope,

Versed as he was in treasons, to direct

The invaders by his secret policy,

And at their head, aided by Julian’s

power,

Reign as a Moor upon that throne to

which

The priestly order else had barr’d his way.

The African hath conquer’d for himself;

But Orpas coveteth Count Julian’s

lands,

And claims to have the covenant per-

form’d.

Friendless, and worse than fatherless,

I come

To thee for succour. Send me secretly . . .

For well I know all faithful hearts must

be

At thy devotion . . . with a trusty guide

To guard me on the way, that I may

reach

Some Christian land, where Christian

rites are free,

And there discharge a vow, alas! too

long,

Too fatally delay’d. Aid me in this

For Roderick’s sake, Pelayo! and thy

name

Shall be remember’d in my latest prayer.

Be comforted! the Prince replied; but when

He spake of comfort, twice did he break

off

The idle words, feeling that earth had

none

For grief so irredeemable as here.

At length he took her hand, and pressing

it, . . .

And forcing through involuntary tears

A mournful smile affectionate, he said,

Say not that thou art friendless while

I live! . . .

Thou couldst not to a reader ear have

told

Thy sorrows, nor have ask’d in fitter hour

What for my country’s honour, for my

rank,

My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am

bound

In duty to perform; which not to do

Would show me undeserving of the

names
Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man.
This day,
Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me,
And soon as evening closes meet me here.
Duties bring blessings with them, and I hold
Thy coming for a happy augury,
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

X. RODERICK AND FLORINDA

With sword and breast-plate, under rustic weeds
Conceal'd, at dusk Pelayo pass'd the gate,
Florinda following near, disguised alike,
Two peasants on their mules they seem'd, at eve
Returning from the town. Not distant far,
Alphonso by the appointed orange-grove,
With anxious eye and agitated heart.
Watch'd for the Prince's coming.
Eagerly
At every foot-fall through the gloom he strain'd.
His sight, nor did he recognize him when
The Chieftain thus accompanied drew nigh;
And when the expected signal called him on,
Doubting this female presence, half in fear
Obey'd the call. Pelayo too
Quickening his pace, the messenger
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
Yet trembled to perform. Her steady look
Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little ween'd
What agony awaited him that hour.
Her face, well nigh as changed as his, was now
Half hidden, and the lustre of her eye
Extinct; nor did her voice awaken in him
The power of life recovering set its springs
Again in action, cold and clammy sweat
Starting at every pore suffused his frame.
Their presence help'd him to subdue himself;

Full as I was of happiness, before.
'Tis Hoyas, servant of my father's house,
Unto whose dutiful care and love, when sent
To this vile bondage, I was given in charge.
How could I look upon my father's face
If I had in my joy deserted him,
Who was to me found faithful? Right! replied
The Prince; and viewing him with silent joy,
Blessed the Mother, in his heart he said,
Who gave thee birth! but sure of woman-kind
Most blessed she whose hand her happy stars
Shall link with thine! and with that thought the form
Of Hermesind, his daughter, to his soul Came in her beauty.

Soon by devious tracks
They turn'd aside. The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequence, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen. Before their feet
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
Yet unregardant of the countenance
Whereon they dwelt; in other thoughts absorb'd,
Forgive me, cried Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this.

X. RODERICK AND FLORINDA

Among the hills they travel'd silently,
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of Heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Look'd for the appointed meeting.
Halting there,
Their patient bearers, and around the fire
Bent. Faux de needful food and grateful rest.
Bright rose the flame replenish'd; it illumined
The cork-tree's furrow'd rind, its rifts and swells
And elder scars, and where its rambles sprawl'd
Ober'v'rd the traveller's, cast upon the leaves
A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam.
Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath
Lay careless disposed, in happy dreams
Of home; his faithful Hoyas slept beside.
Years and fatigue to old Siverian brought
Easy oblivion; and the Prince himself,
Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,
Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sate
Beholding Roderick with fix'd eyes intent,
Yet unregardant of the countenance
Whereon they dwelt; in other thoughts absorb'd,
Yet trembled to perform. Her steady look
Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little ween'd
What agony awaited him that hour.
Her face, well nigh as changed as his, was now
Half hidden, and the lustre of her eye
Extinct; nor did her voice awaken in him

Father, she said,
All thankful as I am to leave behind the unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less
Of consolation doth my heart receive
At sight of one to whom I may disclose
The sins which trouble me, and at his feet
Lay down repentantly, in Jesus' name,
The bathr of my spirit. In his name
Hear me, and pour into a wounded soul
The balm of pious counsel... Saying thus,
She drew toward the minister entain'd,
And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou know
Who kneels beside thee? she enquired.

He answered, Surely we are each to each
Equally unknown.
Then said she, Here thou seest
One who is known too fatally for all...
The daughter of Count Julian... Well it was
For Roderick that no eye beheld him now;
From head to foot a sharper pang than death
Thrill'd him; his heart, as at a mortal stroke,
Closed from its functions; his breath fail'd, and when

The power of life recovering set its springs
Again in action, cold and clammy sweat
Starting at every pore suffused his frame.
Their presence help'd him to subdue himself;
For else, liad none been nigh, he would have fallen
Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,
And in that mutual agony alike
Both souls had taken flight. She mark’d him not;
For having told her name, she bow’d her head,
Breathing a short and silent prayer to Heaven,
While, as a penitent, she wrought herself
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues amid
This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with
The death-like moisture: ’Why of
Roderick’s guilt
Tell me? Or thinkst thou know it not?
Alas! who hath not heard the hideous tale
Of Roderick’s shame! Babes learn it from
And children, by their mothers unproved,
Link their first executions to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infancy,
That, like Heorist’s, through all time shall last,
Reeking and fresh for ever!
There she cried, Drawing her body backward where she knelt,
And stretching forth her arms with head upraised,
There! it pursues me still! I came to thee,
Father, for comfort, and thou heapest fire
Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee; self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come; . .
I come a self-accuser, self-condemned
To take upon myself the pain deserved;
For I have drunk thine bitter cup of bitterness,
And having drunk therein of heavenly grace,
I must not put away the cup of shame.
Thus as she spake she faltered at the close,
And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness.
Thou! . .
Thou self-abased! exclaims the astounded King...
Thou self-condemned! . . The cup of shame for thee!
Then thee, Florinda! But the very excess
Of passion check’d his speech, restraining thus
From farther transport, which had happily else
Master’d him; and he sate like one entranced,
Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,
So changed: her face, raised from its muffer now,
Was turn’d toward him, and the fire-light shone.
Full on its mortal paleness; but the shade
Conceal’d the King.
She roused him from the spell
Which held him like a statue motionless.
Thou too, quoth she, dost join the general curse,
Like one who when he sees a felon’s grave,
Casting a stone there as he passes by,
Adds to the heap of shame. Oh what are we,
With whatso’er is noble, whatso’er is lovely, whatsoever good and great,
I was as dust and ashes; . . him, alas!
This glorious being, this exalted Prince;
Even him, with all his royalty of soul,
Did this ill-som’d, this accursed love,
To his most lamentable fall betray
And utter ruin. Thus it was: The King,
By counsels of cold statement ill-advised,
To an unworthy mate had bound himself.
In politic wedlock. Wherefore should I tell
How Nature upon Egilona’s form,
Profuse of beauty, lavishing her gifts,
Left, like a statue from the grocer’s hands,
Deformity and hollowness beneath
The rich external? For the love of demolish
And emplast vanity, hath she not inured?
The grief thus! The imagin’ry passion seemed so pure:
Quiet and calm like duty, hope nor fear
Disturb’d the deep contentment of that love;
He was the sunshine of my soul, and like
A flower, I lived and flourished in his light.
Oh that with me thus impatiently!
No tale of weakness this, that in the act
Of penitence, indulgent to itself, . .
With garrulous palliation half repeats
The sin it ill repents. I will be brief,
And shrink not from confessing how the love
Which thus began in innocence, betray’d
My unsuspecting heart; nor me alone,
But him, before whom, shining as he shone
The springs of love within his soul confined
Might flow in joy and fulness; nor was he One, like Witiza, of the vulgar crew,
Who in promiscuous appetite can find
All their vile nature seeks. Alas for
man!
Exuberant health diseases him, frail
worn!
And the slight bias of untoward chance
Makes his best virtue from the even line,
With fatal declination, swerve aside.
Ay, thou mayest groan for poor morta-
tility...
Well, Father, mayest thou groan!
My evil fate
Made me an inmate of the royal house,
And Roderick found in me, if not a heart
Like his... for who was like the heroic
Goth?...
One which at least felt his surpassing
worth,
And loved him for himself... A little yet
Bear with me, reverend Father, for I touch
Upon the point, and this long prologue
goes, As justice bids, to palliate his of-
ence,
Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought
Such as fond sisters for a... or necessary sleep,
My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing.
Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived
Contented with this pure idolatry,
Had he been happy: but I saw and knew
The inward discontent and household
grife.
Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived
Contented with this pure idolatry,
Had he been happy: but I saw and knew
The inward discontent and household
grife.
While he subdued in silence; and alas!
Pity with admiration mingling then,
Alloy'd and lower'd and humanized my
love,
Till to the level of my lowliness
It brought him down; and in this
treacherous heart
Too often the reproving thought arises,
That if Florinda had been Roderick's
Queen,
Then might domestic peace and happi-
ness
Have bless'd his home and crown'd our
wedded loves.
Too often did that sinful thought recur,
Too feebly the temptation was repel'd.
See, Father, I have probed my inmost
soul;
Have search'd to its remotest source the
sin,
And tracing it through all its specious
forms
Of fair disguisement, I present it now,
Even as it lies before the eye of God.
Bare and exposed, convicted and con-
demn'd.
One evo, as in the bowers which over-
hang
The glen where tagus rolls between his
rocks.
I roam'd alone, alone I met the King.
His countenance was troubled, and his
speech
Like that of one whose tongue to light
disturb'd:
I too, albeit unconscious of his thoughts,
With anxious looks reveal'd what
wandering words
In vain essay'd to hide. A little while
Did this oppressive intercourse endure,
Till our eyes met in silence, each to each
Telling their mutual tale, then con-
scionably
Together fell abash'd. He took my hand
And said, Florinda, would that thou
and I
Earlier had met! oh what a blissful lot
Had then been mine, who might have
found in thee
The sweet companion and the friend
endear'd,
A fruitful wife and crown of earthy joys!
Thou too shouldst then have been of
womankind
Happiest, as now the loveliest... And
with that,
First giving way to passion first dis-
closed,
He press'd upon my lips a guilty kiss...
Also! more guiltily received than given.
Passive and yielding, and yet self-
reproach'd,
Trembling I stood, upheld in his em-
brace;
When coming steps were heard, and
Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here.
When coming steps were heard, and
Roderick said,
Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here.
Then might domestic peace and happi-
ness
Have bless'd his home and crown'd our
wedded loves.
Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I be-
lieved
My soul was calm, and that the peace of Heav-
cn
Descended to accept and bless my vow;
And in this faith, prepared to consum-
inate
The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
See, Father, what a snare had...
A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
Immured; and, like redeemed Magdalene,
Or that Egyptian penitent, whose tears
Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round her
cave.
Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I be-
lieved
My soul was calm, and that the peace of Heav-
cn
Descended to accept and bless my vow;
And in this faith, prepared to consum-
inate
The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
See, Father, what a snare had...
A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
Immured; and, like redeemed Magdalene,
Or that Egyptian penitent, whose tears
Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round her
cave.
Run counter to her dearest heart's desire, . .

In that unhappy mood did I resist All his most earnest prayers to let the power

Of holy Church, never more rightfully Invoked, his said, than now in our behalf,

Release us from our fatal bonds. He urged

With kindling warmth his suit, like one whose life

Hung on the issue; I dissembled not. My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,

Yet desperately maintain'd the rash resolve;

Till in the passionate argument he grew Incensed, inflamed, and madden'd or possed,

For Hell too surely at that hour prevail'd,

And with such subtle toils envelop'd, That even in the extremity of guilt

No guilt he purport'd, but rather meant An amplest recompense of life-long love

For transitory wrong, which fate perverse,

Thus madly he deceived himself, compell'd, And therefore stern necessity excused. Here then, O Father, at thy feet

I own myself the guiltier; for full well

I knew These were his thoughts, but vengeance master'd me, And in my agony

I cursed the man Whom I loved best. Dost thou recall that curse? Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward voice, Still with his head depress'd, and covering still

His countenance. Recall it! she exclaim'd; 

Father, I come to thee because I gave The reins to wrath too long . . . because I wrought

His ruin, death, and infamy. O God, Forgive the wicked vengeance thus indulged, As I forgive the King . . . But teach me now What preparation more than tears and prayers

May now be made; . . . how shall I vindicate His injured name, and take upon myself . . .

Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied, Speak not of that; I charge thee! On his fame The Ethiop dye, fixed ineffaceably, For ever will abide; so it must be, So should be: 'tis his rightful punishment; And if to the full measure of his sin The punishment hath fallen, the more our hope That through the blood of Jesus he may find That sin forgiven him.

Passing then, he raised His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay Stretch'd on the heath. To that old man, said he,

And to the mother of the unhappy Goth, Tell, if it please thee, . . . not what thou hast pour'd . . . Into my secret ear, but that the child For whom they mourn with anguish mallow'd, Sinn'd not from violent will, or heart corrupt, But fell by fatal circumstance betray'd. And if in charity to them thou sayest Something to palliate, something to excuse An act of sudden frenzy when the Fiend O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick All he could ask thee, all that can be done On earth, and all his spirit could endure.

Venturing towards her an imploring look, Will thou join with me for his soul in prayer?

He said, and trembled as he spake. That voice Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence, Wounding at once and comforting the soul.

O Father, Christ requite thee! she exclaim'd;

Thou hast set free the springs which withering griefs Have closed too long. Forgive me, for I thought Thou wert a rigid and unpitying judge; One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself No law of frailty, heard impatiently Of weakness and of guilt. I wrong'd thee, Father! . . . With that she took his hand, and kissing it, Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer speech, For Roderick, for Count Julian and myself, Three wretchedest of all the human race, Who have destroyed each other and ourselves, Mutually wrong'd and wronging, let us pray!

XI. COUNT PEDRO'S CASTLE

Twelve weary days with unremitting speed, Shunning frequented tracks, the travellers Pursued their way; the mountain path they chose, The forest or the lonely heath widespread, Where cistus shrubs sole-seen exhaled at noon Their fine balsamic odour all around; Strew'd with their blossoms, frail as beautiful.

The thirsty soil at eve; and when the sun Relumed the gladdened earth, opening new Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail, Whit'en'd again the wilderness. They left The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and cross'd The wildest where Ana in her native hills Collects her sister springs, and hurries on Her course melodious amid loveliest glens, With forest and with fruitage over-hower'd. These scenes profusely blest by Heaven they left, Where o'er the hazel and the quince the vine Wide-mantling spreads; and clinging round the cork And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves Garlands of brightest hue, with reddening fruit Pendant, or clusters cool of glassy green. So holding on o'er mountain and o'er vale, Tagus they cross'd where midland on his way The King of Rivers rolls his stately stream; And rude Alverches wide and stony bed, And Duero distant far, and many a stream And many a field obscure, in future war For bloody theatre of famous deeds Foredoom'd; and deserts where in years to come Shall populous towns arise, and crested towers And stately temples rear their heads on high.
Cautious with course circuitous they shunn'd
The embattled city, which in eldest time
Three-greatest Hermes built, so fables say,
Now subjugate, but fated to behold
Ere long the heroe Prince (who passing now
Unknown and silently the dangerous track,
Turns thither his regardant eye) come down
Victorious from the heights, and bear abroad
Her banner'd Lion, Symbol to the Moor
Of rout and death through many an age of blood.

Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west,
Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge,
Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display,
Darkening with earliest shade the distant vales
Of Leon, and with evening premature.
Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line
Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye,
When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird of Jove
Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north,
Before the travellers the Ebroan mountains rise,
Bounding the land beloved, their native land.

How then, Alphonso, did thy eager soul
Chide the slow hours and painful way, which seem'd
Lengthening to grow before their lagging pace!
Youth of heroic thought and high desire,
'Tis not the spur of lofty enterprise
That with unequal throbbing hurries now
The unquiet heart, now makes it sink
dismay'd;
'Tis not impatient joy which thus disturbs
In that young breast the healthful spring of life;
Joy and ambition have forsaken him,
His soul is sick with hope. So near his home,
So near his mother's arms;... alas! per chance
The long'd-for meeting may be yet far off
As earth from heaven. Sorrow in these long months
Of separation may have laid her low;
Or what if at his flight the bloody Moor
Hath sent his ministers of slaughter forth,
And he himself should thus have brought the sword
Upon his father's head?... Sure Hoya too
The same dark presage feels, the fearful boy
Said in himself; or wherewith is his brow
Thus o'ercast with heaviness, and why
Looks he thus anxiously in silence round?
Just then that faithful servant raised his hand,
And turning to Alphonso with a smile,
He pointed where Count Pedro's towers far off
Peer'd in the dell below; faint was the smile,
And while it sate upon his lips, his eye
Retain'd its troubled speculation still.
For long had he look'd wastefully in vain,
Seeking where far or near he might espy
From whom to learn if time or chance had wrought
Change in his master's house; but on the hills

Nor goat-herd could be seen, nor traveller,
Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,
Nor angler following up the mountain
glen
His lonely pasture; neither could he hear
Carol, or pipe, or shout of shepherd's boy,
Nor woodman's axe, for not a human sound
Disturb'd the silence of the solitude.
Is it the spoiler's work? At yonder door
Behold the favourite killing bleats un-heard;
The next stands open, and the sparrows there
Boldly pass in and out. Thither he turn'd
To seek what indications were within;
The chem-out bread was on the shelf, the churn,
As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh
Where from the wall the buckler and the sword
Had late been taken down. Wonder at first,
Had mitigated fear, but Hoya now
Return'd to tell the symbols of good hope,
And they prick'd forward joyfully. Ere long,
Perceptible above the ceaseless sound
Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,
As if in loud acclam, was heard far off;
And nearer as they drew, distincter shouts
Came from the dell, and at Count Pedro's gate
The human swarm were seen... a motley group,
Maid's, mothers, helpless infancy, weak age,
And wondering children and tumultuous boys.

Fronting the gate the standard-bearer holds
His precious charge. Behind the men divide
In order'd files; green boyhood presses there,
And waning old, pleading a youthful soul,
Intreats admission. All is ardour here,
Hope and brave purposes and minds resolved.
Nor where the weaker sex is left apart
Doth aught of fear find utterance, though perchance
Some paler cheeks might there be seen, some eyes
Big with sad bedings, and some natural tears.

Some high emotions sweep the countenance
Of Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant space
Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,
And gazes round upon the martial show,
Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,
And shorts, and champs the bit, and neighing shrill
Wakes the near echo with his voice of joy.
The page beside him holds his master's spear
And shield and helmet. In the castle-gate
Count Pedro stands, his countenance resolved
But mournful, for Favinia on his arm
Hung, passionate with her fears, and held him back.

Go not, she cried, with this deluded crew!
She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic words
Bereft thy faculty, she is crazed with grief.
And her delirium hath infected these:
But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost not share
The madness of the crowd; thy sober mind
Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
And sees the curtain ruin, for thou know'st
I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy man,
Why then for this most desperate enterprise
Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only child?
Not for myself I plead, nor even for thee;
Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not fear.
The face of death; and I should welcome it
As the best visitant whom Heaven could send.

Oh! thou who gavest him life,
Seal not his death, his death and mine at once!
But spare Alphonso! there is time and hope
In store for him. O thou who gavest him life,
Peace! he replied: thou know'st there is no choice,
I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
Its course aside! but where yon banner goes
Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare me then,
Favinia, lest I hear thy honour'd name
Now first attained with deserved reproach.

Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the fire,
And from the lion's den drew Daniel forth
Unhurt, can save him, if it be his will.
Even as he spake, the astonish'd troop set up
A shout of joy which rung through all the hills.
Alphonso heeds not how they...
His banner be brought forth. Devoid alike
Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
To march toward the western Mountains.
Where Odor by his counsel might direct
Their force conjoin'd. Now, said he, we must haste
To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,
With timely speed, I trust in God, thy house.
Then looking to his men, he cried, Bring forth
The armour which in Wamba's wars I wore....
Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious words.
Count Pedro mark'd the rising glow of joy.
Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pursu'd,
This day above all other days is blest,
From whence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
Thy life in arms! Rejoicing in their task,
To the servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass,
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike
To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro then
Would smile, and in his heart rejoice to see
The noble instinct manifest itself.
Then too Favinia with maternal pride
Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
And in that silent language bid him mark
His spirit in his boy; all danger then
Was distant, and if secret forethought faint
Of manhood's perils, and the chance of war,
As distant as the remote gave to the present hour
A heighten'd feeling of secure delight.
No season this for old solemnities,
For wassailry and sport; the bath, the bed,
The vigil, all preparatory care;
The first arms; the coated seals of steel
Which on the tunic to his knees depend,
The house, the sleeves of mail; bare

Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,
The house, the sleeves of mail; bare

He stood. But when Count Pedro took the spurs
And bent his knee in service to his son,
Alphonso from that gesture half drew back,
Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue
Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'd his cheeks.
Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
So shall the ceremony of this hour
Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.
The Prince from Hoy's faithful hand received
The sword; he girt it round the youth, and drew
And placed it in his hand; unshrinling then
His own good fashion, with its burnish'd blade
He touched Alphonso's neck, and with a kiss
Gave him his rank in arms.
Thus long the crowd
Had look'd intently on, in silence
Loud and continuous now with one accord,
Shout following shout, their acclamations rose;
Blessings were breathed from every heart, and joy;
Powerful alike in all, which as with force
Of an inebriating cup inspired
The youthful, from the eye of age drew tears.
The uproar died away, when standing forth,
Roderick with lifted hand besought a pause
For speech, and moved towards the youth. I too,
Bends toward Alphonso his approving head.
The youth obedient loosen'd from his belt.
The sword, and looking, while his heart beat fast,
To Roderick, reverently expectant stood.

O noble youth, the Royal Goth pursued,
Thy country in bonds; an impious foe
Oppresses her; he brings with him strange laws,
Strange language, evil customs, and false faith,
And forces them on Spain. Swear that thy soul
Will make no covenant with these accursed,
And that the sword shall be from this day forth
Thy children's portion, to be ... every generation, till the work
Be done, and this insulted land hath drunk
In sacrifice, the last invader's blood!

Bear witness, ancient Mountains! cried the youth,
And ye, my native Streams, who hold your course
For ever; this dear Earth, and yonder Sky,
Be witness! for myself I make the vow,
And for my children's children. Here I stand
Their sponsor, binding them in sight...

As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration. Silently
The people knelt, and when they rose, such awe
Held them in silence, that the eagle's cry,
Who far above them, at her highest flight
A speck scarce visible, gyred round and round,
Was heard distinctly; and the mountain stream,
Which from the distant Glen sent forth its sounds
Wafted upon the wind, grew audible
In that deep hush of feeling, like the voice
Of waters in the stillness of the night.

That awful silence still endured, when one,
Who to the northern entrance of the vale
Had turned his casual eye, exclaim'd, The Moors!...
For from the forest verge a troop were seen
Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their forward speed
Was check'd when they beheld his banner spread,
And saw his order'd spears in prompt array
Marshall'd to meet their coming. But the pride
Of power and insolence of long command
Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous:
We are come...

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Marshall'd to meet their coming. But the pride
Of power and insolence of long command
Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous:
We are come...

But never time more fit for punishment!
These unbelieving slaves must feel and know
Their master's arm!... On, faithful Muselman,
On... and hew down the rebellious dogs!
Then as he spurr'd his steed, Allah is great!
Mahomet is his Prophet; he exclaim'd,
And led the charge.

Count Pedro met the Chief
In full career; he bore from his horse
A full spear's length upon the lance transfix'd;
Then leaving in his breast the mortal shaft,
Pant'd on, and breaking through the turband tiles
Open'd a path. Pelayo, who that day
Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war
Yet unequipp'd, pursued and smote the foe,
But ever on Alphonso at his side
Retain'd a watchful eye. The gallant boy
Gave his good sword that hour its earliest taste
Of Moorish blood... that sword whose hungry edge
Through the fair course of all his glorious life
From that auspicious day, was fed so well.
Cheap was the victory now for Spain
achieved;
For the first fervour of their zeal inspired
The Mountainers... the presence of their Chiefs,
The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,
The air they breathed, the soil whereon they trod,
Duty, devotion, faith, and hope and joy.
And little had the misbelievers ween'd
In such impetuous onset to receive
A greeting deadly as their own intent;
Victim they thought to find, not men prepared
And eager for the fight; their confidence
Therefore gave way to wonder, and dismay
Effects what astonishment began.
Scatter’d before the impetuous Moun-
taineers,
Buckler and spear and seymitar they drop’d,
As in precipitate route they fled before
The Asturian sword: the vales and hills and rocks
Received their blood, and where they fell the wolves
At evening found them.

From the fight apart 50
Two Africans had stood, who held in charge
Count Eudon. When they saw their countrymen
Faltered, give way, and fly before the foe,
One turn’d toward him with malignant rage,
And saying, Infidel! thou shalt not live
To join their triumph! aim’d against his neck
The moony falchion’s point. His com-
rade rais’d
A hasty hand and turn’d its edge aside,
Yet so that o’er the shoulder glancing down
It scare’d him as it pass’d. The mur-
derous Moor,
Not tarrying to secure his vengeance, fled;
While he of milder mood, at Eudon’s feet
Fell and embrace’d his knees. The mountaineer
Who found them thus, withheld at Eudon’s voice
His wrathful hand, and led them to his Lord.

Count Pedro and Alphonso and the Prince
Stood on a little rocky eminence
Which overlook’d the vale. Pedro had put
His helmet off, and with sonorous horn
Blew the recall; for well he knew what thoughts,
Calm as the Prince appear’d and undis-
turb’d,
Lay underneath his silent fortitude;
And how at this eventful juncture speed
Imported more than vengeance. Thrice he sent
The long-resounding signal forth, which rung
From hill to hill, re-echoing far and wide.
Slow and unwillingly his men obey’d
The swelling horn’s reiterated call;
Repling that a single foe escaped
The retribution of that righteous hour.
With lingering step reluctant from the chase
They turn’d... their veins full-swollen, their sinews strong
For battle still, their hearts unsatisfied;
Their swords were dropping still with Moorish blood,
And where they wiped their reeking brows, the stain
Of Moorish gore was left. But when they came
Where Pedro, with Alphonso at his side,
Stood to behold their coming, then they press’d
All emulous, with gratulation round,
Extolling for his deeds that day display’d
The noble boy. Oh! when had Heaven, they said,
With such especial favour manifest
Illustrated a first essay in arms!
They bless’d the father from whose kind
He sprang.

The mother at whose happy breast he fed;
And pray’d that their young hero’s fields
might be
Many, and all like this.
Thus they indulged
The honest heart, exuberant of love,
When that loquacious joy at once was check’d,
For Eudon and the Moor were brought 100
Before Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and pale,
But with a different fear: the African
Felt at this crisis of his destiny
Such apprehension as without reproach
Might blanch a soldier’s cheek, when life and death
Hang on another’s will, and helplessly
He must abide the issue. But the thoughts
Which qual’d Count Eudon’s heart, and made his limbs
Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Old enmity, and that he stood in power
Of hatred and hereditary foes. 111
I came not with them willingly! he cried,
Addressing Pedro and the Prince at once,
Rolling from each to each his restless eyes.
Aghast... the Moor can tell I had no choice;
They forced me from my castle... in the fight
They would have slayn me... see I bleed! The Moor
Can witness that a Moorish seymitar
Inflict’d this... he saved me from worse hurt:...
I did not come in arms... he knows it all;
Speak, man, and let the truth be known to clear
My innocence!

Thus as he ceased, with fear
And rapid utterance panting open-
mouth’d,
Count Pedro half repel a mournful smile,
Wherein compassion seem’d to mitigate
His deep contempt. Methinks, said he,
the Moor
Might with more reason look himself to find
An intercessor, than be call’d upon
To play the pleader’s part. Didst thou then save
The Baron from thy comrades?
Let my Lord
Show mercy to me, said the Mussulman,
As I am free from falsehood. We were left,
I and another, holding him in charge;
My fellow would have slain him when he saw
How the fight fared: I turn’d the seymitar
Aside, and trust that life will be the meed
For life by me preserved.
Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoin’d the Count, be vain. Say farther now,
From whence ye came?... your orders what?... what force
In Gegio? and if others like yourselves
Are in the field?

The African replied,
We came from Gegio, order’d to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee here
To bear thee hence in bonds. A mes-
senger
From Cordoba, whose speed denoted
He came with urgent tidings, was the cause
Of this our sudden movement. We went forth

The African replied,
We came from Gegio, order’d to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee here
To bear thee hence in bonds. A mes-
senger
From Cordoba, whose speed denoted
He came with urgent tidings, was the cause
Of this our sudden movement. We went forth
Three hundred men; an equal force was sent for Cangas, on like errand as I went. Four hundred in the city then were left. If other force be moving from the south, I know not, save that all appearances denote alarm and vigilance.

The Prince

Fix'd upon Eudon then his eye severe;
Baron, he said, the die of war is cast;
What part art thou prepared to take against,
Or with the oppressor?

Not against my friends, not against you!... the irresolute wretch replied,

Hasty, yet faltering in his fearful speech: But... have ye weigh'd it well?... It is not yet

Too late, their numbers, their victorious force,
Which hath already trodden in the dust
The sceptre of the Goths;... the throne destroy'd,
Our towns subdued, our country over run,
The people to the yoke of their new Lords
Resign'd in peace. Can I not mediate?

Were it not better through my agency
To gain such terms... such honourable terms.

Terms! cried Pelayo, cutting short at once
That dastard speech, and checking, ere it grew
Too powerful for restraint, such murmurous force,
Which hath already murrmured in the dust
The eperet! of the Goths;... the throne destroy'd,
Our towns subdued, our country overrun,
The people to the yoke of their new Lords
Resign'd in peace. Can I not mediate?

That because thou art weak, one valiant arm,
One generous spirit must be lost to Spain!
The vassal owes no service to the Lord
Who to his Country doth acknowledge none.
The summons which thou hast not heart to give,
I and Count Pedro over thy domains
Will send abroad: the vassals who were thine
Will send abroad;... the vassals who were thine
Will fight beneath our banners, and our wants
Shall from thy lands, as from a patri mony
Which hath reverted to the common stock,
Be fed;... such tribute, too, as to the Moors

Thou renderest, we will take: it is the price
While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!
Fear is a treacherous counsellor!... I know
Thou thinkest that beneath his horses' hoofs
The Moor will trample our poor numbers down;
But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,
His multitudes!... if thou shouldst be found
Against thy country, on the readiest tree

As thus he spake, Count Eudon heard and trembled; every joint
Was loosen'd;... every fibre of his flesh
Thrill'd, and from every pore effused, cold sweat
Chung on his quivering limbs. Shame forced it forth,

Envy, and inward consciousness, and fear
Predominant, which stifled in his heart
Hatred and rage. Before his livid lips
Could shape to utterance their essay'd reply,
Compassionately Pedro interposed.
Go, Baron, to the Castle, said the Count;
There let thy wound be look'd to, and consult
Thy better mind at leisure. Let this Moor
Attend upon thee there, and when thou wilt,
Follow thy fortunes... To Pelayo then
He turn'd, and saying, All too long, O Prince,

Hath this unlook'd for conflict held thee here,...
He bade his gallant men begin their march.

Flush'd with success, and in auspicious hour,
The Mountaineers set forth. Blessings and prayers
Pursued them at their parting, and the tears
Which fell were tears of sorrow, not of grief.
The sun was setting to the western slope
Of Heaven, but they till midnight travell'd on;
Renewing them at early dawn their way,
They held their unremitting course from morn
Till latest eve, such urgent cause impell'd;... and night had closed around, when to the vale
Where Sella in her ampler bed receives Piona's stream they came. Massive and black
Pelayo's castle there was seen;... its lines
And battlements against the deep blue sky
Distinct in solid darkness visible.

No light is in the tower. Eager to know
The worst, and with that fatal certainty
To terminate intolerable dread,
He spurr'd his courser forward. All his fears
Too surely are fulfill'd;... for open stand
The doors, and mournfully at times a dog
Fills with his howling the deserted hall.
A moment overcome with wretchedness,
Silent Pelayo stood!... recovering then,
Lord God, resign'd he cried, this will be done!
Count, said Pelayo, Nature hath assign'd
Two sovereign remedies for human grief:
Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak and to the wounded balm;
And strenuous action next. Think not
I came
With unprovided heart. My noble wife,
In the last solemn words, the last farewell
With which she charged her secret messenger,
Told me that whatsoe'er was my resolve,
She bore a mind prepared. And well I know
The evil, be it what it may, hath found
In her a courage equal to the hour.
Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,
She in her children may be doom'd to... on the die were set;
And if the worst have fallen, I shall but bear
That in my breast, which, with transfiguring power
Of piety, makes chastening sorrow take
The form of hope, and sees, in Death, the friend
And the restoring Angel. Wo must rest
Perforce, and wait what tidings... of comfort.
Ho there! kindle fires, and see if aught of hospitality
Can yet within these mournful walls be found!

Thus while he spake, lights were
deceived far off
Moving among the trees, and coming sounds
Were heard as of a distant multitude.
Anon a company of horse and foot,
Advancing in disorderly array,
Came up the vale; before them and beside
Their torches flashed on Sella's rippling stream;
Now gleam'd through chestnut groves,
Emerging now,
O'er their huge boughs and radiated leaves
Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.
That sight inspired with strength the mountaineers;
All sense of weariness, all wish for rest
At once were gone; impatient in desire
Of second victory alert they stood; 41
And when the hostile symbols, which from far
Imagination to their wish had shaped,
Vanish'd in nearer visión, high-wrought hope
Departing, left the spirit pall'd and blank.
No turban'd race, no sons of Africa
Were they who now came winding up the vale,
As waving wide before their borses' feet
The torch-light floated, with its hovering glare
Blackening the incumbent and surrounding night.

Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as they came,
And spears erect; and nearer as they drew
Were the loose folds of female garments seen
On those who led the company. Who then
Had stood beside Pelayo, might have heard
The beating of his heart.
But safely there
Sought he with wistful eye the well-known forms
Beloved; and plainly might it now be seen
That from some bloody conflict they returned
Victorious... for at every saddle-bow
A gory head was hung. Anon they stop'd,
Levell'd in quick alarm their ready spears.
Hold! who goes there? cried one. A hundred tongues
Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved the... of the... lights.

The people knew their Lord.
Then what a shout
Rung through the valley! From their clay-built nests,
Beneath the overbrowning battlements,
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted martins flew,
And uttering notes of terror short and shrill,
And suốting notes of terror short and shrill,
Amid the yellow glare and lurid smoke
Wheel'd giddily. Then plainly was it shown
How well the vasattles loved their generous Lord,
How like a father the Asturian Prince
Was dear. They crowded round; they claspt his knees;
They snatch'd his hand; they fell upon his neck,
They wept;... they blest Almighty Providence,
Which had restored him thus from bondage free;
God was with them and their good cause, they said;

His hand was here... His shield was over them... 80
His spirit was abroad... His power display'd:
And pointing to their bloody trophies
Then, They told Pelayo there he might behold
The first-fruits of the harvest they should soon
Reap in the field of war! Benignantly,
With voice and look and gesture, did the Prince
To these warm greetings of tumultuous joy
Respond; and sure if at that moment aught
Could for a while have overpower'd those fears
Which from the inmost heart o'er all his frame
Diffused their chilling influence, worthy pride,
And sympathy of love and joy and hope,
Had then possess'd him wholly. Even now
His spirit rose; the sense of power, the sight
Of his brave people, ready where he led
To fight their country's battles, and the thought
Of instant action, and deliverance... If Heaven, which thus far had protected him,
Should favour still... revived his heart, and gave
Fresh impulse to its spring. In vain he sought
Amid that turbulent greeting to enquire
Where Gaudiosa was, his children where,
Who call'd them to the field, who captain'd them;
And how these women, thus with arms and death
Environ'd, came amid their company?
RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

For yet, amid the fluctuating light
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had found in her
A willing and concerted prisoner.

Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade
On whom her loose and shameless love
Was bent,
Had she set forth; and in her heart she cursed
The busy spirit, who, with powerful call
Achieved the rescue, to her mind perverse
Unwelcome as unlook’d for. With dismay
She recognized her brother, dreaded now
More than he once was dear; her countenance
Was turn’d toward him, not with eager joy
To court his sight, and meeting its first glance,
Exchange delightful welcome, soul with soul;
Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot choose
But look to what it fears. She could not shun
His presence, and the rigid smile constrain’d,
With which she coldly drest her features,
Ill conceal’d her inward thoughts, and the despite
Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant shame.
Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,
Waiting the greeting which she did not dare

Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand?

A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail’d;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve
Is stiff with blood. An unregardant eye,
As one whose thoughts were not of earth, she cast

Dispel’d its boding. What he would have asked
She knew, and bending from her palfrey down,
Told him that they for whom he look’d were safe,
And that in secret he should hear the rest.

Was calm; her placid countenance,
Though grief
Deeper than time had left its traces there,
Retain’d its dignity serene; yet when
Siverian, pressing through the people,
Kiss’d
Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran down.

As she approach’d the Prince, the crowd made way
Respectful. The maternal smile which bore
Her greeting, from Pelayo’s heart at once
Dispell’d its boding. What he would have asked
She knew, and bending from her palfrey down,
Told him that they for whom he look’d were safe,
And that in secret he should hear the rest.

A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh how awfully
Into that deep and tranquil firmament
The summits of Ausena rise serene!

The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth, the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,
Which in that brightest moon-light well-nigh quench’d,
Spare visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence

Toward eternity the attemper’d mind. Musing on worlds beyond the grave he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Praises her hymn of praise.

The mountaineers
Before the castle, round their mouldering tresses,
Lie on the heath outstretch’d. Pelayo’s hall
Is full, and he upon his careful couch
Hears all around the deep and long-drawn breath
Of sleep: for gentle night hath brought to these
Perfect and undisturb’d repose, alike
Of corporal powers and inward faculty. Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by hope
Than grief or anxious thoughts possess’d, though grief
For Guisla’s guilt, which freshen’d in his heart
The memory of their wretched mother’s crime,
Still made its presence felt, like the dull sense
Of some perpetual inward malady;

XIV. THE RESCUE

How calmly gliding through the dark-blue sky
The midnight Moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly scatter’d leaves and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here, o’er the chestnut’s fretted foliage grey
And mossy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argenery
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
And the whole peril of the future lay Before him clearly seen. He had heard all; How that unworthy sister, obstinate In wrong and shameless, rather seem'd to woo The upstart renegade than to wait His wooing; how, as guilt to guilt led on, Spurning at gentle admonition first, When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore From farther counsel, then in sullen mood Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate The virtuous presence before which she felt Her nature how inferior, and her fault so foul. Despitful thus she grew, because Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could say To what excess bad passions might impel A woman thus possess'd? She could not fail To mark Silverian's absence, for what end Her conscience but so surely had divined; And Gaudiosa, well aware that all To the vile paramour was thus made known, Had to safe hiding-place with timely fear Removed her children. Well the event had proved How needful was that caution; for at night She sought the mountain solitudes, and morn Beheld Numacian's soldiers at the gate. Yet did not sorrow in Pelayo's heart For this domestic shame prevail that morn, Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit down.

These painful thoughts; to-morrow will restore All whom his heart holds dear; his wife beloved. No longer now remember'd for regret, Is present to his soul with hope and joy; His inward eye beholds Pavilla's form. In opening youth robust, and Hermomind, His daughter, lovely as a budding rose; Their images beguile the hours of night, Till with the earliest morning he may seek Their secret hold. The nightingale not yet Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince Upward beside Pionia took his way Toward Auseva. Heavy'd to him, impatient for the morrow's happiness, Long night had linger'd, but it seem'd more long To Roderick's aching heart. He too had watch'd For dawn, and seen the earliest break of day, And heard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince Went forth, the melancholy man was seen With pensi' ve pace upon Pionia's side Wandering alone and slow. For he had left The wearying place of his unrest, that morn With its cold dews might batho his throbbing brow, And with its breath allay the feverish heat That burn't within. Alas! the gales of morn Reach not the fever of a wounded heart! How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how make His secret known, and from that voice revered?

Obtain forgiveness, . . . all that he has now To ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace He lay his head resign'd? In silent prayer He supplicat'd Heaven to strengthen him Against that trying hour, there seeking aid Where all who seek shall find; and thus his soul Received support, and gather'd fortitude, Never than now more needful, for the hour Was nigh. He saw Silverian drawing near, And with a dim but quick foreboding met The good old man; yet when he heard him say, My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell To one expecting and prepared for death, But fearing the dread point that hastens on, It smote his heart. He follow'd silently And knit his suffering spirit to the proof. He went resolved to tell his Mother all, Fall at her feet, and drinking the last dregs Of bitterness, receive the only good Which in the anguish of its spirit pour'd A curse upon my poor unhappy child! O Father Maeebee, this is a hard world, And hasty in its judgements! Time has been, When not a tongue within the Pyrenees Dared whisper in despair of Roderick's name. Lost, if the conscious air had caught the sound, The vengeance of the honest multitude Should fall upon the traitorous head, or brand For life-long Infamy the lying lips. Now if a voice be raised in his behalf, 'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man Who utters the strange speech shall be admired For such excess of Christian charity, Thy Christian charity hath not been lost. Father, I feel its virtue: ... it hath been Balm to my heart; ... with words and grateful tears, . . . All that is left me now for gratitude, . . . I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name. Roderick approach'd, and bending, on his breast Cross'd his humble arms. Rusilla rose In reverence to the priestly character, And with a mournful eye regarding him, Thus she began. Good Father, I have heard From my old faithful servant and true friend, Thou didst repro' ve the inconsiderate tongue, That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd A curse upon my poor unhappy child. O Father Maeebee, this is a hard world, And hasty in its judgements! Time has been, When not a tongue within the Pyrenees Dared whisper in despair of Roderick's name. Lost, if the conscious air had caught the sound, The vengeance of the honest multitude Should fall upon the traitorous head, or brand For life-long Infamy the lying lips. Now if a voice be raised in his behalf, 'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man Who utters the strange speech shall be admired For such excess of Christian charity, Thy Christian charity hath not been lost. Father, I feel its virtue: ... it hath been Balm to my heart; ... with words and grateful tears, . . . All that is left me now for gratitude, . . . I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy prayers That thou wilt still remember Roderick's name.
Torpid and numb'd it found him; cold he grew,
And as the vital spirits to the heart
Retro'd, o'er his wither'd countenance,
Death and damp, a whiter paleness spread.
Unmoved the while, the inward feeling seem'd,
Even in such dull insensibility
As gradual age brings on, or slow disease,
Beneath whose progress lingering life survives.
The power of suffering, Wondering at himself,
Yet gathering confidence, he rais'd his eyes,
Then slowly shaking as he bent his head,
Venerable Lady, he reply'd,
If aught may comfort that unhappy soul,
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.
She whom he most hath wrong'd, she who alone
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,
Sail'd faithful, and with her blessing now
Were all that he could ask, all that could bring.
She hath forgiven him; and thy prayers
Could minister to this afflicted heart,
And my grey hairs may now unto the grave.
Go down in peace.
Happy, Florinda cried.
Are they for whom the grave hath peace in store?
The wrongs they have sust'n'd, the woe they bear,
Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals
The broken heart. O Lady, thou may'st trust
In humble hope, through Him who on the Cross
Gave his stoning blood for lost mankind.

To meet beyond the grave thy child forgiven.
I too with Roderick there may interchange
Forgiveness. But the grief which wastes away
This mortal frame, hastening the happy hour
Of my enlargement, is but a light part
Of what my soul endureth! that grief hath lost.
Its sting; if I have a keener sorrow here,
One which, but God foretell that dire event,
May pass with me the portals of the grave,
And with a thought, like sin which cannot die,
Embitter Heaven. My father hath renounced
His hope in Christ! It was his love for me
Which drove him to perdition. I was born
To ruin all who loved me... all I loved!
Perhaps I sinn'd in leaving him; that fear
Rises within me to disturb the peace
Which I should else have found.
To Roderick then the pious mourner turn'd her suppliant eyes:
O Father, there is virtue in thy prayers! I do beseech thee offer them to Heaven
In his behalf! For Roderick's sake, for mine,
Wrestle with Him whose name is Merciful.
That Julian may with patience be touch'd,
And clinging to the Cross, implore that grace
Which ne'er was sought in vain. For Roderick's sake
And mine, pray for him! We have been the cause
Of his offence! What other miseries
May from that same unhappy source have risen,
Are earthly, temporal, reparable all;...
But if a soul be lost through our misdeeds,
That were eternal evil! Pray for him,
Good Father Maccabee, and be thy prayers
More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

While thus Florinda spake, the dog
Who lay before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognized at length,
Changed as he was and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd his wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up,
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long withholden carress.
A feeling uncommix'd with sense of guilt
Or shame, yet painful, thrill'd through the King;
But he to self-control now long muri'd,
Repress his rising heart, nor other tears,
Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall.
Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's words.
Looking toward her then, yess! that still
He shun'd the meeting of her eye, he said,
Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
For Heaven, O Lady, I must think the man
Hath not by his good Angel been cast off
For whom thy supplications rise. The Lord
Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire's offence.
Shall he not in his boundless mercy hear
The daughter's prayer, and for her sake restore
The guilty parent? My soul shall with thine
In earnest and continual duty join... How deeply, how devoutly, he will know
To whom the cry is raised.
Thus having said, Deliberately, in self-possession still, 270 Himself from that most painful interview
Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watchful dog
Follow'd his footsteps close. But he retired
Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all cares.
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master, ... Theron, none but thou

XVI. COVADONGA

Meantime Pelayo up the vale pursued
Eastward his way, before the sun had climb'd
Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering beams
Upon all revolving seasons hold their seat.
A happy man he went, his heart at rest,
Of hope and virtue and affection full,
To all exhilarating influences
Of earth and heaven alive. With kindred joy
He heard the lark, who from her airy height,
On twinkling pinions poised, pour'd forth profuse,
In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
As one whose joyous nature overflow'd
With life and power, her rich and rapturous strain.
The early bee, buzzing along the way,
From flower to flower, bore gladness on its wing
To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,
With quicken'd eye alert, the frolic hare,
Where from the green herb in her wan-ton path
She brush'd away the dew. For he long time,
Far from his home and from his native hills,
Had dwelt in bondage; and the mountain breeze,
Which he had with the breath of infancy
Inhaled, such impulse to his heart restored,
As if the seasons had roll'd back, and life
Enjoy'd a second spring. Through fertile fields
He went, by cots with pear-trees over-bower'd,
Or spreading to the sun their trellised vines;
Through orchards now, and now by thimny banks,
Where wooden hives in some warm nook
were hid
From wind and shower; and now thro' shadowy paths,
Where hazels fringed Pionia's vocal stream;
Till where the loftier hills to narrower bound
Confine the vale, he reach'd those huts remote
Which should hereafter to the noble line
Of Soto origin and name impart:
A gallant lineage, long in fields of war
And faithful chronicler's enduring page
Blean'd: but most by him illustrated,
Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown,
Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
Could satisfy insatiate; nor the fame
Of that wide empire overthrown aspesse;
But he to Florida's disastrous shores
In evil hour his gallant comrades led,
Through savage woods and swamps, and hostile tribes,
The Apalachian arrows, and the snares
Of wilier foes, hunger, and thirst, and toil;
Till from ambition's feverish dream the touch
Of Death awoke him; and when he had seen
The fruit of all his treasures, all his toil,
Foresight, and long endurance, fade away,
Earth to the restless one refusing rest,
In the great river's midland bed he left
His honour'd bones.

A mountain rivulet,
Here silently it flows; here from the rock
Rebuted, curls and eddies; plunges here
Precipitate; here roaring among crags,
It leaps and foams and whirs and hurries on.
Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
The mossy sides; their wreath'd and knotted feet
Bared by the current, now against its force
Repaying the support they found, upheld.
The bank secure. Here, bending to the stream,
The birch fantastic stretch'd its rugged trunk,
Tall and erect, from whence, as from their base,
Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
The cherry here hung for the birds of heaven,
Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
Heavily hanging. Here, amid the brook,
Gray as the stone to which it clung, half root,
Half trunk, the young ash rises from the rock;
And there its parent lifts a lofty head,
And spreads its graceful boughs; the passing wind
With twinkling motion lifts the silent leaves,
And shakes its rattling tufts.

Hernando de Soto (S.),
Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,  
Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills  
Rose on either hand, here hung with woods,  
Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent  
Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse;  
Bare here, and striated with many a hue,  
Scored by the wintry rain; by torrents here  
Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.  
Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes  
Where crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass  
Impended, there beheld his country's strength  
Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.  
Oh that the Musselman were here, he cried,  
With all his myriads! While thy day endures,  
Moors! thou may'st lord it in the plains;  
but here  
Hath Nature for the free and brave prepared  
A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power,  
No might of human tyranny can pierce.  

The tears which started then sprang not alone  
Brom lofty thoughts of elevating joy;  
For love and admiration had their  

And virtuous as thou art! Here thou  
Hast fied,  
Thou who wert nursed in palaces, to dwell  
In rocks and mountain caves! ... The  

Yet not without a sense of inmost pain;  
For never had Pelayo till that hour  
So deeply felt the force of solitude.  
High over head the eagle soard serene,  
And the grey lizard on the rocks below  
Bask'd in the sun: no living creature else  
In this remotest wilderness was seen;  
Nor living voice was there, ... only the  

Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs  
Long in the distance heard, which  

With endless repercussion deep and loud,  
Throb'd on the dizzy sense.  
The ascending vale,  
Long straiten'd by the narrowing mountains, here  
Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,  
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far  
All edifice of human power, by King  
Or Caliph, or barbaric Sultan rear'd,  
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,  
Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride;  
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,  
Swell after swell, the heathy mountain rose.  
Here, in two sources, from the living rock  
The everlasting springs of Deva gush'd.  
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,  
By Nature there as for an altar drest,  
They join'd their sister stream, which  
From the earth  
Well'd silently. In such a scene rude man  
With pardonable error might have knelt,  
Feeling a present Deity, and made  
His offering to the fountain Nymph devout.
So light was Hermesind's aerial speed. Beauty and grace and innocence in her In heavenly union shone. One who had held
The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought
She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,
Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train
The youngest and the loveliest: yes, she seem'd
Angel, or south beautified, from realms Of bliss, on errand of parental love
To earth re-sent, if tears and trembling limbs
With such celestial natures might consist.
Embraced by all, in turn embracing each,
The husband and the father for awhile
Forgot his country and all things beside;
Life hath few moments of such pure delight,
Such foretaste of the perfect joy of Heaven.
And when the thought recurr'd of sufferings past,
Perils which threaten'd still, and arduous toil
Yet to be undergone, remember'd griefs
Heighten'd the present happiness; and hope
Upon the shadows of futurity Shone like the sun upon the morning mists,When driven before his rising rays they roll,And melt and leave the prospect bright and clear.
When now Pelayo's eyes had drunk their fill Of love from those dear faces, he went up
To view the hiding-place. Spacious it was,
As that Sicilian cavern in the hill
Wherein earth-shaking Neptune's giant son
Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock,
Ere the wise Ithacan, over that brute force
By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night
Seal'd his broad eye. The healthful air had here
Free entrance, and the cheerful light of heaven;
But at the end, an opening in the floor
Of rock disclosed a wider vault below,
Which never sun-beam visited, nor breath
Of vivifying morning came to cheer.
In dim reflection fell, or found its way,
Broken and quivering, through the glistening stream,
Where through the rock it gush'd. That shadowy light
Sufficed to show, where from their secret bed
The waters issued; with whose rapid course,
And with whose everlasting cataracts
Such motion to the chill damp atmosphere
Was given, as if the solid walls of rock Were shaken with the sound.
Glad to respire the upper air, Pelayo hasten'd back From that drear den. Look! Hermesind exclaim'd,
Taking her father's hand, thou hast not seen
My chamber:... See!... did ever ring dove chuse
In so secure a nook her hiding-place. Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant
}

As warm, and not more sweet than soft; for thyme
And myrtle with the elastic heath are laid.
And, over all, this dry and pillow soft
Smiling she spake. Pelayo kiss'd the child,
And, sighing, said within himself, I trust
In Heaven, where'er thy May of life is come,
Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a blither bower!
Fittler, he thought, such chamber might be seem
Some hermit of Hilarion's school austere,
Or old Antonius, he who from the hell Of his bewild'r'd phantasy saw fiends
In actual vision, a foul throng grotesque Of all horrific shapes and forms obscene
Crowd in broad day before his open eyes.
That feeling cast a momentary shade Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper thoughts,
If he might have foreseen the things to come,
Would there have fill'd him; for within that cave
His own remains were one day doom'd to find
Their final place of rest; and in that spot,
Where that dear child with innocent delight
Had spread her mossy couch, the sepulchre Shall in the consecrated rock be hewn,
Where with Alphonso, her beloved lord,
Laid side by side, must Hermesind partake.
The everlasting marriage-bed, when he
Leaving a name perdurable on earth,
Hath changed his earthly for a heavenly crown.
Dear child, upon that fated spot she stood,
In all the beauty of her opening youth,
In health's rich bloom, in virgin innocence.
While her eyes sparkled and her heart o'erflow'd
With pure and perfect joy of filial love.
Many a slow century since that day hath fill'd
Its course, and countless multitudes have trod
With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave; Yet not in all those ages, amid all
The untold concourse, hath one breast been swoln
With such emotions as Pelayo felt
That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim'd,
And thou couldst seek for shelter here, amid
This awful solitude, in mountain caves! Thou noble spirit! Oh when hearts like thine
Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be
In me, thy husband, double infamy, And tenfold guilt, if I despair'd of Spain?
In all her visitations, favouring Heaven Hath left her still the unconquerable mind;
And thus being worthy of redemption, sure
Is she to be redeem'd?
Beholding her Through tears he spake, and prest upon her lips
A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus,
She answer'd, and that faith will give the power
In which it trusts. When to this mountain hold
These children, thy dear images, I brought,
I said within myself, where should they fly
But to the bosom of their native hills?
I brought them here as to a sanctuary,
Roderick, the Last of the Goths

Where, for the temple's sake, the indwelling God would guard his suppliants. O my dear Lord, proud as I was to know that they were thine, was it a sin if I almost believed, that Spain, her destiny being link'd with theirs, must save the precious charge? So let us think, the Chief replied, so feel and teach and act, Spain is our common parent; let the sons be to the parent true, and in her strength and Heaven, their sure deliverance they will find.

XVII. Roderick and Siverian

O holiest Mary, Maid and Mother! thou in Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine, hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human bliss heart can conceive. For on the nuptial, nor baptismal day, nor from their grateful pilgrimage discharged, did happier group their way down Deva's vale rejoicing hold, than this blest family, over whom the mighty Spirit of the Lord spread his protecting wings. The children, free in youthhead's happy season from all cares that might disturb the hour, yet capable of that intense and unalloy'd delight which childhood feels when it enjoys again the dear parental presence long deprived; nor were the parents now less bless'd than they, even to the height of human happiness; for Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour let no misgiving thoughts intrude; she fix'd her hopes on him, and his were fix'd on Heaven; and hope in that courageous heart derived such rooted strength and confidence assured in righteousness, that 'twas to him like faith... An everlasting sunshine of the soul, illuminating and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart as generous, and as full of noble thoughts, lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of grief. Upon a smooth grey stone sat Roderick there; the wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs, and murmuring at his feet the river ran. He sat with folded arms and head declined upon his breast feeding on bitter thoughts, till nature gave him in the exhausted sense of woe a respite something like repose; and then the quiet sound of gentle winds and waters with their lulling consonance beguil'd him of himself. Of all within Oblivious there he sat, sentient alone of outward nature, of the whispering leaves that soothed his ear... the genial breath of Heaven. That fam'd his check, the stream's perpetual flow, that, with its shadows and its glancing lights, dimples and thread-like motions infinite, for ever varying and yet still the same, like time toward eternity, ran by. Resting his head upon his master's knees, upon the bank beside him Theron lay. The cares and passions of this fretful world, it may be too that we thus far approach to elder nature, and reign in part. The privilege through sin in Eden lost, the timid hare soon learns that she may trust the solitary penitent, and birds will light upon the hermit's harmless hand. Thus Roderick answer'd in excursive speech, thinking to draw the old man's mind from what might touch him else too nearly, and himself disposed to follow on the lure he threw out of the world of his own miseries. But to regardless ears his words were given, for on the dog Siverian gazed the while. Pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast not felt, as Theron rose and fawn'd about his knees, hast thou some charm, which draws about thee thus the hearts of all our house, even to the beast that lacks discourse of reason, but too oft, with uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith, puts lordly man to shame? The King replied, 'Tis that mysterious sense by which mankind to fix their friendships and their loves are led, and which with fainter influence doth extend to such poor things as this. As we put off The cares and passions of this fretful world, it may be too that we thus far approach to elder nature, and reign in part. The privilege through sin in Eden lost, the timid hare soon learns that she may trust the solitary penitent, and birds will light upon the hermit's harmless hand. Thus Roderick answer'd in excursive speech, thinking to draw the old man's mind from what might touch him else too nearly, and himself disposed to follow on the lure he threw out of the world of his own miseries. But to regardless ears his words were given, for on the dog Siverian gazed the while, pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast not felt, as Theron rose and fawn'd about his knees, hast thou some charm, which draws about thee thus the hearts of all our house, even to the beast that lacks discourse of reason, but too oft, with uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith, puts lordly man to shame? The King replied, 'Tis that mysterious sense by which mankind to fix their friendships and their loves are led, and which with fainter influence doth extend to such poor things as this. As we put off The cares and passions of this fretful world, it may be too that we thus far approach to elder nature, and reign in part. The privilege through sin in Eden lost, the timid hare soon learns that she may trust the solitary penitent, and birds will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.
Exclaim'd the old man, the earthquake and the storm;  
The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of Spain,  
The ruin of thy royal master's house,  
Have reach'd not thee! Then turning to the King,  
When the destroying enemy drew nigh  
Toledo, he continued, and we find  
Before their fury, even while her grief  
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave behind  
This faithful creature. Well we knew she thought  
Of Roderick then, although she named him not;  
For never since the fatal certainty  
Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,  
Savo in her prayers, been known to pass her lips  
Before this day. She names him now, and weeps;  
But now her tears are tears of thankfulness,  
For blessed hath thy coming been to her  
And all who loved the King.  
His faltering voice  
Here fail'd him, and he paused: recovering soon,  
When that poor injured Lady, he pursued,  
Did in my presence to the Prince absolve  
The unhappy King.  
Absolve him! Roderick cried,  
And in that strong emotion turn'd his face  
Sternly toward Siverian, for the sense  
Of shame and self-reproach drownd from his mind  
All other thoughts. The good old man replied,  
Of human judgements humanly I speak.  
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath been?  
Not happier in all dear domestic ties,  
Than worthy for his virtue of the bliss  
Which is that virtue's fruit; and yet did he  
Absolve, upon Florida's tale, the King.  
Siverian, thus he said, what most I hoped,  
And still within my secret heart believed,  
Is now made certain. Roderick hath been  
More sinn'd against than sinning. And with that  
He claspt his hands, and, lifting them to Heaven,  
Cried, Wond't to God that he were yet alive!  
For not more gladly did I draw my sword  
Against Witiza in our common cause,  
Than I would fight beneath his banners now,  
And avindicate his name!  
Did he say this?  
The Prince? Pelayo? in astonishment  
Roderick exclam'd. . . He said it, quoth the old man.  
None better knew his kinsman's noble heart,  
None loved him better, none bewail'd him more:  
And as he felt, like me, for his reproach  
A deeper grief than for his death, even so  
He cherish'd in his heart the constant thought  
Something was yet untold, which, being known,  
Would palliate his offence, and make the fall  
Of one till then so excellently good,  
Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,  
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.  
While thus he spake, the fallen King felt his face  
Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down, guilty thoughts!  
Firmly he said within his soul; lie still,  
Thou heart of flesh! I thought thou hadst been quell'd,  
And quell'd thou shalt be! Help me,  
O my God,  
That I may crucify this inward foe!  
Yea, thou hast help'd me, Father! I am strong,  
O Saviour, in thy strength.  
As he breath'd thus  
His inward supplications, the old man  
Eyed him with frequent and unsteady looks.  
He had a secret trembling on his lips,  
And hesitated, still irresolute  
In utterance to embody the dear hope:  
Pain would he have it strengthen'd and assured  
By this concurring judgement, yet he fear'd  
To have it chill'd in cold acclis. At length  
Venturing, he brake with interrupted speech  
This sure mark  
The troubled silence. Father Maceabea,  
I cannot rest till I have laid my heart  
Open before thee. When Pelayo wish'd  
That his poor kinsman were alive to rear  
His banner once again, a sudden thought  
A hope... a fancy... what shall it be call'd?  
Possess'd me, that perhaps the wish might see  
Its glad accomplishment, . . . that  
Roderick liv'd,  
And might in glory take the field once more  
For Spain... I see thou startest at the thought!  
Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief,  
As though 'twere utterly beyond the scope  
Of possible contingency. I think  
That I have calmly satisfied myself  
How this is more than idle fancy, more  
Than mere imaginations of a mind  
Which from its wishes builds a baseless faith.  
His horse, his royal robe, his horned helm,  
His mail and sword were found upon the field;  
But if King Roderick had in battle fallen,  
That sword, I know, would only have been found  
Clench'd in the hand which, living, knew so well  
To wield the dreadful steel! Not in the throng  
Confounded, nor amid the torpid stream,  
Opening with ignominious arms a way  
For flight, would he have perish'd!  
Where the strife  
Was hottest, ring'd about with slaughter'd foes,  
Should Roderick have been found: by speech  
This sure mark  
Ye should have known him, if nought else remain'd,  
That his whole body had been gored with wounds,  
And quell'd with spears, as if the Moors had felt  
That in his single life the victory lay,  
More than in all the host!  
Siverian's eyes  
Shone with a youthful ardour while he spake,  
His gathering brow grew stern, and as he raised  
His arm, a warrior's impulse character'd  
The impassion'd gesture. But the King  
was calm  
And heard him with unchanging countenance;  
For he had taken his resolve, and felt  
Once more the peace of God within his soul,
As in that hour when by his father's grave
He knelt before Pelayo.

Pursued in calmer tones, thus much I dare
Believe, that Roderick fell not on that day
When treason brought about his overthrow.

If yet he live, for sure I think I know
His noble mind, 'tis in some wilderness,
Where, in some savage den inhuman, he drags
The weary load of life, and on his flesh
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immutable hand.

Oh that I knew but where to bend my way
In his dear search! my voice perhaps might reach
His heart, might reconcile him to himself,
Restore him to his mother ere she dies,
His people and his country: with the sword,
Them and his own good name should he redeem.

Oh might I but behold him once again
Leading to battle these intrepid bands,
Such as he was, yea rising from his fall
More glorious, more beloved! Soon I know
That high prophetic forethought gather'd strength,
As looking to his honour'd mate, he read
Her soul's accordant augury; her eyes
Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the blood

Since he came forth again among mankind,
Had trembled lest some curious eye should read
His limnecaments too closely; now he long'd
To fall upon the neck of that old man,
And give his full heart utterance. But the sense
Of duty, by the pride of self-control
Paying in penitence the bitter price
Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath given
Rest to his earthly part, is only known
To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the world;
And let not those imaginations rob
His soul of that expansive spirit,
Living or dead, old man, be sure his soul,
It were unworthy else... doth hold with thine
Entire communion! Doubt not he relies
On thy love, as on a father's love,
Counts on thy offices, and joins with thee
In sympathy and fervent act of faith,
Though regions, or though worlds, should intervene.

Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be
The same, best, dearest duty; next must be
To hold right onward in that noble path,
Which he would counsel, could his voice be heard.

Now therefore aid me, while I call upon
The Leaders and the People, that this day
We may acclaim Pelayo for our King.
None but that heavenly Father, who alone
Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Sees and rewards the secret sacrifice.

Among the chiefs conspicuous, Urban stood,
He whom, with well-weighed choice, in arduous time,
To arduous office the consenting Church
Had call’d when Sindered fear-smitten fled.
Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most
In peril and in suffering they required
A pastor’s care. Far off at Rome he dwells
In ignominious safety, while the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter’s name,
But from the service which with daily zeal
Devout her ancient prelacy recalls,
Blots it, unworthy to partake her prayers.
Urban, to that high station thus being call’d,
From whence disseminating fear had driven
The former primate, for the general weal
Consulting first, removed with timely care
The relics and the written works of Saints,
Toledo’s choicest treasure prized beyond All wealth, their living and their dead remains;
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore
Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposited.
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt Oviedo, and the dear idolatry
Of multitudes unborn. To things of state
Then giving thought mature, he held advice
With Odoo, whom of counsel competent
And firm of heart he knew. What then they plan’d,
Time and the course of over-ruled events
To earlier act had ripen’d, than their hope
Had ever in its gladdest dream proposed;
And here by agents unforeseen, and means
Beyond the scope of foresight brought about,
This day they saw their dearest heart’s desire
Accorded them; All-able Providence
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this hour
With happiest omens, and on surest base,
Should from its ruins rear again her throne.

For acclamation and for soring now
One form must serve, more solemn for the breach
Of old observances, whose absence here
Deeper impressed the heart, than all display
Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,
Of vestments radiant with their gems,
And stiff
With ornament of gold; the glittering train,
The long procession, and the full-voiced choir.
This day the forms of piety and war,
In strange but fitting union must combine.
Not in his alb and cope and orary
Came Urban now, nor wore he mitre here,
Precious or auriphrygiate; bare of head
He stood, all else in arms complete, and
His gorget’s iron rings the pall was thrown
Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle’s tomb
Gregory had laid, and sanctified with prayer;
That from the living Pontiff and the dead
Repulse with holiness, it might impart
Doubly derived its grace. One Page beside
Bore his broad-shadow’d helm; another’s hand
Held the long spear, more suited in these times
For Urban, than the crozier richly wrought
With silver foliature, the elaborate work
Of Grecian or Italian artist, train’d in the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,
Still o’er the West predominant, though fallen.
Better the spear befits the shepherd’s hand
When robbers break the fold. Now he had laid
The weapon by, and held a natural cross
Of rudest form, unpeel’d, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.
Mutilate alike
Of royal rites was this solemnity.
Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre where,
And where the golden pome, the proud array
Of emprises, aureate vests, and jewelry.
With all which Leuvigild for after kings
Left, ostentations of his power? The Moor
Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
Utterly is it lost; nor evermore
Herald or antiquary’s patient search
Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
Those blazon’d arms, so fatally of old
Renown’d through all the affrighted Occident.
That banner, before which imperial Rome
First to a conqueror bow’d her head abased;
Which when the dreadful Hun, with all his powers,
Came like a deluge rolling o’er the world,
Made head, and in the front of battle broke
His force, till then restless; which so oft
Had with alternate fortune brav’d the Frank:
Driven the Byzantines from the farthest shores
Of Spain, long lingering there, to final flight;
And of their kingdoms and their name despoil’d
The Vandal, and the Alan, and the Sueve;
Blotted from human records is it now
As it had never been. So let it rest
With things forgotten! But Oblivion never
Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor Time,
Who changeth all, obscure that fated sign,
Which brighter now than mountain snows at noon
To the bright sun displays its argent field.

Rose not the vision then upon thy soul,
O Roderick, when within that argent field

XVIII. THE ACCLAMATION

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With things forgotten! But Oblivion never
Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor Time,
Who changeth all, obscure that fated sign,
Which brighter now than mountain snows at noon
To the bright sun displays its argent field.

Rose not the vision then upon thy soul,
O Roderick, when within that argent field
Thou saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if
Upon some noblest quarry he had roll'd,
Rejoicing in his satiate rage, and drunk
With blood and fury? Did the auguries
Which open'd on thy spirit bring with them
A perilsous consolation, deadening heart
And soul, yea worse than death, ... that
Thou saw'st through all the
Then quicken'd way of life, evil and good,
Thy errors and thy virtues, hadst but been
The poor mere instrument of things
ordain'd, ... doing or suffering, impotent alike
To will or act, perpetually bemock'd
With semblance of volition, yet in all
Blind worker of the ways of destiny!
That thought intolerable, which in the hour
Of woe indignant conscience had repelld
As little might it find reception now,
When the regenerate spirit self-approved
Beheld its sacrifice complete. With faith
Elate, he saw the banner'd Lion float
Refulgent, and recall'd that thrilling word...
Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cymbals' clash,
And sound of deaening drum. But
when the Prince
Drew nigh, and Urban with the cross
upheld
Slept forth to meet him, all at once were still'd
With instantaneous hush; as when the wind,
Before whose violent gusts the forest
oaks, 
Tossing like billows their tempestuous heads,
Roar like a raging sea, suspends its force,
And leaves so dead a calm that not a leaf
Moves on the silent spray. The passing air
Bore with it from the woodlands undisturb'd
The ringnotes' wooring, and the quiet voice
Of waters warbling near.
Son of a race
Of Heroes and of Kings! the Primate
Address'd him, Thou in whom the
Gothic blood,
Mingling with old Iberia's, hath restored
To Spain a ruler of her native line, a
stand forth, and in the face of God and man
Swear to uphold the right, abate the wrong,
With equitable hand, protect the Cross
Whereon thy lips this day shall seal their vow,
And underneath that hallow'd symbol, wage
Holy and inextinguishable war
Against the accursed nation that usurps
Thy country's sacred soil!
So speak of me
Now and for ever, O my countrymen!

Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me
Here and hereafter, thou, Almighty
God,
In whom I put my trust!
Lady God of Hosts,
Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men
Creator and Dispenser, King of Kings,
Ruler of Earth and Heaven, ... look
down this day,
And multiply thy blessings on the head
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy sight!
Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his strength;
Crown him with justice, and with fortitude,
Defend him with thine all-sufficient shield,
Surround him every where with the right hand
Of thine all-present power, and with the might
Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen Angels forth, that potently
And royally against all enemies
He may endure and triumph! Bless the land
O'er which he is appointed; bless thou it
With the waters of the firmament, the springs
Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which
Sun tain values.
And Moon mature for man, the precious store
Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
Of Earth, its wealth and fulness!

Then he took
Pelayo's hand, and on his finger placed
The mystic circlet. ... With this ring,
O Prince,
To our dear Spain, who like a widow
Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:

For weal or woe thou takest her, till death
Dispart the union; do it blest to her,
To thee, and to thy seed!
Thus when he ceased,
He gave the awaited signal. Roderick
brought
The buckler: Eight for strength and stature chosen
Came to their honour'd office: Round
the shield
Standing, they lower it for the Chief-
tain's feet,
Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders, lift
The steady weight. Erect Pelayo
stands,
And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd sword,
While Urban to the assembled people cries,
Spaniards, behold your King! The multitude
Then sent forth all their voice with glad acclaim,
Raising the loud Real; thrice did the word
Ring through the air, and echo from the walls
Of Cangas. Far and wide the thundering shout,
Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the mountain
Sides.
The wild sea starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf
Skulld through the thickets to a closer brake;
The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up and answer'd with a sullen growl,
Low-breathed and long; and at the uproar scared,
The brooding eagle from her nest took wing.
Heroes and Chiefs of old! and ye who bore
Firm to the last your part in that dread strife,
When Julian and Witiza’s viler race
Betray’d their country, hear ye from yon Heaven
The joyful acclamation which proclaims
That Spain is born again! O ye who died
In that disastrous field, and ye who fell
Embracing with a martyr’s love your death
Amid the flames of... the avenging sword!

XVIII. THE ACCLAMATION

Where through redundant vales smooth
Minho flows,
And Douro pours through vine-clad hills the wealth
Of Leon’s gathered waters; from the plains
Burgessian, in old time Vardulias call’d,
But in their castellated strength are long
To be design’d Castille, a deathless name;
From midland regions where Toledo reigns
Proud city on her royal eminence,
And Tagus bends his sable round the scene
Of Roderick’s fall; from rich Rioja’s fields;
Dark Ebro’s shores; the walls of Salubis,
Seat of the Sedetaniats old, by Rome
Caesarian and August denominates,
Now Zaragoza, in this latter time
Above all cities of the earth renown’d
For duty perfectly perform’d; East,
And South, where’er their gather’d multitudes
Urged by the speed of vigorous tyranny,
With more than with commensurable strength
Haste to prevent the danger, crush the hopes
Of rising Spain, and rivet round her neck
The eternal yoke, the ravenous fowls of heaven
Flock, while presentient of their food obscene,
Following the accursed armies, whom too well
They know their purveyors long.

XIX. RODERICK AND RUSILLA

When all had been perform’d, the royal Goth
Look’d up towards the chamber in the tower
Where, gazing on the multitude below,
Alone Rusilla stood. She met his eye,
For it was singling him amid the crowd;
Obeying then the hand which beckon’d him,
He went with heart prepared, nor shrinking now,
But arm’d with self-approving thoughts that hour.

And ye on Moorish not on Christian flesh
Wearying your beaks, shall clog your sealy feet
With foreign gore. Soon will ye learn
to know,
Followers and harbingers of blood, the flag
Of Leon where it bids you to your feast!

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Followers and harbingers of blood, the flag
Of Leon where it bids you to your feast!
When that first force was spent, And passion in exhaustment found relief, I knew thee, said Rusilla, when the dog rose from my feet, and lick'd his master's hand. All flash'd upon me then; the instinctive sense That goes unerring where reason fails.

The voice, the eye, a mother's thoughts are quick, Miraculous as it seem'd, Siverian's tale, Florinda's, every action, every word.

Each strengthening each, and all confirming all, Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I restrain'd My heart, and yielded to thy holler will. The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul not yet, Wean'd wholly from the world.

What thoughts? replied Roderick. That I might see thee yet again. Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not alone To Heaven and me restored, but to thyself, Thy Crown, thy Country, all within thy reach; Heaven so disposing all... That could be found or fancied, built a dream Before me; such as easiest might allure A lofty spirit train'd in patience, fed When all is sunshine, but through years of woe, When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld By honourable pride and earthly hopes. I thought I yet might nurse upon my knee Some young Theodofred, and see in him Thine Father's image and thine own renew'd, And love to think the little hand which there Play'd with the bauble, should in after days Wield the transmitted sceptre; that through him The ancient seed should be perpetuate... That precious seed revered so long, desired Any thing, they seem 'tis but to feel How soon they fade, how fast the night shuts in.

But in that World to which my hopes look on, Time enters not, nor Mutability; Whatever there is given us to enjoy, That we enjoy for ever, still the same... Much might Count Julian's sword achieve for Spain, But more will... at the throne of Grace, to plead In his behalf and mine. I knew thy heart, She answer'd, and subdued the vain desire. It was the World's last effort. Thou hast chosen The better part. Yes, Roderick, even on earth There is a praise above the monarch's fame, A higher, holier, more enduring praise, And this will yet be thine!

She answer'd, and subdued the vain desire.
So saying, on her knees he bow'd his head; 
She raised her hands to Heaven and blest her child; 
Then bending forward, as he rose, embraced 
And claspt him to her heart, and cried, 
Once more 
Theodofred, with pride behold thy son!

XX. THE MOORISH CAMP

The times are big with tidings; every hour
From east and west and South the breathless scouts
Bring swift alarums in; the gathering foe,
Advancing from all quarters to one point
Close their wide crescent. Nor was aid of fear
To magnify their numbers needed now.
They came in myriads. Africa had pour'd
Flesh schools upon the coast of wretched Spain;
Lured from their hungry deserts to the scene
Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,
Fierce, unrelenting, habitéd in crimes,
Like hidden guests the mirthful ruffians flock
To that free feast which in their Prophet's name
Plantèd the moonly standard: Ibrahim here,
He, who by Genil and in Darro's vales,
Had for the Moors the fairest portion won
Of all their spoils, fairest and best main'tain'd,
And to the Alpujarras given in trust
His other name, through them preserved in song.
Here too Alcahman, vaunting his late deeds
At Auria, all her children by his sword
Devoured flames consumed, bloody and hard of heart, he little weend,
Vain-boastful chief! that from those fatal flames
The fire of retribution had gone forth
Which soon should wrap him round.
The renegades
Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert;
A spurious brood, but of their parent's crimes
True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in ill
Train'd up. The same unnatural rage that turn'd
Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's name;
And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic shores,
Tread with religious feet the burning sands
Of Araby, and Mecca's stony soil.
Proud of his part in Roderick's overthrow,
Their leader Abulcasem came, a man
Immortal, long in war renown'd.
Here Magued comes, who on the conquered walls
Of Cordoba, by treacherous war betray'd,
Planted the moony standard: Ibrahim here,
He, who by Genil and in Darro's vales,
Had for the Moors the fairest portion won
Of all their spoils, fairest and best main'tain'd,
And to the Alpujarras given in trust
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The renegades
Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert;
A spurious brood, but of their parent's crimes
True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in ill
Train'd up. The same unnatural rage that turn'd
Their swords against their country, made them seek,
Unmindful of their wretched mother's end,
Pelayo's life. No enmity is like
Domestic hatred. For his blood they thirst,
As if that sacrifice might satisfy
Wittan's guilty ghost, efface the shame
Of their adulterous birth, and one crime more
Crowning a hideous course, emancipate
Those forth their spirits from all earthly fear.
This was their only care: but other thoughts
Were rankling in that elder villain's mind,
Their kinsman Orpas, ho of all the crew
Who in this fatal visitation fell,
The foulest and the fairest wretch that was,
Renounced his baptism. From his cherished views
Of royalty cut off, he coveted
Count Julian's wide domains, and hopeless now
To gain them through the daughter, laid his toils
Against the father's life, the instrument
Of his ambition first, and now design'd
Its victim. To this end with cautious hints,
At favouring season ventured, he possess'd
The leader's mind; then, subtly fostering
The doubts himself had sown, with bold charge
He bade him warily regard the Count,
Lest underneath an outward show of faith
The heart uncircumcised were Christian still:
Else, wherefore had Florinda not obey'd
Her dear loved sire's example, and embrac'd
The saving truth? Else, wherefore was her hand,
Plighted to him so long, so long withheld,
Till she had found a fitting hour to fly
With that audacious Prince, who now in arms,
Defied the Caliph's power: for who could doubt
That in his company she fled, perhaps
The mover of his flight? What if the Count
Himself had planned the evasion which he feign'd
In sorrow to condemn? What if she went
A pledge assured, to tell the mountaineers
That when they met the Mussulmen in the heat
Of fight, her father passing to their side
Would draw the victory with him?...
Thus he breathed
Fiend-like in Abulcasem's ear his schemes
Of murderous malice; and the course of things
Ere long, in part approving his dis-course,
Aided his aim, and gave his wishes weight.
For scarce on the Asturian territory
Had they set foot, when, with the speed of fear,
Count Eudon, nothing doubting that their force
Would like a flood sweep all resistance down,
Hasten'd to plead his merits; he alone,
Found faithful in obedience through reproach
And danger, when the madd'n'd multitude
Hurried their chiefs along, and high and low
With one infectious frenzy seized, provoked
The invincible in arms. Pelayo led
The raging crew, . . he doubtless the prime spring
Of all these perilous movements; and 'twas said
He brought the assurance of a strong support,
Count Julian's aid, for in his company
From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter came.

Thus Eudon spake before the assembled chiefs:
When instantly a stern and wrathful voice
Replied, I know Pelayo never made me
That senseless promise! He who raised the tale
Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy
That ever hunted for Pelayo's life
Hath never with the charge of falsehood touch'd
His name.
The Baron had not recognized
Till then, beneath the turban's shadowing folds,
Julian's swart visage, where the fiery skies
Of Africa, through many a year's long course,
Had set their hue inburnt. Something he sought
In quick excuse to say of common fame,
Lightly believed and busily diffused,
And that no enmity had moved his heart.

Then the Count
To Abulcacin turn'd his speech, and said,
I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger
By whom I may to this unhappy child Dispatch a father's bidding, such as yet
May win her back. What I would say requires
No veil of privacy; before ye all
The errand shall be given.

Boldly he spake,
Yet wary in that show of open truth,
For well he knew what dangers girt him round
Amid the faithless race. Blind with revenge,
For them in madness had he sacrificed
His name, his baptism, and his native land,
To feel, still powerful as he was, that life
Hung on their jealous favour. But his heart
Approved him now, where love, too long restrain'd
Resumed its healing influences, leading him
Right on with no misgiving. Chiefs, he said,

Hear me, and let your wisdom judge between
Me and Prince Orpas! . . Known it is to all,
Too well, what mortal injury provoked
My spirit to that vengeance which your aid
So signal ly hath given. A covenant
We made when first our purpose we combined,
That he should have Florinda for his wife,
My only child, so should she be, I thought,
Revenged and honour'd best. My word was given
Truly, nor did I cease to use all means
Of counsel or command, entreat ing sometimes
With tears, seeking sometimes with threats
Of an offended father's curse to enforce Obedience; that, she said, the Christian law
Forbade, moreover she had vow'd herself
A servant to the Lord. In vain I strove
To win her to the Prophet's saving faith,
Using perhaps a rigour to that end
Beyond permitted means, and to my heart,
Which loved her dearer than its own life-blood,
Abhorrent. Silently she suffer'd all,
Or when I urged her with most vehemence,
Only replied, I knew her fix'd resolve,
And craved my patience but a little while
Till death should set her free. Touch'd as I was,
I yet persisted, till at length to escape
The ceaseless importunity, she fled:
And rectly I fear'd until this hour.
My rigour to some far fuller resolve
Than flight, had driven my child.

To each and all, and Orpas to thyself
Especially, if, having thus essay'd
All means that law and nature have allow'd
To bend her will, I may not rightfully hold myself free, that promise being void
Which cannot be fulfill'd.

Thou sayest then, Orpas replied, that from her false belief
Her stubborn opposition drew its force.
I should have thought that from the ways corrupt
Of these idolatrous Christians, little care
Might have sufficed to wean a duteous child,
The example of a parent so beloved
Leading the way; and yet I will not doubt
Thou didst enforce with all sincerity
And holy zeal, andWin her to the Prophet's saving faith,
The truths of Islam.

Julian knit his brow, and scowling on the insidious renegade
He answered, By what reasoning my child was from the old idolatry reclaim'd,
None better knows than Seville's mitred chief,
Who first renouncing errors which he taught,
Led me his follower to the Prophet's pale,
Thin lessons I repeated as I could:
Of graven images, unnatural vows,
False records, flaying creeds, and juggling priests,
Who, making sanctity the cloak of sin,
Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity They fatten'd. To these arguments,
Whose worth
Prince Orpas, least of all men, should impeach,
I added, like a soldier bred in arms,
And to the subtleties of schools unused,
The flagrant fact, that Heaven with victory, 
Where'er they turn'd, attested and approved 
The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou wert still 
The mitred Metropolitan, and I 
Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race, 
Thy proper business then might be to pray, 
And question me for lurking flaws of faith. 
We Musselmans, Prince Orpas, live beneath 
A wiser law, which with the iniquities 
Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this 
Its foulest practice! 
As Count Julian ceased, 
From underneath his black and gather'd brow 
There went a look, which with these 
Wary words, 
Bore to the heart of that false renegade 
Their whole envenom'd meaning. 
Haughtily withdrew then his alter'd eye, he said, 
Too much of this! return we to the sum 
Of my discourse. Let Abulcaecem say, 
In whom the Caliph speaks, if with all faith 
Having essay'd in vain all means to win 
My child's consent, I may not hold henceforth 
The covenant discharges. 
The Moor replied, 
Well hast thou said, and rightly may'st assure 
Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy law 
Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand now; 
The messenger is here. 
Then Julian said, 
Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat 
Admittance to my child, where'er she be. 
Say to her, that her father solemnly 
Annuls the covenant with Orpas pledged, 
Nor with solicitations, nor with threats, 
Wilt urge her more, nor from that liberty 
Of faith restrain her, which the Prophet's law, 
Liberal as Heaven from whence it came, to all 
Indulges. Tell her that her father says 
By that dear love, which from her infancy 
Still he hath borne her, growing as she grew, 
Nursed in our weal and strengthen'd in our woe, 
She will not in the evening of his life 
Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough 
Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries 
Brought on her father's head; let not her act 
Thus aggravate the burden. Tell her too, 
That when he pray'd her to return, he wept 
Profusely as a child; but bitterer tears 
Than ever fell from childhood's eyes were these 
Which traced his hardy cheeks. 
With faltering voice 
He spake, and after he had ceased from speech 
His lip was quivering still. The Moorish chief 
Then to the messenger his bidding gave, 
Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels, 
Thus Abulcaecem in the Caliph's name 
Exhorteth them: Repent and be forgiven! 
Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of war, 

Which conquering and to conquer must fulfill 
Its destined circle, rolling eastward now 
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep 
Thrones and dominions down, till in the bond 
Of unity all nations join, and Earth 
Acknowledge, as she sees one Sun in heaven, 
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and one Law. 
Jerusalem, the holy City, bows 
To holier Mecca's creed; the Crescent shines 
Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids; 
On the cold altars of the worshipers 
Of Fire moss grows, and reptiles leave their slime; 
The African idolatries are fallen, 
And Europe's senseless gods of stone and wood, 
Have had their day. Tell these misguided men, 
A moment for repentance yet is left, 
And mercy the submitted neck will spare 
Before the sword is drawn: but once unheath'd, 
Let Auria witness how that dreadful sword 
Accomplishest its work? They little know 
The Moors who hope in battle to withstand 
Their valour, or in flight escape their rage! 
Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds 
Of heaven, . . . wings do not save them! 
Nor shall rocks, 
And holds, and fastnesses, avail to save 
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth 
And wood 
And we, his chosen people, whom he sends 
To conquer and possess it in his name?
An arrow's flight above that mountain stream
There was a little glade, where underneath
A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
An oak grew near; and with its ample boughs
O'eraunplied the spring; its fretted roots
Embos'd the bank, and on their tufted bark
Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade;

Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green
Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
Made itself felt, just touch'd with gentle dip
The glassy surface, ruffled never but then.
Sate when a bubble rising from the depth
Burst, and with faintest circles mark'd its place.
Or if an insect skimm'd it with its wing,
Or when in heavier drops the gather'd rain
Pall from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
When, having drank there, he would bound across.
Draw up upon the bank his meeting feet,
And put forth half his force. With silent lapse
From thence through mossy banks the water stole,
Then murmuring hasten'd to the glen below.
Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
To take her noontide rest; and when she stoop'd
Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased

Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
It crown'd, reflect'd there.

Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon the glade;
There his ablutions Moor-like he perform'd,
And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head
Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound
Of voices at the tent when he arose,
And lo! with hurried step a woman came
Toward him; rightly then his heart pressag'd,
And ere he could behold her countenance,
Florinda kist, and with uplifted arms Embrac'd her sire. He rais'd her from the ground,
Kiss'd her, and clasp'd her to his heart, and said,

Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!
How'er the inexorable will of Fate
May in the world which is to come, divide
Our everlasting destinies, in this
Thou wilt not, my child, abandon me!
And then with deep and interrupted voice,
Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,

A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false,
It should not lose its worth!
She lock'd her hands around his neck, and gazing in his face
Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,
And breathing then a prayer in silence forth.
The name of Jesus tremblass on her tongue.

Whom hast thou there? cried Julian,
and drew back,
Seeing that near them stood a meagre man
In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
On a long staff, bending his head like one
Who when he hears the distant vesper-bell,
Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,
Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.
She answered, Let not my dear father frown
In anger on his child! Thy messenger
Told me that I should be restrain'd no more
From liberty of faith, which the new law
Indulged to all; how soon my hour might come
I knew not, and although that hour will bring
Few terrors, yet methinks I would not be
Without a Christian comforter in death.

A priest! exclaimed the Count, and drawing back,
Stoop for his turban that he might not lack
Some outward symbol of apostacy;
For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
Nor for the scymitar had changed the sword
Accustomed to his hand. He covered

What think'st thou of the Prophet? Roderick

Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!
How'er the inexorable will of Fate
May in the world which is to come, divide
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What think'st thou of the Prophet? Roderick
Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,
And he who asketh is a Musselman.
How then should I reply?... Safely,
rejoin'd

The renegade, and freely may'st thou speak

To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke
Of Mecca easy, and its burden light?...
Spain hath not found it so, the Goth
replied,

And groaning, turn'd away his countenance.

Count Julian knelt his brow, and stood awhile
Regarding him with meditative eye
In silence. Thou art honest too! he cried;
Why 'twas in quest of such a man as this
That the old Grecian search'd by lantern light
In open day the... so rare he deem'd the virtue.

Honesty and sense of natural duty in a Priest!

I shall not pry too closely for the wires,
For, seeing what I see, ye have me now
In the believing mood!

O blessed Saints, Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
Not from the hardness of the heart, he speaks!
Hear him! and in your goodness give the scoff
His head in scorn. What is not in the craft
Is error, and for error there shall be
No mercy found in Him whom ye name The Merciful!

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and shook
The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,
Softens his father's heart, which in this hour
Was open to the influences of love.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian paused,
As if he waited for acknowledgement
Of that plain truth, in motion of assent
Inclined his brow complacently, and said,

Even so: What follows?... This, resumed the Count,
That creeds like colours being but accidental,
Are therefore in the scale imponderable;
Thou seest my meaning;... that from every faith
As every clime, there is a way to Heaven,
And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick, fervently,
And smote his breast. Oh grant it, gracious God!
Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant that he
And I may meet before the Mercy-throne!

For which admiring Angels would renew
Their hallelujahs through the choir of Heaven!

Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore art thou moved
To this strange passion? I require of thee
Thy judgement, not thy prayers!

In gentle voice subdu'd the Goth replies;
A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow,
By thine own rule should find the way to Heaven,
So that the heart in its sincerity
Straight forward breathe it forth. I, like thyself,
Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech,
Nor competent of this great argument
Thou openest; and perhaps shall answer thee
Wide of the words, but to the purport home.
There are to whom the light of gospel truth
 Hath never reach'd; of such I needs must deem
As of the sons of men who had their day
Before the light was given. But, Count, for those
Who, born amid the light, to darkness turn,
Wilful in error,... I dare only say,
God doth not leave the unhappy soul without
An inward monitor, and till the grave
Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

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So that the heart in its sincerity
Straight forward breathe it forth. I, like thyself,
Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech,
Of mere inheritance, no thing of choice
In judgement fix'd, nor rooted in the heart.
Me have the arrows of calamity
Sore stricken; sinking underneath the weight
Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppres'ed
Beneath the burden of my sins, I turn'd
In that dread hour to Him who from the Cross
Calls to the heavy-laden. There I found
Relief and comfort; there I have my hope;
My strength and my salvation; there, the grave
Ready beneath my feet, and Heaven in view,
I to the King of Terrors say, Come, Death...
Come quickly! Thou too wert a stricken deer,
Julian, God pardon the unhappy hand
That wounded thee! but whither didst thou go
For healing? Thou hast turn'd away from Him,
That saith, Forgive as ye... but it liak left behind
A bitter relish! Gladly would thy soul
Forget the past; as little canst thou bear
To send into futurity thy thoughts;
And for this reason, what is it, Count, but fear...
However bravely thou may'st bear thy front,
Dangers, remorse, and stinging obloquy?
One only hope, one only remedy,
One only refuge yet remains... My life
Is at thy mercy, Count! Call, if thou wilt,
Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me!
Or strike thyself! Death were from any hand
A welcome gift; from thine, and in this cause,
A boon indeed! My latest words on earth
Should tell thee that all sins may be effaced,
Bid thee repent, have faith, and be forgiven!
Strike, Julian, if thou wilt, and send my soul
To intercede for thine, that we may meet;
Thou and thy child and I, beyond the grave.
Thua Roderick spake, and spread his arms as if
He offered to the sword his willing breast,
With looks of passionate persuasion fixed
Upon the Count, who in his first access
Of anger, seem'd as though he would have call'd
His guards to seize the Priest. The attitude
Diarr'd him, and that fervent zeal sincere,
And more than both, the look and voice, which like
A mystery troubled him. Florinda too
Hung on his arm with both her hands, and cried,
O father, wrong him not! he speaks from God!
Life and salvation are upon his tongue!
Judge thou the value of that faith whereby,
Reflecting on the past, I murmur not,
And to the end of all look on with joy
Of hope assured!
Peace, innocent! replied
The Count, and from her hold withdrew his arm.
Then with a gather'd brow of mournfulness
Rather than wrath, regarding Roderick,
said,
Thou preachest that all sins may be effaced!
Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy creed
For Roderick's crime?... For Roderick and for thee,
Count Julian, said the Goth, and as he spake
Troubled through every fibre of his frame,
The gate of Heaven is open. Julian threw
His wrathful hand aloft, and cried,
Away! Earth could not hold us both, nor can one Heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me!
May doubt of all things! Sainted as thou art
In sufferings here, this miracle will be
Thy work and thy reward! Then raising her,
They seated her upon the fountain's brink,
And there beside her sate. The moon had risen,
And that fair spring lay blacken'd half in shade,
Half like a burnish'd mirror in her light.
By that reflected light Count Julian saw
That Roderick's face was bathed with tears, and pale
As monumental marble. Friend, said he,
Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent
Indeex from Heaven, its dearest gift to man,
Thy heart is true: and had the mitred Priest
Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou held
The place he fill'd; but this is idle talk,...

Things are as they will be; and we, poor slaves,
Free in the harness as we may, must drag
The Car of Destiny where'er she drives,
Inexorable and blind!

Oh wretched man!
Cried Roderick, if thou seek'st to assuage
Thy wounded spirit with that deadly drug,
Hell's subtlest venom; look to thine own heart,
Where thou hast Will and Conscience to believe
This juggling sophistry, and lead thee yet
Through penitence to Heaven!

That governs us, in mournful tone the Count
Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah's will,
Or reckless Fortune, still the effect the same,
A world of evil and of misery!
Look where we will we meet it; where we see or
We go we bear it with us. Here we sit
Upon the margin of this peaceful spring,
And oh! what volumes of calamity
Would be unfolded here, if either heart
Laid open its sad records! Tell me not
Of goodness! Either in some freak of power
This frame of things was fashion'd, then cast off
To take its own wild course, the sport of chance;
Or the bad Spirit o'er the Good prevails,
And in the eternal conflict hath arisen
Lord of the ascendant!

Rightly would'st thou say
Were there no world but this? the Goth replied.

The happiest child of earth that e'er was mark'd
To be the minion of prosperity,
Richest in corporeal gifts and wealth of mind,
Honour and fame attending him abroad,
Peace and all dear domestic joys at home,
And sunshine till the evening of his days
Closed in without a cloud; even such a man
Would from the gloom and horror of his heart
Confirm thy fatal thought, were this world all!
Oh! who could bear the haun'ting mystery,
If death and retribution did not solve
The riddle, and to heavenliest harmony
Reduc'd the seeming chaos! Here we see
The water at its well-head; clear it is,
Not more transparent than the invisible air;
Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here to life
And good directed all its uses serve.
The herb grows greener on its brink; sweet flowers
Bend o'er the stream that feeds their freshened roots;
The red-breast loves it for his wintry haunts;
And when the buds begin to open forth,
Builds near it with his mate their brooding nest;
The thirsty stag with his mate their brood;
Through woodlands wild and solitary fields
Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous course;

But when it reaches the resorts of men,
The service of the city there dedicates
The tainted stream; corrupt and foul it flows
Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed impure,
Till in the sea, the appointed end to which
Through all its way it hastens, 'tis received,
And, losing all pollution, mingleth there
In the wide world of waters. So is it
With the great stream of things, if all were seen;
Good the beginning, good the end shall be,
And transitory evil only make
The good end happier. Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she chooses for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall be permanent.

But guilt,
And all our suffering? said the Count.
The Goth
Replied, Repentance taketh sin away,
Death remedies the rest. Soothed by the strain
Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
And mute contemplating. Florinda too
Was calm'd: She said, alas! who better learn'd than I
In that sad school! Methinks if ye
Would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling Moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.

Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travel of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.

The silver cloud diffusing slowly pass'd,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues,
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires liave moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light.
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
And he who late had in the Caliph's name
Ruled from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,
A mutilate and headless carcass now,
From pitying hands received beside the road.
A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from dogs
And ravens, nor from wintry rains secure.
She, too, who in the wreck of Spain
Preserved her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick first,
Of Abdalaziz after, and to both
Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now.
Her counsels had brought on; for she had led
The infatuate Moor, in dangerous vauntury,
To these aspiring forms, ... so should he gain
Respect and honour from the Muselmans,
She said, and that the obedience of the Goths
Follow'd the sceptre. In an evil hour
She gave the counsel, and in evil hour
He lent a willing ear; the popular rage
Fell on them both; and they to whom her name
Had been a mark for mockery and reproach,
Shuddered with human horror at her fate.
Ayub was heading the wild anarchy; But
He for himself deliberately hath chosen,
Confiding in the hereditary love Borne to him by these hardy mountaineers,
A love which his own noble qualities
Have strengthen'd so that every heart is his.
When ye can bring them to the open proof
Of battle, ye will find them in his cause
Lavish of life; but well they know the strength
Of their own fastnesses, the mountain paths
Impervious to pursuit, the vantages 70
Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and ravine;
And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
These natural aids wherein they put their trust
As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
Dec'd by themselves invincible, and so
By Roman found and Goth ... beneath whose sway
Slowly persuaded rather than subdued
They came, and still through every change retain'd
Their manners obstinate and barbarous speech.
My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure
With strong increase of force the adjacent posts,
And chiefly Gogio, leaving them so
Mam'd as may abate the hope of enterprise
Their strength being told. Time in a strife like this
Becomes the ally of those who trust in him:
Make them with Time your covenant.
Old feuds
May disunite the chiefs: some may be gain'd
By fair entreaty, others by the stroke
Of nature, or of policy, cut off.
This was the counsel which in Cordova
I offered Abdalaziz: in ill hour
Rejecting it, he sent upon this war
His father's faithful friend! Dark are the ways
Of destiny! Had I been at his side
Old Musa would not now have mourn'd his age
Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy
The Caliph's represented power. The case
Calls for thine instant presence, with the weight
Of thy legitimate authority.
Julián, said Orpas, turning from beneath His turban to the Count a crafty eye, Thy daughter is return'd; doth she not bring Some tidings of the movements of the foe? The Count replied, When child and parent meet First reconciled from discontent which wrung The hearts of both, ill should their converse be Of warlike matters! There hath been no time For such inquiries, neither should I think To ask her touching that for which I know She hath neither eye nor thought.

There was a time, Orpas with smile malignant thus replied, When in the progress of the Caliph's arms Count Julian's daughter had an interest Which touch'd her nearly! But her turn is served, And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget Indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny Still guideth to the Service of the faith The wayward heart of woman; for as one Delivered Roderick to the avenging sword, So hath another at this hour betray'd Pelayo to his fall. His sister came At nightfall to my tent a fugitive. She tells me that on learning our approach The rebel to a cavern in the hills Had sent his wife and children, and with them Those of his followers, thinking there conceal’d They might be safe. She, moved, by injuries Which stung her spirit, on the way escaped, And for revenge will guide us. In reward She asks his brother's forfeitures of lands In marriage with Numacian: something too 

Touching his life, that for her services It might be spared, she said; an after-thought To save decorum, and if conscience wake Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall smile Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween That a thin kerschief will dry all the tears The Lady Guisla shews!

'Tis the old taint! Said Julian mournfully; from her mother's womb She brought the inbred wickedness which now In ripe infection blossoms. Woman, as woman, Still to the Goths art thou the instrument Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice Fatal alike to them!

Say rather, cried The insidious renegade, that Allah thus By woman punisheth the idolatry Of those who raise a woman to the rank Of godhead, calling on their Mary's name With senseless prayers. In vain shall they invoke Her trusted succour now! like silly birds By fear betray'd, they fly into the toils; And this Pelayo, who in lengthen'd war Baffling our force, has thought perhaps to reign Prince of the Mountains, when we hold his wife And offspring at our mercy, must himself Come to the lure,
By proof of Julián's guilt to pacify
Sueh martial spirits, unto whom all
And countries are alike; but take away
The head, and forthwith their fidelity
Goes at the market price. The act must be
Sudden and secret; poison is too slow.
Thus it may best be done; the Mountains,
Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with
some spur
Of sudden enterprise: at such a time
A trusty minister approaching him
May smite him, so that all shall think the spear
Comes from the hostile troops.

Right counsellor! Cried Abulcacem, thou shalt have his
lands,
The proper need of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou may'st take or leave.

Go now
And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect! ... And when 'tis done,
The Moon, as Orpas from the tent withdrew,
Muttering pursued, ... look for a like reward
Thyself! that restless head of wickedness
In the grave will brood no treasons.
Other babes
Scream when the Devil, as they spring to life,
Inflicts them with his touch; but thou didst stretch
Thine arms to meet him, and like mother's milk
Suck the congenial evil! Thou hast tried
Both laws, and were there ought to gain,
Wouldst prove
A third as readily; but when thy sins
Are weigh'd, 'twill be against an empty scale,
And neither Prophet will avail thee then!

XXIII. THE VALE OF COVADONGA

The camp is stirring, and ere day hath
dawn'd
The tents are struck. Early they rise
whom hope
Awakens, and they travel fast with
whom
She goes companion of the way. By
noon
Hath Abulcacem in his speed attain'd
The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty scouts
Observe his march, and fleet as mountain
roes,
From post to post with instantaneous speed
The warning bear: none else is nigh; the vale
Hath been deserted, and Polayo's hall
Is open to the foe, who on the tower
Hoist their white signal-flag. In Sella's stream
The misbelieving multitudes perform,
With hot and hasty hand, their moon-tide rite.
Then hurrizingly repeat the Impostor's prayer.
Here they divide; the Chieftain halts with half
The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widen'd he disposed,
Liable to first attack, that so the deed
Of murder plann'd with Orpas might be done.
The other force the Moor Abulan led
Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream
Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with
him,
Proud of Granada's snowy heights subdued,
And boasting of his skill in mountain
war;
Yet sure he deem'd an easier victory
 Awaited him this day. Little, quoth he,
Wears the vain Mountaineer who puts
his trust
In dough and rocky fastnesses, how close
Destruction is at hand! Belliger he thinks
The Humana's happy wings have shadow'd him,
And therefore Fate with royalty must crown
His chosen head! Titty the scimitar
With its rude edge so soon should interrupt
The pleasant dream!

There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter,
said
Alcahman; ye yield them, must, or from
their holes
Like bees we smoke them out. The Chief perhaps
May reign awhile King of the wolves and
beasts,
Till his own subjects hunt him down, or
kites
And crows divide what hunger may have left
Upon his ghastly limbs. Happier for him
That destiny should this day to our hands
Deliver him; short would be his sufferings then;
And we right joyfully should in one hour
Behold our work accomplish'd, and his race
Extinct.

Thus these in mockery and in thoughts
Of bloody triumph, to the future blind,
Indulged the scornful vein; nor deem'd that they
Whom to the sword's unsparing edge
they doom'd,
Even then in joyful expectation pray'd
To Heaven for their approach, and at their post
Prepared, were trembling with excess of hope.

Here in these mountain straits the
Mountaineer
Had felt his country's strength insuperable;
Here he had pray'd to see the Musselman
With all his myriads; therefore had he
look'd
To Covadonga as a sanctuary
Apt for concealment, easy of defence;
And Guisla's flight, though to his heart it sent
A pang more poignant for their mother's sake,
Yet did it further in its consequence
His hope and project, surer than decoy
Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.
That sullen and revengeful mind, he knew,
Would follow to the extremity of guilt
Its long fore-purposed shame: the toils
were laid.
And she who by the Musselmen full sure
Thought on her kindred her revenge to wreak,
Led the Moors in.

Count Pedro and his son
Were hovering with the main Asturian force
In the wider vale to watch occasion
there,
And with hot onset when the alarm began
Pursue the vantage. In the fated straits
Of Deva had the King disposed the rest:
Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs,
A long mile's length on either side its bed,
They lay. The lever and the axe and saw
Had skillfully been pried; and trees and stones,
A dread artillery, ranged on crag and shelf
And steep descent, were ready at the word
Precipitate to roll resistless down.
The faithful maiden not more wistfully
Looks for the day that brings her lover home;
Scarcely more impatiently the horse endures
The rein, when loud and shrill the hunter's horn
Rings in his joyous ears, than at their post
The Mountainers await their certain prey;
Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft
And solemnly enforced, with eagerness
Subjoined by minds well-master'd, they expect
The appointed signal.
Hand must not be raised,
Foot stirr'd, nor voice be uttered, said the Chief,
Till the word pass: impatience would mar all.
God hath deliver'd over to your hands
His enemies and ours, so we but use
The occasion wisely. Not till the word pass
From man to man transmitted, ' In the name
Of God, for Spain and Vengeance!' let a hand
Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
Seeking concealment there, no other aid
Soliciting from these their native hills;
And that the babes and women having fallen
In thrandem, they would lay their weapons down,
And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
They enter'd; for the morn had risen o'er east,
And when the Sun had reach'd the height of heaven,
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Source heavier than the summer's even dew,
Descended, through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless tree
Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
And haply with the clang of instruments,
Might drown all other signal, this is sure;
But wait it calmly; it will not be given
Till the whole line hath enter'd in the toils.
Comrades, be patient, so shall none escape
Who once set foot within these straits of death.
Thus had Pelayo on the Mountainers
With frequent and impressive charge enforced
The needful exhortation. This alone
He doubted, that the Musselmen might see
The peril of the vale, and warily
Forbear to enter. But they thought to find,
As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
Seeking concealment there, no other aid
Soliciting from these their native hills;
And that the babes and women having fallen
In thrandem, they would lay their weapons down,
And supplicate forgiveness for their sake.
Nor did the Moors perceive in what a strait
They enter'd; for the morn had risen o'er east,
And when the Sun had reach'd the height of heaven,
Dimly his pale and beamless orb was seen
Moving through mist. A soft and gentle rain,
Source heavier than the summer's even dew,
Descended, through so still an atmosphere,
That every leaf upon the moveless tree
Was studded o'er with rain-drops, bright and full,
There was a stirring in the air, the sun Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag Upon the right projected o'er the stream, Not farther from the cave than a strong hand Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear, Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full compass, make Its clear articulation heard distinct. A venturous dalesman, once ascending there To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung Among the heather, wondrously preserved: Therefore had he with pious gratitude Placed on that overhanging brow a Cross, Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff, And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen, Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice Pronounced his name. Alcahman! hoo, look up, Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up It had divided there, and open'd round The Cross; part clinging to the rock beneath, Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds, A canopy of silver light condensed To shape and substance. In the midst there stood A female form, one hand upon the Cross, The other raised in menacing act; below Loose flow'd her raiment, but her breast was arm'd and helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale, For on the walls of Auria he had seen That well-known figure, and had well believed She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried, Alcahman! In the name of all who fell At Auria in the massacre, this hour I summon thee before the throne of God To answer for the innocent blood! This hour, Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of Hell, this hour I summon thee to judgement! In the name Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! Thus she closed Her speech; for taking from the Primate's hand That oaken cross which at the sacking rites Had served for crosier, at the cavern's mouth Pelayo lifted it and gave the word. From voice to voice on either side it pass'd With rapid repetition, In the name Of God! for Spain and Vengeance! and fortwith On either side along the whole deline The Asturians shouting in the name of God, Set the whole ruin loose! huge trunks and stones, And loosed'd crags, down down they roll'd with rush And bound, and thundering force. Such was the fall As when some city by the labouring earth Heaved from its strong foundations is cast down, And all its dwellings, towers, and palaces, In one wide desolation prostrated. From end to end of that long strait, the crash Was heard continuous, and commixt with sounds More dreadful, shrieks of horror and despair, And death, the wild and agonizing cry Of that whole host in one destruction whom'd. Vain was all valour there, all martial skill; The valiant arm is helpless now; the feet Swift in the race avail not now to save; They perish, all their thousands perish there, ... Horsemen and infantry, they perish all, ... The outward armour and the bones within Broken and bruised and crush'd. Echo prolong'd The long uproar: a silence then ensued, Through which the sound of Deva's stream was heard, A lonely voice of waters, wild and sweet; The lingering groan, the faintly-utter'd prayer, The louder curses of despairing death, Ascended not so high. Down from the cave Pelayo hastens, the Asturians hasten down, Fierce and immittigate down they speed On all sides, and along the vale of blood The avenging sword did mercy's work that hour.
XXIV. RODERICK AND COUNT JULIAN

Rodric was busy, Death! this day, and yet
But half thy work is done; the Gates of
Hell are throng'd, yet twice ten thousand spirits more,
Who from their warm and healthful tenements
Fear no divorce, must ere the sun go
down.
Enter the world of woe! the Gate of
Heaven is open too, and Angels round the throne
Of Mercy on their golden harps this day
Shall sing the triumphs of Redeeming
Love.

There was a Church at Cangas dedicate
To that Apostle unto whom his Lord
Had given the keys; a humble edifice,
Whose rude and time-worn structure suited well
That vale among the mountains. Its
low roof
With stone plants and with moss was
overgrown,
Short fern, and richer weeds which from
the caves
Hung their long tresses down. White
licens clothed
The sides, save where the ivy spread,
which bower'd
The porch, and clustering round the
pointed wall,
Wherein two bells, each open to the
wind,
Hung side by side, threaded with hairy
shocks
The double nitch; and climbing to the
cross,
Wreathed it and half conceal'd its sacred
form
With busy tufts luxuriant. Here in
the font,
Borne hither with rejoicing and with
prayers
Of all the happy land who saw in him
The lineage of their ancient Chiefs
renew'd,
The Prince had been immersed:
and here within
An oaken galilee, now black with age,
His old Iberian ancestors were laid.
Two stately oaks stood nigh, in the
full growth
Of many a century. They had flourish'd
there
Before the Gothic sword was felt in
Spain,
And when the ancient sceptre of the
Goths
Was broken, there they flourish'd still.
Their boughs
Mingled on high, and stretching wide
around,
Form'd a deep shade, beneath which
canopy
Upon the ground Count Julian's board
was spread,
For to his daughter he had left his tent
pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the
board
Sate with his trusted Captains,
Gunderick,
Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,
Basil and Cotilla, and Viringer,
Men through all fortunes faithful to
their Lord,
And to that old and tried fidelity,
By personal love and honour held in ties
Strong as religious bonds. As there
they sate,
In the distant vale a rising dust was
seen.

And frequent flash of steel... the flying
fight
Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued,...
Put forth their coursers at full speed, to
reach
The aid in which they trust. Up sprung
the Chiefs,
And arm'd with helm, and shield, and
spies,
Sped to their post.

Amid the chestnut groves
On Solla's side, Alphonso had in charge
To watch the foe; a provling band
came nigh,
Whom with the armour of impetuous
youth
He charged and followed them in close
pursuit:
Quick succours join'd them; and the
strife grew hot,
Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,
Or Julian and his Captains, bent alike
That hour to abstain from combat, (for
by this
Full sure they deem'd Alekhan had
secured
The easy means of certain victory,)
Could reach the spot. Both thus in
their intent
According, somewhat had they now
ally'd
The fury of the fight, though still spears
flew,
And strokes of sword and lance were
interchanged,
When passing through the troop a Moor
came up
On errand from the Chief, to Julian
sent;
A fatal end fatally perform'd
For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,
And all that host of Musselmans he
brought;
For while with well-dissembled words
he lur'd
The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian
mark'd
The favouring moment and unguarded
place,
And plunged a javelin in his side.
The Count
Fell, but in falling called to Cotilla,
Treason! the Moor! the Moor!...
He too on whom
He call'd had seen the blow from whence
it came,

And seized the murderer. Miscreant!
he exclaim'd,
Who set thee on? The Musselman, who
saw
His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,
Replies, What I have done is authorized;
To punish treachery and prevent worse
ill
Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;
The service of the Caliph and the Faith
Required the blow.

The Prophet and the Fiend
Reward thee then! cried Cotilla;
meantime
Take thou from me thy proper earthly
meed;
Villain!... and lifting as he spake the
sword,
He smeared it on the neck: the trenchant
blade
Through vein and artery pass'd and
yielding bone;
And on the shoulder, as the assassin
drop'd,
His head half-severed fell. The curse
of God
Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee;
Stamping for anguish, Cotilla pursued!
African dogs, thus is it ye requite
Our services?... But dearly shall ye pay
For this day's work!... O fellow-
soldiers, here,
Stretching his hands toward the host,
he cried,
Behold your noble leader basely slain!
He who for twenty years hath led us forth
To war, and brought us home with victory,
Here he lies foully murdered, . . by the Moors,
Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well!
Our turn is next! but neither will we wait
Idly, nor tamely fall!

Amid the grief, tumult, and rage, of those who gather'd round,
When Julian could be heard, I have yet life
He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
To yonder Mountainers, and tell their chiefs
That Julian's veteran army joins this day
Pelayo's standard! The command devolves
On Gunterick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
Redress'd the wrongs of your old General,
Ye will not let this death go unrevenaged!
Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
And vows with imprecations mix'd went forth,
And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me apart,
Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! . . They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drawn in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends, said he,

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe, . . pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans: . . within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour!
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee; said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employ'd; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.

Thence when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! . . They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends, said he,

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
A look of settled woe, . . pale, deadly pale,
Yet to no lamentations giving way,
Nor tears nor groans: . . within her breaking heart
She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly
Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
And cried, Lord God! be with him in this hour!
Two things have I to think of, O my child,
Vengeance and thee; said Julian. For the first
I have provided: what remains of life
As best may comfort thee may so be best
Employ'd; let me be borne within the church,
And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard
Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy
Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard;
Now let me die! . . They raised him from the earth;
He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
Gently his men with slow and steady step
Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
Before the altar laid him down, his head
Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends, said he,
In silence reverently the Count partook
The reconciling rite, and to his lips
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.

Me too! exclam'd Florinda, who till then
Had listen'd speechlessly; Thou Man
Of God,
I also must partake! The Lord hath heard
My prayers! one sacrament,.. one hour,
... one grave,
... one resurrection!
That dreadful office done,
Count Julian with amazement saw the
Priest
Kneel down before him. By the sacrament
Which we have here partaken, Roderick cried,
In this most awful moment; by that hope,
... that holy faith which comforts thee in death,
Grant thy forgiveness, Julián, ere thou diest!
Behold the man who most hath injured thee!
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty cause
Of all thy guilt,.. the unworthy instrument
Of thy redemption... kneels before him then.
And prays to be forgiven!
Roderick! exclam'd the Goth, as he per- form'd
The fatal Service. Julián cried,
True friend!.. and gave to him his
dying hand.
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
Thou followest!.. kiss me, child!... and now
good night!
When from her father's body she arose,
... her check was flush'd, and in her eyes
... there beam'd
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed
While underneath the emotions of that
hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
... her arms and cried, My Roderick!
mine in Heaven!
Groming, he clasped her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

Saviour! exclam'd the Goth, as he per-
form'd
The fatal service. Julián cried, O
friend!
True friend! and gave to him his
dying hand.
Then said he to Florinda, I go first,
Thou followest!.. kiss me, child!... and now
good night!
When from her father's body she arose,
Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes
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A wilder brightness. On the Goth she gazed
While underneath the emotions of that
hour
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
... her arms and cried, My Roderick!
mine in Heaven!
Groming, he clasped her close, and in that act
And agony her happy spirit fled.

Count Pedro listen'd with suspicious ear
To Julián's dying croak, denning it
... Some new decoy of treason.... when he found
A second legate follow'd Virimar,
And then a third, and saw the turbul-
ence
Of the camp, and how against the Moors
in haste.
They form'd their lines, he knew that
... providence
This hour had for his country interposed, And in such faith advanced to use the aid
... Thus wondrously ordain'd. The eager
Chiefs
Hasten to greet him, Cottila and Paul,
Basil and Miro, Thueodered, Gunderick,
Félix, and all who held authority; They professed, and besought him instantly To lead against the African their force Combined, and in good hour assail a foe Divided, nor for such attack prepared.

While thus they communed, Roderick from the church Came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his way Toward them. Sirs, said he, the Count is dead; He died a Christian, reconciled to Heaven, In faith; and when his daughter had received His dying breath, her spirit too took flight. One sacrament, one death, United them; And I beseech ye, ye who from the work Of blood which lies before us may return, If, as I think, it should not be my fate... That in one grave with Christian ceremonies Ye lay them side by side. In Heaven I ween They are met through mercy... ill befall the man Who should in death divide them!... Then he turn’d His speech to Pedro in an under voice; The King, said he, I know with noble mind Will judge of the departed; Christian like He died, and with a manly penitence: They who condemned him most should call to mind How grievous was the wrong which madden’d him; Be that remember’d in his history, And let no shame be offer’d his remains.

As Pedro would have answer’d, a loud cry Of mourning and accusation from the troops arose; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief Sent to slay the storm his villainy Had stirr’d, came hastening on a milk-white steed, And at safe distance having check’d the rein, Beckon’d for parley. ‘Twas Orellio On which he rode, Roderick’s own battle-horse, Who from his master’s hand had wont to feed, And with a glad docility obey His voice familiar. At the sight the Goth Started, and indignation to his soul Brought back the thoughts and feelings of old times. Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer him, And hold these back the while! Thus having said, He waited no reply, but as he was, Barheaded, in his weeds, and all unarmed, Advanced toward the renegade. Sir Priest, Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk With thee; my errand is with Gunderick And the Captains of the host, to whom I bring Such liberal offers and clear proof... The Goth, Breaking with scornful voice his speech, exclaimed, What, could no steed but Roderick’s serve thy turn? I should have thought some sleek and sober mule Long train’d in shackles to procession pace, More suited to my lord of Seville’s use Than this good war-horse... he who never bore A villain, until Orpas cross’d his back!... Wretch! cried the astonish’d renegade, and stoops, Foaming with anger, from the saddle-bow To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty hand Trembling in passion could perform its will, Roderick had seiz’d the reins. How now, he cried, Orellio! old companion... my good horse... Off with this recreant burthen!... And with that He rais’d his hand, and rear’d and back’d the steed, To that remember’d voice and arm of power Obedient. Down the helpless traitor fell Violently thrown, and Roderick over him Thrice led with just and unrelenting hand The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza now, Where he lies howling, the avenger cried, And tell him Roderick sent thee! At that sight, Count Julian’s soldiers and the Asturian host Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which rung Wide through the welkin. Their exulting cry With louder acclamation was renew’d, When from the expring miscreant’s neck they saw That Roderick took the shield, and round his own Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My horse! My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand Patterning his high-arch’d neck! the renegade, I thank him for’t, hath keep’d thee daintily! Orellio, thou art in thy beauty still, Thy pride and strength! Orellio, my good horse, Once more thou bearest to the field thy Lord, He who so oft hath fed and cherish’d thee, He for whose sake, wherever thou wast seen, Thou wert by all men honour’d. Once again Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously, My beautiful Orellio, ... to the last, ... The happiest of his fields! Then he drew forth The scimitar, and waving it aloft, Rode toward the troops; its unaccustom’d shape Dislike him; Renegade in all things! cried The Goth, and cast it from him; to the Chiefs Then said, If I have done ye service here, Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword! The trustiest blade that e’er in Bilbilis Was dipt, would not to-day be misbestowed On this right hand!... Go some one, Gunderick cried, And bring Count Julian’s sword. Whoe’er thou art, The worth which thou hast shown avenging him Entitles thee to wear it. But thou great
XXV. RODERICK IN BATTLE

Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged, And many a spirit from its mortal hold Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the Chiefs Of Julian’s army in that hour support Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there Enhanced his former praise; and by his side, Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife, Alphonso through the host of infidels Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death. But there was worst confusion and uproar, There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud Of his recover’d Lord, Orello plunged Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet: The living and the dead. Where’er he turns The Moors divide and fly. What man is this, Appal’d they say, who to the front of war Bareheaded offers thus his naked life? Replete with power he is, and terrible, Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips Have drank of Kaf’s dark fountain, and he comes Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly! They said, this is no human foe!... Nor less Of wonder fill’d the Spaniards when they saw How flight and terror went before his way, And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one, With what command and knightly ease he sit The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power Bestrode with such command and majesty That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day Is death’s black banner, shaking from its folds Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould Is he who in that garb of peace afronts Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns! Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some Saint Revisits earth! Ay, cries another, Heaven Hath ever with especial bounty blest Above all other lands its favour’d Spain; Chusing her children forth from all mankind For its peculiar people, as of yore Abraham’s ungrateful race beneath the Law. Who knows not how on that most holy night When peace on Earth by Angels was proclaim’d, The light which o’er the fields of Bethlehem shone, Irradiated whole Spain? not just displayed, As to the Shepherds, and again withdrawn; All the long winter hours from eve till morn Her forests and her mountains and her plains, Her hills and valleys were embattled in light, A light which came not from the sun or moon Or stars, by secondary powers dispensed, But from the fountain-springs the Light of Light Effluent. And wherefore should we not believe That this may be some Saint or Angel, charged To lead us to miraculous victory? Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified With feet adorable our happy soil?... Mark’d ye not, said another, how he came in wrath the unhallowed scimitar away, And called for Christian weapon? Oh be sure This is the aid of Heaven! On, comrades, on! A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain! Victory and Vengeance! How the miscreants down, And spare not! hew them down in sacrifice! God is with us! his Saints are in the field! Victory! miraculous Victory! Thus they Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire Of vengeance on their enemies abhor’d, The Moorish chief, meantime, o’erlook’d the fight From an eminence, and cursed the renegade Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect Had brought this danger on. Lo, from the East Comes fresh alarm! a few poor fugitives Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up, From Covadonga flying, and the rear Of that destruction, scarce with breath to tell Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacem heard, Stricken with horror, like a man bereft Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he exclam’d, A hard and cruel fortune hast thou brought
This day upon thy servant! Must I then
Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
Of glorious deeds? But how should man resist
Pate's irreversible decrees, or why
Murmur at what must be? They who survive
May mourn the evil which this day begins:
My part will soon be done!... Grief then gave way;
To rage, and cursing Guisla, he pursued;
Oh that that treacherous woman were but here!
It were a consolation to give her
The evil death she merits!

That reward
She hath had, a Moor replied. For when we reach'd
The entrance of the vale, it was her choice
There in the farthest dwellings to be left,
Lest she should see her brother's arms,
Pierced her with wounds... Poor vengeance for a host
Destroyed! said Abulcunn in his soul.
Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
His office, he roused up his spirit.
Go, Strike off Count Eudon's head! he cried; the fear
Which brought him to our camp will bring him else
In arms against us now; For Sisibert
And Ebbu, he continued thus in thought,
Their uncle's fate for ever bars all plots
Of treason on their part; no hope have they
Of safety but with us. He call'd them then
With chosen troops to join him in the front
Of battle, that by bravely making head,
Retreat might now be won. Then fiercer raged
The conflict, and more frequent cries of death,
Mingle with imprecations and with prayers,
Rose through the din of war.

By this the blood
Which Dea down her fatal channel pour'd,
Purpled Ponia's course, had reach'd and stain'd
The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
The frequent glance of spears and gleam of arms
Were seen, which sparkled to the westering orb,
Where down the vale impatient to complete
The glorious work so well that day began,
Pelayo led his troops. On foot they came,
Chief-tains and men alike; the Oaken Cross
Triumphant borne on high, precede's their march,
And broad and bright the argent banner shone.
Roderick, who dealing death from side to side,
Had through the Moorish army now made way,
Beheld it flash, and judging well what aid
Approach'd, with sudden impulse that way rode,
To tell of what had pass'd... lest in the strife
They should engage with Julian's men,
And more the mighty consummation. One ran on
To meet him fleet of foot, and having given
His tale to this swift messenger, the Goth
Halted awhile to let Orelio breathe.
Silverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
Deceive me not, you horse, whose reckoning
Are red with slaughter, is the same on whom
The apostate Orpas in his vauntery
Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
But thou shouldst know him best; regard him well;
Is't not Orelio?

Either it is he,
The old man replied, or one so like to him,
Whom all thought matchless, that similitude
Would be the greater wonder. But behold,
What man is he who in that disarray
Doth with such power and majesty bestride
The noble steed, as if he felt himself in his own proper seat? Look how he leans
To cherish him; and how the gallant horse
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,
As if again to court that gentle touch,
And answer to the voice which praises him,
Can it be Maccabeus? rejoind the King,
Or are the secret wishes of my soul
Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave given up
Its dead?... So saying, on the old man he turn'd
Eyes full of wide astonishment, which told
The incipient thought that for incredible
He spake no farther. But enough had pass'd,
For old Silverian started at the words
Like one who sees a spectre, and exclaim'd,
Blind that I was to know him not till now!

My Master, O my Master!
He meantime
With easy pace moved on to meet their march.
King, to Pelayo he began, this day
By means scarce less than miracle, thy throne
Is establish'd, and the wrongs of Spain revenged.
Orpas the accurst, upon yonder field
Lies ready for the ravens. By the Moors
Treacherously slain, Count Julian will be found
Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
Grace was vouchsafed; and by that holy power
Which at Visonia from the Primate's hand
Of his own proper act to me was given,
Unworthy as I am, yet sure I think
Not without mystery as the event hath shown...
Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
Beside him hath his daughter fallen asleep;
Deal honourably with his remains, and let
One grave with Christian rites receive them both.
Is it not written that as the Tree falls
So it shall lie? In this and all things else,
Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then Roderick saw that he was known, and turn'd
His head away in silence. But the old man
Rodríguez, the Last of the Goths

Laid hold upon his bridle, and look’d up
In his master’s face, weeping and silently.
Threaten the Goth with fervent pressure took
His hand, and bending down toward him said,
My good Siverian, go not thou this day
To war! I charge thee keep thyself from harm!
Thou art past the age for battles, and with whom
Hereafter shouldst thou mistresst talk of me
If thou wert gone? ... Thou seest I am unarmed;
Thus disarray’d as thou beholdest me,
Clean through von misconception army have I cut
My way unhurt: but being once by Heaven
Preserved, I wouId not perish with the guilt
Of having wilfully provoked my death.
Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass ... nay,
Thou wert not wont to let me ask in vain,
Nor to gainsey me when my will was known!
To thee methinks I should be still the King.

Thus saying, they withdrew a little way
Within the trees. Rodrigo alighted there,
And in the old man’s armour dight him—

... He, Orello to his master’s hand
Hath been restored? I found the renegade
Of Seville on his back, and hurled him down

Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
Rejoicingly obey’d my hand to shake
His rearing burthen off, and trampled out
The life which once I spared in evil hour.
Now let me meet Witiza’s vengeful sons
In yonder field, and then I may go rest
In peace, my work is done!

And nobly done!
Exclam’d the old man. Oh! thou art greater now
Than in that glorious hour of victory
When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
The prisoner of thy hand! ... Rodrigo replied,
O good Siverian, happier victory
Thy son hath now achieved! ... the victory
Over the world, his sins, and his despair.
If on the field my body should be found,
See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian’s grave,
And let no idle ear be told for whom
Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orello
As doth beseech the sted which hath so oft
Carried a King to battle; ... he hath done
Good service for his rightful Lord to-day,
And better yet must do. Siverian, now farewell! ... I think we shall not meet again.
Till it be in that world where never change
Is known, and they who love shall part no more.
Commend me to my mother’s prayers, and say
That never man enjoy’d a heavenlier peace
Than Rodrigo at this hour. O faithful friend,
How dear thou art to me these tears may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man’s neck;
Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the reins,
And soon rejoined the host. On, comrades, on!
Victory and Vengeance! he exclaimed, and took
The lead on that good charger, he alone
Horsed for the onset. They with one consent
Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
Victory and Vengeance! and the hills and rocks
Caught the prophetic shout and roll’d it round.

Count Pedro’s people heard amid the heat
Of battle, and return’d the glad acclaim.
The astonish’d Mussulmen, on all sides charged
Hear that tremendous cry; yet manfully
They stood, and everywhere with gallant front
Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
Desperately they fought, like men expert in arms,
And knowing that no safety could be found,
Save from their own right hands. No former day
Of all his long career had seen their chief
Approved so well; nor had Witiza’s sons
Ever before this hour achieved in fight
Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
And twice essay’d beneath his horse’s feet
To thrust him down. Twice did the Prince evade
The shock, and twice upon his shield received
The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no more,
From some celestial voice in the air,
reveal'd
To be the certain pledge of all their
hopes.
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victo-
ry!
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field
it spread,
All hearts and tongues uniting in the
cry;
Mountains and rocks and vales re-
echoed round;
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode
on,
Laying on the Moors with that good
sword, and smote,
And overthrew, and scatter'd, and
destroy'd,
And trampled down; and still at every
blow
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victo-
ry!
Roderick and Vengeance!
Thus he made his way,
Smiting and slaying through the aston-
tion'd ranks,
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb,
Ebba, performing well a soldier's part,
Dealt to the right and left his deadly
stroke;
With all thy treasons! Saying thus he
seized
The miserable, who, blinded now with
blood,
Reol'd in the saddle; and with sidelong
step
Backing Orello, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learnt creed, and
called
On Marv's name. The dreadful Goth
pass'd on,
Still plunging through the thickest war,
and still
Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the
affrighted ranks.
O who could tell what deeds were
wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred, and madness, and despair, and
fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and
death,
Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke
was dealt
On either part, and many a fain and
thrust
Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly
blow,
Straight, or reverse, delivered and
repell'd.
Roderick at length with better speed
hast reach'd
The apostate's turban, and through all
its folds,
The true Cantabrian weapon making way
Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the
avenger cried,
It comes from Roderick's hand!
Roderick the Goth,
Who spared, who trusted thee, and was
betray'd!
Go tell thy father now how thou hast
sped
With all thy treasons! Saying thus he
seized
The miserable, who, blinded now with
blood,
Real'd in the saddle; and with sidelong
step
Backing Orello, drew him to the ground.
He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet
He fell, forgot his late-learnt creed, and
called
On Marv's name. The dreadful Goth
pass'd on,
Still plunging through the thickest war,
and still
Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the
affrighted ranks.
O who could tell what deeds were
wrought that day;
Or who endure to hear the tale of rage,
Hatred, and madness, and despair, and
fear,
Horror, and wounds, and agony, and
death,
But still where through the press of war
he went
Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking
death;
Tho arrows pass'd him by to right and
left,
The spear-point pierce'd him not, the
scymitar
Glanced from his helmet; he, when he
beheld
The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks,
and groans,
And prayers, which mingled with the
din of arms
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds;
While over all predominant was heard,
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the
field,
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Victo-
ry!
Roderick and Vengeance! . . . Woe for
Africa!
Woe for the circumcised! Woe for the
faith
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour! The
Chief's
Have fallen; the Moors, confused and
captainless,
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape
The inevitable fate. Turn where they
will,
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success,
Instinct at the banquet of revenge,
The enemy is there; look where they
will,
Death hath environed their devoted ranks.
Fly where they will, the avenger and the
sword
Await them, . . wretches! whom the
righteous arm
Hath over-taken! . . Join'd in bonds of
faith
Accurs'd, the most flagitious of mankind
From all parts met are here; the apo-
tate Greek,
The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt,
The Persian cruel and corrupt of soul,
The Arabian robber, and the prowling
sons
Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands
Pray that the locusts on the peopled
plain
May scatter and prepare their way. Con-
joined
Beneath an impious faith, which
sanctifies
To them all deeds of wickedness and
blood,
. . .
Yea, and halloos them on, . . here are
they met
To be conjoin'd in punishment this
hour.
For plunder, violation, massacre,
All hideous, all unutterable things,
The righteous, the immitigable sword
Exact due vengeance now! the cry of
blood
Is heard: the measure of their crimes is
full;
Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave,
Such mercy hath he found this dreadful
hour!
The evening darken'd, but the aveng-
ing sword
Turn'd not away its edge till night had
closed
Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains
then
Blow the recall, and from their perfect
work
Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom
All look'd with most expectation. He
full sure
Had thought upon that field to find his
end
Desired, and with Florinda in the grave
Rest, in indissoluble union join'd.
But still where through the press of war
he went
Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking
death,
The arrows pass'd him by to right and
left,
The spear-point pierce'd him not, the
scymitar
Glanced from his helmet; he, when he
beheld
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The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven
Had been extended over him once more,
And bowed before its will. Upon the banks
Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs smeared
And flanks incarmined, his postral
With froth and foam and gore, his silver
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood
From the toil of battle, and at times
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seemed
To call the master whom he loved so well,
And who had thus again forsaken him.
Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
Had wielded it so well that glorious day?

Days, months, and years, and generations pass'd,
And centuries held their course, before, far off
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls
A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
In ancient characters King Roderick's name.

SELECTED MINOR POEMS

THE HOLLY TREE

[First published in The Morning Post, Dec. 17, 1798, afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1
O Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

2
Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen; No grazing cattle through their prickly round Can reach to wound; But as they grow where nothing is to fear, Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

3
I love to view these things with curious eyes, And moralize: And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree Can emblems see Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme, One which may profit in the after time.

4
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear Harsh and austere, To those who on my leisure would intrude Reserved and rude, Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

5
And should my youth, as youth is apt I know, Some harshness show, All vain asperities I day by day Would wear away. Till the smooth temper of my age should be Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

6
And as when all the summer trees are seen So bright and green, The Holly leaves a sober hue display Less bright than they, But when the bare and wintry woods we see, What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

7
So serious should my youth appear among The thoughtless throng. So would I seem amid the young and gay More grave than they, That in my age as cheerful I might be As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

Westbury, 1798.
THE DEAD FRIEND

[Published in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear
The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which tho’b’d in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand
Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there !
It is but lifeless perishable flesh
That moulders in the grave;
Earth, air, and water’s ministering particles
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there !

2

Often together have we talk’d of death;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven !
O Edmund ! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity
I look upon the stars,
And think that thou art there,
Unfetter’d as the thought that follows thee.

3

And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power 36
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund !, we did not err !

Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Has kept me from the world unstain’d and pure.
Edmund ! we did not err !
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy ;
The Soul outgrows them not ;
We do not cast them off ;
Oh if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,
Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there !

4

Marry ! ten ehequer’d years have past Since we beheld each other last; Yet, Mary, I remember thee, Nor canst thou have forgotten me.
The bloom was then upon thy face, Thy form had every youthful grace; I too had then the warmth of youth, And in our hearts was all its truth.
We conversed, were there others by, With common mirth and random eye; But when escaped the sight of men, 11 How serious was our converse then !

Our talk was then of years to come, Of hopes which ask’d a humble doom, Themes which to loving thoughts might move, Although we never spake of love.

At our last meeting sure thy heart Was even as loth as mine to part; And yet we little thought that then We parted . . not to meet again.

Long, Mary ! after that adieu, My dearest dear of dreams were of thee; In sleep I saw thee still, and long Made thee the theme of secret song.

When manhood and its cares came on, The humble hopes of youth were gone; And other hopes and other fears Eeffaced the thoughts of happier years.

Meantime through many a varied year Of thee no tidings did I hear, And thou hast never heard my name Save from the vague reports of fame.

But then I trust detraction’s lie Hath kindled anger in thine eye; And thou my praise wert proud to see, My name should still be dear to thee.

Ten years have held their course; thus late I learn the tidings of thy fate; A Husband and a Father now, Of thee, a Wife and Mother thou.

And, Mary, as for thee I frame A prayer which hath no selfish aim, No happier lot can I wish thee Than such as Heaven hath granted me.

London, 1802.

FUNERAL SONG, FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

[Published in The Annual Register for 1827 and in Friendship’s Offering for 1828.]

In its summer pride array’d, Low our Tree of Hope is laid! Low it lies: . . in evil hour, Visiting the bridal bower, Death hath levell’d root and flower. Windsor, in thy sacred shade, (This the end of pomp and power !) Have the rites of death been paid: Windsor, in thy sacred shade Is the Flower of Brunswick laid !

Ye whose relics rest around, Tenants of this funeral ground! Know ye, Spirits, who is come, By immesitgible doom Summon’d to the untimely tomb ! Late with youth and splendour crown’d, Late in beauty’s vernal bloom, Late with love and joyousness blest! Never more lamented guest Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth, Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave Nativity and name, and grave; Thou art in this hallowed earth Cradled for the immortal birth; Heavily upon his head Ancestral crimes were visited: He, in spirit like a child, Meek of heart and undefiled, Patiently his crown resign’d; And fa’d on heaven his heavenly mind, Blessing, while he kiss’d the rod, His Redeemer and his God. Now may he in realms of bliss Greet a soul as pure as his.
Passive as that humble spirit,
Lies his bold destronor too;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due;
Ill-star'd prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue!
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim;
Witness Aire's unhappy water.
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of all the Valois' powers,
Had a seeond time been ours...
A gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here;
Thou to whom all griefs were known;
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou may'st say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb.
While together, spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest,
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The hoary head,—
By More, the learned and the good,—
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,—
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee
May her happy spirit be!

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
That murder'd Monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secrets, gave
Again to sight, that we might spy
His comely face and waking eye!
There, thrice fifty years, it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague, of bloodier, baser birth,
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth;—
Such awful warning from the dead,
Was given by that portentous eye;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground;
Even in your immortal spheres,
To thine offspring thou may'st say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb.
While together, spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest,
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy herse.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN
(First published in The Bijou for 1828.)

Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

My days among the Dead are past;
A round me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

Lord! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust!
Not what I would, O Lord! I offer thee,
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN
(First published in The Bijou for 1828.)

Loudon Castle, 1828.
THE CATARACT OF LODORE

DESCRIBED IN RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY

[Published in Joanna Baillie's A Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript, 1823.]

'How does the Water Come down at Lodore?' My little boy said me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he task'd me To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word, There first came one daughter And then came another, To second and third The request of their brother, And to hear how the water Comes down at Lodore, With its rush and its roar, As many a time They had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, For of rhymes I had store; And 'twas in my vocation For their recreation That I should sing; Because I was Laureate To them and tho King.

How does the Water Come down at Lodore? 'My little boy ask'd me Thus, once on a time; And moreover he task'd me To tell him in rhyme. Anon at the word, There first came one daughter And then came another, To second and third The request of their brother, And to hear how the water Comes down at Lodore, With its rush and its roar, As many a time They had seen it before. So I told them in rhyme, For of rhymes I had store; And 'twas in my vocation For their recreation That I should sing; Because I was Laureate To them and tho King.

From its sources which well In the Tarn on the fell; From its fountains In the mountains, Its rills and its gills; Through meadow and glade, In sun and in shade, Through the wood-shelter, Among crags in its fury, Heter-skelter, Hurry-sourly. Here it comes sparkling, And there it lies darkling; Now smoking and frothing Its tumult and wrath in, Till in this rapid race On which it is bent, It reaches the place Of its steep descent. The Cataract strong Then plunges along, Striking and raging As if a war waging Its caverns and rocks among. Rising and leaping, Sinking and creeping, Swelling and sweeping, Showering and springing, Flying and flinging, Writling and ringing, Eddying and whirling, Spouting and. fisking, Turning and twisting, Around and around, With endless rebound! Smiling and fighting, A sight to delight in; Confounding, astounding, Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound. Collecting, projecting, Receding and speeding, And shocking and rocking, And darting and parting, And threading and spreading, And whizzing and hissing, And dripping and slipping, And hitting and splitting, And shining and twining, And rattling and battling, And shaking and quaking.

And pouring and roaring, And waving and ravaging, And tossing and crossing, And flowing and going, And running and stunning, And foaming and roaring, And dimming and spinning, And dropping and hopping, And working and jerking, And guggling and struggling, And heaving and cleaving, And moaning and groaning; And glittering and frittering, And gathering and feathering, And whitening and brightening, And quivering and shivering, And hurrying and skurrying, And thundering and boundering; Dividing and gliding and sliding, And falling and brawling and sprawling, And driving and riving and striving, And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling, [rounding, And sounding and bounding and bubbling and doubling, And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling, [boaring] And clattering and battering and shaking, Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting, [spraying, Delaying and straying and playing and Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing, Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling, And gleaning and streamling and steaming and beaming, And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing, And flapping and rapping and clapping and tolling, [juddering, And curving and whirliging and purring, And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumming, And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing, And so never ending, but always descending, Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending, All at once and all over, with a mighty uproar.

This way the Water comes down at Lodore. Keswick, 1820.

SONNETS

[The two following Sonnets were numbered V and XV respectively among the Sonnets as printed in the collected edition of 1837–1838. The first was published in Poems, 1797; the second in The Annual Anthology, 1800.]

(1) THE EVENING RAINBOW

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

Wild arch of promise, on the evening sky Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray Each in the other melting. Much mine is the smile that Piety bestows On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace Departing gently from a world of woes, Anticipates the world where sorrows cease. 1794.
350 SELECTED MINOR POEMS

(2) WINTER
[Published in The Annual Anthology, 1800.]
A WRENCHED, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as grey
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Flooding along through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heel'd chair,
Old Winter! scan't in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth;
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Westbury, 1799.

INSCRIPTIONS
[This and the four following inscriptions were numbered respectively XI, XVIII, XXX, XXXIII, and XXXVIII in the Inscriptions as published in the collected edition of 1837-1838.]

(1) IN A FOREST
[First published in The Morning Post, April 13, 1799, afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

STRANGER! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To Nature. Here, delighted he has heard
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
Melted to the gale of summer move;
And underneath their shade on thy smooth rock,
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often recollected; watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals so
Along its verdant course, . . . till all around
Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,
And ever soothed in spirit he return'd
A happier, better man. Stranger! perchance,
Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
Will glide along, and to the summer gale
The woods wave more melodiously.
Cleanse thou then
The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

Westbury, 1798.

(2) EPITAPH
HERE in the fruitful vales of Somerset
Was Emma born, and here the Maid grew
To the sweet season of her womanhood
Beloved and lovely, like a plant whose leaf
And bud and blossom all are beautiful,
In peacefulness her virgin years were past;
And when in prosperous wedlock she was given,
Amid the Cumbrian mountains far away
She had her summer Bower. 'Twas like a dream
Of old Romance to see her when she pried
Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake;
The roseate evening resting on the hills,
The lake returning back the hues of heaven,

Mountains and vales and waters all imbued
With beauty, and in quietness; and she,
Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.
But soon a wasting malady began
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,
Yet with such flattering intervals as mock
The hopes of anxious love, and most of all
The sufferer, self-deceived. During those days
Of treacherous reprieve, many a time he loath'd her
Who leaves this record of his friend,
drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death; and then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-lock'd-for tidings came at last,
That all her sufferings ended, she was laid,
Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.

O gentle Emma! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, Earth never closed;
Nor e'er did Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world.

Keswick, 1810.

(3) AT BARROSA
THOUGH the four quarters of the world have seen
The British valour proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field far famed,
Yet may the noble Island in her rolls
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For there,
Not by the leader's eye intuitive,
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skill'd artillerist, nor the discipline
Of troops to absolute obedience train'd;
But by the spring and impulse of the heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seem'd, like a wrestler's garment, thrown aside;
By individual courage and the sense
Of honour, their old country's, and their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld . . .
This warm'd the soldier's soul, and gave his hand
The strength that carries with it victory,
More to enhance their praise, the day was fought
Against all circumstance; a painful march,
Through twenty hours of night and day prolong'd,
Forespent the British troops; and hope delay'd
Had left their spirits pall'd. But when the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win the heights,
The welcome order came to them, like rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the front
Of danger, they with steady step advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet
Drove down the foe. The vanquish'd Victor saw
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw well pleased
Her old ascendency that day sustain'd;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies rank'd another Graham.
(4) EPITAPH

[Published in The Literary Souvenir, 1827, under the title of 'A Soldier's Epitaph.']

Steep is the soldier's path; nor are the heights
Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope;
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,
And cutting short the work of years, at once
Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
Such fate was mine.—The standard of the Buffs
I bore at Albuhera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeem'd, the Polish lancers fell
Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claim'd
My precious charge.—'Not but with life!' I cried,
And life was given for ... posed,
Saved not the French invaders from attack,
Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undiscgraeed have I
Transmitted it. He who in days to come
May bear the honour'd banner to the field
Will think of Albuhera, and of me.

(5) EPITAPH

[First published in The Literary Souvenir, 1828.]

True and the world, whose magnitude and weight
Bear on us in this Now, and hold us here
To earth enthrall'd, . . what are they in the Past?
And in the prospect of the immortal Soul
How poor a speck! Not here her resting-place,
Her portion is not here; and happiest they
Who, gathering early all that Earth can give,
Shake off its mortal coil, and speed for Heaven.
Such fate had he whose relics moulder here.
Few were his years, but yet enough to teach
Love, duty, generous feelings, high desires,
Faith, hope, devotion: and what more could length
Of days have brought him? What, but vanity,
Joys frailer even than health or human life;
Temptation, sin and sorrow, both too sure,
Evils that wound, and cares that fret the heart.

DEDICATION OF 'COLLOQUIES'

DEDICATION OF THE AUTHOR'S COLLOQUIES ON THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REVEREND HERBERT HILL,
Formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford; successively Chaplain to the British Factories at Porto and at Lisbon; and late Rector of Streatham: who was released from this life, Sept. 19, 1828, in the 80th year of his age.

Nor upon marble or sepulchral brass
Have I the record of thy worth inscribed,
Dear Uncle! nor from Chantrey's chisel ask'd
A monumental statue, which might wear Through many an age thy venerable form.
Such tribute, were I rich in this world's wealth,
Should rightfully be rendered, in discharge Of grateful duty, to the world evinced When testifying so by outward sign Its deep and inmost sense. But what I can Is rendered piously, prefixing here
Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries Before thy birth by Holbein's happy hand Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture Of More, the mild, the learned, and the good; Traced in that better stage of human life, When vain imaginations, troublous thoughts, Arose, and fears have had their course, and left The intellect composed, the heart at rest,

Nor yet decay hath touch'd our mortal frame. Such was the man whom Henry, of desert Appreciante alway, chose for highest trust; Whom England in that eminence approved; Whom Europe honoured, and Erasmus loved.

Such was he ere heart-hardening bigotry Obscured his spirit, made him with himself Discordant, and contracting then his brow,
With sour defeature mark'd his countenance.

What he was, in his best and happiest time, Even such worth thou, dear Uncle! such thy look 30 Benign and thoughtful; such thy placid mien; Thine eye serene, significant and strong, Bright in its quietness, yet brightening oft With quick emotion of benevolence, Or flash of active fancy, and that mirth Which aye with sober wisdom well accords.

Nor ever did true Nature, with more nice Exactitude, fit to the inner man The fleshly mould, than when she stampt on thine Her best credentials, and bestow'd on thee An aspect, to whose sure confidence could trust, Which at a glance obtain'd respect from men, And won at once good will from all the good.
Such as in semblance, such in word and deed.
Lisbon beheld him, when for many a year
The even tenour of his spotless life
Adorn'd the English Church, . . her minister
In that strong hold of Rome's Idolatry,
To God and man approved. What Englishman,
Who in those peaceful days of Portugal
Resorted thither, curious to observe
Her cities, and the works and ways of men,
But sought him, and from his abundant stores
Of knowledge profited? What stricken one,
Sent thither to protract a living death,
Forlorn perhaps, and friendless else, but found
A friend in him! What mourners, . . who had seen
The object of their agonising hopes
In that sad cypress ground deposited, 50
Wherein so many a flower of British growth,
Untimely faded and cut down, is laid,
In foreign earth compress'd, . . but bore away
A life-long sense of his compassionate care.
His Christian goodness? Faithful shepherd be,
And vigilant against the wolves, who there,
If entrance might be won, would straight beset
The dying stranger, and with merciless zeal
Day the death-bed. In every family
Throughout his fold was he the welcome guest,
Alike to every generation dear,
The children's favourite, and the grand-
sire's friend,

Tried, trusted and beloved. So liberal too,
In secret alms, even to his utmost means,
That they who served him, and who saw in part
The channels where his constant bounty ran,
Maugre their own uncharitable faith,
Believed him, for his works, secure of Heaven.
It would have been a grief for me to think
The features, which so perfectly express'd 80
That excellent mind, should irretrievably
From earth have pass'd away, existing now
Only in some few faithful memories
In soul'd, and not by any limmer's skill
To be immolated thence. A blessing then
On him, in whose prophetic counterfeit
Preserved, the children now, who were the crown
Of his old age, may see their father's face,
Here to the very life pourtray'd, as when
Spain's mountain passes, and her ilex woods,
And fragrant wildsiness, side by side,
With him I traversed, in my morn of youth,
And gather'd knowledge from his full discourse.
Often in former years I pointed out,
Well-pleased, the casual portrait, which so well
Assorted in all points; and haply since,
While lingering o'er this meditative work,
Sometimes that likeness, not uncon-
scionably, 110

Hath tinged the strain; and therefore, for the sake
Of this resemblance, are these volumes now
Thus to his memory properly inscribed.

O friend! O more than father! whom I found
Forbearing always, always kind; to whom
No gratitude can speak the debt I owe;
For on their earthly pilgrimage advanced
Are they who knew thee when we drew the breath
Of that delicious clime! The most are gone;
And whose yet survive of those who then
Were in their summer season, on the tree
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,
Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.
I, too, am in the sear, the yellow leaf.
And yet, (no wish is nearer to my heart,) one ardous labour more, as unto thee
In duty bound, full fain would I complete,
(No Heaven permit,) recording faithfully
The heroic rise, the glories, the decline,
Of that fallen country, dear to us, wherein
The better portion of thy days was pass'd,
And where, in fruitful intercourse with thee,
My intellectual life received betimes
The bias it kept. Poor Portugal,
In us thou harbouredst no ungrateful guests!
We loved thee well; Mother magnani-
mous
Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts,
For such in other times thou wert, nor yet
To be despair'd of, for not yet, methinks,
Degenerate wholly, . . yes, we loved thee well!
And in thy moving story, (so but life
Be given me to mature the gathered store)
Of thirty years,) poet and politician,
And Christian sage, (only philosopher
Who from the well of living water drinks
Never to thirst again,) shall find, I ween,
For fancy, and for profitable thought,
Abundant food.
Alas! should this be given.
Such consummation of my work will now
Be but a mournful close, the one being gone,
Whom to have satisfied was still to me
A pure reward, outweighing far all breath
Of public praise.

0 friend revered,
0 guide
And fellow-labourer in this ample field,
How large a portion of myself hath pass'd
With thee, from earth to Heaven!
Thyself was an inspiration.

0 thou, that once

To be despair'd of, for not yet, methinks,
Degenerate wholly, . . yes, we loved thee well!
And in thy moving story, (so but life
Be given me to mature the gathered store)
Of thirty years,) poet and politician,
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Such consummation of my work will now
Be but a mournful close, the one being gone,
Whom to have satisfied was still to me
A pure reward, outweighing far all breath
Of public praise.

0 friend revered,
0 guide
And fellow-labourer in this ample field,
How large a portion of myself hath pass'd
With thee, from earth to Heaven!
Thyself was an inspiration.

0 thou, that once
Bent, like the antique sculptor's limbless trunk,
By chronic pain, yet with thine eye unquenched,
The ear unmind'd, the mind retentive still,
The heart unchanged, the intellectual lamp
Burning in its corporeal sepulchre.
No; not if human wishes had had power
To have suspended Nature's constant work,
Would they who loved thee have detain'd thee thus,
Waiting for death.
That trance is over. Thou
Art enter'd on thy heavenly heritage;
And I, whose dial of mortality
Points to the eleventh hour, shall follow soon.
Meantime, with dutiful and patient hope,
I labour that our names conjoin'd may long
Survive, in honour one day to be held
Where old Lisboa from her hills overlooks
Expanded Tagus, with its populous shores
And pine woods, to Palmella's erested height:
Nor there alone; but in those rising realms
Where now the offsets of the Lusian tree
Push forth their vigorous shoots, from central plains,
Whence rivers flow divergent, to the gulph
Southward, where wild Para disembogues
A sea-like stream; and northward, in a world
Of forests, where huge Orellana clips
His thousand islands with his thousand arms.

LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD

[Printed by Southey's cousin and son-in-law, Herbert Hill, in Oliver Newman: With Other Poetical Remains, in 1845.]

LITTLE BOOK, in green and gold,
Thou art thus bedight to hold
Robert Southey's Album Rhymes,
Wrink'd from him in busy times:
Not a few to his vexation,
By importune application;
Some in half-sarcastic strain,
More against than with the grain;
Other some, he must confess,
Bubbles blown in idleness;
Some in earnest, some in jest,
Good for little at the best:
Yet, because his Daughter dear
Would collect them fondly here,
Little Book, in gold and green,
Thou art not untruly seen
Thus apparell'd for her pleasure,
Like the casket of a treasure.
Other some, he must confess,
Some in earnest, some in jest,
Bubbles blown in idleness;
Some in earnest, some in jest,
Good for little at the best:
Yet, because his Daughter dear,
Would collect them fondly here,
Little Book, in gold and green,
Thou art not untruly seen
Thus apparell'd for her pleasure,
Like the casket of a treasure.
Other owner, well I know,
Never more can prize thee so.

When those feelings, and that race,
Have in course of time given place,
Little worth, and little prized,
Disregarded or despised,
Thou wilt then be bought and sold,
In thy faded green and gold.
Then, unless some curious eye
Thee upon the shelf should spy,
Dust will gather on thee there,
And the worms, that never spare,
Feed their fill within, and hide,
Burrowing safely in thy side,
Till transfigur'd out they come From that emblem of the tomb:
Or, by mould and damp consumed,
Thou to perish may'st be doom'd.

But if some collector find thee,
He will, as a prize, re-bind thee;
And thou may'st again be seen
Gayly drest in gold and green.

9th September, 1831.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM
OF ROTHÀ QUILLINAN

[Printed, like the preceding poem, with Oliver Newman, in 1845.]

Rothà, after long delays, Since thy book must cross the Raise,
Down I sit to turn a stave, Be it gay or be it grave.
Wiser wish than what thy name Prompts for thee I cannot frame; No where find a better theme Than thy native nameake stream.
Lovelier river is there none Undernoath an English sun; From its source it issues bright Upon hoar Helvellyn's height, Flowing where its summer voice Makes the mountain herds rejoice;

From the four corners of the world cries out For justice upon one accursed head: When Freedom hath her holy banners spread

And in whom thou may'st awake, For thy former owner's sake,
A pious thought, a natural sigh,
A feeling of mortality.

When those feelings, and that race,
Have in course of time given place,
Little worth, and little prized,
Disregarded or despised,
Thou wilt then be bought and sold,
In thy faded green and gold.
Then, unless some curious eye
Thee upon the shelf should spy,
Dust will gather on thee there,
And the worms, that never spare,
Feed their fill within, and hide,
Burrowing safely in thy side,
Till transfigur'd out they come From that emblem of the tomb:
Or, by mould and damp consumed,
Thou to perish may'st be doom'd.

But if some collector find thee,
He will, as a prize, re-bind thee;
And thou may'st again be seen
Gayly drest in gold and green.

9th September, 1831.

ODE WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH BUONAPARTE, IN JANUARY, 1814

[First published in The Courier, Feb. 3, 1814, with a number of slight variations from the present text. Republished in The Times, April 21, 1814, in its present form.]

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour, When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd, And to the injured power? Who counsels peace at this momentous hour, When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd, And to the injured power?

When Freedom hath her holy banners spread
From its source it issues bright
Upon hoar Helvellyn's height,
Flowing where its summer voice
Makes the mountain herds rejoice;

Down the dale it issues then,
Not polluted there by men;
While its lucid waters take
Their pastoral course from lake to lake,
Please the eye in every part,
Lull the ear, and soothe the heart, Till into Windermere sedate

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour, When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd, And to the injured power? Who counsels peace at this momentous hour, When God hath given deliverance to the oppress'd, And to the injured power?

Wiser wish than what thy name Prompts for thee I cannot frame; No where find a better theme Than thy native nameake stream.
Lovelier river is there none Undernoath an English sun;
Over all nations, now in one just cause
United; when with one sublime accord
Europe throws off the yoke abhorrent,
And Loyalty and Faith and Ancient Laws
Follow the avenging sword!

Woe, woe to England! woe and endless shame,
If this heroic land,
False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand!
Woe to the world, if Buonaparte's throne
Be suffer'd still to stand!
For by what names shall Right and
Wrong be known, ...
What new and courtly phrases must we feign
For Falsehood, Murder, and all monstrous crimes,
If that perfidious Corsican maintain
Still his detested reign,
And France, who years even now to
break her chain,
Beneath his iron rule be left to groan?
No! by the innumerable dead,
Whose blood hath for his lust of power been shed,
Death only can for his foul deeds atone;
When Heaven such grace vouchsafed him that the way
To Good and Evil lay
Before him, which to choose.

But Evil was his Good,
For all too long in blood had he been nurst,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant curst.
Bold man and bad,
Without remorse, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will
knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart,
From evil thus portentous strength
he drew,
And trumped under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities,
That peace which Death and Judgement can bestow,
That peace be Buonaparte's, ...

France! beneath this floree Barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapiñe, and blood, and fire have mark'd thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.

A curse is on thee, France! from far
This land of通用 wide
Hath gone up to Heaven. All lands have cried
For vengeance upon thy detested head!
All nations curse thee, France! for
wheresoe'er
In peace or war thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have follow'd there.
The Living and the Dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
Crouching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer.
The voice of that innumerable throng,
Whose slaughter'd spirits day and night invoke
The Everlasting Judge of right and wrong.
How long, O Lord! Holy and Just,
how long!

A merciless oppressor hast thou been,
Thyself remorselessly oppress'd meantime;
Greedy of war, when all that thou couldst gain
Was but to dye thy soul with deeper crime,
And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
O blind to honour, and to interest blind,
When thus in abject servitude resign'd
To this barbarian upstart, thou couldst brave
God's justice, and the heart of human kind!
Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the world,
Thyself the while a miserable slave,
Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd!
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath dipp'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh which gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiﬀened on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscow;
By the bodies which he all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry;
By the childless parent's misery;
By the lives which he hath shed;
By the ruin he hath spread;
By the prayers which rise for curses on his head;
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame,
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW

[First published in The Courier, June 23, 1814, and afterwards in 1837-1838, among the Ballads and Metrical Tales.]

1
The Emperor Napoleon would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!

2
Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were Marshals by the dozen,
And Dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and Kings one or two;
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

3
There was Junot and Augereau, Heigh-ho for Moscow! Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky, Marshal Ney, Lack-a-day! General Rapp and Barye, A case apart, Its back was buff, and its sides were blue, Morbleu! Parbleu! But they must be marching to Moscow.

4
The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big
That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.
John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!

5
And Counsellor Brougham was all in a care;
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
The Russians, he said, they were undone,
And the great Flee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come:
With a hop, step, and jump unto London.
For as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff at it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good.
And nothing could call him off it.
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know,
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's Review,
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reck'n'd:
It was through thick and thin to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu! (too).
It served them for Law and for Gospel.

6
But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow
And all the others...
Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name,
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night,
He would rather parlez-vois than fight;
But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
Morbier! Parbleu!
When parlez-vois no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found in that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all his power;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
Too blue, the fields were so white and the sky Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night:
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
Morbier! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow.
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Moscow:
And there is there to be kept in view
Where the fire is red and the brimstone blue,
Morbier! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;
Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host,
He has reckoned too long without him;
If that host get him in Furgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For thence there is no stealing away
As there was on the road from Moscow.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund's scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam;
To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul;
A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that; the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the woffl tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.
In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feeling soon'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep;
To sleep... but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd'd to stand.
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand;
Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's ear, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

'I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard;
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge
Take now thy due reward.'

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the storm of night...
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
'What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!'
He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.
'My boat is small,' the boatman cried,
'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay.'
Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice
Even in that hour of woe.
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.
364  SELECTED MINOR POEMS

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
Thou shalt have half my gold,' he cried,
Haste to yonder shore.'

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden Lord William beard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused,'Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!
'Twas but the howling wind of night,'
Lord William made reply.

'Haste . . haste . . ply swift and strong the oar;
Haste . . haste across the stream !'
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

I heard a child's distressful voice,'
The boatman cried again.
Nay, hasten on . . the night is dark . .
And we should search in vain.'

O God ! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?

How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream !

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger ? ' quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

'I have left a good woman who never was here,'
The Stranger he made reply,
But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why ?

St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man,
Many a time
Drunk of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

1 But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the Husband then !'

The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be times ?'
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the Husband then !'

The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be times ?'
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hasted as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch; . .
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to Church.'

Westbury, 1798.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

[First published in The Morning Post, Dec. 3, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

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And he bade the Stranger hail.

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The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

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'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

[First published in The Morning Post, Dec. 3, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

I know not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched . . . virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.'—Futter.

This passage in One of the folios of the Worthy old Fuller, who, as he says, knew not whether it were worth the ... originality, lest I should be accused here after of having committed the plagiarism which has been practised upon it.

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;
And near them they beheld a child; Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat Approach'd his resting-place;
And show'd how pale his face.

And a nearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the Stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger ? ' quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.

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The Stranger he made reply,
But that my draught should be the better for that,
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Many a time
Drunk of this crystal Well,
And before the Angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

1 But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the Husband then !'

The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be times ?'
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[First published in The Morning Post, August 9, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1 It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2 She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3 Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who, as he says, knew not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched . . . virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby. . .

1  But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
God help the Husband then !'

The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be times ?'
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spoke,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
Who fell in the great victory.
With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

It was the English," Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
So for many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

The Raven crook'd as she sat at her meal,
And the Old Woman knew what he said,
And she grew pale at the Raven's tale,
And sheken'd and went to her bed.

Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,' The Old Woman of Berkeley said,' The Monk my son, and my daughter the Nun,
Bid them hasten or I shall be dead.'

The Old Woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door,
And she cried with a voice of despair,
' Now take away the sacrament,
For its presence I cannot bear!'
Away they sent the sacrament,  
The fit it left her weak,  
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes,  
And faintly struggled to speak.

'I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,  
The fiends have been my slaves,  
From sleeping babes I have suck'd the breath,  
And breaking by charms the sleep of death,  
I have call'd the dead from their graves.

And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,  
My witchcrafts to atone;  
And I who have troubled the dead man's grave  
Shall never have rest in my own.

And ever have the church door barr'd  
After the even-song;  
And I beseech you, children dear,  
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

And let let this be three days and nights  
My wretched corpse to save;  
And then I may rest in my grave.'

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,  
And her eyes grew deadly dim,  
Short came her breath, and the struggle of death  
Did loosen every limb.

To see the Priests and Choristers  
It was a goodly sight,  
Each holding, as it were a staff,  
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and small,  
Did toll so loud and long;  
And they have barr'd the church door hard,  
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light  
Burnt steadily and clear,  
But they without a hideous rout  
Of angry fiends could hear;  
A hideous roar at the church door  
Like a long thunder peal;  
And the Priests they pray'd, and the Choristers sung  
Louder in fearful zeal.

And ever have the church door barr'd  
After the even-song;  
And I beseech you, children dear,  
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

And the cock he crew, the Fiends they flew  
From the voice of the morning away;  
Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,  
And the fifty Priests they pray;  
And the church bells all, both great and small  
Did toll by night and day;  
And the Priests and Choristers sung  
The old woman's winding sheet.

And the bellmen, they for very fear  
Could toll the bell no longer;  
And still as louder grew the strokes,  
Their fear it grew the stronger.

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Could toll the bell no longer;  
And still as louder grew the strokes,  
Their fear it grew the stronger.

And the bellmen, they for very fear  
Could toll the bell no longer;  
And still as louder grew the strokes,  
Their fear it grew the stronger.
And a sound was heard like the trumpet’s blast,
That shall one day wake the dead;
The strong church door could bear no more,
And the bolt and the bars they fled;
And the taper’s light was extinguished quite,
And the choristers faintly sung,
And the Priests dismay’d, pant’d and pray’d;
And on all Saints in heaven for aid,
They call’d with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
The Devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glow’d
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chaina,
And like flax they moulder’d asunder, And the coffin lid, which was barr’d so firm,
And in He came with eyea of Hame,
The Devil to fetch the dead,And all the church with his presence glow’d
Like a fiery furnace red.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
Twas a piteous sight to see all around The grain lie rotting on the ground.

They saw her no more, but her cries For four miles round they could hear, And children at rest at their mothers’ breast Started, and scream’d with fear.

'Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbichop of Mentz. It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otto, surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Cesseers and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine afore-men- tioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accursed and mercilesso caitiffe, burnt up all the corn that they had, so cruelly devoured by those sillie creatures, who pur- 

So then to his palacc returned he, And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man; But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

And the country is greatly obliged to me, For ridding it in these times forlorn Of Rats that only consume the corn.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away, And he crost the Rhine without delay, And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

And the stream is strong and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearedfully hasten’d away, And he crost the Rhine without delay, And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

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Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away, And he crost the Rhine without delay, And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

From within and without, from above
From the right and the left, from behind
And through the walls helter-skelter
And the gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

As louder and louder drawing near
Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he
Such a judgement had never been

By thousands they come, and by myriads
They are not to be told by the dozen or
To do the work for which they were sent.

And up the Tower their way is bent,
And they have climbed the shores so
And the Cat; at the
Windows and in at the
door,
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's
swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous
Rocks,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd
round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

But the Bishop he grew more fearful for
For she sat screaming, mad with fear
He listen'd and look'd; it was only
On his pillow from whence the screaming
He started and saw two eyes of flame
But soon a scream made him arise,
He laid him down and closed his eyes;
But the sea-pirate, a year thereafter he perished upon
the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the
Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a
there and maintained by the Abbot of
The bell or clocke was put
SAID rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree
of the danger. This bell or clocke was put
moved by the
sage, giving notice to the saylers
or timmer, which rang continually, being
seen
without either sign or sound of their
Her keel was steady in the ocean.
Without either sign or sound of their
shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape
Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell.
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and
swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scound the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd
store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.
So think a haze o'er spreads the sky
They cannot see the Sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter
soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising
Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers
roar?
For methinks we should be near the
shore.'
'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift
along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
shock,—
'Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!'
Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover
hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Sir Ralph, the Rover, tore his hair;
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover
hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes
to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter
soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising
Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers
roar?
For methinks we should be near the
shore.'
'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
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A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Bristol, 1802.
QUEEN ORRACA
AND
THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO


This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Alfonso II, and in the Historia Serafica of Fr. Manuel da Esperanca.

1
The Friars five have girt their loins, And taken staff in hand; And never shall those Friars again Hear mass in Christian land. They went to Queen Orraca, To thank her and bless her then; And Queen Orraca in tears Kneelt to the holy men.

'Three things, Queen Orraca, We propesey to you: Doth the bloody Miriamolin Their burial still refuse?'

'What news, O King Alfonso, Of the Martyrs five what news?'

'What news, O King Alfonso, Have they preach'd to the Miriamolin? And are they still alive?'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen! They have run the race; In robes of white they hold the palm Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air Their mangled bodies lie; What Christian dared to bury them, By the bloody Moors would die.'

'What news, O King Alfonso, Doth the bloody Miriamolin Their burial still refuse?'

'What news, O King Alfonso, What news of the Friars five?'

'Have they preach'd to the Miriamolin? And are they still alive?'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen! They have run the race; In robes of white they hold the palm Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air Their mangled bodies lie; What Christian dared to bury them, By the bloody Moors would die.'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen! They have run the race; In robes of white they hold the palm Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air Their mangled bodies lie; What Christian dared to bury them, By the bloody Moors would die.'

'The Friars they bless her, one by one, Where she knelt on her knee, And they departed to the land Of the Moors beyond the sea.

2

'What news, O King Alfonso, What news of the Friars five? Have they preach'd to the Miriamolin? And are they still alive?'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen! They have run the race; In robes of white they hold the palm Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air Their mangled bodies lie; What Christian dared to bury them, By the bloody Moors would die.'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen! They have run the race; In robes of white they hold the palm Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air Their mangled bodies lie; What Christian dared to bury them, By the bloody Moors would die.'

'The Friars they bless her, one by one, Where she knelt on her knee, And they departed to the land Of the Moors beyond the sea.

3

'What news, O King Alfonso, Of the Martyrs five what news? Doth the bloody Miriamolin Their burial still refuse?'

'That on a dunghill they should rot, The bloody Moor decreed; That their dishonour'd bodies should The dogs and vultures feed:

'But the thunder of God roll'd over them, And the lightning of God flash'd round; Nor thing impure, nor man impure, Could approach the holy ground.

'A thousand miracles appall'd The cruel Pagan's mind; Our brother Pedro brings them here, In Coimbra to be shrined.'

'Every altar in Coimbra Is drest for the festival day; All the people in Coimbra Are dight in their richest array.'

'Every altar in Coimbra Is drest for the festival day; All the people in Coimbra Are dight in their richest array.'

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BROUGH BELLS

The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome ancient building. The steeple is not so old, having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his Bull fell a bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, ‘Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?’ He answered, ‘Yes.’ ‘Well, then,’ says Brunskill, ‘I will make them all crune together.’ And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger). There is a monument in the body of the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second window, and in which it is said the said Brunskill was the last that was interred.’—Nicolson and Burn’s History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland, vol. i, p. 571.

One day to Helbeck I had stroll’d
Among the Crossfell hills,
And resting in its rocky grove
Sat listening to the rills;
The while to their sweet undersong
The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind awoke the wood
To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter as it rose,
Or died away, was borne
The harmony of merry bells,
From Brough that pleasant morn.

‘Why are the merry bells of Brough,
My friend, so few?’ said I.
‘They disappoint the expectant ear,
Which they should gratify.

One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;
‘Tis still one, two, three, four.
Mellow and silvery are the tones;
But I wish the bells were more!’

What shall I tell thee of the cows?
With a whole herd of them to hear;
And from Brough all up the lea
On Stanemore’s side one summer eve.

Thou hearst that lordly Bull of mine,
Neighbour,” quoth Brunskill then;
‘How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again.

Think’st thou if you whole herd at once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?’

That were a crune, indeed,’ replied
His comrade, “which, I wone,
Might at the Spital well be heard,
And in all dales between.

‘Up Mallerstang to Eden’s springs
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair.’

‘Then shall the herd,” John Brunskill cried,
‘From yon dumb steeple crune,
And thou and I, on this hill-side,
Will listen to their tune.

Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was stili.

The hills return’d that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air;
The only sound it was, which then
Awoke the echoes there.

Thou hearst that lordly Bull of mine,
Neighbour,” quoth Brunskill then;
‘How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again.

More pleasure,’ I replied, ‘shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill’s sake.

Yet who are ye, ye blessed Saints?
The Father Confessor said;
And for what happy soul sing ye
The Service of the Dead!’

These are the souls of our brethren in bliss,
The Martyrs five are we:
And this is our father Francisco,
Among us bodily!

We are come hither to perform
Our promise to the Queen;
Go thou to King Affonso,
And say what thou hast seen.

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled;
And the porter called to the Confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.

Bristol, 1600.
SELECTED MINOR POEMS

'What feelings and what impulses
Their cadence might convey,
To herdsmen or to shepherd boy,
Whiling in indolent employ
The solitary day;

That when his brethren were convened
To meet for social prayer,
He, too, admonish'd by the call,
In spirit might be there.

Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
Upon the winds of Heaven,
Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
For some great blessing given—

For victory by sea or land,
And happy peace at length;
Peace by his country's valour won,
And establish'd by her strength;

When such exultant peals were borne
Upon the mountain air,
The sound should stir his blood, and give
No English impulse there.'

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve look'd down
From Stanmore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might cruse with thine.

Keswick, 1828.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COFFEE-POT

A golden medal was voted to me
By a certain Royal Society:
'Twas not a thing at which to scoff,
For fifty guineas was the cost thereof:
On one side a head of the king you might see,
And on the other was Mercury!
But I was scant of worldly riches,
And moreover the Mercury had no breeches;
So, thinking of honour and utility too,
And having modesty also in view,
I sold this medal, (why should I not?)
And with the money which for it I got,
I purchased this silver coffee-pot:
Which I trust my son will preserve with care,
To be handed down from heir to heir.
These verses are engraved here,
That the truth of the matter may appear,
And I hope the society will be so wise,
As to future to dress their Mercuries!

SONNETS

[As two of the Sonnets have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems (pp. 349, 350), and three of those published in 1837-1838 have been omitted, it has been necessary to make some alteration in the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done the number in brackets ( ) at the head of a sonnet denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.

Of the Sonnets printed below, numbers I to IV inclusive (as numbered in the present edition) were published in Poems, 1797; the remainder were published in Metrical Tales, 1805. Sonnets V, VI, VII, VIII, and XIV were included in The Annual Anthology, 1799; Sonnets IX, X, XI, XIV, XV, appeared in The Annual Anthology, 1800.]

I (IV) CORSTON
As thus I stand beside the murmuring stream
And watch its current, memory here pourtrays
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's bright beam.
Dimly descnred, but lovely, I have worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours away,
When childhood idled through the Sabath-day;
Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest morn;
And when the summer twilight darken'd here,
Thinking of home, and all of heart forlorn,
Have sigh'd and shed in secret many a tear.

Dream-like and indistinct these days appear,
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet borne
Upon the breeze, reach softly the ear.

1794.

II (VI)

With many a weary step, at length I gain
Thy summit, Lansdown; and the cool breeze plays
Gratefully round my brow, as hence I gaze
Back on the fair expanse of yonder plain.

Twas a long way and tedious; to the eye
Though fair the extended vale, and fair to view
The autumnal leaves of many a faded hue,
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
Even so it fared with life: in discontent
Restless through Fortune's mingled scenes I went...
Yet wpt to think they would return no more.

But cease, fond heart, in such sad thoughts to roam;
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.

1794.

III (VII)

Fair is the rising morn when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the musing poet's eye
Fades the soft radiance of departing day;
But fairest is the smile of one we love,
Than all the scenes in Nature's ample sway,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,

EDITH! is mine, escaping to thy sight
From the cold converse of the indifferent throng:
Too swiftly then toward the silent night,
Ye hours of happiness, ye speed along,
Whilst I, from all the world's dull cares apart,
Pour out the feelings of my burden'd heart.

1794.
SONNETS

IV (VIII)
How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain frowns
The gather'd tempest! from that lurid cloud
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain
Of war's dead stills up the misty downs
For ever saw so terrible a storm!
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
Wraps his thin raincoat round his shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him. I the while
Pause here in sadness, though the sun's beams smile
Cheerily round me. Ah! that thus my lot
Might be with Peace and Solitude as here,
Where I might from some little quiet cot
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind.

1794.

V (IX)
O thou sweet Lark, who in the heaven so high
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joyous a song,
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags below thee in the Infinite,
Still in my heart receive thy melody.
O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings like thee!
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to mount, and from my heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below;
But to that loved home where Fancy even now
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward through a tear,
Counting the weary hours that hold her

1798.

VI (X)
How dar'd ye yet feed on western plains of yore;
Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
Or wind the fields and gardens blossom out
In drest, like man when most with smiles thy face
Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye best

1798.
SONNETS

XII (XVII)
[First published in *The Morning Post*, December 14, 1798.]

Stately yon vessel sails adown the tide, 
To some far distant land adventurous bound; 
The sailors' busy cries from side to side 
Pealing among the echoing rocks resound: 
A patient, thoughtful, much-enduring band; 
Joyful they enter on their ocean way, 
With shouts exulting leave their native land; 
And know no care beyond the present 
But is there no poor mourner left behind, 
Who sorrows for a child or husband near? 
Who at the hawling of the midnight wind 
Will wake and tremble in her boding 
So may her voyager o'er the distant seas, 
And Heaven be kind! 
Westbury, 1799.

XIII (XVIII)
[First published in *The Morning Post*, December 1, 1798.]

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour 
On the poor mariner! in comfort here 
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear 
The blast that rages with restless power. 
What were it now to toss upon 
The mad-den'd waves, and know no succour near; 
The hawling of the storm alone to hear, 
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves; 
To gaze amid the horrors of the night, 
And only see the billow's gleaming light; 
Then in the dread of death to think of her 
Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale, 
Putts up a silent prayer and waxes pale? 
O God! have mercy on the mariner! 
Westbury, 1799.

XIV (XIX)
[First published in *The Morning Post*, August 9, 1799.]

She comes majestic with her swelling sails, 
The gallant Ship; along her watery bound, 
Homeward she drives before the favouring gales; 
Now glancing at their length the streamers play! 
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze. 
Thunders in echoes to the joyful sound, 
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant seas, 
And now the pleased eye from yon lone cottage sees 
On the green mead the smoke long-shadowing play; 
The Red-breast on the blossom'd spray 
Warbles wild her latest lay; 
And lo! the Rooks to yon high-tufted trees 
Wing in long files vociferous their way. 
Westbury, 1799.

LYRIC POEMS

TO CONTEMPLATION
[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

Faint gleams the evening radiance through the sky, 
The sober twilight dimly darkens round; 
And the slow vapour curls along the ground. 
Now the pleased eye from yon lone cottage sees 
On the green mead the smoke long-shadowing play; 
And lo! the Rooks to yon high-tufted trees 
Wing in long files vociferous their way. 
Calm Contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour! 
Come, tranquillizing Power! 

When Ocean stills his waves to rest; 
Or when slow-moving on the surges hoar 
Meet with deep hollow groan 
And whitens o'er her breast; 
And when the Moon with softer radiance gleams, 
Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-worm's living light. 

Thee, meekest Power! I love to meet, 
As oft with solitary pace 
The ruin'd Abbey's hallowed rounds I trace, 
And listen to the echoing of my feet 
Or on some half-dismolish'd tomb, 
Whose warning texts anticipate my doom, 
Mark the clear orb of night 
Cast through the ivy'd arch a broken light. 
Nor will I not in some more gloomy hour 
Invoke with fearless awe thy holier power, 
Wandering beneath the sacred pile 
When the low gales of evening moan along, 
I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze, 
And roam the pathless forest wilds 
Listening the mellow murmur of the trees 
And to the winds respond in symphony.

Or lead me where amid the tranquil vale 
The broken streamlet flows in silver light; 
And I will linger where the gale 
O'er the bank of violet sighs, 
Listening to hear its softend sounds arise; 
And hearken to the dull beetle's drowsy flight, 
And watch'd the tube-eyed snail 
Creep o'er his long moon-glittering rails, 
And mark where radiant through the night 
Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-worm's living light.

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And mark where radiant through the night 
Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-worm's living light.
But sweeter 'tis to wander wild so
By melancholy dreams beguiled,
While the summer moon's pale ray
Faintly guides me on my way.
To some lone romantic glen
Far from all the haunts of men;
Where no noise of uproar rude
Breaks the calm of solitude;
But rookling Silence sleeps in all,
Save the neighbouring waterfall,
Whose hoarse waters falling near
Load with hollow sounds the ear,
And with down-dashed torrent white
Gleam hoary through the shades of night.

Thus wandering silent on and slow,
I'll nurse Reflection's sacred woe,
And muse upon the happier day
When Hope would weave her visions
Ere Faney, chill'd by adverse fate,
Left sad Reality my mate.

The remembrance of Youth is a sish.
Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To shed the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,
What then shall soothe his earliest woes?
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restrains which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.
From hard restraint and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
Thought I over, roamed,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd
Its folded blue destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ill that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

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Its generous warmth is gone;
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LYRIC POEMS

In the days of my youth, Father William replied, I remember'd that youth would fly fast, And abused not my health and my vigour at first, That I never might need them at last. You are old, Father William, the young man cried, And pleasures with youth pass away; And yet you lament not the days that are gone, Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied, I remember'd that youth could not last; I thought of the future, whatever I did, That I never might grieve for the past. You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death, Now tell me the reason, I pray. I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied, Let the cause thy attention engage; In the days of my youth I remember'd my God! And He hath not forgotten my age.

Westbury, 1799.

TO A SPIDER

(First published in The Morning Post, March 23, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.)

1 Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about To shun my curious eyes; I won't humanely crush thy bowels out Lest thou should'st eat the flies; Nor will I roast thee with a dam'd delight Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see, For there is One who might One day roast me.

2 Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore perplexed, The subject of his verse; There's many a one who on a better toye, Perhaps might comment worse. Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my view, But quietly like me spin out the line; Do thou thy work pursue As I will mine.

3 Weaver of snares, then emblemest the ways Of Satan, Sire of lies; Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind he lays His toils, ... busy oye runs round the room, Woe to that nico geometry, if seen! But where is He whose broom The earth shall clean?

4 Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought, And 'twas a likeness true, To emblem laws in which the weak are caught, But which the strong break through: And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en, Like some poor client is that wretched fly; I'll warrant thee thou'll drain His life-blood dry.

5 And is not thy weak work like human schemes And care on earth employ'd? Such are young hopes and Love's delightful dreams So easily destroyed! So does the Statesman, whilst the Avengers sleep, Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay, Soon shall destruction sweep His work away.

6 Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more May yet the verse prolong, For, Spider, thou art like the Poet poor, Whom thou hast help'd in song, Both busy our needful food to win, We work, as Nature taught, with ceaseless pains: Thy bowels thou dost spin, I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1798.

THE EBB TIDE

(First published in The Morning Post, June 25, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.)

Slowly thy flowing tide Came in, old Avon scarcely did mine eyes, As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side, Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars, Yet little way they made, though labouring long Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along; The solitary helmsman sits to guide, And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay So silent late, the shallow current roars; Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way; It speaks of human joys that rise so slow, So rapidly decay.

Westbury, 1799.

TO THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

(First published in The Morning Post, June 29, 1798; afterwards in Poems, vol. ii, 1799.)

And wherefore do the Poor complain? The Rich Man ask'd of me; ... Como walk abroad with me, I said, And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets Were cheerless to behold, And we were wrapt and coated well, And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man, His locks were thin and white; I ask'd him what he did abroad In that coid winter's night; The cold was keen indeed, he said, But at home no fire had he, And therefore he had come abroad To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child, And she begg'd loud and bold; I ask'd her what she did abroad When the wind it blew so cold; She said her father was at home, And he lay sick a-bed, And therefore was it she was sent Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down Upon a stone to rest, She had a baby at her back And another at her breast;
I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the night-wind was so chill;
She return'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still;
Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose
And sunken was her eye,
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passers-by;
I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse;
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the Rich Man then,
For silently stood he,
You ask'd me why the Poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

London, 1798.

TO A FRIEND

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY
YOUTH AGAIN

[First published in The Morning Post, May 97, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

1
Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William! nay, not so!
In the warm joyance of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William! nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea,
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

2
Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
Of the warm joy of the summer sun
And the changeful April day?
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to Him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.

Gaspar! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes
Beguile the lonely hour! I sit and gaze
With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy makes
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul
From the foul haunts of hered human-kind
Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes
The unmolested air, that with the lively hue
Of health and happiness illumines the cheek
Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul
All eager follows on thy fairy flights, to Fancy's best friend; whose blessed witcheries
With cheerful prospects cheer the traveller
O'er the long wearying desert of the world.
Nor dost thou, Fancy! with such magic morn
My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew,
Or Augiff, or Zarradell's sister sage,
Who in her vengeance for so many a year
Held in the jacinth sepulchre imprisoned,
Lisant the pride of Grecian chivalry.
Friend of my lonely hours! thou leadest me
To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good,
Proffer in vain to all her wretched sons.

Westbury, 1798.

Her wretched sons who pine with want amid
The abundant earth, and blindly bow them down
Before the Moloch shrines of Wealth and Power.

Authors of Evil. Well it is sometimes
That thy delusions should beguile the heart,
Sick of reality. The little pike
That tops the summit of that craggy hill
Shall be my dwelling: craggy is the hill
And steep; yet through yon hazels upward leads
The easy path, along whose winding way
Now close embower'd I hear the unseen stream
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam
Gleam through the thicket: and ascending
Now pause me to survey the godly vale
That opens on my prospect. Half way up
Pleasant it were upon some broad smooth rock
To sit and sun myself, and look below,
And watch the goatherd down yon high-bank path
Urging his flock grotesque; and bidding now
His lean rough dog from some near cliff go drive
The straggler; while his barkings loud and quick
Amid their tremulous bleece arising oft,
Fainter and fainter from the hollow road
Send their far echoes, till the waterfall
Hoarse bursting from the cavern'd cliff beneath,
Their dying murmurs drown. A little yet

London, 1798.
Onward, and I have gain’d the utmost height.
Fair spreads the vale below: I see the stream.
Stream radiant on beneath the moon-tide sky.
A passing cloud darkens the bordering steep.
Where the town-spires behind the castle-towers
Rise graceful; brown the mountain in its shade.
Whose circling grandeur, part by part conceals,
Part with white rocks resplendent in the sun,
Should bound mine eyes... ay, and my wishes too.
For I would have no hope or fear beyond.
The empty turmoil of the worthless world,
Its vanities and vices would not vex.
My quiet heart. The traveller, who beheld
The low tower of the little pile, might dream
It were the house of God; nor would be err
So deeming, for that home would be the home
Of Peace and Love, and they would hallow it.
To Him. Oh, life of blessedness! to reap
The fruit of honourable toil, and bound
Our wishes with our wants! Delightful thoughts,
That soothe the solitude of weary Hope,
Ye leave her to reality awakened,
Like the poor captive, from some fleeting dream
Of friends and liberty and home restored,
Startled, and listening as the midnight storm
Beats hard and heavy through his dungeon bars.

\textit{WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY,}

\textit{1795}

\textit{Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.}

How many hearts are happy at this hour
In England ! Brightly o'er the cheerful hall
Flares the heaped hearth, and friends
And kindred meet,
And the glad mother round her festive board
Beholds her children, separated long
Amid the wide world's ways, assembled now.
A sight at which affection lightens up
With smiles the eye that age has long bedimmed.
I do remember when I was a child
How my young heart, a stranger then to care
With transport leapt upon this holy day,
As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,
From friend to friend with joyful speed I ran,
Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
These years are past; their pleasures and their pains
Are now like yonder convent-crested hill
That bounds the distant prospect, indistinct,
Yet pictured upon memory's mystic glass
In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now
I journey o'er the desert mountain tracks
Of Leon, wilds all drear and comfortless,
Where the grey lizards in the moonshine sport
On the rocks, and where the goat-herd starts,
Roused from his sleep at midnight when he hears
The prowling wolf, and falters as he calls
On Saints to save. Here of the friends
I think
Who now, I ween, remember me, and till
The glass of votive friendship. At the name
Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its hue,
And in those gentle eyes unsullied for tears
Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep;
Such tears are free from bitterness, and they
Who know not what it is sometimes to wake
And weep at midnight, are but instruments
Of Nature's common work. Yes, think of me,
My Edith, think that, travelling far away,
Thus I beguile the solitary hours
With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair
Of peace, and comfort, and domestic bliss
As ever to the youthful poet's eye
Creative Fancy fashioned. Think of me,
Though absent, thine; and if a sigh will rise,
And tears, unbidden, at the thought steal down,
Sure hope will cheer thee, and the happy hour
Of meeting soon all sorrow overpay.

\textit{WRITTEN AFTER VISITING}

\textit{THE CONVENT OF ARRAVIDA}

\textit{NEAR SETUBAL}

\textit{MARCH 22, 1796}

\textit{Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797. The original version has been largely rewritten.}

Happy the dwellers in this holy house:
For surely never worldly thoughts intrude
On this retreat, this sacred solitude,
Where Quiet with Religion makes her home.
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,
How should ye be but good, where all is fair.
And where the mirror of the mind reflects
Serene beauty? Our these mountain wilds
The insatiate eye with ever new delight
Roams rapturously, marking now where to the wind.
The tall tree bends its many-tinted boughs
With soft accordant sound; and now the sport
Of joyous sea-birds o'er the tranquil deep.
And now the long-extending stream of light
Where the broad orb of day resolute sinks
Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no cares
That eat the heart, no wants that to the earth
Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed
From forced communion with the selfish tribe
Who worship Mammon,—yes, emancipated
From this world's bondage, even while the soul
Inhabits still its corruptible clay.
Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,
Seek where the herd of humankind.
I too could love,
Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
Here to abide, and when the sun rises high
Seek some sequester'd dingle's coolest shade;
And at the breezy hour, along the beach
Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep.
And while the breath of evening fan'd my brow,
AND THE WILD WAVES WITH THEIR CONTINUOUS SOUND
Soothed my accents; and, thank you kindly
That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time;
And found an harbour. Yet may you dear
Suggest a less unprofitable thought,
Mournful bretheren. Would the mariners,
Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,
And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash
Impel the mountainous surge, quit you dear,
And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
Whose moveless waters never feel the gale.
In safe stagnation? No, this for self-deluding dreams;
It is thy spring-time; sow, if thou wouldst reap;
Then, after honest labour, welcome rest,
In full contentment not to be enjoyed
Unless when duly earned. O happy then
To know that we have walked among mankind
More sin against than sinning! Happy then
To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
And think the business of the day is done,
[close,
And as the evening of our lives shall
The peaceful evening, with a Christian's hope
Expect the dawn of everlasting day.
Lisbon, 1796.

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE
TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE
[Published in Poems, 1797.]
AND I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dies o'er the sleeping surface!
Twenty

Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
Who once so dearly prised this miniature,
And loved it for its likeness, some are gone;
To their last home; and some, estranged
in heart,
Befit me, with quick-averted glance.
Pass on the other side. But still these remain unalter'd,
and these features wear
The look of Infancy and Innocence.
I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: those lightly arching lines
Dark and O'changing now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments!
There were
Who form'd high hopes and flattering tales
Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
Each opening feeling: should they not have known
If the rich rainbow on a morning cloud
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Behold the ominous glory, and foresee
Impending storms! They argued happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
Of fancy fiction, and thine infant tongue
Spoke with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome; therefore they deemed
That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.
I, an ill-judging one! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy;
And when thou shouldst have feared amid the crowd.
There didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's bourned shade.
Who could have guessed I was the wanderer
Brills, 1796.
Our resting-place that night,—a welcome mark;  
Though willingly we loiter'd to behold  
In long expanse Plasencia's fertile plain,  
And the high mountain range which bounded it.  
Now losing fast the roseate hue that eve  
Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast,  
For eve was closing now.  
 saints upon the air, and sailing slow  
The broad-wing'd stork sought on the church tower top  
His consecrated nest.  
I gazed upon you with intense delight,  
And yet with thoughts that weigh the spirit down.  
I was a stranger in a foreign land  
And knowing that these eyes should never more  
Behold that glorious prospect, Earth itself  
Appear'd the place of pilgrimage it is.  
Margaret! my Cousin... nay, you must not smile  
I love the homely and familiar phrase:  
And I will call thee Cousin Margaret.  
However quaint amid the measured line  
The good old term appears. Oh! it looks ill!  
When delicate tongues disdain old terms of kin,  
Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly  
As if the road between the heart and lips  
Were such a weary and Laplandish way,  
That the poor travellers came to the red gates  
Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,  
For many a day my memory hath play'd  
The creditor with me on your account,  
And made me shame to think that I should owe  
So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,  
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear  
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit  
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race  
Time leaves me distanced. Loth indeed were I  
That for a moment you should lay to me  
Unkind neglect; mine, Margaret, is a heart  
That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some  
Who know its genuine warmth. I am not one  
Who can play off my smiles and courtesy  
To every Lady of her lap-dog tired  
Who mock a play-thing; I am no sworn friend  
Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love;  
Mine are no mushroom feelings, which spring up At once without a seed and take no root.  
Wiselest distrusted. In a narrow sphere  
The little circle of domestic life  
I would be known and loved: the world beyond  
Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure  
That you should know me well, for you and I  
Grew up together, and when we look back  
Upon old times, our recollections paint  
The same familiar faces. Did I wield  
The wand of Merlin's magic, I would make  
Bravo witchcraft. We would have a fairy ship,
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery, let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear
As Sidney in his hall of blis may love.

Wealthy, 1788.

VIII
WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET
ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH TREASON, SEPT., 1803

'Let no man write my epitaph; let my grave
Be unsnared, and let my memory rest,
Till other times are come, and other men,
Who then may do me justice.'

Emmet, no
No withering curse hath dried my spirit up,
That I should now be silent, that my soul
Should from the stirring inspiration shrink,
Now when it shakes her, and withhold her voice.

Of that divinest impulse never more
Worthy, if impious I withhold it now, to
Hardening my heart. Here, here in this
Lab, To which in thy young virtue's ong zeal

These were the words in his speech:
'Let there be no inscription upon my tomb.
Let no man write my epitaph. No man
can write my epitaph. I am here ready to
die. I am not allowed to vindicate my character; and when I am prevented from vindicating myself, let no man dare to calumniate me. Let my character and my motives repose in obscurity and peace, till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written.'

Otho wert so perilous an enemy,
Here in free England shall an English hand
Build thy imperishable monument; O, to thine own misfortune and to ours,
By thine own deadly error so beguiled,
Here in free England shall an English voice
Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou hast paid
The bitter penalty of that misdeed; Justice hath done her unremitting part,
If she in truth be Justice who drives on,
Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of death.

So young, so glowing for the general good,
Oh what a lovely manhood had been thine,
When all the violent workings of thy youth
Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely spared,
Left to the slow and certain influences
Of silent feeling and maturing thought.
How had that heart, . . . that noble heart of thine,
Which even now had snaps one spell, which beat
With such brave indignation at the shame
And guilt of France, and of her miserable Lord,
How had it clung to England! With what love,
What pure and perfect love, return'd to her,
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now
For freedom, . . . yes, the only champion now,
And soon to be the Avenger. But the blow
Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,
That for its portion to the Grave consign'd
Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh, grief, grief! Oh, sorrow and reproach! Have ye to learn,
Deal to the past, and to the futureblind.

Ye who thus inremissibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distemper'd times the feverish mind
To strong delusion yields? Have ye to learn
With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice
Fifty doth call Revenge? Have ye no hearts
To feel and understand how Mercy tames
The rebel nature, maden'd by old wrongs,
And binds it in the gentle bands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to hold
That Samson-strength subdued!

Let no man write
Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou shalt not go
Without thy funeral strain! O young and good
And wise, though erring here, thou shalt not go
Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better thus
Beneath that . . . that noble heart of thine
Which even now had snaps one spell, which beat
With such brave indignation at the shame
And guilt of France, and of her miserable Lord,
How had it clung to England! With what love,
What pure and perfect love, return'd to her,
Now worthy of thy love, the champion now
For freedom, . . . yes, the only champion now,
And soon to be the Avenger. But the blow
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Deal to the past, and to the futureblind.

Keswick.
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**OCCASIONAL PIECES**

Beneath the shadow of Britannia’s shield, There only safe. Such fate have vicious courts, Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck policy, Upon, themselves drawn down; till Europe, bound In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust, Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny: Only the heroic Spaniards, he alone Yet unsubdued in these degenerate days, With desperate virtue, such as in old time Hallow’d Saguntum and Numantia’s name, Stands up against the oppressor undis- may’d.

So may the Almighty bless the noble race, And crown with happy end their holiest cause! Deem not these dread events the monstrous birth Of chance! And thou, 0 England, who dost ride Serene amid the waters of the flood, Preserving, even like the Ark of old, Amid the general wreck, thy purer faith, Domèstic loves, and ancient liberty, Look to thyself, 0 England! for be sure, Even to the measure of thine own desert, The cup of retribution to thy lips Shall soon or late be ... scent of death the accursed shipEreighted with human anguish, in her wakePursue the chase, crowd round her keel, and dart

**Toward the sound contending, when they hear**

Dash in the opening deep, no longer now The guilt shall rest on England; but if yet There be among her children, hard of heart And sore’d of conscience, men who set Her laws and God’s own word, upon themselves Their sin be visited! ... the red-cross flag, Redeem’d from stain so foul, no longer now Covereth the abomination.

This thy praise, O Grenville, and while ages roll away This shall be thy remembrance. Yea, when all For which the tyrant of these abject times Hath given his honourable name on earth, His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes of heaven; When all his triumphs and his deeds of blood, The fretful changes of his feverish pride, His midnight murders and perfidious plots, Are but a tale of years so long gone by, That they who read distrust the hideous truth, Why the Eternal’s justice, bless thy name, Grenville, because the wrongs of Africa Cry out no more to draw a curse from Heaven On England!—for it still the trooping sharks Track by the scent of death the accursed ship, Freighted with human anguish, in her wake Pursue the chase, crowd round her keel, and dart, Toward the sound contending, when they hear

**VERSES SPOKEN IN THEATRE AT OXFORD 399**

Thy praise beyond the tomb. The statesman’s fame Will fade, the conqueror’s laurel crown grow sere; Fame’s lowest trump upon the ear of Time Leaves but a dying echo; they alone Are hold in everlasting memory, Whose deeds partake of heaven. Long ages hence, Nations unborn, in cities that shall rise Along the palmy coast, will bless thy name; And Senegal and secret Niger’s shore, And Calabar, no longer startled then With sounds of murder, will, like Isis now, Ring with the songs that tell of Grenville’s praise.

Keswick, 1810.

**THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY**

Written for Music, and composed by Shield.

Glory to Thee in thine omnipotence, O Lord, who art our shield and our defence, And dost dispense, As seemeth best to thine unerring will (Which passeth mortal sense), The lot of Victory still; Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust: And bowing to the dust The rightfull cause, that so much seeming ill May thine appointed purposes fulfil; Sometimes, as in this late auspicious hour For which our hymns we raise, Making the wretched feel thy present power; Glory to thee and praise, Almighty God, by whom our strength was given! Glory to thee, O Lord of Earth and Heaven!

Keswick, 1815.
But thou the while shalt bear,  
To after-times, an old and honour'd name,  
And to remote posterity declare  
Thy Founder's virtuous fame.  
Fair structure! worthy the triumphant age  
Of glorious England's opulence and power,  
Peace be thy lasting heritage,  
And happiness thy dower!

XII

STANZAS

ADDRESS TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R.A.,  
ON HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE  
FROM THE TOWN OF ARONA

[First published in *The Keepsake*, 1829.]

1

Turner, thy pencil brings to mind a day  
When from Laveno and the Beusser hill  
I over Lake Verbanus held my way  
In pleasant fellowship, with wind at will;  
Smooth were the waters wide, the sky serene,  
And our hearts gladdened with the joyful scene;

2

Jovial, . . for all things minister'd delight, . .  
The lake and land, the mountains and the vales;  
The Alps their snowy summits reared in light,  
Tempering with gelid breath the summer gales;  
And verdant shores and woods refresh'd the eye  
That else had ached beneath that brilliant sky.

3

To that elaborate island were we bound  
Of yore the scene of Borromean pride, . .  
Folly's prodigious work; where all around,  
Under its coronet and self-belied,  
Look where you will, you cannot choose but see  
The obtrusive motto's proud 'Humility!'

4

Far off the Borromean saint was seen,  
Distinct though distant, o'er his native town,  
Where his Colossus with benignant mien  
Looks from its station on Arona down:  
To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes,  
From the wide lake, when perilous storms arise.

5

But no storm threaten'd on that summer-day;  
The whole rich scene appear'd for joyance made;  
With many a gliding bark the mere was gay,  
The fields and groves in all their wealth array'd;  
I could have thought the Sun beheld with smiles  
Those towns and palaces and populous isles.

6

Both knew her voice, and each alike would seek  
Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch to gain:  
How faintly then may words her sorrow speak,  
When by the one she sees the other aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

7

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful eyes;  
Take thou, dear child, a lesson not unholy  
From one whom nature taught to moralize,  
Both in his mirth and in his melancholy.

8

I will not warn thee not to set thy heart  
Too fondly upon perishable things;  
In vain the earnest preacher spends his art,  
Upon that theme; in vain the poet sings.

9

It is our nature's strong necessity,  
And this the soul's unerring instinct tells;  
Therefore I say, let us love worthily,  
Dear child, and then we cannot love too well.

10

Better it is all losses to deplore,  
Which dutiful affection can sustain,  
Than that the heart should, in its inmost core,  
Harden without it, and have lived in vain.

11

This love which thou hast lavish'd, and the woe  
Which makes thy lip now quiver with distress,  
Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,  
From the deep springs of female tenderness.

12

And something I would teach thee from the grief  
That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,  
The which may be thy sober, sure relief  
When sorrow visits thee in after years.
I ask not whether the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd;
Our Father hath not made that mystery known;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not reveal'd.

But didst thou know in sure and sacred truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,
There through an endless life of joyous youth,
To warble in the bowers of Paradise;

Lucy, if then the power to thee were given
In that cold form its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from its Heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage?

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
Wouldst thou the object of thy love recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
And death, which must be suffered once by all?

Oh, no, thou say'st: oh, surely not, not so!
I read the answer which those looks express:
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
We bring with us the immortal seed at birth:
Of heaven it is, and heavenly; woe to them
Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

Which have assailed thee, now, or heretofore,
Find, soon or late, their proper meed of shame;
The more thy triumph, and our pride the more,
When withering critics to the world proclaim,
In lead, their own dolt incapacity.
Matter it is of mournful memory.

To think, when thou wert early in the field,
How childishly small Jeffrey ran at thee A-tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.
And now, a veteran in the lists of fame,
I ween, old Friend! thou art not worse bested
When with a maudlin eye and drunken aim
To be the unprincipled hero.

To whom the minstrel and the lyre belong,
To think, when thou wert early in the field,
Have passed with restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale beneath the shades of night
The present shadiness of life and time
O'er all the landscape spread their influence chill,
Hang o'er the vale and wood, and hide the hill,
Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll away,
The prospect opens on the traveller's sight,
And hills and vales and woods reflect the living light.

O thou, the mistress of my future days,
Accept thy minstrel's retrospective lays;
To whom the whomst and the lyre
Belong,
Accept, my friend, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought and grief, or happiness and you;
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt to prove
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of love.

Corton, twelve years in various fortunes fled,
Have pass'd with restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale beneath the master's rule
I dwelt an inmate of the village school.
Yet, still will Memory's busy eye re-trace
Each little vestige of the well-known place;
Large was the house, though fallen in course of fate
From its old grandeur and manorial state.

Lord of the manor, here the jovial
Once called his tenants round the cracking fire;
And, proud his rival sportsmen to surpass,
He lit again the pipe, and fill'd again the glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
The echoing clangor of the huntsman's horn; No more the eager hounds with deepening cry
Leapt round him as they knew their master's call,
Nor fav'ring spaniels fill'd the sportsman's hall; For he, the last descendant of his race,
Slept with his fathers, and forgot the chase.

There now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic sway; Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His brow a mandate, and his word a law;
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise,
I ween.

Even now through many a long long year I trace
The hour when first with awe I view'd his face; Even now recall my entrance at the dome,
'Twas the first day I ever left my home!

Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taught me to forget my earliest tears;
A mother's fondness, and a mother's care;
When close she press'd me to her sorrowing heart,
As loth as even I myself to part:
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
With painful effort hid my inward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief,
And each new object weans the child from grief.
Like April showers the tears of youth descend,
Suddenly they fall, and suddenly they cease,
And fresher pleasure cheers the following hour,
As brighter shines the sun after the April shower.

Methinks even now the interview I see,
The Mistress's glad smile, the Master's glee;
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious play-ground and of wide, open air;
The best instruction and the tenderest care;
And when I followed to the garden-door,
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they soothe'd my parting pain,
And never did they speak so civilly again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to dwell,
When Memory spreads around her saddening spell,
When discontent, with sullen gloom o'ercast,
Turns from the present and prefers the past?
Why calls reflection to my pensive view
Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,
Even at the time when trifles please no more?
Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
Of time [woe;]

Of time the days of childhood are but days
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant [sours;
What should be our sweetest blithest hours?
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
Those easy hours for ever left behind;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remembered years
When two small acres bounded all my fears;
And therefore still with pleasure I recall
The tapestried school, the bright brown-boarded hall,
The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
The change of cleanliness I knew;
The walnuts, where, when favour would allow,
Full oft I went to search each well-sifted bough;
The crab-tree, which supplied a secret hoard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board.

These trifling objects then my heart possess'd,
These trifling objects still remain with mine;
So when with unskill'd hand some idle Carves his rude name within a sapling's ring,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree;
Though every winter's desolating blast
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away,
That rude inscription uneffac'd will
Unalter'd by the storm or wintry blast.

Cold was the morn, and bleak the wintry blast
Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.
My bosom bounded as I wander'd round
With silent step the long-remember'd ground,
Where I had loiter'd out so many an hour
To chase the gay butterfly, and call'd the flower,
Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,
Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.

I saw the church where I had slept
The tedious service of the summer day;
406 THE RETROSPECT

Or, hearing sadly all tho preacher told,
In winter waked and shiver'd with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roan'd the sacred ground,
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around;
Oft traced the mouldering castle's liv'd wall,
Or aged convent tottering to its fall;
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Constan, when I saw thy scenes
For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
For many a long-past sorrow rose anew;
There, where my little hands were wont to rear
With pride tho earliest salad of the year;
Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their heads obscene.
Thus path is plain and straight; that light is given,
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.

HYMN TO THE PENATES

' Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.'—The words of Aueu.

OIKOI ἔλθετές σε, ἐν οἴκοι θεάμενοι τῷ ὑπερήφανῳ.—Hesiod.

[Published in Poems, 1797.]

Yet one Song more! one high and solemn strain
Ere, Phoebus! on thy templo's ruin'd wall
I hang the silent harp: there may its strings,
When the rude tempest shakes tho aged pile,
Make melancholy music.

PENATES, hear me! for to you I hymn
The votive lay; whether, as sages deem,
Ye dwell in inmost Heaven, the Counsellors
Of Jove; or if, Supreme of Deities,
All things are yours, and in your holy train
Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
And влаst of Immortals, the dread Maid
Athenian Pallas. Vulnerable Powers,
Hearken your hymn of praise: Though from your rites
Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods!
In many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys, — deceitful dreams,
I loved Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the World; still, still my heart
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined:
And loathing human converse, I have stray'd
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast.
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace.

Jove pow'dly ranks, and Juno, white-arm'd Queen,
And влаst of Immortals, the dread Maid
Athenian Pallas. Vulnerable Powers,
Hearken your hymn of praise: Though from your rites
Estranged, and exiled from your altars long,
I have not ceased to love you, Household Gods!
In many a long and melancholy hour
Of solitude and sorrow, bath my heart
With earnest lungings pray'd to rest at length
Beside your hallow'd hearth, for Peace is there!
Yes, I have loved you long! I call on ye
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Loved I beside the well-trimm'd fire to sit,
Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys, — deceitful dreams,
And yet not vain; for painting purest bliss,
They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

Shunning the common herd of human-kind,
I have retir'd to watch your lon'ly fires
And commune with myself: That gave mysterious pleasure, made
Me know
Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,
Taught me to cherish with devoted care
Its deep unworldly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—to respect myself.

Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,
Domestic Deities! from the first dawn
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth
Even to this better day, when on mine ear
The speare of contending nations sounds
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse
To tumult. When a child... (for still I love
to dwell with fondness on my childish years,) I cali on ye
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Loved I beside the well-trimm'd fire to sit,
Amidst the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the World; still, still my heart
Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined:
And loathing human converse, I have stray'd
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast.
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace.

Not idly did the ancient poets dream, Who peopled earth with Deities. They said
The wood with reverence where the
Deydias dwelt; At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour

HYMN TO THE PENATES 407
HYMN TO THE PENATES

They saw the Oreads on their mountain haunts,
And felt their holy influence; nor impure
Of thought, nor ever with polluted hands
Touch'd they without a prayer the
Natal's spring;
Nor without reverence to the River God
Cross'd in an unhappy hour his limpid stream.
Yet was this influence transient; such brief awe
Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal
Strikes to the feeble spirit.

Household Gods,
Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts
No momentary impulse ye awake;
Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
The deep devotion that your fanes impart,
O ye whom Youth has wilder'd on your way,
Or Pleasure with her ayren song hath call'd
To climb her summits... to your Household Gods
Return; for not in Pleasures gay abodes,
Nor in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame
Doth Happiness abide. O ye who grieve
Much for the miseries of your fellow-kind,
More for their ills; ye whose honest eyes
Scowl on Oppression,—yo whose honest hearts
Bear high when Freedom sounds her dread alarm,
Alike in frenzy; to your Household Gods
Return! for by their altars Virtue dwells,
And Happiness with her; for by their Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,
Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;
For, so Suspicion sleep not at the gate
Of Wisdom: Falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
Reach'd with long labour, the way-faring man
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
With many a step retread'd, turns him then
Serious to contemplate the onward road,
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
To stay no more: I on my way of life
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
Where the evening hearth Contentment sits
And hears the cricket chirp; where Love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye Powers benignant! there is one
Must be mine inmate... for I may not choose
But love him. He is one whom many rising feeling; every thought
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
He mingled, by himself he judged of
And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom dead,
And took them to his bosom. Falsehood met
Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Aegyes's sculptured form,
Like that false image caught his warm embrace,
And pierced his open breast. The red
Clung round his bosom, and with viper folds
Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd them.
His mother was Simplicity, his sire
Benevolence; in earlier days he bore
His father's name; the world who injured him
Call him Misanthropy. I may not choose
But love him, Household Gods! for we grew up
Together, and in the same school were
And our poor fortunes the same course have hold,
Up to this hour.

Penates! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven
 ye dwell,
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his Guardian Gods; whither they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the Spirits of the Dead.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,
No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents;
And I would judge all systems and all faiths
By that best touchstone, from whose test Decisit,
Shrinks like the Arch-Friend at Ithuriel's spear;
And Sophisty's gay glittering bubble
Barred off all:
As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel, with her prototype
Set side by side, in her unreal charms,
Dissolved away.

Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it draws around the brow
Of one beloved on earth; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the Days
And Joys that are no more. Or when, perchance
With power permitted to alleviate ill
And fit the sufferer for the coming toe,
Some strange presage the Spirit's breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, preparing
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child's delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all-anxious for the promised flower;
Thus to the blest spirit in innocence
And pure affections like a little child,
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved; then sweetest, if, as duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers
Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

When my sick Heart
(Sick with hope long delay'd, than which no care
Weighs on the spirit heavier,) from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deem'd
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
Seaward! my dear! dear friend! For not in vain,
O early summon'd on thy heavenly course,
Was thy brief sojourn here; me didst thou leave
With strength'en'd step to follow the right path.
HYMN TO THE PENATES

Till we shall meet again. Meantime
I soothe
The deep regret of nature, with belief,
O Edmund! that thine eye's celestial ken
Pervades me now, marking with no
mean joy
The movements of the heart that loved
thou well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and
hence your rites,
Domestic Gods! arose. When for his
son
With ceaseless grief Syrophanes howl'd, Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
Heap'd for an alien, he with obdurate eye
Still on the imaged marble of the dead
Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither
from his wrath.
A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
And garlanded the statue, and implored
His young lost lord to save. Remember
bruce then
Softly the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich
smoke
Carl from the costly censer slow and
sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites
Divulging spread; before your idol
forms
By every heart the blithed Pagan knout,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offer
the there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary
defiled:
Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief
Arose; he first the impious rites put
down., [died,
He fittest, who for Freedom lived and
The friend of humankind. Then did your
founds
Frequent recur and blameless; and
when came
The solemn festival, whose happiest rites
1 The Saturnalia.

Emblem'd Equality, the hoiest truth.
Crown'd with gay garlands were your
statues seen,
To you the fragrant censer smoked, to
you
The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifices
For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor
wine
Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleansed
With many a mystic form; ye ask the
heart
Made pure, and by domestic Peace and
Love
Hallow'd to you.

Hearken your hymn of praise, Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
As in my wanderings I have seen far off
Some lonely light that spake of comfort
there,
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
When I was homeless. Often as I gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embower'd below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small
spot
Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.
There is a magic in that little word:
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known
beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my
heart
Ached for that quiet haven! Haven'd now,
I think of those in this world's wilder
Who wander on and find no home of rest.

Till to the grave they go: them Poverty,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth
and Power,
Bad offspring of worst parents, aye
afflicted,
Cackling with their foul mawes the child's heart; ••
Them Want with scorpion scourge
drives to the den
Of Guilt; •• they Slaughter for the
price of death

HYMN TO THE PENATES

Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on
them,
God of eternal Justice! not on them
Let fall thy thunder!

Household Deities!
Then only shall be Happiness on earth
When man shall feel your sacred power, and
the love
Your tranquil joys; then shall the city
stand
A huge sepulchre, and on the site
Where fortresses and palaces have stood,
The olive grow, there shall the Tree of
Peace
Strike its roots deep and flourish. This
the state
Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man,
when Wealth
And Power and all their hideous progeny
Shall sink amain! True and all mankind
Live in the equal brotherhood of love.

Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled
world,
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike; •• He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantimes, all hoping and expecting
all
In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods!

Studious of other lore than song, I
come,
Yet shall my Heart remember the past
years
With honest pride, trusting that not in
vain
Lives the pure song of Liberty and
Truth.

Bristol, 1796.

ENGLISH ECLOGUES

[The first three of the following Eclogues were published in Poems, vol. ii, 1799, Eclogue II under the title of 'The Funeral'. Eclogue IV was published in The Edinburgh Annual Register, 1808.]

The following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by what was told me of the German Idylls by my friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. So far, therefore, these pieces may be deemed imitations, though I am not acquainted with the German language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strephons and Thirsises. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, 'more silly than their sheep,' have, like their sheep, gone on in the same track one after another. Gay struck into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for an essay, but this is not the place for it.

I

THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE

Old friend! why so soon bent on parish duty,

Breaking the highway stones, •• and

'tis a task

somewhat too hard perhaps for age

like yours!

Old man

Why yes! for one with such a weight of

years

Upon his back! •• I've lived here, man

and boy,

In this same parish, well nigh the full

age

Of man, being hard upon three-score and
ten.
I can remember sixty years ago
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late Lady's father, the old Squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER
Why then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN
Ay... great indeed! And if my poor old Lady could rise up, God rest her soul! 'twould grieve her to behold
What wicked work is here.

STRANGER
They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone; Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road Round to the door. There were some yew trees too Stood in the court.

OLD MAN
Ay, Master! fine old trees! Lord bless us! I have heard my father say His grandfather could just remember back When... in their beauty. Plague, I say, On their new-fangled whimsies! we shall have A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs And your pert poplar trees... I could as soon Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them down!

STRANGER
But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now; A fine smooth turf, and with a carriage road That sweeps conveniently from gate to gate.

OLD MAN
I like a shrubbery too, for it looks fresh; And then there's some variety about it. In spring the lilac and the snow-ball flower, And the laburnum with its golden strings
Waving in the wind: And when the autumn comes Fash, The bright red berries of the mountain- With plus enough in winter to look green.

STRANGER
And show that something lives. Sure this is better Than a great hedge of yew, making it look iver All the year round like winter, and for
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs With'erd and bare.

OLD MAN
Ay, so the new Squire thinks; And pretty work he makes of it! What 'tis To have a stranger come to an old house!

STRANGER
It seems you know him not?

OLD MAN
No, Sir, not I. They tell me he's expected daily now; But in my Lady's time he never came But ones, for they were very distant kin. If he had play'd about here when a child In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries, And sate in the porch, threading the jessamine flowers Which fell so thick, he had not had the heart To mar all thus!

STRANGER
Come! come! all is not wrong; Those old dark windows... They're demolish'd too. As if he could not see through casement glass! The very red-breasts, that so regular Came to my Lady for her morning crumbs, Won't know the windows now!

STRANGER
Nay they were small, And then so darken'd round with jessamine, Harbouring the vermin; yet I could have wish'd That jessamine had been saved, which canopied And bower'd and lined the porch.

OLD MAN
It did one good To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom. There was a sweet-briar too that grew beside; My Lady loved at evening to sit there And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet And slept in the sun; 'twas an old The old ale went So bountiful about! a Christmas cask, And 'twas a noble one!.. God help me, Sir! But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER
Things may be better yet than you suppose, And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN
It don't look well, These alterations, Sir! I'm an old man, And love the good old fashions; we don't find Old bounty in new houses. They've destroy'd All that my Lady loved; her favourite walk Grubb'd up... and they do say that the great row Of class behind the house, which meet a-top, They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps A comfort I shan't live to see it long.

STRANGER
But sure all changes are not needs for the worse, My friend?
OLD MAN

May-hap they mayn't, Sir; . . for all that
I like what I've been used to. I re-
member
All this from a child up, and now to
lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's
nothing left
As 'twaas . . . I go abroad and only
meet
With men whose fathers I remember
boys;
The brook that used to run before my
door,
That's gone to the great pond; the
trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing
now
That tells me of old times, . . except the
stones
In the churchyard. You are young, Sir, and I hope
Have many years in store . . . but pray to God
You mayn't be left the last of all your
friends.

STRANGER

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of.
If the Squire's taste don't suit with yours,
I warrant
That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in and taste
His beer, old friend! and see if your old Lady
E'er broach'd a . . .
And all was over now, . . sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her pen-
tence . . . Their work was done. The school-boys
would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

WESTBURY, 1798.

II

HANNAH

Passing across a green and lonely lane
A funeral met our view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of some great city, and we stopp'd and
look'd
When they were bearing to the grave.
A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had
pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful
mouths
With such slow wasting, that the hour
of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our
way
To the house of mirth, and with that
idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was
true
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discoulouring
shade
Which makes the eye turn inward:
hearing then
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, it made me think upon the
dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mourn-
ful tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains,
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sail'd on the seas. Left thus, a . . .
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil
tongues
Were busy with her name. She had to
bear
The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
Whom she had loved too dearly. Once
he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness; And when his parents had some tidings from him,

BURTON, NEAR CHRIST CHURCH, 1797.
ENGLISH ECLOGUES

Or where the gentle Calidore at eve
Led Pastorella home. There was not then
A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden-wall; but sweet-briar,
suffused, sweet
The morning air; rosemary and marjoram,
All wholesome herbs; and then, that
Meditate years with their vicissitudes
A half-forgotten dream. I see the Maid
So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,
Her bright brown hair, wreathed in contracting curls;
And then her cheek! it was a red and white
That made the delicate hues of art look lastonesome.
The countrymen who on their way to church
Were leaning o'er the bridge, looking to hear
The bell's last summons, and in idleness
Watching the stream below, would all look up
When she pass'd by. And her old
Grandam, Charles,
When I have heard some erring indigent
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,
Inspiring superstitions wretchedness,
Her figure has recur'd; for she did love
The Sabbath-day; and many a time hath cross'd
These fields in rain and through the winter snows,
When I, a graceless

The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, Sir,
you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange!
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half-million,
Screw'd down in yonder hearses!

THE RURAL COTTAGE

One summer, Charles, when at the
holidays
Return'd from school, I visited again
My old accustom'd walks, and found in them
A joy almost like meeting an old friend.
I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
Already crowding the neglected flowers.
Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,
Had played the wanton, and that blow
had reach'd
Her grandam's heart. She did not
suffer long;
Her age was feeble, and this mortal grief
Brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,
And think of other days. It wakes in me
A transient sadness; but the feelings,
Charles,
Which ever with these recollections rise,
I trust in God they will not pass away.
Westbury, 1799.

IV

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL

STRAIGHT
Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

TOWNSMAN
A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong further, carriage behind carriage.

STRAIGHT
'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempta me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN
Yonder schoolboy
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even

The camel and the needle,... Is that then in your mind?

STRAIGHT
The camel and the needle,... Is that then in your mind?

TOWNSMAN
Even so. The text
Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the
camel,...

STRAIGHT
Yes leap him flying, through the
needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STRAIGHT
Your pardon, Sir...

P
TOWNSMAN
Your pardon too, Sir, If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for those barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER
Was his wealth Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN
All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER
Why judge you then So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN
For what he left undone;... for sins, not one of which is written
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed;
Bowed to no idols, ... but his money-bags;
Sware no false oaths, except at the custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath idle; built a monument;
To honour his dead father; did no murder;
Never sustain'd an action for crim-con;
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass!

STRANGER
You knew him then it seems?

TOWNSMAN
As all men knew
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

STRANGER
Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir! for often Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNSMAN
We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives;... but as for this...
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER
Yet even these Are reservoirs whenco public charity Still keep her channels full.

TOWNSMAN
Now, Sir, you touch Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door,
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribes,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, ... donations to keep open

TOWNSMAN
Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house
Smoke-dried and swear'd, and shrivell'd up his heart.
So from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he told'd and smol'd,
Poor muck-worm! through his three-score years and ten;
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER
Yet your next newspapers will blazon him For industry and honourable wealth A bright example.

TOWNSMAN
Even half a million Gets him no other praise. But come this way
Some twelve months hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Some decent rheum; the very hireling mutes Bear not a face more blank of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family?
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief?

TOWNMAN
Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eye
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic

Bristol 1803.
THE DEVIL'S WALK

ADVERTISEMET

After the Devil's Thoughts had been published by Mr. Coleridge in the collection of his Poetical Works, and the statement which with him accompanied it, it might have been supposed that the joint authorship of that famous production had been sufficiently authenticated, and that no suspicions claim to it would again be advanced. The following extract, however, appeared in the John Bull of Feb. 14, 1830:

"In the Morning Post of Tuesday, we find the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the Morning Post.

"Sir,—Permit me to correct a statement which appeared in a recent number of the John Bull, wherein it is made to appear that Dr. Southey is the author of the Poem entitled The Devil's Walk. I have the means of settling this question; since I possess the identical MS. copy of verses as they were written by my uncle, the late Professor Porson, during an evening party at Dr. Beloe's.

"I am Sir, your very obedient Servant,

"R. C. PORSON.

"Bowater Terrace, Feb. 6, 1830."

"We are quite sure that Mr. Porson, the writer of the above letter, is convinced of the truth of the statement it contains; but although The Devil's Walk is perhaps not a work of which either Mr. Southey or Mr. Porson need be very proud, we feel it due to ourselves to re-state the fact of its being written by Mr. Porson, for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so; and as much to please that friend, as to assure himself and his domestic circle, in a sportive mood, the part which relates the rise and progress of the Poem was thrown off, and that also touching the aforesaid Professor. The old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added; and so it grew to its present length.

Professor Porson never had any part in these verses as a writer, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the subject of two or three stanzas written some years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening party at Dr. Vincent's (for that was the original habit of this falsehood) was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more jealous for him than he has ever been for himself, urged him then to put the

THE DEVIL'S WALK

[First printed in The Morning Post, September 6, 1799. See Notes.]

1

Face his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the
World,
And see how his stock went on.

2

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he swish'd his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

3

How then was the Devil dress'd?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best,
His coat red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

4

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied
For which he could have kiss'd her;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can be;
I should take her for my Aunt, thought he,
If my dam had had a sister.

5

He met a lord of high degree,
No matter what was his name;
Whose face with his own when he came to compare
The expression, the look, and the air,
And the character too, as it seem'd to a hair—
Such a twin-likeness there was in the pair
That it made the Devil start and stare.
For he thought there was surely a looking-glass there,
But he could not see the frame.

6

He saw a Lawyer driving a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable;
He quoth he, thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

7

An Apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

8

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And he own'd with a grin
That his favourite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat;

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that truth,
And nothing the worse for the jest;
But this was only a first thought
And in this he did not rest:
Another came presently into his head,
And here it proved, as has often been said,
That second thoughts are best.

For as Piggy plied with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,
Behold a swinish nation's pride
In cotton-spun prosperity.

He walk'd into London leisurely,
The streets were dirty and dim:
But there he saw Brothers the Prophet,
And Brothers the Prophet saw him.

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop;
Quoth he, We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a Cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge.

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields he look'd
At a solitary cell;
And he was well-pleasod, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.

After this I was in a visión, having the ángel of God near me, and saw Satan walk- ing leisurely into London.'—

Another daughter he presently met:
With music of fife and drum,
And a consecrated flag,
And shout of tag and rag,
And march of rank and file,
Which had fill'd the crowded aisle
Of the venerable pile.

From church he saw her come.

He call'd her aside, and began to chide,
For what dost thou here? said he;
My city of Rome is thy proper home,
And there's work enough there for thee.

Thou hast confessions to listen,
And bells to christen,
And altars and dolls to dress;
And fools to coax,
And sinners to hoax,
And beads and bones to bless;
And great pardons to sell
For those who pay well,
And small ones for those who pay less.

Nay, Father, I boast, that this is my post,
She answered; and thou wilt allow,
That the great Harlot,
Who is clothed in scarlet,
Can very well spare me now.

Upon her business I am come here,
That we may extend her powers;
Whatever lets down this church that we hate,
Is something in favour of ours.

You will not think, great Cosmocrat!
That I spend my time in fooling;
Many irons, my Sire, have we in the fire,
And I must leave none of them cooling;
For you must know state-councils here
Are held which I bear rule in.

When my liberal notions
Produce miscarious motions,
There's many a man of good intent,
In either house of Parliament,
Whom I shall find a tool in;
And I have hopeful pupils too
Who all this while are schooling.

Fine progress they make in our liberal opinions,
My Utilitarians,
My all sorts of -ians
And all sorts of -arians;
My all sorts of -ists,
And my Frigs and my Whigs
Who have all sorts of twists
Train'd in the very way, I know,
Father, you would have them go;
High and low,
Wise and foolish, great and small,
March-of-Intellect-Boys all.

Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far day
When the caldron of mischief boils,
And I bring them forth in battle array
And bid them suspend their broils,
That they may unite and fall on the prey,
For which we are spreading our toils.

How the nice boys all will give mouth
At the call,
Hark away! hark away to the spoils!
My Mosca and my Quacks and my law-less-Jacks,
My Sheils and O'Connells, my pious
Mac-Donnells,
My Joke-smith Sydney, and all of his kidney,
My Humes and my Broughams,
My merry old Jerry,
My Lord Kings, and my Doctor Doyles!

At this good news, so great
The Devil's pleasure grew,
That with a joyful avish he rent
The hole where his tail came through.
So each would help the other
Two heads being better than one;
And the phrase and conceit
Would in unison meet.
And so with glee the verse flow free,
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,
Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,
Not to the lute or harp,
Therefore it was that the fancy
Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

But then, said Satan to himself,
As for that said beginner,
Against my infernal Majesty
There is no greater sinner.

He hath put me in ugly bailada
With libellous po'ctures for salo;
He hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my horns,
And has made very froo with my tail.

But this Mister Poct shall tind
I am not a safe subject for whim;
For Fll set up a School of my own,
And my Poets shall set upon him.

He went to a coffee-house to dine,
And there he had soy in Iris dish;
Having ordered somo soles for his dinner,
Because he was fond of flat fish.

They are much to my palate, thought he,
And now guess the reason who can,
Why no bait should bo better than place,
When I fish for a Parliament-man.
INSCRIPTIONS

'The three utilities of Poetry: the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections.'—Welsh Triad.

[As five of the inscriptions have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems, it has been necessary in some instances to alter the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done, a number in brackets ( ) at the head of an inscription denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838. Inscriptions I-VI inclusive were published in Poems, 1797. I, II, and III have been almost rewritten.]

I
FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY

Callest thou thyself a Patriot? On this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath the banners of that Charles whom thou
Abhorrest for a Tyrant. Dost thou boast
Of loyalty!

The field is not far off
Where in rebellious arms against his King
Hambden was kill'd, that Hambden at whose name
The heart of many an honest Englishman
Beats with congenial pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died in adverse arms. Traveller! If with thy neighbour thou shouldn't not accord,
Remember these, our famous countrymen,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

Bristol, 1790.

II
FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON

Enter this cavern, Stranger! Have awhile
Respiring from the long and steep ascent,
Thou may'st be glad of rest, and haply too
Of shade, if from the summer's wester- ing sun
Shelter'd beneath this beetling vault of rock,
Round the rude portal clasping it's tough arms
The antique ivy spreads a canopy,
From whose grey blossoms the wild bee collect
In autumn their last store. The Muse love
This spot; believe a Poet who hath felt
Their visitation here. The tide below
Rising or refellace scaccely sends its sound
Of waters up; and from the heights beyond
Where the high-hanging forest waves and sways,
Varying before the wind its verdant hues,
The voice is music here. Here thou may'st feel
How good, how lovely, Nature! And when hence
Returning to the city's crowded streets,
Thy sickening eye at every step revolt's
From scenes of vice and watchtidehness,
Reflect that Man creates the evil he endures.

Bristol, 1796.

III
FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-HILL

Thus mound in some remote and date-less day
Read'd o'er a Chieftain of the Age of Hills,
May here detain thee, Traveller! from thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some warrior sleeps below, whose gal- lant deeds
Happly at many a solemn festival
The Scold hath sung; but perish'd is the song
Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
The wind that passes and is heard no more.

Go, Traveller, and remember when the pomp
Of earthly glory fades, that one good deed
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

Bristol, 1796.

IV
FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST

This is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriend'd, desolate, and shelterless,
Their inhabitants of all the fertile track
Far as the wilds extend. He lov'd it down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields
Lose waste, and forested the land, that so
More royally might he pursue his sports.

If that thine heart be human, Stranger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lip's
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsepul- chred
Pollute the passing wind, when raging Power
Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase of Man;
And as thy thoughts anticipate that day
When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

Bristol, 1796.

V
FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM

Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear
They sparkle o'er the shallows, and behold
Where o'er their surface wheels with restless speed
You glossy insect, on the sand below
How its swift shadow flits. In solitude
The rivulet is pure, and trees and herbs
Bend o'er its salutary course refresh'd,
But passing on amid the haunts of men,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted stream. Sock'd thou for Happiness?
Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of Innocence, and thou shalt find her there.

Bristol, 1796.
VI
FOR THE OENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE

Stranger! the Man of Nature lies not here:

Euhmir'd far distant by the Scoffer's side

His relics rest, thou by the giddy throng

With blind idolatry alike revered.

Winister directed have thy pilgrim feet

Explored the scenes of Ermenonville.

Rousseau

Loved these calm haunts of Solitude and Peace;

Here he has heard the murmurs of the lake,

And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,

When o'er its bending boughs the passing wind

Swept a gray shade. Here, if thy breast be full,

If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,

His Spirit shall behold thee, to thine

From hence returning, purified of heart.

Bristol, 1796.

VII
FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD

Here Latimer and Ridley in the flames

Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walked

Upright through the world, just thoughts of joy

May fill thy breast in contemplating here

Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved

From the straight path of even rectitude,

Fearful in trying seasons to assert

The better cause, or to forsake the worse

1 Voltaire.

RECEIVED, when perchance therein enthralled

Slave to false shame, oh! thankfully receive

The sharp compunctions motions that this spot

May wake within thee, and be wise in time,

And let the future for the past atone.

Bath, 1797.

VIII
FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE OF EWIAS

Here was it, Stranger, that the patron Saint

Of Cambria pass'd his age of penitence,

A solitary man; and here he made

His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink

Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perhaps thy youth

Has read with eager wonder how the Knight

Of Wales in Ormandino's enchanted tower

Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy veins

Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood

Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale

Of David's deeds, when through the press of war

His hearth and comrades follow'd his green crest

To victory. Stranger! Hatterill's moun-

tain heights

And this fair Vale of Ewias, and the stream

Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise

Most grateful, thus associate with the name

Of David and the deeds of other days.

Bath, 1798.

IX
EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SIDNEY

[First published in The Morning Post, December 30, 1768; afterwards in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

Here Sidney lies, he whom perverted law,

The plant jury and the bloody judge,

Doon'd to a traitor's death. A tyrant King

Required, an abject country saw and shared

The crime. The noble cause of Liberty

He loved in life, and to that noble cause

In death bore witness. But his country rose

Like Samson from her sleep, and broke her chains,

And proudly with her worthies she enrol'd

Her murder'd Sidney's name. The voice of man

Gives honour or destroys; but earthly power

Gives not, nor takes away, the self-

applause

Which on the scaffold suffering virtue feels,

Nor that which God appointed its reward.

Westbury, 1798.

X
EPITAPH ON KING JOHN

[First published in The Morning Post, May 28, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1798, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

John rests below. A man more infamous

Never hath held the sceptre of these realms,

And bruised beneath the iron rod of Power

The oppressed men of England. Englishman!

Receiv'd not his memory. Murderer as he was,

Coward and slave, yet he it was who sign'd

That Charter which should make thee more and more

Be thankful for thy birth-place:...

Englishman!

That holy Charter, which shouldst thou permit

Force to destroy, or Prand to undermine,

Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul.

For they must bear the burden of thy crime.

Westbury, 1798.

XI (XII)
FOR A MONUMENT AT TORDESILLAS

[Published in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.]

Spaniard! if thou art one who bows the knee

Before a despot's footstool, hie thee hence.

This ground is holy: here Padilla died,

Martyr of Freedom. But if thou dost love

Her cause, stand then as at an altar here,

And thank the Almighty that thine honest heart,

Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,

Revolts against oppression. Not unheard

Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer Ascend; for honest impulses will rise, ri

Such as may elevate and strengthen thee.

For virtuous action. Relies silver-shrined,

And haunted mass, would wake within the soul

Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

Westbury, 1798.
XII (XIII)

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO

[Published in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797.]

HIZARRO here was born; a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Talil and Pain,
Famine and hostile Elements, and Hosts
Emitted, fail’d to check him in his course,
Not to be wearied, not to be deterr’d,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He over-run, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons.
And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.
There is another world, beyond the Grave,
According to their deeds where men are judged.

O Reader! if thy daily bread be earn’d
By daily labour, yea, however low,
However painful be thy lot assign’d,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the God
Who made thee, that thou art not such as he.

Bristol, 1796.

XIII (XIV)

FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR CINTRA

[First published in The Morning Post, November 5, 1798.]

Here cavern’d like a beast Honorius pass’d
In self-affliction, solitude, and prayer.
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys.
Not thus in making known his will divine
Hath Christ enjoin’d. To aid the fatherless,
Comfort the sick, and be the poor man’s friend.
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm;
These are the injunctions of his holy law,
Which whose keeps shall have a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, precluding
The eternal bliss of Heaven. Yet mock not thou,
Stranger, the Anchorite’s mistaken zeal! He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere though erring: Stranger, do thou keep
Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

Bristol, 1798.

XIV (XV)

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON

[First published in The Morning Post, July 6, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

They suffer’d here whom Jefferies doom’d to death
In mockery of all justice, when the Judge
Unjust, subservient to a cruel King,
Perform’d his work of blood. They suffer’d here
The victims of that Judge, and of that King;
In mockery of all justice here they bled.
Unheard. But not unpitied, nor of God
Unseen the innocent suffered; not unheard
The innocent blood cried vengeance; for at length
The indignant Nation in its power fled.
Resolute. Then that wicked Judge took flight,
Disguised in vain: not always is the Lord
Slow to revenge! A miserable man
He fell beneath the people’s rage, and still
The children curse his memory. From the throne
The obdurate bigot who commission’d him,
Inhuman James, was driven. He lived to drag
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame;
And that immortal day when on thy shores,
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash’d the dead!

Westbury, 1798.

XV (XVI)

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST

[First published in The Morning Post, December 7, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish’d, when his perishable part
Had moulder’d, dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder’d now, but Sidney’s fame
Endureth in his own immortal works.

Westbury, 1799.

XVI (XVII)

EPITAPH

This to a mother’s sacred memory
Her son hath hallow’d. Absent many a year
Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were still
Of that dear voice which soothed his infancy;
And after many a fight against the Moor
And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry
Which he had seen covering the boundless plain,
Even to the utmost limits where the eye
Could pierce the far horizon,... his first thought
In safety was of her, who when she heard
The tale of that day’s danger, would retire
And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven
In prayers and tears of joy. The lingering hour
Of his return, long-look’d-for, came at length,
And full of hope he reach’d his native shore.
Vain hope that puts its trust in human life!
For ere he came, the number of her days
Was full. O Reader, what a world were this
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sunder’d did not meet again?

Keaick, 1810.
XVII (XIX)
FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA

Time has been when Rolissa was a name
Ignoble, by the passing traveller heard
And then forthwith forgotten; now in war
It is renown'd. For when to her ally,
In bondage by perfidious France opprest
England sent succour, first within this realm
The fated theatre of their long strife
Confronted, here the hostile nations met.
Labor'd here his stand; upon you point
Of Mount Saint Anna was his Eagle fix'd;
The veteran chief, disposing well all aid
Of height and glen, possess'd the mountain straits,
A post whose strength thus mann'd and profited
Seem'd to defy the enemy and make
The vantag'e of assaulting numbers vain.
Hero, too, before the sun should bend his course
Adown the slope of heaven, so had their plans
Been timed, he lock'd for Loison's army, rich
With spoils from Evora and Beja saul'd;
That hope the British Knight arceding well
With prompt attack prevented; and
Or ground, nor leader's skill nor discipline
Of soldiers practis'd in the ways of war.
Avail'd that day against the British arm.

Resisting long, but beaten from their stand,
The French fell back; they join'd their greater host
To suffer fresh defeat, and Portugal
First for Sir Arthur wreathe'd her laurels here.

XVIII (XX)
FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO

This is Vimeiro; yonder stream which flows
Westward through heathery highlands to the sea,
Is call'd Mauera, till of late a name
Of butlers who dwell'd in this peaceful vale,
Known only to the coating mariner;
Now in the bloody page of war inscrib'd.
When to the aid of injured Portugal
Struggling against the intolerable yoke Of treacherous France, England, her old ally,
Long tried and always faithful found,
Went forth,
The embattled hosts in equal strength array'd,
And equal discipline, encountered here.
Jutot, the mock Abrantes, led the French,
And confirm'd of skill so o't approved,
And vaunting many a victory, advanced
Against an untried foe. But when the ranks
Met in the shock of battle, man to man,
And beginn'd to bayonet opposed.
The flower of France, cut down along
Their line,
Fell like ripe grass before the mower's scythe;
For the strong arm and rightful cause prevail'd.
That day deliver'd Lisbon from the yoke,
And babes were taught to bless Sir Arthur's name.

Resisting long, but beaten from their stand,
The French fell back; they join'd their greater host
To suffer fresh defeat, and Portugal
First for Sir Arthur wreathe'd her laurels here.

XIX (XXI)
AT CORUÑA

When from these shores the British army first
Boldly advanced into the heart of Spain,
The admiring people who beheld its march
Call'd it 'the Beautiful'. And surely well
Its proud array, its perfect discipline,
Its ample furniture of war complete,
Its powerful horse, its men of British mould,
All high in heart and hope, all of themselves
Assured, and in their leaders confident,
Deserved the title. Few short weeks elapsed
Ere hitler that disastrous host return'd,
A fourth of all its gallant force consumed
In hasty and precipitate retreat,
Stores, treasure, and artillery, in the wreck.
Left to the fierce pursuer, horse and man
Found'red, and stiffening on the mountain snows.
But when the exulting enemy approach'd
Boasting that he would drive into the sea
The remnant of the wretched fugitives,
Here, ere they reach'd their ships, they turn'd at bay.
Then was the proof of British courage seen,
Against a foe far over numbering them,
An insolent foe, rejoicing in pursuit,
Sure of the fruit of victory, whatsoever
Might be the fate of battle, here they smelt,
And their safe embarkation... all they sought.
Won manfully. That mournful day subdued
Their sufferings, and redeem'd their country's name.
And thence Coruña, which in this retreat
Had seen the same insidious reproach
Of England, saw the stain effaced in blood.

XX (XXII)
EPITAPH

He who in this unconsecrated ground
Obtain'd a soldier's grave, hath left a name
Which will endure in history: the remains
Of Moore, the British General, rest below.
His early prowess Coruña beheld,
When, at Moselio, bleeding. through the breach
He passed victorious: the Columbia isles
Then saw him try'd; upon the sandy downs
Of Holland was his worth approved;
And leaving on the Egyptian shores his blood,
He gathered thence fresh palms. High in repute
A gallant army last he led to Spain,
In arduous times; for moving in his strength,
With all his mighty means of war complete.
The Tyrant Buonaparte bore down all
Before him; and the British Chief behold,
Where'er he look'd, rout, treason, and dismay,
All sides with all embarrassments beat,
And danger pressing on. Hither he came
Before the far out-numbering hosts of France
Retreating to her ships, and close pursued
Nor were there wanting men who counsel'd him
to offer terms, and from the enemy
Purchase a respite to embark in peace,
At price of such abasement, even to this,
Brave as they were, by hopelessness subdued.
That shameful counsel Moore, in happy hour
Remembering what was due to England's name,
Refused: he fought, he conquer'd, and he fell.
TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL BURRARD

MORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF CORUNA

[Published in The Literary Souvenir for 1826.]

Mysterious are the ways of Providence—
Old men who have grown grey in camps, and wish’d,
And pray’d, and sought in battle to lay
The furthen of their age, have seen the young
Fall round, themselves untouch’d; and balls beside
The graceless and the unholy head have heaved
Harmless as hail, to reach some precious life,
For which clasps’d and ends, and supplicating eyes,
Duly at morn and eve were raised to Heaven;
And, in the depth and loneliness of the soul
(Then boding all too truly), midnight prayers
Breath’d from an anxious pillow wet
With tears.
But bless’d, even amid their grief, are they
Who, in the hour of visitation, bow
Beneath the unerring will, and look toward
Their Heavenly Father, merciful as just!
They, while they own his goodness, feel that whom
He chastens, them he loves. The cup he gives,
Shall they not drink it? Therefore doth the drought
Resent of comfort in its bitterness,
And carry healing with it. What but this
Could have sustain’d the mourners who were left,
With life-long yearnings, to remember him
Whose early death this monumental verse
Records? For never more auspicious hopes
Were nipt in flower, nor finer qualities
From goodness to fabric of mortality
Divorced, nor virtues worthier to adorn
The world transfer’d to heaven, than when, ere time
Had measured him the space of nineteen years.
Paul Burrard on Corunna’s fatal field
Received his mortal hurt. Not unprepared
The heroic youth was found: for in the ways
Of piety had he been trained; and what
The dutiful child upon his mother’s knees
Had learnt, the soldier faithfully observed.
In chamber or in tent, the Book of God
Was his beloved manual; and his life
Bore entered the lessons which from thence he drew.
For, gallant as he was, and blithe of heart.
Expert of hand, and keen of eye, and prompt
In intellect, religion was the crown
Of all his noble properties. When Paul
Was by, the scowder, self-abased, restrain’d
The license of his speech; and ribaldry
Before his virtuous presence sate rebuked.
And yet so frank and saucy a form
His virtue wore, that where’er he moved
A sunshine of good-will and cheerfulness
Enliv’d all around. Oh! marble
If, in the morning of his fair career,
Which promised all that honour could bestow
On high desert, the youth was summon’d hence!

His soul required no farther discipline,
Pure as it was, and capable of Heaven.
Upon the spot from whence he just had seen
His General borne away, the appointed ball
Reached him. But not on that Gallienian ground
Was it his fate, like many a British heart
To mingle with the soil: the sea received
His mortal relics, ... to a watery grave
Consign’d so near his native shore, so near
His father’s house, that they who loved him best,
Unknown of its import, heard the gun
Which fired his knell.—Alas! if it were known.
When, in the strife of nations, dreadful Death
Mows down with indiscriminating sweep
His thousands ten times told, ... if it were known
What tides are sever’d then, what ripening hopes
Blasted, what virtues in their bloom cut off;
How far the desolating scourge extends;
How wide the misery spreads; what hearts beneath
Their grief are broken, or survive to feel
Always the irreparable loss;
Oh! who of woman born could bear the thought?
Who but would join with fervent pious prayer
The prayer that asketh in our time for peace?
Nor in our time alone!—Enable us,
Father which art in heaven! but to receive
And keep thy word: thy kingdom then should come,
Thy will be done on earth; the victory
Achieved over Sin as well as Death,
And the great scheme of Providence fulfill’d.

Mysteries are the ways of Providence—
Old men who have grown grey in camps, and wish’d,
And pray’d, and sought in battle to lay
...
INSCRIPTIONS

XXIII (XXV)
TALAVERA
FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Yon wide-extended town, whose roofs and towers
And poplar avenues are seen far off,
In goodly prospect over scatter'd woods
Of dusky yew, bosoms among its sons
Of Mariana's name, . . . he who hath made
The splendid story of his country's wars
Through all the European kingdoms known.
Yet in his ample annals thou canst find
No braver battle chronicled, than here
Was waged, when Joseph of the stolen crown
Against the hosts of England and of Spain
His veteran armies brought. By veteran chiefs
Captain d, a formidable force they came,
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,
A man grown grey in arms, nor o'er in aught
Dishonoured, till by this opprobrious cause.
He over rude Alverecho's summer stream
Winning his way, made first upon the right
His hot attack, where Spain's raw levies ranged
In double line, had taken their strong stand
In yonder broken ground, by olive groves
Cover'd and rank'd by Tagus. Soon from thence,
As one whose practised eye could apprehend
All vantages in war, his troops he drew;
And on this hill, the battle's vital point,
Bore with collected power, onnum
been
The British ranks twice told. Such fearful odds
Were balanced by Sir Arthur's master mind;
And by the British heart. Twice during night
The fatal spot they storm'd, and twice fell back,
Before the bayonet driven. Again at morn,
They made their fiery onset, and again
Reposs'd, again at noon renew'd the strife.
Yet was their desperate perseverance vain,
Where skill by equal skill was counter-vail'd,
And numbers by superior courage fell d;
And when the second night drew over them
Its sheltering cope, in darkness they retired,
At all points beaten. Long in the red page
Of war shall Talavera's famous name stand forth conspicuous. While that name endures,
Bear in thy soul, Spain, the memory
Of all thou sufferedst from perfidious France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

XXIV (XXVI)
FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO

Reader, thou standest upon holy ground
Which Penitence hath chosen for itself,
And war disturbing the deep solitude
Hath left it . . . thought the children of the land would fly
From his advance, like sheep before the wolf,
Receiv'd in torrents, bare and bleach'd
By sun and rain and by the winds of heaven.

XXV (XXVII)
FOR THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS

Through all Iberia, from the Atlantic shores
To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left
His trophies; but no monument records
To all reverse prepared, where Portugal
And England might defy all strength of hostile numbers.
Not for this
Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
Or gallant purpose: witness the proud day
Which saw Scout's murderous host from Porto driven;
Bear witness Talavera, made by him
Famous for ever; and that later fight,
When from Busaco's solitude the birds
Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
And from the thunders and the fires of war.
But when Spain's feeble counsels, in delay
As earring, as in action premature,
Had left him in the field without support,
And Buonaparte, having trampled down
The strength and pride of Austria, this way turn'd
His single thought and undivided power,
Retreating hither the great General came;
And proud Massena, when the boastful chief
Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found himself
Stopt suddenly in his presumptuous course.
From Ericeira on the western sea,
By Mafra's princely convent, and the heights
Of Montichique, and Bucollas famed
For generous vines, the formidable works
Extending, rested on the guarded shores
Of Tagus, that rich river who received
Into his ample and rejoicing port
The harvests and the wealth of distant lands, secure
Insulting with the glad display
Of hostile sights. Five months the foe beheld these lines,
Made inexpugnable By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
With discipline conjoin'd, courageous hands,
True spirits, and one comprehensive mind
All overseeing and pervading all.
Five months, tormenting still his heart
He saw his projects frustrated; the power
Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he served
Fail in the proof; his thousands disappear,
In silent and inglorious war consumed;
Till hence retreating, maddened with despite.

Here did the self-styled Son of Victory leave
Never to be redeemed, that vaunted name.

XXVI (XXVIII)
AT SANTAREM

Four months Massena had his quarters here,
When by those lines deter'd where Wellington
Defied the power of France, but loth to leave
Rich Lisbon yet unsack'd, he kept his ground,
Till from impending famine, and the force
Array'd in front, and that consuming war
Which still the faithful nation, day and night,
And at all hours was waging on his rear.
He saw no safety, save in swift retreat,
Then of his purpose frustrated, this child
Of Hell... so fitter than of Victory call'd,
Gave his own devilish nature scope, and
His devilish army loose. The mournful rolls
That chronicle the guilt of humankind
Tell not of aught more hateful than the deeds
With which this monster and his kindred troops
Track'd their inhuman way; all cruelties,
All forms of horror, all deliberate crimes,
Which tongue abhors to utter, ear to hear.
Let this memorial bear Massena's name
For everlasting infamy inscribed.

XXVII (XXIX)
AT FUENTES D'ONORO

The fountains of Onoro which give name
To this poor hamlet, were distain'd with blood,
What time Massena, driven from Portugal,
By national virtue in endurance proved,
And England's faithful aid, against the land
Not long delivered, desperately made
His last fierce effort here. That day, madd'ned
With slaughter Coa and Agueda ran,
So deeply had the open veins of war
Purpless their mountain feeders. Strong in means
With rest, and stores, and numbers reinforced,
Came the ferocious enemy, and won'd
Beneath their formidable cavalry
To trample down resistance. But there fought
Against them here, with Britons side by side,
The children of regenerate Portugal,
And their own crimes, and all-besholding Heaven,
Beaten, and hopeless thecelforth of success
The inhuman Marshal, never to be named
By Lusitanian lips without a curse
Of clinging infamy, withdrew and left
These Fountains famous for his overthrown.

XXVIII (XXXI)
FOR A MONUMENT AT ALBUHERA

Seven thousand men lay bleeding on these heights,
When Beresford in strenuous conflict strove
Against a foe whom all the accidents
Of battle favoured, and who knew full well
To seize all offers that occasion gave.
Wounded or dead, seven thousand here were stretch'd,
And on the plain around a myriad more,
Spaniard and Briton and true Portuguese,
Alike approved that day; and in the cause
Of France, with her dignitous sons compell'd.

Pole and Italian, German, Hollander,
Men of all climes and countries, hither brought,
Doing and suffering, for the work of war.
This point by her superior cavalry
France from the Spaniard won, the elements
Aiding her powerful efforts; here awhile
She seemed to rule the conflict; and from hence
The British and the Lusitanian arm
Dislodged with irresistible assault
The enemy, even when he deem'd the day
Was written for his own. But not for Soult,
But not for France was that day in the rolls
Of war to be inscribed by Victory's hand.

Not for the inhuman chief, and cause unjust;
She wrote for aftertimes in blood the names
Of Spain and England, Blake and Beresford.

XXIX (XXXII)
TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM MYERS

Spanish or Portuguese! tread reverently
Upon a soldier's grave; no common heart
Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy feet.
To honours and to ample wealth was Myers
In England born; but leaving friends beloved,
And all allurements of that happy land,
Impoll'd him. Fair was his career. He faced
The peril of that memorable day,
When through the iron shower and fiery storm
Of death the dauntless host of Britain came.
Their landing at Aboukir! then not less
Illustrated, than when great Nelson's hand,
As if insulted Heaven with its own wrath
Had arm'd him, smote the miscreant Frenchmen's fleet,
And with its wreck wide-rolling many a league
Strew'd the rejoicing shores. What then his youth
Held forth of promise, amply was confir'd.

When Wellesley, upon Talavera's plain,
On the mock monarch won his coronet:
There where the trophies of the field were reap'd.
Was he for gallant bearing eminent
When all did bravely. But his valour's orb
Shone brightest at its setting, on the field
Of Albuhera he the fusilern
Led to regain the heights, and promised them
A glorious day; a glorious day was given;
The heights were gain'd, the victory was achieved,
And Myers received from death his deathless crown.

Here to Valverde was he borne, and here
His faithful men amid this olive grove,
The olive emblem here of endless peace,
Laid him to rest. Spanish or Portuguese,
In your good cause the British soldier fell;
Tread reverently upon his honoured grave.
XXX (XXXIV)

FOR THE WALLS OF CIUDAD RODRIGO

Here Craufurd fell, victorious, in the breach,
Leading his countrymen in that assault
Which won from haughty France their rescued walls;
And here intomb'd far from his native land
And kindred dust, his honour'd relics rest.
Well he was versed in war, in the Orient train'd
Beneath Cornwalls; then for many a year
Following through arduous and ill-fated fields
The Austrian banners; on the sea-like shore
Of Plata next, still by malignant stars pursued;
and in that miserable retreat,
For which Coruna witness'd on her hills
The pledge of vengeance given. At length he saw,
Long wold and well deserved, the brighter face
Of Fortune, upon Sax's banks vouchsafed.
Before Almeida, when Massena found
The fourfold vantage of his numbers fail'd;
Before the Béziers, and the Portuguese,
There vindicating first his old renown,
And Craufurd's mind that day presiding there.
Again was his auspicious countenance
Upon Biscay's holy heights reveal'd;
And when by Torres Vedras, Wellington,
Wise and secure, defied the boastful French.
With all their power; and when Onoros springs
Beheld that execrable enemy
Again chastised beneath the avenging arm.
Too early here his honourable course
He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.
Where should the soldier rest so worthy
As where he fell? Be thou his monument!
O City of Rodrigo, yea be thou,
To latest time, his trophy and his tomb!
Sultans, or Pharaohs of the elder world,
Lie not in Mosque or Pyramid enshrined.
Thus gloriously, not in so proud a grave.

XXXI (XXXV)

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR GENERAL MACKINNON

Son of an old and honourable house,
Henry Mackinnon from the Hebrides
Drew his descent, but upon English ground
An English mother bore him. Dauphiny
Beheld the blossom of his opening years;
For hope in that genial clime to save
A child of feeble frame, his parents there
Awake their sojourn fix'd: and thus it chance'd
That in that generous season, when the heart
Yet from the world is pure and unfiled.
Napoleon Buonaparte was his friend.
The adventurous Corsican, like Henry, then
Young, and a stranger in the land of France,
Their frequent and their favour'd guest became.
Finding a cheerful welcome at all hours,
Kindness, esteem, and in the English youth
Quiet sympathy of apprehensive mind
And lofty thought heroic. On the way
Of Life they parted, not to meet again.
Each follow'd war, but, oh! how differently
Did the two spirits which till now had grown
Like two fair plants, it seem'd, of kindred seed.
Developing in that awful element!
For never had benignant nature shower'd
More bounteously than on Mackinnon's head
Her choicest gifts. Form, features, intellect,
Were such as might at once command and win
All hearts. In all relationships approved,
Son, brother, husband, father, friend, his life
Was beautiful; and when in tested fields
Such as the soldier should be in the sight
Of God and man was he. Poor praise it were
To speak his worth ovince'd upon the banks
Of Douro, Talavera's trophian plain,
Busaco's summit, and what other days,
Many and glorious all, illustrated
His bright career. Worthier of him to say
That in the midst of camps his manly breast
Retain'd its youthful virtue; that he walk'd
Through blood and evil uncontaminate,
And that the stern necessity of war
But nurtured with its painful discipline
Thoughtful compassion in that gentle soul,
And feelings such as man should cherish still.
For all of woman born. He met his death
When at Rodrigo on the breach he stand'd
Triumphant; to a soldier's wish it came
Instant, and in the hour of victory.
Mothers and maidens of Portugal, oh bring
Your garlands here, and strewn his grave with flowers;
And lead the children to his monument.
Grey-headed sires, for it is holy ground!
For tenderness and valour in his heart;
The Spaniards and the Portuguese he scorn'd,
And deem'd the British soldiers all too slow.
Cries out to Heaven upon his guilty head,
His early friend had fallen, was touch'd with grief.
If e'er it may avail him, be that thought,
That brief recurrence of humanity
In his hard heart, remember'd in his hour.

XXXII (XXXVI)

FOR THE AFFAIR AT ARROYO MOLINOS

He who may chronicle Spain's arduous strife
Against the Intruder, hath to speak of fields
Profuselier fed with blood, and victories
Born wider on the wings of glad report;
Yet shall this town, which from the mill-stream takes
Its humble name, be storied as the spot
Where the valiant Frenchman, insolent too long
Of power and of success, first saw the strength
And felt his fortunes ebb, from that day forth
Swept back upon the refluent tide of war.
Girard lay here, who late from Oceano,
Far as his active cavalry could scour,
Had pillaged and oppressed the country round;
The Spaniards and the Portuguese he scorn'd,
And deem'd the British soldiers all too slow.
To seize occasion, unalert in war,
And therefore brave in vain. In such belief
Scene at night he laid him down to sleep,
Nor dreamt that these dispersed enemies
With drum and trumpet should in martial charge
Sound his reveille. All day their march severe
They held through wind and drenching rain; all night
The autumnal tempest unabating raged, While in their comfortless and open camp
They cheer'd themselves with patient hope: the storm
Was their ally, and moving in the mist, When morning open'd, on the astonish'd face
They burst. Soon routed horse and foot, the French
On all sides scattering, fled, on every side
Beast, and every where pursued, with loss
Of half their numbers captured, their whole stores,
And all their gadder'd plunder. 'Twas a day
Of surest Queen, such as fill'd with joy
True English hearts: No happier day has seen
Been roll'd abroad from town and village lower
Th' agitated then with their exultant sound
Salopian vales; and flowing cups were brimm'd
All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland's name.

XXXIII (XXXVII)

WRITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF LETTERS AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, BY BARRÉ CHARLES ROBERTS.

Not often hath the cold insensate earth
Closed over such fair hopes, as when the grave
Received young Barró's perishable remains; nor such endowments as parental love
Might in its wisest prayer have ask'd of Heaven;
An intellect that, choosing for itself
The better part, went forth into the fields
Of knowledge, and with never-sated thirst
Drank of the living springs: a judge,
And clear; a heart affectionate; a soul
Within whose quiet sphere no vanities
Or low desires had place. Nor were the ends
Of excellence thus largely given, and left
To struggle with impediment of elime
Austere, or niggard soil; all circumstances
Of happy fortune was to him vouch-safed;
His way of life was as through garden-walks
Wherein no thorns are seen, save such as grow.

Types of our human state, with fruits and flowers,
In all things favour'd thus auspiciously,
But in his father most. An intercourse
So beautiful no former record shows
In such relationship displayed, where through
Familiar friendship's perfect confidence,
The father's ever-watchful tenderness
Meets ever in the son's entire respect
Its due return devout, and playful love
Mingles with every thing, and sheds o'er all
A sunshine of its own. Should we then say
The parents purchased at too dear a cost
This deep delight, the deepest, purest joy
Which Heaven hath here assign'd us, when they saw
Their child of hope, just in the May of life,
Beneath a slow and cankering malady,
With irrecoverable decay consumed,
Sink to the utmost grave? Oh, think not thus!
Nor deem that such long anguish, and the grief,
Which in the inmost soul doth strike its roots
There to abide through time, can over-rough
The blessings which have been, and yet shall be!

XXXIV (XXXIX)

EPITAPH

Some there will be to whom, as here they read,
While yet these lines are from the chisel sharp,
The name of Clement Francen, will recall
His countenance benign; and some who knew
What stores of knowledge and what humble thoughts,
What wise desires, what cheerful piety, In happy union form'd the character
Which faithfully impress'd his aspect meek.
And others too there are, who in their hearts
Will bear the memory of his worth, and feel
The seed connate of death. A place in Time
Is given us, only that we may prepare
Our portion for Eternity: the SoulPossesseth there what treasures for itself,
Wise to salvation, it laid up in Heaven.

Keswick, 1814.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CALEDONIAN CANAL

[Published in The Anniversary, 1829.]

XXXV (XL)

1. At Clachnacharry

A leafward the island here, from sea to sea,
Between these mountain barriers, the Great Glen
Of Scotland offers to the traveller, Through wilds impervious else, an easy path,
Along the shore of rivers and of lakes, In line canal, whence the waters flow
Dividing east and west. Thus had they held
For untold centuries their perpetual course
Unprofited, till in the Georgian age
This mighty work was plan'd; which should unite
The lakes, control the innavigable streams,
And through the bowls of the land deduce
A way, where vessels which must else have braved
The formidable Cape, and have essayed
The perils of the Hyperborean Sea,
Might from the Baltic to the Atlantic deep
Pass and repass at will. So when the storm
Careers abroad, may they securely come,
Through birch groves, green fields, and pastoral hills,
Pursue their voyage home. Humanity
May boast this proud expenditure, begun
By Britain in a time of arduous war;
Through all the efforts and emergencies
Of that long strife continued, and achieved
After her triumph, even at the time
When national burdens bearing on the state
Were felt with heaviest pressure. Such expense
Is best economy. In growing wealth,
Comfort, and spreading industry, behold
The fruits immediate! And, in days to come,
Fifty shall this great British work be named
With whatso'er of most magnificence,
For public use. Rome in her plenitude
Of power effected, or all-glorious Oreeee,
Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

XXXVI (XLII)

2. At Fort Augustus

Thou who hast reached this level where the glede,
Whirling between the mountains in mid air,
Eastward or westward as his gyre inclines,
Describes the German or the Atlantic Sea,
Pause beneath the broad canal humided,
Then issue harmless thence; the rivulet
Admitted by its intake peacefully,
Pored with by gentle overfall discharged;
And happily thou hast observed the needs
Frequent their vaulted path, unconcealedly
That the wide waters on the long low arch
Above them, lie sustained. What other works
Science, audacious in emprise, hath wrought,
Meet not the eye, but well may fill the mind.
Not from the bowels of the land alone,
From lake and stream hath their diluvial wreck
 Been scooped to form this navigable way;
Huge rivers were controll'd, or from their course
Shoulder'd aside; and at the eastern mouth,
Where the salt sea water for the highland lymph;
As oft in imperceptible descent
Must, step by step, be lower'd, before she woos
The ocean breeze again. Thou hast beheld
What basins, most capacious of their kind,
Enclose her, while the obedient element
Lifts or deposes its burden. Thou hast seen
The torrent hurrying from its native hills
Pass underneath the broad canal humed,
Then issue harmless thence; the rivulet
Admitted by its intake peacefully;
Pored with by gentle overfall discharged;
And happily thou hast observed the needs
Frequent their vaulted path, unconcealedly
That the wide waters on the long low arch
Above them, lie sustained.

XXVI (XLII)

3. At Balnavie

Where these capacious basins, by the laws
Of the subjacent element receive
The ship, descending or upraised, eight times,
From stage to stage with unfelt agency
Translated; fittest may the marble here
Record the architect's immortal name.
Telford it was, by whose presiding mind
The whole great work was planned and perfected;
Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,
Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne,
Carried his navigable road, and hung
High o'er Menai's straits the bending bridge;
Struck with a more ambitious enterprize
Than minstrels in the age of old romance
To their own Merlin's magic lore ascribed.
Nor hath he for his native land performed
Less in this proud design; and where his piers
Around her coast from many a fisher's creel
Unshelter'd else, and many an ample port,
Repel the assailing storm; and where his roads
In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,
Wind with the vale, and win the long ascent.
Now over the deep moras sustain'd, and now
Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued.

XXXVII (XLII)

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Of the subjacent element receive
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XXXVIII (XLIII)

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH

Divided far by death were they, whose names
In honour here united, as in birth,
This monumental verse records. They drew
In Dorset's healthy vales their natal breath,
And from these shores beheld the ocean first;
Wherein in early youth with one accord
They chose their way of fortune; to that course
By Hook and Bridport's bright example drawn.
Their kinsmen, children of this place, and sons
Of one, who in his faithful ministry so
Insulated within these hallowed walls
The truths in mercy to mankind revealed.
Worthy were these three brethren each to add
New honours to the already honoured name:
But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
Perish'd amid the Caribbean sea,
When the Femora, by a hurricane
Whirl'd, riven and overwhelm'd, with all her crew
Into the deep went down. A longer date
To Alexander was assign'd, for hope;
For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
Alas, how short! for duty, for desert,
Suffering; and while Time preserves the roll
Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
A youth, in many a celebrated fight
With Rodney had his part; and having reach'd
Life's middle stage, engaging ship to ship,
When the French Hercules, a gallant foe,
Struck to the British Mars his three-striped flag.
He fell, in the moment of his victory.
Here his remains in sure and certain hope Are laid, until the hour when Earth and Sea Shall render up their dead. One brother yet Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney train'd In battles, with the Lord of Nile approved, Ere in command he worthy upheld Old England's high prerogative. In the east, The west, the Baltic and the Midland seas, Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have plough'd The ensanguined deep, his thunders have been heard, His flag in brave defiance hath been seen; And severest enemies at Sir Samuel's name Felt fatal presage in their inmost hearts, Of unavoidable defeat foredoom'd. Thus in the path of glory he rode on. Vittorous alway, adding praise to praise; Till full of honours, not of years, beauteous The venom of the infected clime he sunk, On Coromandel's coast, completing there His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren, Alexander's son (Sole seion he in whom their line survived), With English feeling, and the deeper sense Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.

1827.

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To Butler's venerable memory By private gratitude for public worth This monument is raised, here where twelve years Mockly the blameless Prelate exercised His pastoral charge: and whither, though removed, A little while to Durham's wider See, His mortal relics were convey'd to rest. Born in dissent, and in the school of schism Bel, he withstood the withering influence Of that unwholesome nurture. To the Church, In strength of mind mature and judgment clear, A convert, in sincerity of heart Seeking the truth, deliberately convinced, And finding there the truth he sought, he came. In honour must his high desert be held While there is any virtue, any praise; For he it was who stole the intellect First apprehended, and developed first The analogy connate, which in its course And constitution Nature manifests To the Creator's word and will divine; And in the depth of that great argument Laying his firm foundation, built thereon Proofs never to be shaken of the truths Reveas'd from Heaven in mercy to mankind; Allaying thus Philosophy with Faith, And finding in things seen and known, the type And evidence of those within the veil.

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CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE YEAR 1814

[Published together with Carmina Aulica in one volume in 1814. The first four stanzas were published in The Courier for January 8, 1814. See also Note to the 'Ode Written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte in January, 1814,' p. 755. Some extracts from Southey's notes to this Ode are printed at the end of the poem. They are of interest as illustrating the attitude of British political parties during the war with Napoleon, and the mistaken calculations of the Edinburgh Review.]

I

In happy hour doth he receive The Laurel, meed of famous Bards of yore, Which Dryden and diviner Spenser wore, In happy hour, and well may he rejoice, Whose earliest task must be To raise the exultant hymn for victory. And join a nation's joy with harp and voice, Pouring the strain of triumph on the Glory to God, his song. Deliverance for Mankind!

II

Wake, lute and harp! My soul take up the strain! Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

III

Dread was the strife, for mighty was the foe Who sought with his whole strength thy overthrow. The Nations bowed before him; some in war Subdued, some yielding to superior art: Their Kings, like Setaui, waiting round his throne. For Britain's ruin and their own, By force or fraud in monstrous league combined. Alone, in that disastrous hour, Britain stood firm and brav'd his power; Alone she fought the battles of mankind.

IV

O virtue which, above all former fame, Exalts her venerable name! The Queen of Ocean to herself was True! The Queen of Ocean, to herself was That no weak heart, no abject mind...
First from his trance the heroic Spaniard woke;
His chains he broke,
And casting off his neck the treacherous yoke,
He call’d on England, on his generous foe;
For well he knew that where’er he went
Wise policy prevail’d, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain’s liberal
successors flow.
Her arm be present there.
Then, too, regenerate Portugal display’d;
Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-long.
Rising against intolerable wrong.
On England, on her old ally, for aid
The faithful nation call’d in her distress:
And well that old ally the call obey’d.
Well was that friendship then repaid.

Say from thy trophied field how well,
Vimiero! Rocky Douro tell! 60
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred height
The hallowed sword was brandish’d in thine hour.

Patient of loss, profuse of life,
Meantime had Spain endured the strife;
And though she saw her cities yield,
Her armies scatter’d in the field,
Her strength in battle broke; 9
The danger undismay’d she view’d,
Knowing that nought could e’er appall
The Spaniards’ fortune.
What though the Tyrant, drunk with power,
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball?
Her cause is just, and Heaven is over all.

Therefore no thought of fear debased
Her judgment, nor her acts disgraced.
To every ill, but not to shame resign’d,
All sufferings, all calamities she bore.
She bade the people call to mind 91
Their heroes of the days of yore,
Pelayo and the Compadre, 92
With all who, once in battle strong,
Lived still in story and in song.
Against the Moors, ago after age,
Their stubborn warfare did they wage;
Age after age, from sire to son,
The hallowed sword was handed down;
Nor did they from that warfare cease,
And abate that hallow’d sword in peace.

Until the work was done.

Thus, in the famous days of yore,
Their fathers triumph’d o’er the Moor.
They gloried in his overthrow,
But touch’d not with reproach his gallant name:
For fairly, and with hostile aim profest,
The Moor had rear’d his haughty crest,
An open, honourable foe;
But as a friend the treacherous Frenchman came.
And Spain received him as a guest.
Think what your fathers were!
She cried.
Think what ye are, in sufferings tried;
And think of what your sons must be
Even as ye make them—slaves or free.

Strains such as these from Spain’s three seas,
And from the farthest Pyrenees,
Rung through the region. Vengeance was the word;
One impulse to all hearts at once was given;
From every voice the sacred cry was heard,
And borne abroad by all the winds of Heaven.
Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards look’d for aid,
A spirit equal to the hour bestow’d;
And gloriously the debt they paid,
Which to their valiant ancestors they owed;
[France and gloriously against the power of
Maintain’d their children’s proud inheritance.
Their steady purpose no defeat could move,
No horrors could abate their constant hope;
Hope had its source and resting-place above,
And they, to loss of all on earth resign’d.
Suffer’d, to save their country, and mankind.
What strain heroic might suffice to tell,
How Zaragoza stood, and how she fell?
Nor since you saw her begin his daily round,
There was a more virtuous, holier valour, found
Than on that consecrated ground.

Alone the noble Nation stood,
When from Coruña, in the main,
The star of England set in blood.

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,
From rescued Portugal he came.
Rodrigo’s walls in vain resist;
In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz;
And Salamanca’s heights proclaim
The Conqueror’s praise, the Wellesley’s name.
Oh, had the sun stood still that hour,
When Marmont and his brook’d power
Fled from their field of shame!
Spain felt through all her realms the electric blow;
Cadiz in peace expands her gates again;
And Spain, who, to bondage long resign’d,
Flow’d mournfully along the silent plain,
Into her joyous bosom unconfined
Receives once more the treasures of the main.

What now shall check the Wellesley, when at length
Onward he goes, rejoicing in his strength?
From Douro, from Castile’s extended plain,
The foe, a numerous band,
Retire; amid the heights which overhang
Dark Elbro’s bed, they think to make their stand.
He reads their purpose, and prevents their speed;
And still as they recede,
Impetuously he presses on their way;
Till by Vittoria’s walls they stand at bay,
And drow their battle up in fair array.

Vain their array, their valour vain
There did the practised Frenchman see;
That England’s arm was strong to
Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,
And well in sight of earth and Heaven
Did he redeem the pledge which there was given.

Like dust before the breath of Heaven,

VIII

IX

X

XI

XII

XIII

XIV
Like leaves before the autumnal wind!
Now, Britain, now thy brow with laurels bind;
And Europe, take thou up the awakening strain.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

From Spain the living spark went forth;
The flame hath caught, the flame is spread!
It warms, it fires the farthest North.
And from the eyes of its brow, resum'd Spain.
And Europe, take the Awakening strain.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

Open thy gates, O Hanover! display
Thy loyal banners to the day;
Receive thy old illustrious line once more!
Beneath an Upstart's yoke oppressed,
Long hath been thy fortune to expire.
That line, whose fostering and paternal sway
So many an age thy grateful children blest.

The yoke is broken now: A mighty hand
Hath dash'd, in pieces dash'd, the iron rod.
To meet her Prince, she deliver'd
Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad;
The happy bells, from every town and tower,
Roll their glad peals upon the joyful wind;
And from all hearts and tongues, with one consent,
The high thanksgiving strain to heaven is sent.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy cry,
Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats in Heaven?
And William the Deliverer, doth thine eye
Regard from on high cypreal realms the land.
For which thy blood was given?
What ills hath that poor Country suffered long?
Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and oppress'd.
Mockery and insult aggravating wrong!
Severely she her errors hath atoned,
And long in anguish groan'd,
Wearing the patient semblance of despair,
While fervent curses rose with every prayer.
In mercy Heaven at length its ear inclined;
The avenging armies of the North incline;
Joy for the injured Hollanders!
The cry
Of Orange reads the sky!
All hearts are now in one good cause combined,
Once more that flag triumphant floats on high.
Glory to God! Deliverance for Mankind!

When shall the Dove go forth? Oh when
Shall Peace return among the Sons of Men?
Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed land.
Justice must go before,
And Retribution must make plain the way;
Force must be crushed by Force,
The power of Evil by the power of Good,
Ero Order bless the suffering world once more,
Or Peace return again.
Hold then right on in your suspicious course,
Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right on!
Your task not yet is done:

NOTES TO CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

1 Torres Vedras. Torres Vedras is a name so old as to have been given when the Latin tongue was the language of Portugal. This town is said to have been founded by the Turcli, a short time before the commencement of the Christian Era.

In remembering the lines of Torres Vedras, the opinion of the wise men of the North ought not to be forgotten. "If they (the French) do not make an effort to drive us out of Portugal, it is because we are better there than anywhere else."—Edinburgh Review, No. XXVII, p. 263.

2 No cruelties recorded in history exceed those which were systematically committed by the French during their retreat from Portugal. "Their conduct," (says Lord Wellington in his dispatch of the 14th of March, 1811,) "throughout this retreat, has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed.

3 "Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Pemus, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The Convent of Alcobaca was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. The Bishop's Palace, and the whole town of Lecia, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country, of any class or description, who has not had reason to repent of it, or to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander-in-chief, in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal, that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of one hundred and ten thousand men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped, that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and other nations what value they ought to place quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been induced by promises of good treatment to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The Convent of Alcobaca was burnt by order from the French head-quarters. 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of these atrocities was collected as it was possible to obtain, and that record will for ever make the French name detested in the two countries. The single diocese of Coimbra, 2,000 persons, men, women, and children, were murdered, every one with the shocking circumstances of aggravated cruelty. 'Nem huma só das 2000 mortes constatadas pelo imingo deixou de ser atormentado ou dominadisimos.'—Brave Memórias dos Estragos Causados no Bispo da Coimbra pelo Exército Frances, como promovidas pelo General Massena. Extra-hidra das Esforços que deram os Reverendos Padres, e remetida a Junta dos Socorros da Subscrição Britannica, Bispado de Coimbra pelo Exército Francez, (Le Léviath de Ephraïm.) I will not, however, in this place repeat abbreviations which at once outrage humanity and disgrace human nature.

When the French, in 1792, entered Spire, some of them began to commit excesses which would soon have led to a general sack. Custine immediately ordered a general to be shot. This dreadful example, he told the National Convention, he considered as the only means of saving the honour of the French nation, and it met with the approbation of the whole army. But the French army was not then so systematically brutalized. It was reserved for Buonaparte to render them infamous, as well as for Time to be seen as a destruction. The French soldier, says Capmany, is executioner and robber at the same time: he was an unhappy wretch who delivered his name by his mercy, naked to the skin, stripping off the clothes that may not be torn by the musket-shot! The pen falls from my hand, and I cannot proceed.

EPISTLE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

[First published in The Annivcrsary, 1820.]

Well, Heaven be thank'd! friend Allan, here I am!

Once more to that dear dwelling place return'd,
Where I have pass'd the whole mid stage of life,
Not lily, certes; not unworthy...

So let me hope: where Time upon my head
Hath laid his iron and monitory hand; And when this poor frail earthly tabernacle Shall be dissolved, it matters not how soon Or late, in God's good time, . .

Weary of hurried days and restless nights,
I would fain be gathered to my children, earth to earth.

For then had we from midnight until morrow
House-quakes, street-thunders, and coachmen's quarrels and with footmen's shouts. My next-door neighbours, in a street not yet macadamized, (me miserable!) lost home.

The Edinburgh Reviewer! 'It would be as criminal to expect a mutiny among the vassal states of France who are the most impotent of her yoke, as amongst the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, or the conscripts of the year 1808 and 1809. In making this comparison, we are indeed putting the case much more strongly against France than the facts warrant, for with the exception of Holland, and the States into which the conscription has been introduced, either immediately, or by means of requisitions of men made to their Government, the changes effected by the French invasion have been favourable to the individual happiness of the inhabitants, so that the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain is decided, in direct opposition to the interest of his own subjects and to the feelings of human nature.

O Government! in thy wisdom and thy want, Tax knocker! . . . in compassion to the sick.

Allan, here I am, Once more to that dear dwelling place return'd.
In all that is excellent and best, That hate towards them breeds pity towards 'Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state Thus:

The sights and sounds of Nature; . .
Wherein I learnt in infancy to love
Alone to me accessible as those
Its social, all its intellectual joys, . .
More perfectly than city. Not for all
Which having touch'd, I may not con-
And to the mind repose. Donne

Armorial bearings and powdered pates.
Till every chimney its own smoke con-
And give thenceforth thy dinners un-
Escaping from all this, the very whirl
Of mill-coach wheels bound outward from Lab-lane
Was peace and quietness. Three hundred
Of homeward way seem'd to the body rest,
And to the mind repose. Donne

More perfectly than city. Not for all
Which having touch'd, I may not con-
And to the mind repose. Donne

This poet begins his second Satire
The household poet, teacheth in his
Are living agencies; and Father Cats,
As his dear consort hath transfused my
Their filth is their defence. But I appeal
Against the limner's and the graver's
The foumarts and the skunks may be secure
In their own scent; and for that viler swarm,
The virm of the press, both those that ship,
And those that creep and crawl, I do not catch
And pin them for exposure on the page,
Their filth is their defence. But I appeal
Against the limner's and the graver's wrong;
Their evil works survive them. Bilder-
dijk, Whom I am privileged to call my friend,

Or, when proceeding from insensate things,
Give to tranquillity a voice wherewith
To woo the ear and win the soul attuned; . .
Oh not for all that London might bestow
Would I renounce the genial influences
And thoughts and feelings to be found where'er
We breathe beneath the open sky, and see
Earth's liberal bosom. Judge then by thyself,
Allan, true child of Scotland, . . thou
Who art
So oft in spirit on thy native hills,
And yonder Solway shores, . . a poet thou,
Judge by thyself how strong the ties which bind
A poet to his home; when, . . making
Large recompense for all that haply else
Which might seem perversely or unkindly done,
Fortune hath set his happy habitacle
Among the ancient hills, near mountain streams
And lakes pellucid, in a land sublime
And lovely as those regions of Romance
Where his young fancy in its day-dreams roam'd.
Expecting in forests wild and wide,
Logrion, or of dearest Faeiry-land.

Yet, Allan, of the cup of social joy
No man drinks freer, nor with heartier thirst,
Ner kerner relish, where I see around
Faces which I have known and loved so long,
That when he prints a dream upon my brain,
Dan Morpheus takes them for his readiest types,
And therefore in that heaved metronome
Time measured out to me some golden hours.
They were not led-footed while the clay
Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey's hand.
Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid-life rich,
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear then in English rhyme how Bilderdijk
Describes his wicked portraits, one by one.

A madman who from Bedlam hath broke loose;
An honest fellow of the nuns'kull race;
And papgyer-headed still, a very goose
Staring with eyes agast and vacant face;

A Frenchman who would mirthfully display
On some poor idiot his malicious wit;
And lastly, one who, train'd up in the way
Of worldly craft, hath not forsaken it,
But hath served Mammon with his whole intent,
A thing of Nature's worst materials made,
Low-minded, stupid, base and insolent.

What thought, or line, or word, hath fallen from me
In all my numerous works whereon to ground
The opprobrious notion? Safely I may smile
At these, acknowledging no likeness present;
And what of his performance comes at last?
Folly itself in every lineament!

Who is Bilderdijk? methinks thou sayest,
A ready question; yet which, trust me, Allain,
Would not be ask'd, that had not the curse that came
From Babel, elipt the wings of Poetry.
Napoleon ask'd him once with cold fix'd look,
'Art thou then in the world of letters known?'
'I have deserved to be,' the Hollandar replied,
Meeting that proud imperial look.

With calm and proper confidence, and eye
As little wont to turn away a bash'd
Before a mortal presence. He is one
Who hath received upon his constant breast
The sharpest arrows of adversity;
Whom not the clamours of the multitude
Demanding in their madness and their might
Iniquitous things, could shake in his firm mind;
Nor the strong hand of instant woe.

But who in public troubles, in the wreck
Of his own fortunes, in prescription,
Want, obscurity, ingratitude, neglect,
And what severer trials Providence,
Sometimes inciteth, chastening whom it loves,
In all, through all, and over all, hath borne
An equal heart, as resolute toward
The world, as humble and religiously
Beneath his heavenly Father's rod resign'd.

Nothing is of so vast a nature,
That if among them there were but one
Which as a likeness could be proved upon me,
It were enough to make me in mere shame
Take up an alias, and forswear myself.

Of native genius rich; philosopher,
Poet, and sage. The language of a State
Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,
But circumscribed by narrow bounds, and now
Sinking in irrecoverable decline,
Hath pent within its sphere a name withereth.
Europe should else have rung from side to side.

Such, Allain, is the Hollander to whom
Esteem and admiration have attach'd
My soul, not less than pre-consent of mind,
And gratitude for benefits, when being
A stranger, sick, and in a foreign land,
He took me like a brother to his house,
And ministered to me, and made a time
Which had been wearisome and careful else.

So pleasant, that in my calendar
There are no whiter days. 'Twill be a joy
For us to meet in Heaven, though we should look
Upon each other's earthly face no more.

This is this world's complication! cheerful thoughts
Bring sod thoughts to the mind, and these again
Give place to calm content, and stead-fast hope,
And happy faith assured. Return we now
With such transition as our daily life
Imposes in its wholesome discipline.
To a lighter strain; and from the gallery
Of the Dutch Poet's mix-resemblances
Pass into mine; where I shall show thee, Allain,

An array of villainous visages,
That if among them all there were but one
Which as a likeness could be proved upon me,
It were enough to make me in more shame
Take up an alias, and forswear myself.
An uglier misereant too,. . the brothers Schumann
And their most cruel copper-scratcher Zschoch,
From Zwickau sent abroad through Germany.
I wish the Schumans and the copper-scratcher
No worse misfortune for their recompence,
Than to encounter such a cut-throat face
In the Black Forest or the Odenwald.

And now is there a third derivative
From Mr. Colburn's composite, which late
The Arch-Pirate Galignani hath prefixed,
A spurious portrait to a faithless life,
And bearing lyingly the libell'd name
Of Lawrence, impudently there insulpt.

The bust that was the innocent forefather
To all this base, abominable brood,
I blame not, Allau. 'Twas the work of Smith,
A modest, mild, ingenious man, and err'd,
Where erring, only because over-true,
Too close a likeness for similitude;
Fixing to every part and lineament
Its separate character, and missing thus
That visage with its dull sobriety;
I see it duly as the day returns,
When at the looking-glass with lather'd chin
And razor-weapon'd hand I sit, the face
Composed and apprehensively intent
Upon the necessary operation
About to be perform'd, with touch, alas,
Not always confident of hair-breath skill.
Even in such sober sadness and constraint
Composure cold, the faithful Painter's eye
Had fix'd me like a spell, and I could feel
My features stiffen as he glanced upon them.

And yet he was a man whom I loved dearly,
My fellow-traveller, my familiar friend,
My household guest. But when he
look'd upon me,
Anxious to exercise his excellent art,
The countenance he knew so thoroughly
Was gone, and in its stead there sate Sir Smug:
Under the graver's hand, Sir Smug became
Sir Smouch,. . a son of Abraham. Now
albeit,
For rather would I trace my lineage hence
Than with the oldest line of Peers or Kings,
Claim consanguinity, that cast of features
Would ill accord with me, who in all forms
Of pork, baked, roasted, toasted, boil'd or broil'd,
Fresh, salted, pickled, seasoned, moist or dry,
Weather ham, bacon, sausage, orou or brawn,
Leg, bladebone, balldrib, griskin, chine, or chop,
Profess myself a genuine Philopig.

It was, however, as a Jew whose portion
Had fallen unto him in a goodly land
Of loans, of omnium, and of three per cents,
That Messrs. Porcy of the Anecdote-firm
Presented me unto their customers.

But, Allau, in what shape God Cynthia comes,
And wherefore he admonisheth me thus,
Nor thou nor I will tell the world; hereafter
The commentators, my Malones and Reids,
May if they can. For in my gallery
Though there remaineth undescribed
Yet 'o' enough enough, and now no more,
As honest old George Gascoigne said of yore.

Save only a last couplet to express
That I am always truly yours,
R.S.
Keswick, August, 1828.
MADOC.

'OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.'

TO

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

THIS POEM

WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED, IN 1805,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERUPPTED FRIENDSHIP;

AND IS NOW RE-INScriBED WITH THE SAME FEELING,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THIRTY-TWO.

PREFAcE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The historical facts on which this Poem is founded, may be related in a few words. On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A.D. 1169, his children disputed the succession. Yorwerth, the elder, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the West in search of some better resting-place. The land which he discovered pleased him: he left there six children, and sailed back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. Strong evidence has been adduced that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

About the same time, the Aztecs, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Arthas, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhitlthon. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexico, their tutelary god. Their migration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented as the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the Poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true. It assumes not the degraded title of Epic: and the question, therefore, is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, or whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

Keswick, 1805.

Three things must be avoided in Poetry; the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous. These three excellencies of Poetry; simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, and simplicity of invention.

The three indispensable parts of Poetry; pure truth, pure language, and pure manners.

Three things should all Poetry be; thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.—Petrarch.

FAIR BLOWS THE WIND, . . . THE VESSEL DRIVES ALONG,

HER STREAMERS FLUTTERING AT THEIR LENGTH, HER SAILS

ALL FULL, . . . SHE DRIVES ALONG, AND ROUND HER PROW

SEATNERS THE OCEAN SPRAY. WHAT FEELINGS THEN

FILL' D EVERY BOSON, WHEN THE MARINERS,

AFTER THE PERIL OF THAT WEARY WAY,

BECAME THEIR OWN DEAR COUNTRY! HERE STANDS ONE

STRETCHING HIS SIGHT TOWARD THE DISTANT SHORE,

AND AS TO WELL-KNOWN FORMS HIS BUSY JOY

SHAPES THE DIM OUTLINE, EAGERLY HE POINTS,

TIL HIS EYES ACHE O'ERSTRAINING. THIS MAN SHAKES

HIS CORNER'S HAND AND BIDS HIM WELCOME HOME,

AND BLESSES GOD, AND THEN HE WEEPS ALoud:

HERE STANDS ANOTHER, WHO IN SECRET PRAY;

CALLS ON THE VIRGIN AND HIS PATRON SAINTS,

RENEWING HIS OLD VOWS OF GIFTS AND ALMS

AND PILGRIMAGE, SO HE MAY FIND ALL WELL.

SILENT AND THOUGHTFUL AND APART FROM ALL

STOOD MADOC; NOW HIS NOBLE ENTERPRISE

Proudly remembering, now in dreams of hope,

Anon of boding full and doubt and fear.

Fair smiled the evening, and the

Favouring gale

Sung in the shrubs, and swept the

Steady bark.

Rush'd roaring through the waves.

The sun goes down:

Far off his light is on the naked crags

Of Pennmannaw, and Arryn's ancient

Hills:

And the last glory lingers yet awhile,

Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,

That rose amid his mountains. Now

The ship

Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island,

Stretch'd

Her shore along the ocean's lighter line,

There through the mist and twilight,

Many a fire

Up-flaming stream'd upon the level sea

Red lines of lengthening light, which, far

Away

Rising and falling, flash'd afar the

Waves,

Threaten full many a thought of ill

Disturb'd

Prince Madoc's mind: . . . did some new

Conqueror seize

The throne of David? . . . had the tyrant's

Guilt

Awaken'd vengeance to the deed of

Death?

Or blazed they for a brother's obsequies,

The sport and mirth of murder? . . . Like

The lights

Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls

Are waving with the wind, the painful

Doubt

Fluttering within him, . . . onward drives

The gale . . .
MADOC IN WALES

On flies the bark; ... and she hath reach'd at length
Her haven, safe from her unequall'd way!
And now, in louder and yet louder joy
Chantacres, the happy mariners all-hail
Their native shore, and now they leap to land.

There stood an old man on the beach to wait
The comers from the ocean; and he
ask'd,
Is it the Prince? And Madoc knew his voice,
And turn'd to him and fell upon his neck;
For it was Urien who had foster'd him,
Had loved him like a child; and Madoc loved,
Even as a father loved he that old man.
My Sister? quoth the Prince... Oh, she and I
Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss,
That long and cruel absence!... She and I,
Hour after hour and day by day, have look'd
Toward the wa'ters, and with aching eyes
And aching heart, sate watching every sail.

And David and our brethren? cried the Prince,
As they moved on... But then old Urien's lips
Were slow at answer; and he ... of Owen!
Evil stars, Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy brethren's birth.
Poor Yorwerth sought the church's sanctuary;
The murderer follow'd him; Madoc needed aid
Who sent the sword?... Llewelyn, his brave boy,
Where wanders he? in this his rightful
realm,
Houseless and hunted; richly would the King
Gift the red hand that rid us of that fear!
Krid, an outlaw'd fugitive, as yet
Eludes his deadly purpose; Rodri lives,
A prisoner he, I know not in what fit
Of natural mercy from the slaughter spared.
Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck
And scattering of his house!... That princely race!
Now send the sword, said he; for it was Owen's
realm,Where wanders he? in this his rightful
houseless,
Richly would the King gift the red hand that rid us of that fear!
Krid, a outlaw'd fugitive, as yet
Eludes his deadly purpose; Rodri lives,
A prisoner he, I know not in what fit
Of natural mercy from the slaughter spared.
Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck
And scattering of his house!... That princely race!

Urien replied: Aberfraw's ancient towers
Beheld no pride of festival like this,
No like solemnities, when Owen came
In conquest, and Gowalchmai struck the harp.

Only Goervyl, careless of the pomp,
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Quoth Urien, He so doats, as she had drop'd
Some philtre in his cup, to lethargize
The British blood that came from Owen's veins.
Three days his halls have echoed to the song
Of joyance.

Shame! foul shame! that they should hear
Songs of such joyance! cried the
indignant Prince;
Oh that my Father's hall, where I have heard
The songs of Corwen and of Keiriog's day,
Should echo this pollution! Will the chief
Brook this alliance, this unnatural tie?

There is no face but wears a courtly smile,
Urien replied: Aberfraw's ancient towers
Beheld no pride of festival like this,
No like solemnities, when Owen came
In conquest, and Gowalchmai struck the harp.

Only Goervyl, careless of the pomp,
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

But tell the tale of triumph; or did night
Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath not yet
To reach her?

Now had they almost attain'd
The palace portal. Urien stopp'd and
Sobbed aloud. Goervyl from their hold
Started, and sunk upon her brother's breast.

Recovering first, the aged Urien said,
Enough of this... there will be time for this,
My children! better it behoves ye now
To seek the King. And, Madoc, I beseech thee,
Bears with thy brother! gently bear with him, My gentle Prince! be thou the headstrong slave Of passions unsubdued; he feels no tie Of kindly love, or blood; provoke him not, Madoc! it is his nature's malady.

Thou good old man! replied the Prince, be sure I shall remember what to him is due, What to myself; for I was in my youth Wisely and well train'd up; nor yet hath time Eflaoed the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste! exclaim'd Goervyl; ... her heart Smote her in sudden terror at the thought Of Yorwerth, and of Owen's ... saying, they toward the palace gate Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received The tidings of her wanderer's glad return.

II. THE MARRIAGE FEAST

The guests were seated at the festal board; Green rushes strew'd the floor; high in the hall Was David; Emma, in her bridal robe, In youth, in beauty, by her husband's side Sate at the marriage feast. The monarch raised His eyes, he saw the mariner approach; With that the King cried; strong nature's impulses Prevail'd, and with a holy joy he met His brother's warm embrace.

Then what peals Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower! How then re-echoing rung the home of King David? When from subdued Ocean, from the World That he had first foreseen, he first had found, Came her triumphant child! The mariners, A happy band, enter the clausur'd hall; Friend greets with friend, and all are friends; one joy Fills with one common feeling every heart, And strangers give and take the welcoming Of hand and voice and eye. That boisterous joy At length allay'd, the board was spread anew, Anew the horn was brimm'd, the central hearth Built up anew for later revelries. Now to the ready feast! the seneschal Duly ... see thy sister! thou hast been Long absent, and our house hath felt the while Sad diminution; but my arm at last Hath rooted out rebellion from the land, And I have stablish'd now our ancient house, Grafting a scion from the royal tree; And I have ... rest in peace! Enough of sorrow hath our royal house Known in the field of battles, ... yet we reap'd The harvest of renown

Ay, ... many a day, ... 

David replied, together have we led The onset. ... Dost thou not remember, brother, How in that hot and unexpected charge On Keirion's bank, we gave the enemy Their welcoming? And Berwyn's after-stroke! Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled him, The fool that day, who in his masque attire Sported before King Henry, wished in vain Fisher habiliments of javelin-proof! And yet not more precipitate that fool Dropt his mock weapons, than the archers cast Desperate their bows and quivers-full away, When we leapt on, and in the mire and blood, Trampled their banner!

That, exclaimed the King; That was a day indeed, which I may still Proudly remember, proved as I have been In conflicts of such perilous essay, That Saxon combat seem'd like woman's war, When with the traitor Hoel I did wage The deadly battle, then was I in truth Put to the proof; no vantage-ground was there, Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to aid, But equal, hard, close battle, man to man, Briton to British. By my soul, pursued The tyrant, heedless how from Madoc's eye Flash'd the quick wrath like lightning... though I knew The rebel's worth, his prowess then excited Unwelcome wonder; even at the last, When staff with till and fain with wounds, he raise'd Feebly his broken sword, ... Then Madoc's grief Found utterance; Wherefore, David, dost thou restore? The memory now of that unhappy day, That thou shouldst wish to hide from earth and heaven? Not in Aberfraw, ... not to me this tale! Tell it the Saxon! ... he will join thy triumphs! ... He hates the race of Owen! ... but I loved Thy brother Hoel, ... loved him! ... that for ye knew! I was to him the dearest of his kin, And he my own heart's brother.

David's cheek Grew pale and dark; he bent his broad brow Full upon Madoc's glowing countenance; Art thou return'd to brave me? to my teeth To praise the rebel bastard? to insult The royal Saxon, my affianced friend? I hate the Saxon! Madoc cried; not yet Have I forgotten, how from Keirion's shame Flying, the coward waked his cruelty On our poor brethren! ... David, seest thou never Those cyclones spectres by thy bridal bed? Forget that horror? ... may the fire of God Blast my right hand, or ever it be link'd With that accursed Plantagenet's! The while, Impatience struggled in the heaving breast Of David; every agitated limb shook with ungobernable wrath; the page, Who clasped his feet, in fear suspends his task; In fear the guests gaze on him silently: His eyeballs flash'd, strong anger choked his voice, He started up ... Him Emma, by the hand Gently retaining, held, with gentle words Calming his rage. Goervyl too in tears Besought his generous brother: he had met Emma's reproaching glance, and self-reproved, While the warm blood flush'd deeper o'er his cheek. Thus he replied; I pray you pardon me,
MADRICK IN WALES

My Sister-Queen! nay, you will learn to love
This high affection for the race of Owen,
Yourself the daughter of his royal house
By better ties than blood
Grateful the Queen replied, by winning smile and eloquent eye

Thanking the gentle Prince: a moment's pause
Ensued; Gocryl then with timely speech
Thus to the wanderer of the waters spake:
Maddock thou hast not told us of the world.
Beyond the ocean and the paths of man.
A lovely land its needs must be, my brother,
Or sure you had not sojourn'd there so long.
Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours
Of grief and solitude and wretched hope.

Where is Cadwallon? for one bark alone
I saw some sailing here.

The tale you ask
Is long, Gocryl, said the mariner,
And I in truth am weary. Many moons
Have wax'd and waned, since from that distant world,
The country of my dreams and hope and faith,
We speed the homeward sail: a goodly world,
And my Sister! thou wilt see its goodliness,
And greet Cadwallon there... But this shall be
To-morrow's tale;... indulge we now the feast!...
You know not with what joy we mariners
Behold a sight like this.
Smiling he spake,

And turning, from the sewer's hand he took
The flowing mead. David, the white relieved
From rising jealousies, with better eye
Regards his venturous brother. Let the Bard,
Exclaim'd the King, give his accustomed lay;

For sweet, I know, to Maddoc is the song
He loved in earlier years.
Then, strong of voice,

The officer proclaimed the sovereign will,
Bidding the hall be silent; loud he spake.
And smote the sounding pillar with his wand.

Then raised the ancient lay.
O Father! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee,
Whose love, all love, all power, all wisdom, Thou!
Tongue cannot utter, nor can heart conceive.
He is in the lowest depth of Being framed,
The imperishable mind in every change,
Through the great circle of progressive wreath.

He guides and guards, till evil shall be known,
And being known as evil, cease to be;
And the pure soul, emancipate by Death,
The Enlarger, shall attain its end pre-doom'd,
The eternal wraith of eternal joy.

He left this lofty theme; he struck the harp
To Owen's praise, swift in the course of wrath,
Father of Heroes. That proud day he sung,
When from green Erin came the insulting host.

Loclinh's long burneth of the flood, and they
Who left their distant homes in evil hour,
The death-doom'd Normen. There was heaviest toil,
There deeper tumult, where the dragon race
Of Mona trampled down the humbled head
Of haughty power; the sword of slaughter carved
Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven,

And Menai's waters, burst with plunge and plunge,
Curling above their banks with tempest-swell.
Their bloody billows heaved.
The long past days came on the mind of Maddoc, as he heard
That song of triumph; on his sun-burnt brow
Sato the plantation... other thoughts arose.
As on the fate of all his gallant house
Mournful he mused; oppressive memory swell'd
His bosom, over his fix'd eye-balls swam
The tear's dim lustre, and the loud-toned harp
Rung on his ear in vain;... its silence first
Roused him from dreams of days that were no more.

III. CADWALLON

Then on the morrow, at the festal board,
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale.

My heart beat high when with the favouring wind
We sail'd away; Aberfraw when thy towers,
And the huge headland of my mother isle,Shrunk and were gone.

But, Maddoc, I would learn, Quoth David, how...
Shrink and were gone.

But, Maddoc, I would learn, Quoth David, how this enterprise arose,
And the wild hope of worlds beyond the sea;

For, at thine onset, being in the war,
I did not hear from vague and common fame
The moving cause. Sprung it from hardy lore,
The hidden wisdom of the years of old,
Forgotten long? or did it visit thee
In dreams that come from Heaven?
The Prince replied,
Thou shalt hear all;... but if, amid the tale,
Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse
Aught to the King ungrateful, let my brother
Be patient with the involuntary fault.

I was the guest of Rhys at Dinevawr,
And there the tidings found me, that our sire
Was gather'd to his fathers... not alone
The sorrow came; the same ill messenger
Told of the strife that shook our royal house,
When Hoel, proud of prowess, seized the throne.

Which you, for elder claim and lawful birth,
Challenged in arms. With all a brother's love,
I on the instant hurried to prevent
The inevitable battle;... all the day I sped;
Night did not stay me on my eager way.

Where'er I pass'd, new rumour raised
Midnight, and mom, and noon, I hur'd on,
And the late eve was darkening when I reach'd
Arvon, the fatal field. The light, the sounds,
Live in my memory now... for all was done;
For horse and horseman, side by side in death,
Lay on the bloody plain;... a host of men,
And not one living soul... and not one sound,
One human sound;... only the raven's wing,
Which rose before my coming, and the neigh
Of wounded horses, wandering o'er the plain.

Night now was coming on... a man approach'd
And bade me to his dwelling night at hand.

Thither I turn'd, too weak to travel more.
For I was overspent with weariness,
And having now no hope to bear Me up,
Trouble and bodily labour master'd me,
I ask'd him of the battle;... who had fallen
He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war.
MADOC IN WALES

Had given my father's sceptre. Here, said he, I came to seek if haply I might find my father's sceptre. Here, said he, I came to seek if haply I might find a wretched, abandoned son of my heart. Three brave sons thou wilt lose when one shall fall! Lament not him whom death may save from guilt!

For all too surely in the conqueror Thou wilt find one whom his own fears have raised.

Must make to all his kin a pitiful foe.

I felt as though he wrong'd my father's sons, And raised an angry eye, and answer'd him, "My brethren love me."

Then the old man cried, "Oh what is Princes' love? what are the affections growing as we grow, if but ambition come? Thou dearest son! Thy brethren love thee; ye have play'd together in childhood, shared your riper hopes and fears, fought side by side in battle; they may be brave, generous, all that once their father was, whom ye, I ween, call virtuous." At the name, with pious warmth, I cried, Yes, he was good, and great, and glorious! Gwyneth's ancient annals boast not a name more noble. In the war he was fearless, the Saxon found him so; wise was his counsel, and no suppliant for justice ever from his palace-gate. Unrighted turn'd away, King Owen's name Shall live to after times without a blot!

CADWALLON

There were two brethren once of kingly line, The old man replied; they loved each other well, and when the one was at his dying hour, it was comfort to him that he left to his brother, who would duly pay a father's duties to his orphan boy. And sure he loved the orphan, and the line with all a child's sincerity loved him, and learnt to call him father: so the years went on, till when the orphan gained the age of manhood, to the throne his uncle came. The young man claim'd a fair inheritance, his father's lands; and mark what follows, Prince! At midnight he was seized, and to his eyes the brazen plate was held. He cried aloud, "Ho look around for help, I alone a saw His Uncle's ministers, prepared to do Their wicked work, who to the red hot brass forced his poor eyes, and held the open lids. Till the long agony consumed the sense; and when their hold relax'd, it had been worth the wealth of worlds if he could then have seen, dreadful to him and hideous as they. Their ruffian faces! I am blind, young Prince, and I can tell how sweet a thing it is to see the blessed light! Must more be told? What farther agonies he yet endured? or hast thou known the consummated crime, and heard Cyneth's fate? A painful glow inflamed my cheek, and for my father's I felt the shame of guilt. The dark-brow'd man beheld the burning flush, the uneasy eye, that knew not where to rest. Come! we will search the slain who arising from his seat, he said, I follow'd to the field of light we went, and over steeds and arms and men we held our way in silence. Here it was, quoth he. The fiercest war was waged; lo! in what heaps man upon man fell, slaughtered; then my heart smote me, and my knees shook; for I beheld, where, on his conquer'd foemen, Hoel lay.

He paused, his heart was full, and on his tongue The imperfect utterance died; a general gloom Sadden'd the hall, and Cadwallon took My hand, and, pointing to his dwelling, cried, Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou hast need of rest; the care of sepulture be mine. Nor did I then comply, refusing rest, till I had seen in holy ground... and before the unerring will bow, and have comfort! To the hut I went, and there beside the lonely mountain-stream, I veil'd my head, and brooded on the past.
He tarried long; I felt the hours pass by.
As in a dream of mourning, when the mind,
Half to reality awaken'd, blends
With airy visions and vague phantasies
Her dim perception; till at length his step
Aroused me, and he came. I question'd him,
Where is the body? hast thou bade the priests
Perform due masses for his soul's repose?
He answer'd me, The rain and dew of heaven
Will fall upon the turf that covers him,
And greener grass will flourish on his grave.
Do mournful memory...? it baffles thee now
Take counsel for thyself... the son of Gwenfrewi.
Lives not in safety here.
I how'd my head
Opprest by heavy thoughts; all wretchedness
The present; darkness on the future lay;
Fearful and gloomy both. I answer'd not.

Hath power seduced thy wishes? he pursued.
And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's throne?
Now God forbid! quoth I. Now God forbid!
But... but... but... the avenging arm is gone abroad,
One woe is past, woe after woe comes on,
There is no safety here, there thou must be.

The victim or the murderer! Does thy heart
Shrink from the alternative? look round! behold
What shelter... whither wouldst thou fly for peace?
What if the asylum of the Church were safe?
Were there no better purposes ordain'd
For that young arm, that heart of noble hopes?
Son of our kings... of old Cassibelan,
Great Caratach, immortal Arthur's line,
Oh, shall the blood of that heroic race
Stagnate in cloister-sloth? Or wouldst thou leave
Thy native isle, and beg in awkward phrases
Some foreign sovereign's charitable grace.

The Saxon or the Frank... and earn his gold,
The kneeling in a war whose cause thou know'st not,
Whose end concerns not thee?
Following his eye with wonder, as he paced
Before me to and fro, and listening still,
Though now he paced in silence. But soon
The old man's voice and step awakened us
Each from his thought; I will come out, said he
That I may sit beside the brook, and feel
The comfortable sun. As forth he came,
I could not choose but look upon his face:
Gently on him had gentle nature laid
The weight of years; all passions that disturb
Were pass'd away; the stronger lines of grief
Softened and settled, till they told of grief
By patient hope and pious subdued:
His eyes, which had their hue and brightness left,
Eid'd lifelessly, or objectless they roll'd,
Nor moved by sense, nor animate with thought.

On a smooth stone beside the stream he took
His wonted seat in the sunshine. Thou hast lost
A brother, Prince, he said... or the dull ear
Of age deceived me. Peace be with his soul.
And may the curse that lies upon the house
Of Owen turn away! Wilt thou come hither,
And let me feel thy face? I wondered at him:
Yet while his hand pursued my lineaments
Deep awe and reverence fill'd me. O my God,
Bless this young man! he cried; a perilous state
Is his... but let not thou his father's sins
Be visited on thee!

I raised my eyes Exquiring, to Cadwallon; Nay, young Prince,
Desirest thou the blind man's prayer? he cried;
It might have given thy father's dying hour
A hope, that sure he needed... for, know thou,
It is the victim of thy father's crime,
Who asks a blessing on thee!
At his feet I fell, and clasp'd his knees: he raised me up...
Blind as I was, a mutilated wretch, a thing that nature owns not. I survived,
Leasting existence, and with impious voice
Accused the will of heaven, and groan'd for death.
Years pass'd away; this universal blank
Became familiar, and my soul reposed
On God, and I had comfort in my prayers.
But there were blessings for me yet in store.
Thy father knew not, when his bloody fear
All hope of an avenger had cut off,
How there existed then an unborn babe,
Child of my lawless love. Year after year
I lived a lonely and forgotten wretch.
Before Cadwallon knew his father's fate.
Long years and years before I knew my son;
For never, till his mother's dying hour,
Learned he his dangerous birth. He sought me then;
He woke my soul once more to human ties;
I hope he hath not wear'd my heart from heaven.
Life is so precious now!...
Dear good old man! And lives he still? Goervyl ask'd, in tears!

Madoc replied, I scarce can hope to find
A father's welcome at my distant home.
I left him full of days, and ripe for death;
And the last prayer Cynetha breathed upon me
Went like a death-bed blessing to my heart!

When evening came, toward the echoing shore
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth:
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean-flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
Its restless rays, intolerably bright.
Prince, quoth Cadwallon, thou hast rode the waves
In triumph, when the invader felt his right.
Oh what a nobler conquest might be won,
There, upon that wide field! What meanest thou?
I cried. That yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bourne impassable!
That man should rule the Elements! that there
Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
Some happy isle, some undiscovered shore,
Some resting place for peace... Oh that my soul
MADOC IN WALES

IV. THE VOYAGE

Nor with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
Dear native isle! oh... not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view,
Cash look'd the long involuntary look !
The morning cheer'd our outset; gentle airs
Curd'd the blue deep, and bright the summer sun.
Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our bark's
Began their way.

And they were gallant barks, An ever through the raging billows rode; And many a tempest's buffeting they bore.
Their sails all swelling with the eastern breeze, Their lighten'd cordage clattering to the mast, Steady they rode the main: the gale abate.

My hope had kindled every heart; they blust
The unvarying breeze, whose unabating strength
Still sped us onward; and they said that Heaven
Favours the bold emprise.

How many a time, Mounting the mast-top-tower, with eager ken
They gazed, and fancied in the distant sky
Their promised shore, beneath the evening cloud,
Or seen, low lying, through the haze of morn.

I too with eyes as anxious watch'd the waves,
Though patient, and prepared for long delay;
For not on wild adventure had I rush'd With giddy speed, in some delicious fit: Of fancy; but in many a tranquil hour Weight'd the attempt, till hope matured to faith.

Day after day, day after day the same;
A weary waste of waters! still the breeze
Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
One even course: a second week was ten.

And now another past, and still the same,
Waves beyond waves, the interminable sea:
What marvel, if at length the mariners
Grew sick with long expectations? I beheld
Dark looks of growing restlessness, I
Distrest's low murmurings; nor absent'd it long
To see and not perceive. Shame had arise
Repress their fear, till like a smother'd fire
It burst, and spread with quick combustion round,
And strengthen'd as it spread. They spake in tones
Which might not be mistaken;... They had done
What men dared do, ventured where never keel.

The same unbounded ocean!... to proceed
Were tempting heaven.

I heard with feigned surprise,
And, pointing then to where our fellow bark,
Gay weap'd her fluttering streamers and full sails,
Rode, as in triumph, o'er the element,
I ask'd them what their comrades there would deem
Of those so bold ashore, who, when aday,
Perchance an hour, might crown their glorious toil,
Shrink then, and coward-like return'd to meet
Mockery and shame? True, they had ventured on
In seas unknown, beyond where ever deep.

Had plough'd the billows yet: more reason so
Why they should now, like him whose harp speed
Well nigh hath run the race, with higher hope
Press onward to the prize. But late deep
Marking the favour of the steady gale,
That Heaven was with us; Heaven vouchsafed us still
Fair seas and favouring skies: nor need we pray
For other aid, the rest was in ourselves;
Nature had given it, when she gave to man
Courage and constancy.

They answer'd not, Awhile obedient; but I saw with dread
The still sublimity of cold assurance.
Then, with what fearful eagerness I gaz'd
At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant bound.
How sick at heart with hope, when evening close,
Gazed through the gathering shadows!... but done
The sun still sink below the endless waves,
And still at morn, beneath the farthest sky,
Unbounded ocean heaved. Day after day
Before the steady gale we drove along...

A shout of joy approved. Thus, desperate now,
Our fellow bark, and told their fix'd resolve.

HAD cut the deep before: still all was sea,
The same unbounded ocean!... to proceed.

THE VOYAGE
I sought my solitary cabin; there
Confused with vague tumultuous feelings lay,
And to remembrance and reflection lost,
Knew only I was wretched.
Thus entranced
Cedwallon found me; shame, and grief,
And baffled hope, and fruitless anger swall’d;
Within me. All is over! I exclaim’d;
Yet not in me, my friend, hath time produced
Those tardy doubts and shameful fickleness;
I have not fail’d; Cedwallon! Nay, he said,
The coward fears which persecuted me
Have shown what thou hast suffer’d.
We have yet
One hope... I pray’d them to proceed a day,
But one day more;... this little have I gain’d,
And here will wait the issue; in yon bark I am not needed, they are masters there.

One only day!... The gale blew strong, the bark
Sped through the waters; but the silent hours,
Who make no pause, went by;... Madoe! he replied, the Elementa
Master indeed the feeble powers of man!
Not to the shores of Cambria will thy ships
Win back their shameful way!... or Ho!, whose will
Unchains the winds, hath bade them minister
To aid us, when all human hope was gone,
Or we shall soon eternally repose
From life’s long voyage.

As he spake, I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o’er the deep,
And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
The vessel labour’d on the labouring sea.
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits the sudden gust howl’d o’er them ominous,
Anon with unremitting fury raged;... High roll’d the mighty billows, and the blast
Sweep from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
Vain now were all the seamen’s home­ward hopes,
Vain all the skill!... we drove before the storm.

’Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that... the so­ro­ing of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength,
Avail not... to look round, and only see
The mountain wave incumbent with its weight.
Of bursting waters o’er the reeling bark,
O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing!
And he who hath endur’d the horror once
Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his borne, but he remembers it,
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Onward we drove: with unslating force
The tempest raged; night added to the storm
New horrors, and the morn arose o’er­spread,
With heavier clouds. The weary mariners
Call’d on Saint Cyrio’s aid; and I too placed,
My hope on Heaven, relaxing not the strain
On our human efforts. Ye who dwell at home!
Ye do not know the terrors of the main!
When the winds blow, ye walk along the shore,
230 And as the curling billows leap and toss,
Fable that Ocean’s mermaid Shepherdess
Drives her white flocks afield, and warns in time
[warm’d
The wary fisherman. Gwenhidwy
When we had no retreat! My secret heart.
Almost had fail’d me... Were the Elements
Confounded in perpetual conflict here,
Sea, Air, and Heaven? Or were we perishing,
Where at their source the Floods, for ever thus,
Beneath the nearer influence of the moon.
Labour’d in these mad workings? Did the Waters
Here on their utmost circle meet the void,
The vorge and brink of Chaos? Or this Earth,
Was it indeed a living thing... its breath
The sib and flow of Ocean? and had we
Reach’d the storm rampart of its Sanctuary?
The insuperable boundary, raised to guard
Its mysteries from the eye of man profane?

Three dreadful nights and days we drove along;
The fourth the welcome rain came rattling down,
The wind had fallen, and through the broken cloud
Appeared the bright dilating blue of heaven.
Embolden’d now, I call’d the mariners...
Pledged I so sweet a draught, as lying there,
Beside that streamlet's brink; to feel the ground,
To quaff the cool clear water, to inhale
The breeze of land, while fears and dangers past
Recurr'd and heighten'd joy, as summer storms
Make the fresh evening lovelier!

To the shore
The natives throng'd; astonish'd, they beheld
Our winged backs, and gazed with wonderment
On the strange garb, the bearded countenance
And the white skin, in all unlike themselves.
I see with what enquiring eyes you ask
What men were they? Of dark-brown colour, tinge'd
With sunny redness; wild of eye; their brows
So smooth, as never yet anxiety
Nor they thought had made a furrow there;
Beardless, and each to each of lines.
So like, they seem'd but one great family,
Their loins were loosely cinctured, all beside
Bar to the sun and wind; and thus their limbs
Unmanacled display'd the trustest forms
Of strength and beauty. Fearless sure they were,
And while they eyed us grasp'd their spears, as if,
Like Britain's injured but unconquer'd sons,
They too had known how perilous it was
To let a stranger, if he came in arms,
Set foot upon their land.

But soon the guise
Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill,
Gain'd confidence; their wild distrustful looks
Assumed a milder meaning; over one
I cast my mantle, on another's head
The velvet bonnet placed, and all was joy.

We now besought for food; at once they read
Our gestures, but I cast a hopeless eye
On hills and thickets, woods, and marshy plains,
A waste of rank luxuriance all around.
Thus musing to a lake I follow'd them,
Left when the rivers to their summer course
Withdraw; they scatter'd in its water
Of such strange potency, that soon the ships
Cov'd there by Naturo prodigiously kind,
Floated inebriate. As I gazed, a deer
Sprung from the bordering thicket; the true shaft
Scarce with the distant victim's blood had stain'd
Its point, when instantly he dropt and died,
Such deadly juice imbued it; yet on this
We made our meal unharm'd; and I perceived
The wisest leech that ever in our world
Call'd herbs of hidden virtue, was to these
A child in knowledge.

Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it vield'd: innumerable tribes
From the wood-ever swarm'd, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they stream'd
A bright blue radiance upon flowers which closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now motionless and dark elud'd search,
Self-shrouded; and anon staring the sky
Rose like a shower of fire.

Our friendly hosts
Now led us to the hot, our that night's home,
A rude and spacious dwelling: twisted boughs
And cones and withies formed the walls and roof;

And from the unewn trunks which pillard it,
Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.
With shouts of honour here they overround me,
Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net
With softest feathers lined, a pleasant couch,
They laid and left me.

To our ships return'd,
After soft sojourn here we coasted on,
Instructure of the wonders and the charms
Of earth and air and sea. Thy summer woods
Are lovely, O my mother isle! the birch
Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy vales,
Thy venerable oaks! But there, what forms
Of beauty clothed the inlands and the shore?
All those in stateliest growth, and mix with these
Dark spreading cedar, and the eypress
Its pointed summit waving to the wind
Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest
Amid a thousand strange and lovely plants
The lofty palm, that with its nuts supplied
Beverage and food; they edged the shore and crown'd
The far-off highland summits, their straight stems
Bare without leaf or bough, erect and smooth,
Their branches nodding like a crested helm,
The plumage of the grove.

Will ye believe
The wonders of the ocean? how its shoals
Sprang from the wave, like flashing light,
Took wing,
And twinkling with a silver glisterance,
Flow through the air and sunshine? yet were these
To sight less wondrous than the tribe
Who swarm, Following like fowlers with uplifted eye
Their falling quarry: language cannot pain
Their splendid tints; though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,
Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven too had there
Its wonders: from a deep, black, heavy cloud,
What shall I say? a shoal, a trunk,
An arm
Came down: ye! like a Demon's arm, it seized
The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its touch.
And rose like dust before the whirlwind's force.
But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild,
That even to breathe became an act of will
And sense and pleasure. Not a cloud by day
With purple island'd the dark-blue deep;
By night the quiet billows heaved and glanced.
Under the moon, that heavenly Moon so bright,
That many a midnight have I paced the deck.

Forgetful of the hours of due repose,
Yet till the Sun in his full majesty
Went forth, like God beholding his own works.

Once when a chief was feasting us on shore,
A captive served the food: I mark'd the youth,
For he had features of a gentler race;
And oftentimes his eye was fix'd on me,
With looks of more than wonder. We return'd
At evening to our ships; at night a voice
Came from the sea, the intelligible voice
Of earnest supplication: he had sworn To trust our mercy; up the side he sprang,
And look'd among the crew, and singling me
Fell to my feet. Such friendly tokens

LINCOYA

And from the unewn trunks which pillard it,
Low nets of interwoven reeds were hung.
With shouts of honour here they overround me,
Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net
With softest feathers lined, a pleasant couch,
They laid and left me.
As our short commerce with the native tribes
Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity
Gave force and meaning to the half-learned forms.
For one we needed who might speak for us;
And well I liked the youth,—the open lines
Which character'd his face, the fearless heart,
Which gave at once and won full confidence.
So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I display'd what'er might gratify,
What'er surprise, with most delight he view'd.
Our arms, the iron helm, the plant mail,
The buckler strong to save; and then the lane,
The lances, and grasp'd the sword, and turn'd to me
With vehement words and gestures, every limb
Working with one strong passion; and he placed
The falchion in his hand, and gave the shield
And pointed south and west, that I should go
To conquer and protect; anon he wept
Aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and falling faint
He would have kiss'd my feet. Went we to shore?
Then would he labour restlessly to show
A better place lay onward; and in the sand,
To south and west he drew the line of coast,
And describ'd how a mighty river there
Ran to the sea. The land went westward soon,
And thus confirm'd we voyaged on to seek
The river inlet, following at the will
Of our new friend: and we learnt after him,
Well pleased and proud to teach, what this was call'd,
What that, with no unprofitable pains.

Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first
The pleasant accents of my native tongue,
Albeit in broken words and tones un-born,
Come from these foreign lips.
At length we came
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
Rush'd to the main. The gale was strong; and safe,
Amid the uproar of conflicting tides.
Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad
And turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,
Old Severn rolls; but banks so fair as these
Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,
Nor even where his turbid waters swell
And sully the salt sea.
So we sail'd on
By shores now cover'd with impervious woods,
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
And now through vales where earth profusely pour'd
Her treasures, gather'd from the first of days.
Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
By wonder from their lethargy of life awoken; then again we voyaged on
Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
League after league, one green and fertile mead,
That fed a thousand herds.
A different scene
Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,
Which when I see again in memory,
Star-gazing Ida's stupendous seat
Seems dwarf'd, and Snowdon with its eagle haunts
Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Here with Cadwallon and a chosen band,
I left the ships. Lincoya guided us
A toilsome way among the heights; at dusk
We reach'd the village skirts; he bade us halt,
And raised his voice; the elders of the land
Came forth, and led us to an ample hut,
Which in the centre of their dwellings stood.
The Stranger's House. They eyed us wondering.
Yet not for wonder ceased they to observe
Their hospitable rites; from hut to hut
The tidings ran that strangers were arrived,
Fatigued and hungry and athirst; anon,
Each from his means supplying us, came drunk
And beverage such as cheers the weary man.

VI. ERILLYAB

At morning their high-priest Ayayaca Came with our guide: the venerable man
With reverential awe accosted us,
For we, he said, were children of a race
 Mightier than they, and wiser, and by heaven
Beloved and favour'd more: he came to give
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.
The fate of war had red her of her realm;
Yet with affection and habitual love,
And old remembrances, which gave her love
A deeper and religious character,
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they were,
Her faithful people still in all they could Obey'd Erillyab. She too in her mind
Those recollections cherish'd, and such thoughts
As, though no hope allay'd their bitterness,
Gave to her eye a spirit and a strength,
And pride to features which belike had borne,
Had they been fashion'd by a happier fate,
Meaning more gentle and more womanly,
Yet not more worthy of esteem and love.
She sate upon the threshold of her hut;
For in the palace where her aires had reign'd
The conqueror dwelt. Her son was at her side,
A boy now near to manhood; by the door,
Bare of its bark, the head and branches shorn,
Stood a young tree with many a weapon hung,
Her husband's war-pole, and his monument.
There had his quiver moulder'd, his bow-string there
Sung as it cut the wind.
She welcome'd us
With a proud sorrow in her mien; fresh fruits Were spread before us, and her gestures said
That when he lived whose hand was wont to wield
Those weapons, that in better days, that ere
She let the tresses of her widowhood grow wild, she could have given to guests like us
A more welcome. Soon a man approach'd,
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs smear'd black; the people at his sight drew round,
The women wail'd and wept, the children turn'd
And hid their faces on their mothers' knees. He to the Queen address'd his speech, then look'd around the children, and laid hands on two.
Of different sexes but of age alike
Some six years each, who at his touch shrunk'd out.
But then Lincoya rose, and to my feet...
Led them, and told me that the conquerors claim'd
These innocents for tribute; that the Priest
Would lay them on the altar of his god, Pluck out their little hearts in sacrifice, And with his brotherhood in impious rites
Feast on their flesh!...I shudder'd, and my hand
Instinctively unsheathed the avenging sword,
As he with passionate and eloquent signs
Eye-speaking earnestness and quivering lips, Brought me to preserve himself, and those
Who now fell suppliant round me, men and maidens, Grey-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd Their innocent cheeks, I raised my eyes to heaven,
I call'd upon Almighty God to hear And bless the vow I made; in our own tongue Was that sworn promise of protection pledged... But terrors that the Moanam had cast off Their vassalage, roused to desperate revolt By men in hate and speech and garments chang'd, Who in their folly darest defy the power Of Aztlán.

When the King of Aztlán heard The unlook'd-for tale, ere yet he roused his strength, Or pitying our rash valour, or perhaps Curious to see the man so bravely assur'd; He sent to bid me to his court. Surprised, I should have given to him so edacious a prize. But fearlessly Erillyab had me trust'd. Her honourable foe, Unarm'd I went, Lissom with me to exchange our speech So as he could, of safety first assur'd; For to their devilish gods he had been A victim doom'd, and from the bloody rites Flying been carried captive far away.

From early morning till the morn hour We travel'd in the mountains; then a plain Open'd below, and rose upon the sight,
Like boundless ocean from a hill-top seen A beautiful and populous plain it was; Fair woods were there and fertilizing streams, And pastures spreading wide, and villages In fruitful groves embower'd, and stately towns, And many a single dwelling speaking it, As though for many a year the land had been The land of peace. Below us, the base Of the great mountain to the level sloped.

A broad blue lake extended far and wide Its waters, dark beneath the light of noon.

There Aztlán stood upon the farther shore Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose Their level roofs with towers set around, And battlements all burnish'd white, which shone Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld The imperial city, her far-circling walls, Her garden groves and stately palaces, Her temple's mountain-size, her thousand roofs; And when I saw her might and majesty My mind misgave me then.

We reach'd the shore. There we beheld The beautiful work of man. I set my feet Upon green-growing herbs and flowers, and sate Embower'd in odorous shrubs: four long light boats Yoked to the garden, with accordant song, And dip and dash of oar in harmony, Bore me across the lake. Then in a car Afloat by human bearers was I borne; And through the city gate, and through long lines Of marshall'd multitudes who throng'd the way, We reach'd the palace court. Four priests were there; Each held a burning censer in his hand, And sward'd the precious gum as I drew nigh, And held the steaming fragrances forth to me, Honouring me like a god. They led me in, Where on his throne the royal Azteca Coamezochtzin sate. Stranger, said he, Welcome; and be this coming to thy will? A desperate warfare doth thy courage court; But thou shalt see the people and the power Whom thy deluded zeal would call to arms; So may the knowledge make thee timely wise. The valiant love the valiant...Come with me!

So saying he rose; we went together forth To the Great Temple. 'Twas a huge square hill, Or rather like a rock it seem'd, hewn out And squared by patient labour. Never yet Did our forefathers, o'er beloved chief Fallen in his glory, heap a monument Of that prodigious bulk, though every shield Was laden for his grave, and every hand Toil'd unremitting at the willing work From morn till eve, all the long summer day.

The ascent was lengthened with provoking art, By steps which led but to a wearying path Round the whole structure; then another flight, Another road around, and thus a third, And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the height.

Lo, now, Coamezochtzin cried, thou seest The cities of this widely peopled plain; And worth thou on yon farthest temple-top, Yet as far onward wouldst then see the land...
They tell me that two floating palaces Brought thee and all thy people; when I sound The Tambour of the God, ten Cities hear Its voice, and answer to the call in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the view Had wakened no unreasonable fear, But that a nearer sight had stirr'd my blood; for On the summit where we stood four Towers Were piled with human skulls, and all around Long files of human heads were strung to parch, And whiten in the sun. What then I felt Was more than natural courage..."twas a trust In more than mortal strength...a faith in God... Yea, inspiration from Him!...I explain'd. Not though ten Cities ten times told they did not obey'd.

The power of man! Art thou then more than man? He answered; and I saw his tawny cheek Lose its life-colour as the fear arose; Nor did I undeceive him from that fear, For sooth! I knew not how to answer him, And therefore let it work. So not a word Spake he, till we again had reach'd the court, And I too went in silent thoughtfulness: But then when, save Lincoya, there was none To hear our speech, again did he renew The query...Strange! I art thon more than man.

So then I replied, Two floating palaces Bore me and all my people o'er the seas. When we departed from our mother-land, The Moon was newly born; we saw her wax And wane, and witnessed her new birth again; And all that while, alike by day and night, We travell'd through the sea, and caught the winds, And made them bear us forward. We must meet In battle, if the Hoamen are not freed From your accursed tribute...thou and I, My people and thy countless multitudes, Your arrows shall fall from us as the hail Leaps on a rock...and when ye smite against swords, Not blood but fire shall follow from the stroke. Yet think not thou that we are more than men! Our knowledge is our power, and God our strength, God, whose almighty will created thee, And me, and all that hath the breath of life. He is our strength...in His Name I speak, And when I tell thee that thou shalt not shed The life of man in bloody sacrifice, It is in His holy bidding which I speak; And if thou wilt not listen and obey, When I shall meet thee in the battle-field, It is His holy cause for which I fight, And I shall have His power to vanquish thee!

And thinkest thou our Gods are feeble? cried The King of Azlan; thinkest thou they lack Power to defend their altars, and...their altars?...to...with Thine; But till that body in the grave be laid, Till thy polluted altars be made pure, There is no peace between us. May my God, Who, though thou know'st His name not, is also thine, And after death will be thy Savior. But if thy heart Be harden'd to the proof, come when thou wilt!

That we who serve them are no coward race, Let prove the ample realm we won in arms: And I their leader am not of the sons of the feeble! As he spake, he reach'd a move, The trunk and knotted root of some young tree, Such as old Albion and his monsters time From the oak-forest for their weapons pluck'd.

When father Brute and Corineus set foot On the White Island first. Lo this, quoth he, My club! and he throw back his robe; and this The arm that wields it!...Twas my father's one; Erillyab's husband, King Tepollomi, He felt its weight...Did I not show thee him? He lights me at my evening banquet. There, In very deed, the dead Tepollomi Stood up against the wall, by devilish art Preserve'd; and from his black and shrivell'd hand The steady lamp hung down.

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Or pheasant's glittering pride. But what were these? Or what the thin gold hauberk, when opposed To arms like ours in battle? What the mail Of wood, fire-hardened, or the wooden helm, Against the iron arrows of the South, Against our northern spears, or battle-axe, Or good sword, wielded by a British hand? Then, quoth Cadwallon, at the wooden helm, Of these weak arms the weakest, let the sword How, and the spear be thrust. The mountaineers, So long inured to crouch beneath their yoke, We will not trust in battle; from the heights They with their arrows may annoy the foe; And when our closer strife has won the fray, Then let them loose for havoe.

O my son, Excalin'd the blind old man, thou counsellest ill! Blood will have blood, revenge beget revenge, Evil must come of evil. We shall win, Cortes, a cheap and easy victory. In the first field; their arrows from our arms Will fall, and on the hauberk and the helm The flint-edge blunt and break; while through their limbs, Naked, or vainly fenced, the grudging steel Shall snare its mortal way. But what are we Against a nation? Other hosts will rise In endless warfare, with perpetual fights Dwinding our all-too-few; or multitudes Will wear and weary us, till we sink subdued By the very toil of conquest. Ye are strong; But he who puts his trust in mortal strength Leans on a broken reed. First prove your power; Be in the battle terrible, but spare The fallen, and fellow not the flying foe; Then may ye win a noble victory, So dealing with the captives as to fill Their hearts with wonder, gratitude, and awe, That love shall mingle with their fear, and fear 'Stablish the love, else wafting. Let them see, That as more pure and gentle is your faith, Yourselves are gentler, purer. Ye shall be As gods among them, if ye thus obey God's precepts. Soon the mountain tribes, in arms Rose as Landov's call; a numerous host, More than in numbers, in the memory Of long oppression, and revengeful hope, A formidable foe. I stationed them Where at the entrance of the rocky straits, Secure themselves, their arrows might command The coming army. They with their arrows From the land of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in peace! Before the fire shall be extinguished, or even as you dry seed amid the flames, So ye shall be consumed. The arid boughs They kindled, and the rapid flame ran up, And blazed, and died away. Then from his bow, With steady hand, their chosen archer loosed The Arrow of the Omen. To its mark The shaft of divination fell; it smote Cadwallon's plated breast; the brittle point Rebounded. He, contemptuous of his fall, Stooped for the shaft, and white with zealous speed To the rescue they rushed onward, snapping it Asunder, shivered the fragments back in scorn.

Fierce was their onset; never in the field Encounter'd I with braver enemies. Nor marvel ye, nor think it to their shame, If soon they stagger'd, and gave way, and fled, So many from so few; they saw their darts, Recoil, their lances shiver, and their swords Fall ineffectual, blunted with the blow. Think ye no shame of Aztlan that they fled? When the bowmen of Deheubarth plied so well Their shafts with fatal aim; through the thin gold Of feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-driven spear Pierced to the bone and vitals; when they saw The falchion, flashing late so lightning-like, Queen'd in their own life-blood. Our mountaineers Show'd from the heights, meantime, an arrowy storm, Themselves secure; and who bore the brunt Of battle, iron men, impassable, Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel not If then the brave felt fear, already impress'd That day by ominous thoughts, to fear akin; For so it chanced, high Heaven ordaining so, The King, who should have led his people forth, At the stry-head, as they began their march, Was with sore sickness striken; and the stroke Came like the act and arm of very God, So suddenly, and in that point of time. A gallant man was he who in his stead That day commanded Aztlan: his long hair, Tafted with many a cotton lock, proclaim'd He of princely prowess many a feat achieved In many a field of fame. Of had he led The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth; Yet could not now Yuhudithon inspire...
MADOC IN WALES

His host with hope: he, not the less, that day,
True to his old renown, and in the hour
Of rout and ruin with collected mind,
Seized his signals shrill, and in the voice
Of loud reproach and anger, and brave
shame,
Call'd on the people. But when sought
av'd,
Seizing the standard from the timid
hand
Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd.
For honourable death resolved, and praise
That would not die. Thereat the brave
chiefs
Rallied, anew their signals rung around,
And Aztlán, seeing how we spared her
flight,
Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle
back.
But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's
grip
Had cut the standard-staff away, and
found
And stretch'd him at his mercy on the
field.
Then fled the enemy in utter rout,
Broken and quell'd at heart. One chief
alone
Bestrode the body of Yuhidthiton;
Bareheaded did young Malinal bestride
His brother's body, wiping from his brow
With the shield-hand the blinding blood away,
And dealing frantically with broken sword
Obstinate wrath, the last resisting foe.

VIII. THE PEACE

Again, and now with better hope, I sought
The city of the King! there went with me
Iolo, oíd Iolo, he who knows
The virtue of all lore and song,
Sages and Bards of oíd have handed down.
Aztlan that day pour'd forth her swarming sons,
To wait my coming. Will he ask his
God
To stay the hand of anger? was the cry,
The general cry, and will he save the
King?
Coacocotzin too had must that thought,
And the strong hope upheld him; he
promised
His hand, and raised a quick and anxious
eye,
Is it not peace and mercy? thou art
come
To pardon and to save?
That power, O King of Aztlan, is not
mine!
Such help as human cunning can bestow,
Such human help I bring; but health and
life
Are in the hand of God, who at his will
Gives or withdraws; and what he wills is
best.
Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt
The symptom, and he bade him have good
hope,
For life was strong within him. So it
proved:
The drugs of subtle virtue did their
work;
They quell'd the venom of the malady,
And from the frame expell'd it, that a
sleep
Fell on the King, a sweet and natural
sleep,
And from its healing he awoke refreshed;
Though weak, and joyful as a man who
felt
The peril pass'd away.
Ere long we spoke
Of concord, and how best to knit the
land
Of lasting friendship. When we won
this
land,
Coacocotzin said, these fertile vales
Were not, as now, with fruitful groves
embowered;
Nor rich with towns and populous
villages,
Abounding, as thou seest, with life and
joy.
Our fathers found bleak heath, and desert
moor,
That when the bones of King Tepollomi
Had had their funeral honours, they
And I Should by the green-lake side, before
The King, And in the presence of the people, hold
A solemn talk.

Then to the mountain-huts, the bearer of good tidings, I return'd,
Leading the honourable train who bore
The relics of the King; not parch'd and
black, As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand up,
In ghastly mockery of the attitude
And act of life, his bones had now been
bleach'd with decent reverence. Soon the mountaineers
Saw the white deer-skin, the sign of widowhood, her husband's grave dug; on softest fur
The bones were laid, with fur were eovered o'er,
Then heap'd with bark and boughs, and, last of all,
Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day Appointed for our talk of peace was come.
On the green margin of the lake we met, the Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the multitude
Around the Circle of the Council stood.
Then, in the midst, Cooncotzozin rose, and Thus the King began: Pahas and Chiefs
Of Aztlán, hither ye are come to learn
The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean
sath, the Tribes whom he hath gathered underneath
The wings of his protection, shall be free;
And in the name of his great God he saith,
That ye shall never shed in sacrifice
The blood of man. Are ye content

That so We may together here, in happy hour, bury the sword. Hereat a Paba rose, and answer'd for his brethren: He... to prayer, and turn away the eyes
Which watch for our well-doing, and withhold
The hands dispensing our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose, between his son
And me supported, rose the blind old man. Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if we bid ye wrong the Gods; accursed are we
Who would obey such bidding... more account
The wretch who should enjoin impiety.
It is the will of God which we make known, your God and ours. Know ye not Him
Who laid
The deep foundations of the earth, and
Built
The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder
Sun, and breathed into the woods and waves and sky
The power of life?

We know Him, they replied,
The great For-Ever One, the God of Gods.
Ipalenomoni, He by whom we live!
And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know
And worship the Great Spirits, who in clouds
And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall
Of waters, in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make his being felt. We also know,
And fear, and worship the Beloved One.
Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same,
The Universal Father. He to the first
Made his will known; but when men multiplied,
The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin
And misery came into the world, and men
Forsook the way of truth, and gave to
Stocks and stones the incommunicable name.
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar Race,
The knowledge of their Father and their God
Remain'd, from sire to son transmitted down.
While the bewilder'd Nations of the earth
Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness lost,
The light abode with them; and when at times
They stood and went astray, the Lord hath put
A voice into the mouths of holy men,
Raising up witnesses unto himself,
That so the saving knowledge of his name
Might never fail; nor the glad promise, given
To our first parent, that at length his sons,
From error, sin, and wretchedness re-

Should form one happy family of love.
Nor ever hath that light, how'er be-
dimm'd, Wholly been quench'd; still in the heart of man
A feeling and an instinct it exists,
His very nature's stamp and privilege,
Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not,
O Aztecas! of things unknown before; I do but waken up a living sense
That sleeps within ye! Do ye love the Gods
Who call for blood? Doth the poor sacrifice
Upon their altars? . . Good must come
Of evil of evil; if the fruit be death,
The poison springeth from the sap and root,
And the whole tree is deadly; if the rites
Be evil, they who claim them are not good;
Not to be worshipp'd then; for to obey
The evil will is evil. Aztecas! From the For-Ever, the Beloved One,
The Universal Only God I speak,
Your God and mine, our Father and our Judge.
Hear ye his law... hear ye the perfect law
Of love, 'Do ye to others, as ye would
That they should do to you!' He bids us meet
To praise his name, in thankfulness and joy;
To raise him, in thankfulness and joy;
He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him,
The Comforter. Love him, for he is good!
Fear him, for he is just! Obey his will,
For who can bear his anger? While he speake,
They stood with open mouth, and motionless sight,
Watching his countenance, as though the voice
Were of a God; for sure it seem'd that less
Than inspiration could not have infused
That eloquent passion in a blind mad's face.
And when he ceased, all eyes at once were turned
Upon the Pabas, waiting their reply.
If that to that acknowledged argument
Reply could be devised. But they themselves,
Stricken by the truth, were silent; and they look'd
Toward their chief and mouth-piece, the High Priest
Tezozomoc; he too was pale and mute,
And when he gather'd up his strength to speak,
Speech fail'd him, his lip falter'd, and his eye
Fell utterly abash'd, and put to shame.
But in the Chiefs, and in the multitude,
And in the King of Aztlan, better thoughts were working; for the Spirit of the Lord
That day was moving in the heart of man.
Coanocotzin rose: Pabas, and Chiefs,
And men of Aztlan, ye have heard a talk
Of peace and love, and there is no reply.
Are ye content with what the Wise Man saith?
And will ye worship God in that good way
Which God himself ordains? If it be so,
Together here will we in happy hour
Bury the sword. Tezozomoc replied,
This thing is new, and in the land till now
Unheard: what marvel, therefore, if we find
No ready answer? Let our Lord the King
Do that which seemeth best.
Yuhidhtohon, Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlan, next arose.
Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlan boast
No mightier arm in battle, nor whose voice
To more attentive silence hush'd the hall
Of council. When the Wise Man spake, quoth he,
I sa'd of mine own heart if it were so,
And, as he said, the living instinct there
Answer'd, and ow'd the truth. In happy hour,
O King of Aztlan, did the Ocean Lord
Through the great waters hither wend his way;
For sure he is the friend of God and man.
With that an uproar of assent arose
From the whole people, a tumultuous shout
Of universal joy and glad acclaim.
But when Coanocotzin rais'd his hand,
That he might speak, the glamour and the buzz
Ceased, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope,
Attent and still, await the word. Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Aztecans,
Your own united will! From this day forth
No life upon the altar shall be shed,
No blood shall flow in sacrifice; the rites
Shall all be pure, such as the blind Old Man,
Whom God hath taught, will teach. This ye have wif'd;
And therefore it shall be so.
The King hath said! Like thunder the collected voice replied:
Let it be so! Lord of the Ocean, then
Pursued the King of Aztlan, we will now
Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join
In right-hand friendship. By our common blood
Should sanctify and bind the solemn act;
But by what oath and ceremony thou
Shalt proffer, by the same will Aztlan wea.
Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,
O King, is needful. To his own good word
The good and honourable man will act,
Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here we stand
In the broad day-light; the For-Ever One,
The Every-Where beholds us. In his sight
We join our hands in peace: if e'er again
Should these right hands be raised in enmity,
Upon the offender will his judgement fall.
The grave was dug: Coanocotzin laid
His weapon in the earth; Erillyab's son,
Young Amalahtah, for the Hoamen, laid
His hatchet there; and there I laid the sword.
Here let me end. What follow'd was the work
Of peace, no theme for story: how we fix'd
Our sojourn in the hills, and sow'd our fields
And day by day, saw all things prospering.
Mourn'd we the passing of the wise old men,
Those have I come, Goervyl, to an-
Their own would soon be spread. I charge thee, Madoc,
Neither to see nor aid these fugitives,
The shame of Owen's blood: I tell thee, Goervyl,
And turn'd away; nor farther commune now
Did Madoc seek, nor had he more endured:
For bitter thoughts were rising in his heart,
And anguish, kindling anger. In such mood
He to his sister's chamber took his way.
She sate with Emma, with the gentle Queen;
For Emma had already learnt to love
The gentle maiden. Goervyl saw what thoughts
Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc, she cried,
Thou hast been with the King, been rashly pleading
For Ririd and for Rodri!... he replied,
I did but ask him little, ... did but say,
Belike our brethren would go forth with me,
To voluntary exile; then, methought, His fear and jealousy might well have ceased,
And all be safe.
And did the King refuse? Quoth Emma: I will plead for them, quoth she, with dutiful warmth and zeal will plead for them; and surely David will not say me nay.

O sister! cried Gorvyr, tempt him not! Sister, you know him not! Alas, to touch that perilous theme is, even in Madoc here, a perilous folly;... Sister, tempt him not! You do not know the King!

But then a fear came, quickening with wonder, turn'd toward the Prince, as if expecting that his manly mind would mould Gorvyr's meaning to a shape less fearful, would interpret and amend the words she hoped she did not hear aright. Emma was young; she was a sacrifice to that cold king-craft, which, in marriage vows, linking two hearts, unknown each of the other, perverts the ordinance of God, and makes the holiest tie a mockery and a curse. Her eye was patient, and the spake in tones so sweet and of so pensive gentleness, that the heart felt them. Madoc! she exclaimed, 60 why dost thou hate the Saxons?

"If I have heard aright, the hour will come when the Plantagenet shall wish herself among her nobler, happier countrymen, from these unnatural enmities escaped, and from the vengeance they must call from Heaven!"

Shamo then suffused the Prince's countenance, mindful how, drunk in anger, he had given his hatred loose. My sister Queen, quoth he, marvel not you that with my mother's milk I suck'd that hatred in. Have they not the scourge and the devouring sword of God, the curse and pestilence which he hath to root us from the land? Alas, our crimes have drawn this dolorous visitation down! Our sun hath long been westerling; and the night and darkness and extinction are at hand.

We are a fallen people! From ourselves the desolation and the ruin come; in our own vitals doth the poison work. The House that is divided in itself, how should it stand? A blessing on you, lady, but in this wretched family the strife is rooted all too deep; it is an old and cankered wound, an eating, killing sore, for which there is no healing.

All his most inward thoughts he will make known, counsel him then to let his brethren share my enterprise, to send them forth with me to everlasting exile. She hath told you too hardly of the King; I know him well; he hath a stormy nature; and what germs of virtue would have budded in his heart, cold winds have check'd, and blighting seasons nipt, yet in his heart they live. A blessing on you, that you may see their blossom and their fruit!

But Madoc sprung not forward now to greet the chief he loved, for from Cyveilioc's hall the voice of harp and song commingled came; it was that day the feast of victory there; around the Chieftain's board the warriors sat; the sword and shield and helmet on the wall and round the pillars, were in peace hung up; and, as the flashes of the central fire at fits arose, a dance of wavy light Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The Chiefs, who late so well had wielded in the work of war, those weapons, sate around the board, to quaff the beverage of the brave, and hear their fame. Mathraval's Lord, the Poet and the Prince, Cyveilioc stood before them, in his pride; his hands were on the harp, his eyes were closed; his head, as if in reverence to receive the inspiration, bent; anon, he raised his glowing countenance and brighter eye, and swept with passionate hand the ringing harp.

Fill high the Hirias Horn! to Grufydd bear its frothy beverage, from his crimson lance the invader fled; fill high the gold-tipped Horn! Heard ye in Maelor the step of war, the hastening shout? the onset? Did ye hear the clash and clang of arms, the battle-drum? Loud as the roar of Ocean, when the winds at midnight are abroad?... the yell of wounds, the rage, the agony!... Give to him the Horn.
Whose spear was broken, and whose buckler pierced
With many a shaft, yet not the less he fought
And conquered; therefore let Ednyved share
The generous draught, give him the long blue Horn!
Pour out again, and fill again the spoil
Of the wild bull, with silver wrought of yore;
And bear the golden lip to Tudyr’s hand,
Eagle of battle! For Moreiddd fill
The honourable Hirlas! Where are they?
Where are the noble Brethren? Wolves of war,
They kept their border well, they did their part,
Their fame is full, their lot is praise and song.
A martial song to me, a song of woe!
Brave Brethren! for their honour brim the cup.

We drove away
The strangers from our land; profuse of life,
Our warriors rush’d to battle, and the Sun
Saw from his noon tide fields their mainly strife.
Pour thou the flowing mead! CUP-bearer, fill
The Hirlas! for hasted thou behold the day
Of Lildum, thou hast known how well the Chiefs
Deserve this honour now. Cyvellic’s shield
Were they in danger, when the Invader came;
Be praise and liberty their lot on earth,
And joy be theirs in heaven!
Here ceased the song;
Then from the threshold on the rushes astir
Madoe advanced. Cyvellic’s eye was now
To present forms awake, but even as still.
He felt his harp-chords throb with dying sounds,
The heat and stir and passion had not yet
Subsided in his soul. Again he struck
The loud-toned harp. Pour from the silver vase,
And brim the honourable Horn, and bear
The draught of joy to Madoc, he who first
Explored the desert ways of Ocean, first
Through the wide waste of sea and sky, held on
Untaunted, till upon another World,
The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,
He set his foot triumphant? Fill for him
The Hirlas! Fill the honourable Horn!
This for Mathraval is a happy hour,
When Madoc, her hereditary guest,
Appears within her honour’d walls again,
Madoe, the British Prince, the Ocean Lord,
Whose presence fills the heart of every foe.
With fear, the heart of every friend with joy;
Give him the Hirlas Horn, fill, till the draught
Of joy shall quiver o’er the golden brim! In happy hour the hero hath return’d!
In happy hour the friend, the brother treads
Cyvellic’s floor! He sprang to greet his guest;
The cordial grasp of fellowship was given;
So in Mathraval there was double joy
On that illustrious day; they gave their guest
The seat of honour, and they fill’d for him
The Hirlas Horn. Cyvellic and his Chiefs,
All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,
Look to the Wanderer of the Water’s tale.
Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoe’s brow,
When he told of daring enterprise
Crown’d with deserved success. Intent they heard
Of all the blessings of that happier clime;
And when the adventurer spake of soon return,
Each on the other gazed, as if to say,
Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell
In that fair land in peace.
Then said the Prince
Of Powys, Madoe, at an happy time Thou hast toward Mathraval bent thy way;
For on the morrow, in the eye of light,
Our bards will hold their congress. Seckest thou
Conrudes to share success? proclaim abroad
Thine invitation there, and it will spread
Far as our fathers’ ancient tongue is known.
Thus at Mathraval went the Hirlas round;
A happy day was that! Of other years
They half’d, of common toils, and fields of war
Where they fought side by side; of Cowen’s scene
Of glory, and of comrades now no more;
Themes of delight, and grief which brought its joy.
Thus they beguiled the pleasant hours, while night
Waned fast away; then late they laid them down,
Each on his bed of rushes, stretch’d around
The central fire. The Sun was newly risen
When Madoc join’d his host, no longer now
Clad as the conquering chief of Madoe,
In princely arms, but in his nobler robe,
The sky-blue mantle of the Bard, array’d.
So for the place of meeting they set forth;
And now they reach’d Melangell’s lonely church.
Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,
A garden and a grove, where every grave
Was deck’d with flowers, or with unfading plants
O’ergrown, sad rue, and funeral rosemary.
Here Madoe paused. The morn is young, quoth he.
A little while to old remembrance given.
Will not betale us. Man y a year hath fled,
Cyvellic, since you led me here, and told
The legend of the Saint. Come! be not loth!
We will not loiter long. So soon to mount
The bark, which will for ever bear me hence,
I would not willingly pass by one spot
Which thus recalls the thought of other times,
Without a pilgrim’s visit.
Thus he spake, And drew Cyvellic through the churchyard porch.
To the rude image of Saint Monacl.
Dost thou remember, Owen, said the Prince,
When first I was thy guest in early youth,
That once, as we had wandered here at eve,
You told, how here a poor and hunted hare
Ran to the Virgin’s feet, and look’d to her
For life? I thought, when listening to the tale,
She had a merciful heart, and that her face
Must with a saintly gentleness have beam’d,
When beasts could read its virtue. Here we sate
Upon the jutting root of this old rough.
Dear friend! so pleasant didst thou make those days,
That in my heart, long as my heart shall beat,
Minutest recollections still will live,
Still be the source of joy.
As Madoc spake, His glancing eye fell on a monument, Around whose base the rosemary droop'd down, As yet not rooted well. A warrior lay; the shield was on his arm, Madoc approach'd, and saw the blazonry, A sudden chill ran through him, as he read, Here Yorwerth lies, it was his brother's grave.

Cyveilioc took him by the hand: For this, Madoc, was I so loth to enter here! He sought the sanctuary, but close upon him The murderers follow'd, and by yonder cope The stroke of death was given. All I could Was done; I saw him here consign'd to rest, Daily due masses for his soul are sung, And duly hath his grave been deck'd with flowers.

So saying, from the place of death he led The silent Prince. But lately, he pursued, Llewelyn was my guest, thy favourite boy, For thy sake and his own, it was my hope That if Mathraval he would make his home: He had not needed then a father's love. But he, I know not on what enterprise, Was brooding ever; and those secret thoughts Drew him away. God prosper the brave boy! It were a happy day for this poor land If e'er Llewelyn mount his rightful throne.

XI. THE GORSEDD

The place of meeting was a high hill-top, Nor Lower'd with trees nor broken by the plough, Remote from human dwellings and the air Of human life, and open to the breath And to the eyes of Heaven. In days of old, There had the circling stones been planted, there, From earliest ages, the primeval love, Through Bard to Bard with reverence hallowed down: They whom to wonder, or the love of song, Or reverence of their fathers' ancient rites Drew thither, stood without the ring of stones. Cyveilioc entered to the initiate Bards, Himself, albeit his hands were stain'd with war, Initiate; for the Order, in the lapse Of years and in their nation's long decline From the first rigour of their purity Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of the Song Were clad in azure robes, for in that hue Dressed from Heaven, which o'er a sinful world Spreads its eternal canopy serene, Meet emblem did the ancient Sages see Of unity and peace and spotless truth.

Within the stones of Federation there, On the green turf, and under the blue sky, A noble band, the Bards of Britain stood, Their heads in reverence bare, and bare of foot. A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilioc there, Lord of the Hirlas; Llyware there was seen, And old Cynddelow, to whose lofty song So many a time amid his father's court Resigning up his soul, had Madoc given

The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's heart Was full; old feelings and remembrances, And thoughts from which there was no escape, He was not there to whose sweet lay, so soft, With all a brother's fond delight, he loved Master then To listen... Hoel was not there... the hand That once so well, amid the triple chords, Moved in the rapid maze of harmony, It had no motion now; the lips were dumb Which knew all tones of passion; and that heart That warm ebullient heart, was cold and still Upon its bed of clay. He look'd around, And there was no familiar countenance, None but Cynddelow's face, which he had learnt In childhood, and old age had set its mark, Making unsightly alteration there. Another generation had sprung up, And made him feel how fast the days of man Flow by; how soon their number is told out. He knew not then that Llywarch's lay should give His future fame; his spirit on the past Brooding, beheld with no foreboding joy The rising sons of song, who there essay'd Their eight flight. But there among the youth In the green vesture of their earliest rank, Or with the aspirants clad in motley surah Young Enyrnas stood; and, one whose favoured race Heaven with the hereditary power had bless'd, The old Gwawodham's not degenerate child; And there another Einion; gifted youths, And heirs of immortality on earth, Whose after-strains, through many a distant age Cambria shall boast, and love the songs that tell The fame of Owen's house.

The Gorsedd

There, in the eye Of light and in the face of day, the rites Egan. Upon the stone of Covenant First the sheathed sword was laid; the Lord Master then Uproised his voice, and cried, Let them who seek The high degree and sacred privilege Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore, Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim! Thus having said, the Master bade the youths Approach the place of peace, and merit there The Bard's most honourable name. With that, Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light, The youths advanced; they heard the Cimbric order, From earliest days preserved; they struck their harps, And each in due succession raised the song.

Last of the aspirants, as of greener years, Young Caradoc advanced; his lip as yet Scarce darken'd with its down, his eyes were bright Inclining on his harp, He, while his comrades in probation sang Approved their claim, stood hearkening as it seem'd, And yet like unintelligible sounds He heard the symphony and voice attuned;
Even in such feelings as, all undefined,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight sky.
But when his bidding came, he at the call
Arising from that dreamy mood, advanced,
Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe
The faithful? following their beloved chief,
They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought;
Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear,
Since from the silver shores they went their way,
Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark,
Whither sail’d Merlin with his band of Bardas,
Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?
Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life,
Obeying to the mighty Master, reach’d the land
The Land of the Departed; there, belike,
They in the clime of immortality,
They themselves immortal, drink the gales of blithe,
Which o’er Atlantium breathe eternal spring.
Blending whatever odours make the gale
Of evening sweet, whatever melody
Charms the wood-wanderer. In their high roof’d halls
Then, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they
The mingled joy pervade them? Or beneath
The mid-sea waters, did that crystal Ark?
Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge
Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers
With Mermaid loves, teaching their paramours
The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds
Hush, and the waves be still? In fields of joy
Have they their home, where central fires maintain
Perpetual summer, and an emerald light
Pervades the green translucent element?

Twice have the sons of Britain left her shores,
As the fledged eaglets quit their native nest;
Twice over ocean have her fearless sons
For ever sail’d away. Again they launch’d
Their vessels to the deep. Who mounts the bark?
The son of Owen, the beloved Prince,
Who never for injustice rea’d his arm.
Respect his enterprise, ye Ocean Waves!
Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on his way!
The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds of Heaven,
Became his ministers, and Madoc found
The world he sought.

Who seeks the better land?
Who mounts the vessel for a world of peace?
He who hath felt the throb of pride, to hear
Our old illustrious annals; who was taught
To lip the fame of Arthur, to revere
Great Caradoc’s unconquer’d soul, and call
That gallant Chief his countryman, who led
The wrath of Britain from her chalky shores.
To drive the Roman robber. He who loves
His country, and who feels his country’s shame;
Whose bones amid a land of servitude
Could never rest in peace; who if he saw
His children slaves, would feel a pang in Heaven,
He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The wretched one
Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart is sick.
Who hath no hope, to whom all change is gain,
To whom remember’d pleasures strike a pang
That only guilt should know. He mounts the bark.
The Bard will mount the bark of banishment;
The harp of Cambria shall in other lands
Remind the Cambrian of his father’s fame;
The Bard will seek the land of liberty,
The world of peace. O Prince, receive the Bard!

He ceased the song. His cheek, now fever-flush’d,
Was turn’d to Madoc, and his asking eye
Linger’d on him in hope: nor the Searcher of the Sea
Announcing his enterprise, by Caradoc
In song announced so well; from man to man
The story of the voyagers, and their friends,
 migrations on their homeward way,
And spread abroad the tidings of a Land,
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and Peace.

THE GORSEDD

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,
With hawk and hound afield, and harp in hall,
The days went by; till Madoc, for his heart
Was with Cadwallon, and in early spring
Must he set forth to join him over-sea.
Took his constrain’d farewell. To Dineawe.
He bent his way, whence many a time
He had gone forth to smite the Saxon foe.
The son of Owen greets his father’s friend.
With reverential joy; nor did the Lord
Of Dineawe with cold or dea’den’d heart
Welcome the Prince he loved; though not with joy
Unmingled now, nor the proud consciousness
Which in the man of tried and approved worth
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had seen
The Lord of Dineawe between his knees
Vow homage; yes, the Lord of Dineawe
Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king,
Who set a price upon his father’s head,
That Saxon, on whose soul his mother’s blood
Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw the shame
Which Rhys would fain have hidden, and, in grief
For the degenerate land, rejoiced at heart
That now another country was his home.
Musing on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam
Along the Towy’s winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollow’d out
Their social place of dwelling, and damm’d its current with their perfect art.
Of instinct, erring not in means nor end, 
But as the floods of spring had broken down 
Their barrier, so its breaches unrepair'd 
Were left; and round the piles, which, 
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirl'd. 
Now in those habitations desolate
One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc saw,
Labouring alone, beside his hermit house;
And in that mood of melancholy thought,
For in his boyhood he had loved to watch
Their social work, and for he knew that
In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out
The poor community, . . .
°In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out
The poor community, . . .
The ominous sight
Became a grief and burden. Eve came on;
The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and fell
And floated on the stream; there was no voice
Save of the mournful rocks, who over-head
Wing'd their long line; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odour of the autumnal leaves; . . .
All sights and sounds of sadness . . .
To that despondent mood was ministerant; . . .
Among the hills of Gwyneth and its wilds
And mountain glens, perforce he cherish'd still
The hope of mountain liberty; ... groves, attemper'd to the scene,
His spirit yielded. As he loiter'd on,
There came toward him one in peasant garb,
And call'd his name; . . . he started at the sound,
For he had heeded not the man's approach;
And now that sudden and familiar voice
Came on him, like a vision. So he stood
Gazing, and knew him not in the dim light,
Till he again cried, Madoc! . . . then he woke,
And knew the voice of Ririd, and sprang on,
And tell upon his neck, and wept for joy
And sorrow. O my brother! Ririd cried,
Long, very long it is since I have heard
The voice of kindness! . . . Let me go with thee;
Llewelyn hath not where to hide his
Head in his own kingdom; Rodri is in chains;
Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some
Where I may look upon the sun, nor dread
The light that may betray me: where at night
I may not, like a hunted beast, rouse up,
If the leaves rustle over me.
Of Ocean struggled with his swelling heart.
Let me go with thee? . . . but thou dost not doubt
Thy brother? . . . Let thee go? . . . with what a joy,
Ririd, would I collect the remnant left,
The wretched remnant now of Owen's house,
And mount the bark of willing banishment,
And leave the tyrant to his Saxon friends,
And in his Saxon yoke! . . . I urged him thus.
Cur'd down my angry spirit, and besought
Only that I might bid our brethren come.
And share my exile; . . . and he spurn'd my prayer! . . .
Thou hast a gentle pleader at his court;
She may prevail; till then abide thou here;
But not in this, the garb of fear and guilt.
Come thou to Dineavr, . . . assume thyself;
The good old Rhys will bid thee welcome there,
And the great Palace, like a sanctuary,
Is safe. If then Queen Emma's plea should fail,
My timely bidding hence shall summon thee,
When I shall spread the sail. . . Nay, hast thou learnt
Suspicion? . . . Rhys is noble, and no deed
Of treachery ever sullied his fair fame?
Madoc then led his brother to the hall
Of Rhys. I bring to thee a suppliant,
King, he cried; thou wert my father's friend!
And till our barks be ready in the spring,
I know that here the persecuted son
Of Owen will be safe. A welcome guest!
The old warrior cried; by his good father's soul,
He is a welcome guest at Dineavr!
And rising as he spake, he pledged his hand
In hospitality. . . How now! quoth he,
This raiment ill becomes the princely son
Of Owen! . . . Ririd at his words was led
Apart; they wash'd his feet, they gave to him
His own as beseech'd his royal race,
The tunic of soft texture woven well,
The broder'd girdle, the broad mantlet edged
With fur, and flowing low, the bountiful best
Form'd of some forest martin's costly spoils.
The Lord of Dineavr sat at the dice
With Madoc, when he saw him thus array'd,
Returning to the hall. Ay! this is well!
The noble Chief oxalis'm'd: 'tis as of
When in Aberfraw, at his father's board,
We eat together, after we had won
Peace and rejoicing with our own right hands,
By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon blood,
Along its rocky channel the dark Dee
Roll'd darker waters. . . Would that all
His house
Had, in their day of trouble, thought of me,
And honour'd me like this! David respects
Deheubarth's strength, nor would re-
spect it less,
When such protection leagued its cause
with Heaven.
I had forgot his messenger! quoth he,
Arising from the dice. Go, bid him here!
He came this morning at an ill-star'd hour,
To Madoc he pursued; my lazy grooms
Had let the hounds play havoc in my flock,
And my old blood was chafed. I'faith,
The King
Hath chosen well his messenger: . . he saw
That in such mood, I might have ren-

dered him . . .
Perhaps to David's service and to mine,
My better leisure. Now the Messenger
Enter'd the hall; Goagan of Powys-
land,
He of Caer-Einion was it, who was charged
From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a brave man
Of copious speech. He told the royal son
Of Gryffid, the descendant of the line
Of Rhysah-Tudyr mawr, that he came there
From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of Fingal Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in David's name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinewawr.

Tell on! quoth Rhys, the purport and the cause
Of this appeal? Of late, some fugitives
Came from the South to Mona, whom
The King
Received with generous welcome. Some
There were who blamed his royal goodness; for
They said, These were the subjects of a rival
Prince,
Who, paraventure, would withdraw such bounty
Cerish a northern suppliant. This they say,
I know not if from memory of old feuds,
Better forgotten, or in envy. Moved
Hence, King David swore he would not rest
Till he had put the question to the proof,
Whether with liberal honour the Lord
Rhys
Would greet his messenger; but none
Was found
Of all who had instilled that evil doubt,
Ready to bear the embassy: I heard it,
And did my person tender;... for I knew
The nature of Lord Rhys of Dinewawr.

Well! quoth the Chief, Goagan of Powys-land,
This honourable welcome that thou seekest
Wherein may it consist? In giving me,
Goagan of Powys-land replied, a horse
Better than mine, to bear me home; a suit
Of seemly raiment, and ten marks in coin,
With raiment and two marks for him who leads
My horse's bridle.

For his sake, said Rhys,
Who sent thee, thou shalt have the
noblest steed;
In all my stud, I double thee the marks,
And give the raiment threecold. More than this,
Say thou to David, that the guests who sit
At board with me, and drink of my own cup,
Are Madoc and Lord Rirdal. Tell the King,
That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinewawr
Delighteth to do honour to the sons
Of Owen, of his old and honour'd friend.

Farewell, my brother, cried the Ocean Chief;
A little while farewell! as through the gate
Of Dinewawr he pass'd, to pass again
That hospitable threshold never more,
And thou too, O thou good old man, true friend
Of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell!
'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy grey hairs
Are to the grave gone down; but oftentimes
In the distant world I shall remember thee
And think that, come thy summons when it may,
Thou will not leave a braver man behind...

Now God be with thee, Rhys!

The Cimbric spear, ... I then shall wish his aid,
Who oft has conquer'd with me: when I kneel
In prayer to Heaven, an old man's prayer shall beg
A blessing on thee!

Maddoc answer'd not,
But press'd his hand in silence, then sprang up
And spur'd his courser on. A weary way,
Through forest and o'er fell, Prince
Maddoc rode;
And now he skirts the bay whose reckless waves
Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod: fair fields
And busy towns and happy villages, so
They overwhelmed in one disastrous day:
For they by their eternal siege had sap'd
The bulwark of the land, while Seithelyn
Took of his charge no thought, till in his sloth
And riotous cups surprised, he saw the waves
Roll like an army o'er the level'd mound.
A supplement in other ways, he mourd
His crime and ruin; in another's court
The kingly harp of Garanhir was heard,
Wailing his kingdom weep'd; and many a Prince,
Warn'd by the visitation, sought and gained
A saintly crown, Tynicio, Morini,
Boda and Breda and Adigyvarch,
Gwynon and Ceilin and Gwynolyl.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound;
Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil
Did many a Chief and many a Saint
Swells before the breeze, the sea
Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon the Lord
Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun alone
In unapproachable divinity
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green
Foam,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embattled in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long protruded neck the coromants
Wing their far flight sloe, and round and round
The ploughers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and covert
Issued forth
To sport through one day of existence
More;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its balck autumnal birth; the Rocks, and Shores,
The Forest and the everlasting Hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine... they partook
The universal blessing.

To this Isle
Where his forefathers were to disgust con-
sign'd,
Did Madoc come for natural piety,
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.
Therefore for this the Church that day
Was dose:
For this the Abbot, in his all arrayed,
At the high altar stood; for this infused,
Sworn incense from the waving thuri-
bule
Rose like a mist, and the grey brotherhood
Haunted the solemn mass. And now on high
The mighty Mystery had been elevate,
And now around the graves the brethren
In long array proceed: each in his hand,
Bears the brown taper, with their daylight flames
Dimming the cheerful day. Before the train
The Cross is borne, where, fashion'd to the life
In shape and size and ghastly colouring,
The awful Image hangs. Next, in its shrine
Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,
The mighty Mystery came; on either hand
Three Monks uphold above, on silver wands,
The purple pall. With holy water next
A father went, therewith from hyssop branch
Sprinkling the graves; the while, with one accord,
The solemn psalm of mercy all entoned.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though his mind
To all this pomp and solemn circumstance
Yielded a willing homage. But the Prince
Was holy: the dead air, which underneath
Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
Not the free motion of the elements,
Chilly and damp, infused associate awe:
The sacred odours of the incense still
Flotted; the daylight and the taper flames
Commingled, dimming each, and each bodem'd;
And as the slow procession paced along,
Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
The regular foot-fall sounded: swelling now,
Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
Rung through the echoing aisles; and when it ceased,
The silence of that huge and sacred pile
Came on the heart. What wonder if the Prince
Yielded his homage there? the influences
Of that sweet autumn day made every sense
Alive to every impulse; and beneath
The stones whereon he stood, his ancestor's
Were moulder'd, dust to dust. Father! quoth he,
When now the rites were ended; far away
It hath been Madoc's lot to pitch his tent
On other shores; there, in a foreign land,
Far from my father's burial-place, must I
Be laid to rest; yet would I have my name
Be held with theirs in memory. I beseech you,
Have this a yearly rite for evermore:
As I will leave endowment for the same,
And let me be remember'd in the prayer.
The day shall be a holy day with me.
While I do live; they who come after me
Will hold it holy; it will be a bond
Of love and brotherhood, when all beside
Hath been dissolved; and though wide ocean rolls
Between my people and their mother Isle,
This shall be their communion. They shall send,
Link'd in one sacred feeling at one hour,
In the same language, the same prayer to Heaven,
And each remembering each in piety.
Pray for the other's welfare. The old man
Partook that feeling, and some pious tears
Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman and
It shall be so! I said he; and thou shalt be
Remember'd in the prayer; nor then
But till my sinking sands be quite run out,
This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,
Go up for thee to Heaven!
And now the bell
Rung out its cheerful summons; to the hall,
In seemly order, pass the brotherhood:
The serving-men wait with the ready ear;
The place of honour to the Prince is given,
The Abbot's right-hand guest; the viands smoke,
The horn of ale goes round; and now, the hates
Removed, for days of festival reserved,
Comes choice beverage, clary, hippoceras,
And mead mature, that to the goblet's brim
Sparkles and sings and smiles. It was a day
Of that allowable and temperate mirth
Which leaves a joy for memory. Madoc told
His tale; and thus, with question and reply
And cheerful intercourse, from noon till none
The brethren sat; and when the quire was done,
Renew'd their converse till the vesper bell.

But then the Porter call'd Prince Madoc out,
To speak with one, he said, who from the land
Had sought him and required his presence.
No! by my God! the high-hearted youth replied,
It never shall be said Llewelyn left
His father's murderer on his father's throne!
I am the rightful king of this poor land.
Go thou, and wisely go; but I must stay,
That I may save my people. Tell me, Uncle,
The story of thy fortunes; I can hear it
Here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour,
Securely.
Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first Where are thy haunts and coverts, that thou mayst
Thou hast to bear thee up? Why goest thou not
to thy dear father's friend in Powys-land,
There at Mathraval would Gyvellio give
A kinsman's welcome; or at Dinewawr,
The guest of honour shouldst thou be with Rhys.
And he belike from David might obtain
Some recompence, though poor.
What recompence? Exclaim'd Llewelyn; what hath he to give,
But life for life? and what have I to claim
But vengeance, and my father Yorwerth's throne?
If with aught short of this my soul could rest,
Would I not through the wide world follow thee?
Dear Uncle! fare with thee, well or ill,
And show to thine old age the tenderness
My childhood found from thee!... What hopes I have
Let time display. Have thou no fear for me!
My bed is made within the ocean caves,
Of sea-weeds, bleach'd by many a sun and shower;
I know the mountain dens, and every hold.
And fastness of the forest; and I know,
What troubles him by day and in his dreams.
There's many an honest heart in Gwyneth yet!
But tell me thine adventure; that will be
A joy to think of in long winter nights,
When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So as they walk'd along the moonlight shore,
Did Madoc tell him all; and still he strove,
By dwelling on that noble end and aim,
That of his actions was the heart and life,
To win him to his wish. It touch'd the youth;
And when the Prince had ceased, he heaved a sigh,
Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were there.
No, no! he cried, it must...
Then launch'd his coracle, and took his way,
A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was grey with rocks,
No traces of our path, where Violence,
And bloody Zeal, and bloody Avarice
Might find their blasting way.
If it be so...
And wise is thy resolve, the youth replied,
I will not know my fate;... but this be sure,
It shall not be inglorious. I have in me
A hope from Heaven... Give me thy blessing, Uncle!

Llewelyn, kneeling on the sand, embraced
His knees, with lifted head and streaming eyes
Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's neck,
And clasped him, with a silent agony.

XIV. LLAIAN
Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arron, bent his course. A little way
He turn'd aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely dwelling;
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
By a grey mountain-stream; just elevated
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when these sweet trees
Shone with their blossoming blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me
Reach the Green Isle again. With fearful care
I chose my little company, and leave
No traces of our path, where Violence,
And bloody Zeal, and bloody Avarice
Might find their blasting way.

All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which wound
Among the hills was grey with rocks,
No traces of our path, where Violence,
And bloody Zeal, and bloody Avarice
Might find their blasting way.
If it be so...
And wise is thy resolve, the youth replied,
I will not know my fate;... but this be sure,
It shall not be inglorious. I have in me
A hope from Heaven... Give me thy blessing, Uncle!

Llewelyn, kneeling on the sand, embraced
His knees, with lifted head and streaming eyes
Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's neck,
And clasped him, with a silent agony.

They enter'd now her home; she spread the board,
And set before her guest soft curds, and cheese
Of curd-like whiteness, with no foreign die
Adulterate, and what fruits the orchard gave,
And that old British beverage which the bees
Had toil'd to purvey all the summer long.
Three years, said Madoc, have gone by,
since here
I found a timely welcome, overween
With tell and sorrow and sickness:
'twas when the battle had been waged hard by,
Upon the plain of Arvon.
She grew pale, suddenly pale, and seeing that she mark'd
The change, she told him, with a feeble voice,
That was the fatal fight which widow'd her.

Christ, eried Madoc, 'tis a grief to think
How many a gallant Briton died that day,
In that accursed strife! I trod the field
When all was over, I beheld them heaped
Aye, like ripe corn within the reaper's mouth.
Strewn round the bloody spot where
Hoel lay; brave as he was, himself cut down at
head;
Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with wounds, yet still
Clenching in his dead hand the broken sword!
But you are moved, you weep at what I tell.
Forgive me, that renewing my own grief,
I should have waken'd yours! Did you then
understand Prince Hoel?

She replied, Oh no! my lot
Was humble, and my loss a humble one;
Yet was it all to me! They say, quot her,
And, as she spake, she struggled to bring
forth
With painful voice the interrupted words...

They say Prince Hoel's body was not found;
But you who saw him dead perchance can tell
Where he was laid, and by what friendly hand.
Even where he fell, said Madoc, is his grave;
For he who buried him was one whose faith
Reck'd not of boughten prayers, nor
passing bell.
That doth seem a fitting monument
For one untimely slain... But whereth rough we
On this ungrateful theme?
He took a harp
Which stood beside, and passing o'er its
chords
Made music. At the touch the child
drew nigh.
Pleased by the sound, and leant on
Madoc's knee,
And bade him play again. So Madoc
play'd,
For he had skill in minstrelsy, and raised
His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of love.
I have harness'd thee, my Steed of shining grey,
And thou shalt bear me to the dear white walls.
I love the white walls...

"The long sleepless night I think on her;"
And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
I pine away for her, yet pity her,
That she should spare so true a love as mine.
He ceased, and laid his hand upon the child, . .
And didst thou like the song? The child replied, . .
Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves.
And so I love it too. He scoop'd and kiss'd .

The boy, who still was leaning on his
knee, 
Abode grown familiar. I should like To
take thee with me, quoth the Ocean
Lord.
Over the seas.
Thou art Prince Madoc, then...

The mother cried, . . thou art indeed the
Prince!
That song, that look... and at his feet
Crying... Oh take him, Madoc! save
the child!
Thy brother Hoel's orphan!
Long it was ere that in either agitated heart
The tumult could subside. One while.

Garst on the child, tracing intensely
There
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gaz'd anew
Was dim and dizzy, ... then blent God,
And... That he should never need a father's love.
At length when copious tears had now
relieved
Her brother's heart, and many a broken
speech
In tears had died away, O Prince, she
cried.
Long hath been my dearest prayer to
that

That, I might see thee once, and to thy
love
Commit this friendless boy! For many a
time,
In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth
That I bath wak'n'd misery in me.
To think I could not as a sister claim
Thy love! and therefore was it that till
now
Thou knew'as me not; for I entreated him
That he would never let thy virtuous eye
Look on my guilt, and make me feel my shame.
Madoc, I did not dare to see thee then,
Thou wilt not scorn me now, . . for I have
now
Forgiven myself; and, while I here
perform'd
A mother's duty in this solitude,
Have felt myself forgiven.

With that she clasp'd his hand, and bent her face on it and
wept.
Anon collecting she pursued. . . My name
Is Lliaen: by the chance of war I fell
Into his power, when all my family
Had been cut off, all in one handful of blood.
He saved me from the ruffian's hand, he
sooth'd
With tenderest care my sorrow. . . You

He view'd it o'er and o'er again, and press'd
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gaz'd anew
Was dim and dizzy, ... then blent God,
And... That he should never need a father's love.
At length when copious tears had now
relieved
Her brother's heart, and many a broken
speech
In tears had died away, O Prince, she
cried.
Long hath been my dearest prayer to
that

Through the long sleepless night I think on
her;

And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
I pine away for her, yet pity her,
That she should spare so true a love as mine.

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the child, . .
And didst thou like the song? The child replied, . .
Oh yes! it is a song my mother loves.
And so I love it too. He scoop'd and kiss'd .

The boy, who still was leaning on his
knee, 
Abode grown familiar. I should like To
take thee with me, quoth the Ocean
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Over the seas.
Thou art Prince Madoc, then...

The mother cried, . . thou art indeed the
Prince!
That song, that look... and at his feet
Crying... Oh take him, Madoc! save
the child!
Thy brother Hoel's orphan!
Long it was ere that in either agitated heart
The tumult could subside. One while.

Garst on the child, tracing intensely
There
His brother's lines; and now he caught him up,
And kiss'd his cheek, and gaz'd anew
Was dim and dizzy, ... then blent God,
And... That he should never need a father's love.
At length when copious tears had now
relieved
Her brother's heart, and many a broken
speech
In tears had died away, O Prince, she
cried.
Long hath been my dearest prayer to
that
Though not without my melancholy
Happy. The joy it was when I beheld
His steed of shining grey come hastening on,
Across the yellow sand!... Aha, exile long,
King Owen died. I need not tell thee,
Madoc.
With what a deadly and foreboding fear
I heard how Hoel seized his father's throne,
Not with what ominous woe I welcomed him,
In that last little miserable hour.

Ambition gave to love. I think his heart,
Brave as it was, misgave him. When I spake
Of David and my fears, he smiled upon me;
But 'twas a smile that came not from the heart,
A most ill-boding smile!...

You know not with what misery I saw
His parting steps, with what a dreadful hope
I watch'd for tidings!... And at length it came,
Came like a thunderbolt!... I sought the field,
O Madoc, there were many widows there,
But none with grief like mine.
I look'd around; I dragg'd aside the bodies of the dead,
To search for him, in vain; and then a hope
Seized me, which it was agony to lose.

Night came. I did not heed the storm of night;
But for the sake of this dear babe,
I sought shelter in this lone hut: 'twas desolate;
And when my reason had return'd, I thought
That here the child of Hoel might be safe;
Till we could claim thy care. But thou, meantime,
Didst go to roam the Ocean; so I learnt
To bound my wishes here. The

The embroidered girdle, and what other
Were once my vain adornments, soon were changed;
For things of profit, goats and bees, and
The tuneful solace of my solitude.
Madoc, the harp is as a friend to me;
I sing to it the songs which Hoel loved,
And Hoel's own sweet lays; it comforts me,
And gives me joy in grief.

Though not without my melancholy
Far following in the rear. The bravery
Of glittering baubricks and of high-plumed crests,
Embroider'd surcoats and ezelmon'd shields,
And lances whose long streamers play'd aloft,
Made a rare pageant, as with sound of trump.
Tambour and cittern, proudly they went on,
And ever, at the foot-fall of their steeds,
The tinkling horse-bells, in rude symphony,
Accord'd with the joy.

What have we here?
Quoth Madoc then to one who stood beside
The threshold of his officer-woven hut,
'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return'd,
Come hither for some end, I wist not what,
Only be sure no good!... How stands the tide?
Said Madoc; can we pass?... 'Tis even at the flood,
The man made answer, and the Monastery,
Will have no hospitality to spare
For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content
To guest with us.

He took the Prince's sword;
The daughter of the house brought water then,
And wash'd the stranger's feet; the board was spread,
And o'er the bowl they communed of the days
Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot
Upon the beautiful Isle.

Let him be cursed!... were the words which first
Assail'd their ears, living and dead, in limb
And life, in soul and body, he be cursed
Here and hereafter! Let him feel the curse
At every moment, and in every act,
By night and day, in waking and in sleep!
We cut him off from Christian fellowship;
Of Christian sacraments we deprive his soul;
Of Christian burial we deprive his corpse;
And when that carillon to the Fiends is left
In unprotected earth, thus let his soul
Be quench'd in hell!

He dash'd upon the floor
His taper down, and all the ministring Priests
Extinguish'd each his light, to consummate
The imprecation.
Cried Madoc, with these horrors! They replied,
The contumacious Prince of Powys-land,
Cyveilloc. What! quoth Madoc, and his eye
Grew terrible, Who is he that sets his foot
In Gwyneth, and with hellish forms like these
Daré outrage here Mathraval's noble Lord?
We wage no war with women nor with Priests;
But if there be a knight amid your train,
Who will stand forth, and speak before my face
Dishonour of the Prince of Powys-land,
Lo! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who will make
That slanderous wretch cry craven in the dust,
And eat his lying words!
Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who, Briton born,
512 MADOC IN WALES

Had known Prince Madoc in his father’s court;
It is our charge, throughout this Christian land,
To call upon all Christian men to join
The armies of the Lord, and take the cross;
That so, in battle with the Infidels,
The palm of victory or of martyrdom,
Glorious alike, may be their recompense.

Or for the natural blindness of his heart,
Cyvellic had refused; thereby incurred
The pain, which, not of our own impulse, we
Inflict upon his soul, but at the will
Of our most holy Father, from whose word
Lies no appeal on earth.

'Tis well for thee, Intemperate Prince! said Baldwin, that our blood
Flows with a calmer action than thine own
Thy brother David hath put on the cross,
To our most pious warfare piously
Pledging his kingly sword. Do thou the like,
And for this better object lay aside
Thine other enterprize, which, lest it rob
Juda of one single Christian arm,
We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou
The banner of the Church to Palestine;
So shall thou expiate this rash offence,
Against the which we else should fulminate
Our ire, did we not see in charity,
And therefore rather pity than resent,
The rudeness of this barbarous land.

Soon tempering wrath, yet anger sharpening scorn,
Madoc replied, Barbarians as we are,
Lord Prelate, we received the law of Christ
Many a long age before your pirate sires
Had left their forest dens; nor are we now
To learn that law from Norman or from Dane.

Saxon, Jute, Angle, or whatever name
Suit best your mongrel race! Ye think,
perchance,
That like your own poor woman-hearted King
We too are Gwyneth are to take the yoke
Of Rome upon our necks; but you may tell
Your Pope, that when I sail upon the seas,
I shall not strike a toppas for the breath
Of all his maldictions!

He turned away, lest farther speech might call
Farther reply, and kindle farther wrath,
More easy to avoid than to aly.
Therefore he left the church; and soon
his mind
To gentler mood was won, by social talk
And the sweet prattle of that blue-eyed boy,
Whom in his arms he fondled.

But when now
Evening had settled, to the door there came
One of the brethren of the Monastery,
Who called Prince Madoc forth. Apart they went,
And in the low suspicious voice of fear,
Though none was nigh, the Monk began
Be calm, Prince Madoc, while I speak, and patiently
Heart to the end! Thou know'st that, in his life,
Becket did excommunicate thy sire
For his unlawful marriage; but the Church,
Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not
The inefficient censure. Now, when Baldwin
Bore his monument to-day, impell'd
As we do think, by anger against thee,
He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds
Disown'd the Church when living, even
So shall be torn, and cast aside
In some unhallow'd pit, with foul disgrace
And contumelious wrong.

Sayest thou to-night?
Quoth Madoc. . . Ay, at midnight, he replied.

Shall this impety be perpetrated
Therefore hath Gerald, for the reverence
He bears to Owen's royal memory,
Sent thee the tidings. Now be temperate
In thy just anger, Prince! and shed no blood.

Thou know'st how dearly the Plantagenet
Atones for Becket's death; and be thou sure,
Though thou thyself shouldst sail beyond the storm,
That it would fall on Britain.

While he spake,
Madoc was still; the feeling work'd too deep
For speech, or visible sign. At length he said
What if amid their midnight contest
I should appear among them?

It were well; The Monk replied, if, at a sight like that,
Thouarest withold thy hand.

Oh, fear me not! Good and true friend, said Madoc. I am calm,
And calm as thou beholdest me will prove
In word and action. Quick I am to feel
Light ill, . . perhaps o'er-hasty; summer's grace,

Finding my cheek unguarded, may infix
Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irritate;
But if the wolf, or forest boar, be nigh,
I am awake to danger. Even so
Bear I a mind of steel and adamant
Against all greater wrongs. My heart
hath now
Received its impulse; and thou shalt behold
How in this strange and hideous circumstance
I shall find profit. . . Only, my true friend,
Let me have entrance.

Between the complines and the matin-bell,
The Monk made answer: thou shalt find the door
Ready. Thy single person will suffice;
For Baldwin knows his danger, and the hour
Of guilt or fear convicts him, both alike
Opprobrious. Now, farewell!

His host-side, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his help
Was needed. Night came on; the hearth was heart,
The women went to rest. They twain,
Sate at the board, and while the untasted sands
Stood by them, watch'd the glass whose falling sands
Told out the weary hours. The hour is coming
Prince Madoc helm'd his head, and from his neck
He slung the bugle-horn; they took their shields
And lance in hand went forth. And now arrived,
The bolts give back before them, and the door
Rolls on its heavy hinge.

Beside the grave
Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit
Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obey'd
The lordly Primate's will. They stood
And watch'd
Their ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken
Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps.
When sudden interruption startled them,
And clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come in. Their tapers gleam’d
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open; and when in that pale countenance,
For the strong feeling blanch’d his cheek; they saw
His father’s living lineaments, a fear
Like anguish shook them. But anon that fit
Of scared imagination to the sense
Of other peril yielded, when they heard
Prince Madoc’s dreadful voice. Stay! he exclam’d,
As now they would have fled; stir not a man,
Or I loose not breath into this horn.
All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen call’d
For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live! The doors are watch’d,
And ye are at my mercy!
But at that,
Baldwin from the altar wrenched the crucifix.
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
He who strikes me, strikes Him; for, on pain,
Of endless—Peace! quoth Madoc, and profane not.
The holy Cross, with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege! Peace! I love thee not.
Be wise, and thou art safe. For thee, thou know’st,
Priest, that if thy treason were divulged,
David would hang thee on thy steeple top.

To feed the steeple daws: Obey and live.
Go, bring fine linen and a coffin meet
To bear these relics; and do ye, meanwhile,
Proceed upon your work.
They at his word
Raised the stone cover, and display’d the dead,
In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
Cross’d on the breast, with precious gams and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.
At Madoc’s bidding, round the corpse they wrap.
The linen web, fold within fold involved;
They laid it in the coffin, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval
And press it down compact; they closed the lid,
And Madoc with his signet seal’d it thrice.
Then said he to his host, Bear thou at dawn
This treasure to the ships. My father’s bones
Shall have their resting-place, where
Morn one day
May moulder by their side. He shall be free
In death, who living did so well maintain
His and his country’s freedom. As for ye.
For your own safety, ye I ween will keep
My secret safe. So saying, he went his way.

XVI. DAVID

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once again
Set foot in Mona. Llaian there receives
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
Who, while she tempers to the public eye
Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged
In fond endearments of instinctive love.
When the first flow of joy was overpast,
How went the equipment on, the Prince enquired.
Nay, brother, quoth Goerryll, ask thou that
Of Urien; it hath been his sole employ
Daily from cock-crow until even-song.
That day hath laid aside all other thoughts.
Forgetful even of me! She said and smiled).
Playful reproach upon the good old man,
Who in such chiding as affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong, return’d rebuke.
There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he cried,
There are they moor’d; six gallant
Barks, as trim
And worthy of the sea as ever Yet gave canvas to the gale. The mariners
Flock to thy banner, and the call hath roused
Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring shall serve,
There need no delay. I should depart
Without one wish that fingers, could we hear
Rid of consequence, and break poor Rodri’s chains.
Thy lion-hearted brother; and that boy,
If he were with us, Madoc! that dear boy
Llewelyn!
Sister, said the Prince at that, How sped the Queen?
Oh, Madoc! she replied, A hard and unrelenting heart hath he, The gentle Emma told me she had fail’d, And that was all she told; but in her eye
I could see sorrow struggling. She com plains not, And yet I know, in bitterness laments
The hour which brought her as a victim here.
Theon hath the Lord of Ocean once again
Set foot in Mona. Llaian there receives
Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
Who, while she tempers to the public eye
Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged
In fond endearments of instinctive love.
When the first flow of joy was overpast,
How went the equipment on, the Prince enquired.
Nay, brother, quoth Goerryll, ask thou that
Of Urien; it hath been his sole employ
Daily from cock-crow until even-song.
That day hath laid aside all other thoughts.
Forgetful even of me! She said and smiled.
Playful reproach upon the good old man,
Who in such chiding as affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong, return’d rebuke.
There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he cried,
There are they moor’d; six gallant
Barks, as trim
And worthy of the sea as ever Yet gave canvas to the gale. The mariners
Flock to thy banner, and the call hath roused
Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring shall serve,
There need no delay. I should depart
Without one wish that fingers, could we hear
Rid of consequence, and break poor Rodri’s chains.
Thy lion-hearted brother; and that boy,
If he were with us, Madoc! that dear boy
Llewelyn!
Sister, said the Prince at that, How sped the Queen?
Oh, Madoc! she replied, A hard and unrelenting heart hath he, The gentle Emma told me she had fail’d, And that was all she told; but in her eye
I could see sorrow struggling. She com plains not, And yet I know, in bitterness laments
The hour which brought her as a victim here.

Then I will seek the Monarch, Madoc cried;
And forth he went. Cold welcome
David gave, Such as might chill a suppliant; but the Prince
Fearless began. I found at Dinevawr
Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit
That he might follow me, a banish’d man.

He waits thine answer at the court of Rhys.
Now I beseech thee, David, say to him
His father’s hall is open!
Then the King
Replied, I told thee, Madoc; thy request
Displeased me heretofore; I warn’d thee,
To shun the rebel; yet my messenger
Tells me, the guests at Dinevawr who safe
At board with Rhys and drank of his own cup
Were Madoc and Lord Rodri. Was this well,
This open disobedience to my will,
And my express command?
Madoc subdue
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee, Sire,
He answer’d, by what chance it so fell out,
I should of disobedience stand excused. Even were it here a crime. Yet think again.
David, and let thy better mind prevail! I am his surety here; he comes alone; The strength of yonder armament is mine:
And when did I deceive thee? I did hope,
For natural love and public decency,
That ye would part in friendship. Let that pass!
He may remain and join me in the hour
Of embarkation. But for thine own sake
Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear
That makes its danger. Call to mind, my brother,
The rampart that we were to Owen’s throne!
Are there no moments when the thoughts
And loves
Of other days return? Let Rodri loose!
Restore him to his birthright! Why wouldst thou
Hold him in chains, when benefits
Would bind
His noble spirit? Leave me! cried the King;
Thou know’st the theme is hateful to my ear.
I have the mastery now, and idle words,
MADOC IN WALES

Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,
Which this raw arm in battle hardly won.
There must he till nature set him free,
And so deliver both. Trespass no more!

A little yet with me, Madoc cried.
I leave this land for ever; let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath
Remember me hereafter.

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.
I leave this land for ever; let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath
Remember me hereafter.

XVII. THE DEPARTURE

Winter hath pass'd away; the vernal storms
Have spent their rage, the ships are stored, and now
To-morrow they depart. That day a boy
Weary and foot-sore, to Aberfraw came,
Who to Goeuryl's chamber made his way.

And caught the hem of her garment, and exclaimed;
A boon, a boon, dear Lady! Nor did he
Wait more reply than that encouragement,
Which her sweet eye and lovely smile bestow'd;
I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy, so
Born to fair promises and better hopes,
But now forlorn. Take me to be your page!
For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not!
I have no friend on earth, nor hope but this,
The boy was fair; and though his eyes were swoln,
And cheek distil'd with tears, and though his voice
Came chok'd by grief, yet to that earnest ear
And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not sure been easy to refuse
The boon he begged. I cannotgrant thy suit.
Goeuryl cried, but I can aid it, boy! 
Go ask of Madoc! And itself arose
And led him where her brother on the shore
That day the last embarkment overwore.
Mervyn then took his mantle by the skirt.
And knelt and made his suit; she too began
To sue, but Madoc smiling on the Maid,
Won by the virtue of the countenance
Which look'd for favour, lightly gave the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoe, when that fair boy
Told his false tale? for hadst thou heard the voice,
The gentle voice so musically sweet,
And seen that earnest eye, it would have heal'd
The wounded heart, and thou hadst voyaged on
The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country! He, on board the bark,
Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he
And gazed, almost unconscious that he gaz'd
Toward yon distant mountains where she dwelt,
Senena, his beloved. Caradoe,
Senena, thy beloved, is at hand!
Her golden locks are clipp'd, and her blue eye
Is wandering through the throng in search of the king.
For whose dear sake she hath forsaken all.
You deem her false, that her frail constancy
Shrunk from her father's anger, that she lives
Another's victim bride; but she hath fled
From that unnatural anger; hath escap'd
The unnatural union; she's on the shore.
Senena, blue-eyed maid, a seemly boy,
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy love
And to the land of peace to follow thee,
Over the ocean waves.
Now all is done.
Stores, beaves, and flocks and water all abroad;
The dry East blows, and no sign of change
Stains the clear firmament. The Sea-Lord sate
At the last banquet in his brother's court;
And heard the song: it told of Owen's fame,
When with his Normen and assembled force
Of Guiene and Gascony, and Anjou's strength,
The Fleming's aid and England's chosen troops,
Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes
Denounced his wrath; for Mons's dragon sons
By warly patience baffled long his force.
Winning slow Famine to their aid, and help'd
By the angry Elements, and Sickness sent
From Heaven, and Fear that of its vigour robb'd
The healthy arm; then in quick enterprise
Fell on his weary and dishearten'd host,
Till with defeat and loss and obloquy
He fled with all his nations. Madoc gave
His spirit to the song; he felt the theme
In every pulse; the recollection came,
Revived and heightened to intense pain
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,
He never more should share the feast, nor hear
The echoing harp again! His heart was full;
And, yielding to its yearnings, in that mood
Of awful feeling, he call'd forth the King.
And led him from the palace-porch, and stretch'd
His hand toward the ocean, and exclaim'd
To-morrow over yon wide waves I go;
To-morrow, never to return, I leave
My native land! O David, O my brother,
Turn not impatiently a reckless ear
To that affectionate and natural voice
Which thou wilt hear no more! Release our brethren,
Recall the wanderers home, and link them to thee
By cordial confidence, by benefits
Which bless the benefactor. Be not thou
As is the black and melancholy yew
That strikes into the grave its baleful roots,
And dries up on the dead! The Saxon King.
Think not I wrong him now; an hour like this
Hath softened all my harsher feelings down;
Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,
Thy gentle Queen, whom, that great God may bless,
And, blessing her, bless thee and our dear country,
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers;
But he is far away; and should there come
The evil hour upon thee... if thy kin
Weary'd by suffering, and driven desperate,
Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn raise
His banner and demand bis father's throne, . .
Were it not trusting to a broken reed,
To lean on England's old... ? I urge thee not
For answer now; but sometimes, O my brother!
Sometimes recall to mind your parting words,
As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the friend—
Who loved thee best?

The affection of his voice,
So mild and solemn, softened David's heart;
He saw his brother's eyes, suffused with tears,
Shine in the moon-beam as he spake;
the King
Remember'd his departure, and he felt
Feelings, which long from his disnatured breast
Ambition had expelled: he could almost
Have follow'd their strong impulse. From the shore,
Madoc with quick and agitated step
Had sought his home; the monarch went his way,
Serious and slow, and laid him down that night
With painful recollections, and such oppression
Seem'd to load the burthen'd heart. At times and half supprest,
Womanly sobs were heard, and manly cheeks
Were wet with silent tears. Now forth they
go, And at the portal of the Church unfurl
Prince Madoc's banner; at that sight
A shout
Burst from his followers, and the hills and rocks
Thrice echoed their acclaim.

There lie the ships,
Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out
With sinuous flow and swell, like water-snakes,
Curled aloft; the waves are gay with boats,
Pinnace and barge and coracle... the sea
Swarms like the shore with life. Oh what a sight
Of beauty for the spirit unconcern'd!
If heart there be which unconcern'd could view
A sight like this!... how yet more beautiful
For him, whose soul can feel and understand
The solemn import! Yonder they embark,
Youth, beauty, valour, virtue, revered ages,
Some led by love of noble enterprise,
Others, who, desperate of their country's weal,
Fly from the impending yoke;... all warm
With confidence and high heroic hope,
And all in one fraternal bond conjoin'd by reverence to their Chief, the best beloved
That ever yet on hopeful enterprize
Led gallant army forth. He, even now
Lord of himself, by faith in God and man
To man subdued the feeling of this hour,
The bitterest of his being.

At this time,
Pale, and with feverish eye, the King came up,
And led him somewhat from the throng apart,
Saying, I sent at day-break to release
Redet from prison, meaning that with thee

In reverence to its relic, and she cried,
Yet ere we part change with me, dear
Goeryll... Dear sister, loved too well, or lost too soon!
I shall betake me often to my prayers,
Never in them, Goeryll, of thy name
Unmindful;... thou too will remember me
Still in thy orisons;... but God forend
That ever misericord should make thee find
This Cross thy only comforter.

She said, And kiss'd the holy pledge, as each to each
Transferr'd the mutual gift. Nor could the Maid
Answer, for agony, to that farewell;... she held Queen Emma to her breast, and close
She clasp'd her with a strong convulsive sob,
Silently. Madoc too in silence went,
But press a kiss on Emma's lips, and left
His tears upon her cheek. With disaying eyes
Gazing she stood, nor saw the boat push off;...
The dashing of the oars awaken'd her;... she wipes her tears away, to view once more
Those dear familiar faces;... they are

In the distance;... never shall her waking eye
Behold them till the hour of happiness,
When death hath made her pure for perfect bliss!

Two hearts alone of all that company,
of all the thousands who beheld the scene,
Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with delight,
Young Hoel views the ships and feels the beat
Rock on the heaving waves;... and Llaiant felt
Comfort... though sad, yet comfort... that for her
No eye was left to weep, nor heart to mourn.
Hark! 'tis the mariners with voice attuned
Timing their toil! and now with gentle gales,
Slow from the holy haven they depart.

XVIII. RODRI

Now hath the evening settled; the broad Moon
Rolls through the rifted clouds. With gentle gales
Slowly they glide along, when they behold
A boat with press of sail and stress of ear
Speed forward to the fleet; and now arrived
Beside the Chief's vessel, one enquires
If Madoc be aboard? the answer given,
Swift he ascended up the lofty side.
With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord
Again behold Llewelyn; but he gazed
Doubtfully on his comrades' countenance,
A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye stern.
Thou dost view me, Madoc, he exclaimed.
As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel not!
The long afflictions of my prison house
Have changed me.

Rodri! cried the Prince, and fell
Upon his neck; last night, subdued at length.
By my solicitations, did the King
Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst share
My happy enterprize; and thou art come,
Even to my wish! Nay, Madoc, nay, not so!
He answered, with a stern and bitter smile;
This gallant boy hath given me liberty,
And I will pay him with his father's throne.
Ay, by my father's soul! last night we fled
Over ocean through the moonlight waves
Prince Madoc sail'd with all his company.
No nobler crew fill'd that heroic bark
Making him long to be a mariner
That he might roam the main, if I should tell
How pleasantly for many a summer-day,
Over the sunny sea with wind at will,
Prince Madoc sail'd; and of those happy
tales, which had been ere that appointed
storm,
Drove southward his slope course, there he had pitch'd
His tent, and blast his lot that it had fallen
In land so fair; and human blood had reel'd
Daily on Aztlan's devilish altars still.
But other doom was his, more arduous toil
Yet to achieve, worse danger to endure,
MADOCK IN AZTLAN

Worse evil to be quelled, and higher good
Which paseth not away educed from ill;
Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all
Prepared at heart, he over ocean sails,
Wafted by gentle winds or gentle waves,
As if the elements combined to serve
The perfect Prince, by God and man beloved.
And now how joyfully he views the land,
Skirting like morning clouds the dusky sea;
With what a searching eye recalls to mind
Foreland and creek and cape; how happy now
Up the great river bends at last his way!

No watchman had been station’d on the height
To seek his sails... for with Cadwalon’s hope
Too much of doubt was blended and of fear:
Yet with a searching eye recalls to mind
Foreland and creek and cape; how happy now
Up the great river bends at last his way!

First of the general wail did Madoc ask;
Cadwallon answer’d, All as yet is well,
And, by this seasonable aid secured,
Will well remain... Thy father? quothe the Prince.
Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye
Of hesitation augurs... fallen asleep.
The good old man remember’d thee in death,
And bless’d thee ere he died.

By this the shores and heights were throng’d; from hill
to hill, from rock to rock,
To rock, the shouts of welcome rang around.
Forward they press to view the man beloved.
Britons and Hoomen with one common joy
Hailing their common friend. Happy that day
Was he who heard his name from Madoc’s voice;
Happy who met the greeting of his eye;
Yea happy he who shared the general smile,
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, by that name Cadwallon’s love
Ca’d it in memory of the absent prince,
Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and heights,
Oh then with what a sudden start his blood
Flow’d from its quicken’d spring, when far away
He spied the glittering topsails! For a while
Distrustful of that happy sight, till now
Slowly he sees them rise, and wind along
Through wide savannahs up the silver stream.
Then with a breathless speed he flies to spread
The joy; and with Cadwallon now descends,
And drives aboard the tide the light canoe.
And mounts the vessel-side, and once again
Falls at the Ocean Lord’s beloved feet.

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Happy who met the greeting of his eye;
Yea happy he who shared the general smile,
Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, by that name Cadwallon’s love
Ca’d it in memory of the absent prince,
Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and heights,
The freedom of his service. Few were now
The offerings at her altars, few the youths
And virgins to the temple-toils devote.
Therefore the Priests combined to save
their craft;
And soon the rumour ran of evil signs
And tokens; in the temple had been heard
Wailing and loud lament; the eternal fire
Gave dimly a dim and doubtful flame;
And from the newer, which at morn
should steam
Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud
Black and portentous rose. And now no Priest
Approached our dwelling. Even the friendly Prince
Yuhidthiton was at Caermadoe now
Rarely a guest; and if that tried goodwill
Which once he bore us did at times appear,
A sullen gloom and silence like remorse
Followed the imagined crime.
But I the while
Reck'd not the brooding of the storm;
For then
My father to the grave was hastening down.
Patiently did the pious man endure,
In faith anticipating blessedness.
Already more than man in those sad hours
When man is meanest. I rate by his side,
And pray'd with him and talk'd with him of death
And life to come. O Madoc! those were hours
Which even in anguish gave my soul a joy;
I think of them in solitude, and feel
The comfort of my faith.
But when that time
Of bitterness was past and I return'd
To daily duties, no suspicious sign
Betoken'd ill; the Priests among us came
As heretofore, and I their intercourse
Encouraged as I could, suspecting naught,
Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men
I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,
How patient in deceit.
Lineoya first
Forewarn'd me of the danger. He, thou know'st,
Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,
And liv'd a slave among a distant tribe.
When seeing us he felt a hope, that we,
Lords as he deem'd us of the Elements,
Might pity his poor countrymen oppressed,
And free them from their bondage.
Dost thou hear
How from you bloody altars he was saved?
For in the eternal chain his fate and ours
Were link'd together then.
The Prince replied,
I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on!

Among the Gods of you unhappy race,
Tezalaipoca as the chief they rank,
Or with the chief co-equal; Maker he,
And Master of created things esteem'd.
He sits upon a throne of triumph'd skulls,
Hidingous and huge; a shield is on his arm,
And with his black right hand he lifts, as though
In wrath, the menacing spear. His festival,
Of all this wicked nation's wicked rites,
With most solemnity and circumstance
And pomp of hellish piety, is held.
From all whom evil fortune hath subdued
To their inhuman thralldom, they select
Him whom they judge, for comely countenance
And shapely form and all good natural gifts,
Worthless to be the victim; and for this.
Was young Lineoya chosen, being in truth
The flower of all his nation. For twelve
Their custom is, that this appointed youth
Be as the Idol's living image held.
Garb'd therefore like the Demon Deity,
Where'er he goes abroad, an antient train
With music and with dance attend his way,
And those infernal Priests who guard him,
To be their victim and their feast at last,
And mock him with knee-reverence.
Twenty days before the bloody festival arrive,
As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,
Four maidens, the loveliest of the land,
Are given in sponsals.
With Lineoya all these rites
Duly were kept; and at the stated time,
Four maidens, the loveliest of the land,
were his.
Of these was one, whom even at that hour
He learnt to love, so excellently good
Was she; and she loved him and pitied him.
She is the daughter of an aged Priest;
I often have seen her; and in truth,
Compared with Britain's maid's so beautiful,
Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,
She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest
Falls to the knee, and leaves her olive arms
Bare in their beauty; loose, luxuriant, long.
Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair; mild
Is her eye's jet lustre; and her voice!

A soul which harrow'd evil never breathed
Such winning tones.
Thou know'st how manfully
These tribes, as if insensible to pain,
Welcome their death in battle, or in love's
Defy their torturers. To Lineoya's mind
Long preparation now had made his fate familiar;
And, he says, the thought of death
Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams.
Till Coitel was his. But then it wak'd;
It hung, ... it press'd upon him like a weight
On one who scarce can struggle with the waves;
And when her soul was full of tenderness,
Yuhidthiton reining to her, she would rest
Her check on his and weep.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?
She gather'd hera, which, like our poppy, bear
The seed of sleep, and with the temple food
Mingled their power; herself partook the food,
So best to full suspension; and the youth,
Instructed well, when all were laid asleep,
Fled far away.

After our conquering arms
Had freed the Braemans from their wretched yoke,
Lineoya needed but his Coitel
To fill his sum of earthly happiness.
Her to the temple had her father's vow
Awhile devoted, and some moons were still
To pass away, ere yet she might become
A sojourner with us, Lineoya's wife.
When from the Paba's miles his watchful mind
Foreboded ill. He bade me take good heed,
And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.
I started at his words: ... these artful men,
Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were.
These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,
And courted confidence, while our tried friend
Yuhidthiton, estranged, a seldom guest,
Suilen and joyless, seem'd to bear at heart
Something that rankled there. These things were strange;
The omens too had ceased; we heard no more
Of twilight voices, nor the unholy cloud
Stead'm from the morning incense.
Why was this?

Young Malinal had from the hour of peace
Been our in-dweller, studious to attain
Our language and our arts. To him I told
My doubts, assured of his true love and truth;
For he had learnt to understand and feel
Our holy faith, and tended like a son
Cynthia's drooping age, and shared with me
His dying benediction. He, thus long
Intent on better things, had been estranged
From Aztlan and her councils; but at this
He judged it for her welfare and for ours
Now to resume his rank; belike his voice
Might yet be heard, or, if the worst befell,
His timely warning save us from the snare.

But in their secret councils Malinal
No longer bore a part: the Chiefs and Ring
Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas... labouring with a wretchedness
She did not seek to hide; and when the youth
Reveal'd his fear, he saw her tawny cheek
Whiten, and round his neck she clung and wept.
She told him something dreadful was at hand,
She knew not what: That, in the dead
Of night, Coicooeetin at Meztil's shrine
Had stood with all his nobles; human blood
Had there been offer'd up, and secret vows
Vow'd with mysterious horror: That but late,
When to her father of the days to come
She spake, and of Linceya and her lot
Among the strangers, he had found, and strove
Beneath dissembling anger to conceal
Visible grief. She knew not what to fear,
But something dreadful surely was at hand,
And she was wroth.

When I heard these things, Yuhidhiton and the Priest Helnua
Were in our dwellings. Then I call'd One
There should be peace between us, I began;
Why is it otherwise?

The Priest replied,
Is there not peace, Cadwallon? Seek we not
More frequent and more friendly intercourse.
Even we, the servants of our Country-Gods,
Whose worship ye have changed, and the King whose sake
We were and would have been your enemies
But as those Gods have otherwise ordain'd,
Do we obey. Why therefore is this doubt?

The Power who led us hither, I replied,
Over the world of waters, who hath save'd,
And who will save his people, warns me now,
Then on Yuhidhiton I fix'd my eye.

Danger is near! I cried; I know it near!
It comes from Aztlan.
Whelp in defiance met the look it fear'd,
Confess'd the crime. I saw his inward shame;
Yet with a pride like angry innocence
Did he make answer. I am in your hands,
And you believe me treacherous!... Kill me now!
Not so, Yuhidhiton! not so! quoth I;
You were the strangers' friend, and yet again
That wisdom may return. We are not changed;...
Lovers of peace, we know, when danger comes,
To make the evil on the guilty liead
Fall heavily and sure! With our good arms,
And our good cause, and that Almighty One,
We are enough, had we no other aid,
We of Cadmradoe here, to put to shame
Aztlan, with all her strength and all her wiles.
But even now is Madoc on the seas;
He leads our brethren here; and should he find
That Cadmar hath been false... oh I hope not then,
By force or fraud, to baffle or elude
Inevitable vengeance! While ye may,
Look to your choice; for we are friends or foes,
Even to your own desert. So saying, I left
The astonish'd men, whose unprovided minds
Fail'd them; nor did they aim at answer more,
But hasty heart went their way. Nor knew I then...
For this was but a thing of yesterday...
How near the help I boasted. Now, I fear not
Thy coming shall discomfit all their wiles.

Norr yet at rest, my Sister! quoth the Prince,
As at her dwelling-door he saw the Maid
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight scene;
To bed, Goeryl. Dearest, what hast thou
To keep thee wakeful here at this late hour,
When even I shall bid a truce to thought,
And lay me down in peace?... Good night, Goeryl!
Dear sister mine, my own dear mother's child!
She rose, and bending on with lifted arms,
Met the fond kiss, obedient then withdrew.
Yet could not so lightly as he wond'rd
Lay wakeful thoughts aside; for he foresaw
Long strife and hard adventure to achieve,
And forms of danger vague disturb'd his dreams.

Early at morn the colonists arose;
Some pitch the tent-pole, and pin down the lines
That stretch the o'er-awning canvass; to the wood
Others with saw and axe and bill for stakes;
And undergrowth to weave the wicker walls;
These to the ships, with whom Cadwallon sends
The Elk and Bison, broken to the yoke.
Ere noon Eddilyab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She was no longer now
The lank loose locks of careless widow-hood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were found
Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery plumes
Pluck’d from the eagle’s pennons. She with eye
And countenances which spoke no feign’d delight,
Welcomed her great deliverer. But her
Had Nature character’d so legibly, 30
That when his tongue told fair his face
The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of speech,
Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his
Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceiv’d.
Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour
Did the Great Spirit, said Erylyah,
Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee here!
For this I made my prayer; and when He sent
For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him,
Eyesight and youth, of him I then besought,
As he had been thy friend and ours on earth,
That he would intercede ... Brother, we know
That the Great Spirit loves thee; He hath bless
Thy going and thy coming, and thy friends
Have prosper’d for thy sake; and now when first
The Powers of Evil do begin to work,
Lo! thou art here! ... Brother, we have obeyed
Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher’s words
Have been our law; but now the Evil Ones
Cry out for blood, and say they are the limit
And threaten vengeance. I have brought the Priest
To whom they spake in darkness ... Thou
And the Great Spirit will enlighten thee;
We know not what to answer... Tell thy tale,
Neolin!

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him
A searching eye; but he, no whit abash’d,
Began with firm effrontery his speech.
The Feast of the Departed is at hand,
And I, in preparation, on the Field
Of the Spirit pass’d the night. It came to me
In darkness, after midnight, when the moon
Was gone, and all the stars were blotted out;
It gather’d round me, with a noise of storms,
And enter’d into me, and I could feel
It was the Snake-God roll’d and writh’d within;
And I too with the inward agony,
Roll’d like a snake and writh’d. Give me:
I thirst! ... His voice was in it, and it burn’d
Like fire, and all my flesh and bones
were shaken; Till, with a thrice which seem’d to rend my
joins.
Another, he pass’d forth, and I was left
Speechless and motionless, gasping for breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,
Enquired, who is the man? ... The good old Priest
Replied, he hath attended from his youth
The Snake-God’s temple, and received for him
His offerings, and perform’d his sacrifice,
Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave
The wicked way.
Hear me! quoth Neolin,
With antic gesture and loud vehemence;
Before this generation, and before...
The ancient forests, ... yea, before ye know
Was hollow’d out, or one snow-feather
Fell on my mountain-top, now never bare...
Before these things I was, ... where, or from whence,
I know not, ... who can tell? But then
I was,

And in the shadow of the Spirit stood:
And I beheld the Spirit, and in him
Saw all things, even as they were to be;
And I held commune with him, not of words.
But with thought with thought. Then was it given me
That I should choose my station when my hour
Of mortal birth was come, ... hunter, or chief,
Or to be mightiest in the work of war,
Or in the shadow of the Spirit live,
And He in me. According to my choice,
For ever, overshadow’d by its power,
I walk among mankind. At times I feel not
The burden of his presence; then am I
Like other men; but when the season comes,
Or if I seek the visitation, then
He fills me, and my soul is carried on,
And then do I foreclose the race of men,
So that the things that will be, are to me
Past.

Amañalța lifted then his eyes
A moment: ... It is true, he cried; we
know
He is a gifted man, and wise beyond
The reach of mortal powers. Ayayaca
Hath also heard the warning.
As I slept.
Replied the aged Priest, upon the Field
Of the Spirit, a loud voice awaken’d me,
Crying, thirst! Give, ... give! or I will take!
And then I heard a hiss, as if a snake
Were threatening at my side. But saw you nothing? Quoth Madoc. ... Nothing; for the night
was dark.
And felt you nothing? said the Ocean Prince.
He answered, Nothing; only sudden fear...
No inward struggle, like possession? ... No.
I thought of the Beloved Teacher’s words,
And cross’d myself, and then he had no power.

Thou hast slept heretofore upon the Field,
Said Madoc; didst thou never witness voice,
Or ominous sound? Ayayaca replied,
Certes the Field is holy! It receives
All the year long, the operative power
Which falleth from the sky, or from below
Pervades the earth; no harvest growth there,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb, is left to spring;
But there the virtue of the elements
Is gathered, till the circle of the months
Be full; then, when the Priest, by mystic rites,
Long vigils, and long abstinences pre pared,
Goeth there to pass the appointed night alone,
The whole collected influence enters him,
Doubt not but I have felt strange impulses
On that mysterious Field, and in my dreams
Been visited; and have heard sounds in the air.
I knew not what... but words articulate
Never till now. It was the Wicked One!
He wanted blood.
Who says the Wicked One? It was our fathers’ God! cried Neolin. ... Sons of the Ocean, why should we forsake
The worship of our fathers! Ye obey
The White-Man’s Maker; but to us was given
A different skin and speech and land and law.
The Snake-God understands the Red Man’s prayer,
And knows his wants and loves him.
Shame be to us,
That since the Stranger here set foot among us,
We have let his lips be dry!
Enough! replied
Madoc, who at Cadwallon’s look re pressed
His answering anger. We will hold a talk.
Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, meantime, That the Great Spirit will from Evil Powers Protect his people. This, too, be ye sure, That every deed of darkness shall be brought To light, and woe be to the lying lips!

IV. AMALAHITA.

Soon as the coming of the fleet was known, Had Queen Erilyab sent her hunters forth. They from the forest now arrive, with store Of venison; fires are built before the tents, Where Llaiun and Goervyl for their guests Direct the feast; and now the ready board With grateful odour steams. But while they sate At meat, did Amalatha many a time Lift her slow eye askance, and eagerly Gaze on Goervyl's beauty; for whate'er In man he might have thought deformed or strange Seemed beautiful in her, her golden curls, Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that clear skin, Blooming with health and youth and happiness.

He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent His head aside, and to Erilyab spoke: 
Mother, said he, tell them to give to me That woman for my wife; that we may be Brethren and friends. She, in the same low tone, Rebuked him, in her heart too well aware How far unworthy he. Abash'd thereby, As he not yet had wholly shaken off Habitual reverence, he sate sullenly, Brooding in silence his imagined wiles, By sight of beauty made more apt for ill; For he himself being evil, good in him Work'd evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth The rife mead-boggin, to Erilyab gave The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen, and friend, Said he, what from our father-land we bring, The old beloved beverage. Sparingly Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the brain, And trouble reason, if incontinent lips Abuse its potency. She took the horn, And sipped with wary wisdom. . . Canst thou teach us The art of this rare beverage? quoth the Queen, Or is the gift reserved for ye alone, By the Great Spirit, who hath favour'd ye In all things above us? . . The Chief replied, All that we know of useful and of good Ye also shall be taught, that we may be One people. While he spake, Erilyab incline'd The horn to Amalatha. Sparingly! Madoc exclaim'd; but when the savage felt The insidious flavour, and the poignant Heed he nought beyond the immediate joy. Deep did she drink, and still with clenching hands Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied, Erilyab place'd the horn with sharp reproach. Cliding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere long The generous liquor flush'd him: he shed His blood play faster, and the joyful dance Of animal life within him. Bold enough, He at Goervyl lifts no longer now The secret glance, but glows with greedy eye; Till, all the long and loathsome look abash'd, She rose, and nearer to her brother The ripe mead-boggin, to Erilyab gave. On light pretence of speech, being half in fear. But he, regardless of Erilyab now, To Madoc cried aloud, Thou art a King, And I a King! . . Give me thy sister there, To be my wife, and then we will be friends, And reign together. Let me answer him, Madoc! Cadwallon cried. I better know Their language, and will set aside all hope, Yet not incense the savage. . . A great thing, Prince Amalatha, hast thou ask'd! said he. Nor is it in Lord Madoc's power to give Or to withhold; for marriage is with us The holiest ordinance of God, wherein The bliss or bane of human life depends. Love must be won by love, and heart to heart Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before We pledge the marriage-vow; and some there are Who hold that, e'er we enter into life, So holy and so blest, each for each Especially ordain'd. Prince Madoc's will Awaits not, therefore, where this secret bond Hath not been framed in Heaven. The skilful speech Which, with wild faith and reason, thus prey'd Yet temper'd the denial, for a while Sleen'd him, and he sate in moody dreams Of snare and violence. Soon a drunken thirst, And long for the insidious beverage, Dropt those dark thoughts aside. More drunk with truth he Give me the drink! . . Madoc again repeats His warning, and again with look and voice Erilyab chides; but he of all restraint Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child? Give! give! or I will take! . . Perchance ye think I and my God alike cry out in vain! But ye shall find us true!

Give him the horn! Cadwallon answer'd; there will come upon him Folly and sleep, and then an after pain Which may bring wisdom with it, if he learn Therefrom to heed our warning. . . As thou say'st, No child art thou! . . the choice is in thy hand: . . Drink, if thou wilt, and suffer, and in pain Remember us. He clenched the horn, and swill'd The sweet intoxication copious down. So bad grew worse. The potent draught provoked Fierce pride and savage insolence. Ay! now It seems that I have taught ye who I am! The inebriate wrench exclaim'd. This land is mine, Not hers; the kingdom and the power are mine; I am the master! Hath it made thee mad? Erilyab cried. . . Ask thou the Snake-God that! Quoth he; ask Nealin and Aztlan that! Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt thou have me For friend or foe? . . Give me that woman there, And store me with this blessed beverage, And thou shalt dwell in my domains, or else, Blood! blood! The Snake-God calls for blood; the Gods Of Aztlan and the people call for blood; They call on me, and I will give them blood, Till they have had their fill. Meanwhile the Queen In wonder and amazement heard and grieved; Watching the fiendish workings of his face.
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And turning to the Prince at times, as if she look'd to him for comfort, she gave him drink. To be at peace! quoth Madoc. The good mead did its good office soon; his dizzy eyes roll'd with a sleepy swim; the joyous thrill died away; and as every limb relax'd, down sunk his heavy head and down he fell. Then said the Prince, We must rejoice in this, O Queen and friend, that, evil though it be, it brings to light; he hath divulged in this mad mood, what else had been concealed by guilty cunning. Set a watch upon him. And on Priest Neolin; they plot against me. Your fall and mine do they alike conspire. Being league with Aztlan to destroy us both, Thy son will not remember that his lips have let the treason pass. Be wary then, and we shall catch the crafty in the pit which they have dug for us. Erilyab cast a look of anger, made intense by grief. On Ahmehata. ... Cursed be the hour wherein I gave thee birth! she cried; that pain was light to what thy base and brutal heart sent into my soul. ... But take them heed! I have borne many a woe and many a loss. My father's realm, the husband of my youth, my hope in thee! ... all motherly love is gone. Sufferance well nigh worn out. When she had ceased, still the deep feeling fill'd her, and her eye dwell'd on him, still in thought. Brother! she cried.

533 WAR DENOUNCED

'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A stone cross stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monument, beneath a single coca, whose straight trunk rose like an obelisk, and waved on high. Its plume, green and never blue, here by Cynetha's side, with Christian prayers, all wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid. Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign grave! From foul indignity of Roman pride and bigot priesthood, from a falling land thus timely snatch'd, and from the impending yoke. Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son! Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale awaited their return. ... Yuhixtihtlon, Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the priest; with us hath come Malinal. They met the Prince, and with a sullen statelessness returned his salutation, then the Chief began: Lord of the Strangers, hear me! by my voice the People and the Pabas and the King of Aztlan speak. Our injured Gods have claimed their wonted worship, and made manifest their wrath; we dare not impiously provoke the Dreadful. Worship ye in your own way; but we must keep the path our fathers kept.

We parted, O Yuhixtihtlon! as friends and brethren, said the Christian Prince; alas, that this should be our meeting! When we pledged, in the broad daylight and the eye of Heaven, our hands in peace, ye heard the will of God, and felt and understood. This calm ascent ye would believe, by midnight miracles scared, and such signs of darkness as becometh The Demons whom ye dread; or likelier duped by the craft of those accursed men, whose trade is blood. Ask thou of thine own heart, Yuhixtihtlon, ... But Helhua broke his speech; our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the Priest. That Aztlan hath restored, and will maintain her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee, move thou thy dwelling place! Madoc replied, this day have I deposited in earth my father's bones, and where his bones are laid, there mine shall moulder. Malinal at that Advanced; ... Prince Madoc said the youth, I come, true to thy faith and thee, and to the weal of Aztlan true, and bearing for that truth, reproach and shame and scorn and obloquy. In sorrow come I here, a banished man; here take, in sorrow, my abiding place. Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties divorced; all dear familiar communities no longer to be present to my sight; the very mother-language which I learnt, a lying baby on my mother's knees, no more with its sweet sounds to comfort me. So be it! ... To his brother then he turn'd; Yuhixtihtlon said he, when thou shalt find, ... as find thou wilt, ... that those accursed men have played the juggler with thee, and deceived thine honest heart, ... when Aztlan groans in blood ... but bid her remember then, that Malinal
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Is in the dwellings of her enemy;
Where all his hope in banishment hath been
To intercede for, and heal her wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard;
Yet hearten'd he as one whose heart
Suppress'd its instinct, and thereto might be seen
A sorrow in his silent stubbornness.
And now his ministers on either hand,
A water-vessel fill, and heap dry sedge
And straw before his face, and fire the pile.
He, looking upward, spread his arms and cried,
Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,
And are, and will be yours! Behold your foes!
He scoop'd, and lifted up one ample urn,
Thus let their blood be shed! and far away
He whirld it scattering water. Then again
Raised the full vase, ... Thus let their lives be quenched!
And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the extinguish'd heap,
Spread like a mist, and ere it melted off,
Homeward the heralds of the war had turn'd.

VI. THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

The Hoamen in their Council-hall are met
To hold the Feast of Souls; seat above seat,
Ranged round the circling theatre they sit.
No light but from the central fire, whose smoke,
Slow passing through the over aperture,
Excludes the day, and fills the court roof,
And hangs above them like a cloud.
Around
The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are hung,
Shrivell'd and parch'd by heat; the
Lies on the floor, ... white bones, exposed to view,
On deer, or elk-skin laced, or softer fur,
Or, in the work of many a mournful hour;
The loathlier forms of fresh mortality
Swathed, and in decent tenderness concealed.
Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle and belt and feathery coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking shell
His arrows for the chace, the sars autocomplete,
Through whose long tube the slender shaft, breath drain'd,
Might pierce the winged game. Husband and wive,
Parents and children, there in death they lie;
The widow'd and the parent and the child
Look on in silence. Not a sound is heard
But of the cracking brand, or moulder'
Or when, amid you pendant string of shells,
The slow wind waketh a shrill and feeble sound,
A voice of sorrow to the mind attuned
By sights of woe.

Ayayaca at length
Came forward: ... Spirits, is it well with ye?
Is it well, Brethren? said the aged Priest?
Have ye received your mourning, and the rites
Of righteous grief? or round your dwelling-place
Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return
A voice of lamentation? Teach us now,
If in our aught have fail'd, that I, your Prince
Outraged by the voices of the world
Of all the hearers round. The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man
Stricken with palsy; and he gazed with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Ncolin Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us, And we abandon you! ... and crash with that
The Image fell.

Oh praise your Gods! cried Neolin, and hail
This day-spring of new hope! Aztlan remits
The tribute lives, ... what more could Madoc give!
She claimeth no revenge, and if she claimeth,
He could not save. O Hoamen, bless your Gods;
Appease them! Thou, Prince Amalahta, speak,
And seize the mercy.

Amalahta stood
In act of speech; but then Erillyab rose.
Who gives thee, Boy, this Eider's privilege?
The Queen exclaimed, ... and thou, Priest Neolin,
Curb thou thy traitorous tongue! The reign is mine;
I hold it from my father, he from his;
Aege before age, beyond the memory
Of man it hath been thus. My father fell
In battle for his people, and his sons too
Fell by his side; they perish'd, but their names
Are with the names we love, ... their happy souls.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

And in the Country of the Dead, be hail'd
By you, with song and dance and grateful joy.

So saying, to the Oracle he turn'd,
Awaiting there the silence which implied
Peaceful asent. Against the eastern wall,
From out the narrow portal's winding way,
An Image stood: a cloak of fur disguis'd
The rude proportion of its smooth limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Topk it, and with a visor this was mask'd.
Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at times
There took his resting place. Ayayaca Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?
And raised the visor. But he started back,
Appall'd and shuddering; for a moony light
Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there came
From its immovable and bony jaws
A long deep groan, thrice utter'd, and thrice felt
In every heart of all the hearers round.
The good old Priest stood tottering, like a man
Sticken with palsy; and he gazed with eyes
Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Ncolin Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
Ye have for other Gods forsaken us, And we abandon you! ... and crash with that
The Image fell.
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy
dear:
The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy
clouds
Which go before the Sun, when he
comes forth
In glory. Last of that illustrious race
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,
Elders, that day when I assembled here
The people, and demanded at their
choice
The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line
Of Kings and Warriors. . . To the wind
he spread
His black and blood-red banner. Even
now
I hear his war drum's tripled sound, that
call'd
The youth to battle; even now behold
The hope which lit his dark and fiery
cheek,
And kindled with a sunnier glow his
cheek,
As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,
Took the death-doers down . . Lo here
the bones
Of King Tepollomi! . . my husband's bones! . .
There should be some among ye who
behold,
When, all with arrows quill'd, and
clothed with blood
As with a purple garment, he sustain'd
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas
Took him at vantage, and their monarch's
club
Let loose his struggling soul. Look,
Hoamen, here, See through how wide a wound his spirit
fled! Twenty long years of mournful widow-
hood Have pass'd away; ao long have I
maintain'd
The little empire left us, loving well
My people, and by them as well beloved.
Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen? At once
The whole assembly rose with one
acclaim:
Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule
Thy own beloved people!

But the Gods!
Cried Amalalhta. . . but the Oracle!
The Oracle! quoth she; what hath it
said
That forty years of suffering hath not
taught
This wretched people? . . They abandon
us? . .
So let them go! Where were they at
that hour,
When, like a blasting night-wind in the
spring,
The multitudes of Aztlan came upon
us?
Where were they when my father went
to war?
Where were they when thy father's
stiffen'd corpse,
Even after death a slave, held up the
lump
To fight his conqueror's revels? . . Think
not, Boy,
To pander with me thus! A fire may
trouble
Within the sockets of a skull, and
grazes
May issue from a dead man's fleshless
jaws,
And images may fall, and yet no God
Be there! . . If he had walk'd abroad with
life,
That had indeed been something!
Then she turn'd
Her voice toward the people . . Ye have
her voice,
This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious
tongue
Bide ye desert the Children of the Sea,
And vow again your former vassalage.
Speaks Aztlan of the former? O my people,
I too could tell ye of the former days,
When yonder plain was ours, with all its
woods
And waters and savannahs! . . of those
days,
When, following where her husband's
stronger arm
Had open'd the light globe, the willing
wife
Dropt in the yellow maize; ere long to
bear
Its increase to the general store, and toss

Hers flow'ring tresses in the dance of joy.
And I could tell ye how those summer
stores
Were hoarded for the invader's winter
feasts.
And how the widows clip those flowing
locks
To strum them . . not upon their hus-
band's grave,
Their husbands had no graves! . . but
on
the rocks
And mountains in their flight. And
even these rocks
And mountains could not save us! Year
by year
Our babes, like firstlings of the flock,
were cul'd
To be the banquet of these Aztecas!
This very wretch, who tells us of the past,
Hath chosen them for the butcherly . .
Oh, I thank you
For this brave anger! . . In your name
I take
The war-gift!
Gods of Aztlan, Helhua cried, As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave
The deadly Symbol, in your name
I give
The war-gift! Ye have thirsted over long;
Take now your fill of blood! . . He turn'd
away;
And Queen Erillyab bade the tribe fulfil
Their customary rites. Each family
Bore its own dead, and to the general
grave,
With melancholy song and sob of woe,
The slow procession moves. The general
grave
Was delved within a deep and shady
dell,
Fronting a cavern in the rock . . the
grave
Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc
came . .
A temple, as they deem'd, by Nature
made,
Where the Snake-Idol stood. On fur
and cloth
Of woven grass, they lay their burthens
down,
Within the ample pit; their offerings
range

Beside, and pliolly a portion take
Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now
Consign'd, they leave their fathers, dust
to dust;
Sad relic that, and wise remembrance.

But as with bark and resinous boughs
they pile
The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin
Sprung up aloft, and shriek'd, as one
who treads
Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God! the very God! he cried, and
how'd
One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry;
Whereat from that dark temple issued
forth
A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he
came,
Straight to the sound, and curled around the
Priest
His mighty folds innocuous, over-
topping
His human height, and arching down his
head,
Sought in the hands of Neolin for food.
Then questing, rear'd and stretch'd and
waved his neck,
And glanced his forkly tongue. Who
then had seen
The man, with what triumphant fear-
lessness,
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body,
wrestled and ring'd
In those tremendous folds, he stood
secure.
Play'd with the reptile's jaws, and
call'd for food,
Food for the present God! . . who then
had seen
The fiendish joy which fired his counte-
enance,
Might well have wond'red that he had
summoned up
The dreadful monster from its native
Hell,
By devilish power, himself a Fiend in-
fin'd.
Blood for the God! he cried; Lincoca's
blood!
Friend of the Serpent's foe! . . Lincoca's
blood!
Cried Amalacita, and the people turned Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each Sought his own safety in that sacrifice. Alone Eriylab raised her voice, confounded; But not confounded; she alone exclaim’d, Madoc shall answer this! Unheard her voice By the bewild’red people, by the Priest Unheeded; and Lincoya sure had fallen The victim of their fear, had he been found In that wild hour; but when his watchful eye Beheld the Serpent from his den come forth, He fled to bear the tidings. Neolin Repeats the accursed call, Food for the God! Ayayana, his unbelieving Priest! At once all eager eyes were fix’d on him, But he came forward calmly at the call; Lo! here am I! quoth he; and from his head Plucking the thin grey hairs he dealt them round. Countrymen, kin, brethren, children, take These in remembrance of me! there will be No relic of your aged Priest but this. From manhood to old age, full three-score years, Have I been your true servant: fit it is That I, who witness’d Aztlán’s first assault, Should perish her last victim! and he moved Towards the death. But then Eriylab Seized him, and by the garment drew him back. By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die! The Queen exclaim’d; nor shalt thou triumph thus, Liar and traitor! Hoamen, to your homes! Madoc shall answer this! Irresolute They heard, and disobedient; to obey Fearing, yet fearful to remain. Anon, The Queen repeats her bidding. To your homes, My people! But when Neolin perceived The growing stir and motion of the crowd, As from the outward ring they moved away, He utter’d a new cry, and disentangling The passive reptile’s folds, rush’d out among them, With outstretched hands, like one poss’d, to seize His victim. Then they fled; for who could tell On whom the madman, in that hellish fit. Might cast the lot? An eight-year’s boy he seized And held him by the leg, and, whirling him In ritual dance, till breath and sense were gone, Set up the death-song of the sacrificial Amalacita, and what others rooted love Of evil leagued with him, accomplishes In treason, join’d the death-song and the dance. Some too there were, believing what they feared, Who yield’d to their old idolatry. And pledged in the worship. Round and round The accursed minister of murder shri’d. His senseless victim; they too round and round In maddening motion, and with maddening cries Revolving, whirr’d and wheel’d. At length, when now According to old rites, he should have dash’d, On the stone Idol’s head the wretch’s brains, Neolin stoop’d, and once again begin The long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry, The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling on, Wave above wave, his rising length, advanced His open jaws; then, with the expected prey, Glides to the dark recesses of his den.
The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.
Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,
The Serpent came: the Hoamen at the sight
Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appall'd
Relax'd their hold. On came the mighty snake,
And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,
Darling bright, alight, his sinuous neck,
With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue
Quivering, and his as of a heavy shower
Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood
Astonished at the powerful reptile's bulk
And that strange sight. His girth was as of man,
But easily could he have overtopp'd Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King
Of Basan, buggest of the Anakim:
What then was human strength, if once involved
Within those dreadful coils? . . . The multitude
Fell prone, and worshipp'd; pale
Errilyah grew,
And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye;
The Britons too were pale, albeit they held
Their spears pretended; and they also look'd
Madoc, while the white stood silently,
Contemplating how wisest he might cope
With that surpassing strength. But Neolin,
Well hoping now success, when he had awed
The general feeling thus, exclaim'd aloud,
Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!
Avenge him on his foes! And then, per- chance,
Terror had urged them to some desperate deed,
Had Madoc ponder'd more, or paused in act
One moment. From the sacrificial flames
He snatch'd a firebrand, and with fire
And sword, Rush'd at the monster; back the round the drew
His head upraised recolcling, and the Prince
Smote Neolin; all circling as he was,
Smote he the accursed Priest; the avenging sword
Fell on his neck; through flesh and bone it drove
Deep in the chest: the wretched
Criminal
Tortur'd, and those huge rings a moment held
His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck
The Serpent: twice he struck him, and the sword
Glanced from the impenetrable scales;
Nor more Avail'd its thrust, though driven by that strong arm
For on the unyielding skin the temper'd blade
Bent. He sprang upward then, and in the eyes
Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.
Impatient of the smoke and burning, back
The reptile wreath'd, and from his loossening clasp
Dropt the dead Neolin, and turn'd, and fled
To his dark den.
The Hoamen, at that sight
Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,
Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God
Is mightiest! But Errilyah silently
Approach'd the great Deliverer; her
whole frame
Trembled with strong emotion, and she took
His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,
Having no power of speech, till with a
Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaim'd,
Blessed art thou, my brother! for the power
Of God is in thee! and she would have kissed
His hand in adoration; but he cried,
God is indeed with us, and in his name
Will we complete the work! . . . then to the cave
Advanced, and call'd for fire. Bring fire! grant
By his own element the spawn of hell
Shall perish! and he enter'd, to explore
The cavern depths. Cadwallon follow'd him,
Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,
For sword or spear avail'd not,
Far in the hill, cave within cave, the ample grotto pierc'd,
Three chambers in the rock. Fit vesti-
bule
The first to that wild temple, long and low,
Shut out the outward day. The second
vault
Had its own daylight from a central charm
High in the hollow; here the Image stood,
Their rubs idolatry, . . . a sculptured snake . . .
If term of art may such mis-shapen form
Boseom, . . . round a human figure coil'd,
And all begrimed with blood. The in-
most cell
Dark; and far up within its blackest depth
They saw the Serpent's still small eye
Of fire.
Not if they think'd the forest for their pile,
Could they, with flame or suffocating smoke,
Destroy him there; for through the open roof
The clouds would pass away. They paused not long:
Drive him beneath the charm, Cadwallon cried,
And hem him in with fire, and from above
We crush him.
Forth they went and climb'd the hill.
With all their people. Their united strength
Loosen'd the rocks, and ranged them round the brink.
Impending. With Cadwallon on the height
Ten Britons wait; ten with the Prince descend,
And, with a firebrand each in either hand,
Enter the outer cave. Madoc advanced,
And at the entrance of the inner den,
He took his stand alone. A bow he bore,
And arrows round whose heads dry tow was twisted,
In pine-gum dipt; he kindled these, and shot
The fiery shafts. Upon the sealy skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell;
But, at their bright and blazing light effray'd,
Out rush'd the reptile. Madoc from his path
Retired against the side, and call'd his men,
And in they came and circled round the Snake,
And shaking all their flames, as with a wheel
Of fire, they ring'd him in. From side to side
The monster turns! . . . where'er he turns, the flame
Flares in his nostrils and his blinking eyes;
Nor aught against the dreadful element
Did that brute force avail, which could have crush'd
Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,
Or old Mancal's mightier son, ere yet
Shorn of his strength. They press him now, and now
Give back, here urging, and here yielding way.
Till right beneath the charm they centre him.
At once the crags are loosed, and down they fall
Thundering. They fell like thunder, but the crash
Of scale and bone was heard. In agony The Serpent writhed beneath the blow; in vain, From under the incumbent head essay'd To drag his mangled folds. One heavier stone Fasted'd and flatten'd him; yet still, with tail Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and foiled From aim to side, and raised his raging head Above the height of man, though half his length Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the force Of that wild fury, little had to him Buckler or corselet profited, or mail, Or might of human arm. The Britons shrunk Beyond its arc of motion; but the Prince Took a long spear, and springing on the stone Which fix'd the monster down, provoked his rage. Uplifts the Snake his head retro'd, high He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot advanced, Inclines his body back, and points the spear With sure and certain aim, then drives it up Into his open jaws; two cubits deep Is pierc'd, the monster forcing on the wound. He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit short The ashen hilt. But not the rage which now Changes all his scales, can from his seat dislodge The barbed shaft: nor those contortions wild, Nor those convulsive shudderings, nor the throes Which shake his innmost entrails, as with the air In sufl'ocating gulps the monster now Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince descends;

He lifts another lance; and now the corpse Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground Reclines his head one moment. Madoc seized That moment, planted in his eye the spear, Then setting foot upon his neck, drove down Through bone and brain and throat, and to the earth Infixed the mortal weapon. Yet once more The Snake essay'd to rise; his dying strength Fail'd him, nor longer did those mighty folds Obey the moving impulse, crush'd and scotch'd In every ring, through all his mangled length, The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then collapsed In death. Cadwallon and his comrades now Enter the den; they roll away the stone Which held him down, pluck out the mortal spear, Then drag him forth to day; the force confin'd Of all the Britons difficulty drag His lifeless bulk. But when the Hoamen saw That form portentous trailing in its gore, The jaws which, in the morning, they had seen Purpled with human blood, now in their own Blackening... aknee they fell before the Prince, And in adoring admiration raised Their hands with one accord, and all in fear Worshipped the mighty Deicle. But his Reclining from those sinful honours, cried, Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire, That all may be consumed! Forthwith they heap'd The sacrificial fire, and on the pile

THE SNAKE GOD

The Serpent and the Image and the corpse Of Neolin were laid; with prompt supply They feed the raging flames, hour after hour Till now the black and nauseous smoke is spent, And mingled with the ruins of the pile, The unmistakable ashes lay. Get! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream, And scatter them upon the winds, that Joel No relic of this foul idolatry Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here, Hoamen, and I will purify you den Of your abominations. Come ye here With humble hearts; for ye, too, in the sight Of the Great Spirit, the Beloved One, Must be made pure, and cleansed from your offences, And take upon yourselves his holy law.

VIII. THE CONVERSION OF THE HOAMEN

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise, And on how fair a scene! Before the Cave The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will Of their Deliverer; ranged without their ring The tribe look on, thro'ing the narrow combe, And what of gradual rise the shelving combc Display'd, or steeper eminence of wood, Broken with crags and sunny slope of green, And grassey platform. With the Elders sate The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative, Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth For counsel immature. Before the arch, To that rude font, rude portal, stands the Cross,

By Madoc's hand victorious planted there. And lo, Prince Madoc comes! no longer mail'd In arms of mortal might; the spear and sword, The hauberck and the helmet laid aside, Gorget and gauntlet, grieve and shield, he comes In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long; his lyre shone in locks now shadowing 20 That face, which late, with iron over-brow'd, Struck from within the avenant such awe And terror to the heart. Bareheaded he, Following the servant of the altar, leads The reverential train. Before them, raised On high, the sacred images are borne; There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary tends In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine... A sight which almost to idolatry Might win the soul by love. But who can gazo

Upon that other form, which on the rood In agony is stretch'd... his hands transfixed, And lacerate with the body's wounds; The black and deadly paleness of his face, Streak'd with the blood which from that crown of scorn Hath ceased to flow; the side wound streaming still; And open still those eyes, from which the look Not yet hath pass'd away, that went to Heaven, When, in that hour, the Son of Man exclaim'd, Forgive them, for they know not what they do! And now arrived before the cave, the train Halt; to the assembled Elders, where they sate Ranged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,
And raised, as if in act to speak, his hand.

Threat was every human sound suppress’d;

And every quicker’d ear and eager eye

Were center’d on his lips.

The Prince began...

Hoamen, friends, brethren, friends we have been long,

And brethren shall be, ere the day go down,

I come not here propounding doubtful things

For counsel, and deliberate resolve

Of searching thought; but with authority

From Heaven, to give the law, and to enforce

Obedience. Ye shall worship God alone,

The One Eternal. That Beloved One

Ye shall not serve with offer’d fruits, or smoke

Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life:

Far other sacrifice he claims...

Ye bow to your false deities the knee;

If ever more ye worship them with feast

Or sacrifice or dance; whose offender

Shall from among the people be cut off, like a corrupted member, lest he taint

The whole with death. With what appointed rites

Your homage must be paid, ye shall be taught;

Your children, in the way that they shall go,

Be train’d from childhood up. Make ye meantime,

Your prayer to that Beloved One, who sees

The secrets of all hearts; and set ye up

This, the memorial of his chosen Son,

And Her, who, blessed among women, fed

The Appointed at Her breast, and by His cross

Endured intenser anguish; therefore sharing

His glory now, with sunbeams robed, the Moon

Hoamen, ye deem us children of a race

Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by Heaven

Beloved and favour’d more. From this pure law

Hath all proceeded, wisdom, power, whatever.

Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe

For higher powers and more exalted bliss.

Share then the law, and be with us, on earth,

Partakers of these blessings, and, in Heaven,

Co-heirs with us of endless joy.

If ever more ye worship them with feast,

Or sacrifice or dance; whose offender

Shall from among the people be cut off,

Like a corrupted member, lest he taint

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Share then the law, and be with us, on earth,

Partakers of these blessings, and, in Heaven,

Co-heirs with us of endless joy.

The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins Of man He suffered thus, and by His death

Must all mankind be blest. Not know- ing Him,

Ye wander’d on in error; knowing now, And not obeying, what was error once Is guilt and wilful wrong. If ever more Ye bow to your false deities the knee;

And freedom fell, . . Martyrs and Saints, ye saw

This triumph of the Cymry and the Cross,

And struck your golden harps to hymns of joy.

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc Came from the ships, leading an Azteca Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc, said the Bard,

Lo! the first captive of our arms I bring.

Alone, beside the river I had strayed at,

When, from his lurking place, the savage hurst forth

A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,

From whence the blare was aim’d, I turn’d in time,

And heard it whiz beside me. Woll it was,

That from the ships they saw and succour’d me;

For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,

He seemed all joint and flexure; nor had I

Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,

To battle all unused and unprepared;

But I too here upon this barbarous land Like Elmer and like Aronan of old,

Must lift the reddy spear. This is no day

For vengeance, answer’d Madoc, else his deed

Had met no mercy. Freely let him go!

Pence the tidings of our triumph here

May yet reclaim his country. . . Azteca,

Go, let your Pabas know that we have crush’d

Their complots here; beneath our righteous sword

The Priest and his false Deity have fallen;

The idols are consumed, and in their stead

The emblems of our holy faith set up,

Whereof the Hoamen have this day been made Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Will make her temples olean, and put away her foul abominations, and accept the Christian Cross, that Madoc then accorded forgiveness for the past, and peace to come. This better part let her, of her free will and wisdom, choose in time. Till Madoc spake, the captive reckless of his peril stood, gazing with resolute and careless eye, as one in whom the lot of life or death moved neither fear nor feeling; but that eye, now sparkling with defiance, seek ye peace? He cried: O weak and woman-hearted man! Already wouldst thou lay the sword to rest? Not with the burial of the sword this strife Must end, for never doth the Tree of Peace strike root and flourish, till the strong man's hand upon his enemy's grave hath planted it. Come ye to Aztlan then in quest of peace! Ye feeble souls, if that be what ye seek, fly hence! our Aztlan suffers on her soil No living stranger.

Do thy bidding, Chief! Calmly Cadwallon answered. To her choice Let Aztlan look, lest what she now reject in insolence of strength, she take upon her, in sorrow and in suffering and in shame, by strong compulsion, penitent too late. Thon hast beheld our ships with gallant men, freighted, a numerous force, and for our arms, surely thy nation hath acquired of them disastrous knowledge. Curse upon your arms! Exclaim'd the savage: is there one among you, dare lay that cowardly advantage by, and meet me, man to man, in honest strife? That I might grapple with him, weaponless, on yonder rock, breast against breast, fair force of limb and breath and blood, till one, or both, dash'd down the shattering precipice, should feed the mountain eagle! give me, I beseech you, that joy! As wisely, said Cynthia's son, thy foe might challenge thee, and bids thee let thy right hand hang idle in the fray, that so his weakness with thy strength might cope in equal battle! not in wrongful strife, the tyrants of our weaker brethren, wield we these dreadful arms, but when assail'd by fraud and force, when call'd upon to aid, the feeble and oppressed, shall we not then put our fears forth, and thundering the guilty? silently the savage heard; joy brighten'd in his eyes, as they unbound his bonds; he stretch'd his arms at length, to feel his liberty, and like a greyhound then slip from the leash, he bounded o'er the hills. What was from early morning till noon day the steady travel of a well-girt man, he, with feet swift and unfatiguable, in three short hours hath traversed; in the lake he plunged, now shooting forth his pointed arms, arrow-like darting on; recumbent now, forces with springing feet his easier way; then with new speed, as freshen'd by repose.

Again he breasts the water. On the shore of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes at will, and wings his dripping locks; then through the gate pursu'd his way. Green garlands deck the gate; gay are the temples with green boughs aff'est; the door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths; the fire of sacrifice, with flames diurnum, burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims wait around, impatient of their death delay'd. The Priest, before Tezcalipoop's shrine, watches the maize-strewn threshold, to announce the footsteps of the God; for this the day, when to his favour'd city he vouchsafes his annual presence, and, with unseen feet, impiring the maize-strewn threshold; follow'd soon by all whose altars with eternal fires Aztlan illum'd, and fed with human blood. Mexihli, woman-born, who from the womb, child of no mortal sire, loath terrible, the arm'd avenger of his mother's name, and he who will the subject winds obey, quotidian; and Tlaloo, Water-God, and all the host of Deities, whose power requires with bounty Aztlan's pious zeal, health and rich increase giving to her sons and withering in the war her enemies. So taught the Priests, and therefore were the gates Green-garlanded, the temples green with boughs, the door-posts and the lintels hung with wreaths; and yonder victims, ranged around the fire, are destin'd, with the steam of sacrifice, showering, to greet their dreadful coming.

With the train of warrior chiefs Coanocotzin stood, that when the Priest proclaimed the enter'd God, his lips before the present Daisy might pour effectual prayer. The assembled chiefs saw Tlalala approach, more welcome now, as one whose absence from the appointed rites had waken'd fear and wonder. think not ye, the youth exclaim'd, careless impiety could this day lead me wandering. I went forth to dip my javelin in the strangers' blood, a sacrifice, methought, our gods had loved to scent, and sooner hasten'd to enjoy. I fail'd, and fell a prisoner; but their fear released me, coward fear, or childish hope. that, like Yuhithitlon, I might become their friend, and merit chastisement from Heaven, pleading the strangers' cause. They bade me go and proffer peace. chiefs, were it possible that tongue of mine could win you to that shame, out would I pluck the member, though my soul followed its bloody roots. The stranger finds no peace in Aztlan, but the peace of death!

'Tis bravely said! Yuhithitlon replied, and fairly may'st thou boast, young Tlalala, for thou art brave in battle. yet twere well if that same fearless tongue were taught to check its boyish licence now. no law forbade our friendship with the stranger, when my voice
Pleaded for proffered peace; that fault
I shared
In common with the King, and with the Chiefs.
The Pabas and the People, none foreseeing
Danger or guilt: but when at length the Gods
Made evident their wrath in prodigies,
I yielded to their manifested will.
My prompt obedience... Bravely hast thou said,
And brave thou art, young Tiger of the War!
But thou hast dealt with other enemies
Than these impenetrable men... with foes,
Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their chains,
And with tame weakness brook captivity.
When thou hast met the Strangers in the fight,
And in the doings of that fight undone
Yuhidhtoton, revile him then for one
Slow to defend his country and his faith;
Till then, with reverence, as becometh thy youth,
Respect thou his full fame!
I wrong not! I wrong not! cried the young Aztec:
But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honour thy well-earned glory... But this peace...! 190
Renounce it!... say that it shall never be!
Never... as long as there are Gods in Heaven,
Or men in Aztlan!
That, the King replied,
The Gods themselves have answered.
Never yet
By holier arduous were our countrymen Possessed; peace-offerings of repentance fill
The temple courts; from every voice ascends
The contrite prayer; daily the victim's heart,
Seeds its propitiatory steam to Heaven; And if the aid divine may be procured
By the most dread solemnities of faith,
And rigour of severest penance,
Soon shall the present influence strengthen us,
And Aztlan be triumphant.
While they spake,
The ceaseless sound of song and instrument
Rung through the air, now rising like the voice
Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,
As when the breeze of evening dies away.
The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollow'd wood,
Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and anon,
Commingled with the sea-shell's spiral roar,
Closed the full harmony. And now the wave
Pass'd on, and, through the twilight visible,
The frequent fire-flies' brightening minstrelies shone.
Anxious and often now the Priest inspects
The maize-strewn threshold; for the wanted hour
Was come, and yet no footstep of the God!
More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,
Fed to full fury, blazed; and it's red smoke
Imparted to the darker atmosphere
Such obscure light as, o'er Vesuvio seen,
Or pillared upon Etna's mountain-head, a fear,
Divulged, should strengthen him; the hour was past,
And yet no foot had mark'd the sprinkled maize!

X. THE ARRIVAL OF THE GODS

Now every moment gave their doubts new force,
And every wondering eye disclosed the four
Which on the tongue was trembling, when to the King,
Emaciate like some bare anatomy,
Deadly pale, Tetzozomoc was led,
By two supporting Priests. Ten painful months,
Immersed amid the forest had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer;
Passing his nights and days; thus did the Gods
From their High Priest exact, when they enforced,
By danger or distress, the penalty due For public sins; and he had dwelt ten months,
Praying and fasting in solitude,
Till now might every bone of his lean limbs
Be told, and in his starved and bony face
The living eye appeared unnatural... A ghastly sight.
In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he begun,
A ghastly sight.
In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he begun,
A ghastly sight.
In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he begun,
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In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he begun,
A ghastly sight.
With life and health. Before me, visible, Stood Coatlantona; a wreath of flowers Cireled her hair, and from their odorous leaves Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully, Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly fire; From these, for ever flowing forth, there play'd In one perpetual dance of pointed light, The azure radiance of innocuous fire. She spake... Hear, Aztlan! and give ear, O King! She said, Not yet the offended Gods relax Their anger; they require the Strangers' blood, The foretaste of their vengeance!

And let the brave, exclam'd young Tlalala, Perform her bidding! Servant of the Gods, Declare their will... Is it, that I... weapon? Say thou to me Do this; and I depart to do the deed, Though my life-blood should mingle with the foe's.

O brave young Chief! Tezozomoc replied. With better fortune may the grateful Gods Reward thy valour; dead so hazardous They ask not. Couldst thou from the mountain holds Tempt one of these rash foemen to pursue
Thin rarefied, an ambush'd band might rise Upon the unsuspecting enemy, And intercept his way; then hitherward The captive should be led, and Aztlan's Gods On their own altars see the sacrifice, Its ample square, the fifth they reach the height, There, on the level top, two temple-towers Were re'ed; the one Tezcalipoca's fanes, Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile, By whose peculiar power and patronage Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born. Before the entrance, the eternal fire Was burning; bare of foot they entered there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes, As if the keepers of the sanctuary, Croiled, with stretching neck and fangs display'd, Mexitli sate: another graven snake Belted with scales of gold his monsterbulk.

A club, the other, as in battle, held The shield; and over all suspended hung The banner of the nation. They beheld In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.

Guardian of Aztlan! cried Tezozomoc, Who to thy mortal mother hast assign'd The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets, And herbs and flowers, giving her endless life, A Deity among the Deities; While Coatlantona implores thy love To thine own people, they in fear approach Thy aweful... foes! He said, and gave Ocellopan the vase... Chiefs, ye have pour'd

So saying, to the Temple of the God He led the way. The warriors follow'd him; And with his chiefs, Cosoocotzin went. To grace with all solemnity the rite. They pass the Wall of Serpents, and ascend The massive fabric; four times they surround It, and from its height, the sky they reach, There, on the level top, two temple-towers Were re'ed; the one Tezcalipoca's fans, Supreme of Heaven, where now the wily Priest Stood, watchful for his presence, and observed The maize-strewn threshold. His the other pile, By whose peculiar power and patronage Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born. Before the entrance, the eternal fire Was burning; bare of foot they entered there.

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A club, the other, as in battle, held The shield; and over all suspended hung The banner of the nation. They beheld In awe, and knelt before the Terrible God.
Devoted to his service; take ye now
The beverage he hath hallow'd. In your youth
Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that manly thoughts
Might ripen in your hearts; so now with this,
Which mingling from such noble veins hath flowed.
Increase of valour drink, and added force.
Ocellopan received the bloody vase,
And drank, and gave in silence to his friend
The consecrated draught; then Tlalala
Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood than this
My lips can never taste! quoth he: but soon
Grant me, Mexitili, a more grateful cup...
The Strangers life!
Are all the rites perform'd?
Ocellopan enquired. Yes, all is done,
Answer'd the Priest. Go! and the guardian God
Of Aztlan be your guide!
They left the lance. Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by
The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up
A long blue flame. He started; he exclam'd:
The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's Priest
Echoloth the welcome cry, The God! the God!
For lo! his footsteps mark the main-stream floor.
A mighty shout from all the multitudes
Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire
The victims, whose last shrinks of agony
Mingled unheded with the cries of joy.
Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's depth
Swell'd the full roar, and from the hollow wood
Peal'd deeper thunders. Round the choral band
The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous plumes,
And gems which sparkled to the midnight fire,
Moved in the solemn dance; each in his hand,
In measured movements lifts the feathers' shield,
And shakes a rattling ball to measured sounds.
With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs
Equal in number, but in just array,
The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,
Revolve; and, outermost, the youths roll round,
In motions rapid as their quicken'd blood.
So thus with song and harmony the night
Pass'd on in Aztlan, and all hearts rejoiced.

XI. THE CAPTURE

Meantime from Aztlan, on their enterprise,
Sedder of Blood and Tiger of the War,
Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth.
With chosen followers, through the silent night,
Silent they travell'd on. After a way
Circuitous and far through lonely tracks.
They reach'd the mountains, and amid the shade
Of thickets covering the uncultured slope,
Their patient ambush placed. The chiefs alone
Held on, till winding in ascent they reach'd.
The heights which o'er the Briton's mountain hold
Impenetrable; there they stood, and by the moon
Who yet, with undiminished lustre, hung
High in the dark blue firmament, from whence
Explored the steep descent. Precipitous
The rock beneath them lay, a sudden cliff,
Bare and unbroken; in its midway holes,
Where never hand could reach, nor eye intrude,
The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,
Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offer'd a difficult way. From crag to crag
By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or bough,
A painful and perilous they pass'd.
And now, stretch'd out amid the wattled shrubs,
Which, at the entrance of the valley, clothed half round,
The rugged bank, they crouch'd.
By this the stars grew dim; the glow-worm hath put out her lamp;
The owls have ceased their night song.
On the top
Of all magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extends the wakening watch-note, far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
Now breaks the morning; but as yet no foot
Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of man is heard.
Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near
Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut.
A sleeping Stranger lay. He point'd it to
To Tlalala. The Tiger look'd around:
None else was nigh... Shall I descend, he said,
And spear him? here is none to see the deed.
We offered to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night; and now, I deem it, they present
An offering which shall more propagate them,
And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill!
He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his way.
Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his dreams.
Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth rock
In tempest, and destroys the sons of men.
It was no sound of theirs, Ocellopan!
No voice to hearten... For I felt it pass
Unmanning every limb; yea, it relax'd
The sinews of my soul. Sedder of Blood,
I cannot lift my hand against the man.
Go, if thy heart be stronger!
But meantime
Young Caradoc arose, of his escape...
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Unconscious; and by this the stirring sounds
Of day began, increasing now, as all
Now to their toil betake them. Some go fell
The stately tree; some from the trunk low-ha’ed
How the huge boughs; here round the fire they char
The stake-points; here they level with a line
The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles.
Or, interknotting them with osiers, weave
The wicker wall; others along the lake.
From its shoal waters gather reeds and canes.
Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
The woodman’s measured stroke, the
regular saw.
The vain slow-creaking and the voice of man
Answering his fellow, or, in single toil,
Cheering his labour with a cheerful song,
Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas.
Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place
Could close and still, observant for their prey.
All overseeing, and directing all,
From place to place moved Madoc, and beheld
The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side
Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle’s side
Courting indulgent love. And now they came
Beside the half-roof’d hut of Caradoc;
Of all the mountain-dwellings, that was the last.
The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
Would quizz his Uncle’s hold, and haste away.
With childhood’s frolic speed, then laugh aloud.
To tempt pursuit, now running to the lute,
Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.
But whereas’er he turned, Ocellopan
With hunter’s-eye pursued his heedless course,
In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah!
The little wretch toward his lurking-place
Draws near, and calls on Madoc; and the Prince
Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not
The childish lure! nearer the covert now
Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again;
Then, like a lion, from his couching place
Ocellopan leapt forth, and seized his prey.
Loud shriek’d the affrighted child, as in his arms
The savage grasp’d him; startled at the cry,
Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.
Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet
He follows, and he now almost hath reach’d
The incumber’d raverish, and hope inspires
New speed... yet nearer now, and nearer still.
And lo! the child holds out his little arms!
That instant, as the Prince almost had laid
His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala
Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc’s strength
With frantic fury shook him from his hold,
Far down the steep Ocellopan had fled.
Ah! what avails it now, that they, by whom
Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
Have miss’d their Chief, and spread the quick alarm?

THE CAPTURE

What now availeth it, that with distant aid,
Him gallant men come down? Regarding
But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian’s grief.
He rushes on; and ever as he draws
Near to the child, the Tiger Tlalala
Impedes his way; and now they reach the place
Of ambush, and the ambush’d band arise.
And Madoc is their prisoner.

In vain thou leaustest on the late pursuit!
In vain, Cadwallon, hast thou love alarm’d
Caught the first sound of evil! They pour out
Tumultuous from the vale, a half-arm’d troop;
Each with such weapons as his hasty hand
Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant men,
Your valour boots not! It availeth not now
With such fierce onset that ye charge the foe,
And drive with such full force the weapon home.
They, while ye slaughter them, impede pursuit,
And far away, meantime, their comrades be;
The captive Prince. In vain his noble heart
Swell now with wild and suffocating rage.
In vain he struggles... they have bound
His limbs with the tough osier, and his struggles
But hind more close and cuttyng the band.
They hasten on; and while they bear the prize
Leaving their ill-doom’d fellows in the sight,
To check pursuit, foremost afe of all.
With unabating strength by joy inspired,
Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

XII. HOEL

Good tidings travel fast. The child is seen;
He hastens on; he holds the child on high;
He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan spreads the news;
Each to his neighbour tells the happy tale...
Joy... joy to Aztlan! the blood-shedder comes!
Thlabo has given his victim.
Ah, poor child!
They from the gate swarm out to welcome thee,
Warriors, and men grown grey, and youths and maidens,
Exulting, forth they crowd. The mothers throng
To view thee, and, while thinking of thy doom,
They clasp their own dear infants to the breast
With deeper love, delighted think that thou
Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child,
admires
The strange array! with wonder he beholds
Their olive limbs, half bare, their plummy crowns,
And gaites round and round, where all was new,
Forgetful of his fears. But when the Priest
Approach’d to take him from the Warrior’s arms,
Then Hoel scream’d, and from that hideous man
Averting, to Ocellopan he turn’d, so
And would have clung to him, so dreadful late.
Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose dark aspect
Which nature with her harrest characters
Had featured, art made worse. His
cowl was white;
His untrimmed hair, a long and loathsome mass,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

With cotton cords intwisted, clung with gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every morn,
He from his temples drew before the God,
In sacrifice; bare were his arms, and smeared black.
But his countenance a stronger dread
Than all the horrors of that outward garb,
Struck with quick instinct to young Hoel's heart;
It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturb'd;
Which, when he probed a victim's living breast,
Retained its hard composure.

Such was he
Who took the son of Llian, heeding not
His cries and screams, and arms, in suppliant guise,
Stretch'd out to all around, and struggling vain.
He to the temple of the Water-God Convey'd his victim. By the threshold, there
The ministering Virgins stood, a comely band,
Of high-born damsels, to the temple rises
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt; their gentle looks
No fear excited; and he gazed around,
Pleased and surprised, to what end
These things were tending. O'er the rush-strewn floor
They to the azure Idol led the boy, now
Not reluctant, and they raised the hymn.

God of the Waters! at whose will the streams
Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse
Their plenty round, the blood and... resistless ruin, making vain
The toils and hopes of man; behold this child!
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks, and bless the labours of the husbandman.

God of the Mountains! at whose will the clouds
Cluster around the heights; who sendest them
to shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
Spread their green freshness; at whose voice the hills
Grow black with storms; whose wrath the thunder speaks,
Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning shafts,
To bring the works of man;... behold this child!
O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Restrain the peaceful streams within their banks, and bless the labours of the husbandman.

All gay with gold, and garlanded with flowers;
The virgins with the joyous boy embark;
Tlaloc! behold thy victim! so mayest thou
Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,
And bid the genial rains and dews descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful God,
Companion and Beloved!... when he treads
The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses round
The sweets of summer; when he rides the waves,
Whose presence is the sunshine and the calm,
Alaau, O green-robed Goddess, see this child!
Behold thy victim! so mayest thou appease
The stern mind of Tlaloc when he frowns,
And Tlaloc flourish in thy fostering smile.
Young Spirits! ye whom Aztl'an's pest
Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,
The cool delights of Tlalocan, Young Spirits of the happy; who have left

Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants here,... Behold your comrade! see the chosen child,
Who through the lonely vale of death must pass.
Like you, to join you in eternal joy.

Now from the rush-strewn temple they do depart,
They place their smiling victim in a car, Upon whose sides of pearly shell there play'd,
Shading and shifting still, the rainbow light.
On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,
With dance before, and song and music round;
And thus they seek, in festival array,
The water-side. There lies the sacred bark,
Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmine bowers,
Raise the sweet voice, to which the echoing oars,
In modulated motion, rise and fall.
The moving multitude along the shore
Flows like a stream; bright shines the unclouded sky;
Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face of joy.

Young Hoel with delight beholds the pomp;
His heart throbs joyfully; and if he think
Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath when he returns. Meantime the maidens
Weave garlands for his head, and raise the song.

Oh! happy thou, whom early from the world
The Gods require! not by the wasting worm
Of sorrow canker'd, nor condemn'd to feel
The pang of sickness, nor the wound of war.
Nor the long miseries of protracted age;
But thus in childhood chosen of the God,
To share his joys. Soon shall thy rescued soul,
Child of the Stranger! in his blissful world,
Mix with the blessed spirits; for not thineTABLE

Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,
And bid the genial rains and dews descend.

Laws on the gilded prows, the feathery crowns,
The sparkling waves. Green islets float along,
Where high-born damsels, under jasmine bowers,
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To share his joys. Soon shall thy rescued soul,
Child of the Stranger! in his blissful world,
Mix with the blessed spirits; for not thine

The forests of Heaven; thy comrades even now
Wilt thee, impatient, in their fields of blue;
The God will welcome thee, his chosen child,
And Alauh love thee with a mother's love.
Child of the Stranger, dreaming is thy way!
Darkness and Famine through the cave of Death
Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on that night
The morning of the eternal day shall dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of death
With rapid strength the boatmen plied their oars
And through the water swift they glided on,
And now to shore they drew. The stately bank
Rose with the majesty of woods o'er-hung,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

And rocks, or peering through the forest shade,
Or rising from the lake, and with their bulk
Glancing its dark deep waters. Half way up,
A cavern pierced the rock; no human foot
Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam reach'd
Its long recesses and mysterious gloom;
To Thalc it was hallowed, and the stone,
Which closed its entrance, never was removed,
Save when the yearly festival return'd.
And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
The living victim. Up the winding path,
That to the entrance of the cavern led,
With many a painful step the train ascended:
But many a time, upon that long ascent,
Young Hoel would have paused, with weariness
Exhausted now. They urge him on, poor child!
They urge him on! Where is Cal-wallin's aid?
Where is the sword of Ririd? where the arm
Of Madoc now? Oh! better had he lived,
Unknown and unknown, on Arvon's plain,
And trod upon his noble father's grave,
With peasant feet, unconscious! They have reach'd
The cavern now, and from its mouth the Priests
Roll the huge portal. Thitherward they force
The son of Llain. A cold air comes out;
It chills him, and his feet recoil; in vain
His feet recoil; in vain he turns to fly,
Affrighted at the sudden gloom that spreades
Around; the den is closed, and he is left
In solitude and darkness, left to die.

XIII. COATEL

That morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone
In search of flowers, amid the woods and crags,
To deck the shrine of Coatlantona; such flowers as in the solitary wilds
Hiding their modest beauty, made their worth
More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to her
A grateful task; not only for she fled
Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent use,
Nor frequent custom could familiarize
Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off
All womanly feeling; but that from all eyes
Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,
She in that solitude might send her soul
to where Lincoya with the Strangers dwelt.
She from the summit of the woodland heights
Gazed on the lake below. The sound of song
And instrument, in sooth'd harmony,
Had reach'd her where she strayed; and she beheld
The pomp, and listen'd to the floating sounds,
A moment, with delight: but then a fear
Came on her, for she knew with what design
The Tiger and Occlipan had sought
The dwellings of the Cymry. Now the beasts
Draw nearer, and she knew the Stranger's child.
She watch'd them steal below; she saw them wind
The ascent: and now from that abhorred cave
The stone is roll'd away, and now the child
From light and life is cavern'd. Coatel
Thought of his mother then, of all the ills
Her fear would augur, and how worse than all
Which even a mother's maddening fear
Could feign,

His actual fate. She thought of this,
And bowed.
Her face upon her knees, and closed her eyes,
Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake beside,
A rustling started her, and from the shrubs
A Vulture rose.
She moved toward the spot,
Led by an idle impulse, as it seem'd.
To see from whence the carriion bird had fled.
The bushes overhung a narrow chasm
Which pierc'd the hill; upon its money sides
Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant grew,
And jutting crags made easy the descent.
A little way descending, Coatel
Scoops for the flowers, and heard, or thought she heard,
A feeble sound below. She raised her head,
And anxiously she listen'd for the sound.
Not without fear. Feeble again, and like
A distant cry, it came; and then she thought,
Perhaps it was the voice of that poor child.
By the slow pain of hunger doom'd to die.
She shudder'd at the thought, and breath'd a groan
Of unavail'd pity; but the sound
Came nearer, and her trembling heart
Conceived a dangerous hope. The Vulture from that chasm
Had fled, perchance accustomed in the cave
to seek his banquet, and by living feet
Alarm'd. there was an entrance then below:
And were it possible that she could save
The Stranger's child! Oh what a joy it were!
To tell Lincoya that! It was a thought
Which made her heart with terror and delight
Throb audibly. From crag to crag she pass'd.
Descending, and beheld a narrow cave.
Enter the hill. A little way the light fell, but its feeble glimmering she herself
Obstructed half, as stooping in she went.
The arch grow'd loftier, and the increasing gloom
F ill'd her with more affright; and now she paused;
For at a sudden and abrupt descent
She stood, and fear'd its unseen depth; her heart
Fall'd, and she back had hasten'd; but the cry
Reach'd her again, the near and certain cry
Of that most pitiable innocence.
Again adown the dark descent she rush'd.
Straining her eyes; by this the strength
Of growth had grown adapted to the gloom around,
And her dilated pupils now received
Dim sense of objects near. Something below,
White, in the darkness lay: it mark'd the depth.
Still Coatel stood dubious; but she heard
The wailing of the child, and his loud sobs.
Then, clinging to the rock with fearful hands,
Her feet explored below, and twice she felt
Firm footing. She held her fearful hold relax'd.
The sound she made, along the hollow rock
Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he came
Groping along the side. A dim, dim light
Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre; a human form drew near him: he sprang on.
Screaming with joy, and clung to Coatel.
And cried, O take me from this dismal place!
She answer'd not; she understood him not;
MADOC IN AZTLAN

But clasp'd the little victim to her breast,
And shed delightful tears.

But from that den
Of darkness and of horror, Coatel
Durst not convey the child, though in her heart
There was a female tenderness which yearn'd,
As with maternal love, to cherish him.
She hush'd his clamours, fearful lest the sound
Might reach some other ear; she kiss'd away
The tears that stream'd adown his little cheeks;
She gave him food which in the morn she brought,
For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some few words
Of Britain's ancient language she had learnt
From her Linceys, in those happy days
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Stranger's friend;
Aply she learnt, what willingly she taught,
Terms of endearment, and the parting words
Which promised quick return. She to the child
These precious words address'd; and if it chanc'd
Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult sound
Check'd her heart's utterance, then the gentle tone
The fond caress, intelligibly spake
Affection's language.

But when she arose,
And would have climb'd the ascent, the affrighted boy
Past held her, and his tears interpreted
The prayer to leave him not. Again
His tears away; again of soon return
Assured and soothed him; till reluctantly
And weeping, but in silence, he unloos'd
His grasp; and up the difficult ascent
Coatel climb'd, and to the light of day
Returning, with her flowers she hastened home.

XIV. THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Who comes to Aztlan, bounding like a deer
Along the plain?... The herald of success;
For lo! his locks are braided, and his loins
Cinctured with white; and see, he lifts the shield,
And brandishes the sword. The populace
Flock round, impatient for the tale of joy,
And follow to the palace in his path.
Joy! joy! the Tiger hath achieved his quest!
They bring a captive home!... Triumphantly
Coatetontzin and his Chiefs go forth
To greet the youth triumphantly, and receive
To the victim whom the gracious gods have foster'd,
Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A woman leads the train, young, beautiful,
More beautiful for that transcendent joy
Flush'ing her cheek, and sparkling in her eye;
Her hair is twined with festal flowers,
her robe
With flowing wreaths adorn'd; she holds a child.
He, too, bedeck'd and garlanded with flowers,
And, lifting him, with agile force of arm,
In graceful action, to harmonious step
Accordant, leads the dance. It is the wife
Of Titaal, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband.
And behold
The Tiger comes! and ere the shouts and sounds
Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so welcome sight
Loud rose the glad acclamation; nor knew they yet

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

That he who there lay patient in his bonds,
Expecting the inevitable lot,
Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he lay,
Exhausted with vain efforts, hopeless now,
And silently resign'd. But when the King
Approach'd the prisoner, and beheld his face,
And knew the Chief of Strangers, at that sound
Electric joy shot through the multitude.
And, like the raging of the hurricane,
Their thundering transports peal'd.

A deeper joy,
A nobler triumph kindled Titaal,
As, limb by limb, his eye survey'd the Prince,
With a calm fierceness. And by this the Priests
Approach'd their victim, clad in vestments white
Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders fell,
As from the breast, unbending, broad and straight,
Leaving their black arms bare. The blood-red robe,
The turquoise pendant from his down-drawn lip,
The crown of glossy plumage, whose green hue
Vissed with his emerald ear-drops, mark'd their Chief
Tezozomoc: his thin and ghastly cheek,
Which... save the temple serpents, when he brought
Their human banquet... never living eye
Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly now.
As in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
He laid his murderous hand. But as he spake,
Up darted Titaal his eagle glance.
Away! away! he shall not perish so! The warrior cried... Not tamely, by the knife,
Nor on the jasper-stone, his blood shall flow!
The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest,
I am their Priest to-day!

A murmuring ran through the train; nor waited he to hear
Dental thence; but on the multitude aloud he call'd... When first our fathers seized
This land, there was a savage chief who stopt
Their progress. He had gained the rank he bore,
By long probation: stripes, which laid his flesh
All bleeding bare, had forced not one complaint;
Not when the working bowels might be seen.
One movement; hand-bound, he had been confined
Where myriad insects on his nakedness
Inflix'd their venomous anger, and no start,
No shudder, shook his frame; last, in a net
Suspended, he had felt the agony
Of fire, which to his bones and marrow pierced.
And breathed the suffocating smoke which fill'd
His lungs with fire, without a groan,
A look betokening sense; so gallantly
Had he subdued his nature. This brave man
Not Aztlan in the war, and put her Chiefs
To shame. Our Elders have not yet forgot
How from the slaughter'd brother of their King
He stript the skin, and form'd of it a drum,
Whose sound affrighted armies. With this man
My father coped in battle; here he led him,
An offering to the God; and, man to man,
He slew him hero in fight. I was a child
Just old enough to lift my father's shield;
But I remember, on that glorious day,
When from the sacred combat he return'd,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

His red hands reeking with the hot heart's blood,
How in his arms he took me, and bestowed
The God whom he had served, to bless
his boy.
And make me like my father. Men of Aztlan,
Mexitli heard his prayer; ... Here I have
The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
That ever graced the altar of the God;
The thine arm
Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
And as I follow'd my brave father's steps,
Pursue my path of glory.

Might rest upon its height; the circle
small.
An active boy might almost bound across.

MADOC IN AZTLAN

Nor needed for the combat, ample
space;
For in the centre was the prisoner's foot
Fast fetter'd down. Thus fetter'd Madoc stood.
He held a buckler, light and small, of
cane
O'rifold with beaten gold; his sword,
the King,
Honouring a noble enemy, had given,
A weapon tried in war, ... to Madoc's grasp
Strange and unwieldy: 'twas a broad
strong staff,
Set thick with transverse stones, on either side
Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when

MADOC IN AZTLAN

The weapon, Madoc call'd to mind his
deeds
Done on the Saxon in his fathers' land, And hope arose within him. Nor though
now
Naked he stood, did fear for that assay
His steady heart; for often had he seen
His gallant countrymen with naked
breasts,
Rush on their iron-coated enemy,
And win the conquest.

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Array'd himself for battle. First he donn'd
A gislon, quilted close of gossampine; Or that a jointed mail of plates of gold, Bespotted like the tiger's speckled pride,
To speak his rank; it clad his arms half-way,
Half-way his thighs; but cuishes had he none,
Nor gauntlets, nor steel-armour. On his helm

MADOC IN AZTLAN

There pawn'd the semblance of a tiger's head,
The long white teeth extended, as for prey;

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Proud erew, to blazon his proud title
And now toward the fatal stage, equip'd

MADOC IN AZTLAN

For fight, he went; when, from the press behind,
A warrior's voice was heard, and clad in
arms,
And shaking in his angry grasp the
sword,
Ocellopán rush'd on, and cried aloud,
And for himself the holy combat claim'd.

For the Tiger, heedless of his clamour, sprung
Upon the stone, and turn'd him to the war.
Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopán,
And bounded up the ascent, and seized
his arm:

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like this
Equal our peril in the enterprise,
Equal our merit; ... thou would'st reap
alone
The guardian! Never shall my children
lift
Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo!
there

MADOC IN AZTLAN

The Chief who slew the White King!
Thalá,
Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and prove,
By the best chance to which the brave
appeal,
Who best deserves this glory!

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Stung to wrath,
The Tiger answer'd not; he raised his
sword,
And had rush'd to battle; but the Priests
Came hastening up, and by their common
Gods, And by their common country, bade
them cease
Their impious strife, and let the lot decide
From whom Mexitli should that day receive
His noble victim. Both unsatisfied,
But both obedient, heard. Two equal
shafts,
As outwardly they seem'd, the Paba
brought;
His mantle hid their points; and forth
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Darke'd his cheek, as angrily he cast
To earth the hostile lot. ... Shielder of
Blood,
Thine is the first adventure! he ex-
claim'd;
But thou mayst perish here ... and in
his heart

MADOC IN AZTLAN

The Tiger hoped Ocellopán might fall,
As sullenly retiring from the stage,
Mingled with the crowd.
And now opposed
In battle, on the Stone of Sacrifice,
Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer stood.
This clad in arms complete, free to advance
In quick assault, or shun the threat'd
blow.
Wielding his wonted sword; the other,
stript,
Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and pinn'd down
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

MADOC IN AZTLAN

With looks of greedy joy, Ocellopán
Survey'd his foe, and wonder'd to behold
The breast so broad, the bare and brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of
Madoc, too,
Dwell'd on his foe; his countenance was calm,
Something more pale than wonted; like a man
Prepared to meet his death. The
Arceas
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now
there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he gaeel'd
The rapid sword: ... Madoc's rapid
eye,
Pursued the motion, and his ready
shield,
In prompt interposition, caught the
blow.
Or turn'd its edge aside. Nor did the
Prince
Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it
forth;
Another shield, to save him, till his hand,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Familiar with its weight and shape
unworn,
Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus he stood,
Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
was wrathful, thus to waste in idle
strokes
Retaining so oft, his bootless strength,
And now yet more exasperate he grew;
For, from the eager multitude, was heard,
Amid the din of undistinguish'd sounds,
The Tiger's murmur'd name, as though
they thought
Had he been on the Stone, ere this,
the
beseu.

The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,
Now all too long delay'd. Then fiercer,
And yet more rapidly, he drove the
sword;
But still the wary Prince or met its fall,
And broke the force, or bent him from the
bow;
And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still provok'd,
And baffled still the savage; and
sometimes,
With untold strength did Madoc aim attack,
Mastering each moment now with abler
away
The acquaintance sword. But, though as
yet unharm'd
In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momently; for with repeated
strokes,
Battered and broken now, the shield
hung loose;
And shouts of triumph from the multitude
Arose, as piece-meal they beheld it fall,
And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocello-
pan;
He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient
Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder rages
He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted
sword
Received its edge, and shiver'd with the
blow.
A shriek of transport burst from all
swordsmen
For lo! the White King, shieldless,
weaponless,
Naked before his foe! That savage
Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment to enjoy the sight,
Then yell'd in triumph, and sprang on to
give
The consummating blow. Madoc beheld
The coming death; he darted up his
hand
Instinctively to save, and caught the
wrist
In its mid fall, and drove with desperate
force
The splinter'd truncheon of his broken
sword
Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his eye
It broke its way, and where the nasal
nerve
Branch'd in fine fibrils o'er their many
nasa;
Bursts through, and slanting upward in the
brain
Buried its jagged point.

Madoc himself
Stood at his fall astonished, at escape
Unhoped, and strange success. The
multitude
Beheld, and they were silent, and they
stood
Gazing in terror. But far other thought.
Rose in the Tiger's heart; it was a joy
To Thalala; and forth he sprung, and up
The Stone of Sacrifice, and call'd aloud
To bring the Prince another sword and
shield.
For his last strife. Then in that interval,
Upon Ocellopan he fix'd his eyes,
Contemplating the dead, as though
thereby
To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst

For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the
thing
Of anger wanting, when in Thalala
He knew the captive whom his mercy
freed.
The man whose ambush had that day
destroy'd
Young Hoel and himself; .. for, sure,
he deem'd
Young Hoel was with God, and he himself
At his death day arrived. And now he
grapst
A second sword, and held another simply
strength;
And from the Stone of Blood Ocellopian
Was borne away; and, fresh in arms, and
fierce
With all that makes a savage thirst for
war,
Hope, vengeance, courage, superstition
late,
A second foe came on. By this the
Prince
Could wield his weapon well; and
heavily now
Lost, in protracted combat, he might
stand
Again defenceless, he put forth his
strength,
As oft assailing as assail'd, and watch'd
so well the Tiger's motions, and received
The Tiger's blows so warily, and aimed
His own so fierce and fast, that in the
crowd
Doubt and alarm prevail'd. Itanque
went
Pale at her husband's danger; and she
clear'd
The infant to her breast, whom late she
held
On high to see his victory. The throng
Of the beholders silently look'd on;
And in their silence might at times be
heard
An indrawn breath of terror; and the
Priests
Angry murmur'd, that in evil hour,
Cosmoctzin had indulged the pride
Of wasteful valor; and from certain
death
Replied the foe.

THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

But now a murmur rose
Amid the multitude, and they who stood
So thickly throng'd, and with such
eager eyes
Late watch'd the fight, hastily now broke
up,
And, with disorder'd speed and sudden
arms,
Ran to the city gates. More eager
now,
Conscious of what had chanced, fought
Thalala;
And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;
For well he knew Cadwallon was at
hand,
Loading his gallant friends. Aright he
went; at

At hand Cadwallon was! His gallant
friends
Came from the mountains with impetuous
speed,
To save or to revenge. Nor long
endured
The combat now: the Priests ascend
the stone,
And bid the Tiger hasten to defend
His country and his Gods; and, hand
and foot,
Binding the captive Prince, they bear him
thence
And lay him in the temple. Then his
heart
Resigned itself to death, and Madoc
thought
Of Llaiaran and Goeryll: and he felt
That death was dreadful. But not so
the King
Permitted; but not so had Heaven
deceived;
For noble was the King of Aztlan's
heart,
And pure his tongue from falsehood:
he had said,
That by the warrior's death should
Madoc die;
Nor dared the Pabas violently break
The irreproachable word. There Madoc
lay
In solitude; the distant battle reach'd
His ear; insensible in bonds he lay
Expecting the dread issue, and almost
Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.
XV. THE BATTLE

Not unprepared Cadwallon found the sons Of Aztlan, nor defenseless were her walls; But when the Britons’ distant march was seen, A ready army issued from her gates. And with the sound of sonorous instruments, And with their shouts and screams and yells, drove back The Britons’ fainter war-cry, as the swell Of ocean, flowing onward, up its course Repels the river-stream. Their darts and stones Fell like the rain drops of the summer-shower, So fast, and on the helmet and the shield, On the strong corselet and the netted mail, So innocent they fell. But not in vain The bowmen of Deubenbath sent, that day, Their iron bolts abroad; those votant deaths Descended on the naked multitude, And through the shieldmaiden’s quilted gossamine. Through festivity breastplate and effulgent gold, They reached the life. But soon no interval For archer’s art was left, nor scope for flight Of stones from whirling sling: both hosts, alike Impatient for the proof of war, press on; The Aztocs, to shun the arrowy storm, The Cymry, to release their Lord, or heap Aztlan in ruins, for his monument. Spear against spear, and shield to shield, and breast To breast they met; equal in force of limb And strength of heart, in resolute resolve, And stubborn effort of determined wrath; The few, advantaged by their iron mail; The weaker arm’d, of near retreat assured And succour close at hand, in tenfold troops Their forces overnumbering. And of all That mighty multitude, did every man Of either host, alike inspired by all That stings to will and strength to perform, Then put forth all his power; for well they knew Aztlan that day must triumph or must fall. Then sword and mace on helm and buckler rang, And hurrying javelins whirl’d along the sky: Nor when they hurled the javelin, did the sons Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose The lance, to serve them for no second stroke: A line of ample measure still retain’d The missile shaft; and when its blow was spent, Swiftly the dexterous spearman coiled the string, And sped again the artificer of death. Rattling, like summer hailstones, they descend, But from the Britons’ iron panoply, Flung and blunted, fell; nor more avail’d The stone falchion there, whose broken edge Inflicts no second wound; nor profited, On the strong buckler or the crested helm, The knotty club; though fast, in blinding showers, Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons fall, With stunning weight. Meantime with wonted strength, The men of Gwyneth through their fearless foot

Those lances thrust, whose terrors had so oft Alfray’d the Saxons, and whose home-driven points, So oft had pierced the Briton’s breastplate, Little did those soon piles of plumage stead The Aztocs, or glittering pride of gold, Against the temper’d sword; little his casque, Gay with its featherly coronal, or drest In graven terrors, when the Briton’s hand Drove in through helm and head the short-spiked mace: Or swung its iron weights with shattering away, Whatever where they struck destroyed. Beneath those arms The men of Aztlan fell; and whose drops Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore Away with instant caution, lest the sight Of those whom they had slaughtered might inspire The foe with hope and courage. Fast they fell, And fast were resupplied, man after man Succumbing to the death. Nor in the town Did now the sight of their slain countrymen, Momentarily carried in and piled in heaps, Awake one thought of fear. Hark! through the streets Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and tower To tower, reiterate, Paynallon’s name Calls all her sons to battle! at whose name All must go forth, and follow to the field The Leader of the Armies of the Gods, Whom, in his unseen power, Maxill now Sends out to lead his people. They, in crowds, Throng for their weapons to the House of Arms, Beneath their guardian Deity preserved, Through years of peace; and there the Pabas stood

Within the temple-court, and dealt around The ablation of the Stone of Sacrifice, Bidding them, with the holy beverage, Imbibe divine valor; strength of arm Not to be wearied, hope of victory, And certain faith of endless joy in Heaven, Their sure reward! Oh! happy, cried the Priests, Your brethren who have fallen! already they Have join’d the company of blessed souls; Already they, with song and harmony, And in the dance of beauty, are gone forth, To follow down his western path of light Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the world Retiring to the Palace of his rest. Oh, happy they, who for their country’s cause, And for their Gods, shall die the brave man’s death! Thum will their country consecrate with praise, Thum will the Gods reward! They heard the Priests Intoxicate, and from the gate swarm’d out, Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.

But when Cadwallon every moment saw The enemies increase, and with what rage Of drunken valor to the fight they rush’d, He, against that impetuous attack, As best he could, providing, form’d the troops Of Britain into one collected mass; Three equal sides it offered to the foe, Close and compact; no multitude could break The condensed strength; its narrow point press’d on. Entering the throng’s resistance, like a wedge, Still from behind impell’d. So thought the Chief Likewise the gates of Aztlan might be gain’d.
And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if yet
They were among mankind. Nor could the force
Of hostile thousands break that strength
Condensed now
Against whose iron sides the stream of war
Roll’d unavailing, as the ocean waves,
Which duly round some insulated rock
Froam furious, warning with their silvery smoke the mariner far off. Nor could the point
Of that compacted body, though it bore Right on the foe, and with united force Press’d on to enter, through the multitude
Win now its difficult way; as where the sea
Pours through some strait its violent waters, swoln
By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there
With all their weight and strength essay to drive Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous stream.

And hark! above the deafening din of fight
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal, Among the war of winds! Lincoya comes, ... endured That idle duty? who could have endured The long, inactive, miserable hours, And hope and expectation and the rage Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them on;
In whom a brother’s love had call’d not up
More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled
In every British heart; so dear to all
Was Madoc. On they came; and Aztlan then
Had fled appall’d; but in that dangerous hour
Her faith preserved her. From the gate her Priests Rush’d desperate out, and to the foremost rank
Forced their wild way, and fought with martyr zeal.
Through all the host contagious fury spread;
Nor had the sight that hour enabled them To migthier efforts, though it bore right on the foe, and with united force Press’d on to enter, through the multitude
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Pours through some strait its violent waters, swoln
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And hark! above the deafening din of light
Another shout, heard like the thunder-peal, Among the war of winds! Lincoya comes, ... endured That idle duty? who could have endured The long, inactive, miserable hours, And hope and expectation and the rage Of maddening anguish? Ririd led them on;
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By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there
With all their weight and strength essay to drive Their galley through the pass, the stress and strain
Availing scarce to stem the impetuous stream.
The vantage, overlook’d by hasty hope,
How vulnerable he stood, his arms and thighs
Bare for their butt. At once they bent
Their bows; at once arrows fled; seven, shot in vain,
Rung on his shield; but, with unhappier mark,
Two shafts hung quivering in his leg; a third
Below the shoulder pierced. Then
Malinal
Gazed, not for anguish of his wounds, but grief
And agony of spirit; yet resolved
To his last gasp to guard that precious post,
Nor longer able to endure afoot,
He, falling on his knees, received unharm’d
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,
Their second shower, and still defied the foe.
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten’d
To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight
It entered at the mouth of one who stood
With face aslant, and glanced along the cheek-flap danging.
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left
The shield. Again another’s head, with so fierce a swing
And away of strength, that this third enemy
Fell at his feet. Assailed by such pain
Dismay’d, the foe gave back, beyond the reach
Of his strong arm; and there awhile
Beholding him at bay, and counselling
How best to work their vengeance upon him,
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold

For barb, the war-whoop! sound, where’st he howl
Of tigers or hyenas, heard at night
By captive from barbarian foes escaped,
And wandering in the pathless wilderness.
Were music. Shame on ye! Goervyl cried;
Think what your fathers were, your husbands what,
And what your sons should be! These savages
Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death;
So are ye safe, if safety such as this
Be worth a thought; and in the interval
We yet may gain, by keeping to the last
This entrance, easily to be maintain’d
By us, though women, against foes so few...
Who knows what succour chance, or timely thought
Of our own friends may send, or Providence
Who slumbereth not? Thus, while she spake
In at the window came, of one who sought
That way to win the entrance. She drew out
The arrow through the arm of Malinal,
With gentle care... the readiest weapon
That... and held it short above the bony barb,
And adding deede to words, with all her might
She stabbed it through the hand. The sudden pain
Provoked a cry, and back the savage fell,
Loosening his hold, and maim’d for further war.
Nay! leave that entrance open! she exclaimed’d
To one who would have closed it... who comes next
Shall not go thence so cheaply!... for she never
Had taken up a spear to guard that way.
Easily guarded, even by female might.
O heart of proof! what now avails thy worth

Turn’d with more eager wilfulness, and dwelt
With keener ken; and now, with sudden step
Beside his body on, at him he drives
The meditated blow: that ill
Prince,
As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing, swerved
Timely aside; and ere the Azteca
Recovered from the fruitless aim, the spear
Was seized, and from his hold, by stress and weight
Of numbers wrenched’d. He, facing still the foe,
And holding at arm’s length the targe, put back.
His hand, and called Goervyl, and from her
Received the sword: in time, for the enemy
Press’d on so near, that having now no scope
To raise his arm, he drove the blade straight
It entered at the mouth of one who stood
With face aslant, and glanced along the cheek-flap danging.
Through to the ear, then, slivering downward, left
The shield. Again another’s head, with so fierce a swing
And away of strength, that this third enemy
Fell at his feet. Assailed by such pain
Dismay’d, the foe gave back, beyond the reach
Of his strong arm; and there awhile
Beholding him at bay, and counselling
How best to work their vengeance upon him,
Their sole opponent. Soon did they behold

Whom to the forest they might bear away,
To be their slaves, if so their pleasure was;
Or, yielding them to Aztlan, for such prize
Receive a royal guerdon. Twelve there were,
Longing leagued with him in guilt, who turn’d asidé:
And they have reach’d Caermadoc now, and now
Rush onward, where they see the women fly;
When, on the threshold, clad in Ciacbict arms,
And with long lance protended, Malinal
Rebuffs them from the entrance. At that sight
Suddenly quail’d, they stood, as midnight thieves
Who find the master wakings; but ere long,
Gathering a boastful courage, as they saw
No other guard, press’d forward, and essay’d
To turn his spear aside. Its steady point
True to the impelling strength, held on,
and thrust
The foremost through the breast, and breath and blood
Followed, the re-drawn shaft. Nor seem’d the strife
Unequal now, though with their numbers, they
Belong’d in half ring the door, where lie
The sole defender, stood. From side to side,
So well and swiftly did he vee the lance,
That every enemy beheld its point
Aim’d at himself direct. But chief on one
Had Malinal his deadly purpose fix’d.
On Amalatha; by his death to quell
The present danger, and cut oif the root
Of many an evil, certain else to spring
From that accursed stock. On him his eye

Shame on ye, British women! All alike
Found worthy of her noble ancestry.
In this emergence felt her faculties
All present, and heroic strength of heart,
To cope with danger and contempt of death.
Shame on ye, British women! Shame! exclaimed’d
The daughter of King Owen, as she saw
The trembling hands and bloodless countenance
Pale as sepulchral marble; silent some;
Others with womanish cries lamenting now
That ever, in unhappy hour, they left
Their native land;... a pardonable fear;

Goervyl cried; Think what your fathers were, your husbands what,
And what your sons should be! These savages
Seek not to wreak on ye immediate death;
So are ye safe, if safety such as this
Be worth a thought; and in the interval
We yet may gain, by keeping to the last
This entrance, easily to be maintain’d
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Shall not go thence so cheaply!... for she now
Had taken up a spear to guard that way.
Easily guarded, even by female might.
O heart of proof! what now avails thy worth
MADOC IN AZTLAN

And excellent courage? for the savage foe,
With mattock and with spade, for other use
Design’d, new soon upon the door, and to the way
Is open to the spoiler!

Then once more, collecting his last strength, did Malinal rise on his knees, and over him the maid stands with the ready spear, she guarding him.

Who guarded her so well. Roused to new force
By that exampled valour, and with will
To achieve one service yet before he died...
If death indeed, as sure he thought, were nigh...
Malinal gather’d up his fainting powers, and reaching forward, with a blow that shivered his body on, upon the knee he smote one Hoaman more, and brought him to the ground.

The foe fell over him; but he, prepared to aim the arrow, nor to speed the spear,
Each now best at many, but their princes,
Still mindful of his purport, call’d to them...
Secure my passage while I bear away
The White King’s Sister; having her, the law
Of peace is in our power... And on he went
Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,
While on another foe her eye was fix’d
Ran in upon her, and stoop’d down, and claspt
The Maid above the knees, and throwing her over his shoulder, to the valley straits Set off: ill seconded in ill attempt;
For now his comrades are too close beset To aid their Chief, and Mervyn hath beheld His lady’s peril. At the sight, inspired With force, as if indeed that manly garb Had clothed a manly heart, the Page ran on, And with a bill-hook striking at his ham, Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell;... on the earth, he gnash’d his teeth For agony. Yet, even in those pangs, Remembering still revenge, he turn’d and seized...  

THE WOMEN

Goervyl’s skirt, and pluck’d her to the ground, And roll’d himself upon her, and essay’d To kneel upon her breast; but she clench’d fast His bloody locks, and drew him down aside;
Faint now with anguish, and with loss of blood;
And Mervyn, coming to her help again, As once again he rose, around the neck Seiz’d him, with throttling grasp, and held him down...
Strange strife and horrible... till Malinal Craw’d to the spot, and thrust into his groin
The mortal sword of Madoc; he himself, At the same moment, fainting, now no more By his strong will upheld, the service done.
The few surviving traitors, at the sight Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now too late Believed that some diviner power had given
These female arms strength for their overthrow,
Themself’s proved weak before them, as of late,
Their God, by Madoc crush’d.
Away they fled Toward the valley straits; but in the gorge
Edily met their flight; and then her heart,
Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade Her people seize, and bring them on in work.
For judgement. She herself, with quicken’d pace,
Advanced, to know the worst; and o’er casting a rapid glance, she knew her son.
She knew him by his garments, by the work
Of her own hands; for now his face, beameard
And black with gore, and stiffen’d in its pain;
Bore of the life no semblance... God is good!

She cried, and closed her eyelids, and her lips,
Shook, and her countenance changed.
But in her heart
She quell’d the natural feeling... Bear away
These wretches... to her followers she exclaim’d;
And root them from the earth. Then she approach’d Goervyl, who was pale and trembling now,
Exhausted with past effort; and she took gently the Maiden’s tremulous hand, and said,
God comfort thee, my Sister! At that voice
Of consolation, from her dreamy state Goervyl to a sense of all her woe Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears. God comfort thee, my Sister! cried the Queen.
Even as He strengthens me. I would not raise Decolful hope... but in His hand, even yet, The issue hangs; and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberftaw, take thou hope For Madoc lives... he lives to wield the sword Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish all.

XVII. THE DELIVERANCE

MADOC, meantime, in bonds and solitude, Lay listening to the tumult. How his heart Panted! how then, with fruitless strength, he strove And struggled for enlargement, as the sound Of battle from without the city came;
While all things near were still, nor foot of man Nor voice, in that deserted part, were heard.
At length one light and solitary step Approach’d the place; a woman cross’d the door.
MADOC IN AZTLAN

From Madoc's busy mind her image passed, and quick as the form that caused it; but not so did the remembrance fly from Coatel, that Madoc lay in bonds. That thought possessed her soul, and made her, as she garlanded the fane of Coatlantona with flowers, tremble in strong emotion. It was now the hour of dusk; the Pabas all were gone, gone to the battle; none could see her steps; the gate was nigh. A momentary thought shot through her; she delayed not to reflect, but hastened to the Prince, and took the knife of sacrifice, which by the altar hung. And cut his bonds, and with an eager eye motioning haste and silence to the gate. She led him fast along the forest way, and fearfully, he followed to the chasm. She beckoned, and descended, and drew out from underneath her vest, a cage, or net; it might be called, so fine the twigs which knit it, where confined two fires gave their lustre. By that light did Madoc first behold the features of his lovely guide; and through the entrance of the cavern he followed in trust. Now have they reached the abrupt descent; there Coatel held forth her living lamp, and turning, with a smile sweet as good Angels wear when they present their mortal charge before the throne of Heavens, she showed where little Hoel slept below. Poor child! he lay upon that very spot, the last where his feet had followed her.

And, as he slept, his hand was on the bones of one, who years agone had perished there. There, on the place where last his wretched eyes could catch the gleam of day. But when the voice, the well-known voice of Madoc, wakened him, his uncle's voice, he started, with a scream which echoed through the cavern's winding length, and stretch'd his arms to reach him. Madoc hust'd the dangerous transport, raised him up the ascent, and followed Coatel again, whose face, though tears of pleasure still were coursing down, betoken'd fear and haste. Adown the slope they went; and coating now the lake, her eye first what they sought beheld, a light canoe, Moord to the bank. Then in her arms she took the child, and kiss'd him with maternal love, and placed him in the boat; but when the Prince, with looks and gestures and imperfect words such as the look, the gesture, well explain'd, urged her to follow, doubtfully she stood; a dread of danger, for the thing she had done, came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind. Almost she had resolved; but then the thought of her dear father, whom that flight would leave. Alone in age; how he would weep for her, as one among the dead, and to the grave go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known what she had dared, that on his head of punishment would fall. That dreadful fear resolved her, and she waved her head, and raised her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste. Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste. Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in haste. With looks whose painful seriousness all farther effect. Yet unwillingly, and boding evil, Madoc from the shore push'd off his little boat. She stood on its bank, gazing for a moment, lost in thought, struck into the woods. Swift through the lake, Madoc's strong arm impell'd the light canoe. Painter and painter to his distant ear. The sound of battle came; and now the Moon arose in heaven, and poured o'er lake and land. A soft and mellowing ray. Along the shore Alaun was wandering with distracted steps, and groaning for her child. She saw the boat approach; and as on Madoc's naked limbs, and on his countenance, the moonbeam fell. And as she saw the boy in that dim light, it seem'd as though the Spirits of the dead were moving on the waters; and she stood with open lips that breathed not, and fix'd eyes, watching the unreal shapes: but when the boat drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she saw his step substantial, and the child came near, unable then to move, or speak, or breathe, down on the sand she sunk. But who can tell, who comprehend, her agony of joy. When, by the Prince's care restored to sense, she recognized her child, she heard the name of mother from that voice, which, sure, she thought, had pour'd upon some Priest's remorseless ear. Its last vain prayer for life! no tear relieved. The insupportable feeling that con'vesed her swelling breast. She look'd, and looke'd, and felt the child, lest some delusion should have mock'd her soul to madness; then the gushing joy burst forth, and with caresses and with tears she mingled broken prayers of thanks to heaven. And now the Prince, when joy had had its course, said to her, knowest thou the mountain path? for I would to the battle. But at that, a sudden damp of dread came over her, O leave us not! she cried; last haply ill should have beenfallen; for I remember now, how in the woods I spied a savage band making towards Casermado. God forefend the evil that I fear! what Madoc cried. Were ye then left defenceless? she replied. All ran to arms; there was no time for thought, nor counsel, in that sudden ill; nor of all thy people, who could, in that hour have brook'd home-duty, when thy life or death hung on the chance. Now God be merciful! said he; for of Geyrul then he thought, and the cold sweat started at every pore. Give me the boy! he travels all too slow. Then in his arms he took him, and sped on. Suffering more painful terrors, than of late...
His own near death provoked. They held their way, in silence up the heights; and, when at length
They reached the entrance of the vale, the Prince Bado her remain, while he went on to spy
The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he saw
Men, in the moonlight, stretch'd upon the ground;
And quickening then his pace, in worse alarm,
Along the shade, with cautious step, he moved
Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas a corpse;
Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or fear
Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,
As of a taper, seen in his own home, 191
Comforted him; and, drawing nearer,
He saw his sister on her knees, beside
The rashes, ministering to a wounded
Safe that the dear one lived, then back he sped
With joy, haste, and summon'd Liasian on.
And in loud talk advanced. Eryllia first
Came forward at the sound; for she had faith
To trust the voice. . . They live! they live! she cried;
God hath redeem'd them! . . Nor the Maiden yet
Believed the actual joy; like one astound,
Or as if struggling with a dream, she stood
Till he came close, and spread his arms, and call'd
Goervyl! . . and she fell in his embrace.

But Madoc linger'd not, his eager soul
Was in the war, in haste he don'd his arms:
And as he felt his own good sword again,
Exulting play'd his heart. . . Boy, he exclaim'd
To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!
For in this battle we shall break the
Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine age,
Wouldst thou not wish, when young men men crowd around,
To hear thee chronicle their fathers' deeds;
Wouldst thou not wish to add. . . And I, too, fought
In that day's conflict?
Mervyn's cheek turn'd pale
A moment, then, with terror all suffused,
Grew fever-red. Nay, nay, Goervyl cried,
He is too young for battles! . . But the Prince,
With erring judgement, in that fever-flush'd cheek
Befell the glow of enterprizing hope,
And youthful courage. I was such a
Sister! he cried, at Connyslit; and that day,
In my first field, with stripling arm
Snoot down
Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but now,
How bravely in the fight of yesterday.
He flash'd his sword. . . and wouldst thou keep him here
And rob him of his glory? See his
How it hath crimson'd at the unworthy thought!
Arm! arm! and to the battle!
Then panted! how, with late regret, and vain, 197
Senena wished Goervyl then had heard
The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,
So oft by shame withheld. She thought that now
She could have fallen upon her Lady's neck
And told her all; but when she saw the Prince,
Imperious shame forbade her, and she felt
It was an easier thing to die than speak.
Avail'd not now regret or female fear!

To the Deliverance
She mail'd her delicate limbs; beneath the plate
Compress'd her bosom; on her golden locks
The helmet's over-heavy load she placed;
Hung from her neck the shield; and, though the sword
Which swung beside her lightest she had chosen,
In her hand she held the slenderest spear.
Alike unwieldy for the maiden's grasp.
The sword and ashen lance. But as she touch'd
The murderous point, an icy shudder ran
Through every fibre of her trembling frame;
And, overcome by womanly terror then,
The damsel to Goervyl turn'd, and let
The breastplate fall, and on her bosom placed
The Lady's hand, and hid her face, and cried, Save me! The warrior, who beheld the act,
And heard not the low voice, . . the boy she loved
Was one, to whom her heart with closer love
Might cling; and to her brother she exclaim'd,
She must not go! We women in the war
Have done our parts.
A moment Madoc dwelt
On the false Mervyn, with an eye from thence
Displeasure did not wholly pass away.
Not loitering to resolve Love's riddle now
To Malinal he turn'd, where, on his couch,
The wounded youth was laid. . . True
friend, said he,
And brother mine, . . for truly by that name
I trust to greet thee. . . if, in this near fight,
My hour should overtake me, . . as who knows

To the Deliverance
The lot of war? . . Goervyl hath my charge
To quite thee for thy service with herself;
That so thou mayest raise up seed to me
Of mine own blood, who may inherit here
The obedience of thee and of mine.
Malinal took his hand, and to his lips
Feebly he press'd it, saying, One boon more.
Father and friend, I ask! . . if thou shouldst meet
Yuhidhtilton in battle, think of me.

XVIII. THE VICTORY

MERCIFUL God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the about
Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of arms.
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while, overhead, the Moon
Regards of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still unwilling
By slaughter raged the battle, unrelax'd
By lengthened toil; anger supplying still
Strength undiminish'd for the desperate strife.

And lo! where yonder, on the temple top,
Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire
Some more secure and hidden than the war
Displays to all the vale; for whose'er
That night the Artena could bear away,
Homan or Briton, thither was he borne:
And as they stretch'd him on the stone of blood,
Did the huge tambour of the God, with voice
Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as far,
Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day-light, by those mid-night fires
Distinctlier seen. Sight that with
horror fill'd
The Cymry, and to mightier efforts
raised.
Howbeit, this abhor'd idolatry
Work'd for their safety; the deluded foes,
Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still
The mortal stroke, that they might to
The present the living victim, and to him let
The life flow.
And now the orient sky
Glow'd with the ruddy morning, when the
Prince
Came to the field. He lifted up his
voice,
And shout'd Madoc! Madoc! They who
heard
The cry, astonish'd turn'd; and when they
saw
The countenance his open helm disclosed,
They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through the
host
Spread the miraculous joy... He lives! he
lives!
He comes himself in arms... Lincoya
heard,
As he had rais'd his arm to strike a foe,
And stay'd the stroke, and thrust him off, and cried,
Go tell the tidings to thy countrymen,
Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God
Hath set the White King free! Astonish-
... The King of Aztlan
Heard and beheld, and in his noble heart
Heroic hope arose. Forward he moved,
And in the shock of battle, front to front,
Encountred Madoc. A strong-statured
Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew
The ways of war, and never yet in fight
Had found an equal foe. Adown his
back
Hung the long robe of feather'd royalty;
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his
arm
A sculptured snake proceeds the arrowy
tongue;
Around a coronal of plumes arose,
Brighter than beam the rainbow hues of
light;
Or than the evening glories which the
sun
Slants o'er the moving many-colour'd
sea,
Such their surpassing beauty; bells of
gold
Emboss'd his glittering helmet, and
their sound was heard, there lay the
press of war,
And Death was busiest there. Over the
breast
And o'er the golden breastplate of the
King,
A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,
Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to save;
For the sharp faulchion's battle'd edge
would glide
From its smooth softness. On his arm he
held
A buckler overlaid with beaten gold;
And so he stood, guarding his thighs
and legs,
His breast and shoulders also, with the
length
Of his broad shield.
Oppos'd, in mail complete,
stood Madoc in his strength. The flexible
chains
Gave play to his full muscles, and display'd
How broad his shoulders, and his ample
breast.
Small was his shield, there broadest
where it fenced
The well of life, and gradual to a point
Lessening, steel-strong, and wieldy in his
group.

THE VICTORY

It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose
sight, along the Marches, or where holy Dee
Through Cestrian pastures rolls his tamter stream,
So oft the yomman had, in days of care, coming his perilous tenure, wound the
horn,
And warden from the castle-tower rung on
death,
The loud alarum-bell, heard far and wide.
Upon his helm no sculptured dragon sate,
Sat a fantasiac terror; a white plume
Nodded above, far-seen, floating like
foum.
Upon the stream of battle, always where
The tide ran strongest. Man to man opposed,
The Sea Lord and the King of Aztlan
stood.
Fast on the intervening buckler fell
The Aztlan's stone faulchion. Who hath watch'd
The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,
That with their awful blaze irradiate
heaven,
Then leap a blacker night? so quick, so
fierce,
Flash'd Madoc's sword, which, like the
serpent's tongue,
Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of
light.
Unequal arms! for on the British shield
Avail'd not the stone faulchion's brittle
edge,
And in the golden buckler, Madoc's
sword
Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and drop't
The unprofitable weapon, and receiv'd
His ponderous club, that club, beneath whose force,
Driven by his father's arm, Topolloni
Had fallen subdued... and fast and
fierce he drove
The massy weight on Madoc. From his
shield,
The deadening force communicated ran
Up his stunn'd arm; anon upon his
helm,
Crashing, it came... his eyes shot fire, his
brain
Swam dizzy... he recoils... he reels... again
The club descends.
Reall'd the Lord of Ocean. On he
sprang,
Within the falling weapon's curve of
death,
Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast to
breast
He grappled with the King. The plant
mail
Best to his straining limbs, while plates of
gold,
The feathery robe, the buckler's ampli-
tude
Nummer'd the Aztlens, and from his arm,
Clench'd in the Briton's mighty grasp, at once
He drop't the impeding buckler, and let
fall
The unfasten'd club; which when the
Prince beheld,
He thrust him off, and drawing back resumed
The sword that from his wrist suspended
hung,
And twice he smote the King; twice
from the quill
Of plumes the iron glides; and lo! the
King,
So well his soldiers watch their mon-
arch's need,
Shakes in his hand a spear.
But now a cry
Burst on the ear of Madoc, and he saw
Through opening ranks, where Urien
was coney'd
A captive to his death. Grief then and
shame
And rage inspired him. With a mighty
blow
He cleft Coanocotzin's helm; exposed
The monarch stood; again the
thunder-stroke
Came on him, and he fell... The multi-
tudes,
Forgetful of their country and them-
selves,
Crowd round their dying King. Madoc,
whose eye
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Still follow'd Urien, call'd upon his men, And through the broken army of the foe, Press'd to his rescue. But far off the old man Was borne with furious speed. Bird alone Pursued his path, and through the thick of war Close on the captors, with avenging sword, Follow'd right on, and through the multitude, And through the gates of Aztlan, made his way. And through the streets, till, from the temple-mound, The press of Pabas and the populace Repell'd him, while the old man was hurried up. Hack'd that infernal tambour! o'er the lake Its long-load thunders roll, and through the hills, Awakening all their echoes. Ye accou'rent, Ye blow the fall too soon! Ye Dogs of Hell, The Hart is yet at bay!... Thus long the old man, As one exhausted or resign'd, had lain. Resisting not; but at that knell of death, Springing with unexpted force, he freed His feet, and shook the Pabas from their hold, And, with his armed hand, between the eyes Smote one so sternly, that to... the multitude, And through the gate of Aztlan, made his way, And through the streets, till, from the temple-mound, The press of Pabas and the populace Repell'd him, while the old man was hurried up. Hack'd that infernal tambour! o'er the lake Its long-load thunders roll, and through the hills, Awakening all their echoes. Ye accou'rent, Ye blow the fall too soon! Ye Dogs of Hell, The Hart is yet at bay!... Thus long the old man, As one exhausted or resign'd, had lain. Resisting not; but at that knell of death, Springing with unexpted force, he freed His feet, and shook the Pabas from their hold, And, with his armed hand, between the eyes Smote one so sternly, that to...
Borne in the midst, upon the bier of shields,  
The noble dead were seen. To tenfold grief  
That spectacle provoked, to tenfold wrath  
That anguish stung them. With their yells and groans  
Curses are mix’d, and threats, and bitter vows  
Of vengeance full and speedy. From the wreck  
Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc  
Chief servant of the Gods, their favoured Priest,  
The voice by whom they speak: young Thalas,  
Whom even defeat with fresher glory crowns;  
And full of fame, their country’s rock of strength,  
Yuhidithton, to his sovereign claim  
Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,  
Of valour unsurpassable, by all  
Beloved and honour’d, him the general voice  
Acclaims their King; him they demand, to lead  
Their gather’d force to battle, to revenge  
Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen, to redeem  
Their altars and their temples. They stood around, and one by one,  
Placed in their hands the sacred aloe loaves,  
With mystic forms and characters inscribed;  
And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc  
Address’d the dead, . . . So may ye safely pass  
Between the mountains, which in endless war  
Hurtle, with horrible uproar and flush  
Of rocks that meet in battle. Arm’d with this,  
In safety shall ye walk along the road;  
Where the Great Serpent from his lurid eyes  
Shoots lightning, and across the guarded way  
Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the third,  
And cross the waters where the Crocodile  
In vain expects his prey. Your passport this  
Through the Eight Deserts; through the Eight Hills this;  
And this be your defence against the Wind,  
Whose fury sweeps like dust the up-rooted rocks,  
Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye noble dead,  
Protected with these potent amulets,  
Soon shall your Spirits reach triumphantly  
The Palace of the Sun! The funeral train  
Moved to Mexitli’s temple. First on high  
The noble dead were borne; in loud lament  
Then follow’d all by blood allied to them,  
Or by affection’s voluntary tie  
Attached more closely, brethren, kinsmen, wives.  
The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the sword  
Of Britain had escaped, honouring the rites.  
Came clad in rich array, and bore the arms  
Of the slain, and the ensigns of the dead. The slaves  
went last,  
And dwarfs, the pastime of the living chiefs,  
in their sport and mockery, and in death;  
With mystic forms and characters inscribed;  
The long procession moved. Mexitli’s Priest,  
With all his servants, from the temple gate  
Advanced to meet the train. Two pikes were built  
Within the sacred court, of odorous wood;  
And rich with gums; on those, with all their robes,  
Their ensigns and their arms, they laid the dead,  
Then lit the piles. The rapid light ran up,  
Up flamed the fire, and o’er the darken’d sky  
Sweet clouds of incense curl’d.  
The Pahas then Perform’d their bloody office. First  
They slew  
The women whom the slaughter’d most had loved,  
Who most had loved the dead. Silent they went  
Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,  
Nor sorrowing, nor dismay’d, but, as it seem’d,  
Stood, senseless. One alone there was,  
Whose cheek  
Was flush’d, whose eye was animat’d with fire,  
Her most in life Coanocotzin prized.  
By ten years’ love endear’d, his counsellor,  
His friend, the partner of his secret thoughts;  
Such had she been, such merited to be.  
She as she hared her bosom to the knife,  
Call’d on Yuhidithton . . . Take heed, O King!  
About she cried, and pointed to the Priests,  
Beware these wicked men! they to the war  
Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest, and I know.  
He loved the Strangers; that his noble mind,  
Enlighten’d by their love, had willingly  
Put down these cursed altars! . As she spake,  
They dragg’d her to the stone. . Nay!  
Nay! she cried,
King over Aztlan there anointed him, And over him, from hallowed cedar-branoh, Sprinkled the holy water. Then the Priest In a black garment robed him, figured white With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem war, Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks. Next in his hand the Priest a censer placed; And while he knelt, directing to the God The steaming incense, thus address’d the King: Chosen by the people, by the Gods approved, Swear to protect thy subjects, to maintain The worship of thy fathers, to observe Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his course The clouds descend in rain, the rivers hold Their wonted channels, and the fruits of earth To ripen in their season; Swear, O King! And prosper, as thou holdest good thine oath He raised his voice, and swore. Then on his brow Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed; And in the robe of emblem’d royalty, Preceded by the golden wands of state, Yuhidhiton went forth, anointed King.

XX. THE DEATH OF COATEL

When now the multitude beheld their King, In gratulations of reiterated joy They shout his name, and bid him lead them on To slay and spoile. To answer that appeal Tezozomoc advanced. . . Oh! go not forth, Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be purged. From her offence! No God will lead ye on! While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the Priests Who from the ruined city have escaped, And all who in their temples have performed The enunciating service of her injured Gods, Gather together now. He spake; the train Assembled, priests and matrons, youths and maidens. Servants of Heaven! aloud the Arch-Priest began, The Gods had favour’d Aztlan; bound for death The White King lay; our countrymen were strong. In battle, and the conquest had been ours, . . . I speak not from myself, but, as the Powers, Whose voice on earth I am, impel the truth, . . . The conquest had been ours; but treason lurk’d In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege. And therefore were her children in the hour Of need abandon’d; therefore were her youth Cut down, her altars therefore overthrown. The White King, whom ye saw upon the throne Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds, Stood in the foremost sight and aye your Lord. Not by a God, O Aztecs, enlarged Broke he his bondage! by a mortal hand, An impious, sacrilegious, traitor hand, Your city was betray’d, your King was slain. Your shrines polluted. The insulting Power, He who is terrible, beheld the deed, And now he calls for vengeance. Stern he spake, And from Mexitli’s altar bade the Priest Bring forth the sacred water. In his hand He took the vase, and held it up, and cried, Assured be he who did this deed! Assured The father who begat him, and the breast At which he fed! Death be his portion now Eternal infamy his lot on earth, His doom eternal horrors! Let his name From sire to son, in the people’s mouth, Through every generation! Let a curse Of deep and pious and effectual hate For ever follow the detested name; And every curse inflick upon his soul A stench of mortal anguish. Then he gave The vase. . . Drink one by one! the innocent Boldly; on them the water hath no power; But let the guilty tremble! it shall flow A draught of agony and death to him, A stream of fiery poison. Coate! What were thy horrors when the fatal vases Pass’d to thy trial, when Tezozomoc Fix’d his keen eye on thee? A destinies Came over her, . . . her blood ran back, her joints Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful cup Dropped from her consciousness. The hand of God! the avenger manifested! Drag her to the altar! . . . At that sound of death The life forsook her limbs, and down she fell. Senseless. They dragg’d her to the Stones of Blood, All senseless as she lay; . . . in that dread hour Nature was kind. Tezozomoc then cried, Bring forth the kindred of this wretch assure, That none pollute the earth! An aged Priest Came forth and answered, There is none but I, The father of the dead.
Vow'd to the temple had expired, my love,
My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give
Her youth to me, by filial piety... expiate! But I am old; and she was all to me.
O King Yuhiththon, I ask for death; In mercy, let me die! cruel it were To bid me waste away alone in age, By the slow pain of grief... Give me the knife Which pierced my daughter's bosom!
The old man Moved to the altar; none opposed his way; With a firm hand he buried in his heart The reeking flint, and fell upon his child.

XXI. THE SPORTS

A trysting gloom that sight of death
Impress'd upon the assembled multitude;
But soon the brute and unreflecting crowd
Turn'd to their sports. Some bare their olive limbs, And in the race contend; with hopes and fears Which rouse to rage, some urge the mimie war.
Here one upon his ample shoulders bears A comrade's weight, upon whose head a third Stands poised, like Mercury in act to fly. Two others balance here on their shoulders A bifoek'd beam, while on its height a third To nimble cadence shifts his glancing feet, And shakes a plumy aloft, and wheels around A wreath of bells with modulating sway. Here round a lofty mast the dancers move. Quick, to quick music; from its top affx'd, Each holds a coloured cord, and as they weave The complex crossings of the mazy dance, The chequer'd network twist around the tree.

Its intertexture of harmonious hues. 30
But now a shout went forth, the Flyers mount, And from all meeker sports the multitude Float in their favourite pastime. In the ground, Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of some tall pine Is planted; near its summit a square frame; Four cords pass through the perforated square, And fifty times and twice around the tree, A mystic number, are entwined above. Four Aztecas, equip'd with wings, ascend, And round them bind the ropes; anon they wave. Their pinions, and upborne on spreading wings Launch on the air, and wheel in circling flight, The lengthening cords untwisting as they fly, A fifth above, upon the perilous point, Dances, and shakes a flag; and on the frame, Others the while maintain their giddy course, Till now, with many a round, the wheeling cords Draw near their utmost length, and toward the ground The aerial circles speed; then down the ropes They spring, and on their way from line to line Pass, while the shouting multitude endure A shuddering admiration.

On such sports, Their feelings center'd in the joy of sight, Tho multitude stood gazing, when a man, Breathless, and with broad eyes, came running on, His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless cheeks Like one who meets a lion in his path. The fire! the fire! the temple! he exclaim'd; Meritii! They, astonish'd at his words, Hasten toward the wonder... and behold! The inner fane is shoted white with fire. Dumb with affright they stood; the enquiring King Look'd to Teozozomo; the Priest replied, I go! the Gods protect me... and therewith He entered boldly in the house of flame. But instant bounding with inebriate joy He issues forth. The God! the God! he cries, Joy! joy! the God! the visible hand of Heaven! Repressing then his transport... Ye all know How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious hand Destroyed Meritii's image... it is here, Unbroken, and the same... Toward the god They press; they see the Giant Idol there, The serpent gridding him, his neck with hearts Bead'd, and in his hand the club; even such As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne, They had adored the God, they see him now, Unbroken and the same... Again the Priest Enter'd; again a second joy inspired To frenzy all around... for forth he came, Shouting with new delight... for in his hand The banner of the nation he upheld, That banner to their fathers sent from Heaven, By them abandon'd to the conqueror.

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He motion'd silence, and the crowd were still, People of Aztlan! he began, when first Your fathers from their native land went forth,
For succour, when her sons conspire her death?
Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets
The impious knife of murder... From her womb
The voice of comfort came, the timely aid!
Already at her breast the blow was aimed,
When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand
The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God!
Arose and save,
Mexitli, save thy people! Dreadful one,
Arose, redeem thy city, and revenge!
An impious, an impenetrable foe,
Hath blacken'd thine own altars, with the blood
Of thine own priests; hast dash'd thine
Image down.
In vain did valour's naked breast oppose
Their mighty arms; in vain the feeble sword
On their impenetrable mail was driven.
Not against thee, Avenger, shall those arms
Avail, nor that impenetrable mail
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.
Arose, go forth in anger, and destroy!

XXII. THE DEATH OF LINCOYA

Aztlan, meantime, presents a hideous scene
Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her streets,
Parch'd the blood pools; the slain were
Heaped in hillocks.
The victors, stretch'd in every little shade,
With unhelm'd heads, reclining on their shields,
Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere long,
To needful labour rising, from the gates
They drag the dead; and with united toil,
They dig upon the plain the general grave.
The grave of thousands, deep and wide and long.
Ten such they delved, and o'er the multitudes
Who levieth'd with the plain the deep-dug pits.
Ten monumental hills they heap'd on high,
Next horror heightening joy, they overthrew
The skull-built towers, the files of human heads,
And earth to earth consign'd them. To the flames
They cast the idols, and upon the wind
Scatter'd their ashes; then the temples fell.
Whose black and putrid walls were sealed with blood.
And not one stone of those accursed piles
Was on another left.

Victorious thus
In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now
There to collect their strength, and there await,
Or thence with centered numbers urge the war.
For this was Ruid missioned to the ships,
For this Lincoya from the hills invites
Brilliab and her tribe. There did not breathe,
On this wide world, a happier man that day
Than young Lincoya, when from their retreat
He bade his countrymen come repossess
The land of their forefathers; proud at heart
To think how great a part himself had borne
In their revenge, and that beloved one,
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well
He knew his own dear love, and for the deed
Hearken'd to his tale; and as they stood
The youth beside him from his boyhood days
And still would call him boy. They sate
And watch'd
The laden bison winding down the way,
The multitude who now with joy forsook
Their desolate dwellings; and their talk was
Of the days of sorrow, when they groan'd.
Beneath the intolerable yoke, till sent
By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless deep,
Prince Madoc the Deliverer came to save.
As thus they communed, came a woman up,
Seeking Lincoya; 'twas Aculhua's slave.
The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,
Her pale and livid countenance foretold
Some tale of misery, and his life-blood ebb'd
In ominous fear. But when he heard her words
Of death, he seized the lance, and raised his arm
To strike the blow of comfort.
The old man
Caught his uplifted hand... 'O'er-hasty Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was dear!
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,
And bow her from the Gods. The Gods will hear.
And in just recompense of love so true
Restore their charge.

THE DEATH OF LINCOYA

With eyes of steady wonder, outstretched'0 necks,
And open lips of listening eagerness, 40
Fast played the tide of triumph in his veins,
Plum'd his brown cheek, and kindled his dark eye.

And now, reposing from his toil awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling leaves
Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca
Sate by him in the shade: the old man had loved
The youth beside him from his boyhood days.
And still would call him boy. They sate
And watch'd
The laden bison winding down the way,
The multitude who now with joy forsook
Their desolate dwellings; and their talk was
Of the days of sorrow, when they groan'd.
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And bow her from the Gods. The Gods will hear.
And in just recompense of love so true
Restore their charge.
The Ruler of the Souls departed gave; 
And mindful of his charge the adventurer brought 
His subtle captive home. 
There underneath 
The shelter of a hut, his friends had 
watch'd 
The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun, 
And fand 'way the insect swarms of heaven. 
A busy hand marr'd all the enterprise! 
Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed 
The knotted bag which held her, and she fled. 
Lincoya, thou art brave; where man has gone 
Thou wouldst not fear to follow: 
Silently 
Lincoya listen'd, and with unmoved eyes, 
At length he answer'd, Is the journey long? 
The old man reply'd, A way of many moons, 
I know a shorter path! exclaim'd the youth; 
And up he sprung, and from the precipice 
Darted: a moment, . . . and Ayayaca heard, 
And up he sprung, and from the precipice 
Darted: a moment, . . . and Ayayaca heard, 
His body fall upon the rocks below. 

**XXIII. CARADOC AND SENENA**

Maid of the golden looks, far other lot 
May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love, 
Blue-eyed Senena! . . . She, though not as yet 
Had she put off her boy-habiment, 
Had told Goervyl all the history 
Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gain'd 
From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill, 
And secrecy, in shame too long main'tain'd. 
And secrecy, in shame too long main'tain'd. 
With her dear Lady now, at this still hour 
Of evening is the seeming page gone forth, 
Beside Caermadoc more. They loiter'd on, 
Along the windings of its grassy shore, 
In such free interchange of inward thought 
As the calm hour invited; or at times, 
Willingly silent, listening to the bird 
Whose one repeated melancholy note, 
By oft repeating melancholy made, 
 Solicited the ear; or gladlier now 
Heartening that cheerful one, who knew not all 
The songs of all the winged choristers, 
And in one sequence of melodious sounds 
Pours all their music. But a wilder strain 
At fits came o'er the water; rising now, 
Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell 
More exquisitely sweet than ever art 
Of man evoked from instrument of touch, 
Or best, or breath. It was the evening gale. 
Which passing o'er Caradoc, swept 
All its chords at once, and blended sounds 
Their music into one continuous flow. 
The solitary Bard beside his harp 
Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs, 
With broken shade that shifted to the breeze, 
Play'd on the waving waters. Overhead 
There was the leavy murmur, at his foot 
The lake's perpetual ripple; and from far, 
Borne on the modulating gale, was heard 
The roaring of the mountain cataract... 

A blind man would have loved the lovely spot. 
Here was Senena by her Lady led, 
Trembling, but not reluctant. They draw'd near. 
Theirs steps unheard upon the elastic moss. 
Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch, 
Ban o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound 
He rose. . . Hath then thy hand, quoth he, O Bard, 
Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be 
Thine harper? . . . Come! one strain for British sake; 
And let the theme be Woman! . . He replied, 
But if the strain offend, O Lady fair, 
Blame it, and let the theme, not me! . . Then 
To the harp 
He sung. . . Three things a wise man will not trust, 
The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day, 
And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld 
The Weathercock upon the steeples, 
Steady from morn till eve; and I have seen 
The bees go forth upon an April morn, 
Scour the sunshine will not end in showers; 
But when was Woman true? 
False Bard! I threat, with smile of playful anger; she exclaim'd, 
False Bard! and slanderous song! 
Were such thy thoughts? 
Of woman's sake; when thy youthful lays were heard 
In Helyn's hall? . . . But at that name 
Leapt and his cheek with sudden flash was fire; 
In Helyn's hall, quoth he, I learn'd the song. 
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills 
Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth 
Had pledged her troth; . . . nor rashly, nor beguiled, 
They had been playmates in their infancy. 
And she in all his thoughts had borne a part, 
And all his joys. The Moon and all the 
Stars 
Witness'd their mutual vows; and for her sake 
The song was framed; for in the face of day 
She broke them. . . But her name? 
Goervyl ask'd; 
Quoth he, The poet loved her still too well. 
To couple it with shame, 
O fate unjust 
Of womankind! she cried; our virtues 
Bloom. 
Like violets, in shade and solitude, 
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out, 
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest, 
And song of obloquy! I knew a Maid, 
And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too 
Loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid 
Her spotless faith; for he to ill reports, 
And tales of falsehood cunningly devised, 
Lent a light ear, and to his rival left 
The loathing Maid. The wedding-day arrived. 
The harpers and the gleemen, far and near, 
Came to the wedding-feast; the wedding-guests 
Were come, the altar drest, the bridegroom meet; 
The father, and the bridgroom, and the priest. 
Wait for the bride. But she the while did off 
Her bridal robes, and clip her golden locks, 
And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild 
To seek her own true love; and over sea, 
For asking all for him, she followed him. . . 
Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair; 
And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong. 
Her faith with slanderous tales; and his dull eye, 
As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness, 
Knows not the trembling one, who even now 
Yearns to forgive him all! 
He turn'd, he knew 
The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his breast.
Hark! from the towers of Aztlan how the shouts
Of clamorous joy re-ring; the rocks and hills
Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the lake
Roll their slow echoes. Thou art beautiful!
Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful,
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the sun;
Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-sweets
Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and high
In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise.

Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of Christ
Proclaims unto the nations round the news
Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cymbrio Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty,
Prosper beneath the righteous conqueror,
Who conquers to redeem! Long years of peace
And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley! Either joyfully

The Hoomen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Came shouting, with acclaim of grateful praise.
Their great Deliverer's name; the old,
In talk
Of other days, which mingled with their joy.
Memory of many a hard calamity,
And thoughts of time and change, and human life
How changeable and how brief. Prince Madoc met
Erillyab at the gate... Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign.

And what were friendship did the Gods permit,
The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream not thou
That Aztlan is subdued; nor in the pride
Of conquest temp thy fortune! Unprepare
d for battle, at an hour of festival,
Her children were surprised; and thou

... One interest bound, and closer to be link'd
By laws and language and domestic ties,
Till both become one race, for ever more
Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and
By Heaven Favour'd abundantly above them all.

Then beneath the shadow of thy shield to dwell,
And see my people, by thy fostering care,
Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously
I hath the Beloved One appointed all,
Educing good from ill, himself being good.

Then to the royal palace of the Kings
Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,
There where her sires had held their ruder reign,
To pass the happy remnant of her years,
Honour'd and loved by all.

No now had the Prince
Provided for defence, disposing all.
As though a ready enemy approach'd,
But from Patamba yet no army moved; four
Heralds only, by the King dispatched,
Drew nigh the town. The Hoomen as they
... This curse for their inheritance?...

... War at thy gates; and to thy children leave

The Conqueror calmly answer'd him,

By force we won your city, Azteca;
By force we will maintain it... to the King
Repeat my saying. To this godly land
Your fathers came for an abiding place,
Strangers like us, but not like us, in peace.

They conqu'red and destroyed. A tyrant race,
Bloody and faithless, to the hills they drove
The unoffending children of the vale,
And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice
Consumed them. God hath sent the Avengers here!
Powerful to save us, and to destroy.
When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.
Go tell your nation that we know their force,
That they know ours! that their leader
Patamba is fall; Shall fall like Aztlan; and what other towns
They seek in flight, shall like Patamba fall;
Till broken in their strength and spirit-crush'd.
They bow the knee, or leave the land to us,
Its worthier Lords.
If this be thy reply, Son of the Ocean! said the messenger,
I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's name
Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,
Before our multitudes shall trample down
Thy mad and miserable countrymen.
Yuhidithon invites thee to the strife
Of equal danger. So may he avenge
Cosnocotzin, or like him in death
Discharge his duty. Tell Yuhidithon,
Madoc replied, that in the field of blood
I never shunn'd a foe. But say thou to him,
I will not seek him there, against his life.
To raise the hand which hath been joined with his In peace... With that the Heralds went their way; Or to the right nor to the left they turn, But to Patamba straight they journey back.

XXV. THE LAKE FIGHT

The mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will, Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they strike; And now ashore they haul the lighter'd hulks, Tear up the deck, the severed planks bear off, Disjoin the well-scoured timbers, and the keel, Loosen sauder: then to the lake-side Bear the materials, where the Ocean Lord Himself directs their work. Twelve vessels there, Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep With oars the moveless surface, they prepare: Lay down the keel, the stern-post, rear, and fix The strong-curved timbers. Others from the wood Bring the tall pines, and from their hissing trunks Force, by the aid of fire, the needful gum. Beneath the close-caulk'd planks its odorous stream They pour; then, last, the round-projecting prows With iron arm, and launch, in uproar loud. Of joy, anticipating victory, The galleys long and sharp. The masts are rear'd, The sails are bent, and lo! the ready barks Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince They led him. But when Madoc bade him tell, As his life-ransom, what his nation's force, And what their plans; the savage answered him, With dark and sullen eye and smile of wrath, If taught the knowledge of my country's force, Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst limb from limb How me, and make each separate member feel A separate agony of death. O Prince! But I will tell ye of my nation's force, That ye may know and tremble at your doors; That fear may half subdue ye to the sword Of vengeance. Can ye count the stars above The waves which ruffle o'er the lake? the leaves Swept from the autumnal forest? Can ye look Upon the eternal snows of yonder height And number each particular flake that form'd The mountain-mass? so numberless they come, Who'er can wield the sword, or hurl the lance, Or slay the arrow: from the growing boy, Ambitious of the battle, to the old man, Who to revenge his country and his gods Hastens, and then to die. By land they come; And years must pass away ere on their path The grass again will grow: they come by lake; And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes Darken the waters. Strangers! when our gods Have conquer'd, when ye lie upon the stones Of Sacrifice extended one by one, Half of our armies cannot taste your flesh. Though given in equal shares, and every share Minced like a nestling's food!

Madoe replied, Aztlan, we are few; but through the woods The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly Before the eagle's coming. We are few; And yet thy nation hath experienced us Enough for conquest. Tell thy countrymen, We can maintain the city which we won.

So saying he turn'd away, rejoiced at heart To know himself alike by lake or land Prepared to meet their power. The fateful day Draws on; by night the Aztecs embark. At day-break from Patamba they set forth From every creek and inlet of the lake, All moving towards Aztlan: safely thus Weening to reach the plain before her walls. And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth, O Sun! Shine fairly forth upon a scene so fair! Their thousand boats, and the ten thousand oars From whose broad bows the waters fall and flash, And twice ten thousand feather'd helms, and shields, Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery. Onward they come with song and swelling horn: While, louder than all voice and instrument, The dash of their ten thousand oars, from shore To shore, and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls. In undistinguishable peals of sound And endless echo. On the other side Advance the British barks; the freshening breeze Fills the broad sail, around the rushing keel The waters sing, while proudly they sail on. Lords of the water. Shine thou forth, O Sun! Shine forth upon their hour of victory.

Onward the Cymry speed. The Aztecs, Though wondering at that unexpected sight, Bravely made on to meet them, seized their bows, And shower'd, like rain, upon the paraised barks. The ratling shafts. Strong blows the auspicious gale; Madoe, the Lord of Ocean, leads the way; He holds the helm; the galleys where he guides Flies on, and fall upon the first canoes, Drives shattering; midway its long length it struck, And o'er the wreck with unpimmed force Dashes among the fleet. The astonish'd men Gaze in inactive terror. They behold Their splinter'd vessels floating all around. Their warriors struggling in the lake, with arms Experienced in the battle vainly now. Dismay'd they drop their bows, and cast away Their unavailing spears, and take to flight, Before the Masters of the Elements, Who rode the waters, and who made the winds Wing them to vengeance! Forward now they bend, And backward then, with strenuous strain of arm. Press the broad paddle. Hope of victory Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge. To sweeten death. Toward the shore they speed, Toward the shore they lift their longing eyes: O fools, to meet on their own element The Sons of Ocean! Could they but aland Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of wind, On fly the British barks! the favouring breeze
Blows strong; far, far behind their roaring keels
Lies the long line of foam; the helm directs
Their force; they move as with the limbs of life,
Obedient to the will that governs them.
Where'er they pass, the crashing shock is heard,
The dash of broken waters, and the cry
Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies fast
The practised limbs of youth, but o'er his head
The galley drives; one follows a canoe
With skill availing only to prolong
Suffering; another, as with wiser aim
He swims across, to meet his coming friends.
Stunn'd by the hasty and unheeding oar,
Sinks senseless to the depths. Lo! wonder heat
Graspt by the throbbing strugglers; its light length
Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
Share the same ruin. Here another shows
Crueller contest, where the crew hack off
The hands that hang for life upon its side,
Lost all together perish; then in vain
The voice of friend or kinsman prays for mercy,
Imperious self controul all other thoughts;
And still they deal around unnatural wounds,
When the strong hark of Britain over all
Sails in the path of death... God of the Lake
Tlahco! and thou, O Aiauh, green-robed
Queen!
How many a wretch, in dying agonies,
Invoked ye in the misery of that day!
Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead
Welter'd; there perch'd upon his floating prey.
The vulture fed in daylight; and the wolves,
Assembled at their banquet round its banks.
Disturb'd the midnight with their howl of joy.

There was mourning in Patamba; the
north wind
Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the shore
The floating wreck and bodies of the dead.
Then on the shore the mother might be seen,
Seeking her child; the father to the tomb,
With limbs too weak for that unhappy weight,
Bearing the bloated body of his son;
The wife, who, in expectant agony,
Watch'd the black cannas on the coming wave.

On every brow terror was legible, to
Anquish in every eye. There was not one
Who in the general ruin did not share
Peculiar grief, and in his country's loss
Lament some dear one dead. Along the lake
The frequent funeral-piles, for many a day,
With the noon-light their melancholy flames
Dingly commingled; while the mourners stood,
Watching the pile, to feed the lingering fire,
As slowly it consumed the watery corpse.
Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala! thy soul.
Unconquer'd and unconquerable, rose
Superior to its fortune. When the Chiefs
Hung their dejected heads, as men subdued
In spirits, then didst thou, Yuhidhtiton,
Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain
Thy even courage. They from man to man
Go, with the mourners mourning, and by grief
Exciting rage, till, at the promised fight,
The dark Priest
Conceal'd revengeful anger, and replied,
Let the King's will be done! An awful day
Draws on; the Circle of the Years is full;
We tremble for the event. The times are strange;
There are portentous changes in the world;
Perchance its end is come.

Be it thine care, Priest of the Gods, to see the needful rites
Perform'd, Yuhidthiton replied. On the third day, if yonder Lord of Light
Begin the Circle of the Years anew,
Again we march to war.

Another day comes on. At earliest dawn
Then was there heard through all Patamba's streets
The warning voice. Woe! woe! the Sun hath reach'd
The limits of his course; he hath full fill'd
The appointed cycle. Fast, and weep, and pray...
Four Suns have perish'd... fast, and weep, and pray.
Lost the fifth perish also. On the first
The floods arose; the waters of the heavens,
Burst their everlasting boundaries, Whelm'd in one deluge earth and sea and sky,
And quench'd its orb of fire. The second Sun
Then had its birth, and ran its round of years;
Till having reach'd its date, it fell from heaven,
And crush'd the race of men. Another life
The Gods assign'd to Nature the third Sun
Form'd the celestial circle; then its flames
Burst forth, and overspread earth, sea, and sky,
Deluging the wide universe with fire,
Till all things were consumed, and its own flames
Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and all
Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again
The World had being, and another Sun
Roll'd round the path of Heaven. That perish'd too;
The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far away
Scatter'd its dying flames. The fifth was born;
The fifth to-day completes its destined course,
Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan, fast
And pray! the Cycle of the Years is full!

Thus through Patamba did the ominous voice
Exhort the people. Fervent vows all day
Were made, with loud lament; in every face,
In every dwelling-place of man, were prayers,
The supplications of the afflicted heart, Earnestly offered up with tears and groans,
So pass'd the forenoon; and when now the Sun
Sloped from its southern height the downward way
Of Heaven, again the ominous warning cried,
Woe! woe! the Cycle of the Years is full!
Quench every fire! Extinguish every light!
And every fire was quench'd, and every light
Extinguish'd at the voice.

Meantime the Priests
Began the rites. They gash'd themselves, and plunged
Into the sacred pond of Ezaapan,
Till the clear water, on whose bed of sand
The sunbeams sparkled late, opaque with blood.
On its black surface mirror'd all things round,
The children of the temple, in long search,
Had gather'd for the service of this day
All venomous things that fly, or wind their path
With simious trail, or crawl on reptile feet.
These in one cauldron, o'er the sacred fire
They scorch, till of the lostsome living tribes
Who, writhing in their burning agonies,
Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,
Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood
They mix the infernal unction, and the Priests
Ancint themselves therewith.

Lo! from the South
The Orb of Glory his regardless way
Holds on. Again Patamba's streets receive
The ominous voice... Woe! woe! the Sun pursues
His journey to the limits of his course!
They heard, and every husband veil'd his wife
In darkness; every maiden's face was veil'd;
The children were in darkness led to pray,
That they might see the birth of light once more.

Westward the Sun proceeds; the tall tree casts
A longer shade; the night-eyed insect tribes
Wako to their portion of the sky;
Then into Patamba's streets there entered the sacred mount
The Priests go forth; but not with songs of joy,
Nor cheerful instruments they go, nor train
Of festive followers; silent and alone.
Leading one victim to his dreadful death,
They to the mountain-summit wend their way.

On the south shore, and level with the lake,
Patamba stood; westward were seen the walls
Of Aztlan rising on a gentle slope;
Southward the plain extended far and wide;
To the east the mountain-boundary began,
And there the sacred mountain rear'd its head;
Above the neighbouring heights, its lofty peak
Was visible far off. In the vale below,
Along the level borders of the lake,
The assembled Aztecas, with wasteful eye,
Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping there
Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice
Arise, sure omen of continued light.
The Pahao to the sacred peak begins
Their way, and as they go, with ancient songs
Hymn the departed Sun.

And shedding on the bones of the destroy'd
The Close of the Century.
A quickening dew, from them, as from a seed,
Maded a new race of human-kind spring up,
The monials of the Heroes born of Heaven.
But in the firmament no orb of day
Perform'd its course; Nature was blind;
Of light had ceased to flow; the eye of Heaven
Was quench'd in darkness. In the sad obscure,
The earth-possessors to their parent Gods
Pray'd for another Sun, their bidding heard,
And in obedience raised a flaming pile.
Hopeful they circled it, when from above
The voice of the Invisible proclaim'd,
That he who bravely plunged amid the fire
Should live again in heaven, and there shine forth.
The Sun of the young World. The Hero race
Grew pale, and from the fiery trial shrunk.
Thou, Nahuahtin, thou, O mortal born,
Heard'st thy heart was strong, the flames received;
Their victim, and the humbled Heroes saw
The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,
Welcome the coming of the new-born God.
O human ones, now let not human-kind
Languish, and die in darkness!
In the East
Then didst thou pause to see the Hero race
Perish. In vain, with impious arms, they strove
Against thy will; in vain against thine orb
They shot their shafts; the arrows of their pride
Fall on themselves; they perish'd, to thy praise.
So perish still these impious enemies,
O Lord of Day! But to the race devout,
Who offer up their morning sacrifice,
Honouring thy godhead, and with morning hymns
And with the joy of music and of dance,
Welcome thy glad uprise, to them,
O Sun,
Still let the fountain-streams of splendour flow,
Still smile on them propitiously, thou whose smile
Is light and life and joyance! Once again,
Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise,
Begin thy course of beauty once again!
Such was their ancient song, as up the height
Slowly they wound their way. The multitude
Beneath repeat the strain; with fearful eyes
They watch the spreading glories of the west;
And when at length the hastening orb hath sunk
Below the plain, such sinking at the heart
They feel, as he who hopeless of return
From his dear home departs. Still on the light,
The last green light that lingers in the west!
Their looks are fastened, till the clouds of night
Roll on, and close in darkness the whole world.
Then ceased their songs; then o'er the crowded vale
No voice of man was heard. Silent and still
They stood, all turn'd toward the east, in hope;
There on the holy mountain to behold
The sacred fire, and know that once again
The Sun begins his stated round of years.
The Moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light!
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast

Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade. Who then look'd round,
Beholding all that mighty multitude,
Felts yet severer awe; so solemnly still
The thronging thousands stood. The breeze was heard
That rustled in the reeds; the little wave,
That rippled to the shore and left no foam,
Sent its low murmurs far.

Meantime the Priests
Have stretched't their victim on the mountain-top;
A miserable man, his breast is bare,
Bar'd for the death that waits him; but no hand
May take the blow of mercy. Fired
On his bare breast, the cedar boughs are laid;
On his bare breast, dry sedge and odorous grasses
Laid ready to receive the sacred spark,
And blaze, to herald the ascending Sun,
Upon his living altar. Round the wretch
The Inhuman ministers of rites accurst
Stand, and expect the signal when to strike
The signal of fire. Their Chief, Tezozomoc,
Apart from all, upon the pinnacle
Of that high mountain, eastward turns his eyes;
For now the hour draws nigh, and speedily
He looks to see the first faint dawn of day
Break through the orient sky. Impatiently
The multitude await the happy sign.
Long hath the midnight past, and every hour
Yea, every moment, to their torturing fears
Seem'd lengthen'd out, insufferably long
Silent they stood, and breathless in suspense.

The breeze had fallen; no stirring breath of wind
Rustled the reeds. Oppressive, motionless,
It was a labour and a pain to breathe.
The close, hot, heavy air... Hark! from the woods
The how! of their wild tenants! and the birds, a
The day-birds, in blind darkness fluttering,
Fearful to rest, uttering portentous cries!

Anon, the sound of distant theunders came:
They peal beneath their feet. Earth
Shakes and yawns;... But lo! upon the sacred mountain's top
The light... the mighty flame! A cataract
Of fire bursts upward from the mountain head;
High,... high,... it shoots! the liquid fire boils out;
It streams in torrents down! Tezozomoc
Beholds the judgement: wretched,... wretched man,
On the utmost pinnacle he stands, and sees
The lava floods beneath him: and his hour
Is come. The fiery shower, descending, heapes
Red ashes round; they fall like drifted snows,
And bury and consume the accursed Priest.

The Tempest is abroad. Fierce from the North
A wind upears the lake, whose lowest depths
Rock, while convulsions shake the solid earth.
Where is Patambas? where the multitudes
Who throng'd her level shores? The mighty Lake
Hath burst its bounds, and you wide valley roars,
A troubled sea, before the rolling storm.
XXVII. THE MIGRATION OF THE AZTECAS

The storm hath ceased; but still the lava-tides Roll down the mountain-side in streams of fire; Down to the lako they roll, and yet roll on, All burning, through the waters. Heaven above
Glows round the burning mount, and fiery clouds
Scour through the black and starless firmament.

Far off, the Eagle, in her mountain-nest,
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceased; the earth is still; and lo! while yet the dawn
Is struggling through the eastern cloud, the banks
Of Madoc on the lake!

What man is he
On yonder crag, all dripping from the flood
Who hath escaped its force? He lies along,
Now near exhaust with self-preserving toil,
And still his eye dwells on the spreading waves,
Where late the multitudes of Aztlan stood,
Collected in their strength. It is the King
Of Aztlan, who, extended on the rock, holds
Looks vainly for his people. He beholds
The backs of Madoc plying to preserve
The struggling... but how few! upon the crag
Which verge the northern shore, upon the heights
Eastward, how few have escaped! Then the King
Almost renewed in his preserved,
And wished the waves had whelmed him, or the sword
Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretchedness.

This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,
He call’d to mind bow, from the first, his heart
Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods. Had he to this unhappy war been driven.
All now was ended: it remain’d to yield.
To obey the inevitable will of Heaven,
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he mused,
A Bird, upon a bough which overhung
The rock, as though in echo to his thought,
Cried out... Depart! depart! for so the note,
Articulately in his native tongue,
Spake to the Azteca. The King look’d up;
The hour, the horrors round him, had impressed’d
Feelings and fears well fitted to receive
All superstition; and the voice which cried,
Depart! depart! seem’d like the voice of fate,
He thought, perhaps Cosnocotzin’s soul,
Descending from his blissful halls in the bow.
Of evil thus to comfort and advise,
Hover’d above him.

Lo! toward the rock,
Oozing with fœlible arms his difficult way,
A warrior struggle; he hath reach’d the rock,
Hath grasp’d it, but his strength, ex-
hausted, fails.
To life from the depth. The King
Descends
Timely in aid; he holds the feeble one
By his long locks, and on the safety-place
Lands him. He, panting, from his clotted hair
Shook the thick waters, from his fore-
head wiped
The liming drops; on his preserver’s face
Then look’d, and knew the King. Then
Tlalala
Fell on his neck, and groan’d. They laid
In silence, for their hearts were full of woe.

The sun came forth, it shines upon the rock;
They felt the kindly beams; their strength’d blood
Flow’d with a freer action. They arose,
And look’d around, if aught of hope might meet
Their prospect. On the lake the galleys
Rightward and leftward of the fiery mount,
Were throng’d with fugitives, whose growing crowds
Spedked the ascent. Then Tlalala took
Hopes,
And his young heart, reviving, re-assumed
Its wonted vigour. Let us to the heights,
He cried... all is not lost, Yuhihtihion! When
They beheld thy countenance, the sight
Will cheer them in their woe, and they will bless
The Gods of Aztlan.

To the heights they went:
And when the remnant of the people saw
Yuhihtihion preserved, such comfort
Then
They felt, as utter wretchedness can feel
That only gives grief utterance, only speaks
In groans and recollections of the past.
He look’d around; a multitude was there,
But where the strength of Aztlan? where her host?
Her marshal’d myriads where, whose
Yester Sun
Had seen in arms array’d, in spirit
High,
Mighty in youth and courage?... What were these,
This remnant of the people? Women most.

Who from Patamba when the shock began
Run with their infants; widow’d now, yet each
Among the few who from the lake escaped.
Wandering with eager eyes and wretched hope
The King beheld and groan’d; against a tree
He leaned, and bow’d his head, subdued of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doch
Tlalala
Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he seeks.
Hanstel there; in vain for her he asks;
A troubled look, a melancholy eye,
A silent motion of the hopeless head. Those answer him. But Tlalala represt
His anguish, and he call’d upon the King;

Yuhihtihion! thou seest thy people left;
Their fate must be determined; they are here
Houseless and wanting food.

The King look’d up... It is determined, Tlalala! the Gods
Have crush’d us. Who can stand against their wrath?

Have we not life and strength? the Tiger cried.
Dispense these women to the towns which stand
Beyond the ruinous waters; against them
The White Men will not war. Ourselves
Are few, to root the invaders from our land.
Or meet them with the hope of equal fight.
Yet may we shelter in the woods, and share
The Lion’s liberty; and man by man
Destroy them, till they shall not dare to walk
Beyond their city walls, to sow their fields,
Or bring the harvest in. We may steal forth
In the dark midnight, go and burn and kill,
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death, Their sleep be fear and misery. Then the King Stretch'd forth his hand, and pointing to the lake Where Madoc's galleys still to those who clung To the tree-tops for life, or faintly still Were floating on the waters, gave their aid. O think not, Tlalala, that ever more Will I against those noble enemies Raise my right hand in war, lost righteous Heaven Should blast the impious hand and thankless heart! The gods are leagued with them; the Elements Banded against us! For our overthrow Were yonder mountain-springs of fire ordain'd; For our destruction the earth-thunders loosed, And the everlasting boundaries of the lake Gave way, that these destroying floods might roll Over the brave of Aztlán! We must leave The country which our fathers won in arms:

We must depart. The word yet vibrated Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird above, Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the sound. Depart! depart! Ye hear! the King exclaimed; It is an omen sent to me from Heaven; I heard it late in solitude, the voice Of fate... It is Coanocotzin's soul, Who counsels our departure. And the Bird Still flew around, and in his wheeling flight Pronounced the articulate note. The people heard In faith, and Tlalala made no reply; But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown.

Then spoke the King, and called a messenger, And bade him speed to Aztlán... Seek the Lord Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhihditon Vides to the will of Heaven, and leaves the land. His fathers won in war. Only one boon, In memory of our former friendship, give their aid. The Ashes of my Fathers... If indeed The conqueror have not cast them to the winds. The herald went his way circumspect, Along the mountains, for the flooded vale Bare'd the near passage: but before his feet Could traverse half their track, the fugitives Beheld canoes from Aztlán, to the foot Of that protecting eminence, whereon They had their stand, draw nigh. The doubtful, the articúlate note. The people heard In faith, and Tlalala made no reply; But dark his brow, and gloomy was his frown.

To you, their favourites, we resign the land Our fathers conquer'd. Never more may Fate In your days or your children's to the end Of time afflict it thus! He said, and call'd the Heralds of his pleasure. Go ye throughout the land: North, South, and East, and West, Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who hear The name of Aztons, Heaven hath destroy'd Our nation: Say, the voice of Heaven was heard, Heard ye it not?... biding us leave the land, Who shakes us from her bosom. Ye will find, Women, old men, and babes; the many, weak Of body and of spirit ill prepared, With painful toil, through long and dangerous ways To seek another country. Say to them, The conqueror have not cast them to the winds. The White Men will not lift the arm of power Against the feeble; here they may remain In peace, and to the grave in peace go down. But they who would not have their children lose The name their fathers bore, will join our march. Ere ye set forth, behold the destined way. He bade a pile be raised upon the top Of that high eminence, to all the winds Exposed. They raised the pile, and left it free A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace, And make us as one people. Tlalala! Hearkest thou him? Yuhihditon exclaimed. Do thou thy pleasure, King! the Tiger cried: My path is plain... There's Yuhihditon. Answering, replied, Thus humbled as thou seest, Bemuse the visitation of the Gods. We bow before their will! To them we yield;

THE MIGRATION OF THE AZTECAS

To you, their favourites, we resign the land Our fathers conquer'd. Never more may Fate In your days or your children's to the end Of time afflict it thus! He said, and call'd the Heralds of his pleasure. Go ye throughout the land: North, South, and East, and West, Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who hear The name of Aztons, Heaven hath destroy'd Our nation: Say, the voice of Heaven was heard, Heard ye it not?... biding us leave the land, Who shakes us from her bosom. Ye will find, Women, old men, and babes; the many, weak Of body and of spirit ill prepared, With painful toil, through long and dangerous ways To seek another country. Say to them, The conqueror have not cast them to the winds. The White Men will not lift the arm of power Against the feeble; here they may remain In peace, and to the grave in peace go down. But they who would not have their children lose The name their fathers bore, will join our march. Ere ye set forth, behold the destined way. He bade a pile be raised upon the top Of that high eminence, to all the winds Exposed. They raised the pile, and left it free A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace, And make us as one people. Tlalala! Hearkest thou him? Yuhihditon exclaimed. Do thou thy pleasure, King! the Tiger cried: My path is plain... There's Yuhihditon. Answering, replied, Thus humbled as thou seest, Bemuse the visitation of the Gods. We bow before their will! To them we yield;

Then Madoc said, Abide not here, O King, Thus open to the changeful elements; But till the day of your departure come, Sojourn with me. Madoc, that must not be! Yuhihditon replied. Shall I behold A stranger dwelling in my father's house? Shall I become a guest, where I was wont
To give the guest his welcome? He pursued, after short pause of speech. For our old men, and helpless babes and women; for all whom wisely fear and feebleness deter to tempt strange paths, through swamp and wilderness. And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton treats thy favour. Underneath thy sway, they may remember me without regret, yet not without affection. They shall be my people, Madoc answer’d. And the rites of holiness transmitted from their sires.” Pursued the King, will these be suffer’d them? Blood must not flow, the Christian Prince replied; no priest must dwell among us; that hath been the cause of all this misery! Enough, Yuhidthiton replied; I ask no more. It is not for the conquer’d to impose their law upon the conqueror. Then he turn’d, and lifted up his voice, and call’d upon the people. All whom fear or feebleness withold from following my adventurous path, prince Madoc will receive. No blood must flow, no paba dwell among them. Take upon ye, ye who are weak of body or of heart, the Strangers’ easy yoke; beneath their sway ye may remember me without regret. Soon take your choice, and speedily depart, lest ye impede the adventurers. As he spoke, tears fell, and groans were heard. The line was drawn, which whose would accept the Strangers’ yoke should pass. A multitude o’erpast the line; but all the youth of Aztlan crowded round Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King. So two days long, with unremitting diligence, the barks of Britain to the adventurers bore due supply; and to new inhabitants the city of the Cymry spread her gates. And in the vale around, and on the heights, their numerous tents were pitched. Meantime of ruin went abroad, and how the Gods Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To the King, companions of his venturous enterprise, the bold repair’d; the timid and the weak, all whom, averse from perilous wanderings, a gentle nature had disposed to peace, beneath the strangers’ easy rule remain’d. Now the third morning came. At the break of day, the mountain echoed to the busy sound of multitudes. Before the moving tribe the bull was bear, enclosed from public sight. Mexico; and the ashes of the kings follow the chair of God. Yuhidthiton then leads the marshall’d ranks, and by his side, the true love which thou didst bear my youth, which now, with a love as true, my heart hath answer’d, by the memory of that hour when at our mother’s funeral pile we stood, go not away in wrath, but call to mind what thou hast ever known me! By the true love which thou didst bear my youth, which now, with a love as true, my heart hath answer’d, by the memory of that hour when at our mother’s funeral pile we stood, go not away in wrath, but call to mind what thou hast ever known me! Side by side we fought against the Strangers, side by side we fell, together in the council-hall. We counsel’d peace, together in the field. Of the assembly pledged the word of peace. When plots of secret slaughter were devised, I raised my voice alone, alone I kept the right on show; those wounds, the marks of thine unnatural war against thy country? Or to boast the On this point of dishonour, that thouarest here, sharing the bounty of the conqueror, while with the remnant of his countrymen, saving the Gods of Aztlan and the name, thy brother and thy King goes forth to seek his fortune! Calm and low the youth replied, ill do thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton! and rashly doth my brother wrong the heart. Howbeit, I come prepared for grief. These honourable wounds were gain’d when, singly, at Caer-madoc, I opposed the ruffian Hoamen; and even now, thus feeble as thou seest me, come I thence. Brother, by the true love which thou didst bear my youth, which now, with a love as true, my heart hath answer’d, by the memory of that hour when at our mother’s funeral pile we stood, when our mother’s funeral pile we stood, go not away in wrath, but call to mind what thou hast ever known me! Side by side we fell, together in the council-hall. We counsel’d peace, together in the field.
MADOC IN AZTLAN

Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live
Survivor of his country. Thus he said,
And through the gate, regardless of the King,
Turn'd to his native door. Whim'd I
Follow'd, and Madoc; but in vain their words
Essay'd to move the Tiger's steady heart;
When from the door a tottering boy came forth
And sung around his knees with joyful cries,
And called him father. At the joyful sound
Out ran Ilanquel; and the astonish'd man
Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he deemed'd
Whim'd in the flood; but them the British barks,
Returning homeward from their merciful quest,
Found floating on the waters... For a while,
Abandon'd by all desperate thoughts, he stood:
Soon he collected, and to Madoc turn'd,
And said, O Prince, this woman and her boy
I leave to thee. As thou hast ever found
In me a fearless unrelenting foe,
Respect them... Nay, Ilanquel! hast thou yet
To learn with what unshakable resolve
My soul maintains its purposes? I leave thee
To a brave foe's protection... Lay me, Madoc,
Here, in my father's grave.

With that he took
His mantle off, and veil'd Ilanquel's face... Woman, thou may'st not look upon the Sun,
Who sets to rise no more! That done, he placed
His javelin hilt against the ground; the point
He fitted to his heart; and, holding firm
The shaft, fell forward, still with steady hand
Guiding the death-blow on.

So in the land
Madoc was left sole Lord; and far away
Yukihiton led forth the Aztecas,
To spread in other lands Mexitli's name,
And rear a mightier empire, and set up
Again their foul idolatry; till Heaven,
Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice its ministers of vengeance, sent among them
The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting sword.

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

[First published in The Oracle, afterwards in Poems, 1797.]
The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me when a schoolboy, as having happened in the north of England. Either Furness or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. The original story, however, is in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, p. 291.
The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story; and it has been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

1
Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs; She never complains, but her silence implies The composure of settled distress.

2
No pity she looks for, no alma doth she seek; Nor for raiment nor food doth she care: Through her tatters the winter's breath, On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

3
Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day, Poor Mary the Maniac hath been; The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

4
Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight As she welcomed them in with a smile; Her heart was a stranger to childish affright, And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night When the wind whistled down the dull aisle.

5
She loved, and young Richard had settled the day, And she hoped to be happy for life; But Richard was idle and worthless, and they Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say That she was too good for his wife.

6
'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night, And fast were the windows and door; Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright, And smoking in silence with tranquil delight They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

7
'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the fire-side, To hear the wind whistle without.' What a night for the Abbey! ' his comrade replied, Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried Who should wander the ruins about.
I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear.
For this wind might awaken the dead!

I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,' That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager and lose!' with a sneer he replied,' I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow.'

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;' I shall win, . . for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the Maid
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
How'd dismay'd round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly draw near,
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd . . nought else eould she hear;
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

The Abbey is founded on stories 'to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels, a poem by Thomas Heywood, . . 1635.']

The fisher in the lake below
Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever swallow in its waves
Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
In wild alarm would run,
Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath
The summer's scorching sun.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
One only child had he,
Donica was the Maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
The house of Arlinkow, its dark unfathom'd waters sent
Strange music from below.

The eve was fair and mild the air, Along the lake they stray;
The eastern hill reflected bright The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd
The liquid radiance wide;
Donica's little dog ran on
And gambol'd at her side.
Youth, health, and love bloom'd on her cheek,
Her full dark eyes express a glance to Eberhard,
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge;
The air was hush'd, no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge:

When suddenly the lake sent forth
Distant sounds of death aróse,
Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,
But soon again did better thoughts,
Yet never to Donica's cheeks
And on his arm reclined she moved
The dog that gambo!d by her side, And loved with her to stray,Now at his alter'd mistress liowl'd, And fled in fear away.

Her eyes so bright and black of yore
Her heart's meek tenderness.
Dimpled the water's edge:
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge;
Its musio from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
Donica's eheek grew pale, And in the arms of Eberliard
The lifeless Maiden fell.
And loud he call'd for aid, And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

And when the Youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

But when at length it came, with joy
He hail'd the bridal day, And onward to the shore they drew,
Eberhard on the mountain's heathy slope
RUDIGER

[Published in Poems, 1797. The story has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.]

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue
Glean gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
He call'd upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine ;
And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had sought to win the fair,
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And courteous and knightly
His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair ;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away ;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they ?
Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absor'd in silent thoughts,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he raised his looks again,
And smiled his cares away,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And upward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Who's streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light ;
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And upward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie,
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

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And mid the hall of gaiety
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And onward roll'd the waning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.
It was a place all desolate, 
Nor house nor tree was there; 
But there a rocky mountain rose, 
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

So as he spake to land they drew, 
And swiftly down the rapid tide 
The little boat went on.

The mother holds her precious babe; 
But the black arms clasp'd him round, 
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger 
Adown the dark profound.

JASPAR


He sate him down beside the stream 
That crossed the lonely way, 
So fair a scene might well have charm'd 
All evil thoughts away:

He sate beneath a willow tree 
Which cast a trembling shade; 
The gentle river full in front 
A little island made;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone 
Upon the poplar trees, 
Whose shadow on the stream below 
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd and he heard the wind 
That waved the willow tree; 
He heard the waters flow along, 
And murmured quietly.

The waters closed around the corpse, 
And cleansed his hands from gore, 
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on, 
And murmurd as before.

There was no human eye had seen 
The blood the murderer spilt, 
And Jaspar's conscience never felt 
The avenging goad of guilt.

Jaspar raised up the murder'd man, 
And plunged him in the flood, 
And in the running water then 
He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse, 
And cleansed his hands from gore, 
And Jaspar's conscience never felt 
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed 
The gold he gain'd so ill, 
And years of secret guilt pass'd on, 
And he was needy still.
Then Jonathan grew sick at heart; My conscience yet is clear! It is not yet too late. I will not linger here.

The night was calm, the air was still, Sweet sung the nightingale; The soul of Jonathan was soothed, His heart began to fail.

The summer suns, the winter storms, O’er him unheeded rol’d, For heavy is the weight of blood Upon the maniac’s soul.

When Jaspar saw the poor man’s soul O’er him unheeded roll, He plied him with the heartening cup, And with him forth he went.

This Landlord on his homeward road ‘Twas easy now to meet. The road is lonesome, Jonathan! And vengeance, man! is sweet.

He listened to the tempter’s voice, The thought it made him start; His head was hot, and wretchedness Had harden’d now his heart.

And fearful are his dreams at night, And dread to him the day; He thinks upon his untold crime, And never dares to pray.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild, His look bespeaks despair; For Jaspar since that hour has made His home unshelter’d there.

‘We are safe enough,’ said Jaspar then, ‘If that be all thy fear! Nor eye above, nor eye below, Can pierce the darkness here.’

That instant as the murderer’s spoke There came a sudden light; Strong as the mid-day sun it shone, Though all around was night;

It hung upon the willow tree, It hung upon the flood, It gave to view the poplar isle, And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there, He listen’d to the tempter’s voice; The thought it made him start; His head was hot, and wretchedness Had harden’d now his heart.

‘What matters that,’ said Jonathan, Whose blood began to freeze, ‘When there is One above whose eye The deeds of darkness sees?’

‘How now!’ cried Jaspar, ‘Why, I thought Thy conscience was asleep; There’s no more such qualms, the night is dark, The river here is deep.’

He said, ‘But longer shall his wife expect Her husband at the gate.’

‘How now!’ cried Jaspar, ‘why, I thought Thy conscience was asleep; No more such qualms, the night is dark, The river here is deep.’

What matters that,’ said Jonathan, Whose blood began to freeze, When there is One above whose eye The deeds of darkness sees?

‘Sir Owen in a shroud was drest, They placed a cross upon his breast, And down he laid his head; Around him stood the funeral train, And sung with slow and solemn strain The Service of the Dead.

Emerging now once more to day A frozen waste before him lay, A desert wild and wide, Where ice-rocks in a sunless sky, Upon ice-rocks piled, and mountains high, Were heap’d on every side.

Adown the Cavern’s long descent, Feeling his way, Sir Owen went, With cautious feet and slow;

Unarm’d, for neither sword nor spear, Nor shield of proof avail’d him here Against our ghostly Foe.

But colder now he felt the cold The heavy drops no longer fell, The piercing air; And now upon his aching sight, There dawn’d far off a feeble light, In hope he hasten’d there.

Impending as about to fall They seem’d, and had that sight been all, Enough that sight had been To make the stoutest courage quail; For what could courage there avail Against what then was seen?

Yet, let what will ensue, Our duties are prescribed and clear; Put off all mortal weakness here, This coffin is for you.

They said, ‘But fewer still return; Yet, let what will ensue, Our duties are prescribed and clear; Put off all mortal weakness here, This coffin is for you.

The ground was moist beneath his tread, Large drops fell heavy on his head, The air was damp and chill, And sudden shudderings o’er him came, And he could feel through all his frame An icy sharpness thrill.

Three sops were brought of bread and wine, Well night Sir Owen then divine The mystic warning given, That he against our ghostly Foe Must soon to mortal combat go, And put his trust in Heaven.

Sir Owen pass’d the convent gate, The Warden him conducted straight To where a coffin lay; Each with a funeral torch in hand Whose light bedim’d the day.

‘Few Pilgrims ever reach this bourn,’ They said, ‘but fewer still return; Yet, let what will ensue, Our duties are prescribed and clear; Put off all mortal weakness here, This coffin is for you.

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest, They placed a cross upon his breast, And down he laid his head; Around him stood the funeral train, And sung with slow and solemn strain The Service of the Dead.

Now steeper grew the dark descent; In fervent prayer the Pilgrim went, ‘Twas silence all around, Save his own echo from the cell, And the large drops that frequent fell With dull and heavy sound.

But colder now he felt the cold The heavy drops no longer fell, Thin grew the piercing air; And now upon his aching sight, There dawnd far off a feeble light, In hope he hasted there.

Emerging now once more to day A frozen waste before him lay, A desert wild and wide, Where ice-rocks in a sunless sky, Ice-rocks piled, and mountains high, Were heap’d on every side.

Impending as about to fall They seem’d, and had that sight been all, Enough that sight had been To make the stoutest courage quail; For what could courage there avail Against what then was seen?

He saw, as on in faith he past, Where many a frozen wretch was fast Within the ice-cliffs pent, Yet living still, and doom’d to bear In absolute and dumb despair Their endless punishment.
A Voice then spake within his ear, And fill'd his innocent soul with fear; 'O mortal Man,' it said, 'Adventurers like thyself were these! He seem'd to feel his life-blood freeze, And yet subdued his dread.

'I warn thee once! I warn thee twice! Behold! that mass of mountain-ice! Is trembling over thy head! One warning is allow'd thee more; O mortal Man, that warning o'er, And thou art worse than dead!' Crush'd though, it seem'd, in every bone, And sense for suffering left alone, A living hope remain'd; In whom he had believed, he knew, And thence the holy courage grew That still his soul sustain'd.

Yet other trials he must meet, For soon a close and piercing heat Relax'd each loosen'd limb; The sweat stream'd out from every part, In short quick beatings toil'd his heart, His throbbing eyes grew dim.

Along the wide and wasted land A stream of fire through banks of sand Its molten billows spread; Thin vapours tremulously light Hung quivering o'er the glowing white, The air he breathed was red;

A Paradise beyond was seen* Of shady groves and gardens green, Fair flowers and fruitful trees, And flowing fountains cool and clear, Whose gurgling music reach'd his ear Borne on the burning breeze.

How should he pass that molten flood? While gazing wistfully he stood. A Fiend, as in a dream, 'Thus!' answer'd the unutter'd thought, Strode forth a mighty arm, and caught And cast him in the stream.

Sir Owen groan'd, for then he felt His eyeballs burn, his marrow melt, His brain like liquid lead, And from his heart the boiling blood Its agonizing course pursued Through limbs like iron red.

For he, as he beheld it fall, Fail'd not in faith on Christ to call, 'Lord, Thou canst save!' he cried; O heavenly help vouchsafed in need, When perfect faith is found indeed; The rocks of ice divide.

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13 'I have pass'd by about that hour
When ghosts their freedom have;
But here I saw no ghastly sight,
And quietly the glow-worm's light
Was shining on her grave.

14 'There's one who like a Christian lies
Beneath the church-tree's shade;
I'd rather go a long mile round
Than pass at evening through the ground
Wherein that man is laid.

15 'A decent burial that man had,
The bell was heard to toll,
When he was laid in holy ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
I would not be with his soul.

16 'Did'st see a house below the hill
Which the winds and the rains destroy?
In that farm-house did that man dwell,
And I remember it full well
When I was a growing boy.

17 'But she was a poor parish girl
Who came up from the West:
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day
Was taken in to rest.

18 'A man of a bad name was he,
An evil life he led;
In anger they grew red:
And it often made me wake at night,
When I saw it in dreams again.

21 'This poor girl she had served with them
Some half-a-year or more;
When she was found hung up one day,
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay,
Behind that stable door.

22 'It is a wild and lonesome place,
No hut or house is near;
Should one meet a murderer there alone,
Twere vain to scream, and the dying groan
Would never reach mortal ear.

23 'And there were strange reports about;
But still the coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the way-side,
And not in Christian ground.

24 'This was the very place he chose,
Just where these four roads meet; And I was one among the throng
That hither follow'd them along,
I shall never the sight forget!

25 'They carried her upon a board
In the clothes in which she died;
And I saw the cap blown off her head,
Her face was of a dark dark red,
Their breasts seemed'd of brimstone to smell.

26 'I think they could not have been closed,
So widely did they strain;
O Lord, it was a ghastly sight,
When I saw it in dreams again.

27 'They laid her where those four roads meet
Here in this very place.
The earth upon her corpse was prest,
This post was driven into her breast,
And the stone is on her face.'

Westbury, 1798.

THE PIOUS PAINTER

[First published in The Morning Post, November 2, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1799, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.]

The legend of the Pious Painter is related in the Pia Hilaria of Gazaeus; but the Pious Poet has omitted the second part of the story, though it rests upon quite as good authority as the first. It is to be found in the Fabliaux de Le Grand.

THE FIRST PART

1 There once was a painter in Catholic days,
Like Jon who eschew all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With praise and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the Devil.

2 They were Angels, compared to the Devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue!
And round them a sulphurous colouring he threw
That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

3 And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the Dragon embraeing her Son;
Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

4 The Old Dragon's imps as they fled through the air,
At seeing it paused on the wing;
But I was one among the throng
That hither follow'd them along,
I shall never the sight forget!

5 Every child at beholding it trembled with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her head,
Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

6 What the Painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled as sleeping he lay;
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the Devil himself was in sight.

7 'You rascally dauber!' old Beelzebub cries.
'Take heed how you wrong me again!
Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Or see if I threaten in vain.'

8 Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

9 Betimes in the morning the Painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
At seeing it paused on the wing,
For he had the likeness so just to a hair
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their King.

10 Westbury, 1798.
THE PIous PAINTER

[First published in The Morning Post, July 23, 1799.]

1

The Painter so pious all praise had acquired
For defying the malice of Heli;
The Monks the unerring resemblance admired;
Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired
From a hand that succeeded so well.

2

One there was to be painted the number among
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

3

Painter, avoid her!

4

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,
On the artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

5

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
There’s a look which he cannot express;
His colours are dull to their quick-sparking hue;
View, More and more on the lady he fixes his
On the canvas he looks less and less.

6

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
And that look which fair Marguerite gave!
Many a devil the artist had painted of yore,
But he never had tried a live Angel before.

7

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate.
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet;
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

8

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
To the Husband he makes the scheme known;
Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet;
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
And in prison the Painter is thrown.

9

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies,
And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the Old Enemy arise,
Now, you villainous dauber! Sir Beelzebub cries,
‘You are paid for your insults to me!’

10

‘But my tender heart you may easily move,
Tempter; If to what I propose you agree;
That picture... be just! the resemblance improve;
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I’ll remove,
And you shall this instant be free!’

11

Overjoy’d, the conditions so easy he hears,
‘I’ll make you quite handsome!’ he said, and his chain on the Devil appears;
Released from his prison, released from his fears,
The Painter is snug in his bed.

12

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people behold him, the culprit they took,
They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,

13

They open the dungeon;... behold in his place
In the corner old Beelzebub lay;
He smirks and he smiles and he leers with a grace,
That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face,
Then vanish’d in lightning away.

14

Quoth the Painter, ‘I trust you’ll suspect me no more,
Since you find my assertions were true.
But I’ll alter the picture above the Church-door,
For he never vouchsafed me a sitting
And I must give the Devil his due.’

St. Michael’s Chair

[First published in The Morning Post, April 27, 1798; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1798, and in Metrical Tales, 1805. Southey quotes as his authority for the story Whisker’s Supplement to the First and Second Book of Polychile’s History of Cornwall, pp. 6, 7.]

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael’s tower;
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael’s door.
Richard Penlake was a cheerful man, 
Cheerful and frank and free, 
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife, 
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take, 
Till Rebecca avow’d she no longer, 
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take, 
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca her husband had often wish’d 
To sit in St. Michael’s chair; 
For she should be the mistress then 
If she had once sat there.

It chanc’d that Richard Penlake fell sick, 
They thought he would have died; 
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life, 
As she knelt by his bed-side.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow, 
For woundily sick was he; ‘Save me, St. Michael, and we will go Six marks to give to thee.’

Merrily, merrily rung the bells, 
The bells of St. Michael’s tower, 
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife Arrived at St. Michael’s door.

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife Teaz’d him by night and by day: ‘O mine own dear! for you I fear, If we the vow delay.’

It chanc’d that Richard Penlake fell sick, 
They thought he would have died; 
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life, 
As she knelt by his bed-side.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow, 
For woundily sick was he; ‘Save me, St. Michael, and we will go Six marks to give to thee.’

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife Teaz’d him by night and by day: ‘O mine own dear! for you I fear, If we the vow delay.’

A blessing on St. Michael’s chair! 
She said as she sat down: 30 Merrily, merrily rung the bells, 
And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought 
That his good wife was dead: ‘Now shall we toll for her poor soul The great church bell?’ they said.

A blessing on St. Michael’s chair! ‘She said as she sat down: Merrily, merrily rung the bells, And out Rebecca was thrown.

A curse on the ringers for rocking The tower! Rebecca cried, As over the church battlements She strode with a long stride.

Thou conqueror King, repent in time. Or dread the coming woe! 
King Henry forced a careless smile, As the Hermit went his way; And he gave the key of the door to his wife, And charged her to keep it lock’d on her life.

And if any one ask my Study to see, I charge you to trust them not with the key; Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore, On your life let nobody enter that door.

To sit in St. Michael’s chair, 
And Richard knelt in prayer: She left him to

Merrily, merrily rung the bells, 
Till Richard avow’d he no longer, 
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take, 
And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca her husband had often wish’d 
To sit in St. Michael’s chair; 
For she should be the mistress then 
If she had once sat there.

It chanc’d that Richard Penlake fell sick, 
They thought he would have died; 
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life, 
As she knelt by his bed-side.

Richard Penlake repeated the vow, 
For woundily sick was he; ‘Save me, St. Michael, and we will go Six marks to give to thee.’

Merrily, merrily rung the bells, 
The bells of St. Michael’s tower, 
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife Arrived at St. Michael’s door.

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife Teaz’d him by night and by day: ‘O mine own dear! for you I fear, If we the vow delay.’

King Henry lifted up his eyes The intruder to behold; With reverence he the hermit saw, For the holy man was old.

His look was gentle as a Saint’s, And yet his eye was bold. 
King Henry repeated the vow, For woundily sick was he; ‘Save me, St. Michael, and we will go Six marks to give to thee.’

The Hermit heard King Henry speak, And angriely look’d down; His face was gentle, and for that More solemn was his frown.

What if no miracle from Heaven The murderer’s arm control, Think you for that the weight of blood Lies lighter on his soul? 6c

Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take, And shew her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca her husband had often wish’d 
To sit in St. Michael’s chair; 
For she should be the mistress then 
If she had once sat there.

It chanc’d that Richard Penlake fell sick, 
They thought he would have died; 
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Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought 
That his good wife was dead: ‘Now shall we toll for her poor soul The great church bell?’ they said.

A blessing on St. Michael’s chair! ‘She said as she sat down: Merrily, merrily rung the bells, And out Rebecca was thrown.

A curse on the ringers for rocking The tower! Rebecca cried, As over the church battlements She strode with a long stride.

Thou conqueror King, repent in time. Or dread the coming woe! 
King Henry forced a careless smile, As the Hermit went his way; And he gave the key of the door to his wife, And charged her to keep it lock’d on her life.

And if any one ask my Study to see, I charge you to trust them not with the key; Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore, On your life let nobody enter that door.

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain Access to that Study had sought to obtain; And he begg’d and pray’d the books to see, In silent reverence, or begg’d A blessing as he went; And so the Hermit pass’d along And reach’d the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone, The map before him lay, Fresh conquests he was planning there To grace the future day.
And these horrible leaves of magic
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read,
He knew not what, but he would proceed;
When there was heard a sound at the door,
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do:
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the Author of ill;
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seemed to be melting away.

"What wouldst thou with me?" the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart;
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanished away.

THE MORAL

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjurer's books they read.

Westbury, 1798.

ST. ROMUALD

(First published in The Morning Post, February 5, 1799; afterwards in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805.)

"Les Catalans ayant appris que S. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en furent très-allegés; ils délibérèrent sur ... évocation que les Catalans avoient pour lui, ne plut point de tout à S. Romuald; il usa de stratagème et leur échappa."—St. Foix, 

"One day, it matters not to know How many hundred years ago.
A Frenchman stopp'd at an inn door: The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat Of this and that, For he had seen the Traveller there before."

Of this and that, For he had seen the Traveller there before.

"Doth holy Romuald dwell Still in his cell?" the Traveller ask'd, ' or is the old man dead?'

"No; he has left his loving flock, and we So great a Christian never more shall see."

"Ah, Sir! we knew his worth! If ever there did live a saint on earth!..."

Westbury, 1798.

ST. ROMUALD

"What might this honour be?" the Traveller cried; "Why, Sir," the Host replied, "We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us; And then should strangers have The good man's grave, A loss like that would naturally grieve us.

For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

Westbury, 1798.

THE ROSE

"Nay, Edith! spare the Rose; perhaps it lives,
And feels the noontide sun, and drinks refresh'd The dew of night; let not ... of earth. Thou hast not heard How first by miracle its fragrant leaves Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.

There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish maid, And Zillah was her name, so passing fair..."
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night; ... that Zillah's life was foul.
Yea, forfeit to the law.
Shame ... shame to man,
That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another's name! The ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed... and soon,
For Hamuel by his well-schemed villany
Produced such semblances of guilt, the Maid
Was to the fire condemn'd.
Without the walls,
There was a barren field; a place abhor'd,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Receiv'd their death! and there they fix'd the stake,
And piled the fuel round which should consume
The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it seemed,
By God and Man. The assembled Bethlemites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the Maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to Heaven.
They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts
Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Led thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first
Of welcoming guilt, anticipant of Hell.
The eye of Zillah as it glanced around
Fell on the slanderer once, and rested there
A moment; like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless wound.
Conscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch.
Not in the hour of infamy and death
Parsketh the virtuous! they draw near the stakes,
They bring the torch!... hold, hold your erring hands!
Yet quench the rising flames!... they rise! they spread!
They reach the suffering Maid! oh God protect
The innocent one!
They rose, they spread, they raged;
The breadth of God went forth; the ascending fire,
Beneath its influence bent, and all its flames,
In one long lightning-flash concentrating,
Darted and blasted Hamuel, ... him alone.
Hark!... what a fearful scream the multitude
Pour forth, and yet more miracles! the stake
Branches and buds, and, spreading its green leaves,
Embraces and canopies the innocent Maid
Who there stands glorified; and Roses, then
First seen on earth since Paradise was lost.
Profusely blossom round her, white and red
In all that rich variety of hues;
And fragrances such as our first parents breathed
In Eden she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

Westbury, 1798.
The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the oflengers both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below;
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair;
' Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below and die with me.'

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
And falling o'er the rock's steep side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;
But never Cross was planted there
Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Westbury, 1798.

GARCI FERRANDEZ

[Published in The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1808. The story is to be found in the Corónica General de España.]

PART I

1

In an evil day and an hour of woe
Did Garci Ferrandez wed!
He wedded the Lady Argentine,
As ancient stories tell.
He loved the Lady Argentine,
Alas! for what befell!

The Lady Argentine hath fed,
In an evil day and an hour of woe
She hath left the husband who loved her well,
To go to Count Aymerique's bed.

2

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,
The comeliest of the land;
There was never a knight of Leon in fight
Who could meet the force of his matchless might;
There was never a foe in the infidel band
Who against his dreadful sword could stand;
And yet Count Garci's strong right hand
Was shapely, and soft, and white;
As white and as soft as a lady's hand
Was the hand of the beautiful Knight.

3

In an evil day and an hour of woe
To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique go;
In an evil hour and a luckless night
From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,
And bear with him that lady bright,
That lady faire, his bale and bane.
There was feasting and joy in Count Aymerique's bower,
When he with triumph, and pomp, and pride,
Brought home the adultress like a bride:
His daughter only sae in her tower,
She sate in her lonely tower alone,
And for her dead mother she made her moan;
'Mothinks,' said she, 'my father for me
Might have brought a bridgroom home.
A stepmother he brings hither instead,
Count Aymerique will not his daughter wed,
But he brings home a leman for his own bed.'
So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill
Were working thus in Abba's will;
And Argentine with evil intent
Ever to work her woe was bent;
That still she sate in her tower alone,
And in that melancholy gloom,
When for her mother she made her moan,
She wish'd her father too in the tomb.

4

She watches the pilgrims and poor who wait
For daily food at her father's gate.
'I would some Knight were there,' she thought;
' Disguised in pilgrim-woes for me!
For Aymerique's blessing I would not stay,
Nor he nor his leman should say me nay,
But I with him would wend away.'

5

She watches her handmaid the pittance deal,
They took their dole and went away;
But yonder is one who lingers still
As white and as soft as a lady's hand
Was the hand of the beautiful Knight.

6

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,
And told her that a knight was there,
Who sought to speak with Abba the fair,
And in pilgrim-weeds array'd,
Yet noble in his weeds was he,
And did his arms in them enfold
As they were robes of royalty.

He told his name to the high-born fair,
He said that vengeance led him there.
'Now aid me, lady dear,' quoth he,
'To smite the adulteress in her pride;
Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be,
And I will take you for my bride.'

He pledged the word of a true Knight,
From out the weeds his hand he drew;
She took the hand that Garci gave,
And then she knew his tale was true;
For she saw the warrior's hand so white,
And she knew the fame of the beautiful Knight.
The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique. That mood his crafty daughter knew; She came and kiss'd her father's cheek, And when the hour of rest was come, She lay at her father's feet.

And then amid their wanton play They mock'd the beautiful Knight. Far, far away his castle lay, The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique, And when the hour of rest was come, She lay at her father's feet.
There came a devil posting in
Return'd from his employ,
Seven years had he been gone from
Hell,
And now he came grinning for joy.

'Seven years,' quoth he, 'of trouble and toil
Have I laboured the Pope to win;
And I to-day have caught him,
He hath done a deadly sin!'

And then he took the Devil's book,
And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
He drew his mouth so wide,
You might have seen his iron teeth,
Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
He knew not for joy what to do,
In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,
It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this,
Straight how to act bethought him;
He leapt upon the Devil's back,
And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
All through the olear moonlight;
I warrant who saw them on their way
He did not sleep that night.

The Bishop just as they set out,
To tell his beads begun;
And he was by the bed of the Pope
Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
In terror and confusion;
And he confess'd the deadly sin,
And he had absolution.

The Pope, who had on his breast,
A cross of gold so plain;
Or to the altar an iron key,
That was of much more pain.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
Some solitary man in other times
Had grown old in solitude.

But what was this the Pope had done
To bind his soul to Hell?
Ah! that is the mystery of this wonderful history,
And I wish that I could tell!

But would you know, there you must go,
You can easily find the way;
It is a broad and well-known road
That is travell'd by night and by day.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur.
Away they go like the wind;
The beads of the Bishop are hanging before;
And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them,
As soon as she came within call;
'Ave Maria!' the Bishop exclaim'd,
It frightened her broomstick and she got a fall.
ST. GUALBERTO

ADDRESS TO GEORGE BURNETT.

[Published in The Annual Anthology, 1800, and in Metrical Tales, 1805. Southey quotes Villegas, Flos Sanctorum, and other writers, as narrating the stories which he has versified in this ballad.]

1

The work is done, the fabric is complete; Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower, Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat, Must toil for many a league and many an hour. Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows, Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

2

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride, Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state, How many a saint bedeck'd ... graced its gate; Yet high its towers, its massy walls how strong, Those fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

3

Yet while the face rose slowly from the ground, But little store of charity, I ween, The passing pilgrim at Moscera found; And often there the mendicant was seen Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door, Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor.

4

Now all is finish'd, and from every side They flock to view the fabric, young and old. Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride, When on the Sabbath-day his eyes beheld The multitudes that crowd his church's door? Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more?

5

So chance it that Gualberto pass'd that way, Since sainted for a life of saintly deeds. He paused the new-er' d convent to survey, And 'er the structure whilst his eye proceeds, Sorrow'd, as one whose holier feelings deem That ill so proud a pile did humble monks become.

6

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw, And forth he came to greet the holy guest: For him he knew as one who held the law Of Benedict, and each severe behest So duly kept with such religious care, That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

7

' Good brother, welcome!' thus Rodulfo cries, ' In sooth it glads me to behold you here; It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes Did not deceive me; yet full many a year Hath slipped away, since last you bade farewell To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

8

'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found, And such as suited ill a guest so dear, The pile was ruinous, the base in sound; It glads me more to bid you welcome here, For you can call to mind our former state; Come, brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate.

9

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow; He raised his hand and pointed to the pile, ' Moscera better pleased me then, than now; A palace this, befitting kingly pride! Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?'

10

' Ay,' cries Rodulfo, 'tis a stately place! And pomp becomes the House of Worship well. Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face! When earthy kings in seats of grandeur dwell, Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall, Can poor and sordid huts besem the Lord of all?'

11

' And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high To serve your God? the Monk severely replied. 'It rose from zeal and earnest piety, And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside. 'Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere, However poor the cell, God will incline his ear.

12

' Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose, Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door? Did charity relieve the orphan's woes? Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor? He who with alms most succours the distressed, Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.

13

' Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord? Their place of worship was the desert cell, Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board, And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by, They blest their gracious God, and "thought it luxury."'

14

' Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face; ' Enough of preaching,' sharply he replied; Thou art grown envious; 'tis a common case, Humility is made the cloak of pride. Proud of our home's magnificence are we, But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.'

15

' And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high To serve your God!' the Monk severely replied. 'It rose from zeal and earnest piety, And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside. 'Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere, However poor the cell, God will incline his ear.

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone, 'O, Father, hear me! If this costly pile Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone, Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile! Still may it stand, and never evil know, Long as beside its walls the endless stream shall flow.'
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

16

But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,
To pamper worldly pride;rown on it then!
Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent!
Let yonder brook, that gently flows beside,
Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!

17

He said, and lo, the brook no longer flows!
The waters pause, and now they swell on high;
Erect in one collected heap they rose;
The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly;
And upon all the Saints in Heaven they call,
To save them in their flight from that impending fall.

18

Down the heap waters came, and, with a sound
Like thunder, overthrown the fabric falls;
Swept far and wide its fragments strew the ground,
Prone lies its columns now, its high-arch'd walls,
Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

19

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,
Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound?
This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth,
He only play'd his pranks on foreign
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

20

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,
Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile;
I had not traversed then with such delight
The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's isle,
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well deserved,
On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

21

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride;
And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain;
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,
Whose size when thou seest far o'er the
fenny plain,
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,
Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

22

And we should never then have heard, I think,
At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell.
The fountain streams that now in Christ-church stink
Had Niagara'd o'er the quadrangle:
But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood,
I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might have stood.

23

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,
Served for a concert room, or signal-post;
Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,
Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast:
And, eager to destroy the unholy walls,
Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

24

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds
Of saints like this but rubbish, a mere store
Of trash, that he flings time away who reads?
And would'st thou rather bid me puzzle o'er
Matter and Mind and all the eternal round,
Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless profound?

25

Now do I bless the man who undertook
Those Monks and Martyrs to biographize;
And love to ponder o'er his ponderous book,
The mingle-mangle mass of truth and lies,
Where waking fancies mixt with dreams appear,
And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

26

All is not false which seems at first a lie.
Fernán Antolinez, a Spanish knight,
Kneel at the mass, when lo! the troops press in
To gratify their hunger and to slay,
Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinished prayer.

27

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes
The dreams which make the enthusiast's best delight;
Nor thou the legendary lore despise,
How first impel'd he sought the convent-cell;
A fair account! and should'st thou like the plea,
Thank thou our valued friend, dear George, who taught it me.

28

All is not false which seems at first a lie.
Fernán Antolinez, a Spanish knight,
Knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops press in
To gratify their hunger and to slay,
Though courage, duty, honour, summon'd there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinished prayer.

29

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd knight
Waits till the holy service should be o'er,
Even then the foremost in the furious fight
Was he beheld to bathe his sword in gore;
First in the van his plumes were seen to play,
And all to him decreed the glory of the day.

30

The truth is told, and men at once exclaim,
Heaven had his Guardian Angel deign'd to send;
And thus the tale is handed down for ever;
Sir Fernán had a friend
Who in this critical season served him well,
Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

31

I am not one who scan with scornful eyes
The dreams which make the enthusiast's best delight;
Nor thou the legendary lore despise,
How first impel'd he sought the convent-cell;
A simple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.
Ballads and Metrical Tales

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's birth, The heir of Valdespesa's rich domains; An only child, he grew in years and worth, And well repaid a father's anxious pains. In many a field that father had been tried, Well for his valour known, and not less known for pride.

It chanced that one in kindred near allied Was slain by his hereditary foe; Much by his sorrow moved and more by pride, The father vowed that blood for blood should flow, And from his youth Gualberto had been taught That with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

Long did they wait; at length the tidings came That through a lone and unfrequented way Soon would Anselmo, such the missive said, An easy prey. 'Go,' said the father, 'meet him in the wood.' And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

When now the youth was at the forest shade Arrived, it drew toward the close of day; Anselmo haply might be long delayed, Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined, And thoughts of near revenge alone possessed his mind. The rising sun, the fragrant air, the sweet-vested light, Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays; The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's Soko'd in shade, he could not chuse but gaze; And now a placid greenness clad the heaven, Where the west retained the last green light of even.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight, The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart? The heart they will not choose but gaze; And now a placid greyness clad the heaven, And thoughts of near revenge alone possessed his mind.

Slow sunk the glorious sun; a roseate light Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays; The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's Soko'd in shade, he could not chuse but gaze; And now a placid greenness clad the heaven, Where the west retained the last green light of even.

The Romanist who bears that vesper-bell, How'er employed, must send a prayer to Heaven. In foreign lands I liked the custom well, For with the calm and sober thoughts of even It well accords; and wept thou journeying there, It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

At that most blessed name, as at a spell, Conscience, the power within him, smote his heart. His hand, for murder raised, unyielding fell; He felt cold sweat-drop's on his forehead start; A moment mute in holy horror stood, Then cried, 'Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!'

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold All pious customs with religious care; And, for the young man's feelings were not cold, He never yet had missed his vesper-prayer. But strange misgivings now his heart invaded, And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd? The sudden doubt arose within his mind, And many a former precept then he weighed; The words of Him who died to save mankind; How 'twas the meek who should inherit Heaven, And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope, That yet some chance his victim might delay, So as he mused, adown the neighbouring slope He saw a lonely traveller on his way; And now he knows the man so much abhor'd, His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword.

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live, And bless, for both preserved, that holy name: And pray'd the astonished foe to forgive The bloody purpose led by which he came. Then to the neighbouring church he sped away. His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed, he reached the door, With rapid thumps his feverish pulses swell; He came to crave for pardon, to adore For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell, And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there He saw the imaged Christ smiling favouring on his prayer.

A pleasant illusion! from that very night The Monk's austerities life devoutly he led; And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight, Seraphic visions floated round his head.

The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul, And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.
QUEEN MARY’S CHRISTENING
(Southey quotes as his authorities for the story here versified, "Zurita," i, ii, &c. 30, and "Historia del muy alto y invencible Rey Don Jaime de Aragon, Primero deste Nombre, llamado El Conquistador." —Valencia, 1584.)

The first wish of Queen Mary’s heart
Is, that she may bear a son,
Who shall inherit in his time
The kingdom of Aragon.

She hath put up prayers to all the Saints
This blessing to accord,
But chiefly she hath call’d upon
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary’s heart
Is to have that son call’d James,
By one of their names she hath vow’d to call
Her son, if son it should be;
But which, is a point whereon she must let
The Apostles themselves agree.

Already Queen Mary hath to them
Contracted a grateful debt,
And from their patronage she hoped
For these farther blessings yet.

She had lost him from her lawful bed
For lack of personal graces,
And by prayers to them, and a pious deceit,
She had compass’d his embrace.

But if this hope of a son should fail,
All hope must fail with it then,
For she could not expect by a second device
To compass the King again.

QUEEN MARY’S CHRISTENING
Bishop Boyle, with his precious mitre on,
Hath taken there his stand,
In robes which were embroidered
By the Queen’s own royal hand.

In part of the ante-room
The Ladies of the Queen,
All with their rosaries in hand,
Upon their knees are seen.

In the other part of the ante-room
The Chiefs of the realm you behold,
Ricos Ornes, and Bishops and Abbots,
And Knights and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this
As she lay in her state bed;
And from the pillow needed not
To lift her languid head.

Twelve little altars have been there
Erected, for the nonce;
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,
Whose all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest
You nowhere could desire;
A high altar hath there been raised,
Where the crucifix you see;
And the sacred P ix that shines with gold
And sparkles with jewelry.

Oh, that was a joy for Queen Mary’s heart;
The babe is christened James;
The Prince of Aragon hath got
The best of all good names.

But if this hope of a son should fail,
All hope must fail with it then,
For she could not expect by a second device
To compass the King again.
Glory to Santiago,
The mighty one in war! 
James he is call’d, and he shall be 
King James the Conqueror!

Now shall the Crescent wane, 
The Cross be set on high 
In triumph upon many a Mosque; 
Woe, woe to Mawmetry!

In the Three Kings they bid him confide, 
Who there in Cologne lie side by side; 
And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins eke, 
Intercession for him will they bespeak.

Valencia shall be subdued; 
Majorca shall be won; 
The Moors be routed every where; 
Joy, joy, for Aragón!

Shine brighter now, ye stars, that crown 
Our Lady del Pilar, 
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador 
Ruy Diez de Bivar!

Pardon, some said, they might presume, 
Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come; 
But others maintain’d that St. Ursula’s heart 
Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

But though pardon cannot here be bought, 
It may for the other world, he thought; 
And so to his comfort, with one consent, 
The Friars assured their penitent.

Though the furnace of Babylon could not compare 
With the terrible fire that rages there, 
Yet they their part will so zealously do, 
He shall only but frizzle as he flies through.

Though the Friars, who help’d him to die so well, 
Put in their claim to the miracle; 
Greater things than this, as their Annals could tell, 
The stock of their merits for sinful men Had done before, and would do again.

All which they promise, he need not fear, 
Through Purgatory will carry him o’er; 
And he was hang’d on the triple tree, 
So the Friars assisted, by special grace, 
With book and bell to the fatal place.

But though pardon cannot here be bought, 
It may for the other world, he thought; 
And so to his comfort, with one consent, 
The Friars assured their penitent.

Money, they teach him, when rightly given, 
Is put out to account with Heaven; 
For suffrages therefore his plunder went, 
Sinfully gotten, but piously spent.

All Saints, whose shrines are in that city, 
They tell him, will on him have pity, 
Seeing he hath liberally paid, 
In this time of need, for their good aid.

One who thought this aid divine 
Came from the other bank of the Rhine; 
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied, 
Because his birth-place was on that side.

Thy stir in Cologne is greater to-day 
Than all the bustle of yesterday; 
Hundreds and thousands went out to see; 
The irons and chains, as well as he, 
Went, but the rope was left on the tree.

Pardon, some said, they might presume, 
Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come; 
But others maintain’d that St. Ursula’s heart 
Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

There was one who thought this aid divine 
Came from the other bank of the Rhine; 
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied, 
Because his birth-place was on that side.

The crowd broke up and went their way; 
All were gone by the close of day; 
And Roprecht the Robber was left there 
Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The last who look’d back for a parting sight, 
Belied him there in the clear moonlight: 
But the first who look’d when the morning shone, 
Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

But though pardon cannot here be bought, 
It may for the other World, he thought; 
And so to his comfort, with one consent, 
The Friars assured their penitent.

The Cross be set on high 
In triumph upon many a Mosque; 
Woe, woe to Mawmetry!

In the Three Kings they bid him confide, 
Who there in Cologne lie side by side; 
And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins eke, 
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ROPRECHT THE ROBBER

The story here versified is told by Taylor the Water Poet, in his 'Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours'... for the present to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat.' It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82, of the third paging.

Colen, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Kollen on the Elbe, in Bohemia, or a town of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reasons for transferring it.

It will be a comfortable sight 
To see him there by day and by night; 
For Roprecht the Robber many a year 
Had kept the country round in fear.

So the Friars assisted, by special grace, 
With book and bell to the fatal place; 
And he was hang’d on the triple tree, 
With as much honour as man could be.

There was one who thought this aid divine 
Came from the other bank of the Rhine; 
For Roprecht there too had for favour applied, 
Because his birth-place was on that side.

If in holy ground his relics were laid, 
Some marvellous sign would show, they said; 
If restored to life, a Friar he would be, 
Or a holy Hermit certainly, 
And die in the odour of sanctity.

That thus it would prove they could not doubt, 
Of a man whose end had been so devout; 
And to disputing then they fell 
About who had wrought this miracle.

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So the Friars assisted, by special grace, 
With book and bell to the fatal place; 
And he was hang’d on the triple tree, 
With as much honour as man could be.
With that this second thought befell, That perhaps he had not died so well, Nor had Saints perform'd the miracle; But rather there was cause to fear, That the foul Fiend had been busy here!

For not in riding trim was he When he disappear'd from the triple tree; And his suit of irons he still was in, With the collar that clipp'd him under the chin.

Plainly therefore it was to be seen That somewhere on horseback he had been; And at this the people marvelled more Than at any thing which had happen'd before.

For in a muse the multitude stood While the Hangman and all concurr'd; But now, behold, he was booted and spurr'd!

What a horse must it be which he had ridden, No earthly beast could be so bestridden; And when by a hell-horse a dead rider was carried, The whole land would be fearfully harried!

So some were for digging a pit in the place, And burning him there with a stone on his face; And that hard on his body the earth should be press'd, And exorcists be sent for to lay him at rest.

But others, whose knowledge was greater, opined That this corpse was too strong to be confined; For no weight of earth which they could lay Would hold him down a single day, If he chose to get up and ride away.

There was no keeping Vampires under ground; And bad as a Vampire he might be found, The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye, 'Thy conscience, methinks, may be well at rest, An honest man among the best, I would that all my flock, like thee, Kept clear accounts with Heaven and me!'

Always before, without confusion, Being sure of easy absolution, Pieter said he was come to confess; 'Why, Pieter, how can this be so? I confessed thee some ten days ago!'

And if he did, here, in this place, The only infallible remedy; So they were for burning the body outright, Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

But fire, they said, had been proved to be The only infallible remedy; So they were for burning the body outright, Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

Others were for searching the mystery out, And setting a guard the gallows about, Who should keep a careful watch, and see Whether Witch or Devil it might be That helped him down from the triple tree.

For that there were Witches in the land, Was what all by this might understand; And they must not let the occasion slip For detecting that cursed fellowship.

Pietr Snoye, who was looking down, With something between a smile and a frown, Felt that suspicion move his bile, And look'd up with more of a frown than a smile.

The father, he said, cast a gracious eye, When he heard him thus the Devil defy; The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye, And if he did, here, in this place, Would not dare impute that sin to me; He might charge me as well with heresy: The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye, And if he did, here, in this place, And have always paid the Church her due, And kept short scores with Heaven and you.

'The Devil himself, though Devil he be, Would not dare impute that sin to me; He might charge me as well with heresy: And if he did, here, in this place, Father Kijf, A peaceable man, and keep clear of strife, It's a queerish business that now I've been in; But I can't say that it's much of a sin.

'However, it needs must be confess'd, And as it will set this people at rest, To come with it at once was best: Therefore, if I delayed, I thought That some might perhaps into trouble be brought.

And as it will set this people at rest, To come with it at once was best: They had rather meet him alive than dead.
And as you know, all people said: What a goodly end that day he had made; So we thought for certain, Father Kijf, That if he were saved he would mend his life.

But the morning was presently heard again, And we knew it was nothing ghostly then: "Lord help us, father!" Piet Pieterszoon said, "Roprecht, for certain, is not dead!"

So under the gallows our cart we drive, And, sure enough, the man was alive; Because of the irons that he was in, He was hanging, not by the neck, but the chin.

The reason why things had got thus wrong, Was, that the rope had been left too long; The Hangman's fault—a clumsy rogue, He is not fit to hang a dog.

My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I, When we heard a moaning as we came near, Which made us quake at first for fear. Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there, Never stir'd hand or foot in the air; But when at last he was left alone, The secret, as you may guess, was known To Alit, my wife, but to her alone; And never sick man, I dare aver, Was better tended than he was by her.

You may well think we laughed in our sleeve, At what the people then seem'd to believe; Queer enough it was to hear them say, That the Three Kings took Roprecht away:

He had been sitting it out, Till a latish hour, at a christening bout; And perhaps we were rash, as you may think, And a little soft or so, for drink.

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My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I, We took him down, seeing none was nigh; And we took off his suit of irons with care, When we got him home, and we hid him there.

The secret, as you may guess, was known To Alit, my wife, but to her alone; And never sick man, I dare aver, Was better tended than he was by her.

Good advice, moreover, as good could be, He had from Alit my wife, and me; And no one could promise fairer than he: So that we and Piet Pieterszoon our son, Thought that we a very good deed had done.

Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there, Never stir'd hand or foot in the air; But when at last he was left alone, The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too, I warrant, had something better to do.

Piet and I had been sitting it out, Till a latish hour, at a christening bout; And perhaps we were rash, as you may think, And a little soft or so, for drink.

Father Kijf, we could not bear To leave him hanging in misery there; And 'twas an act of merey, I cannot but say, To get him down, and take him away.

Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear That there must have been a miracle here; And we had the happiness to be in it, Having been brought there just at the minute.

And therefore it would become us to make An offering for this favour's sake To the Three Kings and the Virgins too, Since we could not tell to which it was due.

For greater honour there could be none Than what in this business the Saints had done To us and Piet Pieterszoon our son; She talk'd me over, Father Kijf, With that tongue of hers, did Alit my wife.

Lord, forgive us! as if the Saints would deign To come and help such a rogue in grain; Queer enough it was to hear them say, That the Three Kings took Roprecht away:

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And therefore it would become us to make An offering for this favour's sake To the Three Kings and the Virgins too, Since we could not tell to which it was due.

We have robbed the gallows and that was ill done! said I, to Piet Pieterszoon my son; And restitution we must make To that same gallows, for justice' sake.

But the struggle in no long time was done, Because, you know, we were two to one; But yet all our strength we were fain to try, Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I.

And therefore it would become us to make An offering for this favour's sake To the Three Kings and the Virgins too, Since we could not tell to which it was due.

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The struggle in no long time was done, Because, you know, we were two to one; But yet all our strength we were fain to try, Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I.

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Ballads and Metrical Tales

His own rope was ready there; To measure the length we took good care; And the job which the bungling Hangman began, This time, I think, was properly done. By me and Piet Pieterszoon my son.

The Young Dragon

[Parts I and II were published in Fraser's Magazine, April 1830; Parts III and IV in the issues of the same Magazine for June and July 1830, respectively.]

The legend on which this poem is founded is related in the Vida y Hazañas del Gran Tamorlan, con la Descripción de las Tierras de su Imperio y Señorío, escrita por Ruy González de Clavijo, Camarero del muy alto y Poderoso Señor Don Enrique, Tercero desto Nombre, Rey de Castilla y de León; con un Itinerario de lo Sucedido en la Embajada, que por dicho Señor el Rey hizo al dicho Príncipe, llamado por otro Nombre Tamurbec, Año del Nacimiento de 1403.

Part I

Pitivrian was a Pagan, An easy-hearted man, And Pagan sure he thought to end As Pagan he began. Thought he, the one must needs be good, 
With no better, and the other none to alter; For, if Diana the Divino,
My daughter worships at the shrine Of the Christian Goddess, Mary.

In this uncertain matter If I the wrong course take, Mary to me will mercy show If I am right, and Mary to me will mercy show. For my Marana's sake, If I am right, and Mary to me will mercy show. And the twin Deities for me Will spare my dear-loved daughter.

If every one in Antioch Had reasoned in this strain, It never would have raised alarm In Satan's dark domain. But Mary's Image every day Looks down on crowds who come to pray; Her votaries never falter; While Diana's temple is so bare, That unless her Priestess take good care, She will have a grace-green altar.

He built it by the fountain Of Phlegethon's red flood, In the innermost abyss, the place Of central solitude; Of adamantine blocks unbroken, Diana herself had interwoven, The sole material fitting; 
With amianth he lined the nest, And incombustible asbest, To bear the fiery sitting.

There with malignant patience He sate in fell despite, Till this draconine cockatrice Should break its way to light. In the midst of the dark abyss, Diana herself had interwoven, The sole material fitting; The Antiocheans had sentido-d, And she had made them tremble. 

The Antiocheans stood in, Of what on deadliest vengeance bent With imperturbable intent He there for them was brooding. The months of incubation At length were duly past, And now the infernal Dragon-chick Hath burst its shell at last; At which the Antiocheans stood in, Of what on deadliest vengeance bent With imperturbable intent He there for them was brooding.

And in the air a rushing Pass'd over, in the night; And as it pass'd, there pass'd with it A meteoric light; The Antiocheans had sentido-d, And she had made them tremble. 

To whom of Gods or Heroes Should they for aid apply? Where should they look for succour now, Or whither should they fly? The Antiocheans had sentido-d, And she had made them tremble.

In this uncertain matter If I the wrong course take, Mary to me will mercy show If I am right, and Mary to me will mercy show. For my Marana's sake, If I am right, and Mary to me will mercy show. And the twin Deities for me Will spare my dear-loved daughter.
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

They see how unavailing
All human force must prove;
Oh might their earnest prayers obtain
Protection from above!
The Christians sought our Lady's shrine
To invoke her aid divine;
And, with a like emotion,
The Pagans on that fearful day
Took to Diana's fane their way,
And offer'd their devotion.

But there the offended Goddess
Beheld them with a frown;
The indignant altar heaved itself
And shook their offerings down;
The Priestess with a deathlike hue
Paled as the marble Image grew,
The marble Image redden'd;
And these poor suppliants at the sight
Pelt in fresh access of affright
Their hearts within them deaden'd.

Behold the marble eyeballs
With life and motion shine!
And from the moving marble lips
There comes a voice divine.

The countenance that fix'd him
Was of a sun-burnt mien,
The face was like a Prophet's face
Inspired, but yet serene;
His arms and legs and feet were bare;
The raiment was of camel's hair,
That, loosely hanging round him,
Fell from the shoulders to the knee;
And round the loins, though elsewhere
Free,
A leathern girdle bound him.

With his right arm uplifted
The great Precursor stood,
Thus represented to the life
In carved and painted wood.

Wildly he look'd about him
On many a form divine,
Whose Image o'er its altar stood,
And many a sculptured shrine,
In which the saints are invested:
dancing o'er these his rapid eye
Towards one image that stood nigh
Was drawn, and there it rested.

Hath sudden hope inspired him,
Or is it in despair
That through the throng he made his way
And sped he knew not where?

For how could be the sight sustain
That there some blessed Power on high
Had help for him provided.

This is the arm whose succour
Heaven brings me here to seek!
Oh let me press it to my lips,
And so its aid bespeak!

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Was of a sun-burnt mien,
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The Young Dragon

Of grief, and horror, and remove,
And natural piety, whose force
Prevent'd d'or false devotion.

The walls and towers are elas'd, d
And every hill and height.
That overlooks the vale, is throng'd
For this accursed sight.

Yet not without emotion
Of guilt, and horror, and remove,
And nature's abominable power;

The hugest brazen mortars
That ever yet fired bomb
Could not have check'd this fiendish beast
As did that Holy Thumb.

To pious visitors would hold
For when about some three miles height,
Yet still in perfect reach of sight,
Oh, wonder of all wonders!

The Christians go to succour
But in that moment of most need,
To pious visitors would hold
Oh, wonder of all wonders!

Of grief, and horror, and remove,
And nature's abominable power;

The Christians go to succour
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The Christians go to succour
But in that moment of most need,
BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

But when I looked at my Mistress's face, It was all too grave the while; And when I ceased, methought there was more Of reproof than of praise in her smile.

That smile I read aright, for thus Reprovingly said she, "Such tales are meet for youthful ears But give little content to me."

"From thee far rather would I hear Some sober, sadder lay, Such as I oft have heard, well pleased Before those locks were grey."

"Nay, Mistress mine," I made reply, "The autumn hath its flowers, Nor ever is the sky more gay Than in its evening hours."

"Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagne, Upon a warm spring day, Even like a kitten at its sport, Is sometimes seen to play."

"That sense which held me back in youth Prom all intemperate gladness, That same good instinct bids me shun Unprofitable sadness."

"Nor marvel you if I prefer Of playful themes to sing; The October grove hath brighter tints Than Summer or than Spring:"

"Why should I seek to call forth tears? The source from whence we weep Too near the surface lies in youth, In age it lies too deep."

"Enough of foresight sad, too much Of retrospect have I; And well for me that I sometimes Can put those feelings by:"

"From public ills, and thoughts that else Might weigh me down to earth, That I can gain some intervals For healthful, hopeful mirth;"

"That I can sport in tales which suit Young auditors like these, Yet, if I err not, may content The few I seek to please."

"I know in what responsive minds My lightest lay will wake A sense of pleasure, for its own, And for its author's sake."

"I know the eyes in which the light Of memory will appear; I know the lips which while they read Will wear a smile sincere:"

"The hearts to which my sportive song The thought of days will bring, When they and I, whose Winter now Comes on, were in our Spring."

"And I their well known voices too, Though far away, can hear, Distantly, even as when in dreams They reach the inward ear."

"There speaks the man we knew of yore," Well pleased I hear them say, "Such was he in his lighter moods Before our heads were grey."

"Ruyyant he was in spirit, quick Of fancy, blithe of heart, And Care and Time and Change have left Untouched his better part.""

"Thus say my morning friends who now Are in the vale of years, And I, save such as thus may rise, Would draw no other tears."

Keswick, 1829.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

PREFACE

One of my friends observed to me in a letter, that many stories which are said to be founded on fact, have in reality been founded on it. This is the case if there be any gross violation committed or ignorance betrayed of historical manners in the prominent parts of a narrative wherein the writer affects to observe them: or when the ground-work is taken from some part of history so popular and well known that any mixture of fiction disturbs the sense of truth. Still more so, if the subject be in itself so momentous that any alloy of invention must of necessity debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions: for when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears profane. Founded on fact the Poem is, which is here committed to the world: but whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of those objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and without so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones.

In the original Preface Southey here subjoined a long extract from Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus, Lib. Prodromus, pp. 97-106, which has not been thought necessary to reprint in the present edition.—En.

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY

1

Envy: ten years are numbered, since the day, Which ushered in the cheerful month of May, To us by thy dear birth, my daughter clear.

Kenswick, 1829.

A child more welcome, by indulgent Heaven

Never to parents' tears and prayers was given:

For scarcely eight months at thy happy birth

Had pass'd, since of thy sister we were left,

Our first-born, and our only babe, bereft.

Too fair a flower was she for this rude earth!

The features of her beauteous infancy

Have faded from me, like a passing cloud,

Or like the glories of an evening sky:

And seldom hath my tongue pronounced her name,

Since she was summon'd to a happier sphere.

But that dear love, so deeply wounded then,

I in my soul with silent faith sincere

Devoutly cherish till we meet again.
I saw thee first with trembling thankfulness,
O daughter of my hopes and of my fears!
Press'd on thy senseless cheek a troubled kiss,
And breathed my blessing over thee with tears.
But memory did not long our bliss
For gentleness, who had given relief,
Wean'd with new love the chasten'd heart from grief.
And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

It was a season when their leaves and flowers
The trees as to an Arctic summer
When chilling wintry winds and snowy showers,
Which had too long usurp'd the vernal hours.
Like spectres from the sight of morning, fled
Before the presence of that joyous
And groves and gardens all the live-long day
Rung with the birds' loud love-songs.

Over all,
One thrush was heard from morn till even-fall;
Thy Mother well remembers, when she
The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
How from yon lofty poplar's topmost spray
At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe was heard;
And, when the light of evening died away,
That blithe and indefatigable bird
Still his redundant song of joy and love prefer'd.

How I have doted on thine infant smiles
At morning, when thine eyes unlosed on mine;
How, as the months in swift succession roll'd,
I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
And watch'd the dawning of the light divine;
And with what artifice of playful guiles
Won from thy lips with still-repeated wiles
Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often told.
Something I see thou know'st; for thou hast seen
Thy sisters in their turn such fondness prove,
And felt how childhood in its winning
And felt how childhood in its winning
The appet'ld soul to tenderness can move.
This thou canst tell; but not the hopes and fears
With which a parent's heart doth overflow,
The thoughts and cares unwoven with
That love;
Its nature and its depth, thou dost not, canst not know.

The years which since thy birth have pass'd away
May well to thy young retrospect appear
As a measureless extent: like yesterday
To me, so soon they filled their short
Career.
To thee discourse of reason...
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

CANTO I

1

Jenner! for ever shall thy honour'd name
Blest, among the children of mankind be
Who by thy skill has taught us how to tame
One dire disease, the lamentable
Which Africa sent forth to scourge the West,
As if in vengeance for her sable brood
So many an age remorselessly oppress
For that most fearful malady subdued
Receive a poet's praise, a father's gratitude.

2

Fair promise be this triumph of an age
When Man, with vain desire no longer blind,
And wise though late, his only war shall wage
against the miseries which afflict
Striving with virtuous heart and strenuous mind
Away till ev'ry evil from the earth shall pass
Lo, this his glorious destiny assign'd!
For that blest consummation let us pray,
And trust in fervent faith, and labour as we may.

3

The hideous malady which lost its power
When Jenner's art the dire contagion stay'd
Among Colombia's sons, in fatal hour
Across the wide Atlantic wave convey'd
Its fester'd form of pestilence disse Hawthorne's deadly course the plague began
Vanily the wretched sufferer look'd for aid
Parent from child, and child from parent ran
For tyrannous fear dissolve all natural bonds of man.

4

A feeble nation of Guaraní race,
Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued
Till the last vestige of their freedom fade
Long, long events their course
Whose term it is not given us yet to see
Thy name, who has not heard Loyola's sainted
Before whom Kings and Nations bow'd the knee?
Thine, Ethiopia, might proclaim
What deeds arose from that prolific day
And of dark plots might shuddering Europe tell.

5

But Science too her trophies would display
Faith give the martyrs of Japan their fame
And Charity on works of love would dwell
And the vain man, with peril of his
Laid the recover'd limb again beneath the knife
Long time upon the bed of pain he lay
Whiling with books the weary hours away
And from that circumstance and this vain man
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Alas, it was no medicable grief
Which herbs might reach! nor could the juggler's power
With all his antic mummeries bring relief.
Faith might not aid him in that ruling
None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.
The marriageable maiden had her dower
From death; the strong man sunk beneath its rage
And death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

7

No time for customary mourning now;
With hand close-clench'd to pluck the rooted hair,
To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow
Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly
The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there
Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair
And, giving grief its scope, infuriate
The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

8

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,
Which thus a change of suffering would obtain;
And, flying from intolerable
And piercing recollections, would full
Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain
From anguish that the soul must else endure.

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The impatient body thence upon the earth below.
None sorrow'd here; the sense of wo
The prostrate sufferers neither hoped
The body labour'd, but the heart
So let the conquering malady fail!
Its fatal course, rest cometh at the end!
Passive they lay with neither wish
For anguish but this; nor did they long attend
That welcome boon from death, the never-failing friend.

Who is there to make ready now the pit,
The house that will content from this day forth
Who now the ample funeral urn shall knead,
And burying it beneath his proper hearth
Depose there with careful hands the dead,
And lightly then relay the floor above his head?

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
The hammock where they hang for winding sheet
Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepulchred,
Since I was born I have seen amid the boundless flood:
Nor our first parents more forlorn than they,
Through Eden when they took their solitary way.

But nature for her universal law
With other easier instruments in store,
Whom from the haunts of men no wond'ring awe
Withholds as with a spell. In swarms they pour
From wood and swamp: and when their work is o'er,
On the white bones the moulting wing will fall:
Seeds will take root, and spring in sun and shower;
And Mother Earth ore long with her green pall,
Resuming to herself the wreck, will cover all.

One pair alone survived the general fate;
Left in such drear and mournful solitude,
That death might seem a preferable resting
There from the armilla's searching feet
Safer than if within the tomb's retreat.
The carrion birds obscene in vain essay
To find that quarry; round and round they beat
The air, but fear to enter for their prey,
And from the silent door the jaguar turns away.

Alike to them, it seem'd their despair,
Whither they wander'd from the infected spot.
Chance might direct their steps; they took no care;
Came well or ill to them, it matter'd not!
Left as they were in that unhappy lot,
The sole survivors they of all their race,
They reck'd not when their fate, nor where,
In this resignement to their hopeless
Indifferent to all choice or circumstances of place.

That palsying stupor pass'd away ere long,
And, as the spring of health resum'd its power,
They felt that life was dear, and hope was strong.
What marvel? 'Twas with them the morning hour,
When bliss appears to be the natural
Of all the creatures of this joyous
And sorrow fleeting like a vernal shower
Scarcely interrupts the current of our
Such is the happy heart we bring with us at birth.

Though of his nature and his boundless love,
Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive
They rightly dim'd the Power who rules above
That favouring Power would still be their defence:
Thus were they by their late deliverance taught.
To place a child-like trust in Providence;
And in their state forlorn they found this thought
Of natural faith with hope and consolation fraught.
Of answering years was Monnema, nor less
Expert in all her sex's household
The Indian weed she skilfully could dress;
And in what depth to drop the yellow maize
She knew, and when around its stem to raise
The lighter'd soil; and well could she prepare
Its ripe'd seed for food, her proper praise.
Or in the embers turn with frequent care
Its succulent head yet green, sometimes for daintier fare.

And how to macerate the bark she knew,
And draw apart its beaten fibres fine,
And, bleaching them in sun, and air, and dew,
From dry and glossy filaments entwine
With rapid twist of hand the lengthening line;
Next, interknotting well the twisted thread,
In many an even mesh its knots and shape in tapering length the pensile bed,
Light hammock there to hang beneath the leafy shed.

Time had been when, expert in works of clay,
She lent her hands the swelling urn to mould,
And fill'd it for the clay of her array.
Some bitter jest awoke the dormant feud,
And wrath and rage and strife and wounds and death ensued.

The Moon had gather'd oft her monthly store
Of light, and oft in darkness left the sky,
Since Monnema a growing burthen
Of life and hope. The appointed weeks go by;
And now her hour is come, and none to help:
But human help she needed none.
A few short throses endured with scarce a cry.
Upon the bank she laid her new-born
Then slid into the stream, and bathed, and all was done.

Might old observances have there been kept,
Then should the husband to that pensile bed,
Like one exhausted with the birth
And covering with soft gums the obedient limb,
And body, then with feathers over lay,
In regular hues disposed, a rich display.
Well-pleased the glorious savage stood and eyed
The growing work; then vain of his array
Look'd with complacent frown from side to side,
Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd with statelier pride.

Feasts and carousals, vanity and strife,
Could not be done; he might not stay
The bow and those unerring shafts aside;
Nor through the appointed weeks forego the prey.
With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure as fate;
And Monnema prepared the hunter's cast with him here in this forlorn estate,
In all things for the man was she a fitting mate.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

33
Link’d as they were, where each to each was all,
How might the poor survivor hope to bear
That heaviest loss which one day must befall,
Nor sink beneath the weight of his despair!
Scarcely could the heart even for a moment dare
That miserable time to contemplate,
When the dread Messenger should find them there,
From whom is no escape, . . . and reckless Fate,
Whom it had bound so close, for ever separate.

34
Lighter that burthen lay upon the heart
When this dear babe was born to share their lot;
They could endure to think that they must part.
Then too a glad consolatory thought Arose, while gazing on the child they sought
With hope their dreary prospect to change;
All love destroy’d, by such presumptuous liberty.

35
Such hope they felt, but felt that whatsoe'er
The undiscoverable to come might prove,
Unwise it were to let that . . . to move
Discord and alien thoughts; being thus alone
From all mankind, their hearts and their desires were one.

36
Far other tie this solitary pair
Indissolubly bound; true helpmates they,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe to share,
In sickness or in health, through life’s long day;
And reassuming in their hearts her sway
Benignant Nature made the burthen light.

37
It was the Woman’s pleasure to obey, The Man’s to ease her toil in all he might, So each in serving each obtain’d the best delight.

38
And as connubial, so parental love Obey’d unerring Nature’s order here, For now no force of impious custom strove
Against her law; . . . such as was wont to bear
The unhappy heart with usages severe,
Till harden’d mothers in the grave could lay
Her living babes with no compunctional fear.

39
Deliver’d from this yoke, in them henceforth
The springs of natural love may freely flow:
New joys, new virtues with that happy birth
Are born, and with the growing infant grow.
Source of our purest happiness below
Is that benignant law which hath entwined
Dearest delight with strongest duty so,
That in the healthy heart and righteous mind
Ever they co-exist, inseparably combined.

40
Oh! bliss for them when in that infant face
They saw the unfoldiug faculties descry,
And fondly gazing, trace or think . . . and espy
The quiet smile which in the innocent cheek
Of kindness and of kind its consciousness doth speak!

41
For him, if born among their native tribe,
Some haughty ñame his parents had thought good, As weening that therewith they might
May . . . avert the rage of beasts, Or reptile that within the treacherous brake
Wait that within the treacherous brake

42
Now soften’d as their spirits were by love,
Abhorrent from such thoughts they turn’d away; . . . .
And, with a happier feeling, from the They named the Childi Yerutii.

43
Days pass, and moons have wax’d and wane’d, and still
This dovelet nestled in their leafy bower
Obtains increase of . . . and strange
And tenderly kissing, . . . and benevolent
Amid the sun-shiny grass the young leaves lie,
Whose tender buds are to the boughs to cling.

44
Ere long the cares of helpless babyhood
To the next stage of infancy give
That age with sense of conscious growth endued,
When every gesture hath its proper grace:
Then come the unsteady step, the tottering pace;
And watchful hopes and emulous thoughts appear;
In mutilated sounds which parents love to hear.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

CANTO II

1

O thou who listening to the Poet's song
Dost yield thy willing spirit to his sway,
Look not that I should painfully prolong
Tho sad the tale, nor weigh it with my pain.
Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real
2

CANTO II

O Youth or Maiden, whose'er thou art,
Safe in my guidance may thy spirit be;
I would not wantonly the tender heart:
And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
Should rise, it will from bitterness be free.
Yes, with a healing virtue be endued,
As thou in this true tale shalt hear from me
3

Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
And virtues springing up like flowers in solitude.

4

He lingers there while months and years go by,
And holds his hope though months and years have past;
And still at morning round the farthest sky,
And still at eve his eagle glance is cast,
If there he may behold the far-off mast
Which by the wretched Monnema was lost.

5

By worthier ties was this poor mother bound
To life; even while her grief was at its height,
Then in maternal love support she found,
And in maternal cares a healing for her wound.

6

No looks but those of tenderness were found
To turn upon that helpless infant door;
And, as her sense unfolded, never sound
Of wrath or discord brake upon her ear.
Her soul its native purity sincere
Possessed, by no example here defiled;
From envious passions free, exempt from fear,
Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy child.

7

For now her hour is come: a girl is born,
Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,
How passing strange, how utterly forlorn
The genial season served to mitigate
In all it might their sorrowful estate,
From neighbouring trees which bent beneath their weight,
A full supply of fruitage now mature,
So in that time of need their sustenance
was sure.
11

Yea, where that solitary bower was placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the scene,
(A wide circumference of woodland's waste!)
Something of what in Eden might have been
Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I ween,
In this fair creature: safe from all offence,
Expanding like a shelter'd plant serene,
Evis that fret and stain being far from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its innocence.

12

At first the infant to Yeruti proved A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy
The sense of kind: a fellow creature she,
In whom, when now she ceased to be a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to see
Connatural powers expand, and growing sympathy.

13

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers, and sought Throughout the woods the earliest fruits for her. No
The cayman's eggs, to which she's so averse, was feared
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind, and
Falsely and impiously teach they who thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will mis-read!
In bounty hath the Lord created us, In love redeem'd. From this authentic creed Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent, for God is good.

14

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place
Were here: three happy souls, which, unselfish, Bore their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And, cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

15

What though at birth we bring with us the seed Of sin, a mortal taint, ... in heart and will Too surely felt, too plainly shown in deed, ... Our fatal heritage; yet are we still The children of the All Merciful; and ill They teach, who tell us that from hence must flow God's wrath, and then his justice to fulfill.
Death everlasting, never-ending woe: O miserable lot of man if it were so!

16

By nature peccable and frail are we, Easily beguiled; to vice, to error prone; But apt for virtue too. Humanity Is not a field where trees and thorns are grown Are left to spring: good seed hath there been sown With no unsparing hand. Sometimes the shoot Is choked with weeds, or withers on a stone; But in a kindly soil it strikes its root, And flourisheth, and bringeth forth abundant fruit.

17

Love, duty, generous feeling, tenderness, Spring in the uncontaminated mind; And these were Mooma's natural dower. Nor less Had liberal Nature to the boy assign'd, Happier herein than if among mankind Their lot had fallen, ... oh, e'eries happier here! That all things tended still more close to bind Their earliest ties, and they from year to year Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple, and sincere.

18

Three souls in whom no selfishness had place Bore their celestial origin. The wild Was as a sanctuary where Nature smiled
Upon these simple children of her own,
And, cherishing whate'er was meek and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being unknown.

19

They had no sad reflection to alloy The calm contentment of the passing day, Nor foresight to disturb the present joy. Not so with Mommna; albeit the awe Of time had reach'd her heart, and worn away,
At length, the grief so deeply seated there, The future often, like a burthen, lay Upon that heart, a cause of secret care
And melancholy thought; yet did she not despair.

20

Chances from the fellowship of human kind Had cut them off, and chance might reunite. On this poor possibility her mind Repose'd; she did not for herself invite The unlikely thought, and cherish with delight The dream of what change might happily bring; Gladness with hope long since had taken flight From her; she felt that life was on the wing, And happiness like youth has here no second spring.

21

So were her feelings to her lot composed That to herself all change had now been pain. For Time upon her own desires had closed; But in her children as she lived again, For their dear sake she learnt to entertain A wish for human intercourse?d; And oftentimes, while they devou'd the strain, Would she beguile their evening solitude With stories strangely told and strangely understood.

22

Little she knew, for little had she seen, And little of traditionary lore had reach'd her ear; and yet to them I was wont. Their mother's knowledge seem'd a boundless store. A world it open'd to their thoughts, yea more, ... Another world beyond this mortal state Beneft of her they had indeed been poor, Being left to animal sense, degenerate, Mere creatures, they had sunk below the beasts' estate.
The human race, from her they understood, was not within that lonely hut confined; but distant far beyond their world of woe. 

There were tribes and powerful nations of their kind; and of the old observances which bind 

People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife, 

The laws of kin religiously assign'd, rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife, and all the strange vicissitudes of savage life. 

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale, but no repining thought such tales excite: only a wish, if wishes might be 

Blessed, the placid elders sate and view'd the sport, and seem'd therein to feel their youth renew'd. 

But when the darker scenes their mother drew, what crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged, what miseries from their fatal discord grew. 

When horror with horror in deadly strife engaged: the rancorous hate with which their wars they waged, the more unnatural horrors which ensued, when, with inveterate vengeance unassuaged, 

The victors round their captives' heads cast round, and babes were brought to dip their little hands in blood: 

Horrent they heard; and with her hands the maid 

Prest her eyes close as if she strove to 

The hateful image which her mind portray'd. 

The Boy, who, with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought 

To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast, complaisantly compared their harmless lot 

With such wild life, outrageous and unblest: securely thus to live, he said, was surely 

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell, from such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear. better they liked 

With willing ear they heard, devoutly listening while she told strangely-disfigured truths, and fables 

Feign'd of old. 

By the Great Spirit man was made, she said, his voice it was which peal'd along the sky, and shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with 

Voices. 

Better they liked that Monomamashon of things unseen; what Power had placed them there, and whose the living spirit came, and where it pass'd, when parted from this mortal mould; of such mysterious themes with willing ear they heard, devoutly listening while she told strangely-disfigured truths, and fables 

Feign'd of old. 

Likelier they taught who said that to the Land of Souls the happy spirit took its flight, a region underneath the sovereign power of the earth, where sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor change, nor death; but where the human frame, untouche'd by age or ill, continued still the same. 

But this, she said, was sure, that after death there was reward and there was punishment: and that the evil doers, when the wrath of Heaven 

Sent, of their injurious lives at length was 

Into all noxious forms abhor'd were sent, still 

Of beasts and reptiles; so retaining their old propensities, on evil bent, they work'd where'er they might their wicked will, the natural foes of man, whom we pursue and kill. 

Of better spirits, some there were who said that in the grave they had their place of rest. Lightly they laid the earth upon the dead, lest in his narrow tenement the guest should suffer underneath such load oppression, but that death surely set the spirit free. 

Sad proof to them poor Monema addrest, drawn from their father's fate; no grave had he wherein his soul might dwell. This therefore could not be. 

Likelier they taught that said to the Land of Souls the happy spirit took its flight, a region underneath the sole command of the Good Power; by him for the upright appointed and replenish'd with delight; a land where nothing evil ever came, sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor change, nor death; but there the human frame, untouch'd by age or ill, continued still the same.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Such grievous loss had by their own
misdeed
Upon the unworthy race of men
been brought.

An aged woman once who could not
speed
In fishing, earnestly one day besought
Her countrymen, that they of what they
caught
A portion would upon her wants bestow.

They set her hunger and her age at
nought,
And still to her entreaties answered
no!

And mock'd her, till they made her
heart with rage o'erflow.

But that Old Woman by such wanton
wrong
Inflamed, went hurrying down; and in the
pride
Of magic power, wherein the crone
was strong.

Her human form infirm she laid aside.

Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied
A strength accordant to her fierce
intention.

She assumed, and, burrowing deep and
wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she
went,
To inflict upon mankind a lasting
punishment.

Downward she wrought her way, and all
around
Labouring, the solid earth she under-
And loosen'd all the roots; ... in her hatred
of her kind,

Resumed her proper form, and breathed a
wind
Which gather'd like a tempest round its
head:

This from the Elders she had heard in
youth;

And mock'd her, till they made her
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She assumed, and, burrowing deep and
wide
Beneath the Tree, with vicious will, she
went,
While thus the Matron spake, the youthful twain
Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully;
Whether with more of wonder or of pain
Unearth it were to tell. With steady Intent they heard; and, when she paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful forbidding seem'd to speak:
Questions to which she could not give reply
Yeruti as'd; and for that Maiden meek...
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet cheek.

A different sentiment within them stirr'd, (day,
When Monnema recall'd to mind one imperfectly, what she had sometimes heard.
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say;
Almost from memory had it pass'd away...
How there appear'd amid the woodlands men,
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to convey
His gracious will; but little heed she then
Had given, and like a dream it now recur'd again.

But these young questioners from time to time
Call'd up the long-forgotten theme anew.
Strange men they were, from some remotest clime.
She said, of different speech, uncouth to view,
Having hair upon their face, and white in hue;
Across the World of waters wide they came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red-Men out, and in his name
His merciful laws, and love, and promises proclaim.

They served a Maid more beautiful than tongue
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she sprung;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no trace
Had'er inhered of sin or mortal stain.
The highest Heaven was now her dwelling-place;
There as a Queen divine she held her reign,
And there in endless joy for ever would remain.

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were set,
And, moving in their order round her head,
The Stars compose her sparkling coronet.
There at her breast the Virgin Mother fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the dead.
Such power the Spirit gave this awful Child;
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet alway at his Mother's will grew mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden unde-filed.

Sometimes she had descended from above
To visit her true votaries, and requite
Such as had served her well. And for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all delight,
With labour long and dangers infinite.
Across the great blue waters came, and sought
The Red-Men here, to win them, if they might
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit
Even when with their own lives the benefit was bought.

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's grace,
It was for them a joyful thing to die,
As men who went to have their happy place
With her, and with that Holy Child,
On high,
In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
In glory at the Virgin Mother's feet:
And all who kept their lessons faithfully
An everlasting pardon there would meet,
When Death had led their souls to that celestial seat.

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life
To those who their mild lessons would obey,
Exempt from want, from danger, and strife;
And from the forest leading them away,
They placed them underneath this Virgin's care.
A numerous fellowship, in peace to dwell;
Their high and happy office there to pay
Devotions due, which she requited well,
Their heavenly Guardian she in whatsoever befell.

Thus, Monnema remember'd, it was told
By one who in his hot and headstrong youth
Had left her happy Service; but when old
Lamented off with unavailing sigh,
And thoughts which sharper than a serpent's tooth
Pierced him, that he had changed so much;
For the fierce freedom and the ways uncoath
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's grace,
Wherefore he had no hope to see in Heaven her face.

And she remember'd, too, when first they fled
For safety to the farthest solitude
Before their cruel foes, and lived in dread
That thither too their steps might be pursued
By those old enemies thirsting for blood;
How some among them hoped to see the day
When these beloved messengers of good
To that lone hiding-place might find the way,
And them to their abode of blessedness convey.

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart
A stirring hope that haply he might meet
Some minister of Heaven; and many a part
Untrod before of that wild wood retreat,
Did he with indefatigable steps
Explore; yet over from the fruitless quest
Return'd at evening to his native seat
By daily disappointment undeprest,
So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his youthful breast.

At length the hour approach'd that should fulfill
His harmless heart's desire, when they shall see
Their fellow-kind, and take for good or ill
Their fearful chance, for such it needs must be,
Of change from that entire simplicity.
Yet wherefore should the thought of change appal?
Grief it perhaps might bring, and injury,
And death; ... but evil never can befall
The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is over all.
CANTO III

1

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

AMID those marshy woodlands far and wide
Which spread beyond the soaring vulture’s eye,
There grew on Empalado’s southern side
Graves of that tree whose leaves abroad
The Spaniards with their daily luxury
A beverage whose salubrious use
Obtains
Through many a land of mines and slavery;
Even over all La Plata’s sea-like plains,
And Chili’s mountain realm, and proud Peru’s domains.

2

But better for the injured Indian race
Had woods of manchineel the land overspread,
Yea, in that tree so blest by Nature’s grace
A direr curse had they inherited,
Than if the Upas there had rear’d its head
And sent its baleful sions all around,
Blasting where’er its efficient force expand’d,
In air and water, and the infected ground,
All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3

The poor Guaraníes dreamt of no such ill
When for themselves in miserable hour
The virtues of that leaf, with purple soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
Treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal; treasures that with them bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assuage,
Nor with their venom arm the awaken’d sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

4

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
Their way through forests axe in hand they wrought;
Drench’d from above by unremitting rains
They waded over inundated plains,
Forward by hope of plunder still allured;
So they might one day count their golden gains,
They cared not at what cost of sin proceed’d.
All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

5

Barren alike of glory and of gold
That region proved to them; nor would the soil
Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
Harvests, the fruit of peace, and wine and oil,
The treasures that repay contented toil
With health and weal; treasures that with them bring
No guilt for priest and penance to assuage,
Nor with their venom arm the awaken’d sting
Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

6

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain
The conquerors look’d for lucre in this tree:
Without the cost of annual industry
And share Potosi’s wealth.
For this, in fact, though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to toil and sweat
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn.
No friend at hand to succour or to save
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.
O miserable race, to slavery born!
Yet, when we look beyond this world’s unrest,
More miserable then the oppressors than the oppressed.

7

Oft had Kings essay’d to check the ill
By edicts not so well enforced as
A present power was wanting to fulfil
Remote authority’s sincere intent.
To Avarice, on its present purpose bent,
The voice of distant Justice spake in vain;
False magistrates and priests their influence lent
The accustomed thing for lucre to maintain:
O fatal thirst of gold! O foul reproach for Spain!

8

But for all lands that bear the Christian name!
Where'er commercial slavery is known,
O shall not Justice trumpet-tongued proclaim
The foul reproach, the black offence
The charm of a grave
Hear, guilty France, and thou,
O England, hear!
Thou who last half redeem’d thyself from shame,
When slavery from thy realms shall disappear.
Then from this guilt, and not till then,
Wilt thou be clear.

9

O foul reproach! but not for Spain alone,
For this, in fact, though not in name a slave,
The Indian from his family was torn;
And droves on droves were sent to toil and sweat
In woods and swamps, by toil severe outworn.
No friend at hand to succour or to save
In death unpitied, as in life unblest.
Yet, when we look beyond this world’s unrest,
More miserable than the oppressors than the oppressed.

10

Uncheck’d in Paraguay it ran its course,
Till all the gentle children of the land
Well nigh had been consumed without remorse.
The bolder tribes meantime, whose skilful hand
Had tamed the horse, in many a war-like band
Kept their field well with bow and dreadful spear.
And now the Spaniards dared no more withstand
Their force, but in their towns grew pale with fear.

11

Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy domain
With Spanish blood, as erst with Indian fed:
And Corrientes, by whose church the slain
Were piled in heaps, till for the gathering dead
One common grave was dug, one service said:
Thou too, Param, thy sad witness bear From shores with many a mournful vestige spread,
And monumental crosses here and there,
And monumental names that tell where dwellings were.

12

Nor would with all their power the Kings of Spain,
Austrian or Bourbon, have at last avail’d
This torrent of destruction to restrain,
And save a people every where assaull’d
By men before whose face their courage quail’d.
But for the virtuous agency of those
Who with the Cross alone, when arms had fail’d,
Achieved a peaceful triumph o’er the foes.
And gave that weary land the blessings of repose.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

For whenever the Spaniards felt or fear'd
An Indian enemy, they called for aid
Upon Loyola's sons, now long esteem'd
To many a happy tribe, by them convev'd
From the open wilderness or woodland shade,
Yet many faithful ministers essay'd
The arduous enterprise, contended well
If with success they spent, or if as martyrs.

And now it chanced some traders who had fall'd
The trees of precious foliage far and wide
On Empalado's shore, when they beheld
The inviting woodlands on its northern side,
Cross thither in their quest, and there expi'd
Yeruti's footsteps; searching then the shade
At length a lonely dwelling they describ'd
And at the thought of hostile hordes dismay'd
To the nearest mission sped and asked the Jesuit's aid.

That was a call which ne'er was made in vain
Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay
Much of injustice had they to complain
Much of gratitude they must demand
For in the seasons of adversity
Through the labors of their painful life destroy'd;
His flock which he had brought within the fold
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,
And all of good that Paraguay enjoyed
By blind and suicidal Power o'erthrown.

So he the years of his old age employ'd
A faithful chronicler, in handing down
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

And thus, when exiled from the dear-loved scene
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
Of sad remembrance; and the Empress Queen,
That great Teresa, she did not disdain
In gracious mood sometimes to entertain
Discourse with him both pleasing and sage:
Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First is to be seen a circle there,
And trample down the grass and plantage round.
Where may a beastly relict might be found,
[Beat whom with his bright and comfortable
The flame would else allure; such plagues abound
In these thick woods, and therefore must they beat.

The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their feet.

Yet may they not without some cautious care
Take up their inn content upon the ground.
First is to be seen a circle there,
And trample down the grass and plantage round.
Where may a beastly relict might be found,
[Beat whom with his bright and comfortable
The flame would else allure; such plagues abound
In these thick woods, and therefore must they beat.

The earth, and trample well the herbs beneath their feet.

And now they heap dry reeds and broken wood;
The spark is struck, the crackling faggots blaze,
And cheer that unaccustomed solitude.
Soon have they made their frugal meal of maize;
In grateful adoration then they raise
The evening hymn. How solemn in the wild
That sweet accordant strain wherewith they praise
The Queen of Angels, merciful and mild:
Hail, holiest Mary! Maid, and Mother undescribed.

Blame as thou may'st the Papist's erring creed,
But not their salutary rite of even!
The prayers that from a pious soul proceed,
Though misdirected, reach the ear of Heaven.
Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,
As our best birthright it behoves to hold
The precious charge; but, oh, beware the leaven
Which makes the heart of charity grow cold!
We own one Shepherd, we shall be at last one fold.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

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25

Thinkest thou the little company who here;
Pour forth their hymn devout at close of day,
Feel it no aid that those who hold them dear
At the same hour the same homage pay,
Commending them to Heaven when far away?

That the sweet bells are heard in solemn chime
Through all the happy towns of Paraguay,
Where now their brethren in one point of time
Join in the general prayer, with sympathy sublime?

26

That to the glorious Mother of their Lord
Whole Christendom that hour its homage pays?
From court and cottage that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?
That to the glorious Mother of their Lord
Wholes Christendom that hour its homage pays?
From court and cottage that with one accord
Ascends the universal strain of praise?

27

What if they think that every prayer enroll'd
Shall one day in their good account appear;
That guardian Angels hover round and fold
Their wings in adoration while they
Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal sphere
Waft it with joy, and to the grateful theme,

Breath'd sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

28

That prayer perform'd, around the fire reclin'd
Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
Their limbs: the Indians soon to sleep resign'd;
And the good Father with that toil-some day
Fatigued, full fain to sleep, if sleep he may
With all tormenting insects there assail'd;
More to be dreaded than beasts of prey
Against whom strength may ope, or skill prevail;
But art of man against these enemies must fail.

29

Patience itself that should the sovereign cure,
For ills that touch ourselves alone, supply;
Leads little aid to one who must endure
This plague: the small tormentors fill the sky;
And swarm about their prey; there he must lie
And suffer while the hours of darkness appear;
At times he utters with a deep-drawn sigh
Some name adored, in accents of despair
Breath'd sorrowfully forth, half murmur and half prayer.

30

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of light;
Welcome to him the earliest sound of day;
That from the sufferings of that weary night
Of fruit hunters, who the joyous chase
With honest and born in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant hallow,
And hurrying forward to their spoil desired,
The panting game before them, full in view;
Humaer thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.

31

And now where Empalado's waters sweep
Through low and level shores of woodland wide,
They come; prepared to cross the fastness deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
Where Towey and the salt-sea wasters
The Indians launch; they steady it
And guide, Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

32

For three long summer days on every side
They search in vain the sylvan solitude;
The urchin with a human footstep is espied,
And through the mazes of the pathless wood
With hound-like skill and hawk-like eye pursued;
For keen upon their pious quest are
As ever were hunters on the track of blood.

33

More cautious, when more certain of the trace,
In silence they proceed; not like a crew
Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase
With honest and born in open field pursue,
Cheering their way with jubilant hallow,
And hurrying forward to their spoil desired,
The panting game before them, full in view;
Humaer thoughts this little band inspired,
Yet with a hope as high their gentle hearts were fired.

34

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of fear;
The perils of that enterprise they know;
Some savage horde may have its fastness deep,
An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide,
Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
Where Towey and the salt-sea wasters
The Indians launch; they steady it
And guide, Winning their way with arms and practised feet,
While the tottering boat the Father keeps his seat.

35

Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is gain!

36

The voice which through the ringing forest floats
Is one which, having ne'er been taught the skill
Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter notes,
Uttern all unpremeditate, at will,
A modulated sequence loud and shrill
Of inarticulate and long-breathed sound,
Varying its tones with rise and fall and trill,
Till all the solitary woods around
With that far-piercing power of melody resound.
In mute astonishment attent to hear,  
As it by some enchantment told, they stood,  
With bending head, and fixed eye, and eager ear,  
And hand upraised in warning attitude  
To check all speech or step that might intrude  
On that sweet strain. They leaving thus spell-bound,  
A little way alone into the wood  
The Father gently moved toward the sound.  
Treading with quiet feet upon the grassy ground.

Anon advancing thus the trees between,  
He saw beside her bower the songstress wild,  
Not distant far, himself the while unseen.  
Mooma, it was, that happy maiden mild,  
Who in the sunshine, like a careless child  
Of nature, in her joy was caroling.  
A heavier heart than his he had galled  
So to have heard so fair a creature sing.

The strains which she had learnt from all  
Sweet birds of spring.

For these had been her teachers, these alone;  
And she in many an emulation essay,  
At length into a descant of her own  
Had blended all their notes, a wild display  
Of sounds in rich irregular array;  
And now, as bile as bird in vernal bower,  
Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive lay,  
Rejoicing in her consciousness of power,  
But in the inborn sense of harmony yet more.

In joy had she begun the ambitious song,  
With rapid interchange of sink and swell;  
And sometimes high the note was raised, and long  
Produced, with shake and effort sensibly,  
As if the voice exulted there to dwell;  
But when she could no more that pitch sustain,  
So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,  
That with the music of its dying strain  
She moved herself to tears of pleasurable pain.

It might be deem'd some dim preage posess'd  
The virgin's soul; that some mysterious sense  
Of change to come, upon her mind impress'd.  
Had then call'd forth, ere she depart'd hence,  
A requiem to their days of innocence.  
For what thou lovest in thy native shade  
There is one change alone that may compensate.  
O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,  
Only one change, and it will not be long delay'd!

When now the Father issued from the wood  
Into that little glade in open sight,  
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood:  
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,  
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight;  
When thus the actual vision came in view:  
For instantly the maiden read aright  
Wherefore he came; his garb and beard she knew:  
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

No art of barbarous ornament had scar'd  
The virgin's limbs, or fill'd her face;  
Nor ever yet had evil passion mar'd  
In her sweet countenance the natural grace.

Of innocence and youth; nor was there trace  
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and care,  
Strange was it in this wood and savage place,  
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting lair,  
Fair.  
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so fair.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,  
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day  
Into that little glade in open sight,  
Like one entranced, beholding him, she stood:  
Yet had she more of wonder than affright,  
Yet less of wonder than of dread delight;  
When thus the actual vision came in view:  
For instantly the maiden read aright  
Wherefore he came; his garb and beard she knew:  
All that her mother heard had then indeed been true.

Nor was the Father filled with less surprise  
He too strange fancies well might entertain.  
When this so fair a creature met his eyes,  
He might have thought her not of mortal strain:  
Rather, as birds of yore were wont to feign,  
A nymph divine of Mondan's secret stream;  
Or haply of Diana's woodland train:  
For in her beauty Mooma such might seem,  
Being less a child of earth than like a poet's dream.

Soon was her melancholy story told,  
And glad consent unto that Father good  
Was given, that they to join his happy fold  
And see their joy in his renew'd delight.  
How fast hath busy fancy conjured up a sum  
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectation makes him dumb.

At that unwonted call with quicken'd pace  
The matron hurried thither, half in fear.  
How strange to Monnema a stranger's face!  
How strange it was a stranger's voice to hear.  
How strangely to her discustom'd ear  
Came even the accents of her native tongue!  
But when she saw her countrymen appear,  
Tears for that unexpected blessing sprung,  
And once again she felt as if her heart were young.

Across her shoulders was a hammock flung,  
By night it was the maiden's bed, by day  
Her only garment. Round her as it  
In short unequal folds of loose array,  
The open meshes, when she moves, display  
Her form. She stood with fix'd and wondering eyes,  
And, trembling like a leaf upon the spray,  
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries  
She call'd her mother forth to share that glad surprise.

Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum  
Of joys unknown, whereof the expectation makes him dumb.
O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven
Hath found them in their lonely dwelling-place!
O happy day, to them it would be
Given to share in that Eternal Mother's grace.
And one day see in heaven her glorious face!
Where Angels round her mercy-throne
Now shall they mingle with the human race,
Sequester'd from their fellow-kind no more;
O joy of joys supreme! O bliss for them in store!

Full of such hopes this night they lay them down,
But not as they were wont, this night to rest.
Their old tranquillity of heart is gone;
Their peace wherewith till now they have been blest
Hath taken its departure. In the breast
Fast following thoughts and busy dreams possess;
With dreams that to the wakeful mind
To Mooma and the youth then first the night seem'd long.

Day comes, and now a first and last farewell
To that fair bower within their native wood,
Their quiet nest till now. The world, no doubt,
To mingle with the world, but not to know
Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor feel its woe.

The bells rung blithely from St. Mary's tower,
When in St. Joachin's the news was hour
That Dobrizlioffer from his quest that drew
Throng through the gate, rejoicing to behold
His face again; and all with heartfelt
Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful fold,
Where so beloved amid his flock was
That return was like a day of jubilee.

How more than strange, how marvellous a sight
To the newcomers was this multitude!
Something like fear was mingled with the light;
When they the busy scene of turmoil
Wonder itself the sense of joy subdued,
And with its all unwonted weight
These children of the quiet solitude;
And now and then a sigh that heaved the breast
Unconsciously betray'd their feeling of unrest.

Not more prodigious than that little town
Seem'd to these comers, were the pomp and power
To us, of ancient Rome in her renown;
Nor the elder Babylon, or ere that hour
When her high gardens, and her cloud-capt tower
And her broad walls before the Persian fell;
Nor those dread fanes on Nile's forsaken shore
Whose ruins yet their pristine grandeur tell.
Wherein the demon Gods themselves
Might deign to dwell.
It was a land of priestcraft, but the priest
Believed himself the fables that he taught;
Corrupt their forms, and yet those forms at least
Preserved a salutary faith that wrought,
Mange the alloy, the saving end it sought.
There, Benevolence had gained such empire
That even superstition had been brought
An aspect of humanity to wear,
And make the weal of man its first and only care.

Nor lack'd they store of innocent delight,
Music and song and dance and proud array,
Whate'er might win the ear, or charm the sight;
Banners and pageantry in rich display,
Drought forth upon some Saint's high holyday,
The altar drest, the church with garlands hung,
Arches and floral bowers beside the wall,
And festal tables spread for oíd and young,
Gladness in every heart, and mirth on every tongue.

Behold the fraudulat arts, the covert strife,
The jarring interests that engross mankind;
No, low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the mind,
That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;
And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!
The immortal soul, which hath so long been blind,
Recovereth then clear sight, and sees too well
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

Far happier the Guaraníes' humble race,
With whom, in dutiful contentment,
The gentle virtues had their dwelling-place.
No artificial wants and ills were known;
But there they dwelt as if the world were all their own.

Thou who despisest so debaseu fate, As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st call thy own,
These meek submissive Indians' low estate,
Look round the world, and see where injurious passions hold mankind in thrall,
How barbarous Force asserts a ruthless reign.
Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the earth,
Hath heaped upon them a baser empire to maintain,
Mammon, the god of all who give their souls to gain.

Behold the fruitful arts, the covert strife,
The jarring interests that engross mankind;
The love pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
Studies that weary and contract the mind,
That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;
And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!
The immortal soul, which hath so long been blind,
Recovereth then clear sight, and sees too well
The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

But chieflv there the Mother of our Lord,
His blessed daughter, by the multitude
Was for their special patroness adored.
Amid the square on high her image stood,
Clasping the Babe in her beatitude,
The Babe Divine on whom she fix'd her sight;
And in their hearts, albe the work was rude,
It raiseu the thought of all-conquering might.
Combining with boundless love and mercy inuinite.

To this great family the Jesuit brought
His new-found children now; for young and oíd
He deemed alike his children, while he dwelt,
For their salvation, . . . seeking to unfold
The saving mysteries in the creed enroll'd,
To their slow minds, that could but little conceive.
The import of the mighty truths he taught,
But errors they have none to which they cleave,
And whatsoever they tell they willingly believe.

Safe from that pride of ignorance were they
That with small knowledge thinks itself full wise.
How at believing aught should these delay?
When every where new objects met their eyes
To fill the soul with wonder and surprise?
Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
In man doth impious unbelief arise;
It is our instinct to believe and dread.
God bids us love, and then our faith is perfected.
Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
Like children, unto all the teacher taught
Submissively an easy ear they lend:
And to the font at once he might have brought
These converts, if the Father had not thought
Their was a case for wise and safe delay.
Lost lightly learnt might lightly be forgot;
And meanwhile due instruction day by day
Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late;
For overpowering wonderment possess'd
Their faculties; and in this new estate
Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh opprest
Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast.
Resenting less of pleasure than of pain;
And rest, afforded them no natural train,
But in their dreams, a mix'd disorder'd
The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
No longer there it found the solitude
Of hills and vales, where every side, As ever wakeful fancy hears and sees,
All things that it had heard, and seen, and more than these.

Far in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw
Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,
And souls who must abide the rigorous law
Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries
Blaspheming roll around their hopeless eyes;
And those who, doom'd a shorter term to bear
In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
Seeking and finding consolation there,
And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
In adoration bent their heads abused;
And infant faces in their dreams were seen
Hovering on cherub-wings; and spirits placed
To be their guards invisible, who chased
With fiery arms their fiendish foes away;
Such visions overheated fancy traced.
Peopling the night with a confused array
That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

All thoughts and occupations to commute,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
And those old habits suddenly uprooted
Conform'd to which the vital powers pursued
Their functions, such mutation is too rude
For man's fine frame unshaken to sustain.
And these poor children of the solitude
Began ere long to pay the bitter pain
That their new way of life brought with it in its train.

On Monnema the apprehended ill
Came first; the matron sunk beneath the weight
Of a strong malady, whose force no skill
In healing might avert, or mitigate.
Yet happy in her children's estate.
Her thankfulness for them she still express'd;
And, yielding then complacently to fate,
With Christian rising her passing hour was blest,
And with a Christian's hope she was consign'd to rest.

To all who from an old errant course
Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
The change was perilous. They felt the force
Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,
A thick perpetual umbrae overhead,
They come to dwell in open light and air.
This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,
And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.

All thoughts and occupations to commute,
To change their air, their water, and their food,
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And still devised such means as might prepare
The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.

No ever did irreverent feet intrude
Within that sacred spot; nor sound of mirth,
Unseemly there, profane the solitude,
Where solemnly committed earth to earth.
Waiting the summons for their second birth.
Whole generations in Death's peaceful fold
Collected lay; green innocence, ripe worth;
Youth full of hope, and age whose days were told,
Compress'd alike into that mass of mortal mould.

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's voice
To put on immortality. That call
Shall one day make the sentient dust rejoice;
These bodies then shall rise and cast off all
Corruption, with whate're of earthy thrall
Hud clogg'd the heavenly image, then set free.
How then should Death a Christian's heart appal?
Lo, Heaven for you is open; enter ye
Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

This hope supported Mooma, hand in hand
When with Veruti at the grave she stood.
Less even now of death they understand
Than of the joys eternal that ensue'd;
The bliss of infinite beatitude
To them had been their teacher's favourite theme.
Wherewith their hearts so fully were imbued,
That it the sole reality might seem,
Life, death, and all things else, a shadow or a dream.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Ye, so possest with that best hope were they,
That, if the heavens had open'd overhead,
And the Archangel with his trump that day
To judgement had convoked the quick and dead.

They would have heard the summons not with dread,
But in the joy of faith that knows no fear;
Come, Lord! come quickly! would this pair have said,
And thou, O Queen of men and Angels dear,
Lift us whom thou hast loved into thy happy sphere!

They wept not at the grave, though overwrought
With feelings there as if the heart would break.

Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden meek
Might see what deep emotion blanched her cheek.
An inward light there was which fill'd her eyes,
And told, more forcibly than words could speak,
That this disruption of her earliest ties
Had shaken mind and frame in all their faculties.

It was not passion only that disturb'd
Her gentle nature thus; it was not grief;
Nor human feeling by the effort curb'd
Of some misleading duty, when relief
Were surely to be found, albeit brief,
If sorrow at its springs might freely flow;
Nor yet repining, stronger than belief
In its first force, that shook the Maiden so,
Though these alone might that frail fabric overthrow.

The seeds of death were in her at that hour,
Soon was their quick'ning and their growth display'd;
Thenceforth she droop'd and wither'd like a flower,
Which, when it flourish'd in its native shade,
Some child to his own garden hath convey'd,
And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to fade,
Not under sharp disease, but day by day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek was gone,
A deathy paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had shone,
Now, like a lamp that is no longer fed,
Grew dim; but, when she raised her weary head,
Some proffer'd help of kindness to partake,
These feeble eyes a languid lustre shed,
And her sad smile of thankfulness would wake
Grief even in callous hearts for that sweet sufferer's sake.

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade?
But he was spared the lamentable sight,
Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.
Joy of his dream by night, the playmate of his youth in mercy sent,
With whom his life had pass'd in peaceful content.

Well was it for the youth, and well for her,
As there in placid helplessness she lay,
He was not present with his love to stir
Emotions that might shake her feeble frame.

And rose up in her heart a strong array
Of feelings, hurtful only when they bind
Away to earth the soul that soon must pass
But this was spared them; and no more pain of mind
To trouble her had she, instinctively resign'd.

Ner was there wanting to the sufferers aught
Of careful kindness to alleviate
The affliction; for the universal thought
In that poor town was of their sad estate,
And what might best relieve or mitigate
Their case, what help of nature or of art;
And many were the prayers compassionate,
That the good Saints their healing would impart,
Breathed in that maid's behalf from many a tender heart.

And vows were made for her, if vows might save;
She for herself the while preferr'd no prayer;
For, when she stood in the way of Paradise, and seek her Mother there,
And then regaining her beloved sight
Best in the eternal sense of undisturb'd delight.
A TALE OF PARAGUAY

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight; And wherefore should he? he had acted well, And, deeming of the ways of God aright, [befel] Knew, that so such as these, what'er Must needs for them be best. But who could dwell Unmoved upon the fate of one so young. So blissful late? What marvel if tears fell, From that good man as over her he And that the prayers he said came faltering from his tongue!

She saw him weep, and she could understand The cause thus tremulously that made him speak. By his emotion moved she took his hand; [cheek A gloam of pleasure o'er her pallid Pass'd, while she look'd at him with moaning meek, And for a little while, as loth to part, Detaining him, her fingers lank and weak, Play'd with their hold; then letting him depart She gave him a slow smile that touch'd him to the heart.

She had pass'd away, and on her lips a smile Hath settled, &x'd in death. Judged they right, Or suffer'd they their fancy to beguile The reason, who believed that she had sight Of Heaven before her spirit took its flight; That Angels waited round her lowly bed; And that in that last effort of delight, When, lifting up her dying arms, she said, I come! a ray from heaven upon her face was shed?

St. Joachin's had never seen a day Of such profuse and general grief before, As when with tapers, dirge, and long array Thou Pastor, and the old and young arrayed For the last solemnity in that grave. The Maiden's body to the grave they bore. All eyes, all hearts, her early death deplore; Yet, wondering at the fortune they lamented, They the wise ways of Providence adore; By whom the Pastor surely had been sent, When to the Mondai woods upon his quest he went.

Mourn not for her! for what hath life to give There? That should detain her ready spirit Thinkest thou that it were worth a wish to live, Could wishes hold her from her proper sphere? That simple heart, that innocence sincere The world would stain. Fitter she ne'er could be For the great change; and now that change is near. Oh who would keep her soul from being free? Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best for thee!

They marvell'd therefore, when the youth once more Rose from his bed and walk'd abroad again; Severe had been the malady, and soon The trial, while life struggled to mainta in Its seat against the sharp assaults of pain; But life in him was vigorous; long he lay Ere it could its ascendancy regain. Then, when the natural powers resumed their sway, All trace of late disease pass'd rapidly away.

The first inquiry, when his mind was free, Was for his Sister. She was gone, they said, Gone to her Mother, evermore to be With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed, Nor was he soon to sorrow for the dead. But took the fatal tidings in such part As if a dull unfeeling nature bred His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

This was, indeed, a chosen family, For Heaven's especial favour mark'd, they said; Gone to her Mother, evermore to be With her in Heaven. At this no tears he shed, Nor was he soon to sorrow for the dead. But took the fatal tidings in such part As if a dull unfeeling nature bred His unconcern; for hard would seem the heart To which a loss like his no suffering could impart.

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude Less had Yeruti learnt to entertain A sense of age than death. He understood Something of death from creatures he had slain; But here the ills which follow in the train Of age had first to him been manifest... The shrunken form, the limbs that move with pain, The failing sense, infirmity, unrest... That in his heart he said to the betimes was best.

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But not the less, whatever was to be done,
With living men he took his part content,
At loom, in garden, or a-field, as one
Whose spirit, wholly on obedience bent,
To every task its prompt attention lent.
Alert in labour he among the best;
And when to church the congregation went,
None more exact than he to cross his breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things like the rest.

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturb'd his power
Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the weight
Of time; for always, when from yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing hour,
The sound appear'd to give him some delight;
And, when the evening shades began to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading light
As if his heart rejoiced at the return of night.

The old man to whom he had been given in care
[said, To Dobrizhoffer came one day and
The trouble which our youth was thought to bear
With such indifference hath deranged his head.
He says that he is nightly visited;
His Mother and his Sister come and say
That he must give this message from the dead,
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should no longer stay.

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it; a deceit
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought;
A mere delusion which it were not meet
To ensure, lest the youth's disturbed
Mind thereby be to further error brought;
But he himself its vanity would not admit.
They argued thus...if it were noticed
His baptism was in fitting time design'd.
The Father said, and then dismiss'd it
from his mind.

But the old Indian came again ere long
With the same tale, and freely then confess'd
His doubt that he had done Yeruti;
For something more than common seem'd imprès;
And now he thought that certes it were best
From the youth's lips his own account to hear.
Haply the Father then to his request
Might yield, regarding his desire sincere,
Nor wait for farther time, if there were
Aught to fear.

Conversely the Jesuit heard, and bade
The youth be called. Yeruti told his tale,
Nightly these blessed spirits came, he said,
To warn him he must come within the pale
Of Christ without delay; nor must he fail
This warning to their Pastor to repeat,
Till the renewed entreaty should prevail.
Life's business then for him would be complete,
And 'twas to tell him this they left their starry seat.

Came they to him in dreams?...he could not tell.
Sleeping or waking now small difference made;
For he, while he slept he knew full well
That his dear Mother and that darling Maid
Both in the Garden of the Dead were laid:
And yet he saw them as in life, the
Save only that in radiant robes array'd,
And round about their presence when they came
There shone an effluent light as of a harmless flame.

And where he was he knew, the time, the place...
All circumstantial things to him were clear.
His own heart undisturb'd. His Mother's face
How could he choose but know; or, knowing, fear
Her presence and that Maid's, to him more dear;
From all disorder free, tho vital powers perform'd their part asign'd.
And to whate'er was ask'd he could not tarry here.
But he must be baptized; he could not tarry here.

Thy will be done, Father in heaven who art!
The Pastor said, nor longer now denied;
But with a weight of awe upon his heart
Enter'd the church, and there, the font beside;
With holy water, chrian and salt applied,
Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.
His feeling was that hour with fear allied;
Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
And while he knelt his eyes seemed larger and more bright.

His wish hath been obtain'd, and this
With searching ken the Jesuit while he spake
Perused him, if in countenance or tone
Aught might be found appearing to depart
Of madness. Mark of passion there was none;
None of derangement: in his eye alone,
As from a hidden fountain emanate,
Something of an unusual brightness shone:
But neither word nor look betray'd a
Of wandering, and his speech, though earnest, was sedate.

Yes, I am ready now!' and instantly he died.
THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

TO JOHN MAY,
AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,
BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARGUMENT
The first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lamented the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: and of those who see only evil, or blind chance, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended towards barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil principles, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes of human nature as that which was won by British valour at Waterloo, its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full development of his moral and intellectual faculties, as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

PROEM

1
Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful shores
I come, insatiate of the custom'd sight;
And, listening as the eternal torrent roars,
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight:
For I have wander'd far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

2
Once more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again
Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favour'd plain,
Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene.
Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast
The sunbeams love to play, the vapours love to rest.

3
Of human nature as that which was won by
British valour at Waterloo, its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

4
Heaven hath with kindly increase blest me here,
Where childhood and opprest with grief I came;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim;
Here I possess - . . what more should I require
Books, children, leisure, . . all my heart's desire.

5
O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "Farewell!" the news spread,
Quicken'd every eye! Never had man whom Heaven would
More glad return, more happy hour than this.

6
Alas! on yonder beach, with arms dispread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head:
And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

7
Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were And, when those overflows of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

8
The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her ills;
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitch'd my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head felt the touch of time.

9
Recover'd now, the homesick mountainer
Sat by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade, . . rendering doubly dear
That long absence: full of life was she,
With voluble discourse and eager mien
Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

10
Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wo'd
(my love,
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of each)
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wish’d caress.
The younger twain in wonder lost were they,  
My gentle Eate, and my sweet Isabel:  
Long of our promised coming, day by day,  
It had been their delight to hear and tell;  
[lines]  
And now, when that long-promised hour  
was come,  
Surprise and waking memory held them dumb.

The tumbler, loose of limb, the wrestlers twain;  
[device]  
And many a toy beside of quaint  
Which, when his fleecy troops no more  
can gain  
Their pastime on the mountains hear with joy.  
[life]  
Earning in easy toil the food of frugal

It was a group which Richter, had he view'd,  
[feast skill]  
Might have deem'd worthy of his per-  
The keen impatience of the younger brood.  
[still]  
Their eager eyes and fingers never  
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy  
[boy]  
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous

But such as, I see, is ne'er disown'd by you,  
[feast]  
A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

This was the morning light vouchsafed, which led  
My favour'd footsteps to the Muses' hill,  
Whose arduous paths I have not ceased to tread;  
For rich as Eastern merchants we beheld the black Regnume, the Sister grey,  
The Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,  
[lines]  
And the Ark well-fil'd with all its numerous  
Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet, and their wives.

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But such as, I see, is ne'er disown'd by you,  
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For in the infant mind, as in the old,  
When to its second childhood life declines,  
A dim and troubled power doth Memory hold:  
But soon the light of young Remem- 

trance shines  

Reneiv'd, and influences of dormant love  
Waken'd within, with quickening in-

fluence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings  
pain,  
Small feeling of privation, none of  
Yet at the present object love re-springs,  
As night-closed flowers at morn ex-
pand again!  

Nor deem our second infancy unblest,  
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be;  
[seek]  
Her old endearments each began to  
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,  
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;  
[thus]  
With voice and touch and look reviving  
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain  
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;  
The father, teacher, playmate, was again  
Come to his only and his studious boy:  
And he beheld again that mother's eye,  
Which with such ceaseless care had watch'd his infancy.

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But such as, I see, is ne'er disown'd by you,  
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A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

Our world hath seen the work of war's debate  
Consummated in one momentous day  
Twice in the course of time; and twice the fate  
Of uniform ages hung upon the fray:  
First at Plataea, in that awful hour  
When Greece united smote the Persian's power.

But when I reach at themes of loftier thought,  
And tell of things surpassing earthly sense,  
(Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am taught,)  
Then aid me with your fuller influence,  
And to the height of that great argu-

ment  
Support my spirit in her strong ascent!

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Twice in the course of time; and twice the fate  
Of uniform ages hung upon the fray:  
First at Plataea, in that awful hour  
When Greece united smote the Persian's power.
Such was the danger, when that Man of Blood
Burst from the iron Isle, and brought again,
Like Satan rising from the sulphurous flood,
His impious legions to the battle plain:
Such too was our deliverance, when the
Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
Even when the Tyrant seem'd to touch the skies,
Had look'd to see the hero fall conspicuous as his rise,
So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

Me most of all men it behoved to raise
The strain of triumph for this foe subdued,
To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
And blazon forth in song that day's renown,
For I was graced with England's laurel crown.

And, as I once had journey'd to behold
Ourique's consecrated field,
Where Portugal the faithful and the bold
Assumed the symbols of her sacred shield,
More reason now that I should bend my way
The field of British glory to survey.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
And took the partner of my life with me,
And one dear girl, just ripe enough to see what I should see;
That thus, with mutual recollections fraught,
We might bring home a store for after thought.

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and went
Throughout whole England's length, a weary way,
Even to the farthest shores of eastern Kent;
Embracing there upon an autumn day,
Toward Ostend we held our course all night,
And anchor'd by its quay at morning's earliest light.

Small vestige there of that old siege appears,
And little of remembrance would be found,
When for the space of three long painful years;
The persevering Spaniard girt it round,
And gallant youths of many a realm from far
Went students to that busy school of war.

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
Their lessons offer to the soldier's hand;
Large knowledge may the statesman draw from thence;
And still from underneath the drifted sand,
Part of the harvest Death has gather'd there.

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous town,
For thy brave bearing in those times of old;
May plenty thy industrious children crown,
And prosperous merchants day by day behold
Many a rich vessel from the injurious sea
Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay.
And now am I a Cumbrian mountaineer; Their wintry garment of unsullied snow The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear, And yon dark lake spreads silently below; Who sees them only in their summer hour Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me That soothes and wins upon the willing heart; Though all is level as the sleeping sea, A natural beauty springs from perfect art, And something more than pleasure fills the breast To see how well-directed toil is blest.

Two nights have pass'd; the morning opens well, Fair are the aspects of the favouring sky; Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed hour will tell, For here to music Time moves merrily: Aboard ! aboard ! no more must we delay, Farewell, good people of the Fleur de Bled!

All disregardant of the Babel sound, A swan kept oaring near with upraised eye, A beauteous pensioner, who daily found The beauty of such casual company; Nor left us till the bell said all was done, And slowly we our watery way began.

Europe can boast no richer, goodlier scene, Than that through which our pleasant passage lay, By fertile fields and fruitful gardens The journey of a short autumnal day; Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew, The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line, Beguiling time with light discourse, we went, Nor wanting savoury food nor generous wine, Ashore too there was feast and merriment, The jolly peasants at some village fair Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of Ghent Renown'd, I must not tarry now to tell; Of picture, or of church, or monument; The Belfroy's boast, which bears oíd Roland's name, Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of Lincoln's fame.

Nor of that sisterhood, whom to their rule Of holy life no hasty vows restrain, Who, meek disciples of the Christian school, Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain: Nor that brotherhood, whom to theirrule Of holy life no hasty vows restrain, Who, meek disciples of the Christian school, Watch by the bed of sickness and of pain.

A gentle party from the shores of Kent Thus far had been our comrades, as befell; Fortune had link'd us first, and now Consent, For why should Choice divide whom Chance so well Had join'd, and they to view the famous ground, Like us, were to the Field of Battle bound.

Farther as yet they look'd not than that quest, The land was all before them where to choose, So we consorted here as seemed best; Who would such pleasant fellowship refuse Of ladies fair and gentle comrades free? Certes we were a joyous company.

Yet lack'd we not discourse for graver times, Such as might suit sage auditors; For some among us in far distant climes The cities and the ways of men had seen; No unobservant travellers they, but Of what they there had learnt they knew to tell.

The one of frozen Moscovy could speak, And well his willing listeners entertain With tales of that inclement region bleak, Of Catherine's And that proud city, which with wise intent The mighty founder raised, his own great monument.

And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors, Where fertile earth and genial heaven Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores; And love the Portugals because he knew them well.
Here to the easy barge we bade adieu; Land-travellers now along the well-paved way, Where road-side trees, still lengthening on the view, Before us and behind unvarying lay: Through lands well-labour’d to Alost we came, Where wholesome treachery stain’d the English name.

Then saw we Afflighem, by ruin rent, Whose venerable fragments strew the land; Grown wise too late, the multitude lament The ravage of their own unhappy hand; Its recorda in their frenzy torn and toat, Its precious stores of learning wreck’d and lost.

Whatever else we saw was cheerful all, The signs of steady labour well re-paid; The grapes were ripe on every cottage wall, And merry peasants seated in the shade Of gamer, or within the open door, From gather’d hop-vines pluck’d the plenteous store.

Through Assehe for water and for eakes renown’d We pass’d, pursuing still our way, though late; And when the shades of night were closing round, Brussels received us through her friendly gate, .

II. BRUSSELS

1 Where might a gayer spectacle be found Than Brussels offer’d on that festive night, Her squares and palaces irradiate round To welcome the imperial Muscovite, Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice redress’d, Came there a welcome and a glorious guest?

2 Her mile-long avenue with lamps was hung, Innumerable, which diffused a light like day; Where through the line of splendid, old and young Paraded all in festival array; While fiery barges, plying to and fro, Illumined as they moved the liquid glass below.

3 By day with hurrying crowds the streets were throng’d, To gain of this great Czar a passing sight; And music, dance, and banquetings prolong’d The various work of pleasure through the night. You might have deem’d, to see that joyous town, That wretchedness and pain were there unknown.

4 Yet three short months had scarcely pass’d away, Since, shaken with the approaching battle’s breath, Her inmost chambers trembled with dismay; And now within her walls insatiate Death, Devourer whom no harvest e’er can fill, The gleanings of that field was gathering still.

5 Within those walls there linger’d at that hour A brace of soldiers on the bed of pain. Many a brave soldier on the bed of Whom aid of human art should not restore To see his country and his friends And many a victim of that fell debate, Whose life yet waiver’d in the scales of fate.

6 Some beheld, for whom the doubtful scale Had to the side of life inclined At Emaciate was their form; their features pale, The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of And, for their gay habiliments of yore, The habit of the House of Pain they wore.

7 Others in waggons borne abroad I saw, Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight; Some were stretch’d on straw, Some more advanced sustain’d them- methought, Seem’d to set wounds and death again at nought.

8 And as they stood in inoffensive row, The solitary guard paced to and fro.
THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

UNCONSCIOUS INSTRUMENTS OF HUMAN WOE,
Some for their mark the royal lilies wore,
And some embossed in brazen letters wore,
The sign of that abhor'd misrule, which broke
The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

Others were stamped with that Usurper's name,
Recorders thus of many a change were they,
Their deadly work through every change the same;
Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day,
Than when, as their late thunders roll'd around,
Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.

Then ceased their occupation. From the field
Of battle here in triumph were they brought;
Ribands and flowers and laurels half conceal'd
Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin fraught;
Women beheld them pass with joyful tread,
And children clapt their hands and rent the air with cries.

Now idly on the banks of Senne they lay,
Like toys with which a child is pleased no more:
Only the British traveller bends his way
To see them on that unfrequented shore,
And, as a mournful feeling blends with pride,
Remembers those who fought, and those who died.

III. THE FIELD OF BATTLE

1. SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field
of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

2. No cheerful woodland this of antick trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

3. Here, where the woods receding from the road
Have left on either hand an open space
For fields and gardens and for man's abode,
Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place,
Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
And given the victory its English name.

4. What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
Last of the Austrian line by Fate decreed,
She Castanaca reared a votive fane,
Praying the Patron Saints to bless with seed
His childless sovereign; Heaven denied an heir,
And Europe mourn'd in blood the fructate prayer.

5. THAT temple to our hearts was hallow'd now:
For many a wounded Briton there was laid,
With such poor help as time might then
From the fresh carnage of the field convey'd;
And they whom human succours could not save
Here in its precincts found a hasty grave.

6. And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye;
Their brethren here the fit memorials placed,
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly relate
Whose gallant comrades' rank, and where they fell.

7. The stateliest monument of public pride
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honour Chieftains who in victory died,
Would wake no stronger feeling in the heart
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's hand
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

8. Not far removed you find the burial-ground,
Yet so that skirts of woodland intervene;
A small enclosure, rudely fenced around;
One bears the name of some rich villager,
The first for whom a stone was planted there.

9. Beneath the second is a German laid;
Whom Bremen, shaking off the Frenchman's yoke,
Sent with her sons the general cause to aid;
In the fight received his mortal lay.
Yet for his country's aggrieved woes
Lived to see vengeance on her hated foes.

10. A son of Erin sleeps below the third;
By friendly hands his body where it lay
Upon the field of blood had been inter'd,
And thence by those who mourn'd him borne away.
In pious reverence for departed worth,
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated earth.

11. Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who have found
In Waterloo and Soigny's shade your rest!
Ere this hath British valour made that ground
Sacred to you, and for your foes unblest,
When Marlborough here, victorious in his might
Surprized the French, and smote them in their flight.

12. These wars are as a tale of times gone by,
For so doth perishable fame decay,
Here on the ground wherein the slaughter'd lie,
The memory of that fight is pass'd away;
And even our glorious Blenheim to the field
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

13. Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty deeds,
In one unbending line a short league hence;
Aright the forest from the road it keeps its place,
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's pace.

14. SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field
of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

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With thickets varied and with sunny glade;
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For so doth perishable fame decay,
Here on the ground wherein the slaughter'd lie,
The memory of that fight is pass'd away;
And even our glorious Blenheim to the field
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

26. Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty deeds,
In one unbending line a short league hence;
Aright the forest from the road it keeps its place,
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's pace.
The country here expands, a widespread scene; No Flemish gardens fringed with willows these, Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green, With trenches lined and rows of aspin trees; In tillage here the unwooded open land Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

Behold the scene where Slaughter had full sway! A mile before us lieth Mount St. John, The hamlet which the Highlanders that day Preserved from spoil; yet as much farther on The single farm is placed, now known to fame, Which from the sacred hedge derives its name.

Straight onward yet for one like distance more, And there the house of Belle Alliance So named, I guess, by some in friendship or in wedlock joining Little did they who call'd it thus foresee The place that name should hold in history!

Beyond these points the fight extended not. Small theatre for such a tragedy! Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Pepelot To where the groves of Hougoumont on high Rear in the west their venerable head, And over with their shade the countless dead.

But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground, There was our strength on that side, and there first, In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

Strike eastward then across toward La Haye, The single farm: with dead the fields between Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the way Long wave-like dips and swells which intervene, Such as would breathe the war-horse, and impede, When that deep soil was wet, his martial speed.

This is the ground whereon the young Nassau, Receiving his wound; admiring Belgium The youth proved worthy of his destined crown: All tongues his prowess on that day proclaim, And children lisp his praise and bless their Prince's name.

When thou hast reach'd La Haye, survey it well, Here was the heat and centre of the strife; This point must Britain hold whatever befall, And here both armies were profuse of life: By once it was lost, and then a standard Bide, there had been mingled with the clay.

Not so the leader, on whose equal mind Such interests hung in that momentous day; So well had he his motley troops assign'd, That where the vital points of action lay, There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew No fear could quail, no daunters could subdue.

Small was his British force, nor had he here The Portugals, in heart so near allied, The worthy comrades of his late career, Who bought so oft and conquer'd at his side, [advance, When, with the Red Cross join'd in brave The glorious Quinas mock'd the air of France.

Now of the troops with whom he took the field Some were of doubtful faith, and others raw; He stationed those where they might stand or yield; But where the stress of battle he foresaw, There were his links (his own strong words I speak) And rivets which no human force could break.

O my brave countrymen, ye answer'd well To that heroic trust! Nor less did ye, Whose worth your grateful country aye shall tell, True children of our sister Germany, Who, while she groan'd beneath the oppressor's chain, Fought for her freedom in the fields of Spain.

La Haye, bear witness! sacred is it hight, And sacred is it truly from that day; For never braver blood was spent in life: By the sword and centre of the strife; This point must Britain hold whatever befall, And here both armies were profuse of life: By once it was lost, and then a standard Bide, there had been mingled with the clay.

Not so the leader, on whose equal mind Such interests hung in that momentous day; So well had he his motley troops assign'd, That where the vital points of action lay, There had he placed those soldiers whom he knew No fear could quail, no daunters could subdue.

The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

Still eastward from this point thy way pursue. There grows a single hedge along the lane, No other is there far or near in view: The raging enemy essay'd in vain To pass that line, . . a braver foe withstood, And this whole ground was moisten'd with their blood.

Leading his gallant men as he was wont, The hot assailants' onset to repel, On Advancing hat in hand, here in the front Of battle and of danger, Picton fell; Lamented Chief! than whom no braver name His country's annals shall consign to fame.

Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice been heard, Return with shame from her disastrous coast: But Fortune soon to fairer fields preferr'd His worth approved, which Cambria long may boast: France felt him then, and Portugal and Spain His honour'd memory will for aye retain.

Hence to the high-wall'd house of Pepelot, The battle's boundary on the left, incline; Here thou seest Frischermont not unlike ministers of wrath divine, The Prussians, issuing on the yielding foe, Consummated their great and total overthrow.
Deem not that I the martial skill should boast
Where horse and foot were station'd here to tell,
What points were occupied by either host,
And how the battle raged, and what befell,
And how our great Commander's eagle eye,
Which comprehended all, secured the victory.

This were the historian's, not the poet's part;
Such task would ill the gentle Muse beseem,
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious heart
Comes with her offering from this awful theme;
Content if what she saw and gather'd there
She may in unambitious song declare.

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous face
The breeze and summer sunshine softly play,
And the green-heaving billows
With blood, profusely there like water shed,
There stood his plough-share turned the guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all around.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impressed by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be seen,
Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course;
Low panniers to the sun their purple points occupied,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave.

In parts the careful farmer had renewed
His labours, late by battle frustrated;
And where the unconscious soil had been
Contending feet had trampled down the grain,
Some harder roots were found, which of their life
Tenacious, had put forth a second head,
And sprung, and ear'd, and ripen'd on the dead.

More vestige of destructive man was seen
Where man in works of peace had laboured more;
At Hougoumont the hottest strife had been,
Where trees and walls the mournful record bore
Of war's wild rage, trunks pierced with many a wound,
And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the ground.

A goodly mansion this, with gardens fair,
And ancient groves and fruitful orchard wide,
Its dove-cot and its decent house
And where the unconscious soil had been
Where all the wealth of rural life was found.

That goodly mansion on the ground was laid,
Save here and there a blacken'd broken wall;
The wounded who were borne beneath the dead
There they lie where they received their doom,
And there they lie where they received their doom.

The dove-cot too remains; scared at the fight
The birds sought shelter in the forest shade,
But still they kept their native haunts in sight,
And when few days their terror had alay'd,
Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neighbour-hood.

The gardener's dwelling was untouch'd;
His wife
Fled with her children to some near retreat,
And there lay trembling for her husband's life;
And there they lie where they received their doom.

His generous dog was well approved that hour
By courage as by love to man allied;
He through the fiery storm and iron shower
Kept the ground bravely by his master's side;
And now when to the stranger's hand he draws,
The noble beast seems conscious of applause.

Contiguous to this wreck the little grove
Is pierced; our soldiers here their station held
Against the foe, and many were the souls
Then from their fleshly tenements expelled.
Six hundred Frenchmen have been burnt close by.
And underneath one mound their bones and ashes lie.
IV. THE SCENE OF WAR

1
No cloud the azure vault of heaven disdained
That day, when we the field of war surveyed;
The leaves were falling, but the groves retained
Foliation enough for beauty and for shade;
Soft airs prevailed, and through the sunny hours
The bees were busy on the year's last flowers.

2
Well was the season with the scene combined.
The autumnal sunshine suited well the mood
Which here possessed the meditative mind,
A human sense upon the field of blood,
A Christian thankfulness, a British pride,
Temper'd by solemn thought, yet still to joy allied.

3
What British heart that would not feel a flow,
Upon that ground, of elevating pride?
What British cheek is there that would magnify?
For Britain here was blest by old and young,
Admired by every heart and praised by every tongue.

4
Not for brave bearing in the field alone
Doth grateful Belgium bless the British name;
The order and the perfect honour shown
In all things, have enhanced the soldier's fame:
For this we heard the admiring people raise
One universal voice sincere of praise.

5
Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
Wherefore we spared the author of this strife?
Why had we not, as highest law required,
With ignominy closed the culprit's life?
For him alone had all this blood been shed,
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head?

6
O God! they said, it was a piteous thing
To see the after-horrors of the fight,
The lingering death, the kopeless woe
Wherefore we spared the author of this strife?
For him alone had all this blood been shed,
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head?

VIII.
VIII.
VIII.
We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away,
And musing thus our purposed route
Pursued, which still through scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
Where Prussia late with strong and stern delight
Hung on her hated foes to persecute their flight.

No hour for tarriance that, or for remorse!
Vengeance, who long had hunger’d, took her fill,
And Retribution held its righteous course:
As when in eider time the Sun stood still
On Gibeon, and the Moon above the vale
Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale.

And what though no portentous day was given
To render here the work of wrath complete,
The Sun, I ween, seem’d standing from that dire defeat;
And, when they pray’d for darkness in their flight,
The Moon arose upon them broad and bright.

No covert might they find; the open land,
O’er which so late exultingly they pass’d,
Lay all before them and on either hand;
Close on their flight the avengers follow’d fast,
And when they reach’d Genappe and there drew breath,
Short respite found they there from fear and death.

That fatal town betray’d them to more loss;
Through one long street the only passage lay,
And then the narrow bridge they needs must cross
Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet, cross’d the way;
For life they fled... no thought had they
And their own baggage cloak’d the outlet here.

He who had bridged the Danube’s affluent stream,
With all the unbroken Austrian power in sight,
(So had his empire vanish’d like a dream)
Was by this brook impeded in his flight;
And then what passions did he witness
Rage, terror, excoriation, and despair!

Ere through the wreck his passage could be made,
Three miserable hours, which seem’d like years,
Was he in that ignoble place;
Foremost again as he was wont to be
In flight, though not the foremost in the strife;
The Tyrant hurried on, of infamy
Regarding ought but life;
Oh wretch! without the courage or the faith
To die with those whom he had led to death!

Mean time his guilty followers in disgrace,
Whose pride for ever now was beaten down,
Close on their flight the avengers follow’d fast,
Died here; with sabre strokes the poets are scored,
Hewn down upon the threshold where he fell,
Himself then tasting of the ruthless sword;
A Brunswicker discharged the debt of
And where he dropt the stone preserves the stain.

Too much of life hath on thy plains been shed,
Brahant! so oft the scene of war’s debate;
But neither with blood were they so largely fed
As in this rout and wreck; when righteous Fate
Brought on the French, in warning to all times,
A vengeance wide and sweeping as their crimes:
Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria’s wrong;
For Portugal’s unutterable woes;
For Germany, who suffer’d all too long
Beneath these lawless, faithless, godless feet;
For blood which on the Lord so long had cried,
For Earth oppressed, and Heaven insulted and defiled.

We follow’d from Genappe their line of flight
To the Cross Roads, where Britain’s sons sustain’d
Against such perilous force the desperate flight;
Such fame as for a like devotion’s meed
The world hath to the Spartan band decreed.

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick died,
Led on too rashly by his ardent heart;
Long shall his grateful country tell with pride
How manfully he chose the better part:
When groaning Germany in chains was bound,
He only of her Princes faithful found.
And here right bravely did the German band
Once more sustain their well-deserved applause;
As when, revenging there their native land,
In Spain they labour'd for the general cause.
In this most arduous strife none more than they
Endured the heat and burden of the day.

Here too I heard the praise of British worth,
Still best approved when most severely tried;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying earth,
Suffering scarce the mingled bones to hide,
And half-uncover'd graves, where one might see
The loathliest features of mortality.

Eastward from hence we struck, and reach'd the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that day
By far-outnumbering force constrain'd
Fronted the foe, and held them still at bay;
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh claim
To glory, and enhanced his country's fame.

Here was a scene which fancy might delight
To treasure up among her cherish'd stores,
And bring again before the inward sight
Often when she recalls the long-past hours;
Well-cultured hill and dale extending wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every side;

The autumnal-tinted groves; the upland mill
Which oft was won and lost amid the fray:
Green pastures water'd by the silent rill;
The lordly Castle yielding to decay;
With bridge and barbacan and moat and tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it stood in power.

The avenue before its ruin'd gate,
Which when the Castle, suffering less from time
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength and state,
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's prime;
Glad of that shelter from the noontide sky:

The quarries deep, where many a massive block
For some Parisian monument of pride
Hewn with long labour from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune past and gone;
But rightly with those stones should Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody field!

The wealthy village bearing but too plain
The dismal marks of recent fire and spoil;
Its decent habitants, an active train,
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair;
May never War repeat such devastation there!

If it be not now to tell our farther way
Through many a scene by bounteous nature blest,
Nor how we found, where'er our journey lay,
In the light of morning on the fields of youth:
For some Parisian monument of pride
Hewn with long labour from the granite rock,
Lay in the change of fortune past and gone;
But rightly with those stones should Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody field!

The shaken mind felt all things insecure:
Custom'd long to see successful crimes,
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,
When they look'd back upon their fathers' times,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age of man.

As they who in the vale of years advance,
And the dark eve is closing on their way,
When on their mind the recollections gleam,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age of man.

The tales which of that field I could unfold
Better it is that silence should conceal.
They who had seen them shudder'd while they told
Of things so hideous; and they cried with zeal:
One man hath caused all this, of men the worst,
O wherefore have ye spared his head accurst?

Those who amid these troubles had grown grey
Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the past;
Blest had we known our blessings, they would say,
We were not worthy that our bliss should last!
Peaceful we were, and flourishing and free,
But madly we required more liberty!

Remorseless France had long oppress'd the land,
And for her frantic projects drain'd its blood;
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy hand:
In their defence;... but oh! in peace how ill!
One general wish prevail'd, . . if they might see
The happy order of old times restored!
Give them their former laws and liberty,
This their desires and secret prayers implored; . . .
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That that which pass'd is for ever gone.

PART II
THE VISION
EIHEE NYN EIKOEI TIOON,
ATE OTME.—PINDAR.

I. THE TOWER

I thought upon these things in solitude,
And mused upon them in the silent night;
The open graves, the recent scene of blood,
Were present to the soul's creative sight.

These mournful images my mind possess'd,
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

Methought that I was travelling o'er a plain
Whose limits far beyond all reach of sense,
The sighing anxious sight explored in vain.
How I came there I could not tell, nor whence;
Nor where my melancholy journey lay;
Only that soon the night would close upon my way.

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,
With huge and mouldering ruins widely spread;
Wastes which had whilome fertile regions been,
Tombs which had lost all record of the dead;
And where the dim horizon seem'd to close,
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

Full fain would I have known what lay before,
But lifted there in vain my mortal eye;
That point with cloud and mist was cover'd o'er,
As though the earth were mingled with the sky.

Yet thicker, as some power unseen impell'd,
My blind involuntary way I held.

Across the plain innumerable crowds
Like me were on their destined journey bent,
Toward the land of shadows and of light.

Methought that in that place of death I knew
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to go,
A cold damp shuddering ran through all my frame;
Fain would I fly from that dread scene,
When lo!
A voice as from above pronounced my name;
And, looking to the sound, by the way-side
I saw a lofty structure edificed.

Most like it seem'd to that aspiring Tower
Which old Ambition rear'd on Babel's plain,
As if he seem'd in his presumptuous power
To scale high Heaven with daring pride profane;
Such was its giddy height; and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

Its frail foundations upon sand were placed,
And round about it mouldering rubbish lay;
For easily by time and storms defaced
The loose materials crumbled in decay;
Rising so high, and built so insecure,
I might such perilous work endure.

I not the less went up, and, as I drew
Toward the top, more firm the structure seem'd,
With nicer art composed, and fair to view:
Might have I deem'd the pile, had I not seen
And understood of what frail matter form'd,
And on what base it stood.

There on the summit a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in courteous guise;
On his grey temples were the marks of age,
Methought that in that place of death I knew
Again the late-seen field of Waterloo.

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to go,
A cold damp shuddering ran through all my frame;
Fain would I fly from that dread scene,
When lo!
A voice as from above pronounced my name;
And, looking to the sound, by the way-side
I saw a lofty structure edificed.

To guide thy steps aright, I bent my head
And, as in thanks, . . And who art thou? I said.

He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving, bore;
And, as from eldest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of sublunary things is known.

Master! quoth I, regarding him, I thought
That Wisdom was the child divine of Heaven.
So, he replied, have fable and learning taught,
And the dull World a light belief hath given.
But vainly would these fools my claim decry,
Wisdom I am, and of the Earth am I.

Thus while he spake I scan'd his features well:
Small but audacious was the Man's eye;
His countenance was hard, and less than of effrontery.
Instruct me then, I said, for thou should'st know,
From whence I came, and whither I must go.

Art thou then one who would his mind perplex
With knowledge bootless even if attain'd?
Fond man! he answer'd; . . wherefore shouldst thou vex
Thy heart with seeking what may not be gain'd!
Regard not what has been, nor what may be,
O Child of Earth, this Now is all that toucheth thee!
722 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

He who performs the journey of to-day
Cares not if yesterday were shower or sun:
To-morrow let the heavens be what they may.
And what rocks he? his wayfare will be done.
Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

I kept my rising indignation down,
That I might hear what farther he would teach;
Yet on my darken'd brow the instinctive frown,
Gathering at that abominable speech.
Maintain'd its place: he mark'd it and pursued,
Tuning his practised tongue to subtle flattery's mood:

Do I not know thee, that from earliest youth
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's desire?
Here seeing all things as they to him appear,
No vapours here impede the exalted soul,
No mists of earth attain this eminence.

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and what
The region dark whereto thy footsteps lead,
And where by one inevitable lot
The course of all you multitude must end.
Take thou this glass, whose perfect power shall aid
Thy faulty vision, and therewith explore the shade.

Eager I look'd; but, seeing with surprise
That the same darkness still the view o'er-spread,
Half angrily I turn'd away mine eyes.
Complacent then the Old Man smiled and said,

Darkness is all! what more wouldst thou desire?
Rest now content, for farther none can spy.

Now mark me, Child of Earth! he thus pursued,
Let not the hypocrisies thy reason blind,
And to the quest of some unreal good
Divert with dogmas vain thine erring mind.

Learn thou, whate'er the motive they may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the spring of all.

This is the root of knowledge. Wise are they
Who to this guiding principle attend;
They, as they press along the world's high-way,
With single aim pursue their steady tend:
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is here.

They from the nature and the fate of man,
Thus clearly understood, derive their strength;
Knowing that, as from nothing they began,
To nothing they must needs return at length;
This knowledge steels the heart and clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven they find.

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's creed
Who bruised the nations with his iron rod:
Whose arm was free,
Alluring hope his noble heart sustains;
A faith which bade him through all dangers see
The triumph his enduring country gain'd.

Behold him when the unbidden thoughts arise
Of his old passions and unbridled power;
As the fierce tiger in confinement lies,
And dreams of blood that he must taste no more...
Then, waking in that appetite of rage,
Frets to and fro within his narrow cage.

Hath he not chosen well? the Old Man replied;
Bravely he aimed at universal sway;
And never earthly Chief was glorified like this Napoleon in his prosperous day.

All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been; and he has had his hour!

Take him, I answered, at his fortune's flood;
Russia his friend, the Austrian wars surceased,
When Kings, his creatures some, and some subdued;
Like vassals waited at his marriage feast;
And Europe like a map before him lay,
Of which he gave at will, or took away.

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,
Wandering by night and day through wood and glen,
His country's sufferings like a private grief
Wringing his heart: would Mina even
Those perils and that sorrow have foregone
To be that Tyrant on his prosperous throne?

But wherefore name I him whose arm was free?
Alluring hope his noble heart sustains;
A faith which bade him through all dangers see
The triumph his enduring country gain'd.

See Hofer with no earthly hope to aid...
His country lost, himself to chains and death betray'd!

Him too, I know, a worthy thought of fame
In that dread trance upheld: the foresight sure
That in his own dear country his good name
Long as the streams and mountains should endure;
The herdsman on the hills should sing his praise,
And children learn his deeds through all succeeding days.

Turn we to those in whom no glorious thought
Lent its strong succour to the passive mind;
Nor stirring enterprise within them wrought:
Who, to their lot of bitterness resigned,
Endured their sorrows by the world unknown,
And look'd for their reward to Death alone:

Mothers within Gerona's leaguer'd wall,
Who saw their famish'd children pine and die;
Widows surviving Zaragoza's fall
To linger in abhor'd captivity:
Yet would not have exchanged their sacred woe
For all the empire of their misereant foe!
Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled with scorn,
Behold the effect of error! thus to The days of miserable life foreordain,
Struggling with evil and consum’d with care; . .
Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes mislead!
They reap their sufferings for their only

O false one! I exclaim’d, whom canst thou fool
With such gross sophisms, but the wicked heart?
The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who chase the vain and empty part;
How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complain’d that all was vanity below!

Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mahmood,
When, pining in his Palace of Delight,
He bade the gather’d spoils of realms subdued
To spread before him to regale his guests;
And bring forth lasting fruits for Heaven and Earth.

Thus felt these wretched men, because decay
Had touch’d them in their vitals; Death stood by;
And Reason when the props of life decay’d
Have now the heart of man, and all is vanity above!

Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake in faith,
And sings thanksgiving while the flames aspire
Victorious over agony and death;
And from the dreadful sacrifice of all
Slain for the prelude to this tragedy!

This but a page of the great book of war;
A drop amid the sea of human woes!
Thou canst remember when the morning Star
Of Freedom on rejoicing France arose,
And through all its fatal changes past,
Its course fulfill’d, its aspects understood
On Waterloo it hath gone down in blood.

Where now the hopes with which thine ardent youth
Rejoicedly to run its race began?
Where now the reign of Liberty and Truth?
The Rights Omnipotent of Equal Man,
The principles should make all discord cease,
And bid poor humankind repose at length in peace?

Behold the Bourbon to that throne by force
Restored, from whence by fury he was cast;
Thus to the point where it began its course
The melancholy cycle comes at last;
What, but a bootless waste of blood and tears?

The peace which thus at Waterloo ye won,
Shall it endure with this exasperate foe?
In gratitude for all that ye have done
Will France her ancient enmity forego?
Ye know, . . and ample means are left her still.
THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

What though the tresses of her strength be shorn, The roots remain untouched; and, as of old, The hero Samson felt his power return To his kniff sinews, so shall ye behold France, like a giant fresh from sleep, arise And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-doorn'd land, The theatre of strife through every age! Look from this eminence whereon we stand... What is the region round us but a For the mad pastime of Ambition made, Whereon War's dreadful drama may be play'd?

Thus hath it been from history's earliest light, When yonder by the Sabis Csesar stood, And saw his legions, ... out the noble nation they subdued; Even at this day the peasant findeth The relies of that ruthless massacre.

Need I recall the long religious strife? Or William's hard-fought fields? or Marlborough's fame Here purchased at such lavish price of life,... Or Fontenoy, or Fleurus' later name? Wherever here the foot of man may tread, The blood of man hath on that spot been shed.

Shall then Futurity a happier train Unfold, than this dark picture of the past? Dream'st thou again of some Saturnian reign, Or that this ill-compacted realm should

its wealth and weakness to the foe are known, And the first shock subverts its baseless throne. 4 O wretched country, better should thy soil Be laid again beneath the invading seas, Thou bestiester masterpiece of human toil, If still thou must be doom'd to scenes like these! O Destiny inexorable and blind! O miserable lot of poor mankind!

Saying thus, he fix'd on me a searching eye Of stern regard, as if my heart to reach: Yet gave he now no leisure to reply; For, ere I might dispose my thoughts for speech, The Old Man, as one who felt and understood His strength, the theme of his discourse pursued.

If we look farther, what shall we behold But everywhere the swelling seeds of ill, Half-smother'd fires, and causes manifold To produce that mighty song, which Time, for fresh occasion to enlarge his power, The weak and injured waiting for their hour!

Half-smother'd fires, and causes manifold Of strife to come; the powerful watching still For fresh occasion to enlarge his power, The weak and injured waiting for their hour!

Will the rude Cosscack with his spoils bear back The love of peace and humanizing art? Think ye the mighty Moscovite shall lack Some specious business for the ambitious heart? Or the black Eagle, when she moulds her plumae, The form and temper of the Dove assume?

And that dread malady of erring zeal, Which like a cancer eats into the commonwealth.

The fabric of her power is undermined; The earthquake underneath it will have way And all that glorious structure, as the wind Seatters a summer cloud, be swept For Destiny on this terrestial ball Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

The winds which have in viewless heaven their birth, The waves which in their fury meet the clouds, Are not more vague and purportless than The course of things among mankind! So earthly things are changed and pass away.

And think not thou thy England hath a spell, That she this general fortune should easier to erush the foreign foe, than quell The malice which misleads the multitude.

But then methought I heard a voice exclaim, Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy flight! A heavenly voice which called me by my name, And bade me hasten from that treacherous height: The voice it was which I was wont to hear, Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

I hesitated not, but at the call Sprung from the summit of that tettering tower. There is a motion known in dreams to all, Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

Rash hands unravel what the wise have spun; Realms which in story fill so large a part, Becal'd by the strong are by the weak undone; Barbarians overthrow the works of art, And what force spaces is app'd by sure decay. So earthly things are changed and pass away.

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Thus borne aloft I reach'd the Sacred Hill,  
And left the scene of tempests far  
But that oíd tempter's parting light,  
And all within was black as Erebus and

The Thoughts which I had known in youth return'd,  
But, oh, how changed! a sad and spectral train:  
And, while for all the miseries past I mourn'd,  
In sorrow and in fear I turn'd mine eye  
From the dark aspects of futurity.

I sought the thickest woodland's shade profound,  
As suited best my melancholy mood,  
And cast myself upon the gloomy ground;  
When lo! a gradual radiance fill'd the wood;  
A heavenly presence rose upon my view,  
And in that form divine the awful Muse I knew.

Hath then that Spirit false perplex'd thy heart,  
O thou of little faith! severe she cried.  
Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly ... with my earthly nature! I re-  
And let me pour into thine ear my grief:  
Thou eanst enlighten, thou canst give relief.

The ploughshare had gone deep, the sower's hand  
Had scatter'd in the open soil the grain;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;

Strange race of haughty heart and stubborn will,  
Slavery they love and chains with pride they wear;  
In lies and lies they paint the image of God;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;

As通過 the sacred pyramid,  
And left the scenes of tempests far  
But that old tempter's parting light,  
And all within was black as Erebus and

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But, oh, how changed! a sad and spectral train:  
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In lies and lies they paint the image of God;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand;  

And oh! if England's fatal hour draw nigh,  
If that most glorious edifice should fall  
By the wild hands of bestial Anarchy,  
Then might it seem that He who ordereth all  
Doth take for sublimary things no care:  
The burthen of that thought is more than I can bear.

Even as a mother listens to her child,  
My plaint the Muse divine benignant heard,  
Then answer'd in reproving accents mild.  
What if thou seest the fruit of hope deferr'd,  
Dost thou for this in faltering faith repine?  
A manner, wiser virtue should be thine!

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in Spain,  
The light must shine on that be- darken'd land,  
And Italy must break her papal chain,  
Ere the soil answer to the sower's hand:  
For, till the sons their fathers' fault repent,  
The old error brings its direful punishment.

Hath not experience bade the wise man see  
Poor hope from innovations premature?  
All sudden change is ill; slow grows the  
Which in its strength through ages shall endure.  
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie  
Dormant, but fear not that the seed should die.
Falsely that Tempter taught thee that the past
Was but a blind inextricable maze;
Falsely he taught that evil overcast.
With gathering tempests these propitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might bind,
And rob thee of thy hopes for human-kind.

He told thee the beginning and the end
Were indistinguishable all, and dark;
And, when from his vain Tower he bade thee stand,
Thy curious eye, well knew he that no spark
Of heavenly light would reach the baffled sense,
The mists of earth lay round him all too dense.

Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil part,
Tell thee that Man is free and God is good?
These primal truths are felt and understood,
Should bring with them a hope, calm, constant, sure,
Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful place,
As low it lurk'd the tufted moss between,
The violet there its modest perfume distill'd.

There too the vigorous olive in its pride,
As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd,
Tower'd high, and spread its glaucous foliage wide;
With liveliest hues the mead beneath was deck'd,
Gift of that grateful tree that with its root Repays the earth from whence it feeds its fruit.

There too the sacred bay of brighter green
Exalted its rejoicing head on high;
And there the martyr's holier palm was seen
Waving its plumage as the breeze went by.
All fruits which ripen under genial skies
Grew there as in another Paradise.

Over all that lovely glade there grew
All wholesome roots and plants of healing power;
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,
The poppy rich in worth as gay in flower;
The hearts-ease that delighteth every eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

Unwounded here Judaea's balm distill'd
Its precious juice; the snowy jasmine here
Spread its luxuriant treeces wide, and fill'd
With fragrance the delicious atmosphere;
More piercing still did orange-flowers dispense
From golden groves the purest joy of sense.

As low it lurk'd the tufted moss between,
The violet there its modest perfume shed,
Like humble virtue, rather felt than seen:
And here the Rose of Sharon roard its head,
The glory of all flowers, to sense and sight
Yielding their full contentment of delight.

A gentle river wound its quiet way
Through this sequencer's glade, meandering wide;
Smooth as a mirror here the surface lay,
Where the pure lotus, floating in its pride,
Enjoy'd the breath of heaven, the sun's warm beam,
And the cool freshness of its native stream.

And over all that lovely glade there run
All wholesome roots and plants of healing power;
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,
The poppy rich in worth as gay in flower;
The hearts-ease that delighteth every eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

Sometimes, when that wild chorus intermits,
The linnet's song was heard amid the trees,
A low sweet voice; and sweeter still, at fits
The ring-dove's woeing came upon the sphere.
While with the wind which moved the leaves among,
The murmuring waters joint'd in under-song.

The hare disported here and fear'd no ill.
For never evil thing that glade came near;
The sheep were free to wander at their will,
As needing there no earthly shepherd's eye;
The bird sought no concealment for her nest,
So perfect was the peace wherewith those bowers were blest.

All blending thus with all in one delight,
The soul was soothed and satisfied and fill'd;
This mingled bles of sense and sound and sight
The flow of boisterous mirth might there have still'd,
And, sinking in the gentle spirit deep,
Have touch'd those strings of joy which make us weep.

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Even thus in earthly gardens had it been,
If earthly gardens might with these compare;
But more than all such influences, I ween
There was a heavenly virtue in the air,
Which laid all vain perplexing thoughts to rest,
And heal'd and calm'd and purified the breast.

Then said I to that guide divine, My soul
When here we enter'd was o'ercharged with grief,
For evil doubts which I could not control
Bestow my troubled spirit. This relief,
This change, whence are they? Almost it might seem
I never lived till now; all else had been a dream.
My heavenly Teacher answer'd, Say not seem; in this place all things are what they appear; and they who feel the past a feverish dream wake to reality on entering here. These waters are the Well of Life, and lo! The Rock of Ages there, from whence they flow. Saying thus we came upon an inner glade, the holiest place that human eyes might see; for all that vale was like a temple made by Nature's hand, and this the sanctuary; where in its bed of living rock, the Rood of Man's redemption, firmly planted, stood.

And at its foot the never-failing Well of Life profusely flow'd that all might drink. Most blessed Water! Neither tongue can tell the blessedness thereof, nor heart can think, save only those to whom it hath been given to taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

There grew a goodly Tree this Well beside; behold a branch from Eden planted, pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, said my guide. Child of Adam, put away thy fear... In thy first father's grave it hath its root; taste thou the bitter, but the wholesome fruit.

In awe I heard, and trembled, and obey'd: The bitterness was even as of death; I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade my loosed limbs, and, losing sight and breath, to earth I should have fallen in my despair. Had I not clasped the Cross and been supported there.

My heart, I thought, was bursting with the force of that most fatal fruit; soul-sick I felt, and tears ran down in such continuous course, as if the very eyes themselves should melt. But then I heard my heavenly Teacher drink, and this mortal wound will pass away.

I stoop'd and drank of that divinest Well, fresh from the Rock of Ages where it ran; it had a heavenly quality to quell my pain: I rose a renovated man, and would not now, when that relief was known, for worlds the needful suffering have foregone.

Even as the Eagle, (ancient storyers say), when faint with years she feels her flagging wing, soars up toward the mid sun's burning fire into some living spring plunges, and, casting there her aged plumes, the vigorous strength of primal youth resumes.

Such change in me that blessed Water wrought; the bitterness, which from its fatal root the Tree derived with painful healing strength, pass'd clean away; and in its place the fruit produced by virtue of that wondrous wave the savour which in Paradise it gave.

Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou mayst advance, fitly prepared toward the mountain's height. Child of Man, this necessary trance hath purified from flaw thy mortal sight, that with scope unconfined of vision free thou the beginning and the end mayst see.

She took me by the hand and on we went, hope urged me forward and my soul was strong; with winged speed we scaled the steep ascent, nor seem'd the labour difficult or long, ere on the summit of the sacred hill upraised I stood, where I might gaze my fill.

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll, the boundless region where I wandered late, where I might see realms spread and surmounting state dwarf'd like a map beneath the excursive sight so ample was the range from that commanding height.

Eastward with darkness round on every side an eye of light was in the farthest sky. Lo, the beginning! said my heavenly Guide; the steady ray, which there thou canst desire. Comes from lost Eden, from the primal land of man 'waved over by the fiery brand'.

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is clear! bear the beginning and the end in mind, the course of human things will then appear beneath its proper laws; and thou wilt find, through all their seeming labyrinth, the plan which 'vindicates the ways of God to Man'.

Free choice doth Man possess of good or ill, all were but mockery else. From Wisdom's way too oft perverted by the tainted will... Is his rebellious nature drawn astray; therefore an inward monitor is given, a voice that answers to the law of Heaven.

Eas'd as he is, and as an infant weak, the knowledge of his weakness is his strength; for succour is vouchsafed to those who seek in humble faith sincere; and, when at length death sets the disembodied spirit free, according to their deeds their lot shall be.
Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
A transient doubt, Death answers all.
And in the scale of nations, if the ways
Of Providence mysterious we may call,
Yet, rightly viewed, all history doth impart
Comfort and hope and strength to the believing heart.

For through the lapse of ages may the course
Of moral good progressive still be seen,
Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,
Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene;
Empires and Nations rise, decay and fall,
But still the Good survives and prevails thro' all.

Yeas, even in those most lamentable times,
When, everywhere to wars and woes a prey,
Earth seemed but one wide theatro of crime,
And all those dread convulsions did but clear
The obstructed path to give it free career.

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,
Directing all things with benign deoree,
Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
Appoints that what is best shall therefore be;
Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

Light at the first was given to human kind,
And Law was written in the human heart.
If they forsake the Light, perverse of mind,
And wilfully prefer the evil part,
Then to their own devices are they left,
By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

The individual culprit may sometimes
Unpunish'd to his after reckoning go:
Not thus collective man, for public crimes,
Draw on their proper punishment below;
When Nations go astray, from age to age
The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

What then in these late days had Europe been,
This moral, intellectual heart of earth,
From which the nations should derive their second birth,
To what had she been sunk, if brutal Force
Had taken unrestrict'd its impious course!

The Light had been extinguish'd, this be sure
The first wise aim of conscious Tyranny,
Which knows it may not with the Light endure:
But where Light is not, Freedom cannot be;
'Where Freedom is not, there is no Virtue.
Where Virtue is not, there is no Happiness.

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
For endless execration handed down
One may be found surpassing all in crimes,
One that for infamy should bear the Crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,
Pre-eminently bad among the worst.

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did he tread
From his youth up the common path of blood;
Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he
Ignorant of good;.. Their vices from the circumstance have grown,
His by deliberate purpose were his own.

Not led away by circumstance be err'd,
But from the wicked heart his error came:
By Fortune to the highest place pro
He sought through evil means an evil aim.
And all his ruthless measures were design'd
To enslave, degrade, and brutalize mankind.

Some barbarous dream of empire to fulfil,
When Law was but the Russian soldier's will;
Might govern'd all, the sceptre was the sword,
And Peace, not elsewhere finding where to dwell,
Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

Too far had he succeeded! In his mould
An evil generation had been framed,
By foul examples of all crimes inflamed,
Of faith, of honour, of compassion void;
Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.

Believing as you lying Spirit taught,
They to that vain philosophy held fast,
And trusted that, as they began from nought,
To nothing they should needs return at last;
Hence no restraint of conscience, no remorse;
But every baleful passion took its course.

And, had they triumph'd, Earth had once again,
To Violence subdued, and impious Pride,
Verg'd to such state of wickedness, as when
The Giaimy of old their God defied,
And Heaven, impatient of a world like this,
Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the abyss.
That danger is gone by. On Waterloo
The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was weigh'd,
His fortune and the World's, and England throw'd.
Her sword into the balance down it sway'd;
And, when in battle first he met that foe,
There he received his mortal overthrow.

O my brave Countrymen, with that I said,
For then my heart with transport overflow'd,
O Men of England! nobly have ye paid
The debt which to your ancestors ye owed,
And gather'd for your children's heritage
A glory that shall last from age to age.

And we did well, when on our Mountain's height
For Waterloo we raised the festal flame,
And in our triumph taught the world to know
That in battle starry crowns are won,
And that the conquered hero has deserved
Wise choice would be this England and this Now.

So at her will, in that receding sheet
Of mist, wherewith the world was overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
A spacious City first was there display'd,
The seat where England from her ancient reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

In splendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now might vie;
Through many a bridge the wealthy river roll'd;
And make the immortal spirit fit for heaven.

There the old seaman on his native shore
Enjoy'd the competence deserved so well;
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,
Such was the lot of old; for childhood there
The duties which belong to life was taught:
The good seed, early sown and nurtured with care.
This bounteous harvest in its season brought;
Thus youth for manhood, manhood for old age
Prepared, and found their weal in every stage.

Behold! she cried, and lifting up her hand,
The shaping elements obey'd her will;
A vapour gather'd round our lofty stand.
Roll'd in thick volumes 'er the Sacred Hill,
Descending then, its surges far and near
Fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony height
The fleshy clouds send round me on their way,
Condense beneath, and hide the vale from sight,
And in their盛会 disclose where
Burnish'd with sunshine like a silver shield,
Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic forms fit field;
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Of mist, wherewith the world was overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
A spacious City first was there display'd,
The seat where England from her ancient reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

Enough of knowledge unto all was given
In wisdom's way to guide their steps on earth,
And make the immortal spirit fit for heaven.

And that whole happy region swarm'd with life,
Village and town; as busy bees in spring
In sunny days when sweetest flowers are rife,
Fácil fields and gardens with their murmuring,
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health!
Her numbers were her pride and power and wealth.
Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
Her shores enrich'd with many a port and pier;
No gift of liberal Nature unimproved,
The seas their never failing harvest here
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for bread. 240

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
About to spread its canvass to the breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the seas,
Toward those distant lands, where Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and West.

The landscape changed; . . a region next was seen,
Where sable swans on rivers yet un
Glied through broad savannahs ever
Innumerable flocks and herds were feeding round,
And scatter'd farms appear'd and hamlets fair
And rising towns, which made another Britain there.

Then, thick as stars which stud the moonless sky,
Green islands in a peaceful sea were
Darken'd no more with blind usages obscene,
But heal'd of leprous crimes, from butchering strife
Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

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Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

Around the rude Morai, the temple now
Of truth, hosannahs to the Holiest rung:
There from the Christian's equal marriage-row,
In natural growth the household virtues sprung;
Children were taught the paths of heavenly peace,
And age in hope look'd on to its release.

Colours and castes were heeded there no more;
Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,
Were laid aside, for on that happy shore
All men with equal liberty were blest;
And through the land the breeze upon its swells
Bore the sweet music of the sabbath bells.

Again the picture changed; those Isles I saw
With every crime thro' three long centuries curst,
While unrelenting Avarice gave the law;
Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings first,
Then doom'd, for Europe's lasting shame, to see
The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery.

That foulest blot had been at length effaced;
Slavery was gone, and all the power it gave,
Whereby so long our nature was debased,
Baleful alike to master and to slave.
O lovely Isles! ye were indeed a sight
To fill the spirit with intense delight!

For willing industry and cheerful toil
Perform'd their easy task, with Hope to aid;
And the free children of that happy soil
Dwelt each in peace beneath his cocoa's shade;
A race, who with the European mind
The adapted mould of Africa combined.

Clarkson, I answer'd, first; whom to have seen
And known in social hours may be my pride,
Such friendship being praise; and one, I ween,
Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his
Whose eloquent voice in that great cause was heard
So oft and well. But who shall be the third?

Time, said my Teacher, will reveal the name;
Of him who with these worthies shall enjoy
The equal honour of enduring fame;
He who the root of evil shall destroy,
And from our Laws shall blot the accursed word
Of Slave, shall rightly stand with them prefer'd.

Enough! the Goddess cried; with that the cloud
Obey'd, and closed upon the magic scene:
Thus much, quoth she, is to thine . . delays may intervene,
But scenes like these the coming age will bless,
If England but pursue the course of righteousness.

On she must go progressively in good,
In wisdom and in weal, or she must wane,
Like Ocean, she may have her ebb and flow,
But stagnates not. And now her path is plain:
If England but pursue the course of righteousness.

Anon, methought that in a spacious Square,
Of some great town the goodly ornament
Three statues I beheld, of sculpture fair:
These, said the Muse, are they whom one consent
Shall there deem worthy of the purest fame;
Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim?

Shall there deem worthy of the purest fame;
Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim?
Peace she hath won, ... with her victorious hand
Hath won through rightful war auspicious peace;
Nor this alone, but that in every hand
The withering rule of violence may cease.
[crown'd!]
Was ever War with such blest victory
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!

Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude;
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy country bless
In her own country, on the immortal shore.

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,
This was the fall of Freedom's direst foe;
If they detest the impious lust of war,
Here they shall find its curse and bitter 282
And may the curse and bitter savor
Of them deliver'd down
Changed and corrupted in the course of time,
And haply also by delusive art
Of Evil Powers.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

1 Letter to Mr. W. Taylor, March, 1817. 'I have begun a desultory poem in blank verse, pitched in a higher key than Cowper's, and in a wiser strain of philosophy than Young's; but as yet I have not recovered heart enough to proceed with it; nor is it likely that it will be published during my life.'

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

The Grave the house of Hope:
It is the haven whither we are bound
On the rough sea of life, and thence she lands
In her own country, on the immortal shore.

I ntho' to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feel'st that she holds her
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of humankind.

FRAGMENTARY POETICAL REMAINS.

Turn'd now to gall and seal.

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath assign'd
Life's wholesome wormwood, fears no bitterness when
From th' hand of Death he drinks the Amrita cup.

Come, then, Pain and Infirmity—appointed guests,
My heart is ready.

And that name In sacred silence buried, which was still
Of dear discourse.

In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse.

And that name
Of dear discourse.

INTIMATION AND REALITY

The hill was in the sunshine gay and green.
The vale below could not be seen;
A cloud hung over it.

That I stood loitering for the view; to
Lettering and musing thoughtfully
I stood.

For well those hills I knew,
And many a time had travel'd them
Yet now such change the hazy air had wrought,
That I could well have thought it
Never had beheld the scene before.

But while I gazed the cloud was
Passing by;

Which had beguiled me with its
Mockery;

And all things seemed again the things they were.

Alas! but then they were not half so fair
As I had shap'd them in the hazy air!

ADDITIONAL FRAGMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON

Daughters of Jove and of Mnemosyne, Pierian sisters, in whose sacred paths,
From my youth up these duteous feet have trod;
Ye who into my riper strains have breathed
And who into my riper strains have breathed
Truth, knowledge, life, and immortality;
An earthly heritage indefeasible

Assuring to me thus, with Bards of old, With the blind Grecian of the rocky isle, The Mantuan, and the Tuscan; and more dear To me than all of elder Rome and Greece, My honour'd master, who on Mulla's side, Mid the green alders, mus'd his heavenly lay; Be with me, O ye Nymphs of Castaly Divine, be with me now; ye who so oft Have given me strength, and confidence, and joy, O give me comfort now!—to you I look In sorrow, who in gladness heretofore, Yet never but with deepest faith devout, Have wooo'd your visitation. For no strain Of querulous regret I ask your aid, Impatient of the chasting hand of Heaven; But rather that your power may discipline Thoughts that will rise—may teach me To control The course of grief, and in discursive flight Leading my spirit, sometimes through the past, Sometimes with bold yet not irreverent reach Into the region of futurity, Abstract her from the sense of present woe.

Short time hath pass'd since from my pilgrimage To my rejoicing home restored I sung A true thanksgiving song of pure delight. Never had man whom Heaven would heap with bliss More happy day, more glad return than mine; You mountains with their wintry robe were clothed When, from a heart that overflow'd with joy, I pour'd that happy strain. The snow not yet Upon their mountain sides hath disappear'd Beneath the breath of spring, and in the grave Herbert is laid, the child who welcomed me With deepest love upon that joyful day. Herbert, my only and my studious boy, The sweet companion of my daily walks, Whose sports, whose studies, and whose thoughts I shared, Yea in whose life I lived, in whom I saw My better part transmitted and improved, Child of my heart and mind, the flower and crown Of all my hopes and earthly happiness.

APPENDIX

A LIST OF POEMS NOT REPRINTED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

(a) Poems published in the collected edition of 1837-8.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

WAT TYLER.

POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Six Sonnets.

To the Genius of Africa.

The Sailor who had served in the Slave Trade.

BOTANY BAY ELOGUES:

Elinor.

Humphrey and William.

John, Samuel, and Richard.

Frederick.

SONNETS:

I. 'Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid.'
II. 'Think, Valentine, as speeding on thy way.'
III. 'Not to thee, Bedford, mournful is the tale.'

MONOGRAMAS:

Sappho.

Ximadaea.

The Wife of Fergus.

Lucania.

La Caba.

THE ANATOMY POEMS OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM:

Sonnets.

Love Elegies.

LYRIC POEMS.

To Horror.

To a Friend.

The Soldier's Wife.

The Chapel Bell.

To Hymen.

Written on the First of December.

Written on the First of January.

Written on Sunday Morning.

The Race of Bucquoy.

Written in Alontajo.

To Recovery.

Youth and Age.

The Oak of our Fathers.

The Battle of Pultowa.

Translation of a Greek Ode on Astronomy.

Gooseberry Pie.

To a Bee.

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

The Death of Wallace.

The Spanish Armada.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS:

The Huron's Address to the Dead.

The Peruvian's Dirge Over the Body of his Father.

Song of the Araucans during a Thunderstorm.

Song of the Chikkaas Widow.

The old Chikkaas to his Grandson.

OCCASIONAL PIECES:

The Pauper's Funeral.

The Soldier's Funeral.
Occasional Pieces (continued)

On the Death of a Favourite Old Spaniel.
Autumn.
The Victory.

English Elegories:—
The Grandmother's Tale.
The Sailor’s Mother.
The Witch.
The Last of the Family.
The Wedding.

Nondescripts:—
Written the Winter after the Installation at Oxford, 1793.

Snuff.

Cool Reflections during a Midsummer Walk.
The Pig.
The Dancing Bear.
The Filbert.
Robert the Rhymer's True and Particular Account of Himself.

Odes.

Written during the War with America.


Ode to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the United Kingdom.

Odes (continued)

Ode to His Imperial Majesty, Alexander the First, Emperor of All the Russias.
Ode to His Majesty, Frederick William the Fourth, King of Prussia.
On the Battle of Aigiers.
On the Death of Queen Charlotte.
Ode for St. George's Day.
Ode Written after the King's Visit to Ireland.
Ode Written after the King's Visit to Scotland.
The Warning Voice.

On the Portrait of Bishop Heber.

Ballads and Metrical Tales.

Old Christmas's Advice.
King Charles's Adventure.
The King of the Crocodiles.
King Ramiro.
Gonzalo Hermínez.
The Surgeon's Warning.

All for Love.

The Pilgrim to Compostella.

Carmen Nuptiale—The Lay of the Laureate.

A Vision of Judgement.


Oliver Newman

Short Passages of Scripture, Rhythmically Arranged or Paraphrased.

Madrigal, Translated from Luis Martin.

Mohammed; a Fragment Written in 1799.

(c) Poems published in 'Robin Hood . . . a Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.' (1847).

Robin Hood, Part I.
The Three Spaniards.
March.

Apart from the poems mentioned in the foregoing list there were many early pieces which Southey did not see fit to republish in 1837-8. The curious in such matters may search for them over the signature 'Bion' in Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey, 1793; in The Annual Anthology for 1798 and 1800; and in Letters from Spain and Portugal, 1797. Three or four poems sent by Southey to Daniel Stuart, editor of The Morning Post, are to be found printed in Letters from the Lake Poets, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1886; and a few stray verses lie scattered among the volumes of his published correspondence. Southey's contribution to The Fall of Robespierre (1794) may be found printed in Coleridge's Poetical Works, ed. J. Dykes Campbell, pp. 216-225. Of that notable drama Coleridge was responsible for the first Act; the second and third were written by Southey in two days, 'as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse.' A poetical address to Amos Cottle appeared in the latter's volume of Icelandic Poetry, 1797. There are probably other verses contributed by Southey to The Morning Post, The Courier, and other newspapers still lying unclaimed and uncollected in the columns in which they first saw the light. But the bulk of the pieces which he did not republish are to be found in the volumes mentioned above.

1 In The Annual Anthology Southey's contributions are to be found sometimes over his own name, sometimes over the signatures R. S.,—R.,—R. S. Y.,—S.,—Enthusy,—Theoderyt,—Abel Shufflettishot,—or Byondo; and occasionally without any signature at all. Of the unsigned pieces a few were reprinted in the collected edition of his Poetical Works, in 1837-8. According to Alexander Dyce's MS. notes in the two volumes of The Annual Anthology formerly belonging to Southey (now in the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum), Southey was also the author of the verses which appear without a signature in vol. i, pp. 22, 59, 52, 194, 137, 139, 145, 308.
NOTES

N.B. In the references in these Notes, Life = The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey (edited by his son, Cuthbert Southey, 8 vols., 1849, 1860); Water = Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey (edited by J. W. Water, 4 vols., 1850).

THALABA THE DESTROYER

Written July 1799—July 1800; published in two volumes, 12mo, by Longman and Rees, in 1801. A second edition was published by Longman in 1809. This edition is more heavily stopped than that of 1801, to the great improvement of the sense; and the variations from the 1801 text are numerous and important. The mottoes to the different books also appeared first in the 1849 edition, and the notes were much amplified and placed at the end of each book, instead of at the bottom of the page. A third edition appeared in 1814, differing from the last only in having the stanzas numbered, and in the lapidary arrangement of the lines. Southey introduced many minor corrections when he finally revised the poem for publication in 1837.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. H. Coleridge for permission to print the following extract from a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Daniel Stuart, editor of The Morning Post. The letter bears date, Sept. 10, 1801:—

'Have you seen the Thalaba? It is not altogether a poem exactly to my taste; there are, however, three uncommonly fine passages in it. The first, in Volume 1st, beginning (page 130) at the words, "It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven," continued to the end of the 3rd line, page 134; then omitting the intermediate pages, pass on to page 147, and recommenced with the words "Their father is their priest," to the last line of page 166, concluding with the words "Of Thalaba went by." This would be a really good extract, and I am sure none of the Reviews will have either feeling or taste to select...'.

The next extract is in Volume 2, page 125, beginning at the words, "All waste, no sign of life,..." and go on to the last words of page 145:—Letters from the Lake Poets, pp. 20-2.

Page 23. Book I, Stanza 1. As an illustration of the way in which Southey altered and improved his poems after their first publication, it is interesting to note the changes introduced into the opening stanza of Thalaba. In the first edition the stanza ran as follows:—

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air,

No mist obscures, no little cloud

Breaks the whole scene of heaven:

In full-orbed glory the majestic moon

Rolls thro' the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray

The desert circle spreads,

Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.

How beautiful is night!

The stanza first appeared in its present form in the second edition of the poem.

Page 27. Book I, I. 246. 'The hunter Afri.' So edn. 1857-8. I have retained this reading with hesitation, suspecting it to be a misprint for 'The hunter African' of edn. 1801, 1809.

Page 33, ll. 650, 657. 'The angel of death,' say the Rabbis, 'holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man, spaying this deadly Angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and purifieth.'—Purchas. (S.)

Page 35. Book II, ll. 165-70. 'These lines contain the various opinions of the Mahommedans respecting the intermediate state of the Blessed, till the Day of Judgement.' (S.)

Zemzem-well. According to Mahommedan tradition Ismael, when a new-born babe, made a way for a spring to break forth by dancing with his little feet upon the ground. But the water came forth with such abundance and violence that Hagar could not drink of it. Abraham, coming to the place, stayed the force of the spring, and made Hagar and Ismael drink. 'The said spring is to this day called Sensem, from Abraham making use of that word to stay it.'—Olearius. (S.)

Page 68. Book V, I. 72. City of Peace. Almanzor, the founder of Bagdad, named his new city Dar-al-Salarn, the City of Peace. (S.)

I. 78. 'Thy founder the Victorious.' Almanzor signifies the Victorious. (S.)

Page 61, I. 282. 'The Mussulmans use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Zul-thab, or implement of praise...'.—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

Page 62, I. 297-9. 'The Mahommedans believe that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye.'—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

I. 307. 'Zohak was the fifth King of the Pischdadian dynasty, he being descended from Shedad, who perished with the tribe of Ad. Zohak murdered his predecessor, and invented the punishments of the cross and of flagging alive. The Devil, who had long served him, requested at last, as a recompense, permission to kiss his shoulders; immediately two serpents grew there, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain. The Devil now suggested a remedy, which was to quiet them by giving them every day the brains of two men, killed for that purpose: this tyranny lasted long till a blacksmith of Isphahan, whose children had been nearly all skin to feed the King's serpents, raised his leather apron as the standard of revolt, and deposed Zohak. Zohak, say the Persians, is still living in the cave of his punishment.'—D'Herbelot. Olearius. (S.)
the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Dives. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech." . . . (S.)

Page 101. Book XI, p. 367-73. "Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know that the spring from which this description was taken is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokeee-Coffe's tumpike, and known by the name of the Bolling Well. Other and larger springs of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire." (S.)

Page 115. Book XII, p. 461. "Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mahommedans; some deem it a veil of separation, some a strong wall. Others hold it to be a Purgatory, in which those believers will remain, whose good and evil works have been so equal, that they were neither virtuous enough to enter Paradise, nor guilty enough to be condemned to the fire of Hell." . . . —D'Herbelot. (S.)

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Written May 1801—Nov. 1809; published in one volume, 4to, by Longman in 1810. In the first edition the stanzas were unnumbered and differently divided. The variations in the text of the first and later editions are comparatively few and unimportant. A fourth edition was published in 1818.

There is a MS. of this poem in Southey's handwriting in the British Museum (No. 36,488). A note appended by Southey's brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., states that this MS. was written for me and sent sheet by sheet in letters, the greater part of which were received on board His Majesty's Dreadnought, off the coast of France in 1809. The British Museum Catalogue says, "the text in this MS. differs from that of the poem as printed, one stanza only with the original form as found in an autograph copy, begun May 28, 1806, now in possession of Miss Warter, the poet's granddaughter, the corrections made in which were embodied in the printed text."

In the British Museum MS. there is no list of characters and no preface. The motto, "Curses are like young chickens, &c. . . ." is attributed to "Uncle William," and there is no Greek version of it. The motto in question was a saying of Southey's uncle William, a half-witted brother of Miss Tyler, with whom he lived. The Greek version and its mysterious reference are due to Coleridge. Southey has described William Tyler under the name of William Dove in The Doctor, &c., Chapter X, P. I. and passim.

There is another MS. of The Curse of Kehama, bound up with a MS. of Roderick, in the Victoria and Albert Museum (number 480 in the Catalogue of MSS., in the Forster Collection). These MSS. were sent by Southey to W. S. Landor in sections, as the composition of the two poems proceeded. The MS. of The Curse of Kehama contains no list of characters, preface, or mottoes. The whole of it from Section VII onwards is in Southey's handwriting. The first section is dated May 28, 1806, and thus represents the original draught as it stood some two years before Southey first met Landor. The ending of the poem is identical with that in the British Museum MS.;—see note on Section XXIV, below.

In an unpublished letter to Landor, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, written at the end of the MS. of the first section of Roderick, and dated Keswick, July 14, 1810, Southey speaks of The Curse of Kehama as follows:

"The structure of the poem is its main merit—in this point it is far superior to Thalaba,—in most other respects I am afraid I myself do not like it quite so well, and am well assured that most persons will like it even less,—or in
plainer language will dislike it more. About this I am perfectly indifferent. It is a work sui generis, which like Gibie will find its own admirers, and I have always sincerely echoed your original preface upon that point.'—Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries.

Page 132. Section VII, l. 197. 'The fate of Nared.' In Hindoo legend Nared, a divine son of Brahma, invented the Vina, or Indian lute. (S.)

Page 181. Section X, l. 562. his Dragon foe. Rahu, a dragon-like monster, according to Hindoo legend strives during eclipses to weak vengeance on the Sun and Moon for having denounced a fraud which he had practised on the gods. (S.)

Page 182. Section XIII, l. 131. Voondease. The wife of Veeshnoo, the goddess of the earth and of patience. (S.)

Page 183, ll. 175-6. "The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture with which he is then oppressed; and they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers." Wilford, Asiatic Researches. (S.)

Page 181. Section XXI, l. 84. that strange Indian bird. 'The Chatookes. They say it never drinks at the streams below, but, opening its bill when it rains, it catches the drops as they fall from the clouds.'—Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries, vol. ii, p. 306. (S.)

Page 207. Section XXIV. In the British Museum MS. the poem ends as follows after Stanza 23:

'Thus hath the will of destiny been done,'
'Thus are the secret ways of Heaven made known
And justified. Ye heirs of heavenly bliss,
Go to the Swoara Bowers,
And there recall the hours
Of endless happiness.
For thee, Ladurad, there is yet in store
One glorious task. Return to Earth—restore
Justice and Peace, by Tyranny put down.
Then shalt thou have thine everlasting crown.
And join thy best-beloved for evermore!'

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS


There is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a MS. of the first eighteen sections of Roderick,—as they were sent successively, by Southey to Landor,—bound up with the corresponding MS. of The Curse of Kehama. (No. 480 in the Catalogue of MSS. in the Forster Collection). Every section save the first is in Southey's handwriting. At the end of Sections I, II, VI, VII, IX, X, XII, XIII, XIV, XVI, and XVII are letters or postscripts, all signed with Southey's initials, except the first, which is signed in full. The letter to Landor at the end of Section I is dated Keswick, Friday, July 14, 1810. The postmark on the last section (XVIII) bears date, Sept. 26, 1814.

In this MS. the poem is called 'Pelayo', for, it was Southey's original intention that Pelayo should be its hero. As the work progressed, the character of Roderick took a more and more predominating importance. Accordingly, in sending Section VI to Landor, Southey writes to him (in an unpublished letter) as follows (Sept. 11, 1812):

'The next book is nearly finished. I believe I must go back to the fifth, and interpolate a passage introductory of Eglioa, whose death I think of bringing forward in Book 8, and in whose character I must seek for such a palliation of the rape of Florida as may make Roderick's crime not so absolutely incomparable with his heroic qualities as it now appears. The truth is that in consequence of having begun the story with Roderick I have imperceptibly been led to make him the prominent personage of the poem, and have given him virtues which it will be very difficult to make consistent with his fall.

The description of Eglioa, Section V, l. 124-44, was subsequently interpolated with the object described above.

Southey justly regarded Roderick as his highest achievement as a poet. H. Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary for Sept. 15, 1816, 'Of his own works he (Southey) thinks Don Roderick by far the best.' And this statement is corroborated by a letter from Southey to Dr. Gooch, dated Nov. 30, 1814, in which he says he had now in Roderick the best book he has written, and, probably, the best that I shall do, which is rather a melancholy feeling for the author.'

Southey gives the following lively description of his feelings on the completion of this poem in an unpublished letter to his brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., dated Thursday, 14 July, 1814, now in the British Museum:

'Monday came and I continued at my task, still writing like a Lion like going up a mountain, the termination seemed to recede as I advanced. So I was still at it on Tuesday midsidny, when in came a Laker to interrupt me... This morning I went again to work, and just at dinner-time finished a poem which was begun 2 December 1809. The last book has extended to 380 lines, and the whole work to 700, some twenty more or less.—Howra! your Serene Highness! 0 be joyful! St. Helen's, Auckland, and Greta Hall! ... I do not feel exactly as Gibbon did, who knew that it was impossible for him ever to execute another work of equal magnitude with his great history. ... I neither want subjects nor inclination for fresh attempts. But this poem has been 4 years on hand, and had been thought of as many years before it was begun: and it is impossible not to feel how very doubtful it is whether I may ever again complete one of equal extent, or of equal merit,—the more at any part of my life better disposed for it in will or in power than at the present time.'

It may be well to add here Charles Lamb's appreciation of the poem, as conveyed to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1815:

'The story of the brave Maccabee,' he wrote, 'was already, you may be sure, familiar to me in all its parts. I have, since the receipt of your present, read it quite through again, and with no diminished pleasure... The parts I have been most pleased with, both on first and second readings, perhaps, are Florida's passion of Roderick's crime, confessed to him in his disguise—the retreat of the Palayos (sic) family first discovered—the being made King... For subscription
one form must serve for the breach of old observances." Roderick's vow is extremely fine, and his blessing on the vow of Alphonso:

Towards the troops he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration.

'It struck me forcibly that the feeling of these last lines might have been suggested to you by the Cartoon of Paul at Athens. Certain it is that a better motto or guide to that famous attitude can nowhere be found. I shall adopt it as explanatory of that violent but dignified motion.'


Page 210. Section I, l. 30. the name of thy new conqueror. 'Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar; Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general.' (S.)

L. 69. 'Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez. (España Suegra, t. ix, p. 53.)' (S.)

Page 221. Section III, ll. 99-105. 'The Roman Conimbrica stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condéyses Velha. Ataces, king of the Almuns, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for his obstinate resistance, dispossessed it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra, where it now stands ... Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.' (S.)

Page 222. l. 180. Diogo's amorous tale. 'Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery ...' (S.)

Page 226, l. 326. The collected edition of 1838 and the one-volume edition reprinted from it read 'Yet' as the first word of this line,—clearly a misprint for the 'Yet' of 1814, which has been restored in the present edition.

Page 234. Section X. In sending this Section—perhaps the finest in the whole poem—to Landor, Southey thus writes (in an appendix to his completed work):—'I shall adopt in it hereafter,—but I think it is in the right strain, and that the passion is properly made diffuse.' (March 3, 1815.)

It may be added that the changes eventually made in the original draught of this section as it had been sent to Landor were comparatively few and unimportant.

Page 277. Section XV. In a letter to G. C. Bedford, of August 8, 1815 (Walter, ii, 420). Southey thus anticipates an obvious criticism upon this and other portions of the poem:

'The strongest objection which has or can be urged against the poems is, that Roderick should not be recognized; but the fact is strictly possible. A friend of mine (poor Charles Danvers), after a fortnight's absence, during which he had been very exposed to weather, sleeping out of doors, and in an open boat, and had endured the greatest anxiety (in assisting a man to escape to America, who would have been hanged for high treason, if he had been taken), was so altered as literally not to be recognized at the end of that time by an old servant of the family. Think, also, what a difference grey hairs will make; and how soon grief will produce this change has often been seen. When the Queen of Prussia was murdered, her hair was perfectly white. This I have carefully marked in Roderick; I have also made his mother recognize him upon the first sight, and Swerian also. As for Julian, it is nowhere implied that he had ever seen Roderick; on the contrary, Afries was his home.'

Page 294. Section XVIII, l. 107. orary.——a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders ...' (S.)

Page 344. The Dead Friend. This poem was written in memory of Edmund Seward, of Balliol College, Oxford, who died in June, 1795. Seward had been one of the little band who originally entered upon the scheme of Pantisocracy, but he had soon realized that the plan was visionary and impracticable, and had ceased to support it. Southey writes as follows to G. C. Bedford, on June 15, 1795: 'Bedford,—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good.'

The Dead Friend. Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV (then Prince Regent), and heir-presumptive to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in childbirth, Nov. 6, 1817.

Page 345. Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV (then Prince Regent), and heir-presumptive to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in childbirth, Nov. 6, 1817.

Page 346, ll. 110-24. During the building of a mausoleum under St. George's Chapel, Windsor, an accidental opening was made by the workmen into the Henry VIII vault. Three coffins were visible in the vault,—two of them those of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour; and, as there was some doubt as to the burial-place of King Charles I, owing to a passage in Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion (iii, Part I, p. 393 [Oxford, 1807]), which states that unsuccessful search was made for the body shortly after the Restoration, the Prince Regent
ordered that the third coffin in the vault should be examined and the doubtful point set at rest. 

The examination was made on April 1, 1813, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, Count Münster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Halford, the King’s physician. The coffin was covered by a black velvet pall, and, when this was removed, was seen to bear the inscription, ‘Charles I, 1648.’ When the wrappings of the body were removed and the face exposed, the pointed beard and lower half of the countenance were found to be perfect, and one eye was visible at the first moment, though it disappeared immediately; the nose, however, was defaced. The loose head was taken out and held up to view; the hair at the back was thick and of a dark-brown colour, while the beard was of a more reddish brown. The muscles at the back of the neck showed the traces of a heavy blow from a sharp instrument.

The head was then replaced, and the coffin closed; and, after a cursory examination of the coffins of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, the vault was closed.

The above particulars are drawn from a pamphlet in the Royal Library at Windsor, by Sir Henry Halford, entitled, ‘An Account of what appeared on Opening the Coffin of King Charles the First in the Vault of King Henry the Eighth in St. George’s Chapel at Windsor, on the First of April, 1813.’ I am indebted for this information to the kindness of the Honourable John Fortescue, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor. 

**Page 347.** My days among the Dead are past. Cuthbert Southey, in quoting these lines in his Life of his father, adds the following interesting note:—

‘I have an additional pleasure in quoting these lines here, because Mr. Wordsworth... once remarked that they possessed a peculiar interest as a most true and touching presentation of my father’s character. He also wished three alterations to be made in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness and simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase ‘natural eyes’ is too unusual, he proposed—

‘Where'er I chance these eyes to cast.’

In the sixth line, instead of “converse”, “commune”, because, as it stands, the accent is wrong.

‘In the second stanza, he thought—

‘While I understand and feel,... My cheeks have often been bedewed’

was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead,—

‘My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed.’

These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them.—*Life, iv, 110, n.*

**Page 348.** _The Cataract of Lodore._ The origin of this poem is thus described in a letter from Southey to his brother Thomas, dated October 18, 1809 (Warter, ii, 168):

‘I hope... you will approve of a description of the water at Lodore, made originally for Edith, and greatly admired by Herbert. In my mind it surpasses any that the tourists have yet printed. Thus it runs—’Tell the people how the water comes down at Lodore.' Why it comes thundering, and sounding, and bounding, and clattering, and clattering, with a dreadful uproar,—and that way the water comes down at Lodore.'

The doggerel thus first composed by Southey for the amusement of his eldest daughter was developed into the poem as we now know it for the benefit of his youngest child, Cuthbert, more than twenty years later, in 1822 (Warter, ii, 315).

There is a MS. of this poem in the British Museum (Es. 1900), and another in the museum at Keswick. The latter is an early draught. The former is dated 1822, and begins with the line ‘Here it lies darkling.’ It includes seventy-one lines instead of seventy-nine, as in the corresponding portion of the poem as printed, and there are a few unimportant variants. The following lines—in addition to the first forty-two—are wanting in the MS.—47–50, 60, 71, and 83; and in some cases the order of the lines is slightly different.

**Page 350.** _Inscription II._ Epitaph. The Emma of this epitaph was the first wife of Southey’s friend, General Peacher, who lived on Vicar’s Island in Derwentwater. She had been a Miss Charter, of Bishop’s Lydeard, near Taunton. She died in 1809 (Life, ii, 304; Warter, ii, 155).

**Page 351.** _Inscription III._ At Barossa. Lieut.-General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) defeated the French army under Victor at Barossa on March 5, 1811.

**Page 352.** _Inscription IV._ Epitaph. This epitaph very probably may refer to the death of Southey’s eldest son, Herbert, who died on April 17, 1816, in the tenth year of his age. See Notes on ‘The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo’ and on the ‘Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son’s Death’, pp. 762, 763.

**Page 353.** Dedication of the Author’s Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. The Rev. H. Hill was Southey’s maternal uncle. Southey had indeed foreseen the necessity for an early publication. Mr. Hill had paid the expenses of his education at Westminster and at Oxford, and took him to Lisbon with him in 1795. He encouraged Southey—on the occasion of the latter’s second visit to Portugal in 1809—to undertake the writing of a History of Portugal, and, until he himself returned to England in 1807, continued to furnish his nephew with Spanish and Portuguese materials for that work. From that time onwards until his death he constantly corresponded with Southey with reference to the latter’s literary employments. On his return to England, Mr. Hill married, and held successively the livings of Staunton-on-Wye and Streatham. One of his sons, Herbert, married Bertha Southey in 1839, and edited Southey’s _Oliver Newman: With other Poetical Remains_, in 1845.

**Page 357.** _Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte, in January, 1814._ The greater part of this ode was originally included in the _Carmen Triumphale_. In deference to the advice of J. W. Croker and Rickman Southey out from the _Carmen_, five stanzas which were thought too vigorous for an official poem by the Poet Laureate: to these he added three other stanzas, and sent the whole as a separate ode to _The Courier_.

There is a MS. of this ode in the possession of the Rev. Canon Rawnsley. In this MS. ends, as did the version first printed in _The Courier_, with the two following lines, subsequently cancelled,—

‘Pluck from the Upstart’s head thy sullied crown.
Down with the Tyrant! With the murderer down!’

Professor Dowden has well characterized this ode as ‘perhaps the loftiest chant of popular song which has been inspired by moral indignation, which is ever possessed. And he observes further: ‘Southey stood erect in the presence of power which he believed to be immoral, defied it and exorcised it. That he did not perceive
low, in driving the ploughshare of Revolution across Europe of the old régime. Napoleon was terribly accomplishing an inevitable and a beneficent work, may have been an error; but it was an error to which no blame attaches, and in his fierce indigent he states, with ample support of facts, one entire side of the case. The ode is indeed more than a poem; it is a historical document expressing the passion which filled many of the highest minds in England, and which as a later date was the justification of Saint Helena.' (Poems by Robert Southey, 'Golden Treasury' Series, Intro. pp. xxiv, xxv.)

PAGE 366. The March to Moscow. This doggerel march is included here among the Selected Minor Poems, both as being eminently characteristic of the writer and as in some ways complementary to the 'Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte'. Southey wrote it to amuse his children. When it was originally published in The Courier the present fourth stanza was suppressed, and the fifth stanza was added later.

Stanza 4, 1, 2. He frightened Mr. Roscoe. William Roscoe (1753-1831), historian, banker, and Whig M.P. for Liverpool 1806-7, was a strong advocate of peace with France, and published several pamphlets between 1780 and 1810 in support of such a policy.

PAGE 367. The Old Woman of Berkeley. There is a MS. of this ballad in the British Museum. It is in Mrs. Southey's handwriting, dated Martin Hall, Oct. 5 (1798), and was enclosed in a letter to Thomas Southey, in which Southey says of it, 'I like the ballad much.'

PAGE 378. Inscription for a Coffee-Pot. These lines, written in 1830 or early in 1831, were written for and were printed in the present edition because of their interest as a link in the relations between Southey and Charles Lamb. They were written in reply to a contemptuous review of Lamb's Album Verses and Other Poems, which appeared on July 10, 1830, in the Literary Gazette, of which paper William Jordan was editor. The review in question contained the following passage: 'If anything could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentation on the binding and engraving nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.' Southey's lines were published in The Times on Aug. 6, 1830. They were his first public utterance concerning Lamb since he had arisen out of Southey's allusion to the Essays of Elia in the Quarterly Review for January, 1823—Lamb's famous open letter to him of the following October—and their speedy reconciliation, so honourable to both the friends. Lamb was much touched, and wrote to Bernard Barton on Aug. 30, 1830: '

How noble in Robert Southey to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!' (See E. V. Lucas, Life of Charles Lamb, one vol. ed. (1907), pp. 508-14, 625 and 626.)

PAGE 383. The Widow. These lines are here printed, as having given rise to one of the most famous parodies in the language. 'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder' was written by Canning and Fosse, and appeared in No. II. of The Anti-Jacobin on Nov. 27, 1797.

The Old Man's Comforts. These lines are chiefly notable as the original of Lewis Carroll's brilliant parody in Alice in Wonderland.

PAGE 386. To a Spider. Charles Lamb's criticism of this poem is of interest. Writing to Southey on March 30, 1799, he says:

'I am hugely pleased with your "Spider", your old Freemason,' as you call him. The first three stanzas are delicious; they seem to me a compound of Burns and Old Quares; the kind of home-strokes where he magic money, he commanded him to embrace his Apeg: the statue of a beautiful woman so formed to the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.' (S.)


PAGE 394. To Margaret Hill. Margaret Hill, to whom this poem is addressed, was Southey's favourite cousin. He appears to have himself dismayed the expenses of her illness, which lasted for more than a year (Winter, i. 164). She died of consumption not long after Southey's return from Portugal in 1801.

PAGE 398. Written immediately after reading the Speech of Robert Emmet. Robert Emmet (1778-1803), a member of the United Irishmen, planned a rising against the English Government in Ireland, intending to seize Dublin Castle and to hold the Vicereoy as a hostage. The rising took place on July 23, 1803, but was easily suppressed; not, however, before the ringleader had murdered Lord Kilwarden and Colonel Brown, whom they met on their march. Emmet had fled in horror at the violence of his followers, but was arrested a month later, tried for high treason on Sept. 19, sentenced to death, and executed on the following day.

PAGE 402. To Charles Lamb. These lines were not included in the collected edition of 1837-8, but are printed in the present edition because of their interest as a link in the relations between Southey and Charles Lamb. They were written in reply to a contemptuous review of Lamb's Album Verses and Other Poems, which appeared on July 10, 1830, in the Literary Gazette, of which paper William Jordan was editor. The review in question contained the following passage: 'If anything could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentation on the binding and engraving nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.' Southey's lines were published in The Times on Aug. 6, 1830. They were his first public utterance concerning Lamb since he had arisen out of Southey's allusion to the Essays of Elia in the Quarterly Review for January, 1823—Lamb's famous open letter to him of the following October—and their speedy reconciliation, so honourable to both the friends. Lamb was much touched, and wrote to Bernard Barton on Aug. 30, 1830: '

How noble in Robert Southey to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!' (See E. V. Lucas, Life of Charles Lamb, one vol. ed. (1907), pp. 508-14, 625 and 626.)

PAGE 406. The Retrospect. Corston (called Alston in the poem as originally published) is a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road. Southey passed a year there (1781-2) at a school kept by one Thomas Flower. His reminiscences of the time spent there are to be found in his Life and Correspondence, i. 46-58. He says of it, 'Here one year of my life was spent with little profit, and with a good deal of suffering. There could not be a worse school in all respects.'

PAGE 406, II. 141 sq. These lines describe a visit which Southey paid to Corston in 1793, after the house had ceased to be used as a school.

PAGE 409. Hymn to the Penates. Apeg's sculptured form. 'Of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apeg: the statue of a beautiful woman so formed to the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.' (S.)


PAGE 410. The Devil's Walk. The genesis of these lines, originally known as 'The Devil's Thoughts', is told by Southey himself in stanzas 1-3 of Coleridge's Hymn to the Penates, in a note in the 1829 edition of his poems, states that stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 19 were due to Coleridge and not to Southey. The remaining stanzas of the original version were presumably written in collaboration. The verses originally appeared in the Morning
Post of Sept. 9, 1799. The text, as then published, is printed in J. Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works, pp. 311, 322. This first version included, sometimes in a modified form, stanzas 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 57, of the poem as finally printed by Southey in 1832. The square had a great circulation. In 1812 Shelley published his imitation, 'The Devil's Walk,' and in 1813 Byron published his 'The Devil's Drive.' In 1826 Caroline Bowles urged Southey, in view of the confident assertions that Porson was the author, to publish the verses as his own, and so to set all doubts at rest. Southey was thus unfortunately moved to expand the lines until they reached their present form. Further particulars may be found in Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's Poetical Works, loc. cit.

Page 422, l. 65, 66. Richard Brothers, a crazy enthusiast, published A Recounted Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times (1794), and other similar works. He died in 1854.

Page 423. Stanza 57. 'If any one should ask who General — meant, the Author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a crown whom he dressed for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel' (Coleridge's note in 1829).

INSCRIPTIONS

Page 429, xi. Juan of Padilla, a nobleman of Toledo, commanded the forces of the Comuneros, who rebelled against the government of Charles V in 1520. He was captured at Villalar on April 23, 1521, and was put to death on the following day (see The Cambridge Modern History, i. 372-5).

Page 432. Stanzas 30. Richard Llor Skel (1791-1831), dramatist and politician; Daniel O'Cullin (1775-1847); Sidney Smith (1771-1845); Joseph Hume (1777-1855), a prominent Radical M.P. from 1818 to 1855; Lord Brougham (1788-1868); Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832); Peter, seventh Baron King of Odiham (1776-1833); and James Warren Doyle (1786-1834). Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, are here grouped together chiefly as having been prominent advocates of Catholic Emancipation.

Page 433. Stanzas 57. 'If any one should ask who General — meant, the Author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a crown whom he dressed for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel' (Coleridge's note in 1829).

NOTES


xxiv. Massena attacked Wellington's position on the heights of Busaco on Sept. 27, 1810, and was repulsed with a loss of over 4,000 killed, wounded, and missing. At the loftiest summit of the mountain ridge was a convent of Carmelites, where Wellington had fixed his headquarters.

Page 436, xxvii. Massena evacuated Santarem on March 5, 1811.

xxviii. Wellington defeated Massena at Fuentes d'Oñoro on May 5, 1811.

xxix. The Battle of Albufera was fought on May 16, 1811.

Page 440, xxx. Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo on Jan. 19, 1812. Major-Gen. Crawford (1794-1812) had won a great reputation as leader of the light division in the Peninsula. He was shot through the body at the very beginning of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, and died on Jan. 24. He was buried in the breach itself.

Page 441, xxxii. General (afterwards Sir Rowland and finally Lord) Hill, commanding a force of British and Spanish troops, surprised the French under General Giraud at Arroyo Molinos in the early morning of Oct. 28, 1811, and drove them from the village with the loss of considerably more than half their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

Page 442, xxxii. Barré Charles Roberts (1789-1810), second son of Edward Roberts, clerk of the rolls in the exchequer, graduated B.A. at Christ Church in 1808. He was a keen antiquarian, and made a fine collection of English coins, now in the possession of the trustees of the British Museum. In Feb. 1809, he contributed to the first number of the Quarterly Review a review of Pinkerton's Essay on Medals. He was seized with consumption in 1809, and died on Jan. 1, 1810. In 1814 there appeared Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Barré Charles Roberts, with a chapter of his Life, by a friend; and the volume was noticed by Southey in the Quarterly Review for Jan., 1815.

Page 443, xxxviii. The Caledonian Canal was completed on Oct. 30, 1822.

Page 453. Epistle to Allan Cunningham. This poem was written expressly for The Anniversary, of which annual Allan Cunningham was editor. 

Page 559. Sir Arthur Wellesley, the first Duke of Wellington, was born on Aug. 15, 1769, and died on Jan. 14, 1852. He was a keen antiquarian, and made a fine collection of English coins, now in the possession of the trustees of the British Museum. In Feb. 1809, he contributed to the first number of the Quarterly Review a review of Pinkerton's Essay on Medals. He was seized with consumption in 1809, and died on Jan. 1, 1810. In 1814 there appeared Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Barré Charles Roberts, with a chapter of his Life, by a friend; and the volume was noticed by Southey in the Quarterly Review for Jan., 1815.

Page 559. Q. R. Review. The following extract from a letter from Southey to Caroline Bowles, dated Jan. 25, 1810, gives some explanation of the portraits referred to above.

"To assist you in the collection of portraits I must tell you what are attainable and what not. The first was engraved in the European Magazine, and is from..."
a picture by Edridge. The Landlord exists only as a miniature here by poor Miss Betham. The Evangelical is in the New Monthly Magazine, and the French and German copies are of course not attainable in this country. Sir Smoug is poor Nash's miniature. Sir Smoug belongs to the Percy Anecdotes. Smoug the Coiner is published for one shilling by a fellow named Lombard in the Strand, and the Minion is the mezzotinto from the villainous picture by Phillips. (The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, p. 161.)

The picture by Edridge here referred to is presumably the pencil drawing made in 1804, formerly in the possession of G. O. Bedford, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

MADOC

Begun 1794 (autumn): finally revised in the autumn of 1804; published in one vol. 1.4s. by Longman in 1805. A second edition appeared in 1807 and a fourth in 1815.

A MS. of 'Madoc in Wales' in Southey's writing, dated Oct. 29, 1804, is in the possession of Canon Rawnsley: the second volume of this MS., containing 'Madoc in Azthin,' is in the Keswick Museum.

Page 461. Part I, Section I, l. 43. Aberfran. 'The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here.' (S.)

Page 467. Section III, l. 19. Dinemner. 'Dinas Lawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.' (S.)

I. 24. 'I have taken some liberties here with the history. Hoel kept possession of the throne nearly two years; he then went to Ireland to claim the property of his mother, Pyrog, the daughter of an Irish chieftain; in the meantime David seized the government. Hoel raised all the force he could to recover the crown, but after a severe conflict was wounded and defeated. He returned to Ireland with the remains of his army, which probably consisted chiefly of Irishmen, and there died of his wounds.—(Cambrian Biography.)' (S.)


Page 481. Section VI, I. 131. 'Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico.'—Clavigero. (S.)

Page 496. Section XI, I. 13-17. 'By the principles of the Order a bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious. . . .—Owen's Llywarch Hen.' (S.)

Page 537. Part II, Section VI, I. 192. 'Snake-worship was common in America.'—Bernal Diaz, p. 3, 7, 125. . . .

'It can scarcely be necessary to say that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, were best suited to the plan of the poem.' (S.)

Page 545. Section IX, I. 16. Elmar and Aroman. Bards who had borne arms. Aroran was one of those known as 'the three Bards of the Buddy Spear.' (S.)

Page 547, ll. 99-106. 'Tecallipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old. . . . l. 107. Mexitli, woman-born. 'The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the poem. Part II, Section XXI.' (S.)

I. 111. Quetzalcoat. 'God of the Winds.' (S.)

Page 548, l. 101. 'The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temple.' (S.)

Page 550. Section X, l. 66. Cozolcuilca. 'The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees.'—Clavigero. (S.)

Page 556. Section XII, l. 85. Tlacacu. 'The Paradise of Tlacacu.' (S.)

Page 567. Section XV, l. 94. 'An old priest of the Tlatoehuicas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink this holy beverage before they went to battle; this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the king drank first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight.'—Torquemado, i. ii, c. 58.' (S.)

Page 562. Section XXVII, ll. 35-48. 'My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will be thought, must be that the fact itself is historically true; by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huizilochitl, a name which I have altered to Yuhistitl, which the bird of the peacock cannot be better expressed.' (S.)

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

Page 563. St. Guadalupe. George Burnett (1776-1811) was a friend of Southey at Balliol, and one of those who joined in the scheme of 'pantisocracy.' His erratic disposition made his life 'a series of unsuccessful attempts in many professions.' He published in 1807 a View of the Present State of Poland, and also edited Specimens of English Prose Writers (1807) and a selection from Milton's Prose Works (1809). For the last two years of his life his friends and relations saw and heard nothing of him, and he died in the Marybone Infirmary in Feb., 1811.

Page 564. Regret the Robber. There is a MS. of this ballad (undated) in the British Museum, and another in the possession of Canon Rawnsley.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

This poem was begun in 1814, laid aside for long intervals, and only finished on Feb. 24, 1825. It was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1825.

Page 567. Dedication, ll. 6-14. Southey first made the acquaintance of John May at Lisbon in 1783-4, and thus began a lifelong friendship.

l. 18. Southey's eldest child, Margaret, died in August 1805, being then not quite a year old.

Page 572. Canto III, l. 249. And Father was his name. 'Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guaraní name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.' (S.)

Page 581. Canto III, ll. 168-71. In 1822 Sara Coleridge, who, with her mother, was still living at Greta Hall, had published (without Southey's suggestion) a translation in three volumes of Dobrizhoffer's Account of the Abipones.
NOTES

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

This poem was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1816. Southey had toured in Holland and Belgium in Sept.-Oct., 1815, with Mrs. Southey, their eldest daughter Edith, Edward Nash, the artist, and one or two other friends. The Southeys reached Greta Hall on their return on Dec. 6, 1815; and a melancholy interest attaches to the Proem to 'The Poet's Pilgrimage', in which that joyous homecoming is so feelingly described. Herbert, Southey's only boy, the very light of his eyes, was taken ill in the following March, and died on April 17, 1816. He was in the tenth year of his age. Southey never recovered from this blow. 'The head and flower of his earthly happiness' had been, as he said, 'cut off.' And a fresh bitterness must, if possible, have been added to his sorrow by the fact that he was obliged at the time to occupy himself in correcting the proofs of this poem, which had been written in such joy and thankfulness of heart.

Op. 'Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death', and the 'Additional Fragment', pp. 749-750.

PAGE 699. Proem, 1. 51. "Two such-like comrade." Sara Coleridge, who was born in 1802, and had been brought up at Greta Hall.

PAGE 700, 1. 109. "The aged friend serene." Mrs. Wilson. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Jackson, the former owner of Greta Hall, and continued to live there until her death in 1820.

1. 112. "The arts." Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Lovell.


PAGE 702, 1. 38. "Ourique's consecrated field." Alfanzo, count or duke of Portugal, is said to have completely defeated the Moors at Ourique on July 25, 1139, and then to have been hailed the first king.

1. 55. "That old stage." Osten was besieged by the Spaniards from July, 1001, to Sept., 1004, when it honourably capitulated.


PAGE 705, 1. 211. "And one had dwelt with Mailbara and Moors." Edward Nash, the artist. Southey made his acquaintance in Belgium in 1815, and they were on terms of close intimacy until Nash's death in Jan., 1821. Nash drew the Portrait of the Author and the Sketch of the Bust published in the one-volume edition of The Doctor, &c., the picture of Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey prefixed to vol. v of Southey's Leipsius and Correspondence, and seven of the illustrations in the first edition of The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.


PAGE 706, 1. 246. In 1833 the English garrison of Alost delivered up the town to the Spaniards in consideration of receiving from them their pay, which had been withheld by the States. It is fair to say that the Dutch had not only refused to give them their pay, but had also threatened 'to force them out, or else to famish them' (Grimestone, Hist. of the Netherlands, 383, quoted by Southey in his note ad loc.).

1. 547. "Afflighem, by ruin rent." "This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution... an act of popular madness which the people in its vicinity now spoke of with unsparing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant." (S.)

PAGE 707, ii, 70-2. "One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word O Lord! for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out." (S.)

PAGE 708, ii, 19-24. Charles II of Spain married as his first wife Marie Louise, niece of Louis XIV. His death in 1700 without issue led to the War of the Spanish Succession.

PAGE 709, ii, 65-6. When Marlborough here, victorious in his might, Surprised the French... 'A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Oyer Yseke, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter (Edward's Gazetteer).... Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory-Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI, ii, p. 90." (S.)


PAGE 714, 1, 290. "Haward's corpse." See Childe Harold, Canto iii, Stanzas 29 and 30. The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785-1815), third son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was killed at Waterloo late in the evening in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard.

PAGE 719, 1, 249. "The Prussian's heavy hand." Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominate in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required... relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the... was at one time the richest in Brabant." (S.)

PAGE 723, 1, 169. "Navarre's heroic chief." Mina, a celebrated guerrilla chief, who harassed the French troops in Navarre during the Peninsular War.

PAGE 726, 1, 70. "Fleuris' later name." The French under Jourdan defeated the Austrians at Fleurus on June 25, 1794.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS

PAGE 740. "Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death." These fragments and the two following poems were published by Herbert Hill, Southey's cousin and son-in-law, in 1845, together with other verses, in a volume under the title of Oliver Neehan: A New-England Tale: With other Poetical Remains. In the preface to that volume Herbert Hill thus speaks of the occasion and the purpose of these memorials of the greatest sorrow of Southey's life: 'His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the Colloquies,' I called to mind my hopeful
H. too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me,

With whom is seem'd my very life
Went half away "—
died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness of disposition. These Fragments bear a date at their commencement, 3rd May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The Author at one time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative and deeply serious cast. But, although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of his ideals, always found "Employment, the never-tiring", one of his truest friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractive to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which was needful; and in March, 1817, he writes that he "had not recovered heart enough to proceed with it."

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